THE EAGLE.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

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A SPECIAL interest attaches at the present moment to all that bears on the maintenance of our friendly relations with France. The death of a minister, whose main care for years has been to foster to the utmost a mutual kindness, has set all Europe a-wondering whether his friendly policy will still be continued, or whether his successor will evoke again the old spirit of jealousy and hate from the deep to which it has been nigh consigned. The task which Lord Palmerston undertook, when in 1851 he was foremost to recognise in the present Emperor of the French the man for the time, was no easy one. Misunderstanding he had to face on all sides. From the Englishman, that hasty judgment from foregone conceptions, that self-complacent insular habit of looking at everything through British spectacles, which John Bull delights in: on the other side of the Channel that national one-sided egotism (*opiniâtreté*,) which equally marks Jacques Bonhomme.—Truly strong partition walls to be broken down! and it were difficult to say which is the stronger. Results I think point to the latter, and this perhaps agrees with what one would *a priori* expect; an intelligent Englishman is generally willing to grant the possibility of excellence in institutions other than his own,

and to take the trouble of inquiring into their working, however much his strong home feelings may kick at the idea of borrowing any part of them for his own use. But a Frenchman seems generally to start with the feeling of national superiority so strongly asserting itself, that all that is foreign (I speak of course of social, not of political institutions) sinks into an insignificance which is almost beneath notice, at any rate not worthy of study. Consequently he travels but little; though his language is the cosmopolitan language of Europe, there is nothing of the cosmopolite in him. If a man of cultivated taste, he enjoys in a sentimental way the works of nature and art (art rather than nature) which he has, to use his own expressive word, *effleuré*, and carries away perhaps some ideas of grace and elegance, enough to fill a page of measured rhapsodical prose, which the most scrupulous academician can find no fault with. On the other hand, nothing, I know, can look less like enjoyment than the common sight of a Britisher hurrying about Murray in hand and seeing what he is told to see. But this systematic sight-seeing, though it may be less enjoyable at the time, gives him a more accurate view of things in the long-run, and lays up for him a store of enjoyment in retrospect. Those who have met Frenchmen out of their own country will all, more or less, bear me out in these reflections. They may be fairly illustrated by comparing a series of "Letters from Italy" from the pen of M. Henri Taine, which appeared in the "Revue des deux Mondes" at the beginning of the present year, with any English book on the same subject, say Mr. Burgon's "Letters from Rome." They cannot be better summed up than in the speech of a French officer in the garrison at Rome, reported by Mr. Story:—"We have been here now five years, and these rascally Italians can't talk French yet."

How are these difficulties to be overcome? Commercial treaties may do a great deal. Not merely by creating an identity of material interests—this could only smother, not extinguish old enmities—but by the action and reaction of French taste and English solidity. Abolition of passports, and increased ease of communication may do much. When from London to Paris is but an 11 hours' journey, which may be taken at an hour's notice, the two peoples cannot but be brought into more intimate relations. But here the advantages are chiefly on the other side. As compared with the Alps and the Pyrenees, with Vichy and Biarritz, we have little to attract those who travel for pleasure. Hence far more Englishmen pass through France, than Frenchmen

come to England. It might seem as if this were an advantage rather for the Englishman, but I think not. The ordinary traveller passes too quickly to see much of the people, and the specimens that he does see are not always such as to leave with him the best impressions; but still he, quickly as he passes, leaves some trace which may show his neighbours that every Englishman is not necessarily a "milord" or a snob—that you have not exhausted his whole nature when you define him as a biped with a beef-like complexion and a long purse. In the same way the French visitor of London may correct the English prejudice which sets up the denizen of Leicester Square as a type of French society.

But there is a third influence to which I am inclined to attribute the greatest power of all. What we want is to secure for the one a fair knowledge and appreciation of the mind and soul of the other, and to this end surely the literatures of the two countries can exert the widest influence, an influence indeed whose range will extend over the whole of educated society. The books which a people recognises as classic, or rewards with the popularity of the hour, are sure to reflect the general type and the temporary play of the features of the national character. It may be doubted whether Shakespeare would have been a classic in France, any more than Racine could have been one in England. Here the advantage is on our side. We are perhaps, as a nation, the greater readers, at any rate of solid literature, and the educated Englishman can generally read a French work in the original, and so need not wait till some publisher thinks it will pay to give to the world a translation. And this is no slight advantage, when our object is to get to the kernel of the French character, for it is seldom that a translator can break the shell in which it is enclosed without leaving the mark of his handy-work.

Now no one, I imagine, can fail to be struck with the alteration which the last few years have produced in this respect. The names, and in many cases, the works of contemporary writers are familiar to us, and what is more, we are beginning to care for their good opinion. True we have not yet begun to appreciate their classic authors, save, perhaps, Voltaire's histories, and Molière's broader comedies, but that will come in time. Meanwhile the writings of a Guizot, a Lamartine, a Hugo, or a de Tocqueville leave their impress upon British thought. Setting aside the glimpses which lighter literature gives us of the social habits and thoughts of the nation, there are two results to be expected

from the wider reading: an increased respect for the French language, and a higher opinion of the French mind. Our habitual tendency is to think of French as a frothy, unsubstantial language, good enough for the unmeaning expressions of French compliment and courtesy, or at best for the questionable uses of diplomacy, but entirely unfit for the clothing of any substantial truths or high ideas. And in the same way we are fond of picturing to ourselves the Frenchman as one whose mind is sufficiently inventive to produce elegant knick-knacks, sufficiently imaginative to give birth to an improbable romance of more than questionable morality, but not able to grasp any wide principle, or form any long induction. Such ideas cannot but vanish from the mind of one who reads such historians as Guizot, Michelet, Thierry, or Mérimée, such critics as Sainte-Beuve, Villemain, or Prévost-Paradol; such men of science as Arago, Cousin, Comte. Nor can he fail to see the wide capacities of a language which for clearness and cleanness* of expression surpasses all others. And this appreciation of language is a matter of no small importance, for language being only the reflex of ideas, where the ideas are mean, the speech must be mean too, and conversely, clearness of language implies also habits of clear thought. And herein, I think, lies the strength of the French mind. It may be at times illogical, but ideas are grasped, and seen with a sharply-defined distinctness which is even matter for envy.

There is one department of this literature which is of peculiar value: that, I mean, which enables us to see what impression our neighbours receive from our national character and literature; or to compare the impressions produced by the same scenes or the same works upon the two nations. Such works as M. Taine's *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, or M. Esquiros' *L'Angleterre et la vie Anglaise*, may, if impartially read, put us in a point outside our own narrow circle, and enable us in some measure to "see ourselves as others see us." But the latter class has a still higher value. In the field of general criticism we all start fair; we cannot so comfortably resolve all differences by the reflexion that our critic knows nothing about his subject, which so often serves as an extinguisher to foreign judgments of English things.

* I am obliged to translate a French word (*netteté*) to express my meaning.

At the same time, however, that modern French literature is more widely read in England than before, there are some branches of it which are yet but little known. I may specially mention French criticism and French poetry. And yet the former is perhaps the best of the present time, and the latter is by no means to be despised. How many Englishmen have read—how many even know the names of Casimir Delavigne, or Alfred de Musset? How many of the admirers of "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables" know anything of the "Poésies" and the "Legende des Siècles" of the same author?

There is another class of works, whose circulation we naturally expect to be confined to their own country, though an acquaintance with them will do more than anything else to deepen our knowledge of the nation from which they issue. I allude to those whose interest is only local and temporary—the works of the journalist and pamphleteer. Among the foremost of these in France, during the present century, stands the writer whose name heads the present article. He has been called by some the Cobbett of France; but he is a Cobbett without his coarseness; his attacks are sharper and more stinging, because his weapons are finer, his steel more carefully tempered. Some account of his life and writings may not be without interest to the readers of the *Eagle*.

Paul Louis Courier was born at Paris on the 4th of January, 1772. His father was a wealthy and cultivated member of the middle class, possessing an estate in Touraine, to which he was obliged to retire not long after the birth of his son. Admitted apparently by his position and education into the highest circles, he was accused of having seduced the wife of one of the leaders of the nobility. The Grand Seigneur was deeply in his debt and refused to pay what he owed, so that we may receive the story with some suspicion. But whether it was true or not, he was set upon by the followers of the duke of O——, and nearly assassinated, and ultimately compelled by the noise which the affair made to leave Paris. It is not hard to see from what source Courier first drew the intense hatred for the nobility which is so plainly outspoken in his works. Brought up in Touraine under his father's eye, he further imbibed from him that fondness for ancient authors, especially the Greek, which was the sole passion of his life. At fifteen we find him studying mathematics at Paris, but still devoting all his leisure time to Greek.

From Paris he went, in 1791, to the artillery school at Chalons, and gained his first experience of military duty by mounting guard at the gate of the town during the panic produced by the Prussian invasion of 1792. After Dumouriez' successes he was enabled to complete his studies. He received his commission as lieutenant in the artillery in June, 1793, and joined the garrison at Thionville. It is from this place that the first three of the series of letters, which are our chief material for his life, are dated. They are the only ones of this early date, and are most interesting for the traits of character that they disclose. How much for instance we read in the following passage; in which he is speaking of an ill-tempered chum:

"Je me suis fait une étude et un mérite de supporter en lui une humeur fort inégale qui, avant moi, a lassé tous ses autres camarades. J'ai fait presque comme Socrate, qui avait pris une femme acariâtre pour s'exercer à la patience; pratique assurément fort salutaire, et dont j'avais moins besoin que bien des gens ne le croient, moins que je ne l'ai cru moi-même. Quoi qu'il en soit, je puis certifier à tout le monde que mon susdit compagnon a, dans un degré eminent toutes les qualités requises pour faire de grands progrès dans cette vertu à ceux qui vivront avec lui."

I must quote one other passage which contains the key to the whole of his military life. His father had been expressing an opinion that the time which he gave to the dead languages was badly employed, considering the profession for which he was destined. He replies:

"Quand je n'aurais eu en cela d'autre but que ma propre satisfaction, c'est une chose que je fais entrer pour beaucoup dans mes calculs; et je ne regarde comme perdu, dans ma vie, que le temps où je n'en puis jouir agréablement sans jamais me repentir du passé, ni craindre pour l'avenir."

The Greek studies to which he gave so much time were not superficial. He says with regard to them:—"I like above all to read over again the books that I have already been through numbers of times, and by that means acquire a learning which, if less wide in range, is at any rate more solid." For this reason he declines the study of history, which requires too much reading; a dislike which was only strengthened by his subsequent experiences.

Never were better prospects spread before a soldier than lay open to a young officer joining the army of the Rhine in 1793, provided he showed some talent and zeal for the cause of the revolution. Under a general only twenty-three years old, and with colonels and brigadiers of twenty, the highest posts were open to his ambition. And surely never was soldier more unfit to join such an army than Courier. Captain of artillery at twenty-three, he might have soon worked his way up the ladder of promotion, had he not preferred to spend every hour that could be spared from actual duty, mooning about the ruined abbeys and castles that skirt the Rhine. We shall see the same spirit animating the whole of his military career. Nothing must interfere with his artistic tastes.

In 1795, being in general quarters at Mayence, he heard of the death of his father, and at once posted off to visit his mother, whose life was despaired of, without waiting to ask for leave or even informing any one of his intention. Through the intervention of his friends no notice was taken of this escapade, except that he was withdrawn from active service for a time, and while his old comrades were making up for the miseries of the Rhenish campaign by sharing the victories of Bonaparte in Italy, he had the pleasant duty of counting cannon-balls and inspecting gun-carriages at Toulouse. The first years of the Directory were to France what the Restoration was to England. There was a strong reaction against the austerities of the Convention. Men and women, to use the words of a French writer, rejoiced to meet again as friends, as kinsmen, as members of the same circle, and not as citizens and citizenesses. So that on the whole Courier had not a bad time of it in Toulouse, though he did miss his promotion. He seems to have been a general favourite, and was a man capable of strong likings as well as dislikes. One friendship formed at Toulouse, that of a Polish antiquary named Chlewaski, has given us some of his most interesting letters.

In 1798 he was sent in command of a company of artillery to join the army of occupation at Rome. Traversing the whole of Northern Italy on his way, he could not but be saddened by the misery and desolation which everywhere met his eye. It was not the poetic side of war that he saw in any part of his career. No wonder that after witnessing such sights he should write "Je ne crois plus aux grands hommes." But saddened as his eyes had been by these sights of wretchedness, what a shock must it have been to his artistic tastes to witness the spoliation of Rome. His description of it is quite plaintive:—

"Je ne sais pas d'expressions assez tristes pour vous

peindre l'état de délabrement, de misère et d'opprobre où est tombée cette pauvre Rome que vous avez vue si pompeuse, et de laquelle à présent on détruit jusqu'aux ruines. On s'y rendait autrefois, comme vous savez, de tous les pays du monde. Maintenant il n'y reste que ceux qui n'ont pu fuir, ou qui, le poignard à la main, cherchent encore dans les haillons d'un peuple mourant de faim, quelque pièce échappée à tant d'extorsions et de rapines. . . . .

"Les monuments de Rome ne sont guère mieux traités que le peuple. La colonne Trajane est cependant à peu prés telle que vous l'avez vue; et nos curieux, qui n'estiment que ce qu'on peut emporter et vendre, n'y font heureusement aucune attention. D'ailleurs les bas-reliefs dont elle est ornée sont hors de la portée du sabre, et pourront par conséquent être conservés."

That in the holy city, the artillery officer was subordinate to the antiquarian and scholar, is a matter of course. Besides the attractions of what remained of the museum and library of the Vatican, he was fortunate in making several valuable acquaintances, amongst others that of the Abbé Marini, the author of some works on ancient inscriptions. His cabinet and library seem to have occupied great part of Courier's time. These literary tastes, indeed, nearly cost him his life. The division to which he was attached was left in Rome, when Macdonald began his march upon the Trebia. It finally capitulated, and was to evacuate Rome at a fixed time. The man of letters, anxious to pay a farewell visit to the Vatican library, forgot the hour at which the captain of artillery was to leave Rome. When he came out of the Vatican it was already evening, and he was the only Frenchman left in the city. He was recognised, and a cry of Jacobin! at once raised. A shot was fired at him which missed him and killed a woman in the crowd; and under cover of the confusion, he stole away to the palace of a Roman noble who was his friend, and by his help made good his escape. The state of France does not seem to have been at this time much better than that of Italy. On his way from Marseilles to Paris, Courier was stopped and robbed of all that he had.

Of the next three years we have little account. He seems to have been engaged at Paris on literary labours which have been long forgotten: an *Eloge d'Hélène*, Isocrates, and a *Voyage de Ménelas a Troie* which was to cut out Telemachus. In 1804 he is again with the army in Italy as *chef d'escadron* of artillery. And here we have the first

of a series of letters which is tolerably continuous for the next nine years. It marks a distinct advance in the writer's style and habits of thought. The last few years' experience has added an element of bitterness to his humour. Before it was harmless—now it has a sting. And the subject of this first letter is worthy of its fire. He is at Piacenza in the division under D'Anthouard.

The officers are assembled one fine morning, and the question is put to them by their chief without any introduction, without any pleading—"Which do you fancy most—an emperor or the republic?"—*comme on dit, Rôti ou bouilli, potage ou soupe, que voulez-vous?* The officers sit round, staring at each other.—"Well, gentlemen, what is your opinion?" Not a tongue stirs. This lasts for a quarter of an hour, and is becoming somewhat embarrassing for D'Anthouard and for every one else, when a lieutenant who is present, rises and says, "If he wants to be emperor, let him be; but if I am to give my opinion, I don't think it at all a good thing." "Explain yourself," says the colonel.—"Do you like it, or do you not?" "I don't," replies the lieutenant. *A la bonne heure.* Then follows a fresh interval of silence—they begin again to look at one another, as if they had never seen each other before in their lives. Courier cuts the knot—"Gentlemen," he says, "it seems to me, with your leave, that this does not concern us. The nation wishes an emperor, is it for us to discuss the matter?" The cogency of this reasoning was seen by all, the requisition for the empire signed, and the officers dispersed to their billiards. "Maire me disait, ma foi, commandant, vous parlez comme Cicéron; mais pourquoi voulez-vous donc tant qu'il soit empereur, je vous prie? Pour en finir, et faire notre partie de billard. Fallait-il rester là tout le jour? ...En effet que signifie, dis-moi...... un homme comme lui Bonaparte, soldat, chef d'armée, le premier Capitaine du monde, vouloir qu'on l'appelle majesté? Etre Bonaparte, et se faire sire! *Il aspire à descendre:* mais non, il croit monter en s'égalant aux rois. Il aime mieux un titre qu'un nom......César l'entendait bien mieux, et aussi c'était un autre homme. Il ne prit pas de titres usés, mais il fit de son nom même un titre supérieur à celui de roi." Demanelle, je crois, ne fera pas d'assemblée. Il envoie les signatures avec l'enthousiásme le dévouement à la personne, &c.: What a comment is this on the historian's account of this voting:—"le premier Consul avait reçu de l'armée les témoignages d'adhésion les plus empressés. L'élan était général, l'eclat aussi public qu'il pouvait l'être." (*Thiers, Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, tom. v., p. 84.)

We cannot accompany our author through the following campaigns in Italy and Calabria, though many interesting details of his adventures may be gathered from his letters. Again the antiquarian is paramount. It is worth while to be a conqueror, for only in this character can he penetrate to all the nooks and corners of this beautiful land, mid the remains of Greek and Roman splendour. If he hears of any such near his encampment, he is off at once, recking nought of the dangers of brigands, or of the guerilla troops of the enemy. More than once his life is in danger in this most villanous of wars, as he calls it. At one time he assists at a consultation to settle the point whether he shall be hung, burnt, or shot, and is even permitted to express his own opinion on the subject—a permission which be uses to such effect, as to make good his escape altogether. Over and over again he loses not only his own effects, but those which his friends have lent him to supply their place, but it is only when his Homer is gone that he expresses any real regret. As an artillery officer he finds nothing to do, but, having joined the staff of General Regnier, and volunteered for Calabria, undertakes some missions connected with the commissariat department, in which he is not very successful. In consequence he is put under arrest by General Dedon, and in reply gives vent to his anger in words which no superior officer could forgive. Everything concurred to confirm his strong feeling of the superiority of the ancient to the modern. He is ever contrasting the former grandeur of the scenes in which he is thrown, with the misery of the present. The petty struggles of the guerilla war, the meannesses which he sees on all sides, the paltry ambitions, the ceaseless intrigues, all grate upon his mind. No wonder that, having seen the history of the time thus enacting under his eyes, he should look upon all history as a tissue of falsehoods and exaggerations. Historically these letters are highly valuable as showing what this Italian war actually was, when stripped of its tinsel covering of glory. A couple of extracts will be interesting:—"Would you like a sketch of what goes on here now? Picture to yourself a detachment of, say, a hundred of our soldiers marching in no order along the slope of one of these hills, whose rocky sides are richly covered with oranges and palms, with aloes and myrtles. They are marching at ease and in perfect security. What use in taking precautions, or being on the *qui vive?* For more than a week past there has been no massacre of troops in this district. At the foot of the eminence which they wish to

reach, flows a rapid torrent which they must cross to get into the path by which they ascend, some are already over, some are crossing, others are still on this side, when suddenly there spring up from different sides a thousand peasants, outlaws, escaped galley-slaves, and deserters, well armed, and good shots, with a subdeacon at their head; they fire upon our men before they see them, the officers fall first and those who are in luck are killed on the spot, the rest for some days serve for the sport of their captors. Then the officer in command, who has sent off this detachment without any idea of any such mischief, without even inquiring whether the passes were clear, comes down upon the neighbouring villages and sends off an aide-de-camp with 500 men to punish them. Then follows a scene of pillage, rape, and massacre; and all that escape go to swell the subdeacon's band."

"The affair at Marcellinara is of the same kind. We were taken for English, and as such received into the town. When we had reached the market place, the people were crowding round us, when one of them, in whose house Regnier had lodged, recognised him and tried to escape. At a sign from Regnier he was stopped and slain. The troop fired all at once, and in two minutes the square was covered with dead. We found, in a dungeon, six canonniers of our regiment, half dead with hunger. They were being kept for an auto-da-fe which was to have taken place the next day."

"C'est là l'histoire, depouillée de ses ornements. Voilà les canevas qu'ont brodés les Herodote et les Thucydide. Pour moi, m'est avis que cet enchainement de sottises et d'atrocités qu'on appelle histoire ne mérite guère l'attention d'un homme sensé."

It must not be supposed that Courier was idle all this while. Not only was he gradually forming that style which was to do such good service afterwards when the empire was a thing of the past; but he was actually at work on what he intended to be a classic edition and French Translation of Xenophon de re Equestri. At Naples of one Marquis Tacconi, who placed his library at his disposal. There he spent many happy hours, consoling himself among his favourite Greeks for the neglect and injustice of his superiors.

In one of his letters, written during this stay at Naples, he relates an amusing adventure which befel him during his travels in Calabria; it is now a well-known story, but I cannot resist the temptation of telling it once more in his own words, and it will give some idea of

his powers of description. He was travelling with a friend much younger than himself. They had missed their way in a wood by taking a wrong track, and after getting more and more astray, they reached, when it was quite dark, what seemed to be a charcoal-burner's cabin. They found the whole family at table, and were hospitably invited to join them. Courier had misgivings, the house looked like a regular arsenal—pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses all over the place. His misgivings were not lessened by the incautious demeanour of his companion who told all about himself, his wealth, and the contents of his knapsack in the most open-hearted way. "At last, when the supper was over, we were left to ourselves; our host retired to rest downstairs, we were to sleep in the upper room where we had supped. A loft some seven or eight feet above the floor was to be our bed. It was reached by a ladder, after climbing which you had to go on hands and knees to avoid the joists hung with all kinds of provisions for the year. My companion climbed up into this nest, and was soon fast asleep with his precious knapsack for a pillow. I resolved to keep awake and so made up a good fire, and sat down by the side of it. The night had nearly passed in perfect quiet, and I was beginning to forget my uneasiness, and was thinking that the day must soon break when I heard a discussion going on below between our host and his wife. Listening at the chimney which communicated with that of the room below, I made out distinctly (the husband was speaking) the words *Well! well! come! must I kill them both?* The woman said *yes!* and I heard no more.

"How shall I tell you my feelings? I stood scarcely able to breathe, every limb cold as marble; you could hardly have told whether I was dead or alive. Good heavens! to think of it even now.—Our two selves almost without arms, against a dozen or fifteen of them so well equipped! And my companion almost dead with sleep and fatigue! I dared not call him, or make any noise;—escape alone I could not, the window was not so very high, but in the yard below were a couple of huge mastiffs howling like wolves.—You may imagine the state I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed interminable, I heard some one on the stairs, and through the cracks in the door saw the father with a lamp in one hand, and one of his large knives in the other. He was coming up, and his wife following him. I kept behind the door. He opened it, but before he came in put down the lamp, which his wife took. Then he came in bare-foot, she shading the lamp with her hand, and whispering—*Gently! don't make any noise!* He crossed over to the foot of the ladder, and went up it, holding his knife between his teeth. When he was on a level with the bed—this unhappy young man the while lying there helpless with his bare throat exposed—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—ah! cousin!—he seized a ham which was hanging from the roof, cut a slice off it and returned as he came. The door was closed again, the light disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections: we were called at daybreak, breakfast was put before us, and as part of it two capons one of which, said our hostess, we were to take with us, and the other we were to eat then. The sight of them explained the meaning of those terrible words, *Must I kill them both?*"

In the summer of 1807 Courier received instructions to join the head quarters at Verona. But he lingered on at Naples, working at his Xenophon, and when he did start could not resist the temptation of spending a week or two at Rome. When he reported himself at Verona in January, 1808, he found a letter from the Minister of war putting him under arrest, and stopping part of his pay. His note in reply is very characteristic:

"Monseigneur, par votre lettre du 3 Novembre vous me demandez l'état de mes services. Ayant été en Calabre une fois pris et trois fois depouillé par les brigands, j'ai perdu tous mes papiers. Je ne me souviens d'aucune date. Les renseignements que vous me demandez ne peuvent se trouver que dans vos bureaux. Je n'ai d'ailleurs ni blessures ni actions d'éclat à citer. Mes services ne sont rien, et ne méritent aucune attention. Ce qu'il m'importe de vous rappeler c'est que je suis ici aux arrêts par votre ordre, pour avoir dit, à Naples, au général Dedon ce que tout le monde pense de lui."

After some months spent in Milan and in Leghorn, and chiefly devoted to literary pursuits, he resigned his commission in March, 1809. The state of his affairs required his presence in France, and all his efforts to obtain a furlough, or an exchange into Spain, were fruitless. Naturally no such privileges would be accorded to one whose only claim to them was that he had written down his superior officer a coward and circulated the writing in the army. After his resignation he went to Paris and there met some friends who held commissions in the *grande armée.* Whimsical as ever, he was seized with a longing to see service under Napoleon. With some difficulty, for Napoleon had no love for people who resigned their commissions, he obtained a promise of employ-

ment, and joined the army of the Danube. But here again his wonted ill-luck followed him. He was never to see aught but the miseries of war. Short of supplies, and having quarrelled again with his general, he was obliged to serve on foot. He took part in the engagement of the isle of Lobau, but was so ill with fever that he had to be carried off the field. Again, considering that he was only provisionally engaged, he retired from the army, simply notifying the fact to those in command, and not waiting for any leave. His soldiering days were over. From this date we have only the scholar, and the pamphleteer. He must be the subject of another paper.

R. W. Taylor.

ION'S MORNING HYMN.

Eur. Ion. 82—111.

Now the orient car of day
Heavenward rolls its gleaming way;
Paling stars, as yet more bright
Flushes up the rosy light,
Fly to realms of mystic night.
See! Parnassus' gleaming crown
Morn's first radiance scatters down,
Caught on peaks of virgin snow,
Flung to mortals far below.
Reek of myrrh and incense fly
To the ceiled temple high,
Where at Phœbus' sacred shrine
Sits the priestess, words divine
Pouring with prophetic skill,
Singing at Apollo's will.
Haste ye! Delphians, haste and bring
From Castalia's silvery spring
Fresh libations for our King:
Cleanse his temple; silence all
Keep within his sacred hall:
By his suppliants let no word
Of ill-omened sound be heard.
Mine the care, from childhood's days,
With branches fresh and wreaths of bays
Thus to deck Apollo's doors;
Then with dewy showers the floors
Thus I sprinkle; then the flight
Of chirping birds, in morn's first light
Clustering on his golden fane,
I scatter with my shafts again.
Never father's tender care,
Never mother's love I knew;
Phœbus' guardian power I share,
So I give him service due.

L.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT is by no means an easy task to write a satisfactory criticism on the works of any great author. To do so fully and completely requires a mind at once broad enough to survey its subject from every side, and capacious enough to comprehend his highest and deepest thoughts. But it is one thing to assert your entire *comprehension* of all that was in a poet's mind, and quite another to attempt to convey to others some of the profit and delight gained by yourself in the endeavour to *apprehend* somewhat of his truth and beauty. Yet I should not have ventured to take upon me even this lesser task, had there been any hope remaining that the champion of Walter Savage Landor* would accomplish his design of pleading the cause of a poet not less neglected, but possessing yet stronger claims on our attention. But while this office has fallen into other and weaker hands, there is no audience to which an advocate could look with greater confidence of a fair and kindly hearing than to that composed of the younger members of an English University.

It is true that those who spend their days in wooing the favour of

> The hard-grained muses of the cube and square,

and would fain have us see some wondrous grace in their angular and ungainly features, are ruthlessly forbidden by their jealous mistresses to pay their devoirs at any other shrine, if they would win their highest honours. But there are many of us here who own the gentler sway of the fairer sisters of Helicon, and are not only permitted but encouraged by them to turn aside at times from the perfect grace and finished art of their earlier disciples to the pages where we find, clothed in language hardly less exquisite, the nobler purer thoughts of Christian England. There are many within these ancient walls by whom the words of Shakspere and Milton, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson are read with a power of critical discernment which may fall far short of

* See *Our Library Staircase,—The Eagle,* Vol. IV. pp. 39-50.

that which coming years may bring, but with an intense enthusiastic enjoyment which they may then vainly long to recall. To such especially I would venture to address a few words on a poet who, though far too little known, will be found worthy, I am bold to think, of no unhonoured place upon their shelves.

Robert Browning has shared the fate of many of the deepest and most influential writers, not only in this but in every age. At first he was met only with scorn, or what is far worse to a young and ambitious poet, neglect; but ere long he won the deep attachment of a small band of devoted admirers. Years passed by; one work after another was sent forth to the world, and the number of his readers seemed hardly to increase. Yet the constant unwavering support of a body of disciples which, numerically small, yet comprised many of the first thinkers of our time, could not but make its influence felt. The younger generation heard the name of Browning rarely, but when it fell from the lips that they most reverenced, it was coupled with that of Tennyson and honoured as the name of a second in the poetic race hardly inferior to the laurelled victor. Some moved by curiosity took up his works, and after a hasty glance carelessly threw them down with a sneer at his grotesque and incomprehensible mysticism. Others studied them carefully with that loving faith without which no truth worth knowing, that is not purely physical, may be attained to,* and reaped their rich reward. And thus his influence spread and at last the reaction has come. Fresh editions of his poems have been sent forth; the success of one selection speedily called for the issue of a second; and the Quarterly Reviews, faithful to their custom of acknowledging a reputation when it has been established too firmly to be shaken, and granting their praise when it has almost lost all value, followed in the wake of less authoritative literary censors, and deigned to recognise his poems; the Edinburgh even yet but grudgingly, the Quarterly far more heartily and liberally. Already those who remained faithful to him in the days of his utter neglect, are beginning to rejoice at his admission to his proper rank, and to enter somewhat into the feelings of the young Lakists when their veteran leader received his well-earned honours at Oxford,† or of the Rugby men when Arnold's manly voice

* On this there are some wise words in Archbp. Trench's *Hulsean Lectures,* (last edition) p. 16, and in Kingsley's *Miscellanies,* II. 39.

† F. W. Robertson's *Lectures on Poetry,* p. 244.

was first heard from the professor's chair in his own loved University.*

Robert Browning was born in London in the year 1812. He received his education principally at University College, London, then known as the London University;† and the effect of its wide and varied but seldom thorough and profound curriculum may still be often traced in the style as well as the subject-matter of the poet. Indeed, were this the fit occasion, I think that some suggestive and valuable considerations might be deduced from a comparison of his poems with the productions of the thoroughly Oxford mind of Mr. Matthew Arnold. In 1835, at the age of 23, he published his first poem, Paracelsus, a work of remarkable power and depth of thought for so young a man, of which I shall have to speak more at length presently. In 1837 appeared his first play, Strafford, followed in 1840 by Sordello, a long narrative poem, the scene of which is laid in Italy at the time of the contests between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. After this Mr. Browning turned his attention again to the drama, and produced in successive years the plays of Pippa Passes, King Victor and King Charles, The Return of the Druses, and A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, Luria and A Soul's Tragedy, a succession only broken at intervals between 1842 and 1846 by the appearance of a few minor poems, quaintly entitled "Bells and Pomegranates." The year 1849 witnessed an event almost if not quite without a parallel in the chronicle of the Muses. In the poem of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," Miss Barrett had told how a young poet read to his mistress pages from some of our older poets,—

"Or at times a modern volume, Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl
"Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie,
"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which if cut deep down the middle
"Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

The just and graceful compliment was acknowledged by a note from Mr. Browning; and a personal introduction was the consequence, followed at no distant date by the marriage

* *Life* by Stanley, II., 249.

† It was founded under this title in 1828, though it possessed no power of conferring degrees, and surrendered it in 1837 in favour of the present University of London which has that power. Hence arose the common confusion between these perfectly distinct institutions.

of one of the first of living poets with the queen of all poetesses that the world has seen since the days of the "pure, sweetly-smiling, violet-wreathed" Sappho. But this union, too soon, alas! to be severed on earth, quickened rather than impaired the poetical activity of both; in 1850 appeared Christmas Eve and Easter Day, and in 1855 a cluster of some of the richest fruits of his genius, entitled "Men and Women." A silence of eight years followed, during which his wife was taken from him, her fragile frame fretted away by the fire of the quick spirit within; and in 1863 "Dramatis Personæ" was published, showing no failing of his poetic powers, and encouraging us to hope for much more yet, that the world will not willingly let die.

In glancing over a list of the titles of Mr. Browning's poems, one of the first things that we notice is his striking preference for obscure and out-of-the-way subjects. With the exceptions of "Strafford" and a "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," the scenes of all his plays are laid in the less known periods of the history of the Middle Ages. The same is the case in his Lyrics, Romances, and Men and Women; we find sketches dramatic, lyric or narrative in their character of minor Italian poets, princes and painters, of an Arab physician or a Greek littérateur under the early Cæsars, a Mediæval Bishop, a Byzantine Emperor, and others not more generally familiar. Thoroughly versed himself in all sorts of quaint and curious lore, he takes delight in choosing striking scenes and characters from every quarter to place upon his canvass. This is no doubt one great cause of his unpopularity with the shallow and the idle; but to the thoughtful reader, who is willing to follow the poet without fatigue in his extended flight and watch him while he calls up those who lived and thought in times and lands far distant, and makes them breathe and speak and act before us, it is a source of rich and ever fresh delight. If poetry be rightly defined as a representative art, the power of conceiving and painting in words that which is seen only by the mental eye, we may venture to claim a very exalted rank among poets for Robert Browning. The scenes into which he brings us are painted with a master's hand; not a stroke is superfluous; the careless hasty reader will be liable, nay almost certain to pass on with vague and confused ideas; yet not a touch is really lacking to make the central figure stand out clearly and sharply from the boldly sketched background, if the reader will but take the pains to fill up the outlines under the poet's guidance.

Take for instance the dramatic romance of "My last Duchess": within the narrow compass of some fifty lines we have a Sforza or an Este actually living before us; we seem to know the man to the very bottom; all his polished dilettanteism and utter heartlessness, his perfect selfishness and finished hypocrisy, his fierce jealousy flashing at intervals through the exquisite courtesy that veils it; all in short that goes to make up that strange historical figure, a Mediæval Italian Duke. Or take again that scene from Saul (surely one of the grandest of lyrics) where David first enters the presence of the king, once winning all hearts by the splendour of his manhood, now sunk in gloomy madness—

For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants of prayer or of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.—

Such were the words of Abner. But David went into the pavilion, to the door of the inner tent,—

Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid,
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw nought but the blackness: but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all:
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tent-roof, showed Saul.
He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side:
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there, as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

And then the poet tells, in the same glorious rushing rhythm, how David poured from his harp "first the tune all the sheep know as, one after one, so docile they come to the pen-door," then the "help-tune of the reapers, their wine-song, when hand presses hand, and eye quickens eye in friendship," then "the last song when the dead man is praised on his journey," then a glad marriage chant, and a battle-march, and last "the chorus intoned as the Levites go up to the altar." Still the king stands stern and still; one deep shudder alone telling that his gloomy immoveable despair is not the silence of death.

The bright young bard lifts up his voice and sings of the joys that mere life brings, the ecstacy of manly vigour and prowess all bestowed in richest measure on Saul. The spell is broken; the fatal slumber is dispelled, and the sleeper wakes; but wakes to joyless idle listlessness; the sparkling cup that is offered him he puts aside—

He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks not; he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

The singer essays a loftier strain. The pleasures of life are shared by brutes, but man has a glory especially his own. Let the monarch arise to his work, to rule his nation well in peace and lead them valiantly to battle; so shall he win eternal glory, and unborn generations shall celebrate his fame. The royal heart is touched with somewhat of its ancient fire—

* * * * he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban,—and see—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes
He wipes off with the robe: and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before.
He is Saul ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent
The broad brow from the daily communion:
* * * * I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow; thro' my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinised mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him!—

Then came the truth flashing in like an inspiration from on high. No harp more—no song more! out rushed fast and thick the glowing words:—

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?...
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou.

Then must the Infinite Himself condescend to take upon Him the form of finite suffering Humanity to rescue them—

> O Saul, it shall be
> A face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. And David returned unto the sheep-folds.

I have been irresistibly carried on much farther in my quotations than I had at first intended; but put aside, if you can, the marvellous conception of the poem, forget its rush of music and the noble thoughts sublimely true wherewith it closes, and tell me if the vivid scenes embodied in it do not bear out the assertion of Mr. Browning's remarkable presentative power.

Closely connected with this phase of his poetic genius is the strikingly dramatic character of almost all his writings. Not only in his plays, but in his romances and lyrics this is remarkably conspicuous. The terms objective and subjective have been put to such hard and constant work of late, that one is almost ashamed to press them once more into active service, and yet it is hard sometimes to do without them. Some poets there are, like Shelley and Dante, Burns and Byron, Moore and Cowper, whose minds seem perpetually directed inwards; their own feelings and passions are always the subjects of the verse, or at least they furnish the coloured medium through which all outward nature is seen. Others appear to project themselves entirely out of their own personality into their subjects, and reveal their own nature and character only indirectly: such are the *objective* poets, among whom we may number Homer, Scott and most others of our illustrious epic and dramatic writers. Shakspere in his Sonnets, and Tennyson in 'In Memoriam' and some of the minor poems fall under the former head, but on the whole they may both be ranked with the latter. In our own country the influence of Byron and of Wordsworth, though so opposed in most other directions, has combined to make the *subjective* tendency strongly, almost fatally, prevalent in the poetry of the last half-century. Now Mr. Browning, standing boldly aloof from popular currents, and owing no allegiance to any master of the poetic art, is essentially and entirely *objective*. With the exception of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "One Word More to E. B. B.," in which he speaks straight from the heart, if ever man did, even his lyrics are dramatic, the utterance not of his own feelings, but of those of the men and women he depicts as filled with varied passions. Not but that the material for all true poetry must be drawn fresh from a man's own heart; Schiller truly said that he who would write a noble epic must make his life one; but when the living stream has been drawn from the true Castalian spring, it may be poured forth through other channels, and derive its form from the shape of the fountain's mouth. And amid the sickly subjectivity of much of the rhyme produced by poetasters of our own day, the objective character of Mr. Browning's poems contributes not a little to that thoroughly healthy and manly tone, which gives them their bracing and tonic effect.

This part of my subject naturally leads me on to speak of what is one of Mr. Browning's most striking characteristics; his fondness for the delineation of complex and intricate characters, which he analyses with a power and skill that is quite marvellous. This alone would not justify his claim to high *poetic* genius; that it is genius, and that of a rare and splendid kind, few acquainted with it would hesitate to admit; but by itself it might be considered metaphysical rather than poetical: especially now that poets seem inclined to abdicate their high prerogative, and relinquish this mental analysis in favour of the higher class of novelists. It is its combination with his vigorous and truly poetical presentative power, that warrants us in placing him so high among our poets. And this adds an element of constant and permanent value to his writings, in respect of which I would feel inclined to place him almost second to Shakspere. You never can feel that you have wholly exhausted the character. Just as one comes again and again to every one of Shakspere's plays, and ever finds some fresh trait in Hamlet or Iago, Rosalind or Imogen, before unseen, yet exquisitely true and natural, so is it with the master-pieces of Robert Browning. And for the same reason; the persons represented are real live men and women, not bundles of virtues, or bundles of vices ticketed with certain names, and made to display themselves for a short time on the stage. It is easy to draw a demon in human form: not difficult to draw an angel—

> "A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw,"

but the highest art of the poet or the novelist is to draw a man or woman, such as those we see around us daily, puzzling mixtures of good and evil, no strangers to high and

noble impulses, or even principles, and yet not seldom over-mastered by base temptation or unbridled passion. Yet this faithful portraiture of nature is precisely what is so distasteful to the great mass of the English public: they do not like the trouble of studying a character for themselves; nor do they like to have their convenient division of all the world into the good and the bad disturbed by the appearance of obstinate people who will not fit comfortably into either class; they want each man and woman marked off plainly in black and white "This is the heroine," "This is the villain;" they prefer the graceful flattery of a crayon-sketch by Richmond, to the stern fidelity of a portrait by Holman Hunt. Partly indeed this is the result of a wholesome sense of the broad and everlasting distinction between right and wrong; and of a healthy reaction against the French fashion now-a-days of abolishing all fixed lines of demarcation between them, and of making the one fade off into the other by imperceptible gradations. But partly it is the result of positive mental sloth, that cares not to have any problem presented that will require any thought for its solution. And thus it comes to pass that George Eliot's master-pieces, the Mill on the Floss and Romola, are read by hundreds, and coarse daubs like the Channings and the Haliburtons by tens of thousands, and that Robert Browning is the poet of a narrow circle. The very nature of this excellence, requiring space for its full manifestation, prevents me from giving any extracts to illustrate my meaning. Even in the poems entitled "Men and Women," where I had fancied it might be more possible than in the dramas to show the masterly way in which Mr. Browning brings out a character, I have found it quite impossible to gather quotations which should give even a faint idea of the whole. It were as easy to attempt to represent a painting alive with the glow of the hues of Titian or Correggio by effacing half the tints. There are two of these which I would recommend above all to the careful study of the lover of true poetry; they are complete contrasts in style, but each in its way is perfect. The one is called Fra Lippo Lippi; it is a sketch of a monkish painter, of a most unmonkish temperament. He shall tell himself how he entered the convent—

> I was a baby when my mother died,
> And father died and left me in the street.
> I starved there, God knows how, a year or two
> On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
> Refuse and rubbish.

> Then his aunt took him to the convent—
> Six words, there,
> While I stood munching my first bread that month:
> "So, boy, you're minded," quoth the good fat father
> Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-time,—
> "To quit this very miserable world?
> "Will you renounce"......The mouthful of bread? thought I;
> By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me;
> I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
> Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house,
> Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
> Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old.

So he entered the convent, little fit to study monastic lore, but with a quick wit, and a wonderful talent for sketching. Much of the poem is taken up by the descriptions that he gives of his earliest paintings, vigorous scenes of common life, heartily admired by all his brother-monks, till the Prior comes in. He had encouraged the young painter, but only that their convent of Carmelites might have some one, as well as the rival orders of Camaldolese and Preaching Friars, to adorn their walls with portraits of the saints. And now he stands aghast at these sketches full of honest flesh and blood—

> * * * how? what's here?
> Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
> Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true
> As much as pea and pea! its devil's-game!
> Your business is not to catch men with show,
> With homage to the perishable clay,
> But lift them over it, ignore it all,
> Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.

So the poor painter, with all his hearty passionate life, all his longing for natural human enjoyment, stifled into mere sensuality in the chilling air of the convent, is immured in the cloister to paint bloodless ecclesiastical abstractions, and ever and anon break out in such wild fooleries as that in which he is caught at the beginning. As a study of the Manichæanism of the monastic system and its inevitable results, it ranks by the side of Prof. Kingsley's masterpiece Hypatia.

The poem that comes next in the series as now published is one of a very different order. I must borrow better words than my own wherewith to describe it. "It is a surpassingly beautiful picture of 'Andrea del Sarto' and his wife: a twilight scene, full of the sweetest silvery greys. It is

twilight too, in more senses than one. Twilight in the poor painter's soul, whose love-longings bring him no rest; light up no evening star large and luminous against the coming night. The poem is sweet to sadness; the pathos of the painter's pleadings with the bold bad woman whom he loved, and who dragged down his lifted arm, broke his loving heart, is very touching. The evening hush, the twilight tone, the slow musical speech, serve solemnly to lay bare the weary soul and wasted life, and make clear the wreck lying below the surface, that is trying so piteously to smile, with a cheery effort to love and labour on."—(*Quarterly Review* for June, 1865.) I do not envy the man who can read this poem through quietly in the still evening hour with eyes undimmed with tears.

But Mr. Browning does not only employ the brief narrative or dramatic poem for this mental analysis. He can lay claim to the invention of a very remarkable style of composition, examples of which he has given us in "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." These are poems each extending to more than a thousand lines, occupied exclusively with the analysis of a single character under the form of a confession: the subject in the former case is a sceptical Romish bishop of modern days, in the latter an American spiritualist. This kind of poetry is hardly if at all emotional, but as a rich and rare intellectual treat, it would be hard to find anything of the sort to compare to it.

All this keen subtlety of course has a strong effect in rendering Mr. Browning's poetry "caviare to the general"; but it is not only to the reconditeness of his subjects, or the profound and masterly analysis of character that he owes his comparative unpopularity and temporary neglect. He knows that he must always be pre-eminently the poet of the thoughtful and cultured, and cares not to endeavour to be otherwise. His poems, like those of Pindar, are *φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς δὲ τοπὰν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.* To quote his own words, he prefers to write "what the few must—instead of what the many may—like." Hence comes it that he seldom dwells on the more simple and elemental passions that sway the breasts of men. He has poems breathing with love, hate, ambition, jealousy or devotion, but seldom unmixed or unqualified by the circumstances or the character of the subject of them. Not that he does not possess the power of painting scenes of fresh innocent love or simple pathos. The poet who sung of "A Woman's Last Word" and

"Evelyn Hope," and drew the characters of Mildred and Guendolen Tresham and Colombe, need fear comparison with very few, at least of modern days. Yet he has usually preferred to leave this path for the steeper and more solitary one, on which he has won his fairest laurels. We cannot blame the choice to which we owe plays like "The Return of the Druses" and poems like "Caliban upon Setebos," "A Death in the Desert" and "The Experiences of Kharshish." Yet one is sometimes tempted to wish that, even at the risk of spreading a less sumptuous feast for the thoughtful and educated, he had given us (as he so well might) more that would have cheered and brightened the hours of rest of the toiling and the ignorant. We cannot forget that while "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam" are learnt by heart within our college walls, and "The Miller's Daughter" and "The Pictures" delight our homes, "The May Queen" and "Elaine" bring tears to the eyes of the outcasts of St. Giles's. Nay! was it not one who bore his honoured name that wrote both the "Vision of Poets" and "The Cry of the Children"?

Again, in many parts his writings are full of recondite allusions, rarely indeed so infelicitously introduced as those which cause some of the very few flaws in the brilliant gems given to England by the wife who was more than worthy of him; but yet sufficient to limit greatly the pleasure with which many read his works. It is not a little in consequence of this characteristic that the poem of "Sordello" is so extremely difficult of comprehension. A severe critic remarked of this, that there were two intelligible lines in it; the first—

> Who will, may hear Sordello's story told:

and the last—

> Who would has heard Sordello's story told;

and that both of these were untrue. This is more witty than correct; yet I would not advise any one to commence the study of this poem, until he has become thoroughly familiar with Mr. Browning's style, and has been filled with that trustful enthusiasm, which will carry him unwearied over much that will sorely try his powers, for the sake of the rich beauties that are scattered here and there. In touching upon the charge of obscurity of conception, that is so commonly brought against Mr. Browning, there are two or three things that we ought to notice, which may do good service

to the advocate who is retained for the defence. Goethe somewhere lays down a canon that "one of the surest tests of a work of real high art, is that it strikes you with a kind of feeling of repugnance at first sight." And this naturally, because it is so different to what you would have imagined it yourself. I suppose that few have not been conscious of this, in looking for the first time at Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." It has not been till after minutes of steady thoughtful gaze, that its full beauty has begun to dawn upon the mind. Now Mr. Browning's subtle intellect rarely looks upon any scene or character from the common stand-point: the first thing then, is to place yourself in his point of view; till this is done, all appears a confused and hopeless maze, but as soon as this is successfully accomplished, you are able to look down upon it as from above, and the clue is at once discovered. Again, Mr. Browning's style of thought is often obscure, but it is the obscurity of Tacitus, which arises from the fulness and compression of the thought, and may be dispelled by frequent and careful reading, not that utterly hopeless obscurity which is caused by pompous verbiage poured forth profusely in the hope of concealing the absence of ideas. It is the obscurity of "In Memoriam," not that which occasionally diversifies the commonplaces of the Proverbial Philosophy.

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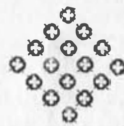
(*To be continued.*)



THE DEVIL TO PAY.

A Legend of the times of King James the First.

Part I.

Sir Rowland Mackay
Was a citizen gay,
And he lived in the times of King James; in whose day,
I hardly need say,
At witchcraft and sorcery folks were 'au fait.'

When, attended by rats
Or ugly black cats,
Rheumatic old ladies would be such great flats
As on broomsticks to ride, at the risk of their necks,
To a spot which a dingy old party selects, 10
There to play up old gooseberry, good people to vex.

Sir Rowland Mackay was a regular beau,
His dress and deportment were quite 'comme il faut;'
He sang well, he talked well, and then he could dance
With the best professeur that e'er came out of France.
His air so *degagé*, his manners so gay
So enchanted the fair,
One and all would declare
That the dearest of men, was Sir Rowland Mackay.

The great Lord Chamberlain, in his hand 20
The golden stick of office bore,
Never was nobleman in the land
Half so honored, or half so grand,
Or half so proud, before.
There's a ball at the palace, a gorgeous affair,
All the beauty and rank of the nation was there;
Whole suites of apartments were blazing with light
And ladies whose lovely eyes sparkled as bright
As the gems they were wearing, made up such a sight
As the *Morning Post's* 'Own 30
Correspondent' alone
Would a faithful description be able to write:
And our handsome young knight
Sir Rowland Mackay, had received an invite.

The great Lord Chamberlain had but one daughter,
To the palace, that night for the first time, he brought her:
Never before to supper or rout
Balls with refreshments, or parties without,
Had the young lady been;
She was just seventeen, 40
In Belgravian parlance, she'd just then come out.—

Sir Rowland approached the lovely girl,
His hand for the next quadrille she took;
As he led her forth in the mazy whirl,
Merrily danced each wavy curl
Upon her faultless neck of pearl,
Like sunshine on a brook.
Sweet as the music of the spheres
Her silvery tones on his senses pour,
Never had his enchanted ears 50
Such melody heard before;
And o'er and o'er
To himself he swore
So help him Bob! he'd flirt no more.

The ball was over, Sir Rowland Mackay,
With the rest of the company, hurried away:
And jumping into his cabriolet,
Drove off at the speed of a railway train
To his splendid mansion in Mincing Lane.

Sir Rowland Mackay went home to bed, 60
His eyes felt heavy as lumps of lead,
So pulling his nightcap over his head,
He soundly and quietly slept.
But as soon as ever he sank in a doze,
A form he saw resting upon the bedclothes,
Entirely destroying all hopes of repose,
And there all night it kept.

Sir Rowland sighed
And vainly tried
To get off to sleep, but the nightmare defied 70
All his endeavours, and still would ride
On his chest, till at last he despairingly cried
"Avaunt! thou phantom of the brain!
"Why the deuce did I drink such a lot of Champagne";
But he looked again,
And saw very plain,
By the moonbeams that shone thro' the window pane
Instead of the figure that caused him such pain,
The daughter of the Lord Chamberlain.
A rapturous kiss on his lips she pressed, 80
O'erpow'ring emotions seemed swelling her breast,

Then heaving a deep, deep sigh, she broke
The deathlike silence, and thus she spoke:
"Dearest Rowland, I love you"—then Rowland awoke!
For the incubus, lady and kisses, were all
The consequent nightmare succeeding the ball.

He woke, but still that vision bright
Haunted him throughout the night,
Which ever way he turned his eyes
Her image would before him rise, 90
That kiss although he knew full well
'Twas but a dream, from fancy flowing,
Charmed him like a powerful spell,
And made his bosom heave and swell,
As on his lips he felt it glowing.

In fact, from all that we've stated above,
To cut my protracted narration much shorter
'Twas clear that Sir Rowland was deeply in love
With the haughty Lord Chamberlain's beautiful daughter.

'Twas morning, Sir Rowland still feeling inflamed 100
With the charms of fair Alice (for so was she named),
Tittivated himself with a great deal of care,
Sent out for a barber to frizzle his hair,
And scented his kerchief with perfume most rare;
His doublet was velvet, his hose were of silk,
His ruffles were lace and were whiter than milk;
But as I much fear that my readers will bilk
A description of costume, at once I will tell
That Sir Rowland was got up a wonderful swell.

Thus gaily attired he set off to the palace 110
In which with her father resided his Alice.
He rubbed up the speeches so often he'd tried on
Occasions like these; he was well up in Dryden,
With whose poetry he overcame every resistance,
For as Tom Moore and Byron were not in existence,
He was forced to dispense with, of course, their assistance,
Though when courting a damsel he often could force her
To yield up her heart, by quotations from Chaucer.
For then as at present in love declarations
Nothing helped on a suit, half so well as quotations. 120

Arrived at the palace he found to his joy
That the Chamberlain was'nt at home,—but a boy
Who had answered the summons exclaimed with a grin,
"If you'd like to see young Mistress Alice, *she's* in,
"And I just heard her say,
"If you *should* call to day,—

"But mum is the word, sir—I'll show you the way."
When he finished, Sir Rowland took good care to slip
In his ready stretched palm an uncommon good "tip."
Then followed the urchin who opening a door 130
Admitted him into the Lady's boudoir.
Alice rose to receive him, and blushed rosy red,
As extending her hand in a low voice she said,
"Oh Sir Rowland—you've startled me so, I declare—
"Who could have expected you—pray take a chair."
Well, they chatted and chatted till Alice began
To think she had ne'er seen so nice a young man;
E'er the interview closed they had got on so far
That the Lady herself had referred him to Pa!

With heart beating high 140
The young knight said, good bye;
Ere he went though, he pressed on her lips—but oh fie!
In such matters, dear reader, we ought not to pry,
So let's be content
With stating—he went
To ask Alice's father to give his consent.

He saw the Lord Chamberlain; opened his battery
In the stereotyped manner with personal flattery,
Said he'd never before seen his Lordship so gay
Or so hearty and well as he did on that day, 150
The fatigue and the trouble attending the ball
Didn't seem to have told on his Lordship at all,
He was looking so charming, 'twas really a treat,
And he begged that his Lordship would give the receipt
Which he used, for 'twas clear that, to tell the whole truth,
He'd been passing the night in renewing his youth—
When he fancied he'd dosed him enough, the demand
He made for his daughter's (fair Alice's) hand.

His lordship who'd, late on the night before, stayed up,
And with whom the champagne had 'old gooseberry' played up, 160
Thinking the knight had come there to make game of him,
Muttered under his breath (it was really a shame of him)
"D——d puppy, I'll have him kicked out of my grounds"—
When Sir Rowland proposed, then his rage knew no bounds,
But summoning up all his hauteur, he tried
To calm down his feelings, and huskily cried—
"My daughter, Sir Rowland, shall never unite
"With a lord and much less with a beggarly knight;
"I've a much higher union for Alice in store,
"Good morning, Sir Rowland—hem!—yonder's the door." 170

Sir Rowland went home in as sweet state of mind
As a Royal Bengal tiger, just caught and confined,

With a Hindoo outside of his cage, nice and fat
Whom he wants for his dinner, but cannot get at.

He walked up and down
With a terrible frown,
Upset every fruitstall he found in the town,
Took away from the Ludgate a criminal's head
Which he threw at a watchman and left him for dead.
Though each step that he took, he'd some outrage commit, he 180
Arrived safely at last at his home in the city.

'Twas midnight: Sir Rowland, alone in his room,
Sat buried in thought, in the midst of the gloom,
For the lamp had gone out and the household retired,
Not thinking their master aught further required.
At the table he sat with his hands on his forehead,
Planning schemes for revenge in a manner most horrid.
Then he suddenly rose and exclaimed in a tone,
That by passion was stifled to nearly a moan,
"Oh that brute of a Chamberlain—curse the old churl, 190
"Could I have my revenge and then marry the girl;
"Had I five hundred souls, I would give every one—"
Here he heard a low voice at his elbow say "done!"
"Who the devil was that?" he called out, and in spite
Of his natural hardihood felt in a fright,
When he saw by the light
Of the lamp, which had suddenly flared up quite bright,
A little old man dress'd entirely in black,
With a bag, the same colour, slung over his back,
When Sir Rowland exclaimed "Who the devil was that?" 200
His visitor smiling and raising his hat,
Said "Exactly, Sir Rowland, you've got it quite pat."
"What the deuce—!" "yes exactly—now what *is* the matter?"
Every tooth the knight had was beginning to chatter—
And while in his fright each particular hair
Stood on end—he endeavoured to utter a prayer;
But his visitor coughed with so savage an air
That it died on his lips—and he sunk on the chair.—
"Now really, Sir Rowland, do pray draw it mild—
"A knight of your standing to act like a child; 210
"Come, come, my dear friend, when we're better acquainted,
"You won't find me nearly so black as I'm painted.
"My desire is to serve you, I think we can trade,
"Say five hundred and fifty—the bargain is made."
"Five hundred and fifty, good heavens! of what?"
"Why souls, my dear friend, they are not hard to be got.
"But don't use such language, I wish you would *not*—"
"I don't understand you," Sir Rowland said, quaking
With fear at the turn which the subject was taking.

"Ah! you don't understand" said the little dark man, 220
"Well, my very dear friend—we'll explain if we can—"
Then he opened the bag, set it down on the floor,
And began pulling documents out by the score.

Have you ever been at the St. James's Theatre,
And seen Mr. Frikell (no conjuror's better)
Pull impossible numbers of things from a hat,
Which before hadn't anything in it, but that
Although very well done, would in interest flag
Had you once seen the little dark gentleman's bag.
He kept pulling out papers, and strewed them around, 230
He cover'd the table, he covered the ground;
At last, the right paper he seemed to have found,
For he passed one across to Sir Rowland Mackay,
And carefully stowing all the others away,
"There, my friend," he exclaimed, "be so kind as to read
"This document over, and if we're agreed
"As to terms,—why just put down your name at the bottom,
"What! you want pen and ink—yes, exactly, I've got'em."

"What's this, 'marry the girl, be revenged on the father,
"Have unlimited riches'—that's coming it rather, 240
"On condition I send you before the year's end
"Five hundred and fifty—what!" "Souls, my dear friend."
"The proposal's your own, though I'll own it sounds funny,
"But there's nothing that cannot be purchased with money;
"And when you've unlimited wealth at controul,
"You won't find much trouble in buying a soul."

"Avaunt!" cried Sir Rowland—"all this is a sell,
"I never could pay such a debt— go to——!" "Well,
"Now really that isn't polite, my young swell,
"You won't sign it—no—please yourself, very well! 250
"Poor Alice—she likes you, but yet I dare say
"I shall find her a husband—Sir Rowland, good day."
"Hold, hold," cried Sir Rowland, "you mentioned Miss Alice—"
"Exactly," his guest replied, "come, I've no malice,
"Excuse me, your finger's beginning to bleed,
"There's a drop on your pen—there subscribe to the deed."
"Oh my eye! I *have* done it," exclaimed the young knight,
"Exactly, but don't go on so—you're all right,
"If you want me, just give me a call, I'll obey it,
"And as for the bond, you've a twelvemonth to pay it." 260
As the little man spoke, through the casement there shone
The first streak of dawn, and the knight was alone.

END OF PART I.

ALPINE TRAVEL AND ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

THE summer of 1865 will long be memorable in the annals of Alpine adventure, 'cretâ *et* carbone notanda.' Strangely chequered in every way with successes and failures, with long periods of almost the finest and the worst weather ever known, it has surpassed all others in both the brilliancy of its successes and the awfulness of its calamities. The season, which has seen the Aiguille Verte, the Grandes Jorasses, the Gabelhorn, and the Matterhorn scaled, besides an ascent of Mont Blanc from the Brenva Glacier, has also witnessed a series of accidents more numerous and more terrible than any that have hitherto occurred. We have then thought that it may interest our readers, among whom are some members of and perhaps more aspirants to the fraternity of the Alpine Club, if we offer a few remarks and suggestions on the subject of Alpine Travel, and on the best mode (in our opinion) of enjoying its pleasures and avoiding its dangers.

The first questions to be asked, supposing a reasonable allowance of time and money, are when and whither to go. The season for pedestrian travel in the Alps (for of that alone we speak) begins with June and ends with September. In the early part of the former month, there may be at times difficulty or even danger from the remains of the winter snows, in the end of the latter from the shortness of the days and the coldness of the nights. August is, from motives of convenience, the month usually chosen, but it is open to objections, one of which is the long spell of bad weather so frequent in the middle of it. The second question is whither? The Alps may not inconveniently be divided into districts, one or more of which may be chosen according to time, funds, and inclination. These are, beginning on the south west, the Viso district, in which are included the Vaudois valleys, and those of the Guil and the Ubaye, together with the northern part of the maritime Alps; the Alps of Dauphine, meaning more especially the *massif* between the Romanche

and the Durance; the Tarentaise and Maurienne, that is, the region drained by the Arc and the Isère; the Graians; the Pennine Chain, which may be subdivided into the Chamonni and Zermatt districts; the Oberland with the Alps of Uri and Glarus; the Grisons and the Engadine; the West Tyrol Alps; the Dolomites, centering on the Marmolata; and the East Tyrol Alps, the most important peak of which is the Gross Glockner.

A word may be added upon their chief features of attraction. In the Viso district the snow fields are small, and true glaciers are, we believe, wanting, but there is great luxuriance of vegetation and loveliness of scenery in its sunny valleys with their crystal streams, exquisite colour and beauty of outline in its crags of slate and serpentine, and endless variety in the panoramic views of Italian plains and French mountains from its summits. For wild and awful grandeur the Alps of Dauphine, so far as the writer's experience goes, are unequalled; in no other district has he seen such an assemblage of towering pinnacles, shattered ridges, broken glaciers, and impracticable precipices, as are here grouped together, and, though the vast wastes of shattered blocks and the barren hill sides sometimes give an air of desolation to the scene, there are many rich oases in the deep and sheltered valleys. The Maurienne, Tarentaise, and Graians, perhaps less luxuriant than the Viso, less wild than Dauphine, and inferior in grandeur to the Pennine chain, unite in some respects the merits of all, and have many beauties of their own, which render them well worth visiting. The Pennine chain and the Oberland are so well known, that they require little more than a passing mention. Chamouni boasts itself in the grandeur of Mont Blanc and in the beauty of some of its attendant aiguilles; and the cliffs above the Alleé Blanche and the Val Ferrex are most striking; Zermatt, inferior to the former in the height of its mountains and extent of its glaciers, far surpasses it in the grouping of its summits and the variety of its scenery; while the Oberland is justly celebrated for the grandeur of its walls of rock and drapery of snow, as well as for the exquisite richness of its pine woods and pastures. The last four districts on the list are almost unknown to the writer; but the dolomites yield to few in grandeur of outline, and perhaps surpass all in richness of colouring.

We come now to the best mode of making a tour. *Imprimis*, get a companion; and more than that, a friend. Many and many an excursion has had almost all its pleasure marred by

an unsuitable companion, so do not commit yourself to one whom you do not thoroughly know. To be alone for days with a morose man, to rough it with a constant grumbler, or to be among the beauties of nature with one who, though he considers it 'the thing' to 'do the Alps,' has no more appreciation of them than a gorilla, is a sore trial to temper and spirits. Solitude is better than such companionship; but solitude, especially in unfrequented districts, has obvious inconveniences and occasional dangers; therefore get a trusty friend to go with you. Parties of three or four have advantages in tours through regions where travellers are few; but, as in these the supply of accommodation is generally proportionate to the ordinary demand, they have often to undergo considerable inconveniences. Having settled whither to go, look carefully to your kit. This should consist of a small portmanteau, to be forwarded from town to town, and a water-proof knapsack. The portmanteau is by many deemed an unnecessary luxury: it certainly is a slight additional expence, say of from half-a-franc to a franc a day, but it is well worth this. It is not pleasant to be stinted in linen or clothing, to be unable to carry back occasional souvenirs of the places visited, to hurry post-haste through towns, or else to walk through churches, picture-galleries, and boulevards in tattered, weather-stained garments and hob-nailed boots; which latter are positively dangerous on the slippery floors and staircases of foreign hotels. Also carefully consider what will be wanted. Here is my idea of a pedestrian's necessary outfit: Two flannel-shirts, two pair of woollen socks, one pair of cotton socks, a few pocket-handkerchiefs and collars, a suit of cloth or flannel clothes (the coat having plenty of pockets), one pair of thin trowsers for a change, a pair of walking boots, a pair of slippers, a mackintosh coat or cape, a flask, a leather cup, a compass, writing materials and note books according to requirements, with a few simple medicines (these should never be forgotten), are about enough for the pedestrian, and will not make the knapsack too heavy. The woollen socks should be very soft; the boots, of strong leather, with tips, should be made with low heels and double soles, both of which project all round well beyond the upper leather. This is a very important point, because the foot is thus protected from being bruised by projecting rocks, and all unequal wearing down and twisting is prevented. They should be well garnished with hob-nails. If you purpose to ascend high mountains or sleep much in châlets and caves, a warm woollen comforter, night-cap, and gloves,

are necessary. A semicircular mackintosh cape is then better than a coat, because when spread on the ground it ensures a dry bed: a small Scotch plaid is also a great comfort. For the alpenstock, take a strong ash pole about five feet long, tipped with a ferule-shaped point of tempered steel; but if you intend to wander much on the glaciers without guides, or to undertake very difficult excursions, a *piolet** is preferable.

A word may be said on the financial question. If the traveller intends to have a guide always with him, or to undertake difficult excursions, the cost cannot on an average, be less than £1 a day, but for those who usually find their own way it need not exceed a napoleon. There are, no doubt, various recipes for seeing Switzerland for ten pounds; that is at an average daily expense of six or seven shillings: these may not be impossible, but they involve such an amount of cheese-paring and flint-skinning, of anxiety and almost certain discomfort, as would with most entirely spoil the pleasure of the excursion. There is, however, one mode by which, if you have plenty of time on your hands, or prefer thoroughly examining a limited district to constant change and variety of scenery, you can greatly reduce your expenses; that is, by stopping several days, generally not less than a week, in the same place, and by living *en pension*, either at an inn, or, what is cheaper, at a regular "Pension." The cost of this mode of life varies greatly in different localities; it is, however, seldom less than four and more than eight francs a-day. It has much to recommend it; you are less anxious about to-morrow's weather, have more time to digest and appreciate the manifold beauties of the scenery, meet frequently with pleasant companions, and see more of the customs of the country, than when you hurry from place to place, rarely sleeping twice in the same bed. The chief objection to it is, that the hours in the Pensions are often unsuited to English tastes and to long excursions, and that you sometimes find yourself in over-close proximity to foreigners, whose manners and customs are simply disgusting to an Englishman. Much as it is the fashion on the continent to rail at our insular stiffness and bad manners, I must say that I have only once or twice in my life seen in a fellow-countryman such an entire ignorance of the relative duties of knives, forks, fingers, and teeth, and of the ordinary decencies of the table, as may commonly be observed among the foreign occupants of seats at a *table d'hôte.*

* A sort of cross between an alpenstock and a hatchet.

A few hints may also be given as to the advantages of the different routes to the Alps. These may be conveniently ranged under two heads; by Paris, and by the Rhine. The former is the quickest and cheapest for the western and central Alps. The Dover and Calais route is least interesting and most expensive; the fare (from London) being £2. 15*s.* 9*d.* first class, and £2. 2*s.* 1*d.* second; it is however the shortest sea-passage. By Folkestone and Boulogne is a shade more interesting, and costs £2. 8*s.* 2*d.* and £1. 16*s.* 2*d.*; the sea-passage is about half-an-hour longer than by the other route. The traveller passes S. Acheul and Amiens, of geological and architectural fame; the latter of which he ought not, if possible, to leave unseen. A far more interesting (and still cheaper) course is by Newhaven and Dieppe, or by Southampton and Havre; for Normandy is to Picardy pretty much as Warwickshire is to Cambridgeshire, and Rouen is one of the most interesting towns in Northern France. The sea-passage by Dieppe is not less than seven hours, and by Havre it is rather longer. Those who do not mind several hours tossing on the sea, and can spend two or three days over the journey, will be pleased with the route by Southampton through the Channel Islands to S. Malo, and thence through Brittany to Paris. Some very pretty country is thus seen; and a halt must be made at Chartres to examine the cathedral, a magnificent building, chiefly in the transition style between Romanesque and Early-pointed, with beautiful stained glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; there are also some other fine churches in the town of about the same period. When Paris is reached, the traveller's course will depend upon his ultimate destination. In all cases, however, he will do well to leave Paris by an evening express, as the greater part of the country for at least two hundred miles is uninteresting, and the heat by day is often very great. If bound for the Viso or Dauphiné, he will go to Lyons, a very fine town, and thence to Grenoble. If for the Maurienne or Tarentaise to Culoz, and thence towards Chambery: if for Chamouni he will turn aside at Culoz for Geneva. The Graians may be conveniently reached by one of these last three districts. If he be going to the Central Alps or Engadine, he will go from Paris to Bâle, either direct *viâ* Mulhouse, or making a slight detour by Strasbourg in order to see its glorious cathedral. From Bâle there are various routes, from which the most convenient will be selected, according to the plan of the future tour. Zermatt may be visited by either Bâle or Geneva.

The route by the Rhine is more interesting than that which leads through France, but it is more expensive and ought not to have less than a week allotted to it. (N.B. Always, if it be possible, see the Rhine *going* to Switzerland). This route admits of great variations—the Continent may be reached either by Calais (expensive), Ostend, Antwerp (the most interesting), or Rotterdam. Formerly, the next step was to make for Cologne, but now a much advertised route is to go *viâ* the Great Luxembourg railway to Treves, and thence by the Moselle to Coblentz. There is much to recommend this course; the scenery, though vastly overrated in the advertisements, is very superior to that on the other line, and Treves is the most interesting town north of the Alps, an unmixed delight for the antiquarian; but there is room for improvement in the management of the railway, and steamers can very rarely ascend the Moselle to Treves during the summer months; a fact which is ingeniously, and rather unscrupulously concealed by the G. L. Company. From Cologne or Coblentz the Rhine can either be followed to Bâle, if the traveller is bound for central Switzerland or the Engadine, or be quitted at whatever point on its right bank may seem most convenient to one bound for the Tyrol. If going to the eastern part he will probably make for Munich, if to the western, for the Lake of Constance, either from Freiburg by the Höllenthal, or from Carlsrühe by Stuttgart and Ulm.

We now come to the second part of our subject. What is to be avoided, first and foremost, is over-fatigue. Alpine walking, like all other exercises which call for considerable exertion, requires some preparation and training. The pleasure of a whole excursion may be marred through too long a walk on the first day, either by blisters and abrasions of the skin, or by illness, the result of over-exertion. The writer's own custom is to approach the region of the high peaks by some bye-way, and to take two or three days quiet walking in the charming sub-Alpine, or rather mid-Alpine districts, where, among summits ranging from six to eight thousand feet in height, you have exquisite combinations of cliff, pasture, and pine wood, with occasional glimpses of the distant snows, forming pictures of unsurpassed beauty. Let us venture to add a few hints, the result of experience, which, though obvious enough, are too often forgotten. After a day of severe exertion, take an easy day. An average of seven or eight hours per diem, for the six days of the week is as much as is good for most men. Do not walk too fast, especially up hill, 'Plus doucement on monte plus vite on arrive au sommet' is a very good proverb. Do not eat much meat or drink much wine after a day of severe exertion—especially on the snow. Do not drink much water while on the march; it is far better to wash the lips and mouth often, than to swallow. Do not smoke when walking up hill. Red wine and water, or very weak brandy-and-water, are the best beverages; beer with most men only aggravates thirst. Look well after the commissariat, you can't have a good fire without good coals. Avoid sleeping in châlets as much as you can; there, as a rule, the fleas and yourself are equally wakeful. Some of these may seem small matters, but the effects of over-exertion or of insufficient or improper food are often very bad, resulting either in fever at the time or in obstinate neuralgia or derangement of the digestive organs afterwards, and, it may even be, in serious injury to some of the vital organs.

The dangers incurred during excursions in the High Alps, which have been so painfully forced upon our notice during the past season, have now to be considered. The most prominent of them may be thus classified: (1) from falling stones, ice, or snow, (2) from an insecure footing.

There has not, to my knowledge, been any accident of late years from either falling stones or ice, though narrow escapes have not been unfrequent; the former is always possible in the vicinity of any precipice, but some mountains are more addicted than others to the bad habit of pelting visitors. When glaciers terminate above steep rocks, large masses frequently break off and tumble down in huge cascades of icy fragments. Such are the well-known avalanches of the Jungfrau, and indeed most of those witnessed by the tourist; very grand spectacles when he is out of the line of fire, far worse than a discharge of grape when he is in it; they are most to be feared during the hot period of the day, but in many cases they can be avoided entirely by caution and previous study of the mountain. Snow avalanches, as we have said, are rare, but they are occasionally to be dreaded early in the season or after long continued bad weather. By one of these, three guides of Dr. Hamel's party in the year 1820 were swept into a crevasse while ascending Mt. Blanc by the 'Ancien passage;' and in the present year a porter was buried in an avalanche which fell from the steep slope leading to the Sattel on Monte Rosa. The accident on the Haut de Cry in Feb. 1864, was also due to one of these, but that was only what might have been expected at that season.

The dangers from an insecure footing are chiefly confined to

the region of snow and ice, though sometimes the foot or the hand fails in its hold on rocks, especially in descending. Thus two valuable lives have been lost to our University, that of Archdeacon Hardwick on the Sauvegarde, and that of Mr. Wilson on the ice-polished cliffs of the Riffelhorn, a peak which (we speak from personal experience) should never be climbed by a solitary traveller. On ice, notwithstanding its nature, if only the steps are well hewn, not too wide apart, and the traveller advance cautiously, the danger of slipping is very small. An ice slope is often a great difficulty, but rarely a danger, except when covered with snow, of which more hereafter. When, however, a thin layer of ice glazes the face of a sloping crag, where the ice is not deep enough to allow good steps to be hewn, and the rock does not project sufficiently to afford any stay, there is the utmost peril. It was a combination of this kind, which caused the fearful accident on the Matterhorn on the 14th of July last. The travellers had accomplished the ascent from the spot where they had bivouaced, at a height of 11,000 feet, after about eight hours actual walking. They had first mounted by the north-eastern face which overhangs the Furgen glacier, they had then climbed, for some distance, along the arête descending towards the Hörnli—this was to scale the wall of the house-like summit—and finally had ascended by the shelving roof which terminates above the fearful precipices overhanging the Matterhorn glacier. On descending the steepest part of this slope, which was, as may often be seen from below, thinly covered with ice and snow, one of the party slipped and knocked over the leading guide; the jerk of the rope successively overthrew the next two, but the last three, Mr. Whymper and the two Zermatt guides, stood firm in their steps. The rope snapped under the strain, and the result is too well known. On this lamentable occurrence we shall venture a few remarks, because so much nonsense has been talked and written about it by those who are wholly unqualified to form an opinion on the subject. 'The misfortunes of others is the opportunity of fools' is a pretty general law, and certainly the English Press did not 'prove' it on this occasion. The newspapers were flooded with the usual out-pourings of ignorant correspondents, and the *Times* improved the occasion in a 'leader' conspicuous for its folly and bad taste. Pre-eminent over all was a writer in the ***Pall Mall Gazette***, who, signing himself 'Cui Bono,' complained of the wickedness of "tempting ill fed guides" into places where their lives were endangered. The impudence of this

assertion is really staggering; everyone, who has ever visited the Alps, knows that the leading guides of Savoy and Switzerland are men of great personal strength, very much the reverse of ill fed, who enjoy the work as much as their employers, to whom their word, 'forwards' or 'back,' is law. Such a man was Michel Croz, of whom it was often said by those who knew him well, that he was never thoroughly happy except when more than ten thousand feet above the sea, and was in highest spirits when overcoming a difficulty. Had 'Cui Bono' felt the support of his strong arm, as often as the writer, seen him thread with unerring sagacity the mazes of a broken glacier, or cut steps and jokes together down a difficult ice slope, he would not have indulged in such preposterous nonsense.* But more lives have been lost by treacherous snow than by any other means. The upper fields of the glacier look smooth and inviting, surely no harm can lurk under those gently undulating plains of spotless purity! The inexperienced traveller treads heedlessly, he staggers and is gone, a crash of falling icicles followed by a dull thud comes up through the round hole that now marks the level surface, and too often help cannot be given till it is too late. We know of two travellers, one an Englishman, the other a Russian, who have so perished, besides several natives of the country. This danger, however, can always be obviated by tying the party together with a strong rope as soon as the snows are reached. An accident is then, we believe, impossible; and the travellers, whatever the guides may say, should always insist on this precaution; for, owing to their very skill, the best guides are often more inclined to neglect it than those that are inferior. The writer has seen three or four narrow escapes from the results of this carelessness. Worst of all, however, is fresh snow when it overlies ice. After continued fine weather the surface of the snow slopes, through melting by day and freezing by night, becomes ice, and the new deposit does not readily bind with the old. Hence the weight of the travellers destroys equilibrium, the snow slips from their tread and they slide down, riding, as it were, on a small avalanche; this was probably the immediate

* It may be observed *en passant* that a picture representing this accident (by Gustave Doré) is as improbable in detail, as it is viciously bad in taste. The subject was not one for the painter; we wonder what he will give us next, perhaps a man caught in a spinning jenny, or run over by a railway train!

cause of the lamentable accident on the south side of the Col du Géant in 1860; and a late and a present fellow of this College, together with a distinguished Professor and two Pontresina guides had an almost miraculous escape on the eastern face of the Piz Mortaratsch, after sliding down for full a thousand feet. This is undoubtedly the greatest danger in Alpine climbing; no experience can entirely avoid it, and no skill overcome it.

Such are the main sources of peril in Alpine travel; it remains to say one word on the use of the rope, a question which has been much mooted since the Matterhorn accident. On glaciers, especially on the upper snow fields it is always an advantage; on rocks, it is sometimes rather an impediment, but unquestionably a security. In fact its great value is that it prevents serious consequences resulting from a slight slip. On steep snow slopes, if the steps are well hewn, it has the same advantage. Always keep it as nearly taut as possible. There are, however, occasionally places where a slip on the part of one endangers the whole party; in that case every man should go singly, or better still, the expedition should be abandoned. If life is to be deliberately exposed to considerable risk, there are many better causes in which it may be hazarded. The writer is of opinion that not more than four men should be in a string; three ought to be able to hold up one, and if they could not, the momentum acquired by so many falling bodies would in most cases, pull down the others. If some must perish, better few than many. Lastly, never undertake a difficult excursion with untried companions.

Is then Alpine climbing to be discouraged as a dangerous amusement? Certainly not, for we maintain that if proper precautions be taken, the real risk is very small. Lives are lost every day in various sports, riding, boating, swimming, cricket, and the like, yet no one thinks of declaiming against these. The chief evil is that difficult excursions are often undertaken without proper training. The perils of the Alps were formerly exaggerated, they are now, perhaps, underrated. There is an art in Alpine climbing as in all other exercises, which can only be learnt by practice, and the raw neophant who undertakes its most difficult feats without previous education, does as foolish a thing as if he were to ride a steeple-chase the first time he mounted a horse, or get into a crank funny on a deep lake without knowing how to row or swim. But, it may be asked, granting that the risk is small, What is the good of it? It is an exercise wholesome alike for mind and body. The little hardships inseparable

from it; simple fare, hard beds, endurance of cold and heat, in a word 'roughing it,' are no bad discipline for those who live in an over-luxurious age: while the nature of the work brings into exercise coolness and self-command in dangers, prompt decision in action, perseverance under difficulties, and many other valuable qualities. The Alpine climber often goes with his life, humanly speaking, in his own hand, and so forms habits of caution, firmness, and courage. The same steadiness of nerve which enables a man to glance calmly down a steep ice slope, or to cling to the projections of a precipitous arête, habituates him to distinguish between real and apparent dangers in the affairs of life, and prepares him to estimate at their true value the "bugbears" which will from time to time beset him in his daily walk. But besides this, the undulating wastes of lifeless snow, the frozen cataracts of the glaciers, the dark crags and splintered pinnacles of the highest mountains, speak to the heart in a language 'understanded not of' those who view them afar off from the luxurious valley. Rest to the fevered brain, peace to the weary heart, life to the languid frame, these are their gifts. Truly we would not give much for that man, who, placed on some mountain summit, was all unconscious of new emotions and better thoughts, and did not for the future enter more fully into the spirit of that clause in the *Benedicite:* "O ye ice and snow, O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

β.

AN ITALIAN PICTURE.

A Fragment.

* * * *

And changing then, methought I strayed at will
Throughout the fair Italian land;
I passed by town and village, vale and hill;
By breezes soft brow-fanned.

I tracked the dancing rivulet to its source;
Coy nymphs peeped out with merry shriek;
A laughing god stole up, and kissed perforce
A maid on either cheek.

Or here a simple shepherd told his love,
The while a damsel combed her hair;
Nor dreams to find her one day faithless prove,
And know her false as fair.

And ever as I passed my spirit burned
With awe and glow of strange delight;
New beauties met me everywhere I turned,
Dazzling my wondering sight.

* * * *

A long dark mountain-wall athwart the blue,
The glimmering Apennines upraise
Their summits glowing with a golden hue
Seen through the quivering haze.

Rich streaming olive-gardens, vines
Illimitable sweep adown
The hill-sides, mingled with the cypress lines
That vail the sleeping town.

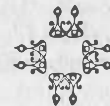
Where golden fields of maize-crops, sunny flowers,
And slopes of verdure on the lea,
Glow 'neath the fair white walls and battled towers,
And ripen smilingly.

Or Arno flashes through the pines, and gloom
Of sombre forests lone and still,
And shadowy dells and gorges flushed with bloom—
Winding from hill to hill;

And through the broken hills—the one ravine
That cleaves perpetual sweep of heights—
Flows to the sea; leaving the zones of green
And purple, and the lights

And shades, that bar the blooming vales and hills,
Where midway basks a convent lone;
Or happy flocks by silver chiming rills,
Stray, grazing, one by one.

Σ.



SCRATCHINGS FROM AUSTRALIA.

PRAY don't be alarmed, reader! I'm not going to give you a "Physical and Political Geography of the Continent of Australia, including all the latest discoveries," nor am I about to "investigate the causes of the scantiness of its rain-fall, and the distinguishing peculiarities of its flora and fauna," or anything of that sort: if it is upon such points as these that you seek for information, I must refer you, for the elementary parts, to some such amusing and instructive publications, as "Cornwall's *Geography for Schools*," which will present you with a series of statements, at once highly interesting and totally incorrect; while, for the more abstruse matter, you must be content to wait till my big book is published. No! I merely wish to have a little pleasant chit-chat about the antipodes,—just such as we might have, were we seated cosily round a sparkling fire, with the curtains drawn, the shutters closed, and the wind whistling and howling outside (how deliciously snug that sound does make one feel), while Bacchus, and, by far his better half, 'Bacca, conduce to our quiet contentment.

"But," perchance you ask, "how *can* anything about Australia, interest us in England?" Ah, Reader! Possibly you, in common with too many Englishmen, consider that Australia is "one of the five quarters of the globe," situated somewhere near the South Pole,—a biggish sort of place, consisting chiefly of arid sandy desert, inhabited by white people who live in mud huts, are clad in skins, whose manners are unsoftened and who are permitted to be brutal by reason of their ignorance of the fine arts, and who go out potting natives before breakfast in order to acquire an appetite, and by black men, whose normal condition is a state of nudity, and who rejoice in a fiendish contrivance called a boomerang, and in grievous clubs, such as may be seen in the British Museum, wherewith it is their wont to belabour one another.

Well, Australia *is* part of one of the five quarters of the globe, and *is* rather a biggish sort of place, seeing that it almost equals Europe in area; but know, oh! my friend, that the white inhabitants do, on Sundays, wear suits of black cloth, and tall hats; that silk dresses have been seen there; and that by the last mail, news was brought of a pair of lavender-coloured kid gloves having been imported: moreover, is it not written in the chronicles of the city of Adelaide, that H.M. Royal Mail was once delayed, in consequence of the government officer in charge of it requiring three and a-half hours to complete his toilet!

Englishmen in general, seem to have most shadowy ideas respecting the geography of the Colonies. Upon informing my friend Smith, the other day, that I had but lately left Adelaide, he observed, "Ah! then, you probably are acquainted with my cousin Jones, who went either to Tasmania or to Van Diemen's Land; I forget which;" and he presently stated, with evident pride, his acquaintance with the well-known fact, that Victoria was the capital of the province of Sydney.

Australia is, without doubt, a remote and out of the way place, but, with respect to natural advantages, cannot be surpassed. Its immense resources in the shape of metals and arable and pasture land; its vast extent of new country; its peculiar qualifications for sheep and cattle farming; and the enterprising nature of its colonists, combine to render it a rich and profitable field for speculation. As a place of residence, its glorious climate gives it a superiority over any European country. Though the heat there is often intense (the thermometer having been known to indicate 125° in the shade, and thin-skinned individuals being occasionally forced to enter their houses from the back, owing to the sun having shone on the front-door handle), yet the atmosphere is so clear and dry, that the Australian summer is far more bearable than is that of England, while the delicious evenings more than compensate for any discomfort that may have been felt during the earlier part of the day. I know nothing more delightful than sitting out, as I have often done, till 2° or 3° A.M. within sound of a murmuring fountain, and fanned by the gentle sea-breeze, under a cloudless sky of the deepest blue, bespangled with stars more numerous and more brilliant than those of the Northern hemisphere, and lit by a moon, the brightness of whose rays, while it enables you to discern every blade on the ground beneath your feet, at the same time gives an indescribable softness

to the deeply-shadowed landscape, and seems to impart a *holy* peace and quiet to all around, and to forbid aught that might tend to disturb the profound slumber in which Nature is buried. True it is, that, during the summer months, hot winds scorch the face of the country, and turn the grass into hay (and grasshoppers) before it is a month old:—true it is that whirlwinds daily raise the dust into columns higher than the eye can reach; but the clearness and buoyancy of the air, which produce an indescribable sense of exhilaration; the delicious nights, and the grateful fruits which no milder sun could bring to perfection, far more than counter-balance the annoyances attendant upon the unusual heat. I once heard an intimate friend of mine, who had lived in the colonies for many years, describe England as "one huge stew-pan, where a cloudless sky is a comparatively rare phenomenon, and the atmosphere is semi-opaque; where the moon is upside down and of a bilious complexion; where the fruits are inferior and the trees diminutive; and where the grass and sky seem to have been washed out and hung on the Line to dry during their passage from South to North." As a contrast to this, imagine a country where quick motion will, on a hot day, produce sufficient evaporation to keep you moderately cool; where, in a flat neighbourhood, a view of from thirty to forty miles may always be obtained from a very slight elevation; where grapes to which the English bullets so mis-called, are as pumpkins to pine-apples, are brought to your door for one penny per pound, often in bunches of nine pounds weight, and the other fruits are similarly fine and plentiful; where there are no hedges to make the landscape resemble mosaic, or a Chinese puzzle; where a perfect stranger may, except in the immediate neighbourhood of a town, walk, ride, or drive as far as he likes, without the danger of encountering a pitchfork wielded by an infuriated country-bumpkin; and where sunsets, such as have never been "read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams" are of frequent occurrence, where the molten sun may be partially seen through a bank of purple-black clouds, fringed with gold, and surrounded by floating rose-coloured masses, and succeeded by the brilliant beams of the Aurora Australis, shooting across the zenith in bands of brightest pink, alternating with the deep-blue sky between.

Two terrible drawbacks, however, I must confess to: they are, flies, and poisonous insects and reptiles. When a small boy, it was always a source of awful reflection to me, where the flies went to after the plague of Egypt: when I

reached Australia, the problem was at once solved,—they simply emigrated, possibly for the sake of their health. O happy reader, who peradventure, art in blissful ignorance on the subject of Australian flies, may you never experience the assiduous attention of a solitary *musca*, or fly from the untiring pertinacity of a band of these Southern Erinnyes! The musquitoes also make themselves very obnoxious to "new-chums," and the ants are so numerous that cupboards have to be "insulated" by placing their legs in tins of water, in order to preserve their contents from the visitations of Dr. Watts' favourite *protéges*. Centipedes and scorpions are exceedingly common; the former I have frequently seen ten inches in length. An eccentric and short-sighted individual once told me, that, on arriving in Adelaide (in the early days of the colony), he was kept in a state of constant perturbation by the dreadful accounts poured into his horror-bound ear, of the ubiquity of these uncomfortable creatures, insomuch that he could scarcely light his pipe without half expecting to see an evil beast crawl out of the tobacco: one morning he awoke (he was living in a tent on the sea-beach at the time), and the first sight that met his awe-stricken gaze, was a pair of fearful eyes, glaring fiendishly at him from the sand which formed the floor of his tent: he lay still for some time, fearing lest any motion might arouse the "thing's" displeasure, and incite it to attack him: at last, encouraged by the sleep-like stillness of the apparition, he seized a Wellington boot that was standing at his bedside,—with trembling hand and palpitating heart took aim,—flung,—and rushing to the spot—sorrowfully proceeded to pick up the remains of his shattered gold spectacles.

Our snakes are simply a caution to themselves. All except two species destroy life by their bite, and of these two, one is a rare python, and the other highly poisonous. They attain a great size—I have seen one 6 ft. 2 in. long—and in many of the comparatively unsettled districts, are as common as spiders in England. If a bushman of any experience encounters a snake, he immediately seizes the nearest stick, and gives chase, knowing well that unless he be between it and its hole, the reptile will certainly run away: when he comes up to it, he strikes it smartly on the back, breaking the spine, and thus destroying that power of coiling and re-straightening itself in which consists its chief means of attack: the snake may then be coolly poked, pushed, pulled, pummelled, and finally slain with impunity, so long as no *point de resistance* is given it above the fracture. The

same dislocation of the vertebræ may be more effectually performed by seizing the creature by the tail, whirling it round your head, and cracking it as you would a whip-lash. I know many men who will do this with the utmost nonchalance. A sheep-farmer of my acquaintance who delighted in seizing a snake just as it was finding fancied security in its hole, pulling it out, and cracking it in the manner described, was one day walking through some thick underwood, when he saw a diamond-snake wriggling away, as it fondly thought, unperceived: he pursued it,—caught it just as it was disappearing into a bank which, from the number of openings, seemed to be a serpentine village, and as usual, pulled away as hard as he could, when, to his astonishment and horror, the beast's head put in an appearance from another hole in the same bank, and close to his hand; that was the last snake he ever bearded (or rather, tailed) in its den. These reptiles are the foundation of many tricks played upon "Johnny New-come." Two bullock-drivers were once out in the scrub, chopping wood; one of them a late arrival, and the other an old and experienced colonist. The former, who had never seen a snake, but "was sure there was no danger in them, and wasn't going to be frightened of a longish sort of lizard" had left his bullocks, and with them a long bullock-whip, while he went a little way off into the scrub: during his absence, his companion saw a large black snake, and immediately was the death of it: he then tied it loosely to the thin end of the whip-handle; the other returning, took up his whip to "kinder encourage" his bullocks, and intuitively cracked it, when, to his horror, the snake, disengaged by the shock, uncoiled from the handle and fell at his feet—"He left."—There is a certain gardener that I wot of, who, according to his own accounts, kills more snakes in a summer than any less-favoured mortal ever saw in a life-time; but some slanderous individuals do thus account for his asserted prowess: they affirm that one evening, two of the station-hands saw and killed a large black snake which they carefully laid across the garden path: the gardener rose betimes in the morning, and, as his custom was, cautiously opened the gate and peered in (in order, *of course*, not to lose any possible opportunity of emulating the never-to-be-sufficiently-venerated St. Patrick); seeing the monster lying across the walk, he hastily shut the gate, ran for his gun, and taking aim through the hedge, shot the snake; whereupon it came to pass that he,—being greatly elated with his feat, and recounting it to every passer-by—nightly dreamed of his conflict with, and victory over, the beast, and as often, on the succeeding morning, slew a fresh snake in narrative, to his own evident satisfaction, and to the huge delight of the initiated auditors.

Though I believe, from my own experience as well as from that of others, that if a person is cool and self-possessed, he incurs no danger in walking through a neighbourhood abounding in snakes, unless he tread upon one; yet they are essentially *uncomfortable* creatures, and I know no more horrible sensation than that caused by seeing a snake, when running away from you, stop, turn round his flat spiteful head, his eyes glistening like diamonds with concentrated hate and cunning, open his mouth, protrude a long black forked tongue, and hiss in a manner which "bestills you almost to jelly with the act of fear," and curdles the very blood in your veins. The snake-locks of themselves, would certainly have sufficed to give to Medusa's head its fabled power of petrifaction.

DICI.

IN CAMUM.

Ridicula nuper cymba, sicut meus est mos,
Flumineas propter salices et murmura Cami,
Multa movens mecum, fumo inspirante, jacebam.
Illic forte mihi senis occurrebat imago
Squalida, torva tuens, longos incompta capillos;
Ipse manu cymbam prensans se littore in udo
Deposuit; Camique humeros agnoscere latos
Immanesque artus atque ora hirsuta videbar:
Mox lacrymas inter tales dedit ore querelas,
"Nate," inquit, "tu semper enim pius accola Cami,
"Nate, patris miserere tui, miserere tuorum!
"Quinque reportatis tumet Isidis unda triumphis:
"Quinque anni vidêre meos sine laude secundo
"Cymbam urgere loco cunctantem, et cedere victos.
"Heu! quis erit finis? Quis me manet exitus olim?
"Terga boum tergis vi non cedentia nostri
"Exercent juvenes; nuda atque immania crura,
"Digna giganteas inter certare palæstras,
"Quisque ferunt, latosque humeros et brachia longa,
"Collaque Atlanteo non inferiora labore:
"Sed vis arte carens frustrà per stagna laborat;
"Fit brevis inque dies brevior (proh dedecus ingens!)
"Ictus, et incerto tremulam movet impete cymbam,
"Usque volaturæ similem, tamen usque morantem.
"Ah! Stanleius ubi est? ubi fortis et acer Iönas
"Et Virtus ingens, majorque vel Hercule Judas?
"Ah! ubi, læva mei novit quem fluminis ora,
"Ille 'Ictus,' vitreis longè spectandus ocellis,
"Dulce decus Cami, quem plebs ignobilis 'Aulam,'
"Vulpicanem* Superi grato cognomine dicunt?
"Te quoque, magne Pales, et te mea flumina deflent
"O formose puer, quibus alto in gurgite mersis
"Mille dedit, rapuit mille oscula candida Naias?
"Quid decus amissum repeto, aut jam laude peremptâ
"Nomina Putnæis annalibus eruta testor?

* See *The Eagle*, Vol. I., p. 71.

FATHER CAMUS.

Smoking lately in my "Funny," as I'm wont, beneath the bank,
Listening to Cam's rippling murmurs thro' the weeds and willows dank,
As I chewed the cud of fancy, from the water there appeared
An old man, fierce-eyed, and filthy, with a long and tangled beard:
To the oozy shore he paddled, clinging to my funny's nose,
Till, in all his mud majestic, Cam's gigantic form arose.
Brawny, broad of shoulders was he, hairy were his face and head,
And amid loud lamentations tears incessantly he shed.
"Son," he cried, "the sorrows pity of thy melancholy sire!
"Pity Camus! pity Cambridge! pity our disasters dire!
"Five long years hath Isis triumphed, five long years have seen my eight
"Rowing second, vainly struggling 'gainst an unrelenting fate.
"What will be the end, I know not! what will be the doom of Camus?
"Shall I die disowned, dishonoured? Shall I live, and yet be famous?
"Backs as strong as oxen have we, legs Herculean and bare,
"Legs that in the ring with Titan wrestlers might to wrestle dare.
"Arms we have long, straight, and sinewy, shoulders broad, necks thick and strong,
"Necks that to the earth-supporting Atlas might full well belong.
"But our strength un-scientific strives in vain thro' stagnant water,
"Every day, I blush to own it, Cambridge strokes are rowing shorter.
"With a short spasmodic impulse see the boats a moment leap,
"Starting with a flying motion, soon they stop and sink to sleep.
"Where are Stanley, Jones, and Courage? where is 'Judas' stout and tall,
"Where the stroke named ''all' by Bargemen, known to Cambridge as 'Jack Hall'?
"'Twas a spectacle to see him in his gig-lamps row along,
"And the good ship speeding onward swift as Pöet's gushing song.
"Where is Paley? where is Fair-bairn? from whose lips the Naiad's dank
"Snatched and gave their sweetest kisses when our Eight at Chiswick sank.
"What avails it to remember brilliant days now lost in night?
"What avails it Putney's annals, and past glories to recite?

"Granta ruit, periitque decus, periitque vetusta
"Gloria remorum primæque per æquora navis.
"Sed vos, O juvenes, sanguis quibus integer ævi,
"Spes ventura domûs, Grantæque novissima proles,
"Antiquum revocate decus, revocate triumphos!
"Continuò Palinurus ubi 'jam pergite' dixit
"Erectum librate caput; nec pandere crura
"Parcite, nec solidis firmi considere transtris!
"Ast ubi contactas jam palmula senserit undas,
"Compressa incipiat jam tum mihi crura phaselus
"Accipere, et faciles iter accelerare per undas.
"Incipiente ictu qui vim non prompserit omnem
"Dique hominesque odêre; hic, pondus inutile cymbæ,
"Tardat iter; comites necat; hunc tu, nauta, caveto!
"Nec minus, incepto quoties ratis emicat ictu,
"Cura sit ad finem justos perferre labores.
"Vidi equidem multos—sileantur nomina—fluctus
"Præcipites penetrâsse, sed heu! brevis effluit ictus,
"Immemor extremî mediique laboris in undâ:
"Nam tales nisus tolerare humana nequit vis.
"Et quamvis primos jam jam victura carina
"Evolet in cursus, primisque triumphet in undis,
"Mox ubi finis adest atque ultima meta laborum,
"Labitur exanimis, vi non virtute subactâ.
"Tu quoque qui cymbæ tendis Palinurus habenas
"Ultro hortare viros; fortes solare benignis
"Vocibus; ignavos accende, suosque labores
"Fac peragant, segnique veta torpere veterno.
"Sed quid ego hæc? priscæ si jam pietatis imago
"Ulla manet, si quid vobis mea gloria curæ est,
"Camigenæ, misero tandem succurrite patri,
"Ereptosque diu vincendo reddite honores!
"Tunc ego arundineâ redimitus tempora vittâ
"Antiquo fruar imperio justisque triumphis:
"Tum demum Cloacina meos fœdissima fluctus
"Desierit temerare, et puro flumine labens
"Camus ad Oceanum volvetur amabilis amnis."
Dixit, et in piceas Fluvius sese abdidit undas
Sed me ridiculam solventem a littore cymbam
Nectaris ambrosii circumvolvuntur odores,
Decedente Deo; naresque impellit acutas
Confusi canis amnis et illætabilis aura.

(Turgidus Remex).

"Lost is Granta, lost our glory, lost our former pride of place,
"Gone are all my blushing honours, nought is left me but disgrace.
"For regardless of all science, every oarsman now obeys
"Wild, new fangled laws and notions, never dream'd of in old days.
"But do you, my gentle Freshmen, who have youth in every vein,
"Labour by your manly valour our lost laurels to regain!
"When you hear the Cox'n's 'row on all,' then keep erect your head;
"Then be your arms and bodies with one motion for'ard sped:
"Sit firm upon your cushions all, and when the oar is in
"With one harmonious action let your work at once begin:
"Press your feet against the stretcher, and your legs with vigour ply,
"Till the ship, as swift as lightning, thro' the yielding water fly.
"He who 'misses the beginning' makes his comrades all to suffer,
"Spoils the swing, and is a nuisance; turn him out, for he's a duffer!
"Having made a good beginning you must carry on the work,
"And until the stroke is finished not an atom must you shirk.
"I have seen—no names I mention—certain oarsmen with a dash
"Plunge their oars into the water, and produce a sudden splash;
"But the middle and the finish are all wasted in the air,
"And no human constitution can such toil incessant bear.
"For although the ship at starting may at once it's distance clear
"And victory seem certain, when the winning post is near
"The crew worn out and breathless have nothing in them left,
"And though pluck may ne'er desert them, of their vigour are bereft.
"And do you, my Palinurus, steering straight the gallant bark,
"By voice and exhortation keep your heroes to the mark.
"Cheer the plucky, chide the cowards who to do their work are loth,
"And forbid them to grow idle by indulging idle sloth.
"Fool! I know my words are idle! yet if any love remain,
"If my honour be your glory, my discredit be your pain;
"If a spark of old affection in your hearts be still alive,
"Rally round old Father Camus, and his glories past revive!
"Then adorned with reedy garland shall I take my former throne,
"And, victor of proud Isis, reign triumphant and alone.
"Then no more shall Cloacina with my streams her off'rings blend,
"And old Camus clear as crystal to the ocean shall descend!"
He spoke, and 'neath the surface, black as pitch, he hid his head,
And punting out my Funny, I my homeward journey sped.
But a strange ambrosial odour, as the God sank 'neath the flood,
Seem'd to float and hover round me creeping upward from the mud:
And for ever from the water's troubled face there seem'd to rise
A melancholy fragrance of dead dogs unto the skies.

(Turgidus Remex).

THE SENIOR FELLOW.

WHEN the shades of eve descending
  Throw o'er cloistered courts their gloom,
Dimly with the twilight blending,
  Mem'ries long forgotten loom.
From the bright fire's falling embers
  Faces smile that smiled of yore;
Till my heart again remembers
  Hopes and thoughts that live no more.

Then again does manhood's vigour
  Nerve my arm with iron strength;
As of old when trained with vigour
  We beat Oxford by a length.
Once again the willow wielding
  Do I urge the flying ball;
Till "lost ball" the men who're fielding
  Hot and weary faintly call.

Then I think of hours of study,
  Study silent as the tomb,
Till the rays of morning ruddy
  Shone within my lonely room.
Once again my heart is burning
  With ambition's restless glow;
And long hidden founts of learning
  O'er my thirsty spirit flow.

Soon fresh scenes my fancy people,
  For I see a wooded hill;
See above the well-known steeple;
  Hear below the well-known rill
Joyous sounds each gale is bringing,
  Wafted on its fragrant breath;
Hark! I hear young voices singing,
  Voices silent now in death.

Brothers, sisters, loved and loving,
  Hold me in their fond embrace;
Half forgiving, half reproving,
  I can see my Mother's face.
Mid a night of raven tresses,
  Through the gloom two sad eyes shine,
And my hand a soft hand presses,
  And a heart beats close to mine.

In mine ears a voice is ringing,
  Sweeter far than earthly strain,
Heavenly consolation bringing
  From a land that knows no pain.
And when slowly from me stealing
  Fades that vision into air,
Every pulse beats with the feeling
  That a Spirit loved was there.

"JUVAT MEMINISSE."

OUR CHRONICLE.

AT the commencement of a new volume and of a new academical year, we find symptoms of sustained or renewed vitality in all departments of this our "ancient and religious foundation." The entry, gradually recovering from a temporary depression, is once more rising to its proper level. The number of those recently admitted amongst us is eighty-seven.

The Architectural improvements which have been for the last two years in progress, are so far advanced that the first stage of the original contract is now completed, whilst the progress of the remainder is from day to day apparent: the new Lodge is occupied, and the proposed enlargement of the College Hall has been effected.

The Fellowships lately held by the following gentlemen, have been vacated since the publication of our last number: Rev. G. G. Holmes, B.D., and A. W. Potts, M.A.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College on Monday the 6th of November:—

Alfred George Marten, M.A., Senior, (bracketed,) Law Tripos, 1855, nineteenth Wrangler, 1856.

Joseph James Stuckey, B.A., fifth Wrangler, 1864.

Henry Lee-Warner, B.A., eleventh in the first Class in Classics, 1864, Camden Medallist, Brown's Medallist, Members' Prizeman.

Josiah Brown Pearson, B.A., alone in first Class Moral Science Tripos, 1864, Burney Prizeman.

Alfred Marshall, B.A., second Wrangler, 1865.

Meyrick Henry Legge Beebee, B.A., Bell's Scholar, eighteenth Wrangler, 1865, fourth (bracketed) in first Class in Classics, 1865.

The M'Mahon Law Studentship has been awarded to H. F. Pooley, B.A.

Courses of lectures have been delivered from the University pulpit during the present term, by

Rev. J. Moorhouse, Hulsean Lecturer.
Rev. B. M. Cowie.

The Crosse Scholarship has been adjudged to James Snowdon, B.A.

The Carus Greek Testament Prize for Undergraduates has been adjudged to

H. M. Gwatkin, St. John's College. } *æq.*
T. H. Shaw, Clare College. }

Mr. H. G. Hart having resigned the post of Editor of *The Eagle*, has been succeeded by Mr. A. S. Wilkins who was elected without opposition.

Mr. C. Taylor has succeeded the Rev. G. Richardson as Secretary.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present Term are:

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer, A. Forbes.
Secretary, E. Carpmael.
1st Captain, H. Watney.
2nd Captain, F. Andrews.
3rd Captain, W. Bonsey.
4th Captain, F. G. Maples.
5th Captain, H. Rowsell.

W. Bonsey and E. Carpmael rowed stroke and bow respectively in one of the two University Trial Eights. The race took place on Wednesday, Dec. 6th. Mr. Bonsey's boat was second by three quarters of a length.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Monday, Nov. 27th. In a time race a dead heat was rowed between the following crews:

1 H. T. Norton.	1 J. Toone
2 A. Low.	2 H. Radcliffe.
3 C. A. Hope.	3 A. J. Finch.
4 J. M. Collard.	4 S. Haslam.
H. Watney, (*cox.*)	R. Bower, (*cox.*)

UNIVERSITY FOUR-OAR RACES.

Four boats entered, and the following are the results of the racing:

Wednesday, Nov. 8.

FIRST HEAT.		SECOND HEAT.	
3rd Trinity	1	Lady Margaret	1
Trinity Hall	2	1st Trinity	2

Thursday, Nov. 9.

FINAL HEAT.

3rd Trinity	1
Lady Margaret	2

Won by rather more than eight strokes.

The crew of the four was:

1 F. Andrews
2 W. Bonsey
3 M. H. L. Beebee
4 H. Watney (*stroke*)
A. Forbes (*cox.*)

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS.

Wednesday, Nov. 15.

Sir A. Lamb, 3rd Trinity	Johnstone, 2nd Trinity
Johnson, Magdalene	Roach, Lady Margaret
Rash, 3rd Trinity	Larking, Jesus
Bell, Christ's	Lloyd, Clare
Nadin, Pembroke	Edmonds, Clare
Martin, Caius	Shann, 1st Trinity
Finch, Lady Margaret	Griffiths, 3rd Trinity
Hopkinson, Christ's	Elton, Jesus
Watney, Lady Margaret	Groves, Corpus

Thursday, Nov. 16.

Watney	Roach
Sir A. Lamb	Finch
Martin	Griffiths
Bell	Shann
Groves	Johnson
Larking	

Friday, Nov. 17.

Roach	Bell
Johnson	Griffiths
Watney	Lamb
	Larking

Saturday, Nov. 18.

Watney	Lamb
Griffiths	Roach
Larking	

Monday, Nov. 20.

Griffiths	Larking
Lamb	Watney
	Roach

Tuesday, Nov. 21.

TIME RACE.

Lamb	Griffiths
Watney (winner)	

In this race Mr. Watney defeated Mr. Griffiths by about 10 seconds.

The Lieutenancy of No. 2 (St. John's) Company of the University Rifle Corps, having become vacant by the resignation of Lieut. Dashwood, Ensign Vaughan has been promoted to be Lieutenant, his place being filled up by the election of Sergeant Thorpe to the Ensigncy.

The Company Cup was shot for on Monday the 27th Nov. There were five competitors, the winner being L.-Corp.

The Company Scratch Fours were shot on Friday, Nov. 24th. Eight squads entered, the winners being:

Corp. F. C. Wace,
Corp. W. W. Unett.
Pt. E. Braithwaite.
Pt. St. J. Boultbee.

The winner of the Officers' Pewter for the present Term is Ensign Thorpe.

The preliminary match to select six competitors for the final contest for the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup was held on Monday the fourth, and Tuesday the fifth of December.

The final competition between these six took place on Wednesday the sixth with the following result:

Private Hon. W. T. Orde-Powlett, (winner)	No. 6	Company	103
Ensign J. S. White	No. 1	Company	96
Captain G. Richardson	2	,,	90
Captain Marquis of Lorne	4	,,	88
Lieutenant Hon. B. P. Bouverie	6	,,	83
Lance Corporal C. F. Roe	2	,,	69

The Chaplain's Cup was shot for on Friday, the 8th of December.

The highest scores made were

Corporal W. A. Lindsay, ...	No. 5 Company (winner) ...		53
Captain Marquis of Lorne ...	4	,, ...	51
Corporal Hope	1	,, ...	50
Lieut. J. Reid	5	,, ...	48
Sergeant Greive	3	,, ...	48

The University scratch fours for this Term took place on Friday the 1st, and Saturday the 2nd, of December.

The winning squad consisted of

Leiutenant Reid,	No. 5	Company.
Private Isherwood,	,, 2	,,
,, Farrer,	,, 1	,,
,, Hon. J. Gordon,	4	,,

A match was shot between No. 2 (S. John's) Company, and No. 1 Company, on Saturday, December the 9th, resulting in a tie.

A match was shot between No. 2 Company, and No. 2 Company of the Town Corps, on Monday, December 11th, the Town Corps winning by 9 points.

The Freshmen's Athletic Sports were held on Monday, 27th Nov. Mr. R. Fitzherbert, of S. John's, was successful in the following: Long Jump (19ft. 2in.), High Jump (5ft.), and Hurdle Race.

The following additional subscriptions have been promised to the fund for stained glass windows for the new chapel:

	£.	s.	d.
A. Bateman	3	3	0
J. R. W. Bros	2	2	0
W. R. Fisher	6	6	0
A. Hogg	5	5	0
C. T. Hudson	1	1	0
H. Lee Warner	20	0	0
A. S. Webb	3	3	0

In all £1026 has been promised, of which £380 has already been paid. Of this sum £315 has been invested in India 5 per cents. It is hoped that those gentlemen who have not yet paid their subscriptions, promised for last year, will do so at their earliest convenience.