PROFESSOR ADAMS' RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY an old rule of the Editors, the technicalities of science are excluded from the pages of the *Eagle:* and if this article should appear to any of our readers to trench on this rule, we must make the importance of the subject, the interest it will have to many resident and non-resident subscribers, and our peculiar pleasure in the success of our eminent fellow-collegian, our apologies, if such indeed be needed. Many, we hope, of the scattered members of our college, as they read this paper, will be pleasantly reminded of the hours they have spent on Godfray's *Lunar Theory*, or Herschel's *Astronomy*, or Laplace's *Exposition du Systême du Monde;* and many more, to whom these pleasant recollections are denied, will read with interest an account of one of the most remarkable and pregnant discoveries of modern times.

Professor Adams, director of our Cambridge Observatory, at the beginning of the present year, received from the hands of the President of the Royal Astronomical Society the Gold Medal for his valuable contributions to the Developement of the Lunar Theory. I propose in the present paper to give a short sketch of the nature of these contributions, and to point out their importance, and their position in the splendid History of Astronomical Discovery. It will be possible, I trust, to present this subject in a manner that shall be intelligible to an attentive reader, even if he is unversed in the mysteries of mathematical representation.

If a careless person were to note the position of the moon among the stars on a succession of fine evenings, he might suppose that, during the intervals of twenty-four hours between his observations, the moon moved over equal distances. A more careful observer would see that this is

not quite the case; but that sometimes it moved faster, and at other times slower. If now his attention were arrested by this irregular motion, and he were accurately to observe what the motion of the moon really is at all times, and express it in such a manner as to enable him to predict its motions and position for the future, and assign it for the past, he would be constructing by observation a Lunar Theory. The astronomers before Newton, by means of observation alone, made progress in this direction which will always strike the student of the subject with admiration and astonishment. They discovered that the position and motion of the moon depended upon the relative position of the sun; and found means of expressing this dependence. To show how they discovered this, and how they expressed it, would be to write an historical account of the Lunar Theory, which is not my purpose; it will suffice here if it is understood that they discovered that the distance of the moon in front of, or behind the position which it would have occupied had it moved uniformly in a circle round the earth, could be represented by adding to and subtracting from that position a long series of small distances, each of which depended ultimately in a simple manner on the relative position and distances of the three bodies, the sun, the earth and the moon. These small distances are called terms, equations, variations, &c. In the discovery of the existence, and accurate establishment of the magnitude of more and more of these small terms, and thereby predicting more accurately the moon's position, resides the development of the Lunar Theory.

Newton's hypothesis of the law of gravitation, that all bodies attracted all others with a force proportional to the mass and inversely proportional to the square of the distance, altered the aspect of the Lunar Theory. If the law were true, (and the evidence for it was overwhelming,) the motion of the moon might be deduced from this law, by tracing its consequences when applied to the mutual action of the three bodies: and, conversely, the truth of the law might here be submitted to the most rigorous test. Newton began this great work with unrivalled sagacity, and the great mathematicians of the age succeeding his, applying the powerful instrument of analysis to the problem, raised the theory by successive approximation to an extraordinary pitch of perfection. The highest stimulus was given to the observers and to the mathematicians; any deviation of the observed place of the moon from the place predicted for her by the mathematicians, sent them to their work again: the inexorable moon

travels on in her orbit regardless of the efforts that are being made to account for her eccentric motions; and if she is not where the mathematicians say she ought to be, either their calculations or the law of gravitation must be wrong. Lunam quis dicere falsam audeat.

Now discrepancies of this kind have several times occurred; and the importance of Adams's discoveries is well illustrated by some of them. In any single revolution, it may be well to observe, of the moon round the earth, her path will be nearly an ellipse; cutting the plane in which the earth moves round the sun, in a line which is called the line of nodes; and the axis major of which is called the line of perigee and apogee, from its passing through the points at which the moon is respectively nearest to and furthest from the earth. But the path is not quite an ellipse; it is distorted by the action of the sun on the moon, and at the end of the month the moon has not exactly returned to the spot where she was at the beginning. Hence she sets out for the next month in a new ellipse differing slightly from the previous one; and the new line of nodes or line of perigee will be in a different position from the old one; and this is expressed by stating that the line of nodes advances or is retrograde. Now it will be understood that such motions as these admit both of being observed, and of being calculated, on Newton's hypothesis; and Newton's hypothesis is tested by its results agreeing with observation. The most famous discrepancy was in the motion of the line of perigee. The theory of Newton, in his own hands, gave only half the motion actually observed. And moreover when the higher calculus was applied by the skilful hands of Clairaut, it gave the same result. Clairaut did not hesitate to suggest that Newton's law might be an incomplete and approximative representation of the law of nature; but he was fortunate enough to discover afterwards that it was his own calculations which were incomplete and approximative; they were soon advanced to a level with observation; the agreement was complete, and Newton's law established more securely than ever.

Once more, the smaller planets Juno and Pallas and Vesta were affected with perturbations of unaccountable magnitude. They seemed from their character to be due to Jupiter, but Jupiter's mass was inadequate to produce them. Bessel suggested that the attraction which Jupiter exercised on them might be not in proportion to his mass, but be *elective*, like magnetic attraction: an extraordinary solution,

which has been happily rendered unnecessary by Airy's discovery that the mass of Jupiter had previously been wrongly determined, and that when the right mass was used the disturbances of the little planets were all *en règle*.

So when a discrepancy is found to exist between calculation and observation, it has been always the herald of fresh discoveries.

Now when the solution of the great problem about the moon's motion was first effected, and was awaiting the verdict of the future to test its powers of accurate prediction, it was an obvious thought to verify it by an appeal to the past. If the shortness of life forbade these early mathematicians to verify their calculations in future ages, they could at least shew that the position of the moon at any past epoch could be accurately ascertained. And the accuracy of these predictions respecting the past, if I may be allowed the expression, could be examined by means of the records of eclipses. Would or would not their theory assign such a position to the moon on June 21, B.C. 399, that her shadow should be thrown on Rome just before sun-set, and on January 23, A.D. 883, that her shadow should be thrown on Antioch?

Halley seems to have been the first who considered this question. With astonishing clearness he seized the conditions of this question, saw that the knowledge of the elements, on which the solution was to be founded, was as yet incomplete, and saw also the probability that, when the accurate knowledge was obtained, it would appear that there was a peculiarity in the moon's motion entirely unforeseen by others, that it was now moving faster, and performing its revolution in a shorter time than it did in past time. If the longitudes of Bagdad, Antioch, and other places were accurately known, "I could then," he says, "pronounce in what proportion the moon's motion does accelerate; which that it does, I think I can demonstrate, and shall (God willing) one day make it appear to the public." Newton adds to his second edition of the *Principia*, the words, "Halleius noster motum medium Lunæ cum motu diurno terræ collatum paulatim accelerari primus omnium quod sciam deprehendit."

This is the first chapter in the History of the discovery by observation of the amount of secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion. The next chapter should contain an account of the detailed examination of all the ancient eclipses, and the inferences as to the acceleration finally deduced. The details are however too complicated for introduction here: I can only observe that in order that an ancient eclipse

should be valuable for this purpose, its date, its hour and the place of observation are required: and to ascertain these requires often a minute historical and geographical investigation, besides elaborate mathematical work.

If the place and date are given, and the tables in which the moon's motion is minutely described, are used to calculate the path of the eclipse of that date, if the tables are in error ever so little they will make the path of the eclipse pass not over the given place, and it may thence be calculated what change must be made in the moon's mean motion as given by the tables, to bring its shadow at that particular date to that particular place. Such are the two eclipses observed by Ibn Junis at Cairo in A.D. 977, and 978, "quæ in astronomiâ lunari," says Mayer, "auro argentoque omni pretiosiores, meo quidem judicio sunt habendæ.

And again, if the place is given, the date is not given exactly but is known to be within certain limits, even this record can be made use of. For it must be recollected that total eclipses of the sun are not common at any assigned spot. In London, for example, only one has been seen since A.D. 1400. If then a calculation from the tables of the moon's motion, assuming a certain amount of secular acceleration, is made about the eclipses which have been visible at that spot, it may happen that none took place within the assigned limit of time which was total at that spot, but that there was one eclipse which would have been total at that spot if we make a slight change in the assumed acceleration. And thus the amount of the acceleration and the date are simultaneously fixed with a certain degree of probability. The degree of this probability depends of course on the previous accuracy of the tables and on the tolerable correctness of the amount of acceleration first assumed; for if they were far wrong more than one eclipse might be forced into identity with the historical eclipse, by making suitable hypothetical corrections in the moon's mean motion. And thus the eclipse which Thales is said to have predicted was identified by Bailey and Oltmann, with the one which took place on September 30, B.C. 610; but by Airy with that of May 28, B.C. 585.

Hence it will be understood:

(1) That observation indicates a secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion.

(2) That eclipses furnish the means of ascertaining the amount of the acceleration with a considerable degree of accuracy.

(3) That the amount of the secular acceleration deduced

from observation is not less than 10″, and the latest works on the chronological eclipses raise it to 12″, and even to nearly 13″.

Now for a long time theory was entirely unable to account for this. It seemed as if the law of gravitation was inconsistent with a secular acceleration. Euler and Lagrange pledged themselves to this assertion. Laplace tells us somewhere that he at first thought the *motion* of the moon might affect the influence which the sun's attraction exercised on it. But at last he discovered the true cause. Some account of this must be given before Adams's discovery can be appreciated.

There is one term in the expression for the moon's motion discovered by observation by Tycho Brahè, which indicates that during half the year the moon is a little ahead of its mean place, and during the other half of the year a little behind it. This he called the annual equation. It was shewn by theory to depend on the varying distance of the earth and the sun, that is on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit: and it depends on it in this way. The average effect during a month of the disturbing influence of the sun on the moon is to diminish the gravitation of the moon to the earth, so that the moon is sustained in space, and describes her orbit, at a somewhat greater distance, and with somewhat less angular velocity than she would do if abandoned by the sun. This average diminution of her gravitation to the earth is proportional to the mass of the sun, the radius of the moon's orbit, and the inverse cube of the mean distance during the month of the earth from the sun; and may be shewn to be to her total gravitation to the earth in the ratio of the squares of the periodic time of the moon and earth, or as 1:179 nearly.

Now this gave to Laplace the key to the mystery. The inverse cube of the mean distance during the month of the earth from the sun involves the eccentricity (e') of the earth's orbit; and on examination it appeared in fact that in the expression for the mean diminution of gravitation of the moon to the earth there was a term $\frac{3}{2}e'^2$. Now this would alter if e' alters; and e' *does alter*, in consequence of the attraction exercised on the earth by the other planets. Here then *might* be the key to the problem which had puzzled the world for nearly a century.

When Newton tested, by the newly obtained value of the earth's diameter, his idea that terrestrial gravitation might be the force that retained the moon in its orbit, he became so excited, it is said, that he was unable to finish his calculations. Laplace's hand may well have trembled as he proceeded with his problem.

The diminution of the square of the eccentricity (e'^2) between the years 1700 and 1800 A.D. &c. was known to be ·0000015325, and since the mean diminution of gravitation of the moon contained the term $\frac{1}{179} \times \frac{3}{2}e'^2$, it would diminish by $\frac{1}{179} \times \frac{3}{2} \times$ ·0000015325 or ·000000028425 of itself. Now the moon moves through nearly $\frac{100 \times 365}{27\frac{1}{3}} \times 360 \times 60 \times 60$ seconds in the century; and hence the theoretical diminution of the diminution of the mean angular velocity, or the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ the product of these two numbers, or a little more than 11″; and thus agreed very nearly indeed with the observed acceleration.

Once more theory and observation completely accorded, and many have been the pœans sung on this triumphant verification of the law of gravitation. Strange indeed that the slow and small influence of the planets on the form of the earth's orbit should thus manifest itself in an increased velocity of the moon, and be detected by a study of the ancient records of eclipses.

And now at last the reader is in a position to appreciate Adams's discovery. If there had still remained a discrepancy between theory and observation, it would be easy to anticipate that Adams had reconciled them. He has done no such commonplace thing. He has done what is far more important; he has shewn that the theory, though it agrees with the observation, is in error. He has shewn that Laplace overlooked a certain cause of disturbance. I cannot express this in other than mathematical language. Laplace assumed that the tangential disturbing force would have no effect on the mean angular velocity, and took into his calculations only the central disturbing force. But by a method of great intricacy, and one that avoids all possible sources of error, Adams shewed some years ago that the secular acceleration due to this change of eccentricity of the earth's orbit is only 5″·7. He observed that the differential equations which implicitly contain the solution of the problem of the moon's motion had been integrated on the supposition that the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was invariable; and that when its slight variation was recognized, and the eccentricity was treated as depending on the time, terms of a non-periodic or secular character were introduced into the expression for the moon's mean motion which

had been overlooked by all previous astronomers; and whose effect was to reduce the amount of calculated acceleration from 10″ to 5″·7. Then began the famous controversy which has occupied so much of the attention of astronomers. At first Adams stood alone, with Laplace, Damoiseau, Plana and Carlini ranged against him: and not only so but his result did not agree with the actual acceleration as inferred from the eclipses, and theirs did. It was not only Adams contra mundum but Adams contra lunam also. Soon however Delaunay, the distinguished French mathematician, recalculated the term by a fresh method, and his result agreed exactly with Adams's. Then Pontécoulant indignantly repudiated these "nouveaux termes," and speaks of Adams' method as "une véritable supercherie analytique." The contest was becoming exciting; and at this moment Hansen's tables of the moon appeared in which the coefficient was taken at 12″, which was found to agree very well with observation. Leverrier, on presenting a paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences, adds "M. Hansen, dans sa communication de ce jour, démontre nettement et sans réplique possible et sérieuse qu' avec cette value de 6″ on est absolument incapable de satisfaire aux observations de la lune, et notamment à celles des éclipses.* Nous conservons donc des doutes et plus que des doutes sur les formules de M. Delaunay. Trés-certainement la verité est du côté de M. Hansen."

During all this time Adams maintained a dignified silence. His reasoning had been published. The question is purely a mathematical one in fact, and soon fresh mathematicians entered the lists. Plana, Main, the late Sir John Lubbock, and Professor Cayley, have in succession grappled with the formidable difficulties of the analytical question, and the coefficient when calculated to an extraordinary degree of accuracy, retaining even terms of the eighth order, is decided unanimously to be 6″·11. This then is the amount of the secular acceleration produced in the moon's mean motion by the perturbing action of the planets on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit.

Let us pause for one moment to reflect on the minuteness of the discovery. It has been discovered that the moon's motion is being accelerated; that it is travelling faster during the present century than during the past century; and that it will continue to travel faster and faster. How much faster

* This has been verified by M. Marth.

does it move now than it used to do? In the present century it will advance by 10″ or 12″ more than it did in the century preceding. Or in other words if any one had observed the motion of the moon from A.D. 1600 to 1700, and then again from A.D. 1700 to 1800, he would have discovered that in the second interval of 100 years the moon had travelled further than it had done in the first interval by the 150th part of her own breadth. And the discovery of Adams is, in plain words, that we know why she has advanced $\frac{1}{300}$th of her breadth, and do not why she has advanced the other $\frac{1}{300}$th.

It is unspeakably wonderful that the genius of man should have discovered such a fact as this. Wonderful that this very small amount of acceleration should ever have been discovered: wonderful that its cause should ever have been found; and scarcely less wonderful that now the cause has been found to be not quite adequate, and that the unaccounted for portion of this very small quantity should be regarded with such interest, as the possible key to the solution of problems of cosmical importance.

The importance of this discovery, in fact, can scarcely be over estimated. The resources of mathematical analysis as applied to the Lunar and Planetary series have been taxed almost to the utmost. The time is past for calling into question the law of gravitation. There lurks some cause for the unexplained acceleration of 6″.45 per century. It is due to Adams that the action of this unknown cause is known. Once before the unexplained perturbations of Uranus led him to the discovery of Neptune; he has now set the world to seek for the unknown cause of the remainder of this secular acceleration of the moon. It would be easy to illustrate from the history of the sciences how the search for the causes of residual effects has always led to novel and important truths.

To what source are we to look for the cause? It may be traced perhaps to the direct actions of the planets in spite of Euler's dictum. It will probably bring into reconsideration the action of gravitation. The supposition that this is instantaneous is profoundly difficult. It will be well to calculate what the effect of a progressive transmission of gravity would be on the mean motion of the moon, and of her nodes and perigee.

Laplace shewed, if I remember right, in an appendix to his *Mécanique Céleste*, that this velocity must be at least 8,000,000 times as great as that of light: but this result was

based on the hypothesis that there was no acceleration in the moon's mean motion unaccounted for; and the question must therefore be reopened.

Another possible cause is the existence of a resisting ether through which the earth and moon move. Laplace, in another appendix, was led to deny its existence because his calculations for the accelerations of the moon, and the line of perigee and nodes gave the numbers 11″, – 37″, 7″ which agreed so well with observations; and a resisting ether would alter these proportions, because, as he there shewed, it would accelerate the moon's mean angular motion, but not affect the lines of perigee or nodes. It remains to be examined whether his calculations of the accelerations of the lines of perigee and nodes are equally vitiated by his erroneous method of treatment; and to examine whether the true values for these derived from this cause agree with the observed values. If they do, and so far as they do, while the acceleration of the moon does not, it will furnish obviously a most important argument in favour of the existence of a resisting ether.

A third cause may be detected: it is possible that the earth's period of rotation is diminishing. Laplace has stated indeed, that it cannot have altered by the hundredth part of a second since the time of Hipparchus; but this famous dictum rests, it will be seen, on the supposition, now disproved, that there is no unaccounted for acceleration of the moon's mean motion, and with it the above falls to the ground. Now it is obvious that if the day were becoming longer, other motions referred to it, while they remained actually the same, would seem to be becoming faster. Hence the moon may only *seem* to be moving faster, because our day is longer, and the unexplained secular acceleration of 6″ be an apparent acceleration only. Newton had this in view in writing above "cum motu diurno Terræ collatum."

If our century were longer by $27\frac{1}{3} \times 6''$ or 164″, we should first discover it by this amount of apparent acceleration of the moon. Delaunay has already investigated this question mathematically. It had indeed before been pointed out by Mayer that the law of Conservation of Force, a law that now dominates over all physical research, shewed that the action of the tides necessarily retarded the earth's rotation. The tides *do work* on the earth, and this work must be at the expense of some other form of *vis viva*, and that can be none other than the *vis viva* of rotation of the earth. But Delaunay has been the first to shew that this retardation is

probably a measurable quantity, though extremely small, and indeed he has shewn that 164″ per century is not a very improbable value.

So this discovery of Adams will lead, we hope, to a renewed investigation of that most difficult of subjects, the tides. Here theory lags far behind observation. And if this retardation of the earth's rotation be established, it is curious to speculate on some of the inferences and speculations that must follow. The year ought to seem to shorten proportionally; and inferences may be made as to the increase of the sun's bulk on the meteoric theory. And if the earth is being retarded in its rotation, the last stronghold of the doctrine of the unalterability of our solar system will be taken. It taxed the imagination to conceive, amid a system of perpetual orderly change ruling over all other motions, that the earth should go on from age to age rotating in one ever invariable period. It is a sameness that seems to conflict with the variety around it. A very slow retardation *is* going on, how slow we do not yet know, and the same causes that are now in operation will tend constantly in the same direction, till our day becomes as long as our month. It is impossible not to see in this a probable explanation of the strange coincidence in the periods of rotation and revolution of the moon. Had she once tides, either when fluid, or in her now invisible oceans? If she had, their retarding influence, mighty as they would have been, from the size and proximity of the earth, and her own small mass, would have gradually reduced or increased her period of rotation till it coincided with her period of revolution round the earth.

And if the movement of rotation of the moon is not accelerated *pari passu* with its movement of rotation, will not the moon in some far distant age present to the earth another face from that with which we are so familiar? Perhaps it will be impossible to predict this with certainty. Laplace has not left even this speculation quite untouched, and has assigned reasons for believing that the acceleration of revolution will be propagated into the motion of rotation of the moon.

We have run on unwittingly into speculations further than we intended: but in truth this discovery of Adams is pregnant with the materials for speculation and study and discovery. And while we thus raise our humble voices to congratulate our great Cambridge Professor and fellow collegian on his discovery, unparalleled in its kind in the

past history of science, we value it mainly as opening the way to fresh discoveries in the laws of the universe. Laplace regretted that there was but one universe, and Newton had discovered its laws. Some of our mathematicians have doubtless regretted that there could be but one *Mécanique Céleste*, and Laplace had written it. But now Adams has shewn that there is something yet unknown where all was supposed known; and has made it possible for some other name to be enrolled in the brilliant list of discoverers in Astronomy. Let us indulge a hope that this honour too will be won by an Englishman, a Cambridge man, and a Johnian.

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JOY AND SORROW.

WHAT is sorrow but a spring,
Ever flowing, ever full?
Joys are transient, and can fling,
O'er its waters deep and dull,
But a ray that serves to shew
The depth and darkness of the woe.

Joy may like a bubble rise,
From the chilly depths below,
But too soon it breaks and flies,
While the gloomy waters flow
On for ever, and they seem,
But the darker for the gleam.

Sorrow's springs will never dry,
Joy is but a shallow stream,
Glist'ning if the sun be high,
Bright while waning 'neath its beam.
Joy is of to-day, but sorrow
Like a cloud o'ercasts the morrow.

E.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

THE little town of Aston was in a fever of excitement. For the good people of Aston, feeling the full force of their great poet's adage, that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,"

determined not to give the old gentleman a chance against themselves, but to keep their hands fully employed—with other people's business. And so it came to pass that when Mrs. Toddy, the landlady of the Aston Arms, received a letter desiring her to prepare a bed for "hers truly, Ruffe Ryder, S.G.", the inhabitants of Aston rose as one man to settle the matter entirely to their own and Mrs. Toddy's satisfaction. Not that there was anything out of the way in anybody taking up his quarters at the hotel in Aston; for Aston, being one of those central country towns in a hunting district, received many passing visits from strangers; but there was a mystery about the letters S.G., after Mr. Ryder's name, which every Astonian felt in duty bound to clear up to the best of his ability. To be sure, old Admiral Pigsed told them it only meant silly goose, like themselves, and asked what on earth it mattered to anybody else who he was, as long as he behaved himself whilst he was at Aston, and paid his hotel bill when he went away? But no one minded what that old seabear said. So it was settled that Mr. Ryder must be a somebody, (or why should he have any letters after his name?) and must be treated accordingly. It was even suggested that a deputation of influential townsmen should be sent to present an address to him on his arrival at the station, and Mr. Oxide the chemist was mentioned as the fittest person to read it, for he had once been at a school where they taught Latin, and still retained enough of that language to be able to read the names of the drugs on the drawers in his

shop. But this idea was afterwards dropped. In the meantime Mrs. Toddy got all things ready for the arrival of the illustrious stranger, for as she said to Mrs. Peepaskew the postmistress who brought her Mr. Ryder's letter, "you know, my dear, he'll have to pay for it all, whoever he is, so we may as well have the best room ready for him, in case he should turn out to be a prince in disguise." You see Mrs. Toddy's ideas were rather romantic, but her imagination had been early cultivated at a genteel school, where they taught extras. So after arriving at such a satisfactory conclusion, these two good ladies assumed an air of the utmost importance whenever the strange gentleman's name was mentioned in their presence. For wasn't Ruffe Ryder, Esq., S.G., about to take up his abode with Mrs. Toddy? And hadn't Mrs. Peepaskew carried the letter announcing his intention over to the Aston Arms with her own hands, and been present when it was read?

On the day fixed for his arrival, there was quite a crowd at the railway station, every one intent on getting the first peep at the mysterious stranger. When the train drew up at the platform, out got a short man in gray leading a small dog by a chain. As he was the only passenger, there could be no doubt that he was the "long expected one," especially as he personally superintended the transference of two portmanteaus, each marked R.R., from the luggage van to the top of a cab. He seemed at first rather taken aback at finding himself the object of such general attention, and seeing old Miss Smilkin gazing fixedly at him, he mechanically raised his hat to her, and then jumping into the cab was soon lost to the sight of the wondering Astonians. "A very well-bred gentlemanly young man," said Miss Smilkin drawing herself up. She evidently thought our hero had recognised her high birth in the contour of her bony nose, and the set of her undeceptive false front. "He must be made much of," continued the lady. And as her maternal aunt's grandfather had married into Sir Newgate Ketche's family, who was himself fourth cousin to the great Lord Calcraft of Hemptie, Miss Smilkin was naturally looked to as the setter of fashion at Aston, particularly in the matter of settling who was to be called on by those who wished to be considered as "society."

"He only came second class!" said Mrs. Peepaskew in an injured tone to Mrs. Toddy. "So he did, my dear," answered that lady, "but then you know the truly great are ever the least ostentatious." This was a sentiment Mrs. Toddy was very fond of airing on every possible occasion.

It came with several others from one of the copy books in which Mrs. Toddy learnt to write, ("practised caligraphy," she would have said,) at the genteel seminary. Miss Smilkin was as good as her word, and introduced Mr. Ryder into the tip top Aston society. He was visited and feasted and entertained in every possible way. And all the young and middle aged ladies assiduously set their caps at him. For though rather unpolished, or a little *negligeé* as they termed it, yet he was a good enough looking young fellow. And as Miss Smilkin said in a mysterious manner that he was "a *bon parti*, and had evidently moved in the highest circles," it was obviously the thing to do to try and secure him to Aston for ever. With the men he was a particular favourite, as he abounded in "tips" about the coming races, and was a very fair hand at billiards. But still the mystery of the letters S.G. was not cleared up, and many and various were the theories current about them. Old General Tellagoodun said he remembered him well in the Peninsula, where he had held a high rank in the Spanish Army, and that S.G. meant *Sanctissimo Generalissimo*, a title of honour conferred only on the most distinguished officers. As the General was very rich, gave good dinners, and had no relations, this explanation was the generally received one in Aston. To be sure, Admiral Pigsed, when he heard it, observed in a voice like an Armstrong gun with a quinsy, that if that were the case, Mr. Ryder must have worn uncommonly well, as he didn't look above thirty. But nobody cared for what the Admiral said, as he made a point of always differing from the General on every subject, and had nothing besides his half pay. So Mr. Ryder continued to live on the fat of the land.

One day the General gave a grand dinner party, and of course Mr. Ryder was there. After the ladies had left the room, and the gentlemen were beginning to grow confidential, little Mr. Chirp the attorney sidled up to our hero and said, "do pray, my dear sir, tell me what is the meaning of those letters that every one is talking about."

"What letters?" said Mr. Ryder, taking a huge bite out of an orange and letting the juice run down his chin.

"Why that mysterious S.G.," answered Mr. Chirp.

"S.G.?" said his friend wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "O, it only means stud groom. I am Lord Epsom's stud groom, and I have just come down here to look after a horse he has training for the Derby"——

O dear! what a commotion there was in Aston after this! Every one suddenly remembered he had often noticed how

that man smelt of the stables, and ate with his knife. Little peculiarities explained at the time as being eccentricities of the aristocracy, but now——! It was a sad come down for our hero though. Instead of the smiles and bows that used to greet him at every turn, he now only met noses so rigidly turned up that he began to fear they would stay turned up like his bull dog's. The only person who thoroughly enjoyed the joke was Admiral Pigsed, who roared and chuckled and turned so purple in the face that his heir-at-law began to look anxiously for an apoplexy. But it didn't come, and the Admiral lived long enough to enjoy many a hearty laugh at his old foe the General. As for poor Miss Smilkin, she had to go away for a month to the sea side, she was so upset!

E.

ADONIDIS EPITAPHIUM.

From Bion (Id. I.).

I wail the fair Adonis—he is dead,
Dead fair Adonis! with me wail the Loves.
No longer, Cypris, sleep on purple trains:
Rise wretched sable-stoled, and beat thy breasts,
And tell to all that fair Adon is dead.
I wail Adonis; with me wail the Loves.
The fair Adonis on the mountain lies,
His white white flank gashed by a whiter tooth,
And grieveth Cypris fainting out his soul;
And o'er his snow-white flesh weeps down black blood
And underneath his brow his eyes are glazed,
And his lip's rose is gone; and e'en the kiss
That Cypris ne'er will leave, dies out on it,
Him, though he lives not, Cypris loves to kiss,
But he knows not who kissed him in his death.
I wail Adonis; with me wail the Loves.
A cruel cruel wound has trench'd his groin;
A deeper heart-wound Cytherea bears.
For him, that boy, his dogs howl'd forth lament,
Ceaseless lament: him weep the Oread nymphs.
But Aphroditè with her tresses loos'd
Roams sad, unkempt, unsandaled, through the brakes,
And as she walks the briars tearing her
Drink in her sacred blood; but she goes on
Through valleys long with her shrill sad laments,
Calling her boy, her dear Assyrian spouse.
But round *him* by his navel gushed dark blood,
His breast dyed scarlet from his wounded thigh,
His bosom erst snow-white was purple-stained.
"Ah Cytherea!" with me wail the Loves.
She lost with her fair lord her form divine,
For while Adonis lived her form was fair,
But ah! her beauty with Adonis died.
Alas for Aphrodite, say the hills;
"Alas Adonis!" is the oaks' response,

The rivers weep for Aphroditè's woes,
The fountains mourn Adonis on the hills,
The flowers with grief are purpled; dirges sad
Swell through Cythera's groves, through all her glades.
Ah Cytherea, fair Adon is dead;
And echo answered "fair Adon is dead."
Who had not wept for Cypris' mighty love?
Ah! when she saw Adonis' stanchless wound,
When she perceived it, when she saw his blood
All purple-hued upon his failing flank;
Unfolding wide her arms she made her plaint:
"Stay, stay, Adonis, luckless Adon stay!
"That I may meet thee for the last last time,
"That I may clasp thee and join lips with lips.
"Adonis, wake a little, kiss thy last,
"Kiss me so long but as a kiss may live,
"Till from thy soul into my mouth and heart
"Thy spirit ebb, and I thy sweet charm draw
"And drain thy love; this kiss I'll sacred keep
"As Adon's self; since thou, ill-starr'd one fliest,
"Thou fliest far and com'st to Acheron
"And its grim dreadful king: but I, alas,
"Live, am immortal, cannot follow thee.
"Receive, Persephonè, receive my lord,
"For thou art much more mighty: all that's fair
"To thy lot falls, but I am all accurst,
"Accurst and suffer woe insatiable,
"And wail my dead Adonis, fearing thee,
"Diest thou thrice-yearn'd for? my love-dream is gone
"And Cytherea's widow'd; through the halls
"The vain Loves flit; with thee my charms are gone.
"Why huntest, bold one? Thou, who wast so fair
"Wert mad enough to combat with the beasts?
Thus moanéd Cypris; with her wail the Loves,
Ah Cytherea! fair Adon is dead.
As much in tears sheds Paphia, as in blood
Adonis: on the earth from both spring flowers,
From blood the rose, from tears th' anemone.
I wail the fair Adonis—he is dead.
No more in thickets, Cypris, wail thy lord,
Not for Adonis is the leafy bed,
Let dead Adonis rest upon thy couch,
The dead Adonis, beautiful in death,
In death, yet beautiful as though he slept.
On soft robes lay him where he went to sleep,
On which with thee he used to pass the night
In holy slumber on a couch all gold:
There mourn Adonis, though sad-visaged strew

Chaplets on him and flowers; all with him,
As he died so did all the flowers fade,
Rain myrtles on and unguents, rain perfumes:
Perish all perfumes! thine Adon is gone,
On purple vestments daintily he lies,
And round him weeping wail aloud the Loves;
Their locks are for Adonis shorn; and one
His bow, another brings his arrows; this
His well-winged quiver; this one looses off
Adonis' sandal; this in golden urns
Brings water: and another laves his side;
This fans Adonis with his wings behind.
For Cytherea's self the Loves lament,
On ev'ry door-post Hymen quenched his torch
And scattered to the winds his marriage wreath.
No longer "Hymen, Hymen" is the song;
"Alas, Alas" is chanted, and yet more
"Ah for Adonis" than the Hymen song,
The Graces mourn the son of Cinyras,
Telling each other "fair Adon is dead,"
And shriller far than thou, Dionè, mourn.
The muses also for Adonis weep
And call upon him, but he heeds them not,
Not but that he is willing; Proserpine
Will not release him.—Cytherea cease,
Cease thy laments, to day thy woes refrain,
Another year thou must lament again.

μς.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

(*A Lecture.*)

NOTE. The following was delivered as one of a Parochial Course of Lectures in one of the suburbs of Manchester, and its character was of course determined by the character of the audience. Had the lecturer been writing for classical students, he might have taken up other branches of the subject, but he ventures to hope that these more general reminiscences may prove interesting at any rate to the non-classical subscribers to *The Eagle*.

NOT very long ago, an American took passage in one of the Messageries' steamers from Marseilles, to Alexandria. The steamer called at Civita Vecchia to take in cargo, and, as usual, remained there for the greater part of the day. Now Civita Vecchia is not the most amusing place in the world. It is a small seaside town, hardly more indeed than a village, and not a fashionable watering place. The only excitement which the place knows is caused by the arrival of the steamer and by the daily manœuvres of the garrison. The former, of course, was over, and the latter do not last for ever, and if they did, would become tedious after half an hour. So our American, being moreover one of those thorough travellers, who never lose a chance of seeing what comes in their way, went to the Railway station, and finding a train just starting took a ticket for Rome. When he reached the city he called the first vetturino that he saw, and said to him—"I've got just fifty minutes before my train goes back, and you must shew me Rome." Not a very easy task you will all admit; yet it is this task which I have before me to night. Nay, I may say, even a more difficult one—for the cabman was only expected to show the outside of Rome—while I, if this lecture is to interest you, must show you something also of the people, their character, and their customs. With such a task before me, I may fairly ask every indulgence at your hands.

On the 19th of December, 1864, I found myself with three companions at the office of the Messageries Impériales at Marseilles. The weather was not very calm, so that it

was not without some secret satisfaction that I, for one, found that all the berths on board the Civita Vecchia steamer were engaged. All that we were anxious for was to reach Rome before Christmas eve, and this, we found, could be done by taking the land route to Genoa, and the coasting steamer from that port to Leghorn and Civita Vecchia. This plan enabled us further to see Marseilles, Nice, and Genoa, and part of the famous Corniche road.

There are few views prettier than that of Marseilles harbour. On a rising ground a little outside the town towards the sea, is a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Guard, the patroness of the Marseillais sailor. Hither his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart come with offerings and prayers for his return; hither he himself, if he has any devotion in him, comes offer thanks for his safe arrival in port. But the chief attraction of the place to the traveller is the view that it commands of harbour and bay, and town. Look to seaward, and you have the blue waters of the Mediterranean gently washing the curving line of coast, or fretting the rising cliffs, and dotted over with three or four islands, one of them crowned by a dismal castle, another by a long low white building that glistens in the sun. The castle is the prison, famed wherever Monte Christo's name is known, the Chateau d' If; the low white building is a prison hardly less dismal, though the confinement in it is reckoned by days and not by years: it is the house of quarantine. Look to landward, and far away up to the low hills, which, like an amphitheatre, surround the place, the whole space is dotted over with substantial villas, rising from amid gardens and vineyards. At your feet lies the town throngedwith a busy swarm of workers, or, if it be a summer's evening, of happy families enjoying the air after a hard day's work. Everywhere signs of prosperity. We were fortunate enough to reach the top of the hill just as the sun was sinking into the sea, an orb of burning gold. It was all that was required to complete the beauty of the scene.

But I must not stop to tell you of the haps and mishaps of the way—how the door of the diligence would fly open as we were just dropping off to sleep—how we had to turn out at 1 o'clock in the morning for "the custom-house gentlemen," and at 4 "because the bridge is broken down"—how we got to Genoa at 3 o'clock the next morning after thirty hours of diligence—how we admired the filagree-work and the ladies of Genoa—how we resolved not to be cheated of our breakfast on board the steamer at Leghorn, and in

consequence, missed the train to Pisa—how all the bonnets in the place could not make it endurable—how we tried vainly to amuse ourselves for one half hour by a visit to a barber's, two of our number to be operated upon, the other two to look on—how we, the lookers on, came to the conclusion that being shaved with a blunt razor and cold water may be amusing to the spectators, but does not tend to smooth either the chins or the tempers of the patients: all this is written in the diaries of the company, but can only be hinted at here. Let me land you and our party at Civita Vecchia.

It was the boast of the old Romans that every road led to Rome. There is now one way by which every traveller must pass. The ancient dramatists of Rome would have called it the *Via Nummaria*, the Money-way. The pontifical government is not so unreservedly attached to the pence of St. Peter as to neglect those of St. Matthew. The adventures of a passport for and in the Papal States, might, in good hands, make a little book. Firstly, you must obtain the *visa* of the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris—*fee*. Secondly, when you reach Civita Vecchia, your passport is given up; if it is *en règle* you receive a permission to land, and your passport stamped again is returned—*fee*. Thirdly, when you wish to leave Rome, you require the *visa* of the British Consul, and the permission of the police to depart—*fee*. Fourthly, this permission is again examined and registered at the Station. Fifthly, it is confirmed at the frontier—*fee*. Sixthly, if you return even the next day the same process must be gone through, and the same fees paid; whereas in other countries, even in Austria, a *visa* once given is good for a year.

From Civita Vecchia a couple of hours of a very slow railway brought us to the yellow Tiber and the eternal city. The first sight of it is disappointing. You must spend some time there before you get thoroughly to love the place. It is one of those coy beauties that require a long acquaintance before you can appreciate and analyse their charms. It is not hard to see why. The antique is veiled under a modern covering, and judged as a modern city, Rome is a long way in arrears of civilisation. The streets are narrow, the shops poor; sanitary laws are entirely set at defiance. Indeed it would seem as if man had done his best to aid, instead of counteracting the natural unhealthiness of the site. To one who is fresh from Paris, or Marseilles, or Turin, the contrast is too striking to leave a good impression.

But I must remember that if our friend the vetturino was to show Rome in fifty minutes, he would be obliged to use

some systematic arrangement. First in order of time during my visit came churches and church ceremonies. Let me say at starting that I went to Rome for its antiquities and its art, and that consequently, I did not give so much time to Papal Rome, as I should have done had my visit been longer. What I did see I will tell you. Luther, I imagine, is not the only visitor of Rome whose simple-hearted piety has been shocked by the carelessness, the irreligion, the immorality which he has seen there. I am not what is called an ultra-Protestant. I have seen more than once, earnest, simple devotion, and attentive worship in Romish churches, and that even in Italy; I have known Swiss guides who have refused to start on expeditions till they had been to early mass: but nothing of this did I see in Rome. Fat, over-fed priests, dirty Capucin monks in their gowns of brown serge, changed once in three years, men, many of them, whose faces would hang them, as the saying is, met one at every turn. I cannot but think that a great part of this is due simply to the continuance of the temporal power of the Pope. When Victor Emmanuel gets to Rome there will be no doubt a grand clearance.

We reached Rome on Christmas eve, and at 8 o'clock presented ourselves in full evening dress at the door of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. This is another of the results of the temporal power. Wherever the Pope is expected to be present, even if it be in church, every one must appear in court dress; the ladies, in black silk, with black fans, black gloves, and black lace veils worn mantilla-wise: and the gentlemen in ordinary evening costume. At Christmas there is not a very great pressure of visitors, so we obtained admission without any difficulty. The next half-hour was spent, as at a concert, in watchiug the arrivals. The Pope was not present, but there was a fair muster of Cardinals and Monsignori, each accompanied by his secretary, whose chief work seemed to be to act as lady's maid, and let down Monsignor's robes which had been tucked up out of the way, and then to hold his missal till such time as he should require it. Then snuff-boxes were pulled out, and Cardinal chatted with brother Cardinal, and Secretary with Secretary, till service began, and even after. One man, however, was an exception to this rule. This was Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's prime minister, whose name is a byword for crafty diplomacy.

At half-past eight the service began. For more than an hour and a half it consisted of psalms sung to the most monotonous of Gregorian chants, alternating with short

lessons intoned on a peculiar cadence, the music of which any one who is curious, may find in Mendelssohn's letters. Then came the mass itself, one of the most florid specimens of the modern soulless style of Italian music. All this time we were standing, and tired enough I assure you. About half past ten I quietly withdrew, quite satiated with what I had seen and heard.

We were not much more successful in our next attempt. We were informed by our guide-books that there was a solemn military mass, with fine music, at eleven at the church of St. Louis, patron saint of the French. Thither we went, and found ourselves in a moderate sized church, pretty well filled. At the altar was a splendid trophy, one of the most successful pieces of decoration I have ever seen. It was composed chiefly of lustres of glass, and lit up by some hundreds of candles of different sizes arranged like the pipes upon an organ. The priest's part of the service was scarcely audible, the rest only too much so. Murray's description seemed a mere travestie. The "solemnity" was shown by a constant succession of visitors coming in and out, occupying chairs for a quarter of an hour, and then departing; the military were represented by some half score French soldiers scattered about—but only as private worshippers; the fine music was produced by a choir singing out of tune, each to his own time, and an organist whose sole object seemed to be to insert a fine *fioritura* in each verse of the chant without any regard to the existence of such things as bars in music, and who consequently in the second half of every verse was about a couple of bars behind the last of the choir.

The next event on the programme was a mass, with the Shepherd's Hymn, in St. Peter's, at 3 o'clock on Christmas morning. I have often regretted that I did not go to it. It is performed in a side chapel of St. Peter's, the rest of the church not being lighted up. The effect must be very peculiar if the music is good. But I was so disgusted with the experiences of the evening, that I did not feel inclined to give up a good night's rest for it.

Next morning, profiting by our experiences of the Sistine the night before, we did not appear at St. Peter's till 11 o'clock, the service beginning at 9. The Pope was officiating at the high altar. Here I must say a word about the church. The original plan, Michael Angelo's, gave it the shape of a Greek cross, that is, a cross with arms of equal length, directed to the four points of the compass. This plan was afterwards enlarged, the Eastern arm prolonged and terminated by the facade which is seen in all views of the church. This alteration, while it entirely mars the symmetry of the exterior, throwing the dome so far back from the front, that the latter hides it and prevents your realising its height, adds at the same time to the grandeur of the interior. The high altar is at the centre of the cross, under the dome, and the effect of the lengthening of the eastern arm is that the minister, officiating at the high altar, while his back is turned upon the congregation in the choir, faces the crowd in the nave. The crowd on this occasion was not great, but sufficient to line thickly the way which was kept clear down the middle of the nave. The transepts were almost clear of people. As we came up the nave we could see over the altar a kindly, benevolent face, and could hear at times a silvery voice feeble but clear. We had taken the precaution to come in full dress, and so by the courtesy of an officer of the pontifical guard, obtained admission to the choir which forms the western arm of the cross. At the eastern end, as I have said, is the altar, and at the western was a raised dais, supporting the pontifical throne. In front of us were the cardinals, and behind them some distinguished visitors; opposite were the ex-king and queen of Naples, and several dignitaries in uniform. At our right was a raised gallery, occupied by ladies, who here sit apart.

The music was very good: the two choirs and two organs, north and south, keeping up the song uninterruptedly. The men's soprano voices, which the night before in the small chapel of the Vatican had appeared to us even disagreeable, lost all their harshness, as their notes rolled up the vast dome. And after the consecration of the host, a strain of sweetest music, such as one would think none but angel's trumpets could produce, came floating down upon the ear. Never but once have I heard sounds so etherial, so heavenly, and those were produced by no human voice or instrument, but by Nature's echoes that took each note and purged it of all alloy, leaving only the pure melody. The music of St. Peter's *is* produced by silver trumpets, aided of course by the construction of the building, but where they are, the ear can scarcely discern. All that you feel is that such strains must and *do* come from heaven.

This over, the Pope proceeded, bearing the Host, to his throne at the other end of the choir. There the consecrated wafer was distributed to a number of the diplomatic corps, and the whole service concluded by the chairing, if I may so call it, of his Holiness. He was carried on a chair of state

above the heads of the people, wearing the triple crown, which is far less ugly by the way than it is generally made out to be, and bestowing his benediction upon the people. The cardinals, monsignori, bishops, &c., lead the procession, which goes down the nave and out by the door which communicates with the Vatican, where it is to be hoped the Holy Father enjoys his Christmas dinner after the twenty-four hours' fast.

It would be impossible for me to say much of the churches in Rome: their name is Legion, and there are very few of them which do not contain some object of interest, artistic or otherwise. But there are two or three, which may claim notice in particular. First among these is the church of the Ara Cæli or altar of Heaven. It stands on the site of the old temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the supreme god of pagan Rome. All around breathes of Rome in its highest grandeur. Hard by is the temple of Concord where the Senate deliberated, where Cicero spoke, where Cæsar sat—below is the Forum, the scene of so many struggles for liberty—the temple itself was the goal to which Rome's victorious generals in triumphal pomp directed their way. Now the only processions are those of monks and priests—now another Cæsar, one of that nation whom Julius in part subdued, lays down laws for Rome—now Rome's manly eloquence is hushed. He must be insensible indeed who could fail to be struck by and to meditate upon such a contrast. To such impressions, to such meditations we owe one of the grandest works in our own or in any language, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

This church of the Ara Cæli owns a miraculous Bambino, or image of the infant Saviour, a wooden doll carved, as the legend says, by a Franciscan pilgrim from a tree on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke while the pilgrim slept (nothing like a good anachronism!) This doll has perhaps the best medical practice in Rome; in all serious cases he is called in, and a cure not unfrequently follows his visits, "but," suggests Mr. Story in his interesting book *Roba di Roma*, "as the regular physicians always cease their attendance upon his entrance, and blood-letting and calomel are consequently intermitted, perhaps the cure is not so miraculous as it might at first seem." This it is which is carried in the processions that have taken the place of the old Roman triumphs. Now let us look at the substitute for their manly eloquence. It is a custom in many churches at Rome to shew from Christmas to Twelfth-day a Presepio, a kind of stage representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the

shepherds or the eastern kings offering their gifts. Of course that at the Ara Cæli is one of the most sumptuous. The Bambino and the Virgin are covered with diamonds and other jewels, and poor St. Joseph is the only one who seems to need the gifts which the magi bring. Against one of the pillars on the other side of the church a small stage is erected, and from this little children, chiefly girls, recite, with all an Italian's action, short speeches or dialogues in explanation of the scene. There is something trivial about it, something of childish vanity, and yet something grand,—the tale that can come from the mouth of babes has borne the palm from the eloquence of this world.

Attached to the Ara Cæli is a Franciscan convent. I will next ask you to accompany me to the church and convent of Santa Maria dei Capuccini, the head-quarters of the order. It contains one or two fine paintings, but its chief attraction is a strange charnel-house, which is attached to it. Passing through a court-yard, in which groups of French soldiers are standing about, we are admitted by a low door to the crypt. It consists of four vaulted chambers, the floor of which is covered for some depth with soil brought from the Holy Land, which has the peculiar property (so they tell you) of sweetening decay. The interior of each vault contains a number of graves, while at intervals along the walls are reared the skeletons of monks departed, all clad in their monastic robes. The walls and roofs are covered with human bones, arranged in fantastic patterns or piled in orderly heaps. The effect is peculiar, and there is nothing, save the grim skeletons in their brown serge gowns, to make it ghastly. Whenever a member of the convent dies, he is buried here in his brown frock without a coffin. The oldest occupant of the graves is removed to make place for him, and takes *his* place, for he is by this time reduced to bone and fibre, among the skeletons on the wall: there he remains till fibre too decays, and then his bones are added to the heap.

These Capucins are, if I may use a rather slang word, one of the institutions of Rome. They swarm in the place. They live entirely upon alms, and it is no unfrequent thing for a visitor to be startled by hearing an alms-box rattled in his ear, and on looking round to see a dirty but goodnatured face or sometimes a rascally sensual looking piece of humanity, offering his own and his fellows' necessities to your charitable consideration. Those whom you thus meet are the lay-brothers of the order, who do the begging and other menial services, while the priests give themselves up to prayer and

study. They have after all no easy life of it. They have no other clothing, than the brown serge robe, a piece of rope for a girdle and a pair of sandals, with occasional stockings by doctor's orders. The cloth is woven at a factory of their own, and every three years a piece cut in the requisite shape is given to each of the brotherhood who sews it up once for all, and never gets out of it till the next distribution. They sleep on blankets, and at midnight are summoned by the convent bell to attend matins. At six the services of the day begin, and the rest of the day is mostly taken up with them. Their fare too is meagre, so that it is hard to see what is the inducement to join the order. Mr. Story tells an anecdote illustrating this. A young Roman whose fortunes were become desperate, declared to his friend that he could stand it no longer, and that he meant to throw himself into the Tiber, "No, no," said the friend, "don't do that. If your affairs are in so bad a state, retire into a convent, become a Capucin." "Ah no!" was the indignant reply, "I am desperate, but I have not yet come to that pitch of desperation."

There is one other church of which I must speak, because of the beautiful legend of which it preserves the memory. It is called the "Domine quo Vadis," and stands about a mile beyond the gates on the famous Appian way. The legend is this. St. Peter during one of the persecutions which harassed the church at Rome, had been induced by some of his friends to seek safety in flight. He had escaped from the city, and reached the point where this church stands, when he saw before him the well known form of his Lord and Master. Startled at the sight, he exclaimed "Domine quo Vadis?"; Lord, whither goest thou? "I go to Rome," was the answer, "there again to be crucified"; and the vision vanished. But to prove its reality the stone on which our Lord had stood retained the imprint of his feet. St. Peter, awed by the rebuke, turned his steps back to the city, and met the death which his Lord before him had suffered, but deeming himself unworthy after his weakness and flight to die exactly the same death, was crucified head downwards. The stone is preserved in the church to this day; it is true it is of marble, which is queer, and the sceptical do say that a keen eye may see traces of the chisel about it, but the legend remains, and I think you will agree with me that no sceptic's doubts can take away its beauty.

A little beyond this church begin some of the Catacombs. There is little in Rome which excites greater curiosity and

interest than these memorials of early Christianity, and but little I think which more disappoints the actual visitor. You have a dreary walk with a thick candle in your hand through long galleries cut in the sandy soil, just wide enough for one man to pass at a time, and flanked by rows of recesses one above the other, of the size of an ordinary coffin. Here and there the galleries converge to an open space, which, you are informed, is one of the chapels used by the proscribed Christians. On the walls are sundry inscriptions, and in some cases, portraits of our Saviour or of some of the Apostles, which do not give one a very exalted idea of early Christian art. After a quarter of an hour of this, you again emerge into the light of day, and are told you have seen the Catacombs.

Near these memorials of the life and the death of Christians hunted from the world are the principal sepulchral remains of Ancient Rome. It was a touching and, I cannot but think, an ennobling custom, which, instead of gathering together its dead in some common cemetery, laid them there where, going out and coming in, their sons could have before them the remembrance of their virtue and their greatness. No burials were allowed within the walls of Rome, but all the chief roads were lined for some miles with the monuments of the dead.

On the Appian way they still exist for five or six miles out, here a tower, there a pillar, here a stone. No place is better fitted for musing on the contrasts of ancient grandeur and present ruin. Let us pause here a while. It is a still, peaceful afternoon—the sun, westering fast, bathes the desolate Campagna with its golden-silver light. The Alban hills some ten or twelve miles distant stand out against the pale clear sky, a mass of purple that changes soon to gray. The western horizon is lucid with a yellow light, almost the only sign of winter. A few stray clouds rose-tinged by the setting sun give change of bright and dark to the wide plain (no place surpasses the Campagna for atmospheric effects). Before us lies the straight line of road—stretching away with its double row of tombs and mounds to the foot of the Alban hills, the old pavement laid bare here and there. On our left are two lines of broken arches, extending far as the eye can see, here a long unbroken line, here a solitary arch, standing, as a modern author has said, like "shadowy troops of mourners, passing from a nation's grave," the wide plain that stretches between, scarce cultivated, and if you stay too late, breeding pestilential vapours: scarcely a

sign of life, save where a solitary shepherd in his sheepskin coat, comes forward to cheer his solitude by the sight and the voice of one of human kind.

Such is it now. Everything speaks of desolation and of a glory departed. Eighteen hundred years ago and more, another traveller, short of stature and of weak bodily appearance, landed at Appii Forum, with an escort of Roman soldiers, and travelled along this queen of ways to the capital of the world. After skirting the Alban hills past La Riccia with its steep ascent and its swarm of beggars (*they* are there still) he crossed this same Campagna. Then the monuments were still entire, and at every step some stone told the tale of valiant deeds ended, or of domestic happiness and affection blighted too soon. Here the two traditional mounds of the Horatii and Curiatii told of Rome's infancy, and marked the former limits of a territory which then comprised the whole civilised world: there a massive tower told of names famed in later conquests, entwined with the loved memory of womanly virtue.* The two aqueducts stretched unbroken

* A stern-round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid? A woman's grave.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red,

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The richest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride.

across the plain, and brought their supplies of health to the city. The road was crowded with passengers and vehicles, swift curricles, or lumbering waggons. There is but one thing, if even one, which St. Paul would find unaltered now, and that is, the ignorance and superstition of the peasant who maybe came, as to us the solitary shepherd, to see the prisoner that passed by.

As we come nearer to the old walls, we meet with sepulchral remains of another character. They consist of small chambers which are now under the ground, but possibly were once not so. They are called *columbaria*, or pigeon-cotes, from the way in which the walls are marked out in rows of small triangular recesses, each large enough to contain a funeral urn with the ashes of some one departed. These columbaria belonged to noble houses which had a large family of dependents and servants. One of those recently discovered is the resting place of the familia of Pompey the Great.

But we have lingered too long over these death monuments of the past. They have for me a strange charm. I seem to hear the voice of antiquity from them far more clearly than from its life monuments. Let us now glance rapidly at some of the latter. We will start from the place we occupied just now, outside the old Appian gate. As we enter the city, we see on the left, a massive ruin. It is the largest of the old Roman baths, the baths of Caracalla. It formed a square, each side of which was 1100 feet long. The walls and part of the roof still remain, and the plan of the building can be clearly traced. The floor and the vaulted roof are covered with mosaic. These baths were quite a feature of Ancient Rome; if any man of note wished to curry favour with the people, he would build and, I suppose, endow one of these huge establishments, where any one might enjoy a cold bath, or what we call a Turkish bath, gratis, or at a merely nominal charge. The old Romans must have been fonder of cold water than their descendants.

A little further on we turn off to the right, and make what haste we can, for the street is occupied by some fifty novices who at intervals of a dozen yards are taking the first steps towards maintaining the reputation of the French of being the best drummers in the world. At the end of this street, the Via di San Gregorio, is a fine massive arch, the arch of Constantine.

Beyond this is the Colosseum; a vast amphitheatre, as you know, in the shape of an ellipse, or oval, which would

hold 87,000 people. It is hard to realize its size. One reason is that the materials of it have been so freely stolen that in no place can you trace the tiers of seats from top to bottom. And it requires a vast effort of imagination to picture it, one vast mass of human faces all bent upon one poor slave or martyr in hopeless conflict with some beast of prey in the arena. Its greatest length is 620 feet, its greatest breadth 513 feet, and it rose in three stories to the height of 157 feet, a majestic monument of the downfall of the Jews, for it was by Vespasian and Titus that it was built after their return from Judæa. The workmen were probably Jewish slaves.

Here, as everywhere in Rome, the form of Christianity has been imposed upon the remains of heathendom. The arena where Christian martyrs fought with lions is now a temple dedicated to their memory. Round it stand the fourteen stations, commemorative of our Saviour's death, and ever and anon some procession of priests and monks comes in pilgrimage to the spot. Within it once stood an altar. When a Christian was brought in, he received the option of sacrificing on this altar to Jupiter, or being "butchered to make a Roman holiday." M. Michelet in his history of the French Revolution, alludes to another custom connected with it. I give it on his authority, and in his words. He says "when there had been in the Colosseum at Rome a great show, and a great butchery, when the arena had drunk in its store of blood, when the lions, glutted with human flesh, lay down tired and satiated, then to divert the people's minds and make them forget what has passed, a little farce was given to follow. An egg was put into the hands of some wretched slave who had been condemned to the beasts, and he was turned into the arena; if by good luck he could manage to carry his egg as far as the altary, he was safe. The distance was not great, but how great it seemed to him. The beasts, sated, and sleeping or soon about to sleep, did not fail at the slight noise of his tender tread, to lift their drowsy eyelids, they roared terribly, and seemed to ask themselves whether they should abandon their repose for such a ridiculous prey. Never clown, or mime so stirred the laughter of the people." The altar is now a cross, and whoever kisses this cross saves, not his life, for that is not now in peril, but seven years of purgatory.

The Colosseum by moonlight is one of the sights of Rome which are to be done, and is one of the very few such sights, which leave no disappointment behind. The old amphitheatre

is now not only a church, but a sentry station of the French garrison, and it is only by presenting a permit signed by the commandant that admission can be procured. In the good old times previous to the French occupation, the arches of the building were not unfrequently the haunt of robbers and brigands, so that visitors were scarcely safe. Now you can roam about in perfect security. The extent of the place can best be realised as the moonlight comes streaming through the many arches, veiling all that is ruined, and mellowing decay. Here and there a gleaming torch, moving along the upper galleries tells of some party of visitors that are going over the building, and the faint echoes of a merry laugh give you some notion of the distance between you and them.

Imagination sees the place again peopled with its 80,000 occupants. Let us try to picture to ourselves the scene. It is a bright summer's day, the forum and all the approaches to the amphitheatre are crowded with sight-seers in their holiday attire, the men in gay parti-coloured robes, or in white togas, for no one may appear at the games in black. Here a group of gladiators, marshalled by their trainer, elbow their way good-humouredly through the crowd; there a band of soldiers, their pikes flashing in the sun, push unceremoniously along, their heavy hobnailed boots coming down on the feet of any one who is unlucky enough to stand in their way. We reach the building. Thanks to the numerous and capacious passages, for every alternate arch is a separate entrance, we have no difficulty in making our way to the seat for which we hold a ticket. And what a sight meets our view! Thousands and thousands of human faces, twenty times as many as at the most crowded meeting in Exeter Hall; rising row above row far as the eye can reach. Over the whole sways a huge awning stretched from side to side, and keeping off the too fierce rays of the sun. The place is arranged in three tiers or stories, with a gallery running round the top. The lowest, consisting of fourteen rows, is devoted to the senators and patricians, who occupy the first four, and the knights, all, that is, who have a certain income (about £300 a year), the second to ordinary people who do not reach this income, the third to slaves and persons who do not possess a rateable income, (those who do not pay income tax) who are bound to wear cloth of a dingy subfusc hue. The gallery is given up to the women, though some of them have encroached upon the cushioned seats below. But hark! while we have been looking round, the din and hubbub of these thousand voices are hushed, and

all eyes turned towards that box which faces the main entrance. Soon a general murmur of *Ave Imperator!* Hail to the Emperor! greets the entry of the conqueror of Jerusalem. His appearance is the sign for the games to begin. The doors of the arena (which is fifteen feet lower than the lowest row of seats) open, and a band of gladiators come forward two and two. They have been trained specially for this occasion, and are in point of physical strength and vigour, some of the picked men of the world. They walk once round the arena and draw up beneath the Emperor's chair, with the mournful cry, *Ave! Imperator! Morituri te Salutant* "Health to thee, and greeting from them that go to their death." Then they station themselves on different sides of the arena, for their part in the day's programme is not yet come. Again on either side of the ring an iron grating opens, and from one a rhinoceros, from the other a tiger* are let into the arena. They have both been kept on short commons for some days, to whet their appetite for the combat. The rhinoceros soon spies his enemy and trots clumsily across the ring, 'mid the laughter of the audience, while the tiger cowers still against the bars, his keen eye watching his antagonist. As he comes within reach the tiger makes a spring, but his claws do not hold well in the thick rhinoceros hide, and the next moment he is pinned to the ground by his adversary's tusk, and lies there a mangled carcase. The pent up breath of the spectators finds relief, and the buzz of conversation is renewed while the victor is enticed and the tiger dragged from the arena. Some are commenting upon the last performance, others are betting upon the next event in the programme, which is the combat known as that of the netsman and his pursuer. Presently these appear, and after the usual obeisance to the emperor, stand facing each other, each carefully watching his opportunity. One of them is armed with helmet, shield, and sword, the other is clad simply in a linen tunic or shirt reaching to the knees, and carries in one hand a sharp three-pronged fork, in the other a long net. The man in armour, the pursuer, creeps in nearer and nearer to his opponent, till he is just beyond the reach of his net, then darts forward so as to come to close quarters; at the same moment the net is thrown, but no! it has missed its mark, and the netsman, having evaded his pursuer's thrust, is running as fast as his legs will carry him round the arena, his pursuer after him at

* The reader who is familiar with Mr. Melville's novel, "The Gladiators," will see that I have here borrowed from him.

full speed. Woe to him if he be overtaken before he has gathered together his net for another cast. But see! he suddenly swerves from his course; his pursuer is close behind, and before he can turn to follow, again the net flies out, but still in vain. Again the same scene of flight and pursuit, the two combatants watching each other with careful eyes, and dodging about to make or to avoid attack. But the third throw is more successful, the net drops on the victim's head and is quickly gathered round his form, and soon he lies helpless on the sand. Over him stands his adversary, brandishing his trident in air, and looking round to the spectators waits to see the effect of the appeal of the vanquished. The people are in a lenient mood, and the pursuer has shown good fight, so the thumbs of the outstretched hands are turned downward to the earth, and the man's life is spared. The two leave the arena together.

It is now the gladiators' turn. A picked body of them, matched in pairs, are to fight to the death; there is to be no appeal to the spectators. Now the excitement begins—for it needs blood to whet the jaded appetite of a Roman crowd. With straining eyes they watch the progress of the fight: and with unblenched cheeks and unquivering lips tender women and children look on the death-agonies of the vanquished. And I may remark by the way, that there must have been some strange fascination, to us unintelligible, in these sights. St. Augustine tells us of a fellow-student of his, who came to Rome, and was pressed by his friends to go and see the gladiatorial shows. After refusing for a long time he at last consented, but determined not to open his eyes to any of the horrors which he knew took place. But a shout of the people at some clever feat done in the arena, made him open his eyes, and it was all over with him. He was soon loudly shouting with the rest, and from that time was carried away by a passion for these games, amounting nearly to madness. To return: when these duels are over, and the victors have retired, the gratings are opened, and a number of wild beasts, lions and panthers, are let out—for the day's proceedings are to close with a *venatio*, or hunt, in which the remainder of the men who came in with the gladiators are to take part, and that no very easy one. There is no appeal from the lions to the spectators, and so it is not generally the regularly trained gladiators, but slaves just trained for the occasion who are pitted against the wild beasts.

At last this too is over—and the people stream out. In a

few minutes the place is empty, for everything is contrived to give easy egress. It is stated that the amphitheatre at Nîmes, which would hold according to different calculations 17000 to 25000 persons, could be cleared in five minutes. The architects of our public buildings might take a lesson from them.

> While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand,
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls—the world!

Such was the prophecy of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, eleven hundred years ago, and there are no other remains of antiquity in Rome so typical of its grandeur. All else seems paltry after it.

Of modern Rome, what shall I say? It is a city of fountains and dirt. In every square is a large fountain—in almost every house which possesses a courtyard is a small one, and with all this, no town could well be dirtier. The large fountains form in the day-time quite a busy scene; around their basins is a row of laundresses, washing after the continental fashion—each with her board before her, on which the unfortunate linen is spread and rubbed and scrubbed, a good clouting being now and then administered to the board therewith, by way of improving the colour. And you can guess how the women's tongues go all the while. Then there are the groups of girls and women who come with their copper vases, and stay to gossip while they are filling; and the ragged little urchins climbing on to the lions' or dolphins' backs, and trying within how near of a ducking they can go, and the carter's horses with their jingling bells that stop to plunge their noses into the cool water, and here and there a peasant in his sheepskin dress stopping to fill his gourd as he returns to his country home. And with all this the pleasant gurgling and gushing of the water, cooling the air.

And at night what a contrast. The night before I left Rome, we went down, a large party, to the Colosseum. It was bright moonlight, and we rambled up and down the ruins, peering out of the upper arches upon the city that lay below, or pacing the arena which so many a ghost of the past might haunt. Then we went through the Forum, whose strange solitude gave the fancy full play, while its ruined columns here and there were marked faintly but distinctly against the sky, beautiful in their ruin. Then we went to the Fountain of Trevi, the largest of those of which I have

spoken. It is built against the wall of a large house. Neptune sits in his car surrounded by tritons and dolphins, from whose mouths the water pours in a perennial stream into the huge basin below. This basin is surrounded by a paved border below the level of the street. Now not a person was to be seen there—not a sound to be heard but our own voices and the peaceful murmur of the water. You had only to shut your eyes to fancy you were far off in the country, 'mid green leaves, under the shade of ilex and olive where the water of the fountain springs.

Any notice of Rome which passed over its art collections would be incomplete, and yet there is no subject on which it is so difficult to speak. The ground is so wide and the choice is so embarrassing. The galleries of the Vatican alone contain sufficient material for many a course of lectures, but when in addition to these, every palace, every villa, every church, contains some treasures of its own, where shall I begin?

The museum of the Vatican contains several galleries of ancient sculpture, four rooms of paintings every one of which is a treasure in itself, four rooms whose walls are covered with Raffaelle's frescoes, colonnades adorned with smaller frescoes done by his pupils from his designs, and the Sistine Chapel whose east wall and ceiling are adorned by the hand of Michael Angelo. I cannot go into details, but will speak of one or two of these works.

First we will go into the second room of the picture gallery. It contains only three pictures, but two of them are pronounced by painters the first and second in the world. The first is Raffaelle's last work which was carried still wet in his funeral procession. It represents the Transfiguration; most of you know the engraving of it. And were it only for the one head of our Saviour, it is worth the pilgrimage to see it. Surely never did infinite love, and infinite pity, joined with human foreboding of the decease which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem, find such a representation. With Him are Moses and Elias, two somewhat uninteresting figures. Below are the three disciples. St. Peter with upturned awestruck face, but closed eyes and a half deprecating gesture, ("Depart from me, for I am a sinful man") as once he boldly started to join his Lord on the water, and then sank. St. John in reverential posture, shading his dazzled eyes with his hand, as able still to bear the manifestation of his Master's glory. Such is the upper half of the work. With this is joined another group, the nine other disciples,

to whom parents and friends bring the demoniac child. Every figure in this group is full of power—the frenzied boy, the heart-stricken but still hoping mother—the father whose face seems to glare at the disciples as impostors and deceivers, and the Apostles, from the attentive face of Andrew to the upturned lip and nose of sneering Judas.

The second is the "Last Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, in which the gaunt death-like figure of the Saint stands out from the rest. Long fastings and mortifications have marred that weary frame, but the light of faith burns still in the sunken eye. The attendant figures form a group which is perfect in composition, but none of them draws away the eye from the centre figure of the picture.

The third painting is one of the most beautiful of Raffaelle's Madonnas.

With Michael Angelo's works in the Sistine I was somewhat disappointed. The Colossal figures which support the arches, and the figures of prophets and sibyls which fill the recesses between are exceedingly fine, because in them there is place for the muscular developement of which the great master is so fond. But in the groups which adorn the ceiling, descriptive of scenes from early Scriptural history, and in the great painting of the "Last Judgment" it is to my mind a blemish rather than a beauty. When I look at the last named picture with all its wondrous power, the feeling that first occurs to me is that if the martyrs and apostles of the Christian faith had possessed thews and sinews like that, they must have shown fight before they went to their death.

But with all its treasures of painting, it is its sculpture which forms Rome's greatest artistic ornament. There are galleries of painting elsewhere which may vie with those at Rome, but none of sculpture. Indeed the wonderful power of the chisel is almost a revelation to the visitor of Rome. Works like the Dying Gladiator, the Laocoon, the Faun of Praxiteles, the Capitoline Venus, the Belvedere Apollo, or the recently discovered Statue of Augustus make us conscious of a power unknown before, and tempt us to linger still. But I must leave them.

There are many features of modern Rome over which I could linger—its Ghetto or Jews' quarter, its caffés, its theatres, its palaces, its villas—but time, tide, and the railway train back to Civita Vecchia wait for no man. There are its games too and its lotteries; and of one of these I will say a word or too—it will give you a good idea of the Roman

character, little altered since the time when "Bread and games" was the people's only cry. It is a very simple but very ancient game, older even than odd and even. It is played thus in its simplest form. Two persons sit or stand opposite each other—with their left hands held immoveable at the height of the shoulder. The players flash out suddenly any number of fingers of the right hand, shouting out at the same time a number which they guess to be that of all the fingers held out by both. If one of the two guesses right, he counts a point, which is registered on the left hand. If neither or both guess aright, nothing is counted. Five points, or sometimes ten make the game. This game has the advantage that it can be played anywhere, and under some old ruin the traveller is often startled by a loud cry of Tre! Cinque! Sei! three, five, six. The excitement of the players is intense, and each watches his antagonist lest he should play unfairly. For in this game of Morra or Flashfingers there is a certain unruly member called the *thumb*, and it is at times hard to tell whether it is extended or not. An unscrupulous player will make use of this, and suppress his thumb on occasion. And then ten to one a quarrel will ensue, which may not impossibly end in blood.

Here you have an epitome as it were of the Roman character—happy, simple, easily contented, but impressible, easily excited, and keenly resenting any injustice. The simplicity of the Roman character has, however, not been improved by the French occupation. The beautiful costumes of the Roman women are being banished by French fashions, and with them are introduced other vices that go in their train. But this will soon be over—the question is what will take its place. The wishes of the Roman *people* (I do not say of the aristocracy) will be for a union with the Italian kingdom, and for the overthrow of the priestly power. "The priests" (I quote the words of a Roman artist) "are the causes of all the misery of Rome. Not content, unless they have everything here in their power, they have destroyed all independent industry—there is now no commerce at Rome—and should two seasons fail to bring the usual swarm of visitors, a famine must be the result. And then we must support them, and the crowds of monks, their attendants, in idleness, nay often in luxury and debauchery." The history of this young artist is a fair specimen of the influences which have been at work to keep the spirit of liberty alive in the young men of Rome. In 1848, a mere child, he saw his brother shot down in the outbreak which led to the French occupation, his father and

family proscribed. Afterwards, his uncle, the keeper of a restaurant in Rome, was thrown into prison for sixty days, and afterwards banished with his family, because during the Carnival some of the liberal party after a good dinner at his house, hung out the device "Italia Unita." *Italy one.* He himself was only allowed to stay as a student in the University, looked upon as harmless. Stories like these make one fear that the day of revolution may be not only a day of reform, but a day of grave reckoning and revenge.

But when it comes, what a noble future may be that of Rome! The city whose earliest annals are a history of struggles for liberty, may at length become its noblest throne. And then no longer shall class strive with class, the subject with his rulers, only to bow the necks of his oppressors in his turn with a heavier and more oppressive yoke; no longer shall liberty at once degenerate into lawlessness, each doing what is right in his own eyes; no longer shall the luxury and the splendour of a few cover in, but only for a time the burning crater of misery that lurks beneath, whose fumes rise daily to heaven; no longer shall the stranger take the city under his protection; but the rule of law, impartial law, the only true liberty, the only true commonwealth, shall dispense its gifts alike to all with unfavouring hand—and the city, to whose early conflicts many a struggling and oppressed class has looked for encouragement—the city from whose gates poured forth the legions that subdued the world, carrying the principles if not the practice of law and order in their train: the city, which, in these latter days, has stretched over all Europe the gentle refining sway of the artist's hand, as it once stretched the iron hand of power, will stand a sevenfold beacon on its seven hills, to send the rays of Liberty far as its imperial armies trod.

And, nobler prospect still, from the arena where Christian martyrs bled—from those dingy catacombs, where the first simple loving faith of Christian brethren found its home, shall go forth once more the soft voice of religious freedom, proclaiming liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to souls whom for so long priestcraft and superstition have bound. "But the end is not yet."

A ROMAUNT OF NORMANDY.

THE "Long" had passed, with all its toils and joys
Commingled sweetly, and with buoyant hearts
We left old England's shores, awhile to roam
From town to town, where storied fame delights
Still to rehearse the valorous deeds of those
Whose fiery spirit, wedded to the stern
Hard Saxon nature, pours through English veins
The floods that stir to deeds of high emprise.
My friend and I; he passing skilled to wield
The mystic symbols of Urania's art,
Versed in the wildering laws of x and y;
I loving more the strains of olden days,
The woodland pipings of Theocritus,
Pindar's tempestuous might, or regal grace
Of Sophocles, or Plato's visions fair.
Not such our present care; our sole essay
Was but to chase the hours with joy and mirth,
To dream beneath the sylvan shade at noon,
Or flash forth echoing thoughts beneath the stars.
And so it fell, that once in dewy prime
Leaving the woods of Mortain, where the hills
On either side stand clad in tall abeles
Beeches and chestnuts; and the cascades fall
Hurriedly tumbling downwards to the plain,
Far spread with plenteous crops; we came at noon
Unto the clear cold springs of Sourdeval;
And with the sinking sun we saw afar,
Set on the swelling bosom of a hill
That faced the west, the snowy walls of Vire.
Then spoke my friend:—"You asked me for the tale
Found in the quaint old ballad-book I bought
At Avranches: listen now; for here's the place
The rhymer sings of: yonder ruined wall
Is all that now remains of Tancreville."
And so we sat us down. The sinking sun
Sped forth his levelled shafts of ruddy gold

Athwart the forest; till the topmost leaves,
Already glowing 'neath the Autumn's hand
With that strange beauty that presages death,
Seemed all aflame, with never flickering fire.
The winds were lulled, and silence reigned around,
Save where with few faint notes the nightingale
Essayed a prelude to the plaintive flood
Of melody, which soon the charméd woods
Should echo back from every far recess.
And then he drew the old black-letter tome
Forth from his pouch and read: and if it were
That something in the weird and mournful tale
Chimed with the silent hour; or that the old
Quaint language of the poet suited well
Our wanderings in the historic land that tells
Not of the Present but the Past in all,
Or that I loved it only for his sake
That read, I know not, but it pleased me well:
And now I write it as he read it then,
And leave it in its rude and olden dress.

Fytte ye Fyrste.

The nighte it was chill and dreare,
And St. Martin's eve was nigh,
When a mayden, clad in russet weedes,
To the lonelie woodes did hie.

The raine fell fast, and loud the winde
Thro' the shivering trees made mone,
But the mayden recked nor wind nor raine,
And she passed on alone.

Her weedes were sadde, but never in hall
Was seen a fayrer face;
And never had high-born damosel
Such bonnie and winsome grace.

Ah me! what did that mayden there
In the gruesome houre of night,
When never a fere was standing nere
To guard from caityffe spight?

Fierce flashed the levin; the thunder roared;
But never a prayer said she;
And a name she named, and a vowe she vowed,
But not to our Deare Ladye.

She hung her heade, she bent her browe,
As one in doleful tene,
And shuddering ever and agayne,
She sterte the brake within.

The waie it is rough, and there shyneth not
One starre in all the skie;
But on she goes, till the levin shows
That a cottage-doore is nigh.

She knocketh once, she knocketh twice,
She tirleth at the pinne;
And she hears the raine, and the wayling winde,
But never a sound within.

With doulorous plaine she knocks again,
And her quaking harte beats high,
When an eldritch dame unopes the doore,
And gives her entery.

"Now saye thy hest at this houre of reste;
Fayre mayden, say what cause
Hath made thy wearie feet to rome
Beneath the greenwood shaws."

"Oh mother!" quoth she, "I come to crave
Thy spelles of grammarye;
For my love he has grat me sore to weepe,
And a fause, fause loon is he.

"He spake me soft and he spake me swete,
And my lemman he vowed to be;
But now he has given his plighted troth
To a mayde of the north countrie.

"In her father's byre is many a kye,
And ours is toome and bare;
And so he has left his own true love,
To woo a richer fere.

Now rede me a spelle of muckle might,
To till my love to me,
And my mother's chayne of good red gold
I'll presentlie bringe to thee."

But the eerie beldam's glowering eyne
Were burning like a glede;
And stour she looked in the mayden's face,
And thus she read her rede.

"Do off that kirtle of russet hue,
For I know thee, damosel;
Such sorrie weedes beseeme thee not,
Fayre Elsie of Tancreville.

"No carlish hind hath wonne thy love,
But a knighte of high degree:
Ne nobler childe than bold Sir Hugh
May be found in Normandie.

"Thy landes are wide and fayre; and thou
Hast broad bezantes in store;
And bold Sir Hugh hath passing few,
But he loves thee never the more.

"Yet here I bringe thee, an thou liste,
A spell of muckle might;
A carkanet of the rubies red
Shall till to thee thy knyghte.

"Now claspe it round thy snowy necke,
But keepe my spelle with care;
And see that to our Ladye's grace
Thou never breathe a prayer.

"Ne yet unto her Blessëd Sonne
Who dyed upon the tree;
Or on thy head a banne shall light,
By my eldritche grammarye."

Fayre Elsie she raised her hande to take,
But she thought on the Holye Rood;
And shuddering sterte from the beldam hoar,
And in woeful dree she stood.

But then she thought on bold Sir Hugh,
That true and scaythelesse knight,
And she took the eerie carkanette
With rubies all y-pight.

Fytte ye Seconde.

Merrie is the lavrock's carol,
On the dewie greenwood spraies;
Merriely the wanton mavis
Chanteth shrill his roundelaies.

Merriely the broade sunne shyneth
Over Vire and Tancreville;
Merriely the bells are ringing
In our Ladye's faire chapelle.

From north and sowth and east and weste,
They are coming in bright arraie,
For the fayrest flowr in Normandie
It is her weddynge daie.

Oh the bridegroom's looke it is gladde and high,
And a prowde prowde man is he;
But there sitteth a smyle on Elsie's face
More sadde than teares to see.

And now the lordlie companye
To our Ladye's shrine is boune,
And at the holy altar-grece
Sir Hugh and his bryde knele down.

The prieste he readeth the hallowed rite,
And giveth his benison:
They knele as two; for wele or wo
Together they rise as one.

But ever as ofte as the holy manne
Would utter our Deare Lorde's name,
His voice it fayleth tremblinglie,
And he wepeth sore for shame.

And ever as ofte as the mayden quier
Doth praye oure Ladye's grace,
Fayre Elsie shudders and bends her lowe,
Fayre Elsie hides her face.

And ever as ofte as she looketh on
The roode on the altar sette,
Lyke a fierie glede, the rubies burn
In that eerie carkanette.

Fytte ye Thyrde.

Burd Elsie she sittes in her bower so fayre,
But ah! she is sadde of blee;
For a yere and a daie have past away,
And her barne is on her knee.

But ever he greeteth piteouslie,
And eke he maketh mone,
Would draw the teires from a salvage manne,
An his harte were harde as stone.

And his little bodie it wrytheth sore
As of one in bitter teene;
In soothe it was a sadde sadde syghte
To come to hys mother's eyne.

"Deare Ladye, pitty me," then she cried,
For the love of thy Blessëd Sonne;
And assoyle my bonnie barne from bale,
That on the tree He wonne."

She hadde not spoken a worde of prayer,
A worde but only two;
When a payne that brente like an arowe keene
Did pierse her fayre halse through.

Eache gemme in that eerie carkanette
With jewels all y-pight,
Did scorche her lyke a fierie glede,
A-shene with ruddie light.

She shrieked alowde; she didde it offe;
She flung it on the floore:
The reek arose around the gemmes,
And she saw it never more.

FYTTE YE FOWRTHE.

Full soone the gyftes of grammarye
Like a fleeting wraith are gone;
And soone, I wis, doth passe the blysse
That a synneful spelle hath wonne.

The barne that pyned piteouslie
Ere morne was colde and dead:
And they beare it forth from Tancreville,
To reste, in the kirkyarde layde.

Sir Hugh he erst was blyth and hende,
And of lovynge courtesie;
But now hys voyce is sterne and stoure;
But now he is sadde of bree.

It fell on a daye that forth he fared
To hunte the fallowe deere;
With hys red-roan stede and his prowde meyné
He rode by the walles of Vire.

And now he is boune to the greenwood shaws
With all his companie;
The houndes they bay, and the hornes they blow,
And the donne deere fast they flee.

Fast rydes Sir Hugh the forest through
As one at the morte would be;
Then in the brake all suddenlie
A warlock fowle doth see.

An eldritch laugh she laughed alowde;
The fryghtened stede it sterte;
And downe from the selle the good knighte fell,
And moned in mickle hurte.

They lyfte him up from the cruel grownde,
They beare him tenderlie;
And with pacing slowe, and teeneful brow,
They wende to hys castle high.

Burd Elsie she sittes in her bower so fayre,
And she weepeth sore alone;
For her sinne she hath tinte her bonnie barne,
And her trewe knyghte's love is gone.

They knock alowde at the castle gate,
They wind alowde the horne;
And the crie of the waylers on the ayre
To the bower on high is borne.

Fayre Elsie ranne, and she never stint
Before the gate she wonne;
But when she came to the yeomen there,
They bare a corse alone.

"Woe worth the day!" fayre Elsie cried,
"I ever saw God's lyght;
For now by sinneful grammarye,
I have slayne my own trewe knyght."

And then she brought hys bodie in,
And she kist the clay-cold bree;
And to the Blessëd Virgin thus
She spake right piteouslie:—

"Deare Ladye, of thine endlesse grace
Have pitty on me now;
Assoyle me of my fowle fowle shame,
And heare my stedfaste vowe.

My fayre estates, my broad bezants,
I give them all to thee,
To build thee here in the forest drear
A statelie nonnerie.

And there among the holy maydes,
For all my coming daies,
I'll pray thee every houre a prayer,
And ever syng thee prayse:

That so I may purge my synneful soule
From all its fowleness clere;
And pure at laste, in the worlde above,
May mete my barne and fere."

L.

TENNYSON'S ENOCH ARDEN.

CONSIDERABLY more than a year has already elapsed since the Poet Laureate presented his last volume to an enthusiastic and admiring public. But as yet no review or criticism on it has appeared in our magazine. No apology for this delay is needed. For it is a notorious fact that poetry, more than anything else, requires a careful study before any just criticism can be attempted. And the saying of the greatest of Historians τάχος γὰρ μετὰ ἀνοίας φιλεῖ γίγνεσθαι applies with unusual force to the works of Mr. Tennyson. The reason for this lies in the wonderful familiarity with which most of us regard the writings of the Laureate. We become so accustomed to the beauties and imperfections of his style that we are in danger of confounding them; and so attached to the friend of our pleasantest hours that we are almost unable to analyse his poems with the calm and unimpassioned feeling of the critic.

It would be quite impossible to speak at length on each of the poems which are contained in the volume before us: but I shall endeavour, though imperfectly I fear, to touch on some of the most prominent. The poem which stands first, and which gives its name to the volume, is called Enoch Arden. It is clearly a work of much labour, and its whole style and refinement mark it as one of the finest and most complete of Mr. Tennyson's works. But before anything is said about its component parts and the working out of its details, some few remarks may be made upon the plot.

To begin then, the plot is dramatic, and bears a somewhat close resemblance to the great classical models. Take for instance the story of the Labdacidæ which forms the basis of so many of the most celebrated Greek Tragedies. There, as in the poem before us, the whole story is one of unintentional guilt. The different steps and gradual development of the plot are much the same in both cases. In ignorance both victims approach the precipice that is hidden from their view

and the fatal slip is made. But there the bond of resemblance between the plots of the ancient and modern poets is snapped. Thenceforth the two stories pursue a different path. In the former case bitter remorse seizes upon the unfortunate victim. Wherever he flies the hounds of hell dog his foot-steps. Images of blood and slaughter rise up before him, and strange phantasies haunt him day and night. And at last he is either forced to kill himself, or remorse drives him to madness. The evil does not stop here. Posterity inherits the evil fruits of crime; and generation hands down to generation the cruel destiny.

> Who shall absolve thee from the guilt
> Of that red blood so foully spilt?
> How, how the Alastor would'st thou name
> Accomplice in that deed of shame?
> Ancient hereditary foe
> Of all that house of guilt and woe
> Borne on the overwhelming flood
> Rushing amain of kindred blood.

The modern poet, however, having reached the climax, feels a difficulty which was unknown to the Classical writers. Christianity has spread over the world a new morality and new ideas of justice. Hence neither of the above solutions of the difficulty would harmonize with the spirit of the age. Mr. Tennyson feels his position acutely, and being unable to solve the question, he throws a veil over it and leaves his readers to follow out their own imaginations.

The story itself is briefly told. In a small sea-side village lived a rough sailor's lad, the hero of the story, whose two constant companions were Philip Ray the miller's son, and Annie Lee. In course of time Enoch Arden managed to save money enough to make a home for Annie, and for seven years they passed a happy time of "mutual love and honourable toil." At last came a change, and while clambering up a mast Enoch slipt and broke a limb. As soon as he recovered he found that most of his savings were spent: and accordingly he went out on a voyage in the ship Good Fortune. Meanwhile troubles began to thicken round his wife; her baby died, and all Enoch's savings were gone. It was then that Philip's nobleness of character began to show itself. In her time of sorrow he gave her support; and at last thinking that Enoch must be dead, he persuaded her to marry him. Annie showed some reluctance at first, and

continual fears and doubts hovered round her; but at last they were dissipated by new cares

> Then the new mother came about her heart,
> Then her good Philip was her all in all.

Meanwhile the ship in which Enoch is returning is wrecked, and he is cast upon a Tropical Island, where he lingers for years in hope of revisiting his native village. At length he is taken up by another ship which was driven from its course by adverse winds, and finally returns to his home. But what a change awaited the unfortunate man! No fond wife hastened to welcome him: no children rushed forth to bring their father home in triumph. To no purpose had all his life been spent in endeavouring to procure them a good education and careful bringing up. "Enoch poor man was cast away and lost." But notwithstanding all this bitter disappointment, his courage remains unshaken. Nay, the heroism of his nature appears in all the more brilliant light because it is set off by misfortune. Too fond of his wife to give her pain by making himself known to her, he returns to his solitary home in the village. And there gentle sickness gradually removes him from the world of sorrow to which he has returned. Such is the touching and beautiful story which Mr. Tennyson has told in his own exquisite language. Throughout the whole of it he has shown a great dramatic power, and to the very last our interest is well kept up. No part in short has an undue prominence attached to it: while the principal character is never lost sight of for a moment.

Of the two male characters, Enoch Arden and Philip Ray, the Laureate has certainly bestowed the greater pains on the latter. His character is most carefully developed. Intense affection for Annie, and a rare delicacy and softness, mark its chief characteristics. When Enoch spoke his love boldly and impetuously, Philip loved in silence. Again when Annie and Enoch were sitting together in the wood, Philip did not rush in upon their solitude, and passionately implore them: still less did any feeling of anger or revenge come over him. But he quietly withdrew and bore his own sorrows alone rather than mar *her* happiness. But no act has brought out the delicacy of his character so much as the present of fruit and flowers which he sent to Annie from time to time in her distress, and even

> With some pretext of fineness in the meal,
> To save the offence of charitable, flour
> From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

What exquisite taste the poet has shown in this anecdote! And how proud must we feel of an age that can produce sentiments so entirely unknown to the classical poets! So much for the soft delicacy of Philip's character. Enoch's character on the other hand is cast in a firmer and manlier mould. He is a God-fearing man, of strong purpose, and inflexible will. Thus when he has once decided that it will be best for himself and his wife that he should sail for foreign lands, no fears or gentle expostulations turn him from his purpose. He roughly sermonizes and bids her cast all her care upon God who will always be near to help her. The same spirit of manliness and heroism is observable when he returns home after many years absence. Conscious that it would only be pain to her to know of his existence, he resolutely refuses to make himself known to her; and persists in his determination even to his death.

In looking at these two characters, the one remarkable for delicacy and soft devotion, the other for firmness and heroism, no one can fail to observe a strong phase of resemblance to the other ideal characters of humanity which the poet has portrayed in king Arthur. Now it has often been observed that while Mr. Tennyson's imagination is peculiarly rich and fertile in pictures of female characters, yet he has only conceived one type of manly excellence. At first therefore the public welcomed this new volume as a step forward. But on closer scrutiny the lines of individuality which at first seemed to distinguish king Arthur from Enoch Arden begin to fade, and the two characters almost imperceptibly to melt into one. For in both there is the same chivalrous devotion to woman, the same manliness and heroism. No one in short can read the story of Enoch Arden, and his severe contest with his own feelings, without being reminded of Mr. Tennyson's earlier poem.

I remarked before that the plot of Enoch Arden reminded one very strongly of the Tragedies of Sophocles. But the resemblance between the two poets is carried to a still further extent in the details and working-out of the poem. The Greek Tragedians employed a contrivance known as the εἰρονέια in order to excite the interest of their hearers. This 'irony' consisted in putting into the mouths of their characters dark sayings which had a double meaning. The chorus, for instance, used frequently to utter words which, while they really alluded to the crisis of the plot, yet admitted of a second interpretation. Thus the reader was no sooner startled by hints at some awful impending calamity,

than his fears were lulled by a new interpretation which he had not expected. Mr. Tennyson employs this contrivance no less than three times in the first poem of the volume before us. Thus when the two lads were quarrelling about Annie he makes her weep

> And prayed them not to quarrel for her sake
> And say she would be little wife to both.

The same idea is also brought out when Enoch's children, accustomed to the kind face of Philip, played with him and called him "father Philip." And lastly, just before Annie married Philip, the poet makes her open a Bible at the words, "Under a palm tree." The reader who suspects the plot seems at once to understand the allusion. But then his fears are for a time calmed by reading the interpretation which Annie puts upon it. Certainly Mr. Tennyson has used this contrivance with considerable effect, and it adds much to the interest of the story. Again the language itself is often highly classical, and we find instances of that 'curiosa felicitas' for which Horace is so highly celebrated. I could select many instances of this, but time and space prevent my doing so, and I shall therefore content myself with taking two which seem to me almost inimitable. Speaking of Philip's agony when he saw Enoch and Annie sitting together, the laureate says of him—

> He slipt aside and like a *wounded life*
> Crept down into the hollows of a wood.

And again he calls Annie's little boy

> The *rosy idol* of her solitudes.

What a world of thought is contained in these exquisite expressions! What countless images and associations do they call up before the mind's eye! And *this* certainly is the greatest praise a poet can win. For in such expressions consists the magical influence of poetry.

The volume before us also marks progress in another direction. For while the mechanism of its language is brought to an exquisite degree of perfection it is not so overburdened with alliteration as some of Mr. Tennyson's former poems. There is a certain point after which frequent alliteration begins to be tedious, and to sound heavily to the ear; and I am inclined to think that Mr. Tennyson has sometimes crossed the boundary line. But in Enoch Arden

he has kept himself quite free from this fault, and it is not too much to say that every word is in its right place. Change the form of one sentence; substitute one epithet for another, and the whole charm and ring of his verses is lost. His command of language is truly wonderful, and the way, in which he makes the rhythm of his verse serve his purpose, baffles all description. Take for instance the grand sonorous line about the sea which appears in his description of the Tropical Island.

> The league long roller thundering on the reef.

Who can read this billowy verse without picturing to himself the lazy 'force of ocean' rolling against the rocks that bar its onward course. The beauty of such a verse is, that it suggests far more than it says. For it opens to the imagination a long vista of grand scenes and objects of contemplation. In short, to borrow an expression of Macaulay, it strikes as it were a key note, and the melody follows as a matter of course. Other lines might be quoted which produce the same effect, as

> The lustre of the long convolvuluses.

And again

> The silent waters slipping from the hills.

So too

> The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.

A line composed entirely of monosyllables and therefore well calculated to express the feelings of a man who is viewing nature with the disconsolate eye of despair. Indeed the whole poem, while it teems with the melody and richness of language which marked what is generally called the Classical period of English Literature, yet contains a depth of tone, with a fire and force in narrative, as well as an insight into the more delicate feelings and sensibilities of human nature which were entirely unknown to Pope and his contemporaries.

Before I leave the poem of Enoch Arden, a few remarks about the last two lines will not be out of place. After describing the touching death of Enoch, the poet, as I endeavoured to show above, evidently experienced no small difficulty. How was he to dismiss the characters in whom the reader had been led to take such a keen and lively interest? Would not every one wish to hear how Annie bore the news of her husband's heroic life and death? These

then were questions, the solution of which was beset with peculiar difficulties; and if the laureate had only consented to leave them unsolved, his readers would have recognized their difficulties and pardoned the poet for not treading on such delicate ground. But instead of acting thus he proceeds as follows:

> So past the strong heroic soul away.
> And when they buried him, the little port
> Had seldom seen a *costlier* funeral.

The first line is well enough, and it would have been fortunate for the poet if he could have stopped there: but the idea contained in the last two lines is nothing less than ignoble. In fact, nothing could be conceived more completely out of place, or more contrary to the whole spirit of the poem. Now the word 'costlier' is perhaps the most unfortunate epithet that Mr. Tennyson could have applied. For it suggests the pomp and pageantry that attends the funerals of wealthy men. Here however was no wealthy nobleman. On the contrary Enoch was an ideal man who had suddenly been cut off from the rest of the world, and plunged into the deepest misery. Alone he battled with his bitter destiny, and just when he had hoped to receive the "fair guerdon" and to be rewarded for his life of self devotion and heroism, he was again torn from the object of his dearest longings even while it was within his grasp, and consigned to darkness and solitude for ever. And all these sorrows he had voluntarily taken upon himself to avoid giving pain to another. Surely then a funeral veiled with mysterious darkness would have more befitted such strong heroism. Who, for instance, in comparing Wolfe's description of the burial of Sir John Moore, can help feeling the grandeur which naturally surrounds such a simple but interesting scene?

> No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Not in sheet nor in shroud they wound him,
> But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
> With his martial cloak around him.

This is the only blot, and it must be confessed that it is a serious one, on a poem which in other respects must rank among the finest of Mr. Tennyson's productions. For while it is remarkable throughout for simplicity of narrative and richness of imagery, it is more even and regular than any of its predecessors.

In my endeavour to criticise Enoch Arden I have been carried on to speak at greater length than I had intended. And I find that I have already exceeded the time and space allotted to me. I am therefore reluctantly compelled to leave my task unfinished for the present: but I hope soon to be able to say something about the rest of these poems, which, though inferior to Enoch Arden, are still full of interest to all Mr. Tennyson's admirers.

W. L. W.

A MAY TERM MEMORY.

SHE wore a sweet pink bonnet,
The sweetest ever known:
And as I gazed upon it,
My heart was not my own.
For—I know not why or wherefore—
A pink bonnet put on well,
Tho' few other things I care for,
Acts upon me like a spell.

'Twas at the May Term Races
That first I met her eye:
Amid a thousand Graces
No form with her's could vie.
On Grassy's sward enamelled
She reigned fair Beauty's Queen;
And every heart entrammell'd
With the charms of sweet eighteen.

Once more I saw that Bonnet—
'Twas on the King's Parade—
Once more I gazed upon it,
And silent homage paid.
She knew not I was gazing;
She passed unheeding by;
While I, in trance amazing,
Stood staring at the sky.

The May Term now is over;
That Bonnet has 'gone down';
And I'm myself a rover,
Far from my Cap and Gown.
But I dread the Long Vacation,
And its work by night and day,
After all the dissipation
Energetic of the May.

For x and y will vanish,
When that Bonnet I recall;
And a vision fair will banish,
Newton, Euclid, and Snowball.
And a gleam of tresses golden,
And of eyes divinely blue,
Will interfere with Holden,
And my Verse and Prose imbue.

MORAL.

These sweet girl graduate beauties,
With their bonnets and their roses,
Will mar ere long the duties
Which Granta wise imposes.
Who, when such eyes are shining,
Can quell his heart's sensations;
Or turn without repining
To Square Root and Equations?

And when conspicuous my name
By absence shall appear;
When I have lost all hopes of fame,
Which once I held so dear:
When "plucked" I seek a vain relief
In plaintive dirge or sonnet;
Thou wilt have caused that bitter grief,
Thou beautiful Pink Bonnet!

MENALCAS.

OUR CHRONICLE.

THE Term that has just past has been most uneventful, calling for but few records in our usual Chronicle, which is thus scarcely more than a list of the results of the sports which occupy so much of every May Term.

The College living of Murston (Kent,) is vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Poore, who had held it for fifty years; and that of Great Warley (Essex,) by the death of Dr. Hastings Robinson, who was presented to it in 1827.

Our College seems to be in a fair way of recovering the Classical reputation which some years ago appeared to be passing from her. The brilliant successes which we were able to chronicle in our last number have been worthily followed up during the present term. Of the eight chief University prizes open to undergraduates, no fewer than five have been won by Johnians, having been awarded as follows:—

Chancellor's English Poem—W. Elliker Hart.
Sir W. Browne's Medals for Greek Epigram—T. Moss.
" " *Latin Ode*—T. Moss.
Porson Prize—J. E. Sandys.
Members' Prize for Latin Prose—J. E. Sandys.

The First Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship has just been awarded to Mr. James Snowdon, A.I., of this College.

The vacancy in the Editorial Committee of *The Eagle*, caused by the retirement of Mr. C. C. Cotterill, after a contested election, was filled up by the appointment of Mr. W. Elliker Hart.

The following prizes have been awarded during the present term:

English Essay Prizes.

THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.	FIRST YEAR.
None adjudged	Wilkins	Ibbetson

Voluntary Classical Examination.

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS.
Fynes-Clinton	Almack
Gwatkin	Beaumont
Haslam, S.	Brogden
Lloyd	Cox
Moss	Griffith
Sandys	Souper
Wilkins	Sparkes
	Verdon

Moral Philosophy.

BACHELOR'S PRIZE.	THIRD YEAR.	SECOND YEAR.
Ds. Hewitt	Scarlin	None adjudged

HONOURABLY MENTIONED.

Hamond.

The following donations and subscriptions have been promised to the Stained Glass Window Fund since our last notice:

DONATIONS.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
W. H. Allhusen	1	1	0	F. G. Gretton		10	0
W. L. Barnes	1	1	0	R. Hey	1	1	0
G. L. Bennett	1	1	0	H. Hibbert	10	10	0
H. T. Bousfield		10	0	H. Howlett	1	1	0
E. V. Casson		10	0	W. L. Parrott	1	10	0
J. E. Congreve	1	1	0	R. H. A. Squires	6	6	0
W. O. Dawson	3	0	0				

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(to be paid in three years.)

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. W. Horne	3	3	0	S. J. Boultbee	6	6	0
G. H. Adams	3	3	0	W. N. Boutflower	3	3	0
J. W. Bakewell	3	3	0	W. H. Bradshaw	6	6	0
J. R. S. Bennett	6	6	0	A. F. Q. Bros	6	6	0
T. Benson	6	6	0	F. Burnside	3	3	0
J. A. Bostock	3	3	0	C. Carpmael	6	6	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
J. W. Cassels	2	2	0	H. T. Norton	3	3	0
J. S. ff. Chamberlain	6	6	0	T. de C. O'Grady	6	6	0
H. H. Cochrane	6	6	0	W. Oxland	3	3	0
D. L. Cowie	6	6	0	J. A. Percival	3	3	0
E. M Fitzgerald	1	10	0	D. Preston	3	3	0
R. Fitzherbert	6	6	0	J. Pridden	3	3	0
F. G. Gilderdale	3	3	0	W. Reed	3	3	0
R. Giles	3	3	0	R. W. Reece, B.A.	6	6	0
R. A. Gillespie	6	6	0	C. L. Reynolds	3	3	0
G. H. Hallam	6	6	0	G. Robinson	3	3	0
W. E. Hart, junr.	6	6	0	R. C. Rogers	6	6	0
J. E. Hewison	3	3	0	W. Routh	6	6	0
H. Hoare	30	0	0	W. H. Simpson	3	3	0
A. E. Hodgson	3	3	0	G. Smith	3	3	0
H. Humphreys	3	3	0	W. C. Stoney	3	3	0
J. D. Inglis	3	3	0	J. Thomas	3	3	0
W. Lee Warner	6	6	0	J. Watkins	3	3	0
F Macdona.	3	3	0	C. Welsby	6	6	0
H. M. Mansfield	2	2	0	R. Y. Whytehead	6	6	0
J. Musgrave	6	6	0				

Of the money already received about £575 has now been invested in the Indian five per cents.

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

President, E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer, A. Forbes.
Secretary, F. G. Maples.
First Captain, F. Andrews.
Second Captain, W. Bonsey.
Third Captain, A. Low.
Fourth Captain, J. M. Collard.

The following are the crews of the College boats in the late races:

1st Boat.	*2nd Boat.*
1 C. W. Bourne	1 W. F. Barrett
2 A. Low	2 F. A. Macdona
3 C. F. Roe	3 H. R. Beor
4 F. Andrews	4 J. E. Congreve
5 J. Watkins	5 W. H. Simpson
6 J. M. Collard	6 E. L. Pearson
7 E. Carpmael	7 J. W. Hodgson
W. Bonsey (*stroke*)	W. H. Chaplin (*stroke*)
A. Forbes (*cox.*)	J. W. D. Hilton (*cox.*)

3rd Boat.	*4th Boat.*
1 J. W. Bakewell	1 C. E. Graves
2 H. T. Norton	2 T. G. Bonney
3 R. J. Ellis	3 A. G. Cane
4 H. H. Cochrane	4 F. C. Wace
5 J. W. Horne	5 G. Richardson
6 C. Taylor	6 E. W. Bowling
7 W. Covington	7 A. Marshall
W. H. Green (*stroke*)	W. P. Hiern (*stroke*)
A. F. Q. Bros (*cox.*)	A. F. Torry (*cox.*)

The following also rowed in one or more races: H. Watney, F. G. Maples, H. Radcliffe, J. Musgrave, W. R. Fisher, and S. Haslam.

The fourth boat having been challenged for its place by the Peterhouse Second Boat, the following crew rowed a successful time race.

1 A. G. Cane	6 F. G. Maples
2 T. Moss	7 S. Radcliffe
3 J. Snowdon	S. Haslam (*stroke*)
4 W. Charnley	R. Bower (*cox.*)
5 J. Musgrave	

The Lady Margaret Sculls for Freshmen were rowed on Friday, May 25. There were four competitors, the winner being J. W. Bakewell.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were rowed on Saturday, May 26, with the following result:

FIRST RACE.	TIME RACE.
1 C. F. Roe	1 A. J. Finch
2 F. Andrews	2 C. F. Roe
3 A. J. Finch	3 J. W. Bakewell
4 J. W. Bakewell	

Won by A. J. Finch; C. F. Roe, second.

The following is the result of the races during the present term. It will be seen that our College Boat kept its place throughout.

Thursday, May 10.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	8 L. Margaret 3	15 Jesus 2
2 Emmanuel 2	9 3rd Trinity 2	16 Emmanuel 3
3 Corpus 2	10 Trinity Hall 3	17 1st Trinity 5
4 1st Trinity 4	11 Caius 2	18 Sidney 2
5 Catharine	12 Pembroke 2	19 L. Margaret 4
6 Queens'	13 Clare 2	20 1st Trinity 6
7 Christ's 2	14 2nd Trinity 2	21 Downing

Friday, May 11.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Emmanuel 3
2 Corpus 2	10 Trinity Hall 3	17 Sidney 2
3 Emmanuel 2	11 Caius 2	18 1st Trinity 5
4 Catharine	12 Pembroke 2	19 1st Trinity 6
5 1st Trinity 4	13 2nd Trinity 2	20 L. Margaret 4
6 Christ's 2	14 Clare 2	21 Downing
7 Queens'	15 Jesus 2	
8 3rd Trinity 2		

Saturday, May 12.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

SECOND DIVISION.

1 L. Margaret 2	8 3rd Trinity 2	15 Clare 2
2 Corpus 2	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Sidney 2
3 Emmanuel 2	10 Trinity Hall 3	17 Emmanuel 3
4 Catharine	11 Caius 2	18 1st Trinity 5
5 Christ's 2	12 2nd Trinity 2	19 L. Margaret 4
6 1st Trinity 4	13 Pembroke 2	20 1st Trinity 6
7 Queens'	14 Jesus 2	21 Downing

Monday, May 14.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

SECOND DIVISION.

1 L. Margaret 2	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Clare 2
2 Corpus 2	10 Caius 2	17 Emmanuel 3
3 Emmanuel 2	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 1st Trinity 5
4 Christ's 2	12 2nd Trinity 2	19 1st Trinity 6
5 Catharine	13 Jesus 2	20 L. Margaret 4
6 Queens'	14 Pembroke 2	21 Downing
7 1st Trinity 4	15 Sidney 2	
8 3rd Trinity 2		

Tuesday, May 15.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

SECOND DIVISION.

1 King's	8 1st Trinity 4	15 Pembroke 2
2 Corpus 2	9 L. Margaret 3	16 Emmanuel 2
3 Christ's 2	10 Caius 2	17 Clare 2
4 Emmanuel 2	11 2nd Trinity 2	18 1st Trinity 5
5 Queens'	12 Trinity Hall 3	19 L. Margaret 4
6 Catharine	13 Jesus 2	20 1st Trinity 6
7 3rd Trinity 2	14 Sidney 2	21 Downing

Wednesday, May 16.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

The Company Challenge Cup has been won this term by Private H. Ashe. The same gentleman has also won the Cup which is given annually for competition by the three winners of the Challenge Cup during the year.

The Officers' Pewter has been won by Private Boultbee. The only Member of the Company who is among the selected to represent the Battalion at Wimbledon is Corporal Roe.

This year has been on the whole a very flourishing year for Cricket in the College; the First Eleven matches began with

April 25. St. John's *v.* Perfect Cures. Won by St. John's by 6 runs only, Mr. Torry scored 60, and Mr. Skrimshire 33.

April 26. St. John's *v.* K. T. A's. Score, St. John's 217, K. T. A's 100. In this match Mr. Lloyd scored 52, Mr. Hey 29, Messrs. Almack and Pitman 28 each.

May 1. St. John's *v.* Clare. St. John's 40 and 77, of which Mr. Taylor made 22. Clare 51 and 27 for one wicket.

May 12. St. John's *v.* Ciphers. St. John's 143, Mr. Skrimshire scoring 33, Mr. Souper 22. Ciphers 166.

May 17. St. John's *v.* Ashley. St. John's 179 for 9 wickets, Mr. Lloyd scoring 62, Mr. Osborne 24, Mr. Souper 23, Mr. Skrimshire 21. Ashley 147.

May 18. St. John's *v.* University bar Trinity. University 398. St. John's 24 for 1 wicket.

May 19. St. John's *v.* Perambulators. St. John's 142, of which Mr. Lloyd scored 37, Mr. Torry 29, not out. Perambulators 170 for 5 wickets.

May 23 and 24. St. John's *v.* Trinity. Trinity 80 and 206. St. John's 392, Mr. Lloyd 90, Mr. Bennett 70, Mr. Souper 42, Mr. Torry 28, Mr. Pitman 27, Mr. Osborne 26, Mr. Cotterill 23.

May 26. St. John's *v.* Caius. St. John's 135 and 126 for 9 wickets. Mr. Carpmael 27, Mr. Souper 34 and 28, Mr. Hey 21, Mr. Bennett 13 and 34, Mr. Boultbee 25. Caius College 102.

May 30. First Eleven with broomsticks, *v.* Crews of the first two boats with bats. First Eleven 59 and 36 for 8 wickets. Mr. Pitman 22, Mr. Almack 20. First two boats 185. Mr. Barrett 49, Mr. Carpmael 40, Mr. Hodgson, 23.

May 31. St. John's *v.* Kings'. King's 167. St. John's 139, of which Mr. Pitman scored 24, Mr. Almack 19, Mr. Lee Warner 18, not out.

The Second Eleven matches began with

April 18 *v.* Sidney College. St. John's 165, of which Mr. Bennett made 51. Sidney 138.

April 21. *v.* Ciphers. St. John's 103, of which Mr. Forbes scored 29. Ciphers 126.

May 5. *v.* Corpus College. St. John's 49 and 38 for 2 wickets. Corpus 64.

May 9. *v.* Trinity Second Eleven. Trinity 118. St. John's 56 and 58 for 9 wickets.

May. 19. *v.* Queens' College. St. John's 132 and 44 for 2 wickets. Mr. Almack 29, Mr. Congreve 20, not out, Mr. Carpmael 20, not out. Queens' 132. It was therefore a tie on the first innings.

May 23. *v.* St. Catharine's. St. Catharine's 63. St. John's 243, of which Mr. Lee Warner scored 77, Mr. Inglis 44.

The Head Mastership of Shrewsbury School having become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. B. H. Kennedy, D.D., the Master and Seniors have nominated as his successor the Rev. H. W. Moss, B.A. Those who are acquainted only with Mr. Moss's University distinctions will be able to conceive but very partially, residents alone will fully understand, and that perhaps not as yet, the loss that the College will sustain by his removal.