PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

(*Continued from* p. 14).

I WAS compelled by the length of my former paper to close the first division of Courier's career with his retirement from the army. We have thus an interlude of six years, devoted almost entirely to literary pursuits, before we come to the Paul Louis best known in France, the keen satirist, and bold defender of liberty of speech and writing under a monarchy and oligarchy, scarcely less tyrannous than the empire which they succeeded.* The impressions which his experience of a soldier's life left upon his mind were, as I have before hinted, of no very pleasant character. And for the work which he had afterwards to do, it was perhaps as well that it should be so. Most of this world's work of reform is done by extreme men, and there could be no fitter assailant of oppression and wickedness in high places than the man who had learnt thus "not to believe in great men." He had seen only the dark side of that which is called history; had seen that the glory of the general implied the misery of the people—that the soldier's laurels could only grow out of a soil fertilised by human blood—and so he writes:

"Oui, monsieur, j'ai enfin quitté mon vilain métier, un peu tard, c'est mon regret. Je n'y ai pas pourtant perdu tout mon temps. *J'ai vu des choses dont les livres parlent à tort et à travers. Plutarque à présent me fait crever de rire.*"

These views receive their fullest and clearest expression in the "*Conversation chez la Comtesse d'Albany,*" the nearest approach to a Platonic dialogue which I have seen out of

* For some account of the character of the "Restoration" government, see an interesting paper on "Armand Carrel" in Mr. J. S. Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions,* Vol. I.

Plato.* The interlocutors are *la Comtesse*, *M. Fabre*, an Italian artist of some note, and Courier himself. It opens with an incidental remark of Courier's, "que notre siècle valait bien celui de Louis XIV." to which Fabre takes very strong exception. Comparing the two as regards in particular the encouragement given to art and poetry, he contends that the latter has in every way the advantage. Courier suggests that, granting this to be true, there still remain the more important departments of science, politics, and war. As concerns the first, Fabre points out very fairly that to establish the superiority of the present age, it is not enough to prove additions to the stores of knowledge, but that we must be able to show that these additions are greater and more important than were made by the preceding age to the stock with which it began its work. And then we come to the real subject of the dialogue, viz.—Is there an art of war? and which is the greater glory, that of the artist or that of the warrior? "We are less warriors," Fabre says, "than they of the age of Louis XIV." But what is it to be more or less a warrior? Surely it is not to be measured by the scale on which the operations of war are executed, by the numbers left dead on a single field, else this age would undoubtedly bear the palm. Of two players playing against different adversaries one shall gain ten pence, the other as many pounds—the one shall play three hours on end for his pence, the other as many minutes. You would not say at once that the latter was the better player, because his adversary may be a mere ignoramus. So the warrior character is not measured by success. Is it then to be measured by the proficiency of the age in an art of war? But is there an art of war? If there is, then, as in other arts, a man must attain to proficiency in it by patient study and hard work, always progressing towards but never reaching the ideal of perfection. But is this so? A young prince of eighteen comes post haste from court, fights a battle, wins it, and there he is "great captain" for life, in fact the greatest captain in the world.† A great genius, you may say, but no prince in the world, with whatever genius heaven may have endowed him, could have painted straight off Raphael's Holy Family, or written Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*. You only want an army to make a good

* It would seem that Courier had at one time intended to write a series of these Conversations, at the request of the Countess. This is numbered 5th Conversation.

† The great Condé.

general. Take the case of Alexander. There were numbers of artists, poets, painters, sculptors in his time, but only one Alexander, you say. I reply that there were a thousand who only wanted an army—why his very secretary who was not even a soldier, who never carried anything in the field, but his pen and his writing stand, turned out a great general as soon as Providence willed it, and beat your Cassanders and other men of the sword. He thus proceeds naturally enough to a comparison of the glory to which art and war respectively lead, vindicating the first place for the former. But I cannot follow him into this part of his argument. The fallacy into which he has fallen above consists, it seems to me, in ignoring the detailed work of the subordinates in an army, all of which must be regulated by some technic rules. The very postulate "given an army" implies a training according to an art of war. And even if we limit the discussion to the art of generalship, the existence of an art by which an ordinary man may become a respectable general, is no more disproved by such meteor-like apparitions as an Alexander or a Condé, than that of an art of music is impugned by the fact that a Mozart could write a concerto at six or a symphony at twelve years of age.

But it is time that we followed Courier into Italy. After the battle of Wagram he went off into Switzerland and spent the autumn on the borders of the lake of Lucerne, at work apparently upon a revision of the text of Plutarch. Then he went, as winter set in, to Milan and Florence. In the Laurentian library at the latter place he had previously noticed a manuscript of the Pastoral of Longus, "Daphnis and Chloe"—and had observed that it contained a passage which was missing in the editions and in the other MSS. He set himself to copy this under the supervision and with the assistance of Signor Furia the librarian, but unfortunately in doing so inserted as a mark a piece of paper which had some ink underneath it, and so blotted out some words of the MS. It was not long before a storm was raised about his ears. He was denounced as a base thief, whose object had been to destroy the MS. of a passage of which he himself possessed the only copy. The blot it was said covered the whole of the newly-found fragment, and the ink with which it was made, was of a peculiar description which defied all the arts of chemists.* Courier,

* M. Renouard detached the inked paper from the MS. Courier distinctly insinuates that the spot was made larger *after* this.

to prove his disinterestedness, broke off a compact which he had made with a Parisian bookseller, named Renouard, printed the fragment and a translation at his own cost, and distributed it gratis among Greek scholars. He went to Rome—but the storm followed him thither: his Greek was seized and himself summoned before the prefect to give some account of himself. To mend matters, attention being once called to him, it was found that he had left the army without leave, and the minister of war was set upon his traces. He was set down as a *mauvais sujet*, and even forbidden to publish his defence, but by a little trickery he got it printed in the shape of a letter to M. Renouard, and put it into circul

the circumstances and the consequences of the accident. It appears that, when he was preparing the fragment for publication, he received intimation that he would be permitted to dedicate it to the princess Elisa, Bonaparte's sister. But dedications were not in Courier's line—so he took no notice of the hint, and "*hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" In addition to this, Furia had for some years been at work on the volume which contained the MS. and in fact had published a digest of its contents, but had never discovered this treasure which it contained.

The letter itself is a piece of the most stinging satire, from which even M. Renouard does not escape: still less the French government in Italy. Indeed the hatred of the French, it is hinted, was the cause of the avidity with which the Italians welcomed and exaggerated the charge against a Frenchman. Were I to give a detailed account of the letter, I must reproduce the whole. I will content myself therefore with a few quotations. I have chosen them chiefly as specimens of Courier's most pungent style.

Here are a couple of hits at the "savants florentins":

> "'Sans ce fragment fatal au repos de ma vie,
> Mes jours dans le loisir couleraient sans envie;'

Je n'aurais eu rien à démêler avec les savants florentins, jamais on ne se serait douté qu'ils sussent si peu leur métier; et l'ignorance de ces messieurs, ne paraissant que dans leurs ouvrages, n'eut été connue de personne.

"Je ne savais pas que ce livre fût le Palladium de Florence, que le destin de cette ville fût attaché aux mots que je venais d'effacer; j'aurais dû cependant me douter que ces objets étaient sacrés pour les Florentins, car ils n'y touchent jamais."

The most biting passage in the whole letter is perhaps the following:

"Les expressions de M. Furia pour peindre son saisissement à la vue de cette tache, qui couvrait, comme je vous ai dit, une vingtaine de mots, sont du plus haut style et d'un pathétique rare, même en Italie. Vous en avez été frappé, monsieur, et vous les avez citées, mais sans oser les traduire. Peut-être avez-vous pensé que la faiblesse de notre langue ne pourrait atteindre à cette hauteur: je suis plus hardi, et je crois, quoiqu' en dise Horace, qu'on peut essayer de traduire Pindare et M. Furia: c'est tout un. Voici une version littérale.

"*A un si horrible spectacle* (il parle de ce pâte que je fis sur son bouquin), *mon sang se gela dans mes veines; et, durant plusieurs instants, voulant crier, voulant parler, ma voix s'arrêt*

mes membres stupides.....Voyez-vous Monsieur? ce pâte, c'est pour lui la tête de Méduse. Le voilà *stupide;* il l'assure, et c'est la seule assertion qui soit prouvée par son livre. Mais il y a dans cet aveu autant de malice que d'ingenuité: car il veut faire croire que c'est moi qui l'ai rendu tel, au grand détriment de la littérature."

After this reply he was left in peace. All further discussion on the subject was forbidden, though Courier's pamphlet made some noise both in Italy and in France, the government officials in particular being annoyed at the very disrespectful way in which they were mentioned, and the dislike with which the Italians regarded them made known. "Bonaparte croyait être adoré partout, sa police le lui assurait chaque matin: une voix qui disait le contraire embarrassait fort la police, et pouvait attirer l'attention de Bonaparte, comme il arriva; car un jour il en parla, et voulut savoir ce que c'était qu'un officier retiré à Rome qui faisait imprimer du grec. Sur ce qu'on lui en dit, il le laissa en repos."

The next two years Courier spent in Italy (at Rome and Naples) and in the latter part of 1812 returned to France. We hear but little of him till 1814, when he was married to the eldest daughter of his friend, M. Clavier. There was much hesitation, as usual, about the match—once it was broken off, but only to be renewed a few days afterwards. He was married on the 12th of May, and in August we find him alone in Normandy. There he gave himself up to the adventurous life which he had so long led, forgetting the change in his position. Indeed he was even on the point

of embarking on a vessel that was setting sail for Portugal. But the letters of his young wife won him back, and from this time he seems to have been quite an exemplary husband.

His long absence from France had caused considerable disorder in the management of his property. His neighbours had gradually encroached upon his estates, and even cut down his timber, and the next few years were spent in vain endeavours to recover in some degree his rights. One or two of his printed works refer to these private matters, and may be passed over as being of little general interest. It is by his pamphlets that he is most known from this time forward. The first of these is the *Petition aux deux Chambres*, which is dated 1816. It marks a distinct progress in his style, which is much more sober and less laboured than in his earlier writings. It is a plain statement of what had occurred within a few months at Luynes, a small village in Touraine, containing about 1000 inhabitants, and gives an interesting picture of the state of the country after the Restoration. A miller imprisoned for two months like a common thief for refusing to stop or doff his hat as a funeral passed; another confined for six weeks for speaking ill of the government; a night-raid of gendarmes ending in the seizure of ten persons as Bonapartists; such are the facts on which the petition is grounded, told in the simplest manner, with hardly any comment. But what gave the pamphlet importance was, that it was recognized as a statement of what was going on all over France, and men rejoiced that some one had the boldness to give utterance to what was in the thoughts of all. "Authority, gentlemen, this is the great word in France. Elsewhere it is *law*, here, *authority*. One man says publicly that he is keeping his wine till Bonaparte's return, and no one says a word to him. Why? He is a respectable fellow (*bon sujet*). Poor Mauclair does not say nearly so much and is sent to prison. Why? He is a scapegrace (*mauvais sujet*:) he has offended the people who set the gendarmes a-marching. If you can keep on good terms with such and such an one you are a *bon sujet*, and may live in peace. But if you go to law with such an one, or don't take off your hat to him, you are set down at once as a *mauvais sujet*—and the law is brought to bear upon you, sometimes a little rudely. As Chateaubriand says of you at Paris—'You have two weights, and two measures: for the same fault one man is condemned, another acquitted.'" Such were the petty tyrannies committed by officials, who, a few years before, had seized the same persons because their sons refused

to serve under Bonaparte. But it is only fair to put side by side with this the improved state of the peasantry, and the increase in general prosperity which Courier's letters of this time attest. He states it, in his mocking way, in writing to his wife. "I went to M. Précontais de la Renardière, one of our debtors. He told me he had no money; 'it is the peasants' said he 'who have it all—if this goes on the nobility will die of hunger or be obliged to take to doing something. If a meadow is to be sold, it is a peasant who buys it—these folks eat meat, drink wine, wear shoes; can this be endured?' I gave in to his humour, and made him shudder by telling him what I had just witnessed. 'Would you believe it?' said I to him—'I have just come from Jean Coudray who owed me some money. He paid it me at once, and his wife insisted on my breakfasting with them. What do you think she takes for breakfast? Why cream in her coffee! *café à la crême*.' It made their hair stand on end—we agreed that things could not go on in this way. I left them expressing very hearty wishes for the return of the good old times; for they will pay me, I expect, when the peasants are dying of hunger, and are covered with rags." A different picture this from that of the peasant of 1788.

I have quoted from the letter to M. Renouard specimens of Courier's pungent writing; the following may give some idea of his powers of simple pathos. Pierre Aubert is one of the ten Bonapartists.

"Pierre Aubert, veuf, avait un garçon et une fille; celle-ci de onze ans, l'autre plus jeune encore, mais dont, à cet
le monde. A cela se joignait alors la pitié qu' inspirait leur malheur; chacun de son mieux les secourut. Rien ne leur eût manqué, si les soins paternels se pouvaient remplacer; mais la petite bientôt tomba dans une mélancolie dont on ne la put distraire. Cette nuit, ces gendarmes, et son père enchaîné, ne s'effaçaient point de sa mémoire. L'impression de terreur qu'elle avait conservée d'un si affreux réveil, ne lui laissa jamais reprendre la gaieté ni les jeux de son âge; elle n'a fait que languir depuis, et se consumer peu à peu. Refusant toute nourriture, sans cesse elle appelait son père. On crut, en le lui faisant voir, adoucir son chagrin, et peut-être la rappeler à la vie: elle obtint, mais trop tard, l'entrée de la prison. Il l'a vue, il l'a embrassée, il se flatte de l'embrasser encore; il ne sait pas tout son malheur, que frémissent de lui apprendre les gardiens mêmes de ces lieux. Au fond de ces terribles demeures, il vit de l'espérance

d' être enfin quelque jour rendu à la lumière, et de retrouver sa fille; depuis quinze jours elle est morte."

Could anything be more touching than the simplicity of the last sentence?

The *Pétition* was followed by the *Lettre à Messieurs de l'Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles-Lettres*, and the two form one picture of the state of things under the second Restoration. The petty tyranny of minor officials which the *Pétition* discloses is naturally backed up by the meanness and servility which pointed the satire of the *Lettre*. The circumstances that gave rise to it were these. The death of M. Clavier, Courier's father-in-law, in 1817, caused a vacancy in the ranks of the Academy. Courier offered himself as a candidate for the vacant chair, and obtained, as he thought, favourable replies from all the members whom he canvassed. There were in all three vacancies, and amongst the candidates he was the only one who had any pretention to classical and antiquarian knowledge, the special province of the Academy. Other Greek scholars Coray, Haase, Thurot had been once rejected, and declined to offer themselves again, so that he thought he had some fair chance of success. But when the day of election came, not a single vote was given in his favour. Three persons were elected whose chief recommendation seems to have been that of court influence.

Courier has been strongly condemned for this letter: I think unfairly so. The letter was not written till sometime after the election; it can scarcely therefore be looked upon as a mere ebullition of personal spite and wounded vanity. Personal it is, and in all his writings Courier is not withheld by any prudish feeling from saying what he thinks of himself or of other people: but apart from that, it is a strong nervous protest against the servility which at two successive elections had passed over Greek scholars of note, and had chosen court favourites to be the companions or successors of a Visconti and a Millin. The charter of the Academy had purposely attached no stipend to its chairs, to provide against any such nepotism or court patronage.* But now on the confession of the newspaper whose hostile remarks called forth Courier's reply, "something else besides Greek is required for admission into this illustrious body. It has just received into its ranks the Viscount Prevost d'Irai, gentleman of the bed-

* "De peur, disent les memoires du temps, que les courtisans n' y voulussent mettre leurs valets."

chamber; M. Jomard and the Chevalier Dureau de la Malle; gentlemen who are not Greek scholars it is true, but whose principles are well known." To give an analysis of this remarkable letter is scarcely possible. I will quote but one passage. He is replying to the insinuation that his principles are not known; "I may tell you," he says, "that my principles are known to those who know myself, and I might be satisfied with that, but, that I may hear no more of this, I will explain them in a few words: My principles are, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; that the whole is greater than its part; that two quantities, each of which is equal to a third, are equal to each other. I hold also that two and two make four; but I am not certain of it....For my political principles, that is a creed whose articles are liable to much controversy...I can only tell you in one word what is my one distinguishing feature, which separates me from all parties, and makes me an exceptional character in the age in which we live; it is that I have no wish to be king, and that I carefully avoid everything that might lead to that result."

It is interesting to compare the France of 1819 with the France of the present day. Substitute Bourbonist for Bonapartist, and the picture which the Petition presents to us may perhaps be paralleled, but with the Academies it is different. At the last election to the Académie Française, a comparatively young author, M.Prévost Paradol, was elected over the heads of several veterans in literature, chiefly because he had drawn upon him the animadversions of government as a powerful writer in the interests of the opposition.

The Academy letter was published in 1819, and during that year and 1820, we have a series of letters to the *Censeur* newspaper. The burden of them all is the same—the abuses of power, the meannesses of courtiers, the value of freedom of discussion, and freedom of the press. "Private enterprise and no government help or interference" is their motto. "Gouvernement" is with Courier "synonyme d'empêchement." Once let government have a finger in the pie, and you have a crowd of "aspirants," each wishing to secure himself a place; red-tape-ism will blight everything. Thus it is that he argues in the second letter against a plan for improving agriculture by government direction and patronage. For this reason he will later still oppose the purchase of the estate of Chambord for the Duke of Bordeaux.

Letter V. is an amusing comment upon a letter from a procureur du roi to a commandant of gendarmes. *Monsieur*

le commandant, veuillez faire arrêter et conduire en prison un tel, *de* tel endroit. Of course, he says, we know these procureurs are honest gentlemen who would not throw men into prison without good reason, but at the same time they are not saints, they may be offended. And then one word with a flourish and the gendarmes are there, and once in prison, you may dream at your ease of the liberty of the subject. So it is just as well to respect the king's servants.

In letter VI. he replies to those whose historical and antiquarian tastes were shocked by the wholesale dismemberment of old feudal estates, parcelled out in small patches amongst the rustic population. The advantages of the small proprietor system are thus fairly stated. "Every propriétaire is interested in the maintenance of peace, justice, and order, unless he hold office or hope to hold it. So to make a landed proprietor of one who before was but a hireling without robbing any one else, to give the land to the labourer, is the greatest good that can be done in France now that there are no longer any serfs to emancipate. And what are these old memories that are lost, these memories of feudal castles and Gothic cloisters? memories of debauchery, treason, murder, luxury, ignorance, hypocrisy. The stones of a convent are surely not profaned but rather purified when they serve for the walls of a peasant's cottage, the home of piety and chastity, where labour, and therefore prayer, never ceases. Qui laborat, orat...These people do not see that there can be no renewal without decay and destruction. *L'esprit de la revolution*, they cry, *est éminemment déstructeur*. Le jour de la création quel bruit n'eussent-ils pas fait! ils eussent crié: *Mon Dieu, conservons le chaos.*

Letter VII. is on the same subject. A number of the *Censeur* had been badly printed, and gives Courier a handle for an amusing discussion whether a sentence that stands thus: *l. p. p. e cro t .t p .e* is to be read *le peuple croit et prie*, or *le peuple croît et paye.*

Letter IX. goes back to the impurities of a Court atmosphere. "Vous vous fâchez contre M. Decazes, et je crois que vous avez tort. Il nous méprise, dites-vous." Such is the text. But, argues Courier, M. Decazes does not despise us, could not despise us, if he knew us. He only judges of the people generally by those whom he sees, the people about court. *Them* he despises, and reasonably—for he sees their true character in all its meanness. But our level is far above theirs, for note you, all our money goes to them and never a farthing comes back to us. "Je vous le demande, notre argent,

chose pesante de soi, tendante en bas! M. Decazes, quelque adroit et soigneux qu' on le suppose de tirer à soi tout, saurait-il si bien faire qu'il ne lui en échappe entre les doigts quelque peu, qui, par son seul poids, nous reviendrait naturellement si nous étions au dessous? Telle chose jamais n'arrive, jamais n'est arrivée. Tout s'écoule, s'en va toujours de nous à lui: donc il y a une pente; donc nous sommes en haut, M. Decazes en bas, conséquence bien claire, et la cour est un trou, non un sommet, comme il paraît aux yeux du stupide vulgaire."

Letters X. and XI. are on the subject of the freedom of the press. The progress of mankind, from the first utterances of speech to the invention of printing is very humorously traced. There was a time, when man, free from all the vices of the age in which we live, could not speak, but only gave utterance to cries, murmurs, growls, according to his humour. There was pleasure in governing then. No pamphlets, no newspapers, no petitions for the charter, no complaints about taxes! Happy age, that passed away too soon! For before long philosophers, raised up by Satan to overthrow such a goodly order of things, by certain movements of tongue and lips produced articulate sounds, and pronounced distinct syllables. Why were not these excesses of a spirit of anarchy at once suppressed? Why did not they put into solitary confinement the man who first ventured on *ba, be, bi, bo, bu*? Then the world would have been saved and all might yet have gone well...But then some Phenician, a low fellow I am sure, without title or birth, taught men to fix in permanent characters this fleeting voice—and, note, the first written words were *liberty, law, right, justice, equity.* It was at once seen that this ingenious art naturally tended to pare down pensions and official salaries...But it was worse still when the man of Mayence in his turn took it into his head to press between two boards the sheet that another had made of rags reduced to a pulp: so clever are the powers of darkness in turning everything to account for the destruction of souls.... Infernal industry, and passion for working instead of keeping Saints' days and doing penance.... There is only one way in which government can be carried on, especially now that another emissary of hell has put forward that other invention of distributing every morning to 20 or 30,000 subscribers a sheet where they may read all that the world is thinking and saying. If this abuse were to continue, what could the court undertake that would not be examined, criticised, and set down at its just value beforehand?

In 1821 appeared the *Simple Discours de Paul-Louis*, Courier's greatest philippic against court interference. Upon the birth of the duke of Bordeaux, posthumous son of the duke of Berri, in September, 1820, the minister for the interior proposed that the estate of Chambord should be bought by subscription of the different communes and settled upon the young prince. The purchase was effected in March, 1821. In the *Simple Discours* Paul Louis opposes the purchase. It is not, he says, for the prince's good, nor yet for ours. What a prince wants from his subjects is their affection, not their gifts. But the fact is, the courtiers who propose the measure, are not disinterested in the matter: one hopes to be governor of the castle; another, concierge, and so on, all of them well lodged, well paid. Besides, what will the prince learn at Chambord? The lessons which the memories of the place suggest are far other than we should wish for a French prince. Here Louis, the pattern-king, lived with la femme Montespan, with la fille la Vallière, with all the wives and daughters that it was his good pleasure to take from their husbands and their parents. That was the time of good manners, and religion; and he communicated every day—by this door his mistress entered in the evening, his confessor in the morning. This is the story which Chambord will tell to the young prince. For us again nothing could be worse than to have the court thus in our neighbourhood. For do you know what a court is? I know nothing of the present court, but I have read the different memoirs of that of Louis XIV., and truly a court may be a respectable, but it is a very strange place. Then follow some not very creditable anecdotes of the court of His most Christian Majesty, and remarks on the way in which everything at court is obtained by female influence. 'Sachez qu'il n'y a pas en France une seule famille noble, mais je dis noble de race et d' antique origine, qui ne doive la fortune aux femmes; vous m' entendez. Les femmes ont fait les grandes maisons; ce n' est pas, comme vous croyez bien, en cousant les chemises de leurs époux ni en allaitant leurs enfants.....Bref comme il n'est, ne fut, ni ne sera jamais, pour nous autres vilains, qu'un moyen de fortune, c'est le travail; pour la noblesse non plus il n'y en a qu'un, et c'est.....c'est la prostitution, puisqu'il faut, mes amis, l'appeler par son nom."

It can easily be conceived that language like this would not be passed unnoticed. It was made the subject of a criminal charge against Courier. He was condemned to

two months' imprisonment and 200 francs fine, as having been guilty of an outrage to public morality, an accusation absurd on the face of it. Probably, as he himself hints in more places than one, his real offence was his declared preference for the Orleans family. He had hinted at this in the *Discours*, by contrasting the education that the duc de Bordeaux was likely to receive at Chambord, with that which the duc de Chartres was receiving at college, in the society of the elite of the youth of France.

Before he surrendered himself prisoner, Courier drew up a report of the trial, to which he appended a reply of his own to the charges brought against him. In this tract, the *Procés de Paul Louis*, he holds up the advocate general Maitre Jean de Broë to ridicule, for his bad style and for the poverty of his speech; and then gives M. Berville's defence, a plain sensible speech, in which each of the passages incriminated is discussed and supported by quotations from writers of the time to which they refer, Massillon, Mézeray, Montesquieu, and Bassompierre. Then follows his own reply. It is chiefly directed to the charge of outraging public morality. "As for the expressions to which exception is taken, it is an old topic of discussion in the schools, whether men can sin by words, when there is nothing bad in the sense of their remarks, as for instance, when in condemning certain vices they call them by their proper names. We rustics hold with the Stoics, who were always practical men. We look at deeds as the main thing, and take but little notice of words. It is the general meaning, and not the language of a discourse which comes home to us. Others think differently. In their view morality is all in words. So you may play *George Dandin* in your theatres, or any other play, the whole action of which turns upon adultery, but provided the word be not mentioned they will see no reason for finding fault, no offence against public morality. But if I, a simple rustic, happen to be there, I blush to see represented, aye and admired in public, such disgusting debauchery and corruption. I express my dissatisfaction, and *I* am the offender against good morals.....In describing the corruptions of the court, I only use the language of those who have left memoirs of the time. Could I guess or foresee that sketches, which coming from a Madame de Sevigné, a Mademoiselle de Montpensier, are exquisite and divine, would, when repeated by me, make men shudder; that their own very words, quoted in my writings, would be so many

attacks upon public decency? What must our country-people think when they are told that here in Paris their standard of morality is considered "improper"? But no, gentlemen, this is not all; if everything in this pamphlet, which is prosecuted in the name of decency and public morals, were only in this key, no notice would have been taken of it, public morality would not have been offended. Turn over the leaf—read, *Un prince*,—there you have it—*un jeune prince, au collège*.....That is the real front of my offending.

During his imprisonment he completed a corrected edition of his translation of Longus, and gave some final touches to his letter to M. Renouard, which was to form a preface to it. He received constant visits from his friends, and in particular from Béranger, whose praise he seems to have set great store on. He writes to his wife, "Tout le monde est pour moi; je peux dire que je suis bien avec le public. L'homme qui fait de jolies chansons disait l'autre jour 'A la place de M. Courier, je ne donnerais pas ces deux mois de prison pour cent mille francs.'" It was not long before the "writer of pretty songs" was also an inmate of Sainte Pelagie.

The day before his imprisonment expired, Courier was again brought to trial for a second pamphlet which he had published, *Pétition pour les Villageois qu'on empêche de danser*. He escaped this time with a reprimand. This *Pétition* attacks the régime of the Restoration on a fresh side. The return of the Bourbons brought back not only the old noblesse of the emigration, but also the clergy, whose property had been confiscated by the famous civil constitution of 1790. During the Empire the liberties of the Gallican Church had been maintained, and these clergy on their return brought with them the same sort of views of clerical position which distinguished the English clergy of the Restoration. The return of the Jesuits too, laid the foundation of the state of things which the author of *Le Maudit* has so forcibly depicted. The same principle, the restraint of all freedom, guided both court and clergy, in the provinces, and this principle showed itself in both cases under the shape of petty persecution and annoyances. Azai and Veretz are two villages close to each other in the valley of the Cher. The curé of Azai was a young man fresh from the seminary of Tours. In the abundance of his zeal, he had induced the prefect of the department to prohibit dancing and games on the village green on all Sundays and Saints'

days. The people of Veretz who kept up a friendly intercourse with their neighbours by means of these festal gatherings were interested in a return to the old order of things, and as a member of their commune Courier writes this petition. The key-note of the whole is struck in the first page: "Nous, les neveus de ces Guillots et de ces Perrettes, quittant les façons de nos pères, nons dansons au son du violon, comme la cour de Louis le Grand. Quand je dis comme, je m' entends; nous ne dansons pas gravement, ni ne menons, avec nos femmes, nos mâitresses et nos bâtards. C' est là la première remarque; l' autre, la voici. Les gendarmes se sont multipliés en France, bien plus encore que les violons, quoique moins nécessaires pour la danse. Nous nous en passerions aux fêtes du village, et à dire vrai ce n'est pas nous qui les demandons: mais le gouvernement est partout anjourd 'hui, et cette ubiquité s' etend jusqu' à nos danses, où il ne se fait pas un pas dont le préfet ne veuille être informé, pour en rendre compte au ministre."

He goes on to speak of the character of these fêtes and especially of the great annual gathering, which was not devoted solely to pleasure, but in part also to business. "No disorder accompanies it, quarrels are unknown. For their quietness our gatherings are the admiration of all who see them. Indeed the people are too industrious to think of mischief, and if it be true that idleness is the mother of all vice, we ought to be exempt from vices—busy as we are for six days in the week without any break, and for a good part of the seventh. This is what some people blame us for, and they are right. Far better would it be if we followed the example of our neighbours, the Swiss, and gave up the day to practising our drill, and to thinking of foreign powers, who think of us every day of the week. For it is not enough to till the ground, and look well after our crops; we ought also to assure ourselves the gathering of them.....Our devotees would take another view of the case. They would have us do nothing on this day but pray, and read our breviary. But there is the tax-gatherer at the door—we must work and pay for those who don't work. And what with children, and old people, beggars and monks, lackeys and courtiers, the splendour of the throne, and the Holy Alliance, we have mouths enough to feed."

Then follows a very graphic contrast between the present state of these villagers, and the scenes which the end of the last century had witnessed. At the risk of accumulating too many quotations I will give a translation of it. It is a valu-

able independent testimony to facts of which Arthur Young and others have borne witness. We are apt to think that the good done by the Revolution was swept away by the return of the Bourbons, or to look upon it as a rising against oppression which was confined to the capital and the larger towns. Any evidence of the improved condition of the people generally after its close is valuable as correcting this idea.

"The English," he says, "when they see our fêtes all show the same surprise, and make the same remarks (on the order which prevails): but there are some amongst them, whose astonishment is greater than that of others. These are the more elderly among them, who, having visited France in past years, have some recollection of what old Touraine was like, and of the character of the people under the 'bons seigneurs.' I can remember what it was. In my youth, before that great era, when, a volunteer in the armies of the revolution, I left a spot so dear to my childhood, I saw the peasants starved and in rags, holding out their hands for alms at our doors, and all along the roads, at the entrances to towns, convents, chateaux, where the sight of them (for they could not help seeing them) was the plague of those very persons, who are now so indignant and so distressed at the general prosperity. Mendicancy, I know, is coming to life again, and, if what we are told is true, it is likely to make wonderful progress, but it will not for a long time reach this degree of misery. Any account I might give of it would seem feeble to those who saw it as I did; to others it would seem a mere fancy sketch: but listen to a witness, whose words cannot be questioned—it is La Bruyère.

"'You may see,' he says, 'certain wild-looking animals, male and female, scattered over the country, dark, livid, unclothed, burnt by the sun, tied to the soil, which they grope and dig at with dogged persistence. They have a kind of articulate voice, and when they stand on their feet, they show you the face of a man—in fact they are men. They retire at night to dens where they live on black bread and water and roots.'

"These are his own words and he is speaking of those who were better off, of those who had bread and work; they were then the minority.

"If La Bruyère could return now, and be present at one of our gatherings, he would see there not only human faces, but faces of women and maidens more beautiful and certainly more modest than those of his much-vaunted court, dressed in indisputably better taste, adorned with more grace, and more becomingly; dancing better, speaking the same language, but with a voice so prettily, so softly articulated, that even he would be satisfied with it, I fancy. He would see them retire in the evening, not to dens, but to houses of their own, neatly built and furnished. If he looked for the animals that he has described, he would not find them anywhere—and, I doubt not, would bless the cause of so happy a change, whatever it might be."

He next contrasts with the zeal of the seminarist of Azai, the sober but hearty sympathies of the aged curé of Veretz—who "far from blaming amusements, which have nothing in them which is not perfectly harmless—thinks he only does a good act in witnessing them, and giving to them by his presence and the respect which all feel for him, a fresh degree of propriety and decorum." "And what," he goes on to say, "is the consequence of these changes? Formerly the young people used to meet on the village green: honest attachments were formed, courtships followed, and marriages. And all this in the sight of the whole village, the best guarantee for decency and morality. Now clandestine meetings and their usual consequences will take their places.... Such conduct on the part of the clergy, moreover, is suicidal. Care for religion and religious duties is not the virtue of the age, and men will never be brought back to it by means like these."

Such is the pamphlet which procured Courier a trial and a reprimand. From this time he no longer published his works openly. In 1822, he was candidate for the representation of the department of Indre et Loire, but was defeated by the Marquis d'Effiat the ministerial candidate. In the same year appeared the first of his *Réponses aux Lettres Anonymes adressées à Paul Louis Courier*. This is a letter on the subject of freedom of speech and writing, of no very remarkable merit.

The second letter, which appeared in 1823, is a very striking protest against the celibacy of the clergy and auricular confession, apropos of some scandals which had lately arisen. It contains a very graphic picture of the temptations of a young priest, obliged constantly to see and receive the confession of a young girl with whom he is in love. I should like to quote it, but I have already been too prodigal of extracts.

At the end of this year he was again in the hands of the police. The note in his works, which states the fact, does not

assign any reason. Two works of his appeared in that year, the *Livret de Paul Louis* and the *Pièce Diplomatique.* The former, which he called his "Wasps," is a series of short notes on passing events, all in the popular interest, which are valuable historically, but do not admit of analysis. It ends with a proclamation to the soldiers in the army which was going to the support of the house of Bourbon in Spain, reminding them that they were about to re-establish the *ancien régime* in that country, and that for them the *ancien régime* meant black bread and *coups de bâton.* The *Pièce Diplomatique* is an exposé of the mockeries of the so-called constitutional government in France, under the form of a letter from Louis XVIII. to Ferdinand VII. My last extract shall be taken from it: I must keep the French:

"Je ne puis approuver de même votre repugnance pour ce genre de gouvernement qu'on a nommé représentatif, et que j'appelle, moi, récréatif, n'y ayant rien que je sache au monde si divertissant pour un roi, sans parler de l'utilité non petite que nous en revient. J'aime l'absolu; mais ceci ....pour le produit, ceci vaut mieux. Je n'en fais nulle comparaison, et le préfère de beaucoup. Le représentatif me convient à merveille, pourvu que ce soit moi qui nomme les députés du peuple.... Octroyez, mon cousin, octroyez une charte constitutionelle, et tout ce qui s'ensuit: surtout ne manquez pas d'y fourrer une nouvelle noblesse que vous mêlerez avec l'ancienne, autre amusement qui vous tiendra en bonne humeur et en santé longtemps. Sans cela aux Tuileries nous péririons d'ennui.... Je vous défie de prendre du chagrin lorsque vous verrez ces gens-là, parmi vos Sanches et vos Gusmans, armorier leurs équipages, écarteler leurs écussons: c'est proprement la petite pièce d'une révolution, c'est une comédie dont on ne se lasse point, et qui pour vos sujets deviendra comme un carnaval perpétuel."

The last of Courier's writings is the *Pamphlet des Pamphlets*, in which he defends pamphleteering as the most effectual form of political writing. Much as this work is praised by Frenchmen, I confess that it does not appear to me very striking in comparison with some other of his works. It appeared in 1824.

Unable to write freely on political subjects, Courier began a translation of Herodotus, but did not live to finish it. On the 10th of April, 1825, he was found dead in his plantation of Larçay. His body was pierced by several bullets, and a piece of wadding found in one of his wounds showed that the

assassin was some member of his own household. Suspicion fixed upon one Frémont, his game-keeper, who was accordingly brought before the Assizes at Tours, but acquitted. Five years afterwards fresh evidence was found, which incriminated him and two brothers (Dubois), who had been in Courier's employ. One of them was dead—the other was charged with the murder. Frémont having been once acquitted could not be again put on his trial, and turned king's evidence, but his depositions were not admitted in full, and Dubois was acquitted. The jury were equally divided.

Personally, Courier seems to have been a man of keen sympathies, impatient of oppression of every kind, fearless in his denunciation of it, but at the same time distinctly a man of the pen, not a man of action. I cannot conceive of him as the leader of a party, or as himself carrying any of those measures of reform whose necessity he saw. He had neither the tact, nor the wide grasp of intellect which are necessary for such a work. He was far too independent to work in harness, whether as leader or subordinate. In this how different from his biographer, himself too wielding the same weapons, Armand Carrel.

As a writer, his chief quality is that wonderful refinement of art, whose art is completely hid—or is it not rather that the refinement of classical study has so worked itself into his very being, as to cease to be an art, and to become a second nature? It may be thought that too much has been made of a mere pamphleteer. But it must be remembered that he practically introduced into France a new engine of political warfare, which has grown into greater importance there than in any other nation in Europe. "If complete emancipation from the yoke of conventionalities of the age can be regarded as the principal mark of genius, Paul Louis Courier was the most distinguished writer of our times, for there is no single page that has come from his pen which can be attributed to any other than himself. In the midst of people who seemed to do their best to resemble each other most closely, he came forward alone, with none to sound his trumpet, without friends, and spoke as he had learned to speak, and in the tone which he thought suited him best, and was listened to.....Who of us has not felt cruelly in these later times the absence of Paul Louis Courier?—The place that he held in our ranks will remain empty to the end of the fight. But before his end, he has at least engraven on brass

the sentiments that he shared with us, and which would secure the acquittal of this generation, if ever it were accused of being a dumb spectator of all the shame of France during the last fifteen years."*

* Armand Carrel, anno 1829.

R. W. TAYLOR.

GUL Ū BULBUL,

OR, THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

From the Persian of Hussein Va'yz Káshifí.

Bulbul ki bagul dar nigarad mast shavad,
Sar rishtae ikhtiyárash az dast shavad.

WHERE murmuring Rukna rolls his silvery stream
Beneath the azure of a cloudless sky;
Where gilded spires that in the sunlight gleam

'Midst tow'ring palm trees charm the lingering eye;
Where every zephyr on its balmy wings
To blushing roses wafts the bulbul's sigh;

Where nature's choir in notes harmonious sings,
Making sweet music to the rustling grove;
And not a sight and not a sound but brings

Its meed of beauty, melody and love;
There bloomed a garden such as they behold
Who dwell by Silsabil's* blest streams above.

Not lovelier Iram, which, as bards have told,
In far Arabia's scorching desert lies,
Where false Sheddád's 'Imárets glare with gold,

Though mystery shrouds them now from mortal eyes,
Save when upon some lone lost wanderer's sight,
Its diamond turrets like a day-dream rise.

Here in a corner, shrinking from the light,
A rose bud blossomed, whose enchanting hue
Rivalled the cheeks of her whose beauty bright,

* Name of a fountain in Paradise.

O'er earth's great conqueror such enchantment threw.*
Each morn, when issuing from his Ocean bed,
Bright Phœbus beaming burst upon the view;

And o'er the awakening world his radiance shed,
The garden's guardian left his humble room,
And paced the parterres by the path that led

To that calm nook which saw the floweret bloom;
As some fond lover to an arbor creeps,
Where lulled to rest by eve's encircling gloom,

The maid he loves in guileless beauty sleeps,
And lingering looks till at his soft sighs' sound
Her startled eye from out its curtain peeps;

So gazed the gardener as the days wore round,
And watched the bud its opening charms disclose,
And breathed the perfume it diffused around.

But lo! one luckless morn, beside the rose
A mournful nightingale with grief o'erpressed,
In wistful warblings wailed his wearying woes,

And sought in song to soothe his saddenèd breast,
And in the wantonness of wild despair,
Still plucked the leaflets from their fragrant nest,

Till all the tree was desolate and bare;
The rose was ruined, but the thorn remained
Stern sentry still though no fair charge was there.

With bitter sighs the gardener complained,
And cursed the culprit in his maddening rage,
His passion's steed no gentle patience reined,

And nought but vengeance could his wrath assuage:
With treacherous traps the hapless bird he lured,
And kept him captive in a cruel cage,

Mocking the pangs his prisoner endured.
To whom the nightingale thus made his moan!
"Oh wherefore now within these bars immured

* *Nùri Jehân* (Light of the world) the same with Moore's *Nùr Mahall.* She was the wife of *Jehângir* (world-conqueror) who raised the splendid mausoleum to her memory, called the *Tàji Mahall* at Agra.

"Am I thus left to mourn and die alone?
"Dost thou then fancy that my notes will ring
"Here in this prison with a sweeter tone

"Than midst the branches where I sit and sing?
"Or is there nothing that can heal the smart
"Of thy great loss, but my poor breast to wring,

"From all I love, thus dooming me to part?
"If one rose ruined costs so dear to me,
"What shalt thou suffer for a broken heart?"

The plaintive prisoner by this piteous plea,
So moved his captor, that the self-same hour
He loosed his fetters, and dismissed him free

To flutter fearless 'midst each favorite flower.
Then sung the Bulbul from the tangled wood,
"The great archangel on the 'night of power'*

"Revealed that 'good must he repaid with good,'†
"So for thy kindness will I make return:
"Beneath the tree whereon at first I stood

"There lies a treasure in a hidden urn."
The gardener digging found the precious prize,
And thus responded, "I would gladly learn

"How thou divinedst what thus buried lies,
"Yet dust spread lightly o'er a clumsy snare
"Should be sufficient to deceive thine eyes."

To whom the Bulbul, "thou should'st be aware
"That when from heaven the high decrees descend,
"Tis vain to struggle, man his fate must bear,
"For God shapes all things to some useful end."

HAJJI.

* *Lailatal cadr,* vide Cor-án, C. XCVIII. *Inná enzalnáhu fi lailati 'leadr.*
"Verily we revealed the Cor-án in the night of power."
† *Hal jazá-ulihsáni illá 'lihsán?*

ROBERT BROWNING.

(*Continued from p.* 28.)

AT the close of my previous paper I pointed out two or three facts which might induce us to modify considerably the opinion commonly held about the obscurity of Mr. Browning's writings, and expressed my opinion that this would be usually found to vanish after careful and sympathetic study. Yet even his most devoted admirers cannot but admit that he sometimes taxes their power of intuition a little too severely, and makes them long that he had been somewhat more profuse in the assistance that he gives to their thoughtful attempts to reach his meaning. This is especially the case in some of his dramatic lyrics. Indeed this style of poetry, which he has made so pre-eminently his own, though it possesses a power peculiar to itself, is above all others liable to the danger of becoming obscure. It depends for its comprehension on the reader's acquaintance with a certain series of events, which have excited in the hero the passion, intended to be expressed in the lyric; and the story of these is told by means of hints and allusions let drop in the body of the poem. Now even where these are supplied in abundance, it needs no little care and attention to gather them up and group them together so as to present a vivid picture to the mind's eye. But the poet himself, having already conceived the subject of his lyric in a certain position, and having distinctly in his own imagination the train of events which brought him into it, is too apt to refuse his reader the material necessary before he can go through the same mental process, and the inevitable consequence is some confusion and obscurity. Take as an example the collection of dramatic lyrics, which the Laureate published under the title of *Maud*. I have no doubt whatever but that Mr. Tennyson could give a very satisfactory history of the "fair and stately" heroine, "that oiled and curled Assyrian bull" her brother, and the extremely morbid young gentleman in love with her. Yet most readers would have to give much careful study to those

exquisite songs, before they could answer the questions that naturally arise from them. Was the brother really slain? Did the hero ever win his Maud? How came the Russian war to expel his madness? Is he restored to sanity at all? Such are only a few of the doubts that spring up to mar our pleasure; and hence it is, no doubt, that this poem has met with so much less popularity than most of its companions. Now it must be acknowledged that Mr. Browning has sometimes fallen into this fault. I can thoroughly enter into the spirit of Coleridge's confession: "I am exceedingly cautious in criticising Shakspere; for where I once saw blemishes, a ripened judgment and increased experience have shown me only beauties," but it seems to me at present that Mr. Browning has more than once given us a problem to solve for which he has not furnished sufficient data. My space will not permit me to quote any examples at length, and it would be manifestly unfair to insert mutilated extracts, but I would refer as illustrations of my meaning to "Porphyria's Lover," "In a Gondola," and (must I add?) that exquisitely pathetic lyric "The Worst of It."* Others there were that I had placed in this list, but a more careful study has made me remove them from it; and I dare not say that even these few will be left there long; but I think that if there were a Browning Club, these would form its Matterhorns and Aiguilles Vertes. It is a far easier, as well as more grateful task, to point out many in which a perfect mastery over this difficult style of poetry is displayed, as in the "Laboratory," "the Confessional," "a Light Woman," "Before and After," or "Count Gismond."

I have not said anything as yet of the style and diction of Mr. Browning. This is thoroughly his own, terse, vigorous and direct, and abounding in fresh hearty Saxon phrases. It is like that of Mr. Carlyle in this, that it needs some familiarity with it to make it liked at all, and very little more to render it thoroughly enjoyable. Indeed it bears no slight resemblance to what we may fancy Mr. Carlyle's would be, if he were to be induced to sing his thought instead of speaking it. There is the same grim humour flashing about at intervals over the surface of thoughts of deep and terrible earnestness: the same love for the quaint and the uncon-

* There are some good remarks on this subject in a paper published in the *Saturday Review* for Aug. 6th, 1864, entitled "Ho! for a Scholiast!"

ventional, finding vent in the one case in contorted Germanisms and "gigmanity" compounds, in the other in measures and rhymes that surely never entered into the heart of man before. The ingenious grotesqueness of "Hudibras," "Don Juan," and "Ingoldsby," is more than outdone in some of Mr. Browning's writings: take for instance the following from "The Flight of the Duchess," a poem which deepens at times into tenderest pathos:—

"Had Jacynth only been by me to clap pen
To paper and put you down every syllable
With those clever clerkly fingers,
All that I have forgotten, as well as what lingers
In this old brain of mine that's but ill able
To give you even this poor version
Of the speech I spoil, as it were, with stammering—
More fault of those who had the hammering
Of prosody into me and syntax,
And did it, not with hob-nails but tin tacks!
But to return from this excursion;"—

Or the comparison (in the same poem) of friendship with old wine:—

"Each supples a dry brain, fills you its ins-and-outs,
Gives your life's hour-glass a shake when the thin sand doubts
Whether to run on or stop short, and guarantees
Age is not all made of stark sloth and arrant ease."

Or where he speaks of the scholar—

"who emends the Iketides
While we lounge on at our indebted ease."

We must notice however that lines like these lose much of their grotesque effect when in the midst of hundreds of others more or less similar, all inspired by the same rude vigour, and rushing along pregnant with meaning and instinct with life. Nor are lines of this kind to be found in all his poems. A most accomplished musician himself, possessing a rare acquaintance with the works of the earlier masters, Mr. Browning has given us some lyrics of exquisite polish and rhythm, that one reads over and over again in pure delight at the flowing melody and perfect adaptation of the verse. This is the measure of "A Woman's Last Word":—

"Let's contend no more, Love; strive nor weep—
All be as before, Love,—only sleep!
What so wild as words are?—I and thou
In debate as birds are—hawk on bough.

* * * * * *

Be a god and hold me with a charm—
Be a man and fold me with thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love! as I ought,
I will speak thy speech, Love,—think thy thought!
That shall be to-morrow, not to-night
I must bury sorrow out of sight.
Must a little weep, Love,—foolish me!
And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee!"

Or again, note the effect produced by the change of metre in "Before" and "After":—

"Let them fight it out, friend! things have gone too far.
God must judge the couple! leave them as they are...
Once more—Will the wronger, at this last of all,
Dare to say, "I did wrong," rising in his fall?
No!—let go, then! both the fighters to their places!
While I count three, step you back as many paces!"

"Take the cloak from his face, and at first
Let the corpse do its worst.
How he lies in his rights of a man!
Death has done all death can;
And, absorbed in the new life he leads,
He recks not, he heeds
Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both strike
On his senses alike,
And are lost in the solemn and strange
Surprise of the change.
Ha, what avails death to erase
His offence, my disgrace?
I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold:
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
Were so easily borne.
I stand here now, he lies in his place:
Cover the face."

Specimens of his power over spirited lively rhythm will be found in the "Cavalier Songs." "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and parts of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," which I would gladly quote, but must forbear. In blank verse "Andrea del Sarto" breathes only the tenderest sweetness; while ever and again in other poems we come across passages where the rush of impassioned thought seems every moment about to burst through the barriers of metre and sweep along untrammelled by its fetters; until we are borne away by the

current to where the channel broadens, and the stream rolls on again in calm and musical flow. Or sometimes we shall find some lyric where the poet

> "Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> "As make the *critics* weep":—

the rhymes entangled in all kinds of subtle fashions, and the mind of the reader so intent in tracing the intricacies of the metre, and wondering how the poet is to get on at all without a trip and a stumble, that it has little time to spare for the sense. Such a poem is "Through the Metidja," of which one stanza (the first) will probably be found sufficient:—

> "As I ride, as I ride,
> With a full heart for my guide,
> So its tide rocks my side,
> As I ride, as I ride,
> That, as I were double-eyed,
> He, in whom our tribes confide,
> Is descried, ways untried
> As I ride, as I ride."

And so on through four more stanzas precisely similar. This is undoubtedly marvellous legerdemain, but assuredly it is not poetry. But most of the few poems like this must doubtless be regarded as exercises only, whereby the poet trained his prentice hand to use his tools with facility and skill; and if some of the chips and shavings from the work-shop have found their way to the public light of day, for which they are little fitted, yet they may well be pardoned when we see the beauty of the perfect work of art, for which their previous production was needful. It is doubtless partly owing to poems like these, that the critics have fallen foul of Mr. Browning for want of music (a charge utterly groundless as far as it concerns the greater part of his writings); but it is partly the result of a theory almost entirely new upon which he has proceeded, and which I think may be fairly defended; it must at least be recognized by those who would criticise his works. I have already referred to the dramatic style of his thoughts and conceptions. Now, rightly or wrongly, he appears to have extended this objectiveness to the form as well as to the matter of his verse. The rhythm in many cases has almost as much to do with the revelation of the character to be depicted as the words he uses. The rough guttural abrupt style of the "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister," helps us to conceive the narrow bigoted monk full of

malicious hate; just as the mellifluous measure of "My Last Duchess" conduces not a little to the clearness, wherewith we imagine to ourselves the wily Italian noble. A critic is bound to consider what it is that the poet has intended and to judge of his execution by the standard which he has set up for himself. Of course he is at liberty also to find fault with his ideal as being an unworthy one; but the aim of the writer and the manner in which he has carried it out are two distinct things and should be criticized apart. It admits of doubt, whether this dramatic expressiveness of rhythm and diction is suited to the genius of the English language; but if this be conceded, no one can deny that Mr. Browning has shown remarkable ability in the use he makes of it.

There is only one more charge commonly brought against him, which it will be necessary for me to notice; that of levity and frivolity in touching on serious subjects. This is based principally though not entirely on his poem of "Christmas Eve," certainly a most remarkable and at first sight startling production. It is written in the quaintest and most rollicking of measures, and abounds in the most extraordinary double and triple rhymes; and allusions to scenes of sacred history that seem to border closely on the profane. It opens with a grotesque and whimsical description of a Primitive Methodist conventicle:—

> "Zion Chapel Meeting,
> On the Christmas-Eve of 'Forty-nine,
> Which, calling its flock to their special clover,
> Found all assembled and one sheep over,
> Whose lot, as the weather pleased, was mine.
> I very soon had enough of it,
> The hot smell, and the human noises,
> And my neighbour's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
> Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
> Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure,
> Of the preaching-man's immense stupidity,
> As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,
> To meet his audience's avidity.....
> Had but a single face of my neighbours
> Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labours
> Were help which the world could be saved without,
> 'Tis odds but I might have borne in quiet
> A qualm or two at my spiritual diet,
> Or (who can tell?) perchance even mustered
> Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon:
> But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,

Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon
With such content in every snuffle,
As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.
My old fat woman purred with pleasure,
And thumb round thumb went twirling faster,
While she, to his periods keeping measure,
Maternally devoured the pastor.....
'Twas too provoking!
My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it,
So, saying, like Eve when she plucked the apple,
'I wanted a taste and now there's enough of it'
I flung out of the little chapel."

Then comes a change. No more sportive satire, no approach to careless flippancy. For as he passed out into the air, he saw that the rain and wind had ceased, the black wall of cloud was parted, and against the deep dark blue beyond shone out the argent arcs of a glorious lunar rainbow. Then there appears a Vision of the Ineffable; and strains of rapt devotion are poured forth from a heart swelling almost to bursting with a passionate longing for personal communion with the Human Infinite. From the rest of the poem I dare not quote; it must be read by a man alone in his most sacred hours. But the question is pressed upon us, how we can endure to have the grotesque brought into such close contact with themes so exalted. Every one knows the fearful scene when Macbeth comes forth from the chamber where he has left the murdered Duncan, his hands dyed with the blood that would

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

Not less familiar is the scene that almost immediately follows it, when the horrid news of his father's murder is brought to Malcolm surrounded by the other nobles. But how is it that Shakspere has filled up the interval? With buffoonery as broad and coarse as any to be found in his merriest comedies. And the reason for this has been pointed out by Mr. De Quincy, in one of his most subtle and original papers.* The effect of the tragedy is doubled, by the snatches of comedy interspersed. Mr. Browning may be well contented to shelter himself behind the example of the prince of dramatists and the sanction of one of the first of critics. But again, it is often true that a jest fathoms more of the depths of truth than the sombrest earnest. Some men have a natural disposition to look at things the most solemn with a smile that comes not from frivolity but from the very intensity of feeling. And such appears to be the case with Mr. Browning. Is it levity merely, think you, that inspired "The Heretic's Tragedy" and "Holy-Cross Day"; with its grotesque description of the Jews of Rome all driven to hear the annual sermon preached to them; their bitter sneers, and stifled passion, ending in their low muttering of Rabbi Ben Ezra's Song of Death? Let us hear the words with which he himself finishes "Christmas Eve":—

"If any blames me,
Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
Or worse, that I trench, with undue levity,
On the bounds of the holy and the awful,—
I praise the heart and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to *Thee* instead of him,
Who head and heart alike discernest,
Looking below light speech we utter
When the frothy spume and frequent sputter
Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest!"

Mr. Browning's faith, like that of all the truest-hearted men, is too deep and firm to be troubled by a passing jest, more than the depths of ocean are moved from their eternal stillness by the faint breeze that plays on its rippling surface.

There is only one more point on which I wish to speak, but that is one of the highest importance. There can be little doubt that Mr. Browning's permanent reputation rests most securely on his dramas. Now of the functions of tragedy no better definition has been given than that of Aristotle, "that its aim is to purify by means of pity and terror." But its success in this depends, not on musical lines and terse and vigorous language, not even on clearly sketched character and striking scenes, but on the one grand idea running through the whole, and the skill with which this is worked out. Hence I ought to show by examples Mr. Browning's power in the management of a plot, and his vigorous conception of a drama as a united whole. But I have already trespassed so long on the kindness of our indulgent editors, that I must content myself with a single instance, with which I shall conclude. I should have liked to have said more on Paracelsus, that strange combination, the father of modern chemistry, the boastful quack, the honoured professor at Basel, the drunken vagabond, dying in a hospital; and to have sketched however faintly the five scenes presented to us; his

* *Collected Works*, Vol. XIV., pp. 192-197.

departing from his loved and adoring friends Festus and Michal, when he sets out full of the proud resolve to *know;* his meeting with the Italian poet Aprile, nigh worn to death in his life-long quest of *love;* his proud position at Basel, the idol of the students, and the visit of Festus to him there, awakening all the reminiscences of his bright early youth; the meeting again at Colmar, when Paracelsus, driven from his honoured post with scorn, once more aspires; the close in the Salzburg Hospital, with Festus watching tenderly over his ruined dying friend, who knows him not, till at last he wakes only to die with "many things growing clear," and filled with a trustful hope. I would fain have spoken of Pippa, the sunny innocent maiden, passing along the borders of scenes of sinful pleasure, treacherous deceit, wild passion and murderous crime, and with her fresh young voice of song sending into each words that break like a beam of heavenly light into their foul atmosphere, and scatter it as with the breath of God. I would have gladly told the tale of Luria, the noble-hearted Moor, filled with humble reverence for the great Christian state of Florence, and serving it with all his varied power, till his soul is tortured even to death by the treachery and falsehood of his masters. Then there is the exquisite picture of the fair young Duchess Colombe in the midst of a selfish and intriguing court, with only one true heart to lean upon in the trouble that comes upon her. Or again there is the story of the patriot fanatic Djabal, with pure unselfish longings, yet careless as to the means he uses, and so failing in the very hour of his triumph, and dragging with him in his fall those whose happiness was dearer than life to him. "We hardly know pathos more grand than that of 'Luria,' or pathos more passionate than in the 'Return of the Druses.'" But I must pass by all these. I must say nothing of the masterly manner in which we are made to see characters develope before our eyes in "King Victor and King Charles," nor of the epic grandeur of "Strafford," with its two heroes, once bosom friends, now parted by the impassable chasm of duty, across which they cast upon each other ever and anon looks of unutterable sadness; Pym with his unswerving loyalty to England; Strafford not less loyal to his faithless coward King. I must pass on to the analysis of what a critic of no mean order* has pronounced to be "one of the most finely conceived and perfectly executed tragedies in the language," 'A Blot on the 'Scutcheon.' The persons of the play are few; Thorold Earl

* Shirley in "The Campaigner at Home."

Tresham, Mildred his sister, and Austin his brother, who is engaged to his cousin Guendolen, Henry Earl Mertoun, and Gerard, an old retainer of the Treshams, are all. The first scene represents the interior of a lodge in Lord Tresham's Park, filled with his retainers; they are all crowding to the windows to see the cavalcade; for

> "the young, rich, bountiful,
> Handsome Earl Mertoun, whom alone they match
> With our Lord Tresham through the country-side,
> Is coming here in utmost bravery"

to ask for the hand of Lady Mildred. As the train passes, all are full of enthusiasm and delight; Gerard alone sits by himself in gloomy silence, from which the rest in vain endeavour to arouse him. Then we witness the meeting between the two nobles, the one, scholar, soldier, statesman, with his perfect courtesy and proud gentleness; the other with youth's ingenuous modesty, full of passionate love for Mildred and reverence for her noble brother. The suit is urged, and granted as far as lies in Tresham's power.

> "Have you seen Lady Mildred by the way?
> *Mert.* I... I... our two demesnes, remember, touch:
> I have been used to wander carelessly
> After my stricken game; the heron roused
> Deep in my woods has trailed its broken wing
> Through thicks and glades a mile in yours,—or else
> Some eyass ill-reclaimed has taken flight
> And lured me after her from tree to tree,
> I marked not whither. I have come upon
> The lady's wondrous beauty unaware,
> And—and then—I have seen her.
> *Guen.* [*aside to Austin*] Note that mode
> Of faltering out that, when a lady passed,
> He having eyes, did see her! You had said—
> "On such a day, I scanned her, head to foot;
> "Observed a red, where red should not have been,
> "Outside her elbow; but was pleased enough
> "Upon the whole." Let such irreverent talk
> Be lessoned for the future.
> *Tresh.* What's to say
> May be said briefly. She has never known
> A mother's care; I stand for father too.
> Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems—
> You cannot know the good and tender heart,
> Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy,
> How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
> How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free

As light where friends are—how imbued with lore
The world most prizes, yet the simplest, yet
The.....one might know I talked of Mildred—thus
We brothers talk!

And so it is arranged that on the morrow Mertoun is to come to woo Mildred herself. We have some more of Guendolen's sprightly woman's wit, and then she promises to go to Mildred and talk to her of her new lover. So at night she goes to her cousin's chamber to relate to her the interview and describe the Earl. But Mildred listens to her impatiently, and pleading weariness, hastily dismisses her. She rises from her seat:—

"Is she—can she be really gone at last?
"My heart! I shall not reach the window. Needs
"Must I have sinned much, so to suffer. There!"

She places a lamp in the window by a purple pane. Then rises from without a soft low song of exquisite melody, the casement opens, and Henry Mertoun enters. This was the Blot on the 'Scutcheon. The boy and the girl in the guilelessness of their fresh youthful love had fallen into sin, and now they were to reap its bitter fruit. Mildred's heart is full of heaviness. The dreaded interview is over; her brother's consent is already won; yet the sense of secret guilt fills her with a foreboding that the cup of happiness already at her lips is not for her. Mertoun tries in vain to cheer her.

It will soon be over.

Mild. Over?
Oh, what is over? what must I live through
And say, "'tis over"? Is our meeting over?
Have I received in presence of them all
The partner of my guilty love,—with brow
Trying to seem a maiden's brow—with lips
Which make believe that when they strive to form
Replies to you and tremble as they strive,
It is the nearest ever they approached
A stranger's... Henry, yours that stranger's—lip—
With cheek that looks a virgin's and that *is*—
Ah, God! some prodigy of Thine will stop
This planned piece of deliberate wickedness
In its birth even—some fierce leprous spot
Will mar the brow's dissimulating—I
Shall murmur no smooth speeches got by heart,
But, frenzied, pour forth all our woeful story,
The love, the shame, and the despair—with them

Round me aghast as men round some cursed fount
That should spirt water, and spouts blood. I'll not....
Henry, you do not wish that I should draw
This vengeance down? I'll not affect a grace
That's gone from me—gone once, and gone for ever!
* * * * * * *
How you must
Despise me!

Mert. Mildred, break it if you choose,
A heart the love of you uplifted—still
Uplifts, thro' this protracted agony,
To Heaven! but, Mildred, answer me,—first pace
The chamber with me—once again—now, say
Calmly the part, the.....what it is of me
You see contempt (for you did say contempt)
—Contempt for you in! I would pluck it off
And cast it from me! but no—no, you 'll not
Repeat that?—will you, Mildred, repeat that?

Mild. Dear Henry!

Mert. I was scarce a boy—e'en now
What am I more? And you were infantine
When first I met you—why, your hair fell loose
On either side!—my fool's-cheek reddens now
Only in the recalling how it burned
That morn to see the shape of many a dream;—
You know we boys are prodigal of charms
To her we dream of—I had heard of one,
Had dreamed of her, and I was close to her,
Might speak to her, might live and die her own,
Who knew?—I spoke. Oh, Mildred, feel you not
That now, while I remember every glance
Of yours, each word of yours, with power to test
And weigh them in the diamond scales of pride,
Resolved the treasure of a first and last
Heart's love shall have been bartered at its worth,
—That now I think upon your purity
And utter ignorance of guilt—your own
Or others' guilt—the girlish undisguised
Delight at a strange novel prize—(I talk
A silly language, but interpret you!)
If I with fancy at its full, and reason
Scarce in its germ, enjoined you secrecy,
If you had pity on my passion, pity
On my protested sickness of the soul
To sit beside you, hear you breathe, and watch
Your eye-lids and the eyes beneath—if you
Accorded gifts and knew not they were gifts—
If I grew mad at last with enterprise

And must behold my beauty in her bower
Or perish—(I was ignorant of even
My own desires—what then were you?) if sorrow—
Sin—if the end came—must I now renounce
My reason, blind myself to light, say truth
Is false and lie to God and my own soul?
Contempt were all of this!.....
Mildred, I love you and you love me!

Mild. Go!
Be that your last word. I shall sleep to-night.

Mert. This is not our last meeting?

Mild. One night more.

Mert. And then—think, then!

Mild. Then, no sweet courtship-days,
No dawning consciousness of love for us,
No strange and palpitating births of sense
From words and looks, no innocent fears and hopes,
Reserves and confidences: morning's over!

Mert. How else should love's perfected noon-tide follow?
All the dawn promised shall the day perform.

And so they part. I have dwelt long on this scene, partly because it is the key to the whole drama, partly because I could not help it. But now I must hasten on.

Gerard the old forester has known for weeks of the nightly visits paid by some stranger to Lady Mildred; and this it was that filled his heart with care. Now he comes to tell the whole to Tresham. Nothing can be more touching than the way in which the damning words are wrung from the faithful old retainer's lips; and the bewildered maddened anguish of the brother, as his pride in the unstained family name, and his tender love for his sister, are stung to the very quick. He sends Guendolen to summon Mildred, and when she comes, meets her with the most passionate description of a brother's love (would that I had space to quote it!). He gently breaks the fatal charge to her, but as her silence shows her guilt, pity changes into sternness, and he demands her lover's name. In her deep shame and misery she dare not utter it; and sadly but firmly he orders her to countermand the letter inviting Earl Mertoun to woo her. "But, Thorold—if I will receive him as I said?" "*The Earl?*" "I will receive him!" Maddened beyond control at her apparent shamelessness, Tresham pours forth his wrath in words of bitterest sarcasm and rushes off, leaving her fainting and fallen. Guendolen alone still clings to her and by her faith and love keeps Austin there. At last poor Mildred falters out:—

"I—I was so young!
Besides, I loved him, Thorold,—and I had
No mother—God forgot me—so I fell!".....

Guen. Here, Mildred, we two friends of yours will wait
Your bidding; be you silent, sleep or muse;
Only when you shall want your bidding done,
How can we do it if we are not by?
Here's Austin waiting patiently your will!
One spirit to command, and one to love
And to believe in it and do its best,
Poor as that is, to help it—why, the world
Has been won many a time, its length and breadth,
By just such a beginning!

Mild. I believe
If once I threw my arms about your neck
And sunk my head upon your breast, that I
Should weep again!

It is not long before Guendolen's quick sympathising woman's wit discovers the truth; Lord Mertoun and the secret lover are the same; Mildred is guided to her room and they await the return of their brother. Night comes on; and Tresham, who has been roaming wildly through the forest, finds himself beneath Mildred's window. Mertoun enters, murmuring to himself:—

"And so I shall no more see rise
My love-star! Oh, no matter for the Past!
So much the more delicious task to see
Mildred revive; to pluck out, thorn by thorn,
All traces of the rough forbidden path
My rash love lured her to! Each day must see
Some fear of hers effaced, some hope renewed!
Then there will be surprises, unforeseen
Delights in store. I'll not regret the Past!"

Furious with rage Tresham rushes out upon him. All attempts to speak are fiercely checked; Mertoun is forced to draw and after a few passes, falls wounded even to death. The scene that follows I cannot venture to abridge and have not space to quote at length. Mertoun's sad forgiving confession; Tresham's wild remorse, driving him to the poisoned draught; Mildred's piteous broken-hearted grief that swiftly carried her spirit with

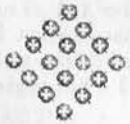
Its depth of purity immovable
Beneath the troubled surface of her crime,

to join her loved one in eternal union, are painted with a

master's hand. The exquisite pathos that runs throughout this tragedy is carried on unbroken to the last sad close.

And so I fitly finish what I had to say of the poems of Robert Browning. For years they have been to me a source of never-failing and ever-increasing pleasure, and it is in the earnest hope that others to whom they may be now unknown, will find in them the same rich harvest of delight, that I have ventured to write this Essay.

L.



HYLAS.

THEOCR. Id. XIII.

I TROW that not for mortal hearts alone
Love had his being, whence soe'er he be,
Nor to us first, the creatures of a day,
That may not see the morrow, is it given
To feel the beauty of the beautiful.
Even he, Amphitryo's iron-hearted son,
Who faced the raging lion, loved a boy,
Beautiful Hylas of the curly locks,
And taught him, as a father would his child,
All good, and brave, and noble-hearted things
By which himself grew noble, brave and good.
All times they were together; at high noon,
When morning's snowy steeds went up the sky,
And when the little chirping brood look up
While on her dusky perch the mother-bird
Flutters her beckoning wings; that so the boy,
Fashion'd in all things to the master's mind,
True to the yoke, might make a perfect man.

But when from rich Iolcos, Æson's son,
Jason, was sailing for the golden fleece,
And the young nobles, strong in heart and hand,
The flower of many cities, flock'd to him;
Among them came the great Alcmena's son
Of Midea, much-enduring Hercules:
He with young Hylas sought the well-bench'd ship
Argo, that touch'd not the gray jostling rocks,
But, like an eagle clave the mighty surge
Between them, and in Phasis rode secure.

And when the Pleiads rose, and growing lambs
Browsed in far fields, the spring being past its prime,
The godlike heroes set about their voyage.
They took their places in the hollow ship,

And came with three days' breathing of the South
To Hellespont, and found safe anchorage
Within Propontis, where the labouring ox
Brightens the plowshare in Cianian soil.

And landing there at evening, two and two
The heroes hasten'd, some to serve the feast,
And some to strew the couches on the shore;
For near them lay a meadow broad, and rich
In herbage soft to lie on, whence they cut
The slender rush and lowly galingale.
But Hylas went for water for the feast
Wherewith to serve Alcides and his mate
Stout Telamon, his comrade at the board.
And quickly in a hollow-lying spot
He spied a fountain: round the margin grew
Thick rushes, and the pale-green celandine,
Green maiden-hair, and parsley clustering fresh,
And couch-grass densely spreading o'er the marsh.
And down beneath the nymphs prepared a dance;
The sleepless nymphs, dread rustic deities,
Eunica, and Nychea fair as spring,
And Malis: and when Hylas, all intent
To fill the brazen pitcher that he held,
Plunged it in deep, they clung about his hand,
For love of the fair Argive boy had drawn
Its circle round the tender hearts of all.
And sheer into the waters dim he fell
As from the sky falls sheer into the sea
A ruddy meteor, and the sailor cries
To his mates 'Let go, my lads, there comes a breeze!'

And on their knees the nymphs in gentle ruth
Took the fair boy, and sought to stay his tears;
The while Alcides, troubled for his sake,
Went with his well-bent bow and Scythian shafts
And the great club his right hand ever grasp'd.
Thrice from the full depth of his mighty throat
He shouted 'Hylas!' thrice fair Hylas heard,
And from the water came a slender voice
That seem'd, albeit so near, a great way off,
And like as when a bearded lion, fierce,
That hears the faint cry of a fawn from far,
Hastes from his lair to seize the ready meal;
So in the hungry craving of his heart
The hero crash'd thro' many a tangled wood
Pathless and dense, and traversed many a league.
O hapless lot of lovers! How he toil'd,

Roaming the trackless hill; and what to him
Was now the heroic quest whereon he came!

But Argo floated with her sails aloft,
And at mid-night the heroes cleansed the decks,
Waiting for Hercules; while he, afar
Went madly, as adventure led his feet
Wild with the pang of loss that rent his heart,
Thus was fair Hylas number'd with the blest.
But harshly spake the youths of Hercules
And called him base deserter, who had left
The thirty-benched ship for coward fear.
And so they left him; but he came on foot
To Phasis and the inhospitable shore.

J. H. C.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OLD DON.

DO you think I am quite blind to all the opinions that are uttered so freely about the older Members of the College fraternity? Do you imagine that such words as Monachism, Malthusianism, Sciolism, and a hundred other invidious-isms, never reach my ears? were never used by myself in my younger days, when the great Quadratic of life had not been worked out into the solution $-\frac{1}{2}$ (and that the better one)? If you do, (and I am sure you seem to do it) you are much mistaken. Speak evil of the king, and a bird of the air shall carry it: speak evil of the college dignities, and the birds of the college (the vultures) shall whisper it to them.

The general opinion among the undergraduate world about an Old Don, is, that his main delight, nay, the chief end of his existence consists in getting up a good cellar of old wine for the next generation, (port in particular): a feast day in hall; a turn in the grounds on Sunday afternoon after the weekly grave and solemn attendance at St. Mary's: but most exquisite and supreme of all, to order young mad-caps* to put their gowns on. It is to correct such an impression erroneous as well as infamous and thoughtless, that I sit down to pen this my confession. I said erroneous, for let me ask this one question. If youngsters have grand dreams and hopes and aspirations, in their after-hall smoke, or lazy moods; if they forsooth think that a life of passion and activity, of earnestness and labour, of thoughts, bookwriting, and all the other phantasmagoria of a young brain that rails against Logic, and neglects Mathematics, and reads Homer and Sophocles for their beauties and not for the grammar, particles and allusions; if they do all this and at last turn out Senior Ops., or

* *Not* those caps, the board of which has been long shattered and gone to wreck.

Third Class Classics; what must have been the hopes, the aspirations, the mental struggles, the lofty passions of those who were high Classics and Wranglers, prize-poem writers, and prize-essayists? I trow something far higher. Talk not then of what your earthly and blind eyes cannot see. Talk not of an Old Don as an old dry stick who delights in Greek particles and mazy problems and long series. Dream not that you are the only ones who see beauties in the antique literature, or *think* the end of all science is to produce stiff problems. You comprehend us not, our mission, our high and holy purposes, or the meaning and end of our pursuits. We read you all through and through. We pity but do not despise you, for in time you will look on things with other eyes. But, as Terentius says, Verbum sap., sat——To my tale.

I was a Scholar of the College, and had worked steadily and not unsuccessfully for two years and a half. I will candidly admit that in those days I was not so particular in the matter of dress, bearing, or accent, as I now am, and I dare say (though NOT from Cumberland) was slightly Septentrionian. But what of that? I stuck to Mathesis, and the ardour of my devotion was only exceeded by the closeness of my application. I also read up the authorities for matters of faith—a subject on which all undergraduates are strikingly ignorant. This was the round of my life from term to term, till, in the May of my third year, occurred an event on which even now I look back with wonder and sadness. One of the few chums I had for Sunday afternoon walks and ditto evening teas, had a visit from an aunt and sister for a week during that term, and I was called into requisition as cicerone and cavalier. One afternoon of the aunt, with her sharp nose and questions, her piercing spectacles, and dry discourses, sufficed for me, and afterwards as much as possible I attended on the niece Miss Eloisa J——, and she was worthy of all the attentions I could lavish on her. All attempts at description would be useless and might lead to identification. She was not one of those every day pretty girls who wear pink in Summer and blue in Winter. There was nothing positively striking about her, except her hand which was beautifully small and neat. Her hair was dark, smooth, and well done up. Her brow was not lofty, but, if anything, broad. Her cast of face was thoroughly English, none of the Roman hauteur or the Grecian contour about it. Her complexion, features, expression were all her own. Not like those of the vain young Cantabrigian belles, of a sallow wax

and pink, regular and sadly unimpassioned: but bright, lively, arch, quaint, good humoured, with but little colour, yet with a strong glow pervading all. Her eyes and her teeth were her best points. The latter were clean set and *laughing*; the former burning-black, large and bright, and flashing like meteors. No: meteors sometimes flash like them. Though quiet, staid and decorous, even timorous before strangers, yet after an interview or two with one to her liking, she would open out like a sensitive plant. She soon began to listen with attention to my accounts of examinations, and tripos aspirations, and to the true and faithful characters of other men I drew for her, of their envy, malice, conceit, &c., &c. She gradually became interwoven into all my hopes and dreams of future comfort. It was not love in a hut. There would be no *cottages* near seas or woods for me. I did not fancy such thoughtless thriftless prospects. No. I had a bright vision of a model parsonage and a restored church in a parish, where *she* would enliven the visiting population with her sprightly and wickedly innocent sallies, and where by the force of my profound, learned, and *popular* preaching, dissenters would be few. Ah! that week! I verily believe my reading average was not eight hours a day.

It was her last evening in Cambridge. J—— had to go somewhere and left me in charge. I proposed a walk in the grounds which the aunt declined for herself under pretence of being afraid of the damp and the evening air, but in reality, I could see, to stay behind and ransack J——'s drawers and overhaul his rooms. Eloisa however was graciously consigned to my care with orders to see she did not catch cold. Off we set. In the day time there was a kind of piquante, saucy, half-sarcasm about her which naturally possessed great fascinations for a strong and vigorous mind like mine, unused as I was to the society of the other sex. But as evening drew on, when that charming calm prevails whose stillness is only rendered more striking by perhaps the evensong of a thrush, perhaps the cooing of ringdoves, or perhaps the moaning of the wind in the topmost branches of immemorial elms, then was the time when all the beauties of her nature came out. Her feelings seemed responsive to the time and the place. I had just been explaining a passage from St. Augustine to her great satisfaction. She murmured some answer, and we walked on in a mutual silence along the banks of the dark green river. A solemn stillness held the air, and we wandered on overawed by the majesty of the scene. At

last, at a quotation I brushed up from Gray or Collins, she looked with her liquid eyes right into my face. Had anything been wanting to make me lose all command of head and heart, that look was enough to do it. Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes commingled with mine, which I endeavoured to throw all into one look. She then let fall her eyes and looked away sad and thoughtful: dim memories, I supposed, floating through her brain, delicious thoughts haunting mine. At the sight of the long silken fringy lashes drooping over the humid starlike eyes my heart beat high; indeed all through that walk I felt a kind of exulting pride in the thought of being partner to so heavenly, so spiritual a creature. What I poured into her ear with low impassioned tremulous voice I do not now remember. All I know is, I wished I had studied *Byron* more than Wood's *Algebra*, and *Shakespeare* more than *Euclid*. At last the bell rang and we returned to J——'s rooms where we found the aunt hastily closing a drawer. J—— had not returned; so in the twilight she sang an old familiar song or two. The old window, the antique wainscot, dark with flickering shadows, the low voice, the dim dusk, and my feelings all harmonised well together, and I was half sorry when J—— came back, and the lamp was lit, my two cups and three plates borrowed and tea made. But in jokes and merry talk the evening flew quickly, too quickly away. Next morning we saw them away by the coach, and I noticed that she fixed her lustrous eyes on me with a wondering wandering gaze as if her thoughts were far away. After the usual leave-takings* the coach rattled off with all the attendant and often-described éclat. That night my rooms did seem cheerless, cold, dreary, desolate. In moody solitary wretchedness I sat by the fire toying unconsciously with the poker, and for the first time in my life (but NOT the last) began the following introduction to a grand Spenserian poem in her honour:—

> The stars of heaven, bright and unquenchable,
> Each like a lamp set in his sev'ral place:
> When sullen night wraps in a pall of sable
> The blue serenity of vaulted space;
> And the pale moon begins her upward race;
> Then do they gently shed their light like dew,
> Down-gazing on us with mild-wond'ring face,

* The writer is ready to take oath that the pressure of his hand when taking hers was quite imperceptible.

Like angel's pitying eye that never knew
What sin or sorrow was, and melteth at the view.

What was to come after I never determined, for it took me so long to write the above, especially the last line, that I gave up in despair, and after sewing a button on my coat, darning a hole in my stockings, and learning a few Latin quotations, I took down Newton and read five hours like a man.

The above episode in my college career lent me new force and energy. I did well in the May, and a few weeks after went down to spend two or three days with J—— by special invitation *from his aunt*. I reached the house, situated in the middle of a neat garden (all old maids are good gardeners) and knocked with a beating heart. Welcomed I was, but *she* was not there, and though I was panting to ask after her, I dared not, and was miserably mute on that subject. At last the aunt vouchsafed the information, that she had gone out with Mr. L—— to do a little visiting, and they would be back to tea. My blood run cold at this announcement. I fell into a fever of jealousy. I conjured up visions of domestic tyranny and meditated elopement. When they did get home at last, I saw it all. No need of an introduction to him as Eloisa's betrothed. Mild and clerical-coated curate as he was, I could not but feel furious at him. To my astonishment she did not blush or falter, but welcomed me with her old manner, with the same smile, the same lively expression. He was the same in manner as her, quite kindly, not at all like what a rival ought to be. That night to me was one of torture. She sang and played (like a Siren I thought), and they all exerted their utmost powers to charm and please. At last Mr. L—— left and J—— went part of the way with him. The aunt left the room to scold the servants or perform some other housewifely duties, and *we* were left alone. We managed somehow to get into conversation, she doing all the talking and showing herself to be what in extremely vulgar phrase would be "very jolly." She made me her confidant about Mr. L—— and talked of her visit to Cambridge; how she was thinking of him in those dear old grounds at dusk when I so kindly took her round them, and how she wondered what he was doing. I could have killed myself! The wondering wandering look in the coach flashed on my memory. What a mistake I had made! What a fool, what an egregious fool I had been! I had had enough of it

(ἀλις περα τε), and cut short my visit. Need I say the Spenserian poem was immediately consigned to the flames all unfinished as it was: that they were married; that my success in life has been continual since then; while they have struggled on in married misery? One son is up here now, but—he rows, runs, and has been plucked for his Little-Go. I have stuck to Cambridge, and my earnest endeavours have ever been to advance the cause of science, and by the imposition of salutary restrictions on the rebelliously-inclined undergraduates in the way of enforcement of punctual attendance on early and frequent lectures, and regular chapel-keeping, to break them in like wild young colts: so that in their after-life they may perform the daily routine of their profession quietly in harness, and take the bit and wear the collar all the more patiently because they were inured to it in youth, and first driven by men of superior talent and abilities.

"SAPERE AUDE."

THE WORM I' THE BUD.

We thought that life and health were hers
And many a year before her:
But ere another summer came
The grass was waving o'er her.

At first a short dry cough; 'twas nought
She answered, half in anger:
Then strange wild ecstasies would come
Or weary fits of languor.

She grew too fair; her dark eyes gleamed
With an unearthly splendour;
We read the truth, but told it not,
For fear we might offend her.

Her wasting form grew weak and thin,
Her pale hand hot and whiter:
The hectic flush upon her cheek
Wax'd brighter still and brighter.

But when the winter past, and spring
Came treacherously smiling,
We thought our flower would bloom again—
We knew not death's beguiling.

She died one sunny morn: but while
Our breasts with grief were heaving,
Her pure soul stooped to print one kiss
Upon the lips 'twas leaving.

The sweet lips answered with a smile;
We breathed one silent prayer,
Folded her hands upon her breast,
And placed a lily there.

"SAPERE AUDE."

A VOYAGE TO THE AUSTRALIAN STATION.

(*Continued from* p. 199, Vol. IV.)

Ballarat and the Gold Diggings.

I HAD but a vague and general idea that Ballarat was a town of canvas tents—inhabited by a population of diggers governed by Judge Lynch; I was sure there would be nothing like an hotel, and the best accommodation would be found in a booth like the 'Crown and Anchor' of Greenwich Fair.

Such was the Ballarat I expected to find. My readers may like to know what the actual Ballarat was.

We left Melbourne at 11.30, and reached Ballarat at 3.30. This gives a speed of 25 miles an hour, and as no accident has yet happened on any of the 200 miles of Victoria Railway, the government deserve honourable mention for their management. No tunnel or embankment and only one short viaduct is required, as the country is almost a dead level. For 20 miles we saw no tree, and I was reminded of the familiar dreariness of the prospect that once spread before me as I travelled by the Great Eastern, from station to station through the Eastern Counties flats. For the rest of the way the country is a little more diversified, and there are plenty of gum trees with a fair undergrowth of grass.

About 3 P.M. we passed through a track of gravel land furrowed with trenches and pools half full of water, and with mounds and embankments along their edges; this was something of the scenery I expected in the diggings. I began to look out for Ballarat. The station is finer than the average of English ones, with the usual mob of loafers on the platform. There is, however, an unmistakeable Yankee twang about everybody and everything in the colony which seems strongest at Ballarat, and strikes you even on the platform.

My idea that Ballarat could show no better hotel accommodation than a canvas tent was rather shaken when I found the 'George Hotel' could make up 80 or 90 beds, and had a large bar, a sitting room, a billiard room, &c., besides a dining room, where we found tables laid for 30.

One more surprise awaited us in our bedrooms, which were provided with toilet apparatus complete, razors excepted. We prefer to provide these things for ourselves in England; but the colonials seemed to approve of the arrangement, as the hair brush already stood in need of a wash, and the tooth brush was dyed pink with the dentifrice of the last guest. The cold bath does not seem to flourish as in England; "bath-room" always figures in large letters on the bills and cards of the hotels: but my experience is that it is an apartment out of repair, or just painted, or unavailable for some reason or another—probably the inhabitants are prejudiced against it on account of the untimely death of a popular Melbourne alderman, caused by an unwise use of a cold bath: a thing so contrary to his usual habits, that he never recovered the shock.

Curious to see what Ballarat was like, we sallied out next day on a voyage of discovery, and found that like all towns in Victoria, the streets ran east, west, north and south. A few doors down the street we passed a group of five banks, all built of a dark blue stone that abounds here. Each building rose to the height of three stories, and in each the words "Gold Office" glittered on the blinds of one or two windows. As may be expected, I know no town in England that could surpass Ballarat in the character of its banks.

About 100 yards further down the street stands the Mechanics' Institute, which we entered. Proceeding down the passage to the reading room, we passed on one side a small lecture room, capable of holding 300 or 400 people; on the other, two rooms for evening classes, which, I was sorry to hear, did not answer well. The reading room, however, was well filled with attentive readers; upstairs is a really fine lecture room, in which, when platform and area are filled, 1000 people can find room.

There are few places of public amusement at Ballarat. A French colony seems to start with a theatre; whilst an English one begins with a warehouse, and follows it up with a church, trusting to the law of supply and demand to provide theatres and other recreations.—At least in Ballarat this expectation has proved a vain hope. I did not visit the theatre or dancing room, but a friend informed me that he was once the sole occupant of the boxes, and had considerable difficulty in hearing the actors on account of the din in the pit; whilst in the dancing saloons, full dress consisted of shirt sleeves, and trousers tied up at the knee.

Leaving the Mechanics' Institute, we pass the intersection

of the two main streets: here is the pedestal on which a monument to the explorer, Wills, is to stand; here also does stand the Ballarat Shop. The front of that shop must be 100 feet at least, and seems to offer for sale everything a man can want for house furnishing or body clothing.

We pass many streets branching off to the right and left, noticing that all of them begin with much show, but fall quickly into the decay of wooden houses and sheds. This convinces us that we are in the "main artery" of traffic, so we follow it on. After walking some distance we came to a place where the ground began to sink a little, and the size of the houses a great deal. Stone houses became the exception instead of the rule, and even the wooden ones dwindled in size, until the front was barely large enough to frame door and office window, on which was written, in seven cases out of ten, the words "share broker," "land-agent," "attorney," &c. This is the most Americanized part of the town; the streets also are a little more irregular, and as you walk under the piazza that is built from each house, little can be seen but the glaring white paint on the opposite house fronts; whilst along the front of the piazza is fixed a huge board with the tenant's name and business in the largest letters of deepest black.

We passed several churches; in some the iron building that first served for a church is converted into a school, and by its comparison with the present larger stone church, which is not without architectural pretensions, gives an idea of the rapid increase of the parish in numbers and wealth.

In these parish schools, which receive government aid, religious differences are ignored; indeed I believe all religious instruction is prohibited. Every one knows how the government has endeavoured to introduce this system into the National schools at home. A strong proof of the impossibility of ignoring the religious difficulty in treating the subject of education is afforded by these schools, for they are as sectarian as in England. For instance, if a school is attached to a Wesleyan chapel, it is filled with Wesleyan children; if to a Roman Catholic chapel, with Papists, &c.

I have previously praised the broad streets of Melbourne, the result of making the roads that pass between the huts of the first settlers of the same magnificent breadth that is so striking in Burke street, or Elizabeth street. The final result is satisfactory: but the intermediate stage of small buildings and small traffic passing through the enormously wide roads of this part of Ballarat is very dreary. The very small houses

on the opposite side of the way seem almost thrown into perspective by the breadth of the street, and to walk across the road seems like crossing a desert. However we contrived to get as far as the Hospital and Benevolent Asylum: the former is a two-storied building, with ten large windows in the front of each story, built in 1856; it is a sign of the surprising growth in wealth of the community, as gold was not discovered until 1851, and Ballarat was by no means the first gold field. As might be expected in a mining district, we found that a large proportion of the cases were casualties from explosions, and other mining accidents. The Benevolent Asylum (our workhouse) is a pretentious building with many pinnacles and oriel windows. It contains 203 inmates: 103 are deserted children; most of the rest are bedridden; considering the length of time this colony has been in existence, I was surprised to find that with hardly an exception these last are from the old country.

As yet the poor of the colony are relieved by voluntary contributions: we should suppose the colony rich enough to do this easily, but it is here generally admitted that paupers are becoming so numerous that voluntary efforts must be supplemented, if not altogether superseded, by government aid.

These buildings formed the limit of my walk; I could now form a more correct idea of Ballarat. Brought into existence originally by the rush for gold, it has outlasted that excitement, and settled down into the great inland mart of the colony—though even now gold mining, gold selling, &c., are the occupations of thousands.

The importance of the agricultural interest may be gathered from the 1864 prize list of the annual show of the Ballarat Agricultural Society, founded in 1858. There are three classes of horses, comprising twenty-eight sections; there are twenty sections in the cattle class, fifteen in the sheep, thirty-one in implements, and thirteen in machinery. To each section two prizes are allotted, and in three cases silver cups of the value of £10 or £15. In the early days of the colony gold was obtained, as is well known, by washing the sand and mud deposited in the beds of rivers whose streams had gradually worn down and carried away the gold dust formed in the quartz. It is generally known that this kind of work was soon exhausted, and explorers naturally turned their attention to getting gold direct from the quartz itself. This is still a principal way of obtaining it; the other plan is on the whole more remunerative and requires rather

less capital. For its discovery the colony is indebted to a common sense application of the simple principles of geology. Ballarat is built in a wide valley between two ranges of hills: one of these is quartz, and in the streams proceeding from it quantities of gold were found: the other range is composed of basaltic rock, and for sometime was not supposed to contain gold. To one explorer however it occurred that in former geological ages this unproductive range must have been quartz also; that the sands of the streams running from this range into the sea, must have been impregnated in like manner with gold dust, and that the waters must have washed away nuggets of gold from the quartz; that the beds of these streams with their golden treasures must still exist under the flood of basalt, which had poured over the range and choked up the streams—so that, if the basalt was pierced through, the streams would be reached and the washings from the beds prove to be rich. At 400 feet below the surface, these results were verified; a rich bed was hit upon, and large quantities of gold obtained. Most of the companies at Ballarat obtain gold in this way; their works are called alluvial.

Only one spot, called Black Hill, is mined for quartz crushing,—Sandhurst being the great centre for this kind of mining.

Our first visit was paid to the Black Hill works.

After a few words with the manager, we walked up the hill side to the tunnel which leads to the excavations. Standing at its entrance we had a capital view of Ballarat: it seemed to extend over a length of nearly two miles, having a breadth never exceeding a quarter of a mile. I was informed that two or three high circular brick towers, conspicuous in different parts of the town, are watch stations for observing the first signs of a fire and giving notice to the fire-engines. As near as I could guess, we walked about seven or eight hundred yards before reaching the scene of operations. Starting from the level we were on, the miners had worked upwards, until to save props, they had broken out to the light, and we found ourselves on the floor of a large pit or excavation some two or three hundred yards square, and averaging a depth of thirty from the surface. A large extent had evidently been worked out and presented nothing but heaps of profitless mullock, much resembling white chalk. Following a train line leading towards a part of the pit sunk deeper than the rest, we came upon a party of miners at work. The white clay which formed the hill, seemed here broken by firmer and darker bands of earth, whilst a

vein of quartz, in some places a pure white, in others stained red, ran down the cutting. Whilst looking about for a few moments, I saw the glitter of gold in the clay; quickly extricating my prize, I set up a shout of triumph, but was disgusted to find I had been deceived by a small fragment of spar, to which a yellowish lustre was imparted by the clay in which it was imbedded. My guide assured me that the clay contained no gold whatever: and although the quartz paid very well for stamping, yet it was useless to expect to see the gold in the rock. We now followed to the mouth of the pit a train of trucks loaded with quartz; here the ore was tilted down a shoot which at once brings it under the hammer of the crushing machine: this consists of sixty hammers, (each 7 cwt.), alternately rising and falling into a closed chest or trough, the front of which is composed of plates of metal, perforated with holes of different sizes: these chests contain mercury to form an amalgam for the gold: the hammers incessantly falling with a crash that shakes the wooden sheds and offices, crush the quartz and send it flying in all directions; the waters and the particles small enough to escape through the perforations fly out and escape, the rest falls back and is thus passed again and again under the hammer until crushed into an impalpable powder, from which all the gold has been drawn by the action of the mercury. The quartz, now reduced to powder, mixes with the water and flows out from the chest down an inclined plane and so escapes; ledges are fixed at different parts of the incline to break the flow of the stream, and the plane is laid with baize to entangle any finer particles that may have escaped. The deposit is collected several times a day, and exposed to the action of mercury; after which it may fairly be concluded very little gold escapes.

In some works the quartz is calcined before being crushed, but this is the only process I have omitted to mention in the foregoing account.

We now proceeded to the Band of Hope alluvial diggings, which lay upon the other side of the town. We drove through a bare plain with nothing but the unsightly sheds of the different workings to relieve the view; each shed was of wood with a great lop-sided tower, also of wood, rising out of the midst. Our guide introduced us to the manager, who asked us to liquor before seeing the works. This is an indispensable preliminary to all colonial business. Thus in the course of our visit, we liquored on this our first introduction; we afterwards drove some miles to another

working where we again liquored; upon our return to the Band of Hope we again liquored; we inspected the works and again liquored, and one of the party told me he had had a private liquor on the sly. A liquor is conducted after this manner: the party walk up to the counter and one says "I shout; What will you take?"—then you ask for brandy and water, sherry, &c. (never for beer) as you feel disposed.

Our guide now took us up a rickety set of steps.

At the top we found ourselves on a raised part of the floor of a long shed with the mouth of the pit a few feet before us, whilst beyond was the machinery for hoisting up the men and ore (if the wet masses of dirty blue sand and pebbles that came up in the buckets can be called ore). The process of cleansing was very summary. The most prominent objects in the large room we were in were three large cisterns like mash tubs; the ore was tipped into these, mixed with water and stirred by harrows drawn round and round by horse power; the lighter sand was carried away and the whole well washed. After a certain time the water is drawn off and the mud scraped out and thrown into a trough or shoot. A strong stream of water is directed down this shoot and carries away the pebbles and much of the sand, the larger pebbles are carried different distances down the trough, whilst the gold immediately sinks to the bottom in consequence of its great specific gravity.

This process is carried on for six hours: by that time the trough is filled with quartz pebbles and white sand, whilst at the top of the shoot a light yellow spot gleams through the water. In this spot is collected nearly the whole result of the work of the mine for the last six hours.

The mass of pebbles is vigorously raked over and over to get rid of all the sand and mud, the water is then turned off, and the contents of the trough shovelled into a pierced iron plate which acts as a sieve to retain all the larger pebbles: little escapes but gold and a metal, called mundick, of nearly the same specific gravity as gold. The mass is now stirred about by a magnet to which any particles of iron &c. adhere, and the remnant is taken to a furnace to be thoroughly dried. We followed to see the final process: in a few minutes the result of six hours mining in the shape of a number of drops of gold about the size of shot reappeared shining in virgin beauty. Even now it is not quite purified: a vessel, like a frying-pan with wide sides and a deep lip going right to the bottom is produced. The metal is shaken in this until the mundick (being of less specific gravity) is collected on the

outside of the mass; from time to time the workman blows out the refuse over the lip of the vessel until nothing but gold is left. The yield is then weighed, registered, sealed up, and taken to the bank. The Band of Hope employed 250 men, and the yield for the day was £400: the largest nugget, in size and shape not unlike the top of a man's little finger, was worth about £20 or £25; the cost of raising the gold was about £250, leaving a very fair profit which enabled the company to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. per mensem. This was an instance of a fair day's work on a successful mine;—we afterwards visited another where all the visible result of the expenditure of £18,000 was a tall engine-house and an unceasing stream of brackish water.

There is not much to be seen by descending into the mine: we met one party who had been exceedingly fortunate, for they had just hit the moment when a rich pocket of gold had been discovered, one of them described the narrow seam which had once been the bed of the river running like a band along the side of the working; and at one particular spot the nuggets stood so thickly clustered together in the clay, that, in the liberality consequent upon the first moments of surprise, the manager scratched them out with the point of a clasp knife and presented one to each of the party.

Round each mine an extensive piece of land is always covered with the sandy refuse from the workings: round its edges are pitched many small gipsy tents, whilst near at hand are crowds of Chinamen hard at work re-washing the refuse. So careless is the process of separating the gold that many of these fellows make a comfortable livelihood out of the gold they get in this way, whilst some are lucky enough to find a prize: still oftener however a poor fellow is found dead in his tent of starvation and hope deferred. Still crowds of Chinese flock to the gold metropolis. One of the most interesting street sights of Melbourne is a number of the fellows just after they have left the emigrant ship; away they go, their bright beady eyes glistening; their tails knotted up round the head; their tongues jabbering in spite of the single file they march in. All their goods are slung in a couple of square lidless boxes hung at the ends of a stout bamboo resting on the right shoulder, and giving to the spring of their motion as they trot along. We now returned to Ballarat, and having left a valuable deposit in gold, in payment of our hotel bill, we returned to Melbourne by the last train.

IN MEMORIAM G. A. P.

He has gone to his grave in the strength of youth,
While life shone bright before him:
And we, who remember his worth and truth,
Stand vainly grieving o'er him.

He has gone to his grave! That manly heart
No more with life is glowing;
And the tears to our eyes unbidden start,
Our sad hearts' overflowing.

I gaze on his rooms as beneath I pace,
And the past again comes o'er me,
For I feel his grasp, and I see his face,
And his voice has a welcome for me.

I gaze on the river, and see once more
His form in the race competing;
And I hear the time of his well-known oar,
And the shouts his triumph greeting.

Flow on, cold river! Our bitter grief
No tear from thy waves can waken:
Thy whisp'ring reed, and thy willow leaf
By no sad sighs are shaken.

Thy banks are thronged by the young and gay,
Who dream not of the morrow;
But thou hast no ear for a mournful lay,
No sympathy with sorrow.

Flow on, dull river! Thy heedless wave,
As it echoes shouts of gladness,
Bears forms as stalwart, and hearts as brave,
As his whom we mourn in sadness.

But an arm more strong, and a heart more bold,
And with purer feelings glowing,
Thy flowing waters shall ne'er behold,
Till time has ceased from flowing.

"Memor."

OUR CHRONICLE.

SINCE the appearance of our last number, death has carried away G. A. Paley, Esq. M.A., of this College.

Those of us who remember his athletic figure, and his genial countenance, will find it hard to believe that we shall see him no more. We believe that his death was caused by Typhus fever. Mr. Paley graduated in 1860 as a Senior Optime. He was well known as an eminent oarsman, in the days when Cambridge boats were generally successful. He rowed as No. 2 in the Lady Margaret 1st boat (1857), when it kept its place at the head of the river: he was bow of a winning Cambridge crew at Henley, in 1858; and he was No. 7 of the crew which sunk at Chiswick in 1859. In the same year he won the Colquhoun Sculls, and was 1st Captain of the L.M.B C.

But we would not speak of him here merely as an eminent oarsman. No man in his day has ever been more loved and respected in this College than George Paley. No one ever heard a harsh or ungenerous word come from his lips; no one ever heard him speak or act in a manner unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian.

High and noble qualities like his ought to be as great a source of pride to a College, as the achievement of the highest intellectual honours; and in these days, when perhaps undue importance is attached to mere intellectual ability, it may be well for us to be reminded that a man may pass his time up here without gaining any very high distinctions, and yet, by the example which he sets, produce a good influence amongst us, and be held in remembrance and honour by all who have known him.

The events of the past Term which call for notice here have been but few. The first which we have to chronicle is the unexpected death of the Master of Trinity. Away from the University, his name was that which was always referred to as the representative one of the place, and his death will leave a gap which will not easily be supplied. The Rev. W. H. Thompson, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, and Canon of Ely, has been nominated by the Crown

as his successor. The vacancy caused in the council of the Senate has been filled up by the election of the Master of Clare College.

A Professorship of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology having been founded by the University, A Newton, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Magdalene College, was elected to the chair by the Electoral Roll; his opponent being Dr. Drosier, M.D., Fellow of Caius College.

A proposal by Mr. H. Y. Thompson, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, to endow a lectureship at the University on American literature and institutions, the lecturer to be appointed by the Senate of Harvard College, near Boston, United States, was submitted to the Senate during the present Term, and was rejected, there being 106 non-placets to 75 placets.

The Rev. E. H. Perowne, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.

We are happy to announce that the Craven Scholarship has been adjudged to Mr. Thomas Moss, of St. John's College.

The new College Chapel is advancing steadily. The roofing of the nave has commenced, and throughout great progress has been made.

In the Mathematical Tripos in January last, the performance of the College was hardly up to the usual average. Mr. Hill was bracketed fifth Wrangler, and there were besides, eight other Wranglers from St. John's.

We omitted to chronicle last term the death of a distinguished member of the College—The Right Hon. Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, the first Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury. In supplying the omission it may be interesting to state that he was the seventh Johnian who had filled that high position, the others having been

1. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
2. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in the reign of King James I.
3. Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, in the reign of George I.
4. Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, under George III.
5. Frederic John Robinson, Viscount Goderich, (afterwards Earl of Ripon), under Georges III. and IV.
6. George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in the reign of Her present Majesty.

The first Classes in the several years in the College Examination, in December last, were composed as under:

THIRD YEAR.

Charnley	Carpmael, E.	Beaumont
Groome	Chaplin	Hope
Blunn	Green	Thornley
Landon	Gwatkin	Sandys
Thorpe, C. E.	Fiddian	Poole, T. G. B.

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer:

Fisher	Alford
Laycock	Tunnicliffe

SECOND YEAR.

Moulton	Laidman	Lloyd
Smales	Marshall, F.	Haslam, S.
Griffith	Watson. A. M.	Sparkes
Watson, F.	Holditch	Lester
Verdon	Obbard	Ellis
Bourne	Wilkins	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer:

Braithwaite	Luck, R.	Almack
Fynes-Clinton	Gannon	Ashe
Brook Smith	Jesson	
Osborne		

FIRST YEAR.

[Arranged in each Class in order of the Boards.]

Routh	Reynolds, C. L.	Hodges
Bennett, J. R. S.	Ibbetson	Eustace
Cassells	Norton	Goodwin
Cochrane	Robinson	Giles
Boutflower	Watkins	Mansfield
Barnes	Squires	Reed
Simpson	Bennett, G. L.	Drake
Hart, W. E. Junr.	Howlett	Elliott
Chamberlain	Pridden	Hodgson
Hallam	Bousfield	Oxland
Benson	Capel	Fitzgerald
Cotterill, H. B.	Griffiths	Smith, G.
Hewison	Preston	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a prize if in the first class at Midsummer:

Mr. Coape	Stokes, G. F.	Betts
Welsby	Ledgard	Steele, R. U.
Cowie	Hey	O'Grady
Carpmael, C.	Adams	Reece, A. D.
Percival	Bakewell	Reece, J. E.
Orr	Gillespie	Macdona
Stoney	Horne	Hill, B.
Lee-Warner	Scott	Vinter
Sykes	Gilderdale	Proud

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

President, E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer, A. Forbes.
Secretary, F. G. Maples.
1st Captain, F. Andrews.
2nd Captain, W. Bonsey.
3rd Captain, A. Low.
4th Captain, J. M. Collard.

The Second Division race began on Wednesday, February 28th. The following is the list of Bumps:

Wednesday, Feb. 28.

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

Thursday, Mar. 1.

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

Friday, Mar. 2.

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

The crews of the 3rd and 4th Boats in the races this term, were composed as follows:

3rd Boat.	*4th Boat.*
1 A. G. Cane	1 H. R.
2 C. W. Bourne	2 E. W. M. Lloyd
3 J. W. Hodgson	3 C. A. Hope
4 W. H. Simpson	4 E. L. Pearson
5 J. Musgrave	5 J. W. Horne
6 S Haslam	6 E. Miller
7 J. Watkins	7 W. H. Green
A. J. Finch (*stroke*)	H. Radcliffe (*stroke*)
A. Q. Bros (*cox*)	R. Bower (*cox*)

The Lady Margaret Scratch fours for the present term were rowed on Wednesday, March 1st. Seven boats entered, and after three bumping races, a time race was rowed between three boats which came in in the following order:—

First.	Second.	Third.
1 J. Toone	1 J. Musgrave	1 A. G. Cane
2 R. Hey	2 H. R. Beor	2 A. M. Watson
3 W. Bonsey	3 W. Almack	3 E. L. Pearson
E. W. M. Lloyd (*st.*)	F. G. Maples (*st.*)	A. Low (*stroke*)
R. K. Prichard (*cx.*)	J. W. Hilton (*cox.*)	A. S. Wilkins (*cox.*)

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the fact that there were five Johnians in the first class of the Classical Tripos this year; of whom four were among the first eight, Mr. W. F. Smith being second. There were also seven in the second class, and five in the third.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 13th.

The winner was Private H. Ashe.

A match was shot against No. 1 Company, at the same time No. 7 Company proving victorious by 28 points.

The Officers' Pewter for the present Term has been won by Private Ashe.

A Challenge Cup for recruits has been presented to No. 2 Company, by Corporal Roe, to be shot for every Term. The first holder is Private J. E. Reece.

The University boat is now in training at Putney, and with more hope of success than for many years past. We are glad to find that our College is represented by two of its members Mr. H. Watney rowing 7 and Mr. A. Forbes being coxswain.

The St. John's College Athletic Sports were held on Monday, February 26th. The following is the list of the races:—

	Winner.	Second.	Distance or Time.
High Jump	R. Fitzherbert		5 ft.
100 Yards	W. O. Boyes	T. W. Brogden	11 sec.
Putting the Weight	W. Charnley	R. Hodges	29 ft.
Hurdle Race, 120 Yards	R. Fitzherbert	R. Hey	19 sec.
Graduates Race, 200 Yards	W. H. H. Hudson	A. F. Torry	22 sec.
Quarter of a mile	W. O. Boyes	D. L. Cowie	59 sec.
Long Jump	R. Fitzherbert		19ft. 3in.
One mile	R. Atkinson	C. Hoare	5 m. 12 s.
Hopping Race, 80 Yards	R. Hey	W. Lee Warner	
Walking Race, 2 miles	G. C. Whiteley	W. Charnley	17m. 30s.
Consolation	E. Braithwaite	G. Csborne	
Strangers' Race quarter-mile, for £20 Cup	Cheetham, Trinity Hall	Gibbs, Jesus	55 sec.

The University Athletic Sports took place on the 3rd, 5th, and 6th of March. The only representative of the College who succeeded in winning a University Prize was Mr. W. Doig, who won the walking race of 7 miles in 62m. 20s.

The inter-University Sports took place at Oxford, on Saturday, March 10th. Oxford was successful in the mile race, in the hurdle, and the 100 yards; Cambridge in the long jump, the high jump, putting the weight, throwing the

hammer, and the quarter-mile race, while the two mile race was undecided, Mr. Long of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. Laing of Oxford, running a dead heat.

The Officers of the Cricket Club for the present season are—

President, Rev. A. F. Torry, M.A.
First Captain, F. A. Souper.
Second Captain, W. Almack.
Secretary, A. C. Skrimshire.
Treasurer, E. W. M. Lloyd.

The following gentlemen have during the present term been unanimously elected members of the Stained Glass Window Committee:

T. Benson.
H. H. Cochrane.
H. B. Cotterill.
T. de C. O'Grady.
W. Lee Warner.

A further list of subscriptions and donations will be given next term.

We are requested to inform those who are about to leave Cambridge, that it will be a great convenience to the Committee, if they will pay their subscriptions before they go down.

The vacancy in the editorial committee of *The Eagle*, at the commencement of the present term, for which there were three candidates, was filled up by the election of Mr. T. Moss.