# CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

THE author of *Modern Painters*, in a well-known chapter on the "pathetic fallacy," quotes "Casimir Delavigne's terrible ballad *La Toilette de Constance*" as an instance of that truth of poetry which is only carried away to the statement of what is unreal by the influence of strong emotion. He adds the following comment upon it. "The reader will find that there is not from beginning to end of it, a single poetical (so called) expression, except in one stanza. The girl speaks as simple prose as may be; there is not a word she would not actually have used when dressing. The poet stands by, impassive as a statue, recording her words just as they come. At last the doom seizes her, and in the very presence of death, for an instant, his own emotions conquer him. He records no longer the facts only, but the facts as they seem to him. The fire gnaws *with voluptuousness, without pity.* It is soon past. The fate is fixed for ever; and he retires into his pale and crystalline atmosphere of truth. He closes all with the calm veracity,

"They said 'Poor Constance.'"

This was my first introduction to Casimir Delavigne's poetry, and a further acquaintance with it has only confirmed the impression which this extract produced. Mr. Ruskin's words might very well be taken as descriptive of the character not only of this particular ballad, but of his non-dramatic poetry generally. It is marked by the same severe simplicity, the same powerful pathos of circumstance rather than of language, the same absence of appeal to a morbid imagination. But I am rushing somewhat abruptly "in medias res": the question may not unnaturally be asked, who is or was Casimir Delavigne?

He was the son of a Havre merchant, and was born on the 4th of April, 1793. His childhood appears to have shown little promise of the power which he was afterwards

to display. At the age of ten he was sent to school in Paris, under the care of an elder brother. His talent for verse first showed itself in his translations from Latin, and attracted the notice of his uncle at whose house in Paris his holidays were spent. Some of his early attempts were shown to Andrieux, then professor of Belles Lettres, and in some measure autocrat of the literary world. "They are not bad" was his remark upon them—"but he had better go on with his law studies." This was in 1810 when Delavigne was attending the rhetoric classes, as a preparation for the bar. In the following year the king of Rome was born, and the event to which so many looked forward with expectancy gave fresh inspiration to the young poet's muse, and extorted from the veteran critic a more favorable judgement. "This is different," he said, "we must not torment him any more; I see he *must* write." But this youthful effort bore other fruits perhaps more important at the time, for it won for its author the kindly patronage of the count Français, and an appointment under him (apparently a sinecure) in the department of the revenue.

Among his fellow students and the youth of his native place he appears to have been a great favorite, whether for his personal or for his intellectual qualities does not appear. But their affection or esteem for him was shown about this time in a very striking manner. Like the rest of them he was liable to the conscription, and though his health was but delicate, yet nothing but some well authenticated infirmity would exempt him from service, and this plea for exemption must be attested by the other conscripts of his class. The plea put in by Delavigne was that of deafness (from which he suffered in his early years) and all his young comrades eagerly signed his certificate, though each knew that he might be the one called on to fill the vacant place. Such an act of noble generosity is an equal honour to both parties concerned.

We have little trace of the poet's work during the next three years except in some unsuccessful prize-poems. One of these, on the discovery of vaccination, is somewhat of a literary curiosity, as containing the metrical results of studies in vaccination under the direction of an eminent doctor at Paris.* Though the too didactic tone of the poem

* The following is a specimen:

Le remède nouveau dort longtemps inactif.
Le quatrième jour a commencé d'éclore,



prevented its obtaining the prize, it gained a special honorable mention. We may be sure however that the time was not wasted by him, for when his golden opportunity did at last come, he rose at once to the highest place and was hailed as the national poet of France. When he gave to the world the first of his *Messéniennes*, a threnody on the vanquished at Waterloo, he struck a chord which vibrated more or less in every Frenchman's heart, whether he were Imperialist or Bourbonist. It is no drawback to his merit that the effect was so far intensified by the national feeling of the time. No higher success could a poet desire than that of giving clear and vigorous expression to thoughts and feelings which all share, but none but himself are able to clothe in words. This first *Messénienne* was followed by two others, and 21,000 copies of them were sold in the first year. I shall have more to say of them presently.

Meanwhile the downfall of the empire deprived Delavigne of his only settled means of subsistence,* and he began to think of literature more seriously as a profession which was to support him. A poet in France seems naturally to look to the theatre as the scene and occasion of his highest efforts. I know few instances in the present century of poets who have made themselves a name without working particular field. It would be interesting to inquire into the causes of this. Is it from a feeling that the language with all its clearness is somewhat wanting in the rhythmical capabilities which are necessary for lyrical composition, or from a sense that the dramatic faculty is the highest which a poet can possess, a sense which in England produces dramatic poems and dramatic lyrics but no dramas? Or is it rather on our side that the singularity lies, that our poets in their pride of vocation refuse to submit to the trammels which surround a writer for the stage, unless he wishes to throw up all chance of success. Be the cause what it may,

Et la chair par dégrés se gonfle et se colore:
La tumeur en croissant de pourpre se revêt,
S'arrondit à la base et se creuse au sommet.
Un cercle plus vermeil de ses feux l'environne;
D'une écaille d'argent l'épaisseur la couronne.
Plus mûre, elle est dorée; elle s'ouvre et soudain
Délivre la liqueur captivée dans son sein.

* M. Pasquier however created for him the office of librarian to the Chancellerie, (where there was as yet no library), as a reward for the Messénienne.

the fact accounts in some degree for the acknowledged superiority of the French stage in the works which it produces.*

Casimir's first effort was the *Vêpres Siciliennes* which was refused by the Théâtre Français. He corrected its more glaring faults, but it was again refused. It was however accepted afterwards by the company of the Odéon, and was produced on the 23rd of October, 1819, at the reopening of that theatre, which had been burnt down in the previous year. It was a thorough success, and from this time Delavigne was engaged mainly on dramatic composition. *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* was followed by a comedy, *les Comédiens*, written under the irritation of the refusal at the Théâtre Français. It was not originally intended for representation, but as the work advanced it assumed more important dimensions and was produced on the stage of the Odéon with fair success. On the 1st of December, 1821, was produced at the same theatre a second tragedy, *Le Paria*, the idea of which was suggested by de Maistre's well-known tale *Le Lepreux d'Aoste.* The lyrical passages in this play are considered by French critics to be the poet's finest productions. But I propose in this paper to speak only of his *Poésies*, and shall therefore pass over his dramatic works with but little remark.

Twice an unsuccessful candidate for a chair at the Academy, he won his election on a third trial by the success of a comedy written as a token of reconciliation with the company of the Theatre Français and produced by them, the principal parts being taken by Talma and Mdlle. Mars. It was called *l'Ecole des Vieillards*, and is still a popular play on the French stage. At the same time a pension was offered him by the government, but being suspicious of the tendencies of the men in power and of their intention to deprive France of the liberties which she still enjoyed, he firmly but respectfully declined it. He was already librarian at the Palais Royal, the residence of the duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, whose friendship he had won by his talents.

But this constant work began to prey upon the poet's of the individual mind from the trammels which the literary

* Since writing the above I have met with the following strong corroboration in one of M. Sainte Beuve's *Portraits Littéraires:* "C'est au théâtre principalement, c'est là comme à leur rendez-vous naturel et à leur champ de bataille décisif, que visent les plus nobles ambitions poétiques."



health, and by the doctor's orders he went to spend a year in Italy (in 1826 or 1827.) To this journey we owe some of the most exquisite of his smaller poems, and during it he met with the lady who afterwards (in 1830) became his wife. He returned to Paris with health considerably restored, and resumed his work. The revolution of July produced the last of the *Messéniennes* and a national song, with a good deal of vigour about it, *la Parisienne.* The next ten years witnessed the production of *la Princesse Aurélie, Marino Faliero, Louis XI., les Enfants d'Edouard, Don Juan d'Autriche, Une famille au temps de Luther, la Popularité, la Fille du Cid, le Conseiller rapporteur, Charles VI.* But his health was gradually breaking up, and in December, 1843, he left Paris to try a warmer climate for the winter as his last hope. He got as far as Lyons, but there death overtook him. He died on the 11th of December.

It is not my purpose to enter here upon the history of the conflict which divided literary circles in France during the first twenty years of the Restoration. Such a topic would require a far more intimate knowledge with French literature than I can lay claim to. I may return to the subject at some future time. But it would be vain to attempt to understand the works of any writer of that period without some reference to the war between the Classical and Romantic Schools. The history of the French Revolution will not be complete, many as are the works which it has already produced, till some historian of wide sympathies and comprehensive grasp has told the story of the social changes, and the revolution of thought, which were wrought out in the interval between the Restoration and the Three days, and which form its legitimate complement. That Revolution had been the protest of a maddened nation against the idea that a thing is good because it is old; its excesses were the expression of their undistinguishing inference, that because a thing is old it is bad. Its work had been checked before its completion, first by the despotism of Napoleon which was perhaps not inconsistent with the developement of some of its best fruits, and secondly by the more reactionary influence of the Restoration. But, however foreign arms, and a jealous government might check its political demonstration, the spirit of the revolution still remained. The thinking minds of France could not escape its influence; and from various causes the thinking minds of France were at this time more than ever directed to literary work. So liberalism appeared in a new form, asserting the liberty

monarchs of the past had forged for it. Throwing off the servile garb of conventionality and of classic rule, which it had so long worn, it dared at last to stand forth in its naked reality of beauty or ugliness. The Romantic School has no doubt produced many extravagances, whether on the side of sensualism or on that of sentimentality, but there can be little doubt that it was the means of a healthy change in literature. It was so in England, and how different was the case here. The style of Pope and Johnson is not the traditional style of English classics; but Corneille and Voltaire were the models of French writing. And the reaction against them was an assertion of the liberty not only of writing but of thought: the liberty to write and to think, not as an Athenian of the age of Pericles, but as a Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

M. Delavigne is perhaps the latest disciple of the Classical School. His mind was strongly influenced by classic models; indeed his earliest efforts were bare imitations of the antique. *Les Troyennes, Danaé, Antigone et Ismène, Hymne à Vénus,* are titles which fix the character of the poems to which they belong. His later dramatic works, however, are said to shew the influence of the Romantic School, and its growing popularity, on one who, whilst adhering from principle to the old methods, was not blind to the advantages of a more sympathetic realism. But in his lyrical poems this feature is not so strongly marked. The *Messéniennes,* which are also his earlier productions, bear far more trace of it than the later ballads published after his death. The second book indeed breathes it strongly forth. *Parthénope et l'Etrangère, Tyrtée aux Grecs, Aux Ruines de la Grèce Païenne,* are all more or less marred by their classic colouring, and whatever their secondary bearing on France and its history, fail entirely of producing the strong feeling which the earlier odes of the first book might well call forth. I may take the first of these to illustrate my meaning.

The year 1820 witnessed a general ferment all over Europe. The influence of the Carbonari had forced the sovereigns of Piedmont and Naples to grant a constitution to their people—but the congress of Laybach, after declaring in the most absolute manner the illegality of constitutions obtained by agitation or revolt, refused to acknowledge the constitutional government established at Naples. Early in 1821, an Austrian army marched into Italy, and having defeated a division of the Neapolitan forces at Rieti, entered the city without opposition towards the end of March. To



this the *Messénienne* refers. Liberty seeks a refuge in Naples from the pursuit of kings, and the city opens its gates to her. The poet calls upon her to give the goddess welcome,

C'est la décsse
Pour qui mourut Léonidas.
Sa tête a dédaigné les ornements futiles;
Les siens sont quelques fleurs qui semblent s'entr'ouvrir;
Le sang les fit éclore au pied des Thermopyles:
Deux mille ans n'ont pu les flétrir.

This is very pretty no doubt, but why appeal to the Neapolitans of the nineteenth century by the memory of Thermopylæ? So again, shortly afterwards, the memory of Arminius is invoked to shame the Germans who are striving to oppress her who once marched in their ranks. The goddess calls on all Italy to rise, and at her voice the whole people begin to stir, and as they leave Naples cry with one voice:

Assis sous ton laurier que nous courons défendre,
Virgile, prends ta lyre et chante nos exploits
Jamais un oppresseur ne foulera ta cendre.

Naples to him is not a modern city busied with questions of parliaments and constitutions, but an appendage to Virgil's tomb, by the site of which its people eat and drink and play.

Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille,
Le Germain triomphant s'énivrait avec eux
Au pied du laurier de Virgile.

I cannot help quoting the conclusion of the Ode: the last line, I think, is perfect.

Adieu! dit elle
Je pars.—Quoi! pour toujours?—On m'attend.—Dans quel lieu?
En Grèce. .....
.....Là comme sur mes rives,
On peut céder au nombre.—Oui, mais on meurt.* Adieu.

There is one very striking instance in the later poems of the same vicious interpolation of classical allusions. In a poem of some length called *Le Prêtre,* there is a canto headed *Le dernier jour du Carnaval.* It is a vigorous piece of description, but is entirely unconnected with the action of the poem, which it interrupts in a most unsatisfactory manner. Its sole point is the contrast between the triumphs of an Æmilius or an Octavian, and that of Polichinelle.

* There as on my shores man may yield to numbers. Yes! but there is such a thing as dying.

It is interesting to compare the effects of this love for the antique upon two minds so dissimilar as those of Courier and Delavigne. Of the former I have already spoken: in the writings of the latter it can be traced, even where it is not so prominently asserted as in the passage referred to above, especially in the choice of subjects. The Romanticist, by his very principles, was to direct the age by identifying himself with all the feelings of the age. He could not withdraw himself from the world without losing somewhat of his hold upon it. Delavigne's weak health conspired with his own tastes to make him avoid publicity, and cling to the privacy of his own home. And with the exception of some of the *Messéniennes* and *la Parisienne*, the subjects of his poems are those which appeal to the deep sympathies of humanity rather than to any special and individual feelings. We may possibly trace to the same source a certain mournfulness of tone which pervades his writings.* Gloom it can hardly be called, but rather a tender melancholy. "The time is out of joint"; the system in which he has been trained, and which he has obeyed with loyal admiration, is giving place to innovations, unheard of before. Look at the subjects of his plays:—the *Pariah*, the *Sicilian Vespers*, the *Young Princes in the Tower*; or look again at the subjects of his ballads: the *Soul in Purgatory*, *Constance's Toilet*, the *Conclave*: they all bear the same impress of a mind which sees, not morbidly, though perhaps in excess, the more sombre hues of human life.

I have said already that M. Delavigne's lyrical poems are distinguished by the pathos of circumstance
language. He feels that pathos too keenly to seek to paint it in words, assured that the simple narrative of that which has so deeply moved his own heart, will touch a chord in every heart not dead to human sympathies, and draw from it truer music than any mere echo of his own emotion. Not that he neglects the artistic arrangement of his subject, but still it is the arrangement of circumstance rather than of words. This characteristic is worth illustrating.

*La Toilette de Constance* is a story of a girl who is dressing for a ball. She has just completed her toilet, and turns to her mirror to judge of its effect. A spark from the fire falls on her dress, and she is burnt to death. See how the poet tells the story:

* See Mr. Mill's Essay on "Alfred de Vigny," *Dissertations*, vol. I.



Vite, Anna! vite, au miroir!
Plus vite, Anna! l'heure avance,
Et je vais au bal ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.
Y pensez-vous? ils sont fanés, ces nœuds;
Ils sont d'hier; mon Dieu! comme tout passe!
Que du réseau qui retient mes cheveux
Les glands d'azur retombent avec grace.
Plus haut! plus bas! Vous ne comprenez rien.
Que sur mon front ce saphir étincelle.
Vous me piquez—maladroite! Ah! c'est bien,
Bien! chère Anna! je t'aime; je suis belle.
.....
Celui qu'en vain je voudrais oublier...
Anna, ma robe!.....il y sera, j'espère.*

What so-called poetical words could paint so exquisitely the *coquetterie* of the young girl of eighteen, in the pride of youth and beauty, just waking to the tenderness of a first love? And note how the catastrophe of the piece is hinted at with an almost Sophoclean irony in the *Mon Dieu! que tout passe.* The soft dream is further developed in the following stanzas, a dream of the admiration of the many, and the love of the one:

Vite! Il brûle de me voir
Prends pitié de sa souffrance,
Vite Anna! je vais ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.†

The cardinal, her uncle, is waiting for her, and she turns to the glass

Vite! un coup d'œil au miroir
Le dernier! j'ai l'assurance
Qu'on va m'adorer ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.

* Quick Anna! quick, to the glass. Quicker! Anna, it is getting late, and I am to go to the ball to-night at the French ambassador's. What are you thinking of? they are soiled—those ribbons—they are yesterday's: good heavens! how everything fades. See that the blue drops of my hair-net fall gracefully. Higher! lower! How stupid you are to-night! Let this sapphire sparkle on my forehead. You are pricking me, clumsy girl! Ah, that will do—that is very well, dear Anna—I love you. I am fair. He whom I try in vain to forget—Anna, my dress!—he will be there I hope.....

† Quick! He is burning to see me—have pity on his suspense.

Près du foyer, Constance s'admirait;
Dieu! sur sa robe il vole une étincelle.
Au feu! courez.....Quand l'espoir l'énivrait,
Tout perdre ainsi! Quoi, mourir! et si belle!
L'horrible feu ronge avec volupté
Ses bras, son sein, et l'entoure, et s'élève,
Et, sans pitié, dévore sa beauté,
Ses dix-huit ans, hélas! et son doux rêve.
Adieu bal, plaisir, amour!
On se dit: Pauvre Constance,
Et l'on dansa jnsqu'au jour
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.*

Ses dix-huit ans. Yes! "Ils sont d'hier; comme tout passe."

Take another example—*La Grotte du Chien.* The poet has been visiting the famous Grotta del Cane, near Naples. "The grotto is continually exhaling from its sides and floor volumes of vapour mixed
latter from its greater specific gravity accumulates at the bottom; the upper part is free from it." This fact is generally shown to visitors by plunging a dog into the midst of the gas. "It has been asserted that the dog upon whom this *sic sine morte mori* experiment is usually performed, is so accustomed to die that he has become indifferent to his fate." Now see how M. Delavigne enters his protest against these repeated acts of cruelty. To tell the story in all its horror he feels to be far more effective than any amount of declamation and invective. The ballad opens with the same delicate εἰρωνεία:

Et le chien tantôt se dresse,
Tantôt se couche à demi;
Puis doucement le caresse,
*Car un maître est un ami.*

The dog runs before the guide to the entrance of the cave,

* Quick! One look in the glass—the very last! I am sure they will adore me to-night at the French ambassador's.

By the hearth, Constance was admiring herself. Good God! there flies a spark upon her dress. Fire! run! In the intoxication of hope thus to lose all! What! die! and so fair! The horrible fire gnaws with voluptuous delight her arms and her bosom, and clasps her round and rises still, and without pity devours her beauty, her eighteen years, alas! and her sweet dream.

Good bye ball, pleasure, love! They said, Poor Constance, and they went on dancing till daylight at the French ambassador's.



but coming in his master's way he gets a blow from his stick, which changes the bark of joy into one of pain:

Et sous la main qui le blesse
Le chien se couche à demi;
Puis pour la lécher se dresse,
Car un maître est un ami.*

The action of this stanza is a delicate prelude to the second which describes the agonies of the poor brute, plunged into the cave and his tardy recovery. "How I love him," says the guide, "my good old comrade—before one o'clock he'll begin again."

Et le chien qui de faiblesse
N'ouvre les yeux qu' à demi,
Des yeux pourtant le caresse
Car un maître est un ami.

The traveller throws his carlini into the man's hat, and goes his way, when

Soudain Nicolino nous arrête en chemin;
Humble, la voix dolente, et nous tendant la main:
"Une piastre! dit il, le voilà plein de vie
Assez fort pour lutter et pour longtemps souffrir;
Voulez-vous, mes seigneurs, vous en passer l'envie?
Une piastre de plus, je le ferai mourir."†
Et le vieux chien qu'il caresse
D'un doux transport a frémi;
Puis pour le lécher se dresse
Car un maître est un ami.

It is wonderful what powerful effects are obtained by this varied burthen or refrain. Almost all Delavigne's ballads are marked by it, and in some of his longer poems it is introduced in a very telling manner. A striking instance is *L'Ame du Purgatoire*, which may be referred to as another example of the simple pathos of which I have spoken.

All these ballads shew more or less dramatic power: but this is perhaps more fully developed in the longer poems

* And under the hand that hurts him, the dog half crouches, and then rises on his hind-legs to lick it—for a master is a friend.

† Suddenly Nicolino stops us on our way; humble, with whining voice, holding out his hand: "A piastre" he says. "You see he is full of life—strong enough to struggle and suffer for long—or gentlemen if you do not wish for that—a piastre more and I will kill him off.

which are included in the *Derniers Chants.* These indeed may be called short dramas in tableaux, each canto representing some marked stage in the action. They are four in number: *un Prêtre, Memmo, Un Miracle,* and *la Balterine.* The last is unfinished, but the two existing cantos show a great deal of the true dramatic element. *Un Prêtre* is too long for any detailed criticism, nor is the subject a very pleasant one. *Memmo* may perhaps be taken as the type of this kind of poem. The scene is laid at Terracina. Memmo is a goatherd passionately in love with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Each day he climbs a rock, from which he can see her home, and there pours out his passion. The burden

Je t'aime, Adda, je meurs pour toi;
N'auras tu pas pitié de moi?

is in itself a resumé of the first canto.

He declares his resolution to cast aside his timidity, and unawares to surprise her with his caresses, in the hope to humble her proud spirit, and to turn his own love into hate.

Et te dire le lendemain:
Adda ce n'est plus vous que j'aime!

The second canto contains Adda's reply to his wooing,—

Va, chevrier, dans les campagnes
Chanter de buissons en buissons;
Jamais fille de nos montagnes
Ne se donna pour des chansons.

Her father has been a brigand, and has perished by the hands of the law: but Memmo has never shown the bravery of the outlaw.

Mes lèvres tremblaient de colère
Quand je te contai, l'autre jour
Comment ils ont tué mon père
Et toi tu m'as parlé d'amour!

She does not dislike him—indeed when she found herself in his arms she could almost have loved him for his boldness, but she will be none but a bold outlaw's bride.

Le ciel est noir, la nuit profonde;
Ecoute et comprends, si tu veux;
Les trois soldats, qui font la ronde,
Vont passer dans le chemin creux.
Adieu, si la terreur te glace!
A revoir si tu suis leurs pas!



Qu'un des trois reste sur la place,
Demain je ne te dirai pas:
Va, chevrier, etc.*

The third canto is headed *le Présages*: it is a good instance of the effective refrain—nothing could give a better impression of restlessness and fearful foreboding. I must quote here more at length:

Adda berçait son enfant dans ses bras
Et Memmo ne revenait pas.

—Mère, entre Rome et Terracine
Que fait mon père, chaque nuit?
L'air des marais tue à minuit,
Et sur la route on assassine.
Mon Dieu! quand donc viendra le jour?
Mère, prions: j'ai peur, ma mère!
—Dors, cher petit; dors, mon amour,
Et sois brave comme ton père!

—Dans les grands pins le vent murmure
Comme la nuit de Saint-Médard.
Quelle nuit! il revint si tard!
Elle saignait tant sa blessure!
Mon Dieu quand donc viendra le jour?
Mère, prions: j'ai peur, ma mère!
—Dors, cher petit: dors, mon amour
Et sois brave comme ton père!
* * * *
On a tiré sur la colline
Trois coups dans l'ombre ont retenti,
D'où vient qu'au second j'ai senti
Passer du froid dans ma poitrine?
Mon Dieu, quand donc viendra le jour?
Mère, prions: j'ai peur, ma mère!
—Dors, cher petit; dors, mon amour
Et sois brave comme ton père.

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* Go shepherd to the plain and sing from bush to bush, for never daughter of our mountains gave herself for a song.

My lips trembled with passion, when I told you, the other day, how they killed my father—and you, you spoke to me of love.

The heavens are black and the night is dark—listen and understand if you will. The three soldiers on guard will pass along the lane in the hollow. If fear numbs your hand, farewell for ever—to our next meeting if you follow their steps! If one of the three is left on the ground I will not say to-morrow—Go shepherd, &c.

C'est le cri d'un homme en détresse!
Ecoute, écoute! Ils le tûront.
J'ai peur: écarte de mon front
Ce bras glacé qui me caresse!
Mon Dieu! quand donc viendra le jour?
Mère, prions: j'ai peur, ma mère!
—Dors, cher petit; dors, mon amour
Et sois brave comme ton père.

Le pauvre enfant s'endormit dans ses bras;
Pourtant Memmo ne revint pas.*

How delicately the mother's own chilling apprehensions are expressed in those two words *bras glacé*, and the truth of these mournful forebodings by the change from the *revenait* of the opening couplet to the *revint* of the close.

The fourth canto tells of the bandit's death. A monk is stopped by his troop and forced to act as his confessor. In the same breath he bequeaths his gun to his mate, "pour rejouir ma cendre," that is, according to previous instructions to kill "ce Gaetan qui m'est venu surprendre," and his soul to God. This combination of crime and superstition is well portrayed in the following stanza:

Adda, ma veuve, il te faut un soutien:
Choisis un brave; et, tous deux, aimez bien
Ce pauvre enfant qui me regarde et pleure.
Ainsi que moi, prends soin qu'il vive et meure
En bon chrétien.

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* Adda was nursing her child in her arms and no signs of Memmo's return.

Mother, what does my father do every night between Rome and Terracina—the air of the marshes is deadly at night, and on the road there are murderers about. Good Heavens! when will the day come? Mother, let us pray. I am frightened, mother. Sleep, darling! sleep, my love, and be as brave as your father.

The wind is moaning in the tall pines as on S. Medard's night. What a night that was! He came back so late, and his wound did so bleed.

There was a gun fired on the hill! Three shots I heard in the dark—how is it that at that very moment I felt a chill pass over my chest?

It is the cry of a man in distress. Listen! listen! They will murder him—I am frightened—take from my forehead that icy arm that is caressing me.

The poor child fell asleep in her arms: yet Memmo never returned.



Treize ans venus, qu'au maître-autel du temple
Il communie; et dès le lendemain
Tu lui diras: "Ton père te contemple;
Ici sa tombe, et là le grand chemin:
Suis son exemple.*

I had intended to give an analysis of *un Miracle*, but I have quoted so largely from *Memmo* that I refrain. But I must refer to it in illustration of another side of its author's character. It is not only as a dramatic poet that he is great: in inventive imagination he equally excels. For grandeur of conception, as well as beauty of description I have read few poems which surpass *les Limbes*, the second canto of *un Miracle*. While M. Delavigne was in Italy he "had seen a dead child laid out in its holiday dress, at the moment that its young brother in his simple ignorance came to the bedside and held out to it some pretty plaything." The poet was touched at the sight, and took from it the idea of this poem. A fond mother, left a widow with one only child, comes from Venice to Florence. She has sworn by her husband's memory that the child shall be baptized nowhere but in S. Mark's. She puts off her return home from time to time, such are the attractions of Florence, till her child dies in her absence unbaptized. The Virgin hears her agonising prayer, and her child is restored to her. On her return from the shrine, at which she has offered her richest treasures, she finds the child in her coffin:

Léa, qu'elle pleurait, Léa, morte la veille,
Jouait dans son linceul souriante et vermeille
Léa, plus belle encor de ses fraîches couleurs
Sous les plis de ce blanc suaire,
Ouvrit ses petits bras et lui tendit les fleurs
De sa couronne mortuaire.†

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* Adda, my widow, you need a support; choose a brave man, and, both of you, love this poor child who looks at me and weeps—and take care that he lives and dies a good Christian like me. In thirteen years let him go to communion at the high altar of the Church, and the day after, you will say to him, Your father's eyes are on you—here is his tomb, there the highway. Follow his example.

† Leah, for whom she was weeping, who was dead but yesternight, was playing in her coffin, with a smile on her rosy cheek. Leah more beautiful than ever with her fresh colour under the folds of that white shroud, opened her little arms and held out to her the flowers of her funeral garland.

The second canto to which I have referred is a description of *Limbo*, the place assigned to children who die unbaptized. My last quotations must be from this:

Comme un vain rêve du matin,
Un parfum vague, un trait lointain,
C'est je ne sais quoi d'incertain
Que cet empire;
Lieux qu'à peine vient éclairer
Un jour qui, sans rien colorer,
A chaque instant près d'expirer
Jamais n'expire.

Partout cette demi-clarté
Dont la morne tranquillité
Suit un crepuscule d'été,
Ou de l'aurore
Fait pressentir que le retour
Va poindre au celeste sejour,
Quand la nuit n'est plus, quand le jour
N'est pas encore!

Ce ciel terne, où manque un soleil,
N'est jamais bleu, jamais vermeil;
Jamais brise, dans ce sommeil
De la nature,
N'agita d'un frémissement
La torpeur de ce lac dormant,
Dont l'eau n'a point de mouvement
Point de murmure.

* * * *

Le calme d'un vague loisir
Sans regret comme sans désir
Sans peine comme sans plaisir,
C'est là leur joie.

Là ni veille ni lendemain!
Ils n'ont sur un bonheur prochain,
Sur celui qu'on rappelle en vain
Rien à se dire.
Leurs sanglots ne troublent jamais
De l'air l'inaltérable paix;
Mais aussi leur rire jamais
N'est qu'un sourire.

Sur leurs doux traits que de pâleur!
Adieu cette fraîche couleur
Qui de baiser leur joue en fleur
Donnait l'envie!



De leurs yeux, qui charment d'abord,
Mais dont aucun éclair ne sort,
Le morne éclat n'est pas la mort,
N'est pas la vie.*

In these remarks I have referred chiefly to M. Delavigne's later works. I have done so, not from any disposition to undervalue the *Messéniennes*, nor from any national prejudices, but because the latter are local in their character, and appeal to the French nation of a particular time, while the former belong to that poetry which is not for an age, but for all time. The *Messéniennes* are historically invaluable; they give a deeper insight into the feelings of a great nation, at a very critical period in its career, than any amount of bare narration can give. And to English readers, too, they ought to have a special interest. In our self-satisfied pride, our fancied superior magnanimity, we look upon the French hatred of England, a feeling which I fear is far from being extinct, as a mere sore of wounded vanity. We say they have not forgiven us our victory at Waterloo. But what are the facts of the case? If wounded pride were all, why did not Wellington's victories in the Peninsula excite an equally strong feeling? But it was more than this. It was the occupation of their capital, and the continued occupation

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* Like an empty morning dream, a doubtful perfume, a distant voice—something—I know not what—undefined—is this realm—haunts scarce lighted by a day that gives no colour—that, every moment close on death, never dies.

Everywhere that half light whose dull calm follows a summer sunset or gives warning that returning dawn will soon burst forth in the heavens—when night is gone and day is not yet come.

This dull sky, without a sun, is never blue, or rosy-hued; never did breeze, in this sleep of nature, move with a single ripple the sluggishness of this slumbering lake—whose waters have neither motion nor sound.

The calm of an unsettled rest—without regrets and without longings—without pain, but without pleasure—such is their joy.

There is neither yestreen nor morrow—nought have they to say of a coming happiness—nor of vain memories of the past—their sobs never trouble the changeless silence of the air—but withal their laugh is never more than a smile.

What a pallor on their sweet faces—farewell to that fresh colour which made one long to kiss their blooming cheek—the dull brilliancy of their eyes, which charm at first, but from which no flash comes—is not death—but it is not life.

of their country by the troops of the Holy Alliance. It was the fact that we thwarted all their struggles for liberty, that we forced upon them a king for whom they had little or no liking, that we undid as far as we could, the work for which, during the past twenty-five years, so much blood had been spilt. What wonder then, that

aimer la France alors
C'était détester l'Angleterre!

Who of us would not feel an equal hatred of any invader of *our* homes?

The *Messéniennes* are the passionate expression of this feeling, and as I have said before, their success only shews how thoroughly they represented the national temper of the time. Whether it be to lament the victims of Waterloo, or to protest against the so-called pillage (!) of the Louvre galleries, (which only restored to their rightful owners the works of art, which the French armies had carried off from different parts of Europe), or to enforce the duty of sinking party strife in common devotion to a common country, it is the same patriotic spirit which speaks. Now the poet refers to their past history, and shows from the story of Joan of Arc how internal dissension betrays the land into the hand of foreigners, now by the example of struggling nationalities in other parts of Europe, Italy, Naples, and especially Greece, he tries to keep alive in France the flame of liberty. Naturally enough when 1830 came, and its Three days, it was to him that the people looked as the poet of their independence, and *la Parisienne* was at once in every mouth. English sympathy with the July revolution, and the happiness of successful effort, covered over for a while the old hate: but the series ends with a fiercer expression of it than ever. *Le Retour* was written when Napoleon's ashes were brought from St. Helena to Paris. It closes with the strong declaration

Mais que sera pour nous l'amitié Britannique?
Entre les deux pays, séparés désormais,
Le temps peut renouer un lien politique;
Un lien d'amitié, jamais!

Let us hope that the prophecy may not be a true one. Let us seek by all in our power to disprove it. Let us not be ashamed to confess our own faults, and our own want of consideration for feelings, and for movements which we do not understand, and we may be sure that candour will be



met by candour, and when the mistakes of the past are cleared away, we may hope for a reconciliation which shall not only cicatrise, but heal old sores.

I have been liberal in my quotations, but I have not yet quoted any whole poem. Let me try in conclusion to give some idea of the effect of an entire work by a translation of the ballad *L'Ame du Purgatoire*, to which I have more than once referred. The translation is a literal one, and I have done my best to preserve the metre and rhythm of the original. The scenes are in Venice.

In the midst of my griefs and my fears
I come from the city of tears,
One prayer from your lips to move:
You said as you bent o'er my head,
If I live, I will pray for thee, dead.
Were not these your last words, my love?
Alas! Alas!
Since I parted from your embrace
Not a prayer have I heard from above.
Alas! Alas!
I list—but my love never prays.

"May thy soul on the Lido stray
To witness my tears!" you would say,
And fearless it took its flight.
On the cold stone over my head
The heavens their sad teardrops shed,
But your eyes still are bright.
Alas! Alas!
Might your grief but disarm His might,
God's, who saw me in your embrace!
Alone, alas!
*I* weep—my love never prays.

What torments in this dark abyss,
The price of our rapturous bliss,
In bitterest anguish I pay.
The days have nor morning nor eve,
No lengthening shadows relieve
The despair of this endless day.
Alas! Alas!
In vain in this dreary place
With arms uplifted I stay.
Alas! Alas!
I wait—but my love never prays.

When the sinful deed was done
One single regret might atone
To the God whom I so much dread.
Twice ready my sin to repent
I heard (surely to warn me 'twas sent)
Stern death's invisible tread.
Alas! Alas!
You were happy in my embrace,
And all thought of repentance fled.
Alas! Alas!
I suffer—my love never prays.

You remember dark Brenta's ford,
Where oft we our gondola moored,
With the morning alone to remove.
The tree that its shelter bestowed,
The flowers that their heads gently bowed,
As you told me the tale of your love.
Alas! Alas!
Death caught me in your embrace,
Your kisses still hot on my face.
Alas! Alas!
I burn—but my love never prays.

Give me back those fresh jessamine bowers,
Where your hand spread a pillow of flowers
For my fevered head to rest.
Give me back that lilac-bloom,
Whose dewdrops and sweet perfume
My burning lips refresht.
Alas! Alas!
Let me feel the cool dews on my face,
In your arms once more tenderly prest.
Alas! Alas!
I thirst—but my love never prays.

In your gondola now you rejoice
In another's soft loving voice,
Whom my portrait must surely displease—
For in jealous spite she has cast
To the waves that sweet pledge of the past,
And you sit there still at your ease.
Alas! Alas!
Why appeal to that last embrace,
I must suffer in silence, in peace.
Alas! Alas!
All is over—my love never prays.



Farewell! I return not again
Thus wearily still to complain,
Since to your eyes another is fair.
May her sweet kisses be ever new!
I am dead, and suffer for you.
Live on, blest in your love for her.
Alas! Alas!
Think at times in her fond embrace
Of my dark abyss of despair.
Alas! Alas!
And may you ne'er follow me there.

# TRANSLATIONS ROM THE SABRINÆ COROLLA.

THE following versions of some of the German extracts in the *Sabrinæ Corolla* have been made in the hope that they may prove of interest to some who are accustomed to use that book, but who are not familiar with the language in which they are written: as well as to others who may be pleased to see in an English garb some of the flowers of the anthology culled by an old Johnian, whose perfect taste is as well known as his finished scholarship.

PAGE 20.

*Zeus to Heracles.*

Not by drinking of my nectar hast thou won thy might divine:
Thy God's might it was that gave thee now to drain the heavenly wine.—SCHILLER.

PAGE 32.

Raffaelle may be first of painters; but, before that wondrous Face,
Leonardo, who shall dare to give thee but the second place.
PLATEN.

PAGE 54.

Now I comprehend thee, Fate;
Not from this world blessing comes;
Only in the stilly dreams
Of Poësy, its beauty blooms:
Thou dost send me pain and wrong,
Yet with every pang a song.— UHLAND.

PAGE 70.

I may not say that in thine eyes
The heavens' own azure beameth;
That on thy lips the tender blush
May's earliest rose beseemeth.
That on thy breast and snowy arms
Shine forth the lily's purest charms.



But oh! how fair the spring, if once
Lilies like thine were blowing,
And hill and dale with roses sweet
As thy sweet lips were glowing,
And heaven's high arches overhead
Blue as thy own blue eyes were spread.—UHLAND.

PAGE 72.

Not in blasts of chilly north
Breathes the rose its fragrance forth.
Wouldst thou win this earth's sweet love?
Sun thee in the Light above.—W. MUELLER.

PAGE 84.

Every billowy sea Odysseus traversed, so to find his home:
Passed through Scylla's demon yelling, and Charybdis' whirling foam,
Through the ocean's many terrors, through the perils of the land,
Roaming even in his erring quest to Hades' dreary strand;
Till at length his fortune bore him sleeping to his native earth,
And he woke, and weeping knew not, 'twas the country of his birth.
SCHILLER.

PAGE 104.

Rich in thy wealth, but poor thro' hate and sorrow,
Thou'rt poor to-day, thy heir is rich to-morrow.—OPITZ.

PAGE 116.

Barbëd is the shaft of Love,
Strive not e'er that dart to move:
Patient bear a little smart.
He that laughs my words to scorn,
And that arrow forth hath torn,
Grievously hath rent his heart.—BURGER.

PAGE 120.

Evil fares the ship that tosses on the raging storm-swept sea;
Yet when storms of Love assail it, fares the heart more bitterly:
For the vessel flings its cargo overboard, and leaps on light;
But the heart must bear its burden ever with it through the night.
W. MUELLER.

PAGE 136.

Knowledge to one is a high and a heavenly goddess; another
Deems it a useful cow, yielding him butter and milk.—SCHILLER.

PAGE 150.

Virtues here are only two;
Would they ne'er were separate!
Would the great were ever good,
And the good were ever great!—SCHILLER.

L.

*(To be completed in our next.)*

# THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

PERHAPS at the present day there is no one, of those who are interested in education, who would question the good likely to proceed from an education, however advanced, among the middle classes, provided it be confined to the male sex. But it is but a small proportion of thoughtful men who would extend the same liberality to women of whatever class. The question has been much discussed, worn thread-bare some thoughtless people say, who do not consider that it ranks very highly among the most momentous subjects of our time. Yet it seems to be no nearer a decision than ever. The two sides obstinately stand aloof, and refuse to see anything but absolute variance and dissimilarity in their respective ideas. If this mischievous feeling continues, there seems to be but one inevitable consequence, however distant its accomplishment may be. The extreme progress party wish to gain an undisputed victory, and seeking to make woman man, will produce a monster. There can be no fusion, gradual or momentary, of the two natures. Those who endeavour to bring this about, will produce a confusion of metals battered, it may be, into an unfortunately inseparable mass; but the unsightly blotches of confusion, and such they must always be, are not the beautiful unity of perfect fusion. But let each side look more generously upon the opinions of the other, in which way only can we hope for a satisfactory settlement; for at present they will allow no common ground, and hence conviction cannot follow discussion. Let us try to discover the good which exists in each, and whether the two may not amalgamate by a little generous concession. And at the outset we suppose that each side has the happiness of woman at heart, for there is a certain class whose arguments against the education of women are dictated solely by selfishness. With these we may have something to say by-and-by. Now one side says, "Educate women as men, let them push,



thrust, elbow, scramble in the professions as men do, never mind if in this way they *do* lose their characteristic feminine gentleness, they will be educated, they will assist the pushing progress of the world, and all this sentimentalism is but sickly work after all in comparison with the march of mind." And the other, "What will women gain by this education, which is to bring with it only the capability to bustle among men, and suffer all the hardening tendencies of pushing competition and the race for wealth? Surely this contains but little good for them; surely this cannot be womanhood." Now if we had to choose between the first with its rigid law that knows no romance, and the second with its timorous shortsightedness, our choice would surely fall upon this latter. But let us try to reconcile the two. It is the elevation of the tone of woman's mind that is our object, and it is through education that we look to achieve this. But is this other condition essential, this pushing contention among men? At least you will allow that, if you can further woman's cause as fully or more so by dropping this appendage to education, you will be ready to do so; for with all your sneers at sentimentalism, you know that there is a little spot very close to your heart that says there is something true in it. Again, you on the other side, if you discover that education, instead of making women less womanly, developes to the full all that is graceful and feminine, you will not refuse it them. And here let us define our "education." We do not mean the accumulation of bare facts dormant and unreproductive, the system which obtains so generally in our present system of woman's so called education; nor do we mean a superficial acquaintance with a great many subjects, whence ensues that most fatal of all ignorance, ignorance of one's own ignorance. But we mean education in its literal sense, the discovery and edification of what is otherwise latent and powerless within, which can scarcely be done at any other time than early youth. It is the foundation that we would insist upon particularly. We mean education considered especially as a given power to appreciate the noble and beautiful, for it is a great truth that keenness of appreciation depends almost entirely upon an educated mind. Coleridge felt all the force of this when he wrote—

> we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live.

This is to be felt rather than described, but there is an exquisite fineness of appreciation for an educated mind, to

which we feel the uneducated is not admitted, there is a life to be lived other than the life of sense; and a clearer atmosphere to be breathed than that which supports our life, and it is a life to be lived and an air to be breathed by all who have this "education," and by none else, in all its richness.

Beyond all doubt we believe that a slipshod education at home, such as falls to the lot of a great portion of girls, is preferable to this accumulating-facts principle of most of our girls' schools. It is sufficient to look into the books they use, as I have done myself. The question-and-answer system seems the most popular, and, as far as I can ascertain, abridgments take the second place. Can much be expected from such a system as this? Is it wonderful that the natural reaction is sensational novels, for these are read much more by ladies than such as aim at something higher than the mere excitement of a fearful anxiety from the first page to the last. It seems pretty clear that the only means of raising the standard and style of ladies' education is by connecting the schools with a University, as indeed is already partially done at Cambridge. And here I must notice an article which appeared in *The Eagle* in Dec., 1864. The writer evidently ranks Mr. Tennyson with those who do not favour an extreme education among women, and quotes *the beginning* of a very beautiful passage in *The Princess.* I will begin where he discontinued.

> "Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

And to this effect to the end of the passage. Surely this shews no discountenance of advanced education.

Some men too deceive themselves with an over romantic theory, and know not that they feel far other things in their practice. Many a man allows himself to speak against a refinement in woman's education, and unconsciously is seen ranged on the other side by his evident appreciation of an educated woman's society. Let us take one instance. Mr. Robertson of Brighton was strangely fearful of spoiling woman's feminacy, and though doubtless his feelings were



chiefly in opposition to those who would seek to unmake woman by casting her on pursuits which must eternally belong to man, yet he would appear to many a staunch opponent to the advancement of woman's education. He quotes as representing entirely his own feelings (and it represents ours) a passage of Swedenborg's: "Sex is a permanent fact in human nature. Men are men, and women women, in the highest heaven as here on earth. The difference of sexes is therefore brighter and more exquisite in proportion as the person is high and the sphere is pure. The distinction not only reaches to the individual, but it is atomically minute besides. Every thought, affection, and sense of a male is male, and of a female, feminine. The smallest drop of intellect or will is inconvertible between the sexes. If man's it can never be woman's and *vice versâ*. The sexual distinction is founded upon two radical attributes of God, his divine love and his divine wisdom, whereof the former is feminine and the latter masculine." Then Mr. Robertson puts forward a "vision" of his own, of a heart that envied the hardness of the ribs around it, and resolved to make itself as them. Accordingly it became bone, and losing all its elasticity, which alone fits it for its place, ceased to beat and perished. This of course all points in the same direction. He is rather denouncing the folly of those who would make feminine masculine, than education itself as likely to do so; but, in his romantic and very natural fear of this former, he is sometimes led to confuse the two, and it is rather with a view of shewing his real opinions on this subject, that we have noticed his apparently contradictory conduct. It is well known that the society of educated women was a rare delight to him, and many are the courses of reading that he has laid down for a lady friend, which, in a controversy with the unromantic mere educationalist, he would theoretically condemn. But it is said that education will make women less fit for domestic uses. Is it so with *men* (for thus only can we decide)? Is a man less fatherly to his children, a less gentle nurse to a sick wife, more of a pleasure-seeker, and home-neglecter, because he appreciates Sophocles and Shakespeare, Plato and Carlyle? Is it not in fact much the contrary? Does not this poetry (and we all may appreciate it in our degrees) soften his heart, and widen it? Again it makes them priggish and pedantic. Is it so with men? Who is the prig? Surely the fool. And though this may apply with less force to pedantry, yet rare are the instances that occur to us of an educated

and pedantic mind. But as it is now, the case is one-sided. For it must be confessed that those few women who educate themselves are not such as to recommend the fruits of education to us. It is a humiliating confession that literature is taken up by them as a rule (for of course there are exceptions) as a *dernier resort.* Hence they have not much else to recommend them, few accomplishments, little beauty, which must ever be associated with our ideal of woman. But would a bright blue eye be duller for us because its owner could enjoy a poet's thoughts; and would sweet lips lose for us their roses because they murmur songs of "poets who enrich the blood of the earth," rather than lisp flaccid sentimentalisms of the last new novel? We cannot believe it. Again what is it that preserves our present terrible hollowness of "society"? Surely women's craving for excitement. A large proportion of men (may we not say all the educated portion?) are dragged into it unwillingly, to oblige wives, daughters, or sisters. Can we blame the women, dare we blame them? What has a young well-born lady in comfortable circumstances to do? Listen to Medea's plaint, the mouth-piece of an allowed misogynist:

ἀνὴρ δ' ὅταν τοῖς ἔνδον ἄχθηται ξυνὼν,
ἔξω μολὼν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἄσης,
ἢ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἢ πρὸς ἡλικας τραπείς·
ἡμῖν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.

And though this is not *literally* true now, yet we cannot but feel that it is still far too true. Let us, as far as we can, put ourselves into their position. Is there any escape? How many a man would be miserable without a cultivated taste for literature, who now is happy and contented. Yet much more women who, by their situation, are compelled to look more into themselves for enjoyment. And one word to that despicable selfishness which would rob women of all that is beautiful in thought and imagination. Let us hear them—"Woman was made for man. Let her by all means learn the piano, though she has no taste for music, in order that she may be useful; and let her learn household duties so that she may see that we have good dinners, and whole stockings." And much more to this effect, nor is this overstated. Is this to be a companion to man? or is it to be a slave? But if it were ever so true that education would make her less adapted to your requirements, nay if it would unfit her altogether for her duties, who are you to rob her of one of God's noblest gifts? Such men may I never



cease to despise. But one more reason for encouraging education among women and I have done. The want of this is the cause, with scarcely any exceptions, of the venial crimes among women. Let a prison-matron speak, and one whose whole tone is rather that of an under-rater than an exaggerater. "In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and exercises in a few instances, a salutary influence; but ignorance, deep, besotting ignorance is the characteristic of almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It keeps our prisons full, our judges always busy. Three-fourths of our prisoners before their conviction were unable to read a word, had no knowledge of the Bible or what is in it, had never heard of a Saviour, and only remembered God's name as coupled with a curse." This is no clap-trap theory, but a terrible fact. And we may help ourselves to understand what *ennui* drives an uneducated woman to, by reading of their "breakings-out" in prison (to be followed certainly by strict punishment,) merely because they want something to do, and have no resources in themselves. It has even been proved that a much larger proportion of educated men than educated women are in our prisons. Surely this is convincing. And if it is asked how a refinement of education would prevent this where we seem rather to want any education whatever, we reply, that until women *rise from the ranks,* as so many men do, there will be little hope for them as a body to persevere. And how can they do this without means? And these means we believe none but an University supervision can supply. Again we ask all, the selfish and the unselfish, *Is* a pretty girl less pleasing to us because she can understand us when we speak something better than nonsense? Can she not be a friend to us as well as a plaything? Is all this fair to her? And if it be urged (as it often is) that as we observe men of the most opposite characters frequently close friends by choice, so it may well be with an educated man and an uneducated woman; we reply, that character is not education, and it is very doubtful whether such friendships exist between opposite natures, and these the one educated and the other not. Moreover, such friendships are in reality very uncommon, and hence attract our notice, while the multitudes of friendships based on similar tastes and characters, the fruit of a similarly liberal education, pass unnoticed—but not the less surely do they exist for the blessing of thousands; and no less surely by promoting an education which stimulates an

interested appetite for knowledge, and forms an appreciation for all that is beautiful, noble, and true, shall we according to our day be labouring in that mighty workshop wherein are forged the golden chains which shall bind closer and closer the hearts and affections of husband and wife, brother and sister, man and woman. May it be at least no hasty thought which prompts us to be of the number of those who "stridentia tinguunt æra lacu," and leave it there a dead, cold mass, only accumulating self-consuming rust.

C. C. C.

# THE FISHERMEN.

THEOCRITUS. IDYLL XXI.

'TIS Poverty alone provokes the arts,
O Diophantus, teaching men to toil.
To them that labour for a livelihood
Sleep hardly comes: and if a little while
Slumber should overtake them in the night,
Anxieties rush in and break their rest.
Two aged fishermen together lay
On the dry sea-weed of their wattled hut,
Against its leafy wall: about them were
Implements of their craft—the wicker creels,
The rods, the hooks, the weedy baits, and lines;
Bow-nets of rushes, baskets, an old boat
With props kept upright, and a pair of oars:
This was their whole equipment, all their wealth.
Door had they none nor dog; all such to them
Superfluous seem'd; their guard was poverty.
Nor had they any neighbour; but the sea
Came floating softly round their narrow hut.
Not yet the chariot of the moon had run
Full half her circle, when their master-thought
Aroused these fishermen; and thrusting off
The slumber from their lids, they thus began.

ASPH. They're liars all, my friend, who e'er have said
That nights are shorter in the summer time,
When Zeus makes long the days: a myriad dreams
I've dream'd already, and it is not dawn.

MATE. Blame not fair summer, friend; not at their will
The seasons leave their own set course, but care
Breaking your slumbers makes the night seem long.

ASPH. Have you ever learnt to interpret dreams at all?
I've had a fine one, and I would not like
That you should be without a part in it;
We'll share our visions as we share our fish:
Your mother-wit may help you to a guess,
He best interprets dreams who follows her.

Besides, we've time, for what can any man
Do, lying on rough leaves beside the sea,
Sleeping uneasy on a thorny couch,
Wakeful as any nightingale in bush,
Or lamp in Prytaneum, which they say
Is always burning?

MATE. Speak then, friend, and let
Your comrade hear this vision of the night.

ASPH. Yestreen, when after my sea-faring toil
I fell asleep—not over-full of meat,
For, you remember, we supp'd sparingly—
Methought that I sat fishing on a rock,
Flinging the treacherous bait out with the rod;
And one fat fish made at it—for as dogs
Scent bears, even in their sleep, so I a fish—
He caught and held it, blood began to flow,
And with his struggles the rod bent, and I
Using both hands found it no easy task
To land a great fish with so small a hook.
A slight reminder ever and anon
I gave him of his wound, then loosen'd line,
But lost him not; and lastly haul'd him in,
The guerdon of my toil,—a golden fish—
One all compact of gold. And fear was mine
That he might be a fish Poseidon loved
Or one of blue-eyed Aphrodite's own.
Carefully I unhook'd him, lest the barbs
Should from his mouth keep any of the gold;
And when I got him safe I swore an oath
Never to set foot on the sea again,
But live on land, and king it with the gold.
With that I woke; but do you, O my friend,
Resolve me, for I fear the oath I swore.

MATE. Well then, don't fear it, for you did not swear;
You did not find the fish you dream'd about,
And visions are but lies; but if you wish
In sober truth to realize your dream,
Go seek the fish of flesh, or you may die
Of hunger, even tho' you dream of gold.

J. H. CLARK.

# THE LAND OF THE FAMOUS.

"Devenere locos lætos et amœna virecta
"Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas."

I MUST confess that once at least in the course of my existence I have been doubtful of my personal identity. This happened on a fine summer's morning, when I unexpectedly found myself in the midst of a pleasantly wooded country, prettily interspersed with gardens, in which I could see groups of men standing under the shade of the trees, or seated in the numerous arbours. How I got there I knew not, and I was equally ignorant of the name or geographical position of the spot where I was. Nor was my perplexity lessened by my noticing that the dress of those of the inhabitants that were visible to me was of the most varied description. Every costume from the Roman toga to the coats still in vogue when our grandfathers were in their prime had numerous representatives. Puzzled beyond measure, I felt greatly relieved to see a sedate looking personage advancing towards me, his dress and bearing indicating that he was English, though of a date some two centuries back. His first words were:—

"May I ask what illustrious one I have thus the honour of welcoming to these glorious abodes?"

"Where am I?" I asked eagerly. "How came I here?"

He looked at me for a minute in great surprise, then recovering himself he replied, "I thought that you were a new inhabitant of these realms, but I see that you are but a mortal, who, by the permission of the deities of the place, has come to catch a glimpse of our happy existence."

"Am I then in Elysium?"

"Not in that so often sung of by the poets," replied he. "This is the place to which the famous of the earth retire after their work has ceased, though the memory of it yet lives. None but the illustrious enter here."

"Do I then see before me the shades of all the departed great?"

"Yes," answered my informant, "for though these abodes have not been founded many centuries, all those whose names still live have been admitted."

"But how do the favoured ones know of their good fortune? Who decides on those who may enter these happy realms, and by what means is the decision communicated to the successful candidates for admission?"

"The shades come to those huge portals that you see to your right, and should the porter permit them to enter, they have no further opposition. Our state is grievously at fault in not having any certain regulations as to the conditions of admission. The sole restriction is that they should continue to be remembered on earth, and it was thought that there would be no hesitation about the fitness of the applicants. Accordingly our porter was directed to admit those who were famous, and it was anticipated that he would find no difficulty in the discharge of his office, but so far from this being the case he has been driven to his wits' end to discover some serviceable test which may enable him to decide on the merits of the various cases presented to him. The hope that he first entertained that it would be safe to admit all that thought themselves worthy, soon proved delusive, and he saw the necessity of adopting some fixed standard of merit. He commenced by noting the behaviour of friends and acquaintances at the death of each, admitting any one whose deaths caused much mourning, but this was found to depend on circumstances which had nothing to do with his fame. Frequently it depended on the influence which the family possessed, of which he was a member, and was put on and off with the hatband. Abandoning this idea our porter turned philosopher for the nonce, and commenced ruminating on the qualities and deeds that secure immortality. He came to the conclusion that it was the powers of the mind by which men became famous, and knowing no form in which these were so clearly displayed as in books, he determined to judge by these alone, especially as he noticed that authors were usually remembered just so long as their books were. A new difficulty arose—how should he decide on the relative merits of the books of different writers? Thinking it natural that books should be most carefully examined and criticized when they first appeared, he sedulously observed the opinions of the critical world, and became as diligent a reader of the various reviews as if he had been an author



himself who had just published his first work. But to his great surprise he found these to hold the most contrary opinions. While some spoke of the books as 'productions which the world would not willingly let die,' others deplored the sad waste of time—truth forbade them to add talents—on the part of the author. Our Minos was greatly puzzled by this diversity of opinion, nor was his perplexity relieved till he discovered that the writers of the first kind were either the authors themselves or persons on dining terms with them, while those of the second were generally would-be authors whose productions had been 'declined with thanks,' by the same publisher.

"He resolved for the future to decide for himself. Reflecting on the devastation caused by his cousin Time, and the numerous accidents books are exposed to, so that often the least worthy survive, he thought that those who wrote much had most chance of having some portion of their works preserved, and hence it would at all events be safe to admit them. Accordingly for a time authors were estimated by cubic measure, and things went on smoothly till one day our janitor, who had been for some time troubled with doubts as to the complete success of his new plan, stopped a learned divine who came staggering under the weight of a huge pile of folios, and asked him his name. 'I am the great Dr. * * * * Professor of Logic and Divinity, at the University of———,' replied he, and then went on to recount the various offices he had held, and the literary distinctions he had won. Our porter stopped him ere he was half through the list, and turning to a crowd who were outside the gates, clamouring for admission, asked them whether they knew any thing of this learned Professor. The only one who seemed to be in the least acquainted with him or his works, was a worthy cheesemonger, who demanded immortality for having discovered a peculiarly good receipt for making Stilton cheese. He said that he had used the Doctor's works for many years, and preferred them to all others—indeed he wished that all authors were like him. The Professor looked triumphant, and was about to pass on, when unluckily the cheesemonger continued, 'why can't others publish their works in respectable sizes like he does—you can't get a leaf now-a-days that will decently hold a pound of butter.' Hurriedly pushing the Doctor back, the porter banged the door to and went off in a huff, and since then it is rumoured that voluminous authors have fared very ill.

"Another scheme which he adopted for a time was to

make the authors read portions of their books to him, and from these he decided on their fate. This answered much better than any method that he had previously tried, though prolix writers bothered him much by persisting in reading extract after extract, 'to illustrate' as they said 'the general plan of the book.' If he persisted in refusing them admittance they were positive nuisances, and even if he admitted them they could scarcely be prevented from finishing to him on the other side of the gate some favourite bit in which they thought he must feel interested. One day however a heavy-looking personage presented himself and commenced to read. So unutterably dull was the book that ere he had got over a couple of pages the door-keeper was fast asleep, and the lucky author slipped by him and passed thro' the gates. When the porter awoke he was mightily wroth, and would have attempted to turn him out again, but by some accident the tale got abroad on earth, and was embodied by some satirist in his poems, so that our dull friend has had his right to remain allowed. It does not however benefit him much, for in consideration of the means by which he effected his entrance, he has been put to read his works aloud at night near the bowers which serve as the dormitories of the immortals."

"What plan is now followed?" I asked.

"These repeated failures have so soured the porter's temper that he usually makes the candidates wait for many years outside the gates ere he admits them, as it is much easier to decide on their claims when some time has elapsed since they left your world."

"Has this last expedient freed him from all trouble?"

"Not altogether. Some years ago he was surprised to see a crowd of men in strange antique garb advancing to the gate. They claimed admittance in a language which with some difficulty he discovered to be Greek, though very archaic in style. He asked them their names and what they had done that they should enter there, wondering all the while how it was that such ancient specimens should present themselves then. They did not know their own names, but at the question what they had done, they one and all commenced reciting in a loud voice, with appropriate action, thousands of lines which sounded suspiciously like extracts from Homer. It was difficult to distinguish much in the midst of the tumult, but some of that bard's favourite lines came so frequently, that the porter could stand it no longer, and told them that what they were reciting Homer had written.



They protested that they themselves were Homer, and in answer to the ironical question, how they found that out, they said that one Mr. F. A. Wolf had found it out for them, and told them to come there, for that they were the true authors of the Iliad. The obdurate porter asked them who Mr. Wolf was, and when he heard that he was a German critic, he shut the doors in their faces, and went away saying that he would have nothing to do with them or their master—for that the last German critic he had seen there had got permission to read to him his introduction to a new edition of Thucydides, and kept him up all night to finish it."

"But," said I, "have the tempers of authors, proverbially bad upon earth, so changed for the better that there is nought but harmony here?"

"Far from it," replied my informant, "we have quarrels as in your world. In fact courts have been established to settle such disputes as come under the cognizance of the laws of our society. Plagiarism is a very common charge; in one case, not so very long ago, some of the oldest inhabitants, with a Greek named Æschylus at their head, brought such a charge against a German who had been lately admitted. They accused him of printing in his works whole passages from several of their plays—garbled and much altered it is true, but from the order and general signification they expected to be able to get sufficient proof to convict him. They would have gained their case had it not appeared in the course of the proceedings that the defendant had intended the works in question to be *correct editions* of the writing of the plaintiffs. Of course there was an end of the case,

Solvuntur risu tabulæ,

and the defendant was discharged as insane, and committed to the care of a keeper. A similar case was about to come on, in which the accused, one Godfrey Hermann, had intended to enter the same plea, but, terrified by the fate of his predecessor, he abandoned it. It was fortunate that he did so, as the court decided that the resemblance was not sufficiently close to support the charge. But we have not so many cases of this kind just at present, as the older writers are so accustomed to being pilfered from, that they do not notice it; while the more modern ones have so little that is their own, that they cannot bring such actions, the defendants always pleading that they borrowed it directly from the original sources. The chief annoyances from which the older writers

suffer are translations, and these affect them so much that they sometimes become seriously ill, and you not unfrequently hear in reply to an inquiry after the health of some one of them, 'He has scarcely recovered from his last translation.' Homer used to suffer dreadfully from such attacks, and has had several very recent ones, but they have not been as severe as usual. Still he is far from feeling pleased with the liberties taken with his works, which seem to be used as practising ground for any new metre that may be thought of."

"Are writers so averse to mortals meddling with their works?" I said.

"Extremely so," said he, "for even when they owe their immortality to a quoted extract, they are usually angry with their immortalizers for not having quoted more."

"Surely it is not the same with those who claim to have made discoveries. They must feel honoured by the general acceptance of their views."

"Certainly. But in their case the disputes are as to who made the discoveries in question. We have several claimants for every great invention or discovery, and the cases are as hotly debated, as they are hard to decide. The great feud between Newton and Leibnitz as to the invention of fluxions has only just cooled down. The Newtonians urged that Leibnitz was a metaphysician, and therefore must have been mad, and the adherents of Leibnitz pleaded that as Newton was not a metaphysician, he must have been an idiot—each party thus claiming the sole honour of the invention for its own leader. Nor have recent disputes been less violent. Our porter is more troubled with cases of this kind than by all other doubtful claims. At present he admits rather freely, for we have lost so many Schoolmen and other Mediæval celebrities, that we are not very full."

"Does not military greatness supply you with a large number of inhabitants?"

"Oh no? Very few gain immortality in that way, as only the very great names live in memory. Statesmen are more fortunate, and I think that fully half of us owe our admission to the part we have played in history."

"Are political feuds revived here?" I asked.

"Not generally. Many former political enemies are fast friends now, for they feel that their presence here is due to their mutual opposition, as they have sense enough to see that their talents were far better fitted to shine in party strife, than to achieve any great and noble undertaking. But they are far from being on equally good terms with their historians. As their tenure depends on their fame on your earth, they are jealously alive to any attempt to damage their character or lessen their reputation. Hence each historian, when he arrives here, finds many enemies and but few friends, and those are seldom very hearty ones; for those whom he has especially favoured seldom think that he has sufficiently displayed their merits. The march of time too necessarily seems to dim the lustre of names, bright enough in their day, and hence the shades grow more and more querulous and dissatisfied. There are of course exceptions; some names seem to improve by keeping, while many others have every now and then seasons of peculiar brilliancy. We have several passing through this stage just now—a result which is chiefly due to the ingenuity and skill of recent historians.



"Your Henry VIII. for instance, is in high feather and talks of a place in the Anglican Calendar, and of having the service for the Blessed Martyr transferred to him for the exemplary patience with which he bore his unparalleled domestic afflictions. Julius Cæsar has recently taken for his motto the well known proverb (slightly altered) 'to be great is to be good,' and has become so far reconciled to a great general of whom he had been previously very jealous as to congratulate him on the critical acumen of his nephew and namesake. He intends to apply for a professorship of Ethics, if he can find any one who has read through the second volume of his recently published life. Even your Richard III. feels offended if one hints that he has any personal defect, and often speaks of himself as an instance of the melancholy fact that no virtue is safe from calumny, while Oliver Cromwell holds up his assumption of the protectorate as a proof of his self-sacrificing love of his country.

"The Athenians have just undergone the white-washing process, and are now refulgent with all kinds of previously unperceived virtues. Those on the popular side have chiefly benefited—so much so that a day or two ago Cleon began to give his opinion on political moderation, with an air of great authority, but on turning round he saw Aristophanes looking at him. This so frightened him that, heedless of the roar of laughter from the bystanders, he fairly ran away and has scarcely shewn his face since. Some naval officers who, like your Charles I. had been admitted into the best society, on the ground of having been martyrs, are now scouted by all as

having deserved what they got; while a man of that age, with a meal tub (his sole claim to immortality) as his crest, is lionized greatly as one who fearlessly faced the anger of those in power to avenge his murdered countrymen. Even an old crab-eyed Greek who used to be considered one of our brightest stars, is regarded now as a man who, though he had the misfortune to be put to death unjustly—has none but himself to thank for it, as he might have avoided that fate by a little well-timed cringing and judicious flattery. The author of this revolution is on the whole extremely popular amongst us, though his adherents are a little apprehensive on his behalf, as the old Greek above referred to has more than once expressed his intention of asking him a question or two if he ever comes here—a threat which makes the boldest spirit tremble."

"Have you many historians?"

"Not very many. Recently we have had a few additions to their number, but they are not on the best of terms with their predecessors, as they lose no opportunity of deriding their credulity. But their special foes are some of our oldest inhabitants to whom they have the most open hostility. One of these modern historians, soon after his arrival, asked his neighbour at the public table, who that gentleman was with the ugly scar on his face? Being told that it was Remus, whose personal appearance was in nowise improved by the blow from a spade that dispatched him—he sprang up in a great rage, and swore that he would not demean himself by sitting down with a man who had never existed. There would probably have been an immediate quarrel, had not N—— spoken in the ordinary Latin of German critics, which was utterly unintelligible to the Roman, who thus remained in blissful ignorance of the cause of the tumult. Not content with thus expressing his opinion he swore that he would bring an action against Remus, for being here on the false pretence of having had an existence, but it was represented to him that if it were so he could not of course be sued, and that if he were cited to appear before a court, his existence was thereby allowed, and he had a perfect right to be here. No one seemed able to see a way out of this difficulty, and it was therefore agreed that it should be referred to a committee of Stoic Philosophers, who are supposed to be authorities on such points. Socrates contrived to get slipped in, as a condition, that they should not report progress till they had finally come to a decision, and they have therefore



been standing in a corner of one of the gardens ever since, arguing the point with the utmost earnestness. Few are found to regret their absence, but no one seems more highly delighted at it than poor Epimenides, who used to be perpetually teazed by them about his unfortunate description of the Cretan character. He once attempted to justify it, but he had scarcely uttered it in order to do so, when he was interrupted by all the Stoics present, who each proved alternately that the old Cretan was a liar and a person of the utmost veracity, and this with such volubility that their frightened victim has never since ventured to utter a word on the subject."

"Have you any other cases of doubtful existence?"

"At present we have no lack of them, for the industry which has marked recent investigations into the sculptured records of the dynasties of the ancient world &c. has supplied us with many most curious anomalies. In some cases a mighty king after succeeding his grandson is succeeded by himself under three different titles, to be followed in turn by his great grandfather's maternal uncle, as the first of a new dynasty. The confusion which this leads to is not small, but these cases are not the worst——"

Just then a bell sounded, and on consulting my watch I found I had barely time to dress for morning chapel.

T.

# UNEQUAL FRIENDSHIP.

GIVE me the equal friendship. It is vain
The best affections of the heart to chain
To thy caprice, O man, and thy disdain:
I will rebel.
My warmest life's-blood I would pour for thee:
Thou wouldst scarce raise thy hand to succour me:
To others let that life devoted be:
But thou, farewell.

My friendship is the sun above the lake:
Thine is the feeble reflex that doth shake
O'er the cold waters and doth trembling break
And perish there.
True, that thou lov'st me not is not thy blame:
Thy friend? I am not worthy of the name:
In my affection is my only claim,
If claim I bear.

True, 'tis my error. When with thirst or fire,
Shall the low earth to the high cloud aspire?
Yet may the cloud stoop to the earth's desire
And blessing gain.
But I—my soul is weary of its strife,
Not Damocles beneath the imminent knife
Loathed more than I the burden of his life,
His lifelong pain.

Give me the equal friendship, on whose bier
Freely shall fall the tribute of my tear,
Yet may the scalding stream not deeply sear
My heart alway.
The thoughtless word not scrupulously said,
Nor yet by me too scrupulously weighed,
The light remark by lighter smile repaid,—
For these I pray.



So shall Neglect futile her arrows fling,
Robbed of their poison and their suffering:
So shall Indifference lose full half her sting,
And to the sky,
A lowly blossom, shall Content arise,
Than thy cold friendship a more worthy prize:
In vain that gaudier flower shall court my eyes,
I will go by.

SS.

# MURDER!

I DON'T know how it was that Monsieur Le Maitre, our French Master, always reminded me so much of that metaphysical, but unprincipled hero of Lord Lytton's romance, Eugene Aram. There was a look of almost despairing melancholy in his dark intellectual eyes that seemed to speak of a deep and unavailing regret, a torturing remorse for something lost, or something done, hidden now in the depths of the irrevocable past, but unforgotten still.

In the summer evenings he would often accompany us in our rambles through the beauteous woodlands that surrounded our school house; for Dr. Boddles, our worthy Master, had imbibed during his residence at Cambridge, a strong admiration for the principles of muscular Christianity, and it was an article of his faith that the evening meal could by no means be properly digested, or that refreshing dreamless sleep, which recruits the brain for fresh exertions on the morrow, obtained unless a postcœnacular perambulation of, at least, to use the Doctor's words, "*mille passuum*," were duly and religiously performed.

In these country walks we would often sit upon some pleasant hillock, listening to the tinkling of the sheep bells, as the flocks were driven to their nightly folds, and watching the rooks that swept across the dusky sky in an interminable train towards the neighbouring forest. At such times, our feelings softened and awed by the romantic calmness of the scene, we would listen with melancholy interest to Monsieur's pathetic laments at his separation from La Belle France, or shudder with horror whilst that worthy patriot made each individual hair to stand on end, with some appalling story of the French Revolution.

It was on such an evening as I have described, that we sat down to rest upon a rising mound in the vicinity of the



dense, and as it then appeared almost boundless forest of M——. "Oh, Monsieur," exclaimed all the boys in a breath, "*do* tell us a horrible story." "Ah," said the French Master, who had all that day looked, if possible, more melancholy and more remorseful than his wont, "Ah! mes enfants, I have told you many before this day, but this so superb scene has called up to my recollection one recital which I have never yet breathed to the living man. If that I shall now enforce my broken heart to recount to you yet this one, you must asseverate upon your parole, that it shall never arrive to the ears of the living man again." We all declared "honour bright,"—that Stygian oath, so potent in the boyish mind—that we would not even whisper it to old Mattocks, our gardener and confidant himself.

"Well then, my young friends," the French Master began, for I will not inflict upon the reader the numerous Gallicisms with which he embellished his discourse, "I was born at the little village of B., and at the age of fifteen was sent to Paris to complete my education. There though thrown into the society of wild and dissipated youths, and even joining in their not always harmless revelries, I never forgot a certain pair of bright blue eyes that beamed fondly upon me as I mounted the 'diligence,' that was to bear me from the home of my childhood, nor could I cease to remember that lily hand, which with boyish fervour I had so often pressed, and which waved adieu to me as the coach drove off. So, oft, amidst the gaiety and joviality of Paris life, I found myself a sad and lonely man, and yearned with ineffable fondness for the day when I should once more clasp my own dear Lisette to my longing breast. On leaving home I had enjoined my beloved and constant companion, Alphonse Le Maurier, by all the sacred ties of friendship, to watch over my juvenile *fiancée*, and I had the fullest confidence in his honour and affection. Judge then, how horrified and aghast I was at receiving one day a cold and formal note from Lisette, informing me that her widowed mother, having heard with much displeasure of the thoughtless and dissipated life I had been leading, deemed it imprudent for Lisette to continue a correspondence with me. And that young lady herself went on to state that she quite acquiesced in her parent's decision, and felt assured that the evident disparity in our tastes and dispositions would render undesirable the fulfilment of a mere childish

engagement. A short postscript concisely informed me that she was engaged to Alphonse Le Maurier.

"The receipt of this note drove me into a state of frenzied and frantic rage, which was, however, shortly succeeded by an unconquerable thirst for vengeance. I brooded on the idea, constantly devised fresh schemes of dire revenge, and, in short, became a morose, dangerous hypochondriac. I had, at last, matured a plan so horrible, and so fiendish in its details, that I shudder even now to think that diabolical ingenuity should have conceived aught so appalling.

"Having once settled upon my plan of operations, I determined to lose no time in carrying it into effect; and, accordingly, set out without delay for my native village. Arrived there, I disguised my passionate indignation beneath a mask of reckless indifference, saluted my false mistress and my falser friend with a careless and lively air, pretending to be perfectly unconscious of the embarassment with which they received me.

"I assured the worthy widow, in the hearing of the young couple, that I had never considered my engagement with her daughter in any other light than that of a childish fancy; that had I thought otherwise, my professional pursuits were of far too engrossing a nature to leave me leisure for broken hearts, or any such romantic casualties. I renewed my acquaintance with Alphonse, and, by my assumed frankness, soon succeeded in setting him quite at ease in my society. We hunted, shot, and fished together. I pledged him and his future bride at the little social *réunions* which we attended. I became a greater favourite than ever, both with his *fiancée* and himself; and all the time I had resolved to murder him!

"Alphonse, like myself, was somewhat of a botanist, and I proposed an excursion into the depths of the neighbouring forest for the purpose of procuring specimens of some rare ferns, which I knew to exist there. We set off, therefore, one afternoon with our botanical cases slung over our shoulders, said farewell to Lisette with smiling faces, and tripped off lightly in the direction of the forest.

"On the road thither, Alphonse turned aside into a small thicket to pluck some beautiful specimens of the 'asplenium nigrum,' which were growing there in luxurious profusion. I was thus left for a few moments to my own reflections, and dark and dreadful enough they were. Some trace of what was passing within me must have been visible upon my countenance, for I was suddenly aroused by a voice I well knew, exclaiming, "Good Heavens! Le Maitre, you look as black as if you meant to murder some one." My face turned ghastly pale; and, looking up with swimming eyes, I recognised one of my college associates, whom some business or other had, that day, brought down to the village of M——. I stammered out a few incoherent words about a sudden pain in my side; but quickly regaining my composure, introduced him to Alphonse, who had just at that moment emerged from the thicket. The Parisian started slightly on hearing the name, looked from one to the other with a troubled air that I could not at the moment understand; and, after a few minutes conversation, turned in the direction of M——. We had soon entered the confines of the wood, and walked along for some time without speaking. "Alphonse," I said, "you seem fatigued; take a pull at my flask." I handed him a small flask of *eau-de-vie* that I was accustomed to carry with me on my scientific excursions. He raised it to his lips, quaffed a rather deep draught, and handed it back to me. Then complaining of a slight difficulty in his breathing, he sat down upon a moss-covered stump. I regarded his momentarily blanching cheek with a look of fiendish exultation, which, combined with the physical pain he was suffering, seemed to paralyse him with amazement and terror. "Alphonse," I hissed through my set teeth, "false dastard, false friend, you are poisoned!" With one wild and piteous shriek he sprang into the air, and the next moment was rolling at my feet, clutching the herbage in wild tetanic convulsions. The sight of his agony only served to feed the flame of my vengeful hate, and I stood with folded arms watching, with a smile of sardonic satisfaction, his death struggles, as they grew every moment fainter and fainter. When I saw that the body did not move, I deliberately drew from my pocket a small phial, labelled in large letters, STRYCHNINE; and, bending over the body, was endeavouring to insert it between the clenched fingers of his right hand, when the glassy eyes suddenly bent upon me a look full of pity and reproach; one fearful convulsion thrilled his whole frame, and grasping both my wrists in his dying paroxysm, he rolled over a stiffening corpse. Just then the enormity of the crime I had committed, for the first time, flashed across my brain. Agony, remorse, and terror filled my soul. I would begone, I would fly to the uttermost ends of the world, anywhere, to escape the awful stare of those fixed unmeaning eyes! I struggled wildly to unclasp the dead man's hands from

mine, but they resisted my fiercest efforts. Maddened by terror, blinded by the chilly drops that were starting like so many icy fountains from my anguished brow, I shrieked aloud in helpless, hideous fright, as the truth suddenly forced itself upon my conviction that I was alone in the depths of a trackless forest, hopelessly imprisoned in the rigid grasp of a murdered man.

"What followed for some time I know not until I found myself cramped, shivering, and bewildered beneath the cold lurid light of the pitiless moon. A moment after and the whole horror of my situation was again unmistakeably before me; I must, I would shake off that clammy sickening clutch, but my struggles only rendered me more weak, more appalled, more despairing than before; suddenly I bethought me of my clasp knife, it was in my side pocket but the stiffened arms that held me entirely prevented my reaching it; just then methought I heard an ominous murmur of voices at a distance. Ten thousand fiends! Had then the chance acquaintance we had met, disturbed at my fierce passionate looks, and troubled at our long absence, instituted a search after us? The thought was madness, but it grew every moment stronger and stronger until it amounted to conviction.

"I must then perish by the most violent and foulest of deaths, a felon loathed and execrated by all.

"The scenes of my childhood, the love I had borne for Lisette, the happy hours spent in the companionship of my murdered friend, passed like a diorama through my brain, and I sank, for I could not fall, between the stark and rigid limbs, and sobbed in helpless agony. Then the vision changed—the felon's dock, the black and lofty scaffold, were before my eyes; the gleaming knife, the coffin-like sickening smell of the sawdust, that was to drink my blood, o'er-powered me, the groans and hisses of the exasperated crowd seemed to strike my deafened ears and I struggled more wildly more fiercely than before.

"Nearer and nearer came the murmur of human voices. I could even hear the measured tramp I knew too well, betokening the approach of the gendarmerie. The moon that had before been hidden in a dark black mass of clouds shone suddenly forth with that same blue phosphoric light that she now sheds, boys, o'er yonder wood, and revealed to my horror-stricken gaze the blue coats and glittering swords of those that soon should drag me to shame and death. With a hideous yell I started up in one last convulsion of despair, and heard a well known voice in clear and pitying tones ringing



in my ear the words 'Oh Eugene, dear, how those pork chops must have disagreed with you.'

"It was Lisette, upon whose lap I had sunk to sleep, and whom I am to marry next Easter.

"As for my dear old friend Alphonse, he is already a well to do army surgeon, and Lisette's elder sister, now Madame Le Maurier, has presented him with two of the chubbiest little subjects of which Sa Majeste Imperiale can boast."

"But why, Monsieur Le Maitre, did you look so very sad when you were about to tell us your dream?"

"Because, mes enfants, I have partaken this day here of that same impracticable delicacy, and indigestion saddens the heart of man."

# THE GIFT.

ἡ μεγάλα χάρις
δώρῳ σὺν ὀλίγῳ· πίνται δὲ τιμάντα τὰ παῤ φίλω.

How much more precious doth a treasure seem
That hath received the consecration sweet
Of friendship's tender; even flowers we deem
To shine in grace and beauty more complete,
If that they breathe sweet fragrance in their bloom.
So take I, dearest friend, this gift of thine,
To let it blossom in my heart's best room,
And 'mid affection's treasures there to shine.
And oft as I with happy steps repair
To the sweet calm of sober memory's cell,
Thy gift shall greet me with its fragrance rare,
And friendship's annals there recorded tell.
So when to ruder scenes I hear thee call,
The thought of thy dear love shall sweeten all.

Σ.

# HELEN OF ARGOS.

THE modern conceptions of Helen of Argos are much distorted by the post-Homeric representations of her character. If we mistake not, the common idea of her is, that she was nothing better than a beautiful, but wicked voluptuary, an utterly worthless and abandoned woman. She is regarded as far inferior in virtue to the unresisting victim of David's passion; deserving of severer condemnation than that which Mr. Froude passes on Mary, Queen of Scots; more wicked than Guinevere, Queen of Arthur of Britain. And certainly, if she is looked upon as she is represented (or rather mis-represented) by those authors who followed Homer, and who handled his beautiful creations so sacrilegiously, she can only fill the mind with disgust. But if she is taken as Homer has drawn her, we venture to think she will appear in a far different light, and that her character, as depicted by the father of Epic Poetry, will be seen to be (as Mr. Gladstone proudly writes)* "a production never surpassed by the mind or hand of man." We need scarcely apologise for the introduction of such a subject (uninteresting as it may appear to some) to the readers of *The Eagle*. "The pride and ample pinion" of the gallant bird who can look with undazzled eye

> On that fierce light which beats upon a throne
> And blackens every spot,†

will not fail him when he hears the thunder of the flood of music of him "who, for us at least, is no shadowy symbol; but a man of flesh and blood, endowed with individual character, all-embracing sympathies and surpassing genius."‡

* *Homer and the Homeric Age*, vol. III., p. 571.
† See the first article of the last number, p. 193.
‡ Worsley's Translation of the *Odyssey*, vol. I., *Preface*.

Let it be noted broadly in the outset that Homer, when he gives a distinguishing epithet to the name of Helen, generally uses one that is honourable. This fact, combined with the interpretation of her very name, Helen, furnishes the key to the general estimation which he wishes to be formed of her character. Although Æschylus, with a scathing play on her name, calls her ἑλέναυς ἑλεπτόλις, yet the more honourable signification of "attractive" may with far more justice be derived from it. Then, to say nothing of the titles of 'highborn,' 'daughter of Zeus,' 'excellent or flower of women,' 'white-armed' 'with beautiful figure,' &c., the epithet of 'the Argive' is given to her in the Iliad no less than thirteen times. Is it, we would ask, too much to infer that, by this epithet, the bard wished to express the unanimous sympathy and the national pride felt by all the Greeks for her? Could she be a worthless and abandoned woman, "an unprincipled votary of sensual enjoyment, self-willed and petulant," who could draw to her the hearts of all "as the heart of one man," and be the Lode-star of the warriors of Hellas? It must have been something more than her divine beauty which could make jealous states unite to undertake her rescue, and to endure the horrors of a ten years' siege in a foreign land,

Only to avenge the longings and the groans of Helena.*

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not contending that Homer represents her as, by any means, a perfect character; but that he does not make her that wicked and heartless creature which later writers generally regard her. We say, *generally:* for there is one who panegyrises her; but the encomium of Isocrates is more dishonouring than the curses of Euripides, or the blind injustice of Virgil. The Helen of Homer is a sinner doubtless, but a victim "more sinned against than sinning;" a penitent, though not a saint; a noble, but weak woman: who, like two at least of her parallels in history, bitterly atoned for the one "most unhappy act of a most unhappy life."* And it is no slight commendation of an author who represented his deities as prone to every evil lust and injustice, to acknowledge that, though far removed from the light of Revelation, he drew a character which approached most nearly to the Christian penitent.

Evidently, then, the poet intended to entrust his lovely creation to the sympathies and interest of his readers; and it is to be remarked that she committed her sin under the influence of a preternatural power: an influence to which Homer never refers any deliberate crime or wickedness. Aphrodite, or some other divine agent, is always said to have 'led,' or 'borne,' or 'snatched,' or 'taken' her away; she never appears as a willing fugitive. Priam, Menelaus, Penelope, all acquit her, and either accuse Paris, the real cause of the unhappy war, or acknowledge the divine agency. Doubtless she might have resisted with more constancy; but she is not, as Homer draws her, faultless; and although the vanity of the young and beautiful girl in an evil hour listened to the seductive flattery of the tempter, yet it was the selfishness of the latter (the common failing of men) which caused the ruin and death of heroes, in comparison with whom he was utterly worthless. In Troy she was treated with respect, as the lawful wife of the prince; and although she complains of abusive treatment, and speaks of herself as the object of general abhorrence, yet this is, doubtless, due to the exaggeration of her self-accusing penitence.

Next, let it be noticed that she always meekly upbraids herself as the cause of all the misery. In her conversation with Priam on the walls of the city; in her reproach against Aphrodite; in her sharp but modest rebukes of Paris; in her womanly occupations and hospitality, she appears as the deeply repentant sad and noble woman; the unwilling and passive victim, the deceived but chaste wife. Who can read with indifference her beautiful lament over the body of Hector, or say that the sorrower was the worthless woman which all later writers represent her?

Third among the wailing mourners fair-haired Helen took her part:
"Hector, thou of all my brethren wert the dearest to my heart.

* Τίσασθαι Ἑλένης ὁρμήματα τε στοναχάς τε. "According to the direct and natural construction, the Greeks made war to avenge the wrong she had suffered, and the groans which that wrong had drawn from her. And it is to be observed that this line (*Iliad*, ii. 590) is put into the mouth of Menelaus, whom it is very natural to represent as most eager to avenge the wrongs of his wife, but somewhat far-fetched to represent as thinking of revenge for the trouble of the expedition he had so keenly promoted."—Gladstone, *Homer and the Homeric Age*, vol. III.

* *The Abbot*, chap. XXII.

Godlike Alexander, he who brought me to the Trojan shore,
Is my wedded husband: 'would to God that I had died before!
Many a year is past already, and the twentieth now is come,
Since I sailed with him from Hellas, left with him my native home.
But from thee, the brave and gentle, never never have I heard
Any breath of blame against me, any rough despiteful word.
But if any of my brethren cursed me in their proud disdain,
Or their dainty ladies scorned me sweeping by with gorgeous train,
Or my husband's mother—(for his father I did ever find,
As my own dear father to me, ever gentle, ever kind,)
Thou with stern rebukes didst chide them, dear protector, soothing me
With thy gentle loving spirit and thy words breathed lovingly.
So for thee and for myself I mourn, most wretched sore at heart,
For I have no friend to guard me dear and gentle as thou wert;
None to soothe me, none to love me, none to speak a word of joy,
All men everywhere abhor me through the spacious homes of Troy."

Do we seem to have said too much in vindication of Helen's character? Hear the immortal lines of one assuredly entitled to all attention and veneration, on this

"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face
*The starlike sorrows of immortal eyes,*
Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
*No one can be more wise than destiny.*
Many drew swords and died; where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answered free: and turning I appealed
To one that stood beside.

But she with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, "was blasted with a curse;
This woman was the cause.'

* * * * * *

Whereto the other with a downward brow,
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
Then when I left my home.'"



The last time that Helen is seen in Homer is at the visit of Telemachus to the palace of Menelaus. Attended by her three handmaids she

"Entered, semblant to the goddess, golden-spindled Artemis,"

not passing a "sombre close of a voluptuous day," but in housewifely calm and prosperity, chaste as the undefiled Artemis. Be it remembered, Homer never fails to represent retribution overtaking the wicked. But Helen appears meekly unforgetfully repentant, "going softly all her days," but still in true womanly majesty, honoured and beloved. And not even then without a stroke of divine chastisement, the most touching and most just, that the gods gave her no child after Hermione, the child of her youth. Homer then represents her as acquitted of infidelity by her own and her betrayer's countrymen: it is not for later ages to condemn her, nor to judge her by the standard of a morality eminently Christian.

Much more might be said; but our object will have been gained if our weak words have rectified any misconceptions of the lessons conveyed by the greatest of all works of fiction. In Homer we seem at times *almost* to catch some faint echoes of Eden, when God walked with man, and sin appears in undisguised ugliness; forgiveness, punishment and repentance were all taught by the prophet-poet, a testimony that God "did not leave himself without witness" in these dark days.

"What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, the often baffled, never ended struggle of it be forgotten?....Struggle often baffled—sore baffled—driven as into entire wreck: yet a struggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew."*

Σ.

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* Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-worship*, p. 72.

# CONGRATULATORY LINES TO M. F. T. ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.

More rhyming, Tupper? Why Heaven help thee then,
Thou worst of poets, but thou best of men!
What is the subject, gentle Tupper, say,
Another trifle in the Proverbial way?
Or are there "fifty million welcomes" more
To swell the fifty millions gone before?
Perhaps again "there comes at pace so swingeing,"
Another "lamp" upon another "engine,"
To wake in the enlightened mind of Tupper,
Poetic thoughts as he walks home to supper?

Is there a second part to "Christabel"—
Finished by thee not wisely nor too well
Some years ago—where we may hope to see
How Christabel and young de Vaux agree
When married folks and both a trifle older?
I trust he doesn't ever drink, or scold her,
Or stay out very late at night, and she
I hope can pay the bills and make the tea.
And by-the-by allow me here to mention
They have quite forgot to settle Bracy's pension
For striking up Old Hundredth just in time
To save Miss Christabel and help your rhyme,
A natural slip to make in that confusion,
But when you next conclude that sweet conclusion,
Do, gentle poet-Tupper, let us know
Exact how many hundreds young de Vaux
Put yearly in your brother rhymer's purse,
You are so good at figures in your verse,
(As witness all that rhyming calculation
In adding up the "welcomes" of a nation),



And then subtracting what he paid for rent,
What was his income from the five per cent.
A second part you'll soon have thus amassed
Almost as interesting as the last—
But cease my muse this too familiar song,
"To themes sublime sublimer strains belong."

Hail glorious poet of the modern day!
"Ten thousand welcomes" to thy new born lay!
Thy words shall glow in hearts of future men
When Homer is forgotten—not till then!

E.

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# OUR CHRONICLE.

THE present term, though an unusually long one, has not been very fertile in events suited for our Chronicle.

The principal fact we have to notice is the appointment of the Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., late Head-Master of Shrewsbury School, and sometime Fellow of this College, to the Regius Professorship of Greek. There were four candidates; but the votes of the council of the Senate, the electors on this occasion, were equally divided between Dr. Kennedy and the Rev. E. M. Cope, Fellow of Trinity College. The right of appointment then lapsed to the Vice-Chancellor and the Master of Trinity; and then, their votes being divided, to the Chancellor, who conferred the Professorship. The classical distinctions of the University in times past and present, have been won so often for this College by the scholars trained under Dr. Kennedy, that this appointment, acceptable to all lovers of sound and elegant scholarship, cannot fail to be doubly pleasing to all true Johnians.

In the Mathematical Tripos, our College well sustained its reputation. We had twelve wranglers, of whom eight were in the first twenty, and three, Messrs. Stevens, Humphreys, and Carpmael, in the first six. In the Classical Tripos, which has only just been published, we have five in the First Class; among them the Senior (Mr. J. E. Sandys), and the sixth (Mr. W. A. Cox).

Two Fellowships have become vacant by the marriages of the Rev. J. S. Hoare and the Rev. W. D. Bushell, and another by the death of T. J. Nicholas, Esq.

No appointment has been made as yet to the rectory of Fulbourn, announced as vacant in our last number.

The death, after a very short illness, of the Rev. A. V. Hadley, late Fellow and Tutor of the College, is to many amongst us, a cause of real sorrow. Old pupils will often think of his energy in work, his kindly disposition, his words of manly and judicious counsel.

His nearest friends know that they have lost one whom they less admired for his rare abilities and activity, than loved for his warmth of heart and generous enthusiasm in the cause of all that is good. The college has seldom mourned the loss of a more sincere and devoted son.



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There was no examination of Junior Sophs at Christmas, owing to the change in the time of holding the "Little-go," which now takes place at the end of the October term.

The lists of the first class for Senior Sophs and Freshmen are as follows:

THIRD YEAR.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Moulton | Lester | Verdon |
| Griffith | Obbard | Watson, Fred. |
| Holditch | Wilkins | Luck, R. |

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

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sparkes | Ellis | Brook-Smith |
| Bourne | | |

FRESHMEN.

*Arranged in order of the boards.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Barnett | Evans, L. H. | Norris |
| Marklove | Hathornthwaite | Baynes |
| Guest | Noon | Bridges |
| Levett | Thompson | Jones, T. H. |
| Pendlebury | Stallard | Arnett |
| Grigg | Powell | Park, R. |
| Wood, G. F. S. | Hoare, W. | Pate |
| Watson, Frank | Spencer | Sicklemore |
| Whitaker | Henry | Wheatcroft |
| Griffith, C. H. | Martin, G. M. | Close |
| Greenhill | Foster | Inman |
| Wilson, W. B. | Hogg | Baker, E. J. |
| Hilary | Barnacle | Coleby |
| Cruickshank | Wilson, D. H. | Park, W. U. |
| Lambert | Dixon | |

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

Martyn
Starkey
Peake
Twyne
Davies, R. P.
Haslam, W. A.
Gardom
Saxton
Williamson
Jones, W. A.
Cooper
Tarleton
Farler
Kiddle
Smith, R. K.
Drew
Allen
Reece, J. R.
Gordon
Wilkinson, J. F.
Forrest
Maxwell
Scantlebury
Speck
Kilner

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

*President*—E. W. Bowling, M.A.
*Treasurer*—A. Low.
*Secretary*—J. M. Collard.
*First Captain*—W. Bonsey.
*Second Captain*—A. J. Finch.
*Third Captain*—C. W. Bourne.
*Fourth Captain*—J. Watkins.

The College is represented in the University Boat by three of its members. Mr. H. Watney and Mr. J. M. Collard rowing 7 and 2, and Mr. A. Forbes being again coxswain.

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 23rd. After several exciting bumping races the following crew was successful in a well contested time race:

1 A. C. D. Ryder
2 E. W. M. Lloyd
3 A. J. Finch
F. A. Macdona
C. W. Bourne (*cox.*)

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The following are the crews of the Lady Margaret boats in the eight-oared races this term:

*Second Boat.*

1 J. W. Bakewell
2 A. J. Finch
3 J. W. Dale
4 W. H. Simpson
5 W. B. Wilson
6 J. Noon
7 R. Hey
C. C. Scholefield (*stroke*)
R. Bower (*cox.*)

*Third Boat.*

1 F. Baynes
2 E. W. M. Lloyd
3 W. Hoare
4 H. H. Cochrane
5 J. W. Horne
6 F. A. Macdona
7 A. C. D. Ryder
R. J. Ellis (*stroke*)
J. T. Welldon (*cox.*)



*Fourth Boat.*

1 E. C. Chayter
2 E. S. Saxton
3 W. A. Jones
4 C. A. Hope
5 E. L. Pearson
6 W. H. Green
7 H. R. Beor
S. Haslam (*stroke*)
C. Carpmael (*cox.*)

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The following is the result of the eight-oar races during the present term:

*First Race. Tuesday, March 5th.*

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

*Second Race. Wednesday, March 6th.*

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

*Third Race. Thursday, March 7th.*

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

The Bateman Pairs were won on Wednesday, the 13th March, by Messrs. W. Bonsey and H. Watney.

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In consequence of the resignation of Captain Richardson, the following promotions have taken place in No. 2 Company, C.U.R.V.

Lieut. C. F. Roe to be Captain, *vice* Richardson resigned.

Ensign F. S. Lyman to be Lieutenant, *vice* Roe promoted.

Corporal F. C. Wace to be Ensign, *vice* Lyman promoted.

The Company Challenge Cup was won in the October Term (for the third time) by Lieut. Roe. The Officers' Pewter was won by Private Cann.

A match took place between No. 1 and No. 2 Companies at the end of the October term, in which No. 2 were victorious by about 40 points.

The Company scratch fours were shot on March 12th, eleven squads being entered, the following proving successful after a close competition:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pt. R. W. Close | Pt. J. Noon |
| ,, A. W. Lambert | ,, E. L. Pearson |

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for this term, on Saturday, the 30th March, and was won by Private J. Noon.

A match with No. 1 Company took place at the same time. No. 2 Corps winning by 40 points.



A match took place on Wednesday the 3rd April, against No. 2 Company of the First Cambridgeshire Battalion; in which the College Company scored 336 points, and the Town Company, 326 points. The following is the list of the eight who shot in each of the above matches:—

Captain Roe.
Ensign Wace.
Sergeant Braithwaite.
Corporal Ashe.
,, Cann.
Private Thorpe.
,, E. Carpmael.
,, Noon.

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The College Athletic Sports were held on March 15th and 16th.

The events of the first day were:

Half-mile handicap, (after four heats), final heat—

1. Bros. 2. Sparkes. 3. Luck.

Walking race (two miles)—

1. Fitzherbert. 2. C. Carpmael.

Two mile race—

1. Bainbridge. 2. Micklefield. 3. Atkinson.

The events of the second day:

Hundred yards, (in the third and last heat)—

1. Fitzherbert. 2. Lambert.

High jump—

L. Norris. 5 ft. 3 in.

Hurdle race (final heat)—

1. Cooper. 2. Lee-Warner.

Putting the weight—

1. Lee-Warner. 2. Hodges.

Throwing the hammer—

1. Williams. 2. Gannon.

Quarter-of-a-mile race—

1. Wybergh. 2. Sparkes.

Long jump—

Norris. 19 ft. 2 in.

Volunteer Challenge Cup (quarter-of-a-mile). (Presented by Sergeant W. E. Hart, for annual competition by efficient members of No. 2 Company, C. U. R. V.)—

1. Lambert. 2. Sparkes.

One mile race—

1. Bainbridge. 2. Micklefield.

Consolation race—

1. J. S. Smith. 2. Cotterill.

In the University Sports Mr. G. C. Whiteley won the walking race, doing the seven miles in 29 seconds over the hour; Mr. E. A. B. Pitman was second for the quarter of a mile race, and first in the final heat of the hundred yards; Mr. R. Fitzherbert was first in the hurdle-race; and Mr. L. Norris second in the long jump.

During the past term Mr. Pitman won the Strangers' Race (quarter of a mile) at the Jesus, the Magdalene, and the 2nd Trinity Sports; and Mr. Whiteley was second in the four-miles walking race, at the West London Rowing Club's Athletic Sports, doing the distance in 36 min. 22 sec.