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St. John's College, December 1867.

THE EAGLE.

ENGLISH CHARACTER AND THE SEA.

ANY attempt at describing the characteristics of a great people must necessarily be very imperfect. At the very outset of a nation's history, so many elements contribute to form the national character, that unless we were to possess the comprehensive view of a Shakespeare, we should be unable to form anything like an accurate opinion of their individuality. We must know not only the political and the social history of the early founders of a state, the nations or families of men with which they have come into contact, the myths and popular superstitions which presided over their infancy; but we must, moreover, consider the natural agencies of climate and geographical position which have contributed their streams to the vast river of national character. But if the task is one of great difficulty in the early infancy of a state, it is much more so, when that state has arrived at the full strength of manhood. A state is not different in this respect from an individual. The actions of a child are far more simple, and far more in accordance with fixed principles than those of a man. But when he has grown up and become more intimate with life and those around him, new knowledge is added to his little store, his actions become more and more complicated, and whatever he does is not so much a direct result emanating from his inner consciousness, as a com-

promise between it and outward circumstances. A glance at the history of any European state, or indeed at the general fact of civilization, will show that this rule applies to states as well. If we ask what it was that characterises the civilization of the ancient world, M. Guizot will tell us, it was simplicity and unity. This simplicity sometimes led them to a marvellously rapid development as in Ancient Greece, and then its creative force became exhausted, and none was left to renew its life; or else, as in India, it threw society into a lethargic and stationary state: and by its monotony, froze up the very springs of all progress. But, howsoever it ended, this unity of civilization was strongly marked; and it stamped itself upon literature and works of art no less than upon the social and political fabric. We turn now to modern civilization. Uniformity and simplicity are gone, and complexity takes their place. The souls of men are agitated by many principles and many desires; and amid all the confusion that is caused by this multiplicity of agents, it is hard to generalize the broad lines of difference which separate people from people. This is why all attempts to describe national characters of modern people must be fraught with so much difficulty, and would require far more time and space than this magazine could afford. I shall therefore limit my view to one particular point in our national character, and endeavour to shew how far our present policy and our modern history have been the result of our geographical position. In short, what our character owes to the Sea.

I presume that there are now few to be found, who would deny that climate and geographical position have played important parts in the formation of national characters. Yet, inasmuch as this point is the very foundation of the subject which we are considering, I must say a few words upon it. This question was one which attracted a good deal of discussion in the 18th century, especially among the economists

and the devotees of *La raison Encyclopédique*. The latter seem, however, in their ardour for the New Philosophy, to have laid too much stress on external objects, and not to have recognized individual mind, or force of character, as exercising any perceptible influence on a people's history. Plato on the other hand lays all the stress on individual strength of character, and leaves out physical organization altogether. In a well known passage of the fourth book of his Republic, occur the following words: "There exist in each of us the same generic parts—characteristics that are to be found in the state. For I presume it has not received them from any other influence. It would be ridiculous to imagine that the presence of the spirited element in cities is not to be traced to individuals, as in Thrace, or Scythia, and most northern countries; or the love of knowledge, as in our own country, or the love of riches, which characterises the Phœnicians and the Egyptians." Let us compare this with a passage in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. In the first book of this celebrated work, he says: "The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, very small; and the apparent difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter for example, arises not so much from nature as from habit, custom, and education." No one can help being struck by the differences between these two opinions. They are both extreme, and as usual, the truth lies in the golden mean. It is quite true that nations quà nations have different characteristics; and the elements of these are, no doubt, originally drawn from individual force. But after a certain time the influence of the individual character is hardly felt; and the policy becomes a national one. For example, the Italian character of diplomatic finesse is not so much to be attributed to individual character, as to a national policy, which, in its turn, reacts upon the individual. Unless other agencies, both physical and social, were to have combined

to keep this policy alive, it would long have perished. Thus Plato's statement about national character must be received with certain reservations; and, indeed, there are two considerations which will prove to us that his authority on this subject may be called in question. In the first place, we must remember that Plato was speaking in the time of the old civilization, when the history of a people seemed to march along with that simplicity and regularity which characterise the actions of an individual. The world was in its childhood; and manhood, with all its complexity and combination of motives, was far in the future. But this is not all. Plato's knowledge of national characters was confined to the petty states around him. In the history of countries like Athens, Sparta, and Thrace, individual force of character was able to effect far more and far greater results than in modern days. The political stage, upon which great men played their parts, was limited; while they were backed up by sympathetic countrymen bound to them by ties of relationship. For these two reasons we need not attach so much importance to Plato's words, as they would at first seem to demand.

Nor, on the other hand, is Adam Smith altogether free from error. The physical capacities and talents of men differ no less than the circumstances under which they are placed; and nothing can be more natural than that each individual should only apply himself to those occupations which, all things considered, he believes to be most suitable to himself. It is as absurd to say that every street porter would have become a philosopher, if he had been brought up suitably, as it is to say that all philosophers are actually equal. *Poeta nascitur non fit*—though not absolutely true, is partially true in the case of every profession and every nation.

I shall therefore assume, as my starting point, that our national character, though originally receiving a certain impress from individual force, is yet in the main

moulded and shaped by external circumstances, and natural agents. Of these latter, climate and position are the most important. Plato, indeed, had remarked that northern countries were remarkable for the spirited element. This he attributed to the courage of individuals: but he carried his enquiries no further. Is it too much to suppose that the keen clear air of northern latitudes has contributed to form this result? All northern nations being, from very infancy, subjected to the inclemencies of cold and wet, have naturally acquired a greater proportion of strength and energy; while, on the other hand, southern countries living beneath the enervating influence of a tropical sun have been distinguished for inactivity and inferiority in the arts of war. Again, the influence of the sea has been no less conspicuous in the characters of nations living near to it. I shall now endeavour to point out the way in which we ourselves have been influenced by our insular character; and, if I mistake not, we shall find that the political history of the last few years is strictly in accordance with the influence which we should have expected it to exert.

In the first place it may be said that, as a rule, proximity to the sea inspires a love of liberty and independence. There is something supremely grand and untameable in the "Oceani vis," whic cannot help exerting its influence on those who live in sight of it. The same may be said about mountainous countries. There, too, everything seems to inspire a love of freedom. The unbroken solitude of the mountains, the rough rugged precipices untrod by human foot, the many winding caves, and thick forests cannot but speak to our souls in a still small voice. I cannot think that this is mere imagination. Anyone who has lived in the midst of mountain scenery, or who has watched the vast Atlantic as it swells irresistibly towards the shore, and covers all the rocks that bar its passage, must have felt how glorious it is to be free. Nature, too, has its asso-

ciations which can speak to our inner selves. There are nations which have so long been tied by the bonds of servitude, that they do not know what freedom means, and so they care not to enjoy it. But if these nations were so situated as to live within the influence of mountain scenery, or the sea, they could not fail to catch sometime the spirit of freedom.

Nature would need for them no interpreter; and from her they could learn a lesson which others, sunk like them in servitude, could never teach themselves. Wordsworth himself, one of England's greatest poets, bears testimony to this influence, when he says:

> Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
> In both from time to time thou didst rejoice.
> They were thy chosen seat, O Liberty!

Greece herself is no exception to this rule. For though the severity of the modern Greek was, even in the time of Juvenal, a notorious fact—

> Græculus esuriens in cœlo, jusseris, ibit;

yet we must remember that after her frantic struggles with the rest of Greece her chivalry was destroyed, her spirit cowed; and, for a time, no life or vital spark was left within her. In fact, after the time of Augustus, Greece gradually sinks from our notice. But when, again, we see her held firmly in the grasp of the Turk, she does not quietly acquiesce in slavery. For, now unaided, and now, with the help of Russia, she is perpetually engaged in insurrections; till at last, in the enthusiasm which rallies round the standard of the Cross, we recognize some of the old spirit which animated Ancient Greece.

But if the spirit of the sea exercises such a glorious influence over those who dwell near it, as to imprint its own character upon that of the nation; the material element itself adds much to the maintenance and fostering of this spirit. Nothing adds so much strength to a love of liberty as an unsuccessful attack upon it.

When men are in a danger of losing what they possess, and their energies are roused to defend it, then only do they understand its value and its worth. Now the sea, acting as a physical barrier, has often saved English liberty from internal no less than external attacks. The occasions upon which our insular position has saved us from a foreign foe are so numerous, that I need not speak about them; but it has done more than this. It has saved our liberties from the kingly power at home. At a time when a silent revolution was going on throughout Europe; when the power of Royalty was daily increasing, and the subjects were chafing under the heavier burdens imposed upon them, England alone was able to preserve her freedom in all its integrity. The reason of this was, not that England alone possessed a Pym and a Cromwell. Spain, too, had had her Egmont, and France her Frondeurs; but all attempts to regain liberty were crushed in both. They had to contend against a difficulty, which English citizens knew not of. The continental powers had been all forced, since the balance of power was introduced into Europe, to maintain standing armies, with which they at once crushed any insurrection. England alone separated by the sea from her warlike neighbours, had not been forced to take this step; and thus it was that the voice of the people made itself heard. Had Strafford's policy of the Thorough been carried out in England as he tried it in Ireland, we too might have lost for a period our hard-won liberties.

Thus we may fairly ascribe our national love of liberty, in a large measure to our insular position. But there is a second influence which it has exerted upon our character, and which is not altogether unmixed with evil.

England, the land of liberty, is also a land of stoicism and indifference. There is one subject on which French journalists are never tired of touching. It is the "*brutalité des Anglais.*" By this, they mean our bluff and

rude way of dealing with questions: a certain stoical indifference to what others may feel, far removed from continental urbanity. This is just what one would expect from John Bull, who lives perfectly content as king of his own island without caring much for foreign society. This *brutalité*, however, extends beyond our manners; and acting upon our minds, produces a mental dullness and inactivity, which is near akin to Philistinism. We are always the last nation to receive a new idea. After any idea has floated over the continent, it seems to fall dead when it reaches the sea. This evil tendency can only be cured by improved means of communication; but even then the idea, which may be engrossing every nation's attention on the continent, comes to us at last through the medium of our own countrymen: and so loses half its force. It is a long time before we adopt it as our own; and even then it is not without grave and serious misgivings. This backwardness and stoicism is due entirely to our insular character, and is strongly marked in all Englishmen. I might term the quality itself, our insularity. All the bad qualities of Englishmen may be referred to this head; and especially that quality which Americans dislike so much: I mean our suspicious coldness and reserve. This is due to our want of sympathy; and the mere fact that our own American brothers dislike it so much, seems to me a conclusive proof that it arises from our insular position.

It is quite astonishing how soon propagandism spreads an idea throughout Europe; and in proof of this, I will just call attention to the great idea of this century, and compare its movement on the continent with that in our own island. All the European history *of this century* has been shaped in accordance with the idea embodied in the French Revolution. All *our late* movements in the direction of political, ecclesiastical, and educational reform arise mainly from the same source. The difference, however, between its effect on Europe and on England, is most noteworthy.

The shock of the most Catholic revolution, that the world has yet witnessed, reverberated at once throughout Europe. Europe saw; and at once adopted the doctrines and lessons which it taught. A panic spread over every nation: without hesitation the tenets of Egalité and Fraternité were universally adopted. There was no time for reflection. The beacon-lights flashed from society to politics, from politics to literature. Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert had preceded the Revolution in France; Goethe, Heinrich Heine caught up the motion in Germany, and waged their war on behalf of man's equality. But where was our England meanwhile? She, too, had heard. But what was the French Revolution to her? As long as her own vessel glided along the placid ocean, what mattered it that clouds were gathering around, and the tempest raging in a neighbouring country? Thus, for a long time, she vigorously resisted the new ideas; and it was not till within the last few decades that her literature re-echoed the notes that had long since died away on the continent. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the first of our poets who embodied in their poetry the ideas for which all France had bled. For I except Shelley; as, in his case, his hatred of deception and enthusiastic longing for perfect liberty in church and state, was more a consequence of his own peculiar character, than of the French Revolution. But though England as een so long in acquiring the great lesson of modern days, now that she has made it her own, she is following it with an enthusiasm to which years of inactivity lend additional force. As if to make up for her past apathy, our island seems bent, if I may use Mr. Carlyle's expression, on shooting Niagara right to the bottom. We have all bowed down to the idea and δόγμα ἡμῶν τὶς μεταβάλλει. Our conservatives have at once relinquished their hereditary policy; the nation cries aloud for the franchise; our reformers demand compulsory education: and others again ask for the separa-

tion of church and state. All, in short, cry for absolute freedom and equality. Thus it is that, though our insular position keeps us for a long time behind the rest of Europe, yet when once the idea has overcome the physical barriers opposed to it by nature, we bound forward with irresistible, thoughtless haste.

Yet this separation from the rest of Europe is not altogether a loss. It gives us more time for reflection; and we can choose deliberately whether we will or will not adopt any new idea. It saves us, too, from those panics which have sometimes swept over the continent, and for a moment paralyze all actions. I venture to think that this will explain much of the history of the last few years, fraught as it is with its social upheavings in Ireland; its political and ecclesiastical agitations in England. We are apt to imagine that all these movements are either due to past mistakes, or to some groundless ideas which have sprung up, we know not whence. In the busy whirl of life we forget the great lesson of 1789. Yet it is the one fact upon which all future history will hinge; and we have not hitherto felt its influence so much before, as other nations even inferior to ourselves in civilization and intelligence, merely because we live in an island.

Let us, then, not forget what our national character owes to the sea. Hence comes our love of freedom and that enterprise, both in our sports and the more serious business of life, which distinguishes us above all other nations of Europe. Hence, too, on the other hand, a certain apathy with a great want of courtesy; and a somewhat repulsive pride, so different from the effervescent froth of the Belgic race and the sturdy simplicity of the Norwegian. As a celebrated writer, who has lately passed away from us, has so well said: "The Englishman is rather an island than an islander; bluff, stormy, rude, abrupt, repulsive, and inaccessible."

W. L.

THE BANDIT OF BOHEMIA; OR THE KNAVE OF HARTZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron Gruffon Grimm.
Slopenhoff.
Houlenphunck.
Schnieckenbach.
Count Shockenduffer.
Baron Rudolf Grimm.
Lady Bertha.
Gretchen.
Dame Martha.

Scene I.—THE BANDIT'S RETREAT.

(*Door and window in flat practicable, chairs and table with jugs and glasses,* R. *Music. Door in flat gradually opens.* Baron Gruffon Grimm's *figure appears half-way through the door: he looks round cautiously—chord—he disappears, closing the door after him. At this moment trap* C. *opens, and* Slopenhoff *comes half-way out—chord—he disappears. Door in flat again opens, and* Gruffon Grimm *enters, stepping cautiously.*)

GRUF. The place is empty, wherefore I surmise
I'm rather all alone than otherwise.
What ho! there, Slopenhoff! no sound? it's plain
He's not at home. I'd better *call again.*
Slopenhoff!

[Slopenhoff *comes through trap* C. *with dark lantern.*

SLOP. Ha! who's been and let this chap in?
(*seizing* Gruffon Grimm) Who are you? speak!
(*recognising him and touching his cap*) I beg your pardon, Cap'en.

GRUF. What are you after, stupidest of muffs?
You've crushed my *collar* with your cursed *cuffs.*

SLOP. You rather startled me.

GRUF. Bah! craven fool:
You know my form?

SLOP. (*aside*) I ought to, I'm his (*s*)*tool.*

I didn't mean to drop on you so hard;
But all *good watches* should keep *on their guard.*

GRUF. Enough! I've work in hand for you to night;
So let's to business: per-oduce a light.

[*They sit down to table.* Slopenhoff *lights candle with dark lantern.*

One night—but stay, lest some one from without
Look in upon us: keep a sharp *look out.*

[*They examine the place in a conventional manner and lock door.*

GRUF. (*coming down* R.) 'Tis well, we're unobserved then?
SLOP. (*coming down* L.) It's all right.
GRUF. Where had I got to? Oh! I know—one night.
One night a man of visage stern and grim,
Met unawares a robber band.
SLOP. (*to audience*) That's him!
GRUF. As bad a lot as one would wish to see.
Their chief, a vile ill-favoured cur.
SLOP. (*to audience*) That's me!
GRUF. "Your life or purse" they cried "this very minute."
He scorned the threat—for there was nothing in it.
And thus became the Captain of the Band—

[Gruffon Grimm *in his excitement has forced* Slopenhoff *to the ground.*

He who stands over you!
SLOP. I understand.
GRUF. Now for the cause that's brought me here to-day.
Your work I mean—the subject of the play.
I have a friend; you know him, p'raps, by name,
Count Shockenduffer.
SLOP. Stout old cove?
GRUF. The same.
SLOP. (*drawing knife and sharpening it on the ground*)
Within an hour a reeking corpse he lies!
GRUF. No! No! not that: his daughter—
SLOP. Good! she dies!
GRUF. Not in this instance, Slopenhoff; you musn't
Kill the young lady.
SLOP. (*putting up knife*) Very well! she doesn't.
GRUF. Once, when the count was rather out of cash,
Through some joint-stock bank which had gone to smash,

My father found him a supply of pelf,
And set him up by coming down himself.
When asked for payment, he no notice took of it;
But gave a *bill* and tried to make a *hook* of it.
That note of hand I hold in my possession.
SLOP. What will you do with it?
GRUF. Aye! that's the question.
I love his che-ild.

[Slopenhoff *laughs explosively, then looks unconscious.*

Was that you who laughed?
(*looking round*) The wind, p'raps.
SLOP. Blow it! how about the draft?
GRUF. Why, thanks to that, for many years he's lingered
Under my thumb.
SLOP. Nice, that; he's so *light fingered.*
GRUF. Now for a long time I have had my eye
Upon his daughter, whom I——
SLOP. There! don't fly
Off to the sentimental—draw it mild.
GRUF. Pardon the weakness, but I love his che-ild.
I saw her once; 'twas in her father's hall
By the umbrella stand—I'd made a call
To take some interest: but, as I've said,
I took an interest in her instead.
And soon, Oh! joy, shall be her lord and master.—
SLOP. What does the lady say?
GRUF. (*suddenly remembering the fact*) I haven't asked her.
SLOP. P'raps she'll refuse you, and may cut up rough.
GRUF. I've her papa's *acceptance*, that's enough.
If fair play won't do, I'll go the whole hog,
And try foul means.
SLOP. (*à la* Wordley *in* "Ethel") Ho! ho! sly dog, sly dog.
GRUF. This very day I've sent to tell her so;
My brother's started with a message—
SLOP. Oh!
Your brother?
GRUF. Aye! discern'st thou aught in that?

[Slopenhoff *starts and looks round.*

Wherefore that start?

SLOP. (*laughing*) Oh! nothing, 'twas the cat.

GRUF. Nothing? my brother? Ha! what can the fellow see
To laugh at there?

SLOP. (*à la* Iago) Beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is a green-eyed monster.

GRUF. Hang the fellow!
I know it is.

SLOP. A green——

GRUF. Shut up!

SLOP. (*impressively to audience*) Othello.

GRUF. What of my brother? speak! I'm growing faint.

SLOP. He's very handsome.

GRUF. What of that?

SLOP. You aint.

GRUF. I see it all; I've made a lucky hit of it.
(*à la* Othello)
"Farewell the tranquil mind!"—he'll get a bit of it
When he comes back. Fool, fool, to be so weak.
Confound his pretty face, and cursed cheek:
I should have sent some hideous base-born elf,
Some ugly knave.

SLOP. Then why not go yourself?

GRUF. Too true, too true. Perhaps it's not too late
To mend the matter—YOU repair there straight.
Follow him, dog him, keep a careful eye on him.
Come! make a start.—

SLOP. *A start*, I'll be *as spy* on him.

Duet.—GRUFFON GRIMM AND SLOPENHOFF.

Air.—"*Nix my dolly.*"

GRUF. Here's a fellow to woo my love has gone,
He'll attempt to win her, and I forlorn
Shake away.

SLOP. No! no! my master, the spy I'll play
And the lady myself I'll take away.
Quick, the jolly gal fake away,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away. (*repeat chorus.*)

On the young couple I'll keep my eye,
And into the house when there's nobody by
Make a way.

GRUF. If he discover you, straight away stick
A knife in his jugular vein, and quick,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away. (*repeat chorus*).

GRUF. Now show me how you'll act when you get there.
Put on a bland insinuating air.
[Slopenhoff *takes off*

Hum! captivating!

SLOP. Dont! you'll make me vain.
[*Putting his hand through the crown of his hat.*

That's a nice *cap to vait in* in the rain.

GRUF. When on the grounds they'll ask, perhaps, why
you're lurking on 'em;
How shall you answer, eh?

SLOP. How? why by burking on 'em.

GRUF. Are you well armed in case of any quarrels?

SLOP. I've a revolver here with sixteen barrels.

GRUF. It is a pretty toy, but such a one [*produces it.*
Is needless; you should have a needle-gun:
No other weapon now is worth a pin.
Where are the boys gone? aren't they coming in?
You'll need *companions.*

SLOP. Yes *a lad or two.*
They're not so far off.
[*Window in flat opens, and* Houlenphunck's *head appears.*

HOU. Give the *gang way*, do!
Make haste and let us in, the wind does blow so.

GRUF. (*to band*)
Bandits are coming—something tremoloso.
[*Music, "The Campbell's are coming;" slow and tremoloso.* Slopenhoff *goes to the door, and unlocking it, admits the bandits one by one, peering into their faces with the dark lantern; when* **they** *have all entered he comes forward, and they range themselves round the stage.*

GRUF. Boys, I require of you a trifling service.

ALL (*sharpening their knives on the stage*) Good!

SLOP. Don't do that, the Captain's rather *nervis.*
This case there's no one to be stabbed or shot in.

GRUF. No! it's a delicate affair.

HOU. (*sagaciously to the bandits* aro ın'.

GRUF. Slopenhoff, choose at once two trusty knaves
To go with you.
ALL. (*rushing forward*) Take me!
GRUF. Back, caitiff slaves!
(*Business of* Slopenhoff *choosing two bandits.*)
(*pointing to* Houl.) I like yon heavy brow, so black and horrid.
SLOP. You with the *heavy brow* we'll *hev ye for'ard.*
(*to* Schnieckenbach) Here, let us have a look at you, my hearty;
(*leading him forward*) A nice young man, that, for a small tea-party.
GRUF. (*slily*) Aye, but no *muff-in struggles*—don't you see?
SLOP. (*vaguely*) No *muff-in strug* — (*seeing joke and digging* Gruffon *in ribs*) Ho! ho!
GRUF. (*digging* Slopenhoff *in the ribs*) Ha! ha!
ALL. (*digging each other in the ribs*) He! he!
GRUF. I think the two you've chosen are the best.
Go! you're the band on which my hopes now rest.
HOU. We'd like to drink your health before we—
GRUF. Slope!
You can't want liquor, you're a Band of Hope.
[Slopenhoff *whispers in* Gruffon's *ear.*
Exactly so: I see that I was wrong
To close the scene, we want a drinking song,
So boys fill up, and mind you keep in tune,
There's the stone jar, you'll get the stone jug soon.
[*The band strike up the symphony of the "Rhein Wine," during which the Bandits all fill their glasses, and range themselves behind the first grooves.*

Song and Chorus. Air.—"The Rhein Wine."

GRUF. Pour out the Rhein Wine, boys, but no!
That sour stuff makes one shiver,
So lads to the nearest public go
And let your cry be "Bass for ever."
For a quart of Beer is a tipple fine,
They may keep the stuff they call Rhein Wine.
(*Chorus*) For a quart of Beer, &c.

Scene II.—ROAD NEAR THE BANDIT'S RETREAT.

Enter Dame Martha L. *She carries a basket as if she had been to market.*

MAR. The place ain't safe, go where you will, you meet
Policemen running loose about the street,
This comes of house-keeping for robber bands:
I almost wish I'd got them off my hands,
They've run me off my legs with this long walk.
This I call *doublin'* work.
[*Sits down on basket* L, *and uncorks bottle.*
Oh, drat the cork!
(*listens*) Whose footstep's that? I'd best before they come
Put up this bottle, they might think it rum.

Enter Baron Gruffon Grimm, R.

GRUF. Alone once more with these distracting thoughts,
I feel, I must say, rather out of sorts,
(*sees* Martha) Hulloa, old hag—pray why are you here waiting?
MAR. Old hag, indeed, don't be so (h)aggravating,
But what's the matter, you seem in the blues?
GRUF. I've played the fool!
MAR. Is that all? that's no news.
GRUF. I've sent my brother Rudolf on ahead of me,
To my young lady, to make love instead of me;
And jealousy with softer passion warring,
Feeds on my vitals—oh, it is *a-gnawing.*
MAR. True, it's a green-eyed monster.
GRUF. Ha! I fear
There's a much brighter green in this eye here,
But I've sent Slopenhoff to see about it,
He'll put a stopper on their game.
MAR. I doubt it.
He'll only go off on the cadge.
GRUF. Oh, drat it!
He on the cadge? I'd like to *cadge* him at it.
MAR. You've played the fool to *some tune* I must say,
Now you had better try *another lay.*
Go there yourself.

GRUF. And be refused ?
MAR. Absurd !
You're a fine bandit : why, whoever heard
Of one who leads a German band, content
With being said "no" ? That's not what I meant.
A Baron and a bandit should of course
Seize on a girl and take her off by force.
GRUF. I'll go at once and your directions foller.
MAR. You'll want a clean shirt and a tidy collar,
I'll pack them up for you.
GRUF. There, get along,
[*Exit* Martha, R.
I'll come directly when I've done my song.

Descriptive Song.—BARON GRUFFON GRIMM.

Air, "Friar of Orders Grey."

I am a chief of marauders gay,
A downy pal as the fakemen say,
I follow my victim, pounce on him and shout,
Ha ! stand and deliver, your pockets turn out.
And should he resist, no compunction I feel,
In letting him taste just a yard of cold steel ;
And when I've thus pinned him I collar his purse,
And derisively laugh as he feebly cries "curse,"
So every one starts, for no one in these parts,
Thieves half so well as the Knave of Hartz.

Il Balen. Trovatore.

But sometimes bad luck attends us,
Myrmidons of justice follow on our track,
Government some strangers sends us,
Wearing each a dark blue coat upon his back.
Though they with might and main assailing,
Rush on us with threats and railing,
Still the force is unavailing,
'Gainst the Bandits of the ——.

Tapioca. Chorus.

Hartz, part, starts, darts, off you see the bobbies then in all directions fly,
Oh ! me, oh ! my, A—a—ah, off you see the bobbies then in all directions fly.

"Let me like a soldier fall,"

But I must like a bandit fall,
Some day it's very plain,
A gentle drop from gallows' tall,
Will put me out of pain.

And then they'll write my history,
I'll be a regular swell ;
The Newgate Calendar will say,
He like a bandit fell.
[*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—ROOM IN COUNT SCHOCKENDUFFER'S CASTLE.

(*Window in flat practicable. Enter* Gretchen, R. *Cupboard and door practicable* R).

GRE. I wonder what has come to poor old master,
I fear he's fallen into some disaster.
He seems so restless, scarcely eats or drinks,
Nor after dinner takes his forty winks.
And when the bottle's set before him, moans,
And 'stead of *light w(h)ines* takes to *heavy groans.*
His breakfast eggs quite cold I've cleared away,
Though he's been brooding o'er them half the day.
What can it mean ? it's very clear to me,
There's something up as didn't ought to be.

Song.—Air. "The Ballad Singer."

Up with the lark each day,
Daily I clear away,
Tea-things and cloth I lay,
Work, work. all day long,
Secrets dark and queer,
Often meet my ear ;
Leading me to fear
Something has gone wrong.
By the door I sometimes stand,
And listen there as well,
Then with the handle in my hand,
I answer master's bell.
Up with the lark each day,
Daily I clear away
Tea-things and cloth I lay,
Work, work, all day long.
Secrets dark and queer,
Often meet my ear ;
Leading me to fear
Something has gone wrong.
Fra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Fra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Well, it's no use for this one's memory stretching,
I'll find it out, or else my name's not—

COUNT (*outside*) Gretchen !

Enter Count, R.

Where is your mistress ? go and bring her here,
Stop though—allow me just to shed a tear.

[*Wipes his eye on* Gretchen's *apron.*

Thank you. Oh Gretchen, you will hear with pain
That poor Miss Bertha—lend me that again.

[*Wipes his eye again.*

GRE. Oh master, don't go on like that, because
You give me such a turn as never was.
Has mistress had an accident, sir, oh !
Fainted perhaps, or caught the measles ?

COUNT No !

GRE. Or, p'raps while driving in the one-horse shay,
She's been thrown out ?

COUNT No, only thrown away.
Her lot may well occasion you surprise,
A *sad lot* going at a sacrifice ;
May be my meaning's not quite clear as yet,
Well, then I've sold her to pay off a debt.

GRE. You don't mean what you say ?

COUNT Alas, I do !
I've sold my child, don't think I'm selling you,
I owe a bill and have no means to pay,
So means to pay it in another way ;
My grasping creditor the Baron Grimm,
Insists upon Miss Bertha marrying him.
I must consent, or pay him the amount,
'Twill kill me though and settle up a-count.

GRE. Well, it's disgraceful, cruel, shameful, low :
Who's Baron Grimm, I should just like to know ?
Insulting of Miss Bertha in this fashion,
To treat my *pet* so puts me in a *passion.*

COUNT But Gretchen, just hear what I've got to say,
The case is *urgent.*

GRE. *Her gent*, whose gent, pray ?

COUNT You quite misunderstand me, for I don't—

GRE. Miss understand you, no, I'm sure she won't.

COUNT It's no use talking to you.

GRE. That's absurd !
I've not been able to get in a word,
This sudden blow has taken away the breath o' me.
(*crying*) Miss Bertha !

COUNT Bertha ! oh, she'll be the death o' me.

GRE. Poor girl, this news will break her heart, I fear.

COUNT Then break it gently.

GRE. Hush, she comes !

Enter Bertha, R.

BER. Pa, dear,
I want a new dress.

COUNT Pooh ! you've got enough.

BER. Yes, but I want a silk one.

COUNT *Silk* one ? *stuff !*
I can't afford it.

BER. Only this one, Pa.

COUNT You look extremely pretty as you are,
Besides the bills that I already owe,
Like you, my child, a *pretty figure* show ;
I've lived beyond my scanty means so far,
That I'm a pauper—

BER. Pauper ? oh, *poor Pa.*

COUNT Yes, child, that state I've lately been arriving at,
By easy stages.

GRE. I know what he's driving at,
There's some old villain he would have you marry.

[Bertha *shrieks and clasps her hands.*

Oh Miss, bear up.

COUNT (*looking from one to the other*) Miss, bear ? my plans *miscarry.*

BER. Can this be true ?

COUNT I do confess with sorrow,
You must, my child.

BER. Oh, when ?

COUNT Well, say to-morrow.

BER. To whom? I fear he will some horrid fright be.
COUNT Well, p'raps he's not so handsome as he might be,
But he's a Baron.
GRE. Yes, an old—
COUNT (*to* Gretchen) Have done!
GRE. The very ugliest *Baron, barrin'* none,
His face is pimply, scowling, coarse, and beery,
With such a leer.
COUNT A leer, hush, p'raps he'll *hear* ye,
He comes to-day.
BER. Oh! gracious, what a shock!
COUNT It is indeed a blow.
GRE. Hark! there's his knock.

Dance and Exeunt Bertha and Count, R., Gretchen, L.

(*Melo-Dramatic Music. Enter* Slopenhoff *mysteriously through lattice in flat, he has a large gingham umbrella*).

SLO. I hope next time I climb them in the dark,
They'll have reformed *those railings in the park*,
Though broken glass may be an institution,
In my opinion, it's a vile delusion.
With friends I've cracked a bottle o'er and o'er,
But never sat down on the ends before;
Then that mop-handle in my wind I stuck it,
Upset the pail and nearly *kicked the bucket.*
But I must look out for a hiding place,
That box I'll get in (*goes up to box* R, *finds it locked*). Hem! not in *this case.*
Good, here's a cupboard, that's a *saf*
And if I want to get back in the street,
That window's not too high to stop my flight, or
Else I can't *reckon height*—let's *reconnoitre.*

(*Goes up to window and looks out, and shutting it after him, leans back on it*).

That's just the thing, so if yon cupboard fails,
I shan't get nailed—oh! bother take those nails.
[*Extricates himself from one.*
They're always sticking into people's backs,
I thought they'd done away with *Window Tacks,*

Ha! ha! a footstep, they are coming near,
I'll just step *over there* and *over hear.*
[*Exit into cupboard.*

Enter Gretchen and Rudolf, L.

GRE. I fear they kept you waiting at the wicket.
Your card, sir, please.
RUD. Card? haw, yes, that's the ticket.
[*Gives card to* Gretchen: *she looks at it in surprise.*
GRE. The Baron Grimm! it can't be, I was wrong
To think you ugly.
RUD. Were you? (*kisses her*).
GRE. Get along! (*runs off* R).
RUD. Haw! that young woman's lips were made for kisses,
If I am half as smitten with her missus,
I shall be very much inclined to pop
The question on my own account, but stop,
I am my brother's delegate, and so
This is a *delegate* affair you know.

Enter Bertha, R.

BER. Why he's not ugly.
RUD. Thank ye (*aside*) here's another.
Ugly? I suppose she takes me for my brother.
I'll keep it up.
BER. A fine day, this, sir?
RUD. (*vaguely*) Is it?
BER. To what am I indebted for this visit?
RUD. I beg your pardon—but you see, miss, really,
The fact is—haw! (*aside*) here goes—
(*dropping on his knees*) I love you dearly!
(*ardently*) Start not that such a sudden declaration
Should follow a two minutes' conversation.
Let not time measure Cupid's boundless powers,
For what are *minutes* to a love like *'ours.*
Oh when just now your beauteous graceful form
Came *gliding* in, then *glowed* this waistcoat warm.
My thirsting heart through eager eyeballs drank
Say wilt thou love me? [ye.
BER. (*modestly yielding*) Yes, I will.
RUD. (*rising*) Haw! thank ye.

Duet.—RUDOLF AND BERTHA.

Air adapted from Mozart's Pianoforte Duet, No.

RUD. People then it seems have slandered me.
Saying I was old and seedy,
But Gruffon Grimm is not my name you see,
For I'm a younger brother poor and needy.
BER. What? not Gruffon Grimm?
RUD. No, not Gruffon Grimm,
But a younger brother poor and needy.
BER. Really, not old Grimm.
RUD. No dear, not old Grimm,
But a younger brother poor and needy.
Then fly with me.
We'll married be.

RUD. / BER. People then it seems have slandered { me / he },
Saying { I / he } was old and seedy.
But Gruffon Grimm is not { my / his } name, you see,
For { I'm / he's } a younger brother poor and needy.

BER. Well this is a nice surprise for me,
But if Pa should know you're poor and needy,
In a horrid state of rage he'd be,
And out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
RUD. Turn me out of doors?
BER. Yes, dear, out of doors,
Out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
RUD. Horridest of bores.
BER. Yes, but out of doors,
Out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
RUD. Then fly with me,
We'll married be.

RUD. / BER. For people then it seems, &c.

BER. Well this surprise is really most delightful,
They painted you to me as something frightful.
Oh in the darkest colours.
RUD. That was bosh,
You see my dear that colour wouldn't wash,
You can look on that hue and smile.
BER. But I
Thought I should see you in that *hue and cry.*
RUD. And will you always love me then the same?
My own dear—Haw! excuse me what's your name?

BER. Bertha.
RUD. (*putting his arm round her waist*)
How charming! we'll get married soon,
And then we'll go and spend our honeymoon
Down at the seaside, where our life shall be
One round of love—and toast and shrimps for tea.
Some far Utopia on whose happy beach
We can get out of barrel-organ's reach.
Where if you sit a moment on the sand,
No pertinacious fish-fag takes her stand
To shock your nostrils with the smell of crab,
Or with a *flounder* give your face a *dab.*
Where in a quiet lodging one can *re*side
Free from those common objects of the seaside,
Whose tyrant presence every stranger feels,
The Norfolk Howard, and the cat that steals.
Where we can watch o'er ocean's face so fair,
The waves that curl and scent the morning air.
Thus by the sea-shore will we spend our prime,
Our wedded moments being marry-time.
BER. That will be charming.

Enter Count, R.

RUD. Do you like the plan?
COUNT Horror! despair! she's got the wrong young man!

[*He comes forward. Enter* Gretchen, R, *she also comes forward.*

Operatic Chorus.—COUNT, BERTHA, GRETCHEN, AND RUDOLF.

Air, "Il Destin," from the Huguenots.

COUNT What's all this? really, miss, it is most outrageous!
BER. Why you said I should wed with the Baron Grimm.
RUD. Don't get riled, spare your child, and at once engage us.
GRE. Grimm's his name, it's the same.
COUNT Pooh, it isn't him!
Rage! despair! tell me where I can find a p'liceman.
GRE. Pray be calm, you'll alarm all the place, I vow.
RUD. Don't get wroth.
COUNT Go to Bath!
RUD. Please to keep the peace, man.
BER. Cease your ire.
COUNT Murder! fire!
GRE. Here's a jolly row.

BER. Pray forgive and do not be a bore, sir.
RUD. Let one speak—your daughter I adore, sir.
COUNT Hold your tongue, I'll turn you out of door, sir.
RUD. Here me, pray.
COUNT Go away! As I said just now.

CHORUS. Rage! despair! tell { me / him } where, &c. *to* jolly row.

[Count *takes* Bertha *off* R, *as they are going* Bertha *looks round and kisses her hand to* Rudolf, *he does the same, and after looking lovingly after her, exit* L. Gretchen *remains.*

GRE. Did ever any one hear such a row?
Oh! well they'll want their dinner anyhow.
I'll lay the cloth, I've got the knives and forks
Below: the spoons are in that cupboard—
[*Opens cupboard and discovers* Slopenhoff *devouring a huge pie.*
Lawks!

[Slopenhoff *rushes out of cupboard and seizing her by the wrist with his left hand, in his right he holds the knife with a large piece of meat on the end of it: at the same time he keeps the umbrella tight under his right arm.*

SLOP. Hush! or this knife into your heart I'll stick.
GRE. Help!
SLOP. Help? I'll drop you in a cistern slick,
There's one outside: so if you dare to cry
You'll be a *tumbler* in that *tank-hard* by.
[*Finishes the meat on the end of his knife, which he returns to his belt.*
GRE. What do you want?
SLOP. I'm here to guard the premises,
I'm not a robber, but I'm after them as is.
I'm sent to keep an eye on that young spark
Who's come to court your missus.
GRE. What for?
SLOP. Hark!
To see they hold no meetings in the park.
GRE. I'm going to scream.
SLOP. No lovely damsel, no!
Do not distort that beauteous visage so.
Besides (*drawing knife*) Ha! ha! but there's no need to scream,
I'm not half such a bad one as I seem.

I like the looks of you, nay, more, I love you,
Aye, hear me swear it by the heaven above you.
[*He drops on his knees,* Gretchen *draws the umbrella from under his arm and raises it over his head.*
Oh, strike away! but I won't stir unless
You say you'll have me, let those lips say yes.
GRE. (*dropping umbrella*) I couldn't.
SLOP. Ha! you hesitate I see.
(*à la* Richard III.)
Take up that gingham then, or take up me.
GRE. Oh very well.
SLOP. (*rising*) One kiss? (*she repulses him*)
Nay, hear me swear.
GRE. No, don't, I hate bad language.
(Slopenhoff *half unsheaths knife*) Well then, there (*he kisses her*).
Now for a song.
SLOP. I don't know any savin'
The "Carrion Crow."
GRE. The what? you must be *ravin'*.
SLOP. My voice suits ditties of the good old times,
It's like a bell, just hark how well it chimes.

Song.—SLOPENHOFF. *Air,* "*The Carrion Crow.*"

The old Carrion Crow he sat upon an oak,
Fol de riddle lol de di do.
The old Carrion Crow he sat upon an oak,
And the tailor was mending his old pudding poke.
Singing Hi! ho! the old carrion crow, ho, ho, ho!
Fol de lol de riddle lol de di do.
Chorus. Singing hi! ho! &c.

Go wife fetch my quiver and my bow,
Fol de lol de riddle lol de di do.
Go wife fetch my——

[Gretchen *interrupts him.*

GRE. You don't think such a noise as that can tickle us,
Leave off, for goodness' sake, it's too ridiculous.

Song.—GRETCHEN. *Air,* "*Ben e Ridicolo.*"

It's too ridiculous,
Your ancient crow, sir,
I'd have you know, sir,
Has long been out of date.

Don't try to tickle us
That way, old fella,
Or this umbrella
Shall tickle your pate.
Now I'll be candid, oh!
No one could stand it, oh!
E'en from a bandit, oh!
Such songs I hate.
Oh! no, oh! no, tra, lal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Oh! no, oh! no, tra, lal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Tra lal la, la, la, la, la,
Tra lal la, la, la, la, la,

Chorus. Oh! no, Oh! no, tra, la, &c.

[*During which* Slopenhoff *persists in singing the chorus of* "Carrion Crow"; *they harmonise. Dance, and Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Road-side Inn near Schockenduffer's Castle.

Enter Houlenphunck L., *he looks round, and then beckons* L. *Enter* Schnieckenbach.

HOU. This is the place where Slopenhoff's to meet us;
Let's have a drain: here! come along, he'll treat us.
Hi! landlord!

Enter Landlord *from Inn*, R.

LAN. Yes, sir.
HOU. Two of cold without.

[*Exit* Landlord R.

I wonder what he's stopped so long about!
SCH. Oh! he'll be here directly I should think;
He's stopped to spoon that slavey.

Enter Landlord *with drink.*

LAN. Here's the drink.

[*They take up the glasses, drain them, and replace them on tray.*

HOU. Thanks! that'll do.
LAN. But you've forgot to pay.
HOU. All right, we'll call again some other day.
I left my purse at home on the pianner.
LAN. Don't think you're going to do me in that manner.
HOU. (*drawing*) D'ye doubt my word?
SCH. (*drawing*) Insulted?
LAN. Come now, stop it.
I'll call the police!

Enter Slopenhoff *with umbrella*, L.

SLOP. Here, what's all this? just drop it.
(*to* Landlord)
See, here's a sovereign (*gives one to* Landlord).
HOU. (*aside to* Schnieckenbach) Did'nt know he had 'un.
LAN. (*to* Slopenhoff) Your change, sir.
SLOP. Thank you.

Exit Landlord *into Inn.* Houlenphunck *and* Schnieckenbach *look astounded.*

All right, it's a bad 'un.
The Count's kicked up a fearful row this morning.
Turned Rudolf out, and given Gretchen warning.
Strangers from coming near the place he hinders,
And turns the house completely out of winders.
His daughter, though I've managed to discover,
Has just slipped out of doors to meet her lover.
(*looking off* L.) Look, there she is, she's stopped by yonder gate.
There's Rudolf too;—the fool, why don't he wait?
They've missed each other—there! I see her smile.
(*getting excited*) He won't look towards the gate—ha, that's the *style!*
He sees her now, runs up and——
(*turning round and winking*) Oh! my eye,
Now that he's *spied her* I had best be *fly*.
They come: let's step inside and watch the fun.
Two's company, you know; but three is none.
We'll from yon *window watch*, and then, no doubt,
We shall get *wind o' what* she talks about.

[*Exeunt into Inn*, R.: *immediately* Houlenphunck *puts his head out of the window*, Schnieckenbach *pushes it on one side and protrudes his own.* Slopenhoff *pulls them both back by the hair, and sticks his head out; the other two looking over his shoulder. Enter* Rudolf *and* Bertha, L.; *just then* Slopenhoff *bends forward out of window, and lets his hat fall on to the stage: at intervals he puts out his umbrella to try and fish it up, but fails each time.*

BER. Oh! does not such a moment as the present
Make up for all?
RUD. Haw! yes, it's very pleasant.

BER. Do you not feel your breast with ardour glow,
Your bosom *heaving?*
RUD. Yes, it's (*h*)*even* so.
Haw! fact is, really, I'm extremely proud
Of your appearance, which is rather loud.
Your pa's allowed you dresses most genteel;
That costume must have cost him a great deal.
And haw! your face with such expression's fraught
That every feeling, every fleeting thought
Is mirrored there; or compliments to pass,—
You're a *good mirror*—a *good looking* (*g*)*lass.*
BER. And so you're proud of me?
RUD. I am, my joy:
I'm very *proud.*
BER. Oh! what *an 'aughty* boy!
But what are we to do about my father?
RUD. Is he so very *wroth*, then?
BER. Well, yes, (*w*)*rother!*
He'll put his veto on our match, you'll find.
RUD. His *veto?* hang it! why should *ve two* mind?
Haw! I've a notion—since the course of true love
Will not run smooth, I'll tell you what we'll do love—
Pack up your things at once and let us fly
Together and get married on the sly.
Meet me at eight, this evening; we'll elope.
I'll *hire* a carriage, you can *lower* a rope
Down from the terrace; in that way we'll get
Over your father and the parapet.
BER. Elope I dare not, it's so wrong; but still—
RUD. You'll come?
BER. On second thoughts I think I will.
Though I've got nothing ready—I mean clothes—
No wedding trousseau.
RUD. *True! so wed in* those,
Nought could be prettier than that lace so flowing.
This *tulle becoming;* but we *two'll be going*

Before our plan's discovered by your pa.
Good bye! then, till to-night, love. (*exit* L.)
SLOP. AND BANDITS. (*from window*) Ha! ha! ha!
[*They duck down.* Bertha *starts with terror, and looks round.*
BER. That laugh here too! it follows me about
Just like a spirit; hence, dread fiend, get out.
SLOP. (*inside*) Ha! ha!
BER. Again! why does it haunt me so,
Using *a high* tone, though so like *a low?*
To say the best of it, it is a coarse laugh—
Something between a donkey's and a horse laugh.
It might p'raps be a donkey's though, I vow
It's not at all an (*n*)*eddy*fying row.
I scorn it and its owner; let them haunt me:
But from my purpose they shall never daunt me.
For since love's voice in that of Rudolf calls,
I will *be true* to him whate'er *befalls.* (*exit* L.)
Enter Slopenhoff *and two Bandits from Inn,* R.
SLOP. That's good! to-night they think they're going to fly;
But we'll prevent 'em: won't we, boys?
HOU. (*drawing sword*) Aye! aye!
SCH. (*drawing*) Of course; we'll murder 'em, and then despoil 'em.
SLOP. No! no! put up your swords, we'll only *foil* 'em.
We must be there, and—(*looking off* L.) ha! what's this I see?
The Count!—keep back; leave the old boy to me.
[Houlenphunck *and* Schnieckenbach *go up and lean against Inn door,* R. *Enter* Count, L.
COUNT Where has she gone? she's lost to me, I fear.
(*to* Slopenhoff) You haven't seen my child, sir, about here?
Oh! how I long to gaze upon her face,
And clasp her in a fatherly embrace.
Would'nt I hug her!
SLOP. Wouldn't I too, rather!
COUNT How, sir!
SLOP. I mean, were I her happy father.

COUNT But won't you help me sir? you look so hearty.
SLOP. This is a very decent sort of party;
I must impress him.
[*Pulls out ragged glove, which he puts on ostentatiously; it is much too large for him.*
Hem! I think you said
You've lost your child. Be easy on that head;
I'll find her.
COUNT What! restore me her I love?
Your hand!
SLOP. (*shaking hands*) With pleasure; hem! excuse my glove.
Was she good-looking, middle-height, and fair?
COUNT The same.
SLOP. With two white roses in her hair?
COUNT (*wildly*) 'Tis she! Oh! if I find her she shan't roam again.
Where is she? tell me!
SLOP. Well, she's just gone home again.
COUNT Accept a parent's blessing.
[*They embrace, and both their hats fall off.*
SLOP. As for that
I don't require it. Here! you've dropped your hat.
[*Picks both hats up and gives* Count *his own, putting on* Count's *himself.*
COUNT (*shaking hands*) If a life's gratitude—
SLOP. Oh! I don't doubt you.
You haven't got a half-a-crown about you?
COUNT Most freely would I to that call respond.
But all my money's gone to pay a bond.
I've signed and sealed one and of cash bereft;
I've through that *sealing* not a *florin* left.

Concerted Piece. Count, Slopenhoff, *and* Two Bandits.

Air—"*The Mouse-trap man.*"

COUNT Kind friends, in me you an object behold,
Ruined in prospects and broken in heart.
They've served a writ on me, my things will be sold,
And bailiffs my house-traps will move in a cart.
I've given a mortgage for money I owe,
On house-traps and furniture which I can't pay:

So all that I've got to the hammer must go,
And the auctioneer's man in a hoarse voice will say,
House-traps, house-traps, who'll buy?
House-traps, fine house-traps he'll cry,
Look through the house, each article try,
House-traps at any price, house-traps who'll buy.
Chorus. House-traps, &c.

SLOP. Listen, and I'll put you up to a tip,
Make yourself bankrupt, they'll white-wash you soon;
Or, before they drop on you, just give them the slip,
And with all your house-traps be shooting the moon.
I and my friends here will bring you a van,
Help you to cart all your house-traps away;
We'll manage it so that the auctioneer's man
Shan't get half a chance in a hoarse voice to say,
House-traps, &c.
[*Repeat chorus. Dance, and exeunt.*

Scene V.—EXTERIOR OF COUNT SCHOCKENDUFFER'S CASTLE.

(*Terrace with steps down to stage, practicable door opening on terrace; window in house also practicable.*)

Enter Rudolf, L.

RUD. The wished for hour has come at last, and I
Thus on love's pinions to my Bertha fly.
By which expression you must understand
I've taken a fly from off the neighbouring stand.
And so when she thinks proper to approach,
Her *beau* will bear her in a *Hackney* coach.
I wish she would'nt make it quite so late,
It's scaley treatment thus to make me wait.
What, waiting still! whatever has delayed her?
Well, as she's fond of *waits*, I'll serenade her.

Serenade.—RUDOLF.

Air.—Keep thy heart for me." Rose of Castile.

Would'st thou, dear maid, be borne away,
I've got the best of flys:
A hansom that will hold a cri-
-noline of any size.
Then fasten quick thy bonnet strings,
Prepare to fly with me;
For taken from the neighbouring stand,
I keep a car for thee.

Put on thy bonnet, bonny maid,
No longer make delay;
And prithee bring as little lug-
-gage with you as you may.
I have not got a porter, and
I should not like to see
A half-a-dozen boxes, though
I keep a car for thee.
Lovely maid, I keep a car for thee.

(Count *appears at window.*)

COUNT I've nothing for you, don't be squalling here,
I'm Babbage! (*shuts window and disappears.*)
RUD. He *forbids the bands* it's clear. (*exit* R.)

[*Music. Enter* Slopenhoff, Houlenphunck, *and* Schnieckenbach *stepping cautiously.*

Song and Chorus. Air adapted from Mozart's Pianoforte Duet, No.

SLOP. Young Rudolf we will seize
Steady boys, not a noise, if you please,
Not a laugh, not a cough, not a sneeze,
Not e'en a wheeze.
All right, a light I see,
(*Taking them by wrists and bringing them down mysteriously*)
Come step along and follow me,
We'll—fol lol—ri fol lol.
Now take your time from me,
Fol de rol lol lol lol di dee.
Chorus. We'll—fol lol, &c.

We'll hide behind yon tree,
Stepping melodramatically,
With a stride of fiendish glee
And villainee.
There's some one now I see,
So step along and follow me.
We'll—fol lol, &c. [*Repeat Chorus and exeunt,* L.

Enter Rudolf, R., *looking carefully about him.*

RUD. I wonder if another stave will bring 'em.

Enter Slopenhoff *and* two Bandits, *they steal up.*

SLOP. Another stave? I'll fetch him with my gingham.

[*Is about to strike* Rudolf, *but the latter turns.*

RUD. Fellow, what mean you?

SLOP. That's the very job.
To be a *feller.*
RUD. Knave!
SLOP. One for his nob!

[*Strikes* Rudolf *down with umbrella.*

Bear him to yonder wood, and take good care
That he don't cut his stick when he gets there.

[*Music.* Houlenphunck *and* Schnieckenbach *carry off* Rudolf *followed by* Slopenhoff. Bertha *comes out of door on terrace with the conventional bundle of band-boxes.*

BER. Methinks I heard my Rudolf's voice just now,
Or did some cat make that melodious row?
I fear I've ruined pa: what will he say
When he's discovered that I've run away?
Oh! when I thought I might ne'er see him more,
I could not help but linger at the door.
But love came to my aid, I turned the handle,
Extinguished filial feelings and—the candle.
There's some one coming now, who can it be?
Oh! joy! that hat, that graceful walk! 'tis he.

Enter Slopenhoff, L., *dressed in Rudolf's hat and cloak.*

SLOP. All right, my dear.
BER. Good gracious! are you ill?
SLOP. Hem, rather hoarse.
BER. You find the night air chill?
SLOP. Yes that's the reason why in all these wraps I come,
(*aside*) In fact I'm *chilly*, so in others' *caps I come.*
Now come along.
BER. I feel my courage fail.
SLOP. Don't stop to *parley*—we shall miss the *mail.*
BER. Mine is a faux pas.
SLOP. You've a foe in pa,
And so it's *comme il faut*—now jump down.
BER. (*assisted on to the ground by* Slopenhoff) Ah!
Let us away at once, dear.
SLOP. Yes, we'll trundle
Off to the carriage (*politely*), let me take your bundle.

BER. I don't like to entrust it to you, still
You'll keep it nice?
SLOP. Of course, (*aside*) my uncle will.
BER. (*giving it*)
You'll take great care of it now, will you not?
SLOP. I pledge my word, dear, (*aside*) that I'll pledge the lot. [*Exeunt*, L.
COUNT (*outside*) 'Scat, 'scat.
[*Appears on terrace with blunderbuss.*
Poor pussy, then! I heard them squall.
Ah! there's a white one close against the wall.
[*Fires at* Bertha's *handkerchief which she has dropped.*
P'raps it's some ribbon, where could it come from?
If it's "white satin," it can't be "old Tom."
(*getting down*) I *hanker'd chief*ly after that old brute.
(*picks up handkerchief*)
A *handkerchief!* my shot then didn't *shuit*,
It seems I've hit a wiper, not a cat.
My daughter's too, ha! ha! I smell a rat.
Here thieves, police, help, murder, fire, and robbery.

Enter Gretchen *with servants following her, and carrying lanterns, &c.*

GRE. Good gracious, what's the meaning of this bobbery?
COUNT My daughter's carried off.
GRE. Oh, p'raps 'twas done
In joke, they do take people off in "Fun."
COUNT A joke? if so then it's a precious grim one,
Young Grimm, I don't know whether you call him one.
My daughter's lost and I'm a ruined man.
Go scour the country—catch 'em if you can.
[*Exeunt servants in different directions,* Gretchen *remains at back.*

Enter Gruffon Grimm, L.

GRUF. Here, what's all this?
COUNT With fury I could bellow.
That rascal Rudolf——
GRUF. Dont be *rude ol' f*ellow,
Remember he's my brother, though in sooth
I've got a bone to pick with that same youth.

But what's he done that's thus aroused your ire?
COUNT Run off with Bertha.
GRUF. Ha! help, murder, fire!
COUNT It's no use for you to kick up that row,
I made the same remark myself just now.
GRUF. Gone! gone! my love, my promised bride, oh! blow me,
I'll—trouble you for that small bill you owe me.
COUNT Don't talk like that, you'll craze me if you do,
Bother the *bill*, we must devise some *coup*.
What's to be done? to think she'd leave her pa!
GRE. (*coming forward*)
Why advertise her in the "Times" or "Star,"
It won't cost much p'raps eighteen pence, not more,
And when she reads it on some distant shore,
These tender words must touch her if she's living,
"B. S. return and all will be forgiven."
COUNT I can't afford it.
GRE. Bah! don't be so sordid,
You'll get your ward and so you'll be *re-warded*.
[Baron *and* Count *go up stage as if in consultation.* Gretchen *comes forward.*

GRE. Oh how my heart is fluttering with fright.
For I'm to fly with Slopenhoff to-night.
This very hour eloping in a trice hence,
We'll take our *leave* and then we'll get our *license*.
The Count has given me warning, so I hear
A voice of warning ringing in my ear.
But to be festive in my wedding hours
I'll pluck up spirits and some orange flowers.
It won't be my *fault* if I longer *falt*er
To meet my Slopenhoff at Hymen's altar. [*Exit*, R.

Gruffon Grimm *and* Count *come forward.*

GRUF. You're right, I'll go myself and search with care,
Following your counsel and this pretty pair.
The cost of travelling I don't care about,
I'll *scour* the country if it *cleans* me out.

You'll see I'll bring 'em home alive or dead again. [*Exit*, L.

COUNT Do ! do ! and meanwhile I'll step into bed again. [*Exit*, R.

Scene VI.—A LONELY MOUNTAIN PASS.

Enter Rudolf *between* Houlenphunck *and* Schnieckenbach : *he has his head bound up.*

RUD. Will nothing tempt you to release me ? say
Name any sum and I'll agree to pay.

HOUL. Pay ! why we searched you and there worn't a
Of money, not a crown. [token

RUD. (*rubbing his head*) Yes, one that's broken.
I have it—if I can but make them jealous—
No money say you ? why what mean you, fellows ?
(*to* Schnieckenbach) You know you took my purse.

SCH. Purse ? who did ?

RUD. You.

HOUL. I say, young person, is that statement true ?

SCH. He hadn't any purse at all I swear.

HOUL. Come that's all nonsense, just give me my share.

RUD. He's telling lies and tries to palliate 'em.

HOUL. To *palliate*, yes, such a *pal I hate* 'im.
(*to* Schnieckenbach) Hand me my share, I say.

SCH. What share ? why blow it,
I've got no purse.

HOUL. You have !

SCH. I haven't !

RUD. (*rubbing his hands*) Go it !

HOUL. (*seizing* Schnieckenbach) Fork out. [about.

SCH. (*seizing* Houlenphunck) I say just mind what you're

RUD. That's right, I'll leave them here to fight it out.
[*Runs off* R. *The two Bandits fight off after him*, R.

Enter Slopenhoff *dragging* Bertha, L.

SLOP. Excuse me, miss, just step a little faster.

BER. Where would you take me to, wretch.

SLOP. To my master.

BER. Who's he ? a robber ?

SLOP. Well, as these are rum times,
He does a little in that way, miss, sometimes.

BER. Will nothing save me ?

SLOP. Not that I can see,
Unless instead you like to marry me.
Hum, after all you are a niceish gal.
Old Grimm shan't have you, blow me if he shall.
Be mine, I love you more than any lass
I e'er *cast eye on.*

BER. Well, I like your *brass.*
Unhand me, villain !

SLOP. Not till you consent.

BER. Never !

SLOP. Ha ! ha ! what is there to prevent
My forcing you to marry me or killing you ?

Enter Gruffon Grimm, L.

GRUF. I will ; release the girl at once you villain you.
Hands off ! I say, you've treat enough to scan her.

SLOP. Hands off ? you treat me in an *off hand* manner.
I mean to have the girl myself, that's flat,
So no more on that head.

GRUF. (*striking him*) Take one on that.
I'll teach you, sir, such tricks as these to try.
(*to* Bertha) Come on ! [*Drags her off*, R.

SLOP. There's more in this than *meets the eye.*
A blow ! there's much from him that I could pardon.
But 'twas a blow, aye, and a bloated hard 'un.
Viewing it critically 'twas a sweet 'un,
Struck on the brow I am indeed *brow beaten.*
I feel that I could tear him limb from limb.
Oh, if I clutched him now I'd give it him !
But shall I like a cur cur-inge, no ! no !
(This is a good place to observe so ! so !)
I'll be revenged, 'twill be a sweet sensation
To go in wholesale for *retail*-iation.
Revenge I'll feast on't ere the week be out,
And for that same blow have a good *blow out.*
Had he a host of lives I'd smash the hull up,
Aye drink his heart's blood at a single gullup.
Raves off, R.

Scene VII.—Bandits' Fastness in the Mountains.

Ballet of Gipsies and Bandits. After ballet, enter Dame Martha.

MAR. Come clear out, you've been dancing quite enough,
I hate such antics—*antiquated* stuff.
The Captain's coming home, and if of plunder
You've *lightened* no one he'll look black as *thunder*.
There are no bandits now-a-days, I know.
I've no *more orders*, so *marauders* go. [*Ex. Bandits.*
So, so, the Baron's bringing home a bride, eh ?
And orders me to do the place up tidy.
If it's not done there'll be a pretty row.

SLOP. (*outside*) 'Sdeath !

MAR. Hoighty, toighty, what's the matter now ?

Enter Slopenhoff L., *moodily with black eye.*

SLOP. Perdition ! likewise vengeance ! also curse !

MAR. Why, goodness gracious, are you taken worse ?

SLOP. Look at that optic, madam !

MAR. Why, it's blue black.

SLOP. I've had a brush, mum.

MAR. Seems so ; with a shoe black.

SLOP. I must wash out this stain with blood, mum !

MAR. Walker !

SLOP. See how it's *bunged up*.

MAR. Well, it is a *corker*.

SLOP. The Baron did it.

MAR. It's a way he's got,
His temper always was considered hot ;
Make some allowance, he has much to nettle him.

SLOP. Make some allowance ? yes, I will, I'll settle him.

MAR. You'd lose your office if he heard that said.

SLOP. I lose my office ? I'll cut *off his* head.
Turn me away ? he'll get when he comes back
This barrel-ful. (*displaying revolver*)

MAR. Or else you'll *get the sack*.

SLOP. He's dangerous, his plans though I see through,
He's found a wife, a bad look out for you.

MAR. Only some puny girl.

SLOP. Aye ! that's the point,
A spare rib, to put your nose out of joint,
He'll turn you out of doors.

MAR. Not he, he knows
That I could turn him out, if I but chose,
I have a secret if I cared to use it,
Would—

SLOP. Ha ! then have the goodness to produce it.

MAR. Stay, does he love this girl you talk about ?

SLOP. Dotes on her.

MAR. Listen, then, we'll serve him out.
(*impressively*) It strikes me that we'd better.

GRUF. (*outside*) This way.

SLOP. (*collapsing*) Oh !
Doesn't it strike you that we'd better go ?

Enter Bertha *and* Gruffon Grimm, L., *the former frightened, the latter polite.*

GRUF. This is your future home, my love, you see,
Nice prospect, ain't it ?

BER. Not at all for me,
The scene is altogether most offensive,
Those horrid tents !

GRUF. The view's at least ex*ten*sive,
All that you see belongs to my estate,
This mountain fastness here is situate
Upon my manor ——

BER. Yes, that may be true,
But there's a *looseness in your manner* too.
I hate you !

GRUF. Do you now, indeed ? I fear
That, that won't make much difference, my dear.

BER. To be my husband, I will never take you.

GRUF. Won't you ? excuse me proud girl, but I'll make you.
Beware how you provoke me, I may kill you,
Yes, and I'll kill your lover too, girl—

Enter Slopenhoff R. *with drawn sword in one hand and dagger in the other.*

SLOP. Will you ?

GRUF. Hence, fool!
SLOP. Ha! is it so? then coward, die!
Slopenhoff mocks ye—now then mind your eye.
GRUF. (*drawing*) Coward? lay on cracked duffer, cut and lunge,
And darned be he who first throws up the sponge.
BER. There'll be blood shed, I'll for assistance call.
[*Exit.*
SLOP. I'm going to vaccinate him, miss, that's all.
[*Looking after her.*

[*They fight with sword and dagger, a la Huguenot Captain: at intervals they sharpen their swords on a scythe sharpener which they produce from their pockets: the* Baron Gruffon Grimm *falls being disarmed*).

GRUF. Oh! pity, pity! I'm disarmed, you see.
SLOP. (*stabbing him*) I never pity.
GRUF. Ugh! he's *spitted* me,
I'm come for: murdered quite, oh! that last thrust
Was foul (*faints*).
SLOP. Yes, so you are a fowl that's trussed.

Enter Rudolf, Bertha, Count Gretchen, Gipsies, and Bandits.

RUD. What's this! the Baron wounded in a duel!
SLOP. He won't *do ill* again, he's got his gruel.

Operatic Chorus. Air—"Libiamo." La Traviata.

ALL (*rushing to footlights.*)
Give alarm, oh! give alarm, oh! all over the town;
But let us first in operatic style
To the footlights together rush noisily down,
Lunatically singing all the while.

The way to keep a party quiet,
Is thus to make a jolly riot;
And madly rush about and try at
Dramatically getting in a rile.
To the footlights, &c. —— while.

[*Ghost music from* "Corsican Brothers," *as at end of the song,* "*Oh! my love's dead.*" *Enter* Dame Martha, R.; *she rushes to* Baron Gruffon Grimm, *and stoops over him.*

MAR. (*through music*) My son, speak to me, ah! you're hurt I see,
Who's dared to *prod yer* so my *proge*ny.

Song, MARTHA. *Air—"Oh! my love's dead."*—Cowell.

As I vos a listening by the back door,
I heard a wile willin wot cursed and swore;
And a party was struck and fell flop on the ground,
Which it's given my 'art a huncurable wound.
For, O-o-o-h! my son's dead, him I adore,
And I never, no never, shall see him no more.

Chorus. For O-o-o-h! {my / her} son's dead, him {I / she} adore,
And {I / she} never, no never, shall see him no more.

[*Ghost music, which is continued until the end of* Gruffon's *dying speech.*

GRUF. (*reviving*) Eh! what's this? Martha, get away, don't bother.
MAR. I'm not your Martha now, I'm your mother.
GRUF. 'Tis true (*staggers up*) they changed me at my birth, but then
They've taken the change out of me again.
[*Suddenly becomes excited and turns to* Martha.
Avaunt and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee.
If she don't, I will. Ah! what's that beside thee?
Who calls me coward? What man dare, I dare.
Rush in now like the rugged Russian bear.
Take any shape but that, I'd bear thee then.
Come let me clutch thee! how's this, gone again?
Art thou not plain to feeling as to scan?
Ha! am I right or any other man?
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
It is! it is—my unpaid washing bill. [*dies.*

Martha *kneels beside* Gruffon Grimm. Slopenhoff *wipes his sword,* R., *Tableau.*

SLOP. Hooray!
RUD. Cease that unseemly exclamation,
Of hooray, I'll deliver a *hooration*,
Friends, lovers, countrymen, lend me your ears.
COUNT Stop, let me shed some tributary tears,
[*Wiping his eye on* Gretchen's *apron.*
Thank you. The late lamented has my bill,
And though I would'nt of the dead speak ill,

Those deeds are mine, and he's no right to own 'em.
RUD. Come, come, *de mortius nil nisi*—
SLOP. (*handing papers which he has found on* Gruffon *to* Count) *Bone 'em.*
COUNT Ha! ha! I breathe again! this deed secures
My peace of mind (*to* Rudolf), now for a *piece of yours.*
RUD. Hum, friends, et cetera, as I said before,
Our dear departed friend upon the floor,
Has done the most obliging thing he can;
(The brute was not an honourable man).
Well, he *can't sell* us any more, and so
I hereby *can sell* all the debts you owe.
(*taking* Bertha *by the hand*) Do you still raise objections to our match?
COUNT Not now (*aside*), he's rich, and so he's quite a catch.
RUD. I offer her a true heart if she'll share one.
COUNT Bless you! you've got a bargain.
RUD. (*putting his arm round* Bertha's *waist*) Yes a *fair* one.

Slopenhoff *with* Gretchen *on his arm sidles up to* Bertha.

SLOP. Oh! please, miss, me and this young woman here.
BER. What fun, we must do something for them, dear.
SLOP. Well, if I might suggest, a public, miss.
GRE. What, go in public with a face like this?
SLOP. That's a mere nothing, just a gentle rap,
I don't mind that blow now, I'll *mind the tap.*
COUNT We must bestow a thought on him who's gone.
SLOP. Oh! we'll soon *carry off* this *carrion.*
GRUF. (*rising*) Thank you, I'd rather walk.
ALL Alive?
GRUF. Oh! quite,
I don't like lying on those boards all night,
I'll live and turn respectable; I'll be
A bank director, that'll just suit me.
RUD. Well, don't repeat such conduct.
GRUF. That depends
Entirely on the sentence of our friends,
I shall present the same *bill* every night,
If you will only honour it at sight.

SLOP. The Baron's little game at last is done,
The stake was your applause; say, has he won?
For if upon us you won't be too hard,
The Knave of Hartz will prove a winning card.

Finale. Air from Overture to Massaniello.

RUD. Don't bring us too harshly to book
For the folly we've uttered to day,
BER. But bid all the people, you know, come and look
SLOP. At the Bandit of Bohemia.
GRUF. Reform just now is all the go,
GRE. We've had it long ago
In Parliament you know.
COUNT We ask you not to—
Chorus. Bring us too harshly to book, &c.

SLOPENHOFF, GRETCHEN, RUDOLF. R. COUNT. C. BERTHA, MARTHA, BARON. L.

The O. B. C.

TOO LATE.

'Tis come at last, the honour and the name
With the last years of life; so long withheld,
So hotly striven for, 'tis in my clasp.
Now when my fingers feeble through long years
Of hope deferred and patient drudgery
Refuse to grasp the guerdon hardly won,
Now when my blighted heart can feel no thrill
Of proud and happy pleasure at success,
Lo! it is wholly mine, and I am great!
'Tis what I hoped for all my youth, but now
Where are those dreams that made that hope so sweet?
Where now my young ambition, and the fire
That, had such meed of praise been earlier mine,
Might once have leapt into a living flame,
And burned a glorious beacon for all time?
And where is she whose pure young love entwined
Itself about my heart-strings, whose bright eyes,
In fond pride flashing at my fame, had made
To me that fame a thing twice dear? Where now
That girlish form with dancing golden hair,
That hung around me as I sat at work,
And watched in glee the colours grow to life
Upon the canvass? Where that sunny laugh
That half dispelled the gloom about my way,
That one brave sympathy amid a world
Of heartless scorn and critics crying "Shame
Upon the dauber." She alone could see
The promise of great works, where they beheld

Nought but the faults of youth and over-haste—
Haste? how not haste when children cry for bread?
It cannot be the youthful painter's work
Was all to blame with nought to praise, and then
A little praise had stirred me to great deeds.
But now, when praise and blame fall both alike
Uncared for, lo, they crowd around and thrust
The crown into my lax and feeble grasp.
What can I do with it but lay it down
Amid the green grass on her quiet grave
And long to lie beside her in deep rest?

E.

CHARLEMAGNE AND NAPOLEON.

THE whole value and aim of historical study is grounded on the truth of the proverb "History repeats itself." Its forms may be constantly varied, according to the variety of place and time,—just as the colour of a flower may be affected by a difference of soil,—but its main outlines, its most striking features are apt to recur. And as the meteorologist by constant observation of wind and cloud, can deduce some general laws of their operation, and so obtain a forecast of the coming storm; or, to take an illustration nearer home, as a man, from long acquaintance with the character of his friend, can tell what his judgement will be on a given question brought before him—so is the careful and philosophical student of history able to gather from the experience of the past indications of the probable course of the present and the future. Human passions and human motives are essentially the same in all ages, and they are the levers which move the machinery of history. The levers may be lengthened or shortened, the passions may be more or less intense, but the leverage is there, and on it we can calculate.

If history in its wider sense is thus self-repeating, we cannot be surprised to find the same occasional similarity in individual history. The similarity may be that of mere coincidence (as, for instance, in the fatality of the number fourteen to Henry IV. of France*), or it may rest on deeper resemblances of circumstance and character. The former have a charm for the curious—the latter form the most interesting 'cases' on the dissecting of which the historical student can exercise his skill. The general resemblance gives greater zest to the inquiry into the more delicate causes which have produced the individual differences.

* See Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths," first series. Fatality of Numbers.

It might seem at first sight that the points of resemblance between the history of Charlemagne and that of the first Napoleon should be assigned to the former class. The comparison of the Jaffa massacre with that of the Saxons at Verden—of the repudiation of Desideria with the divorce of Josephine—are scarcely strong enough grounds for a historical parallel to rest upon. Even the strategic skill which led Charlemagne to anticipate the Austerlitz campaign and the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the deep-sighted policy which created the subordinate kingdoms of Italy and Spain—partake more or less of a personal character, or may be looked upon as consequences of the permanence of geographical features.* But a closer examination will detect far deeper coincidences than these.

It has been well observed† that the work of every great man may be considered under two aspects, according as it meets the exigencies of his time, or tends to his own personal aggrandizement. For a man is only truly great in history in proportion as he discerns what are the needs of the society around him, and what the requirements of the time in which he lives, and can see and has in his power the means which are best fitted to satisfy those needs, and to meet those requirements. For historic greatness must always be measured by the standard of the time. It requires no effort now to resist and denounce prejudices and ideas,

* These minor points are stated in detail in Mr. De Quincy's Essay on Charlemagne. He gives to them, I think, an unnecessary importance.

† Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilization en France*, tome 2, 20me leçon. This lecture suggested the thoughts which I have here put on paper.

which our fathers would have thought it madness to oppose. And so the great man of our time may be inferior in *absolute attainments* to the little man of another—but his greatness still remains, in the fact that he has stepped out in advance of his age.

There is a singular likeness in the features of the times whose work Charlemagne and Napoleon were called to do. The latter part of the sixth and nearly the whole of the seventh century had witnessed a struggle between two conflicting elements in the Frankish kingdom. What was nominally a war between the rival kingdoms of Neustria and Austrasia—was really a struggle for supremacy between the popular and the aristocratic, the Latin and the Teutonic element, or as some would put it, between royalty and aristocracy. The Austrasians, by their geographical position, recruited constantly with fresh German blood, and exposed to the first attack of hostile tribes, retained their early customs, and refused to acknowledge the supremacy of a king. The warriors were in their eyes the only class that had any right to rule, and in war the king was as one of themselves. The Neustrians, on the other hand, had submitted to the influence of such remains of Roman civilisation as were still to be found in Gaul. Their dominion had been sooner consolidated, but at the same time they had parted with their old warlike habits, and had even ceased to speak the German language, whose appearance in Alsace and Luxembourg testifies to the present day of the Frankish occupants of Austrasia. Their nobles were contented to be the courtiers of a king. In Austrasia the mayor of the palace was the leader of the nobles; in Neustria he was generally associated rather with the people. The battle of Testry (687) gave the victory to the aristocratic principle, and left Pepin of Heristal mayor and actual governor of the two kingdoms. The nobles, however, who had fought willingly for their personal independence, were not inclined to hand over the whole

power to him whose leadership they had followed. They tried to establish themselves in separate duchies. But the vigour of Charles Martel, and the alarming progress of the Saracens, compelled them to lay aside their feuds and to unite in defence of Christendom. The battle of Poitiers (732) not only delivered western Europe from the Moslem, but also gave a solidity to the Frankish kingdom which made the work of Pepin the Short and of Charlemagne more easy. The fact of the Carlovingian supremacy was at last acknowledged by the consecration of Pepin the Short by Pope Stephen, and the position which it already held by its appearance in Italy as the champion of the rising Papacy against the aggressions of the Lombards and the heresy (so called) of the Iconoclastic emperors.*

Such was the inheritance to which Charlemagne succeeded. The slow revolution, which had decided that the German principle of personal freedom, and not the Roman principle of the absorption of the man in the citizen, was to be the motto of the Western Empire, was now fully accomplished. The military enthusiasm of the Franks had been resuscitated by the Saracen and Lombard wars; and a strong united government had in some degree bound together the once inharmonious parts of the Frankish kingdom. Such were Charlemagne's tools, and none less were adequate to the work which he had to do. For this empire was threatened on both sides—on the south by the Saracens, and on the north and east by the Saxons and the Avars—with Slaves and Tartars to succeed to their vacant places. Unless some mighty barrier were set in the way, it seemed not unlikely that Europe would once more be overrun by successive hordes of barbarians. And none but a great man could raise such a barrier. The very principle which had conquered in the struggle was, as we have seen, the parent of divi-

* See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. 2, book IV.

sion rather than of union, and united action alone could check the dangers which were now impending. The active mind of Charlemagne was equal to the task. Among all his great powers, there is none so striking as that which welded together the disunited parts of the empire, and directed at the same time the conduct of affairs in districts widely separated from each other.* And the work which was given him to do, he did. After his death we hear of no more barbarian foes overrunning the land—and the Northmen, the only enemies that left their mark, while they secured for themselves a territory, were so speedily fused with the Franks and adopted their Roman civilisation, that we scarcely recognise in our Norman invaders of the 11th century the same race which had settled amongst us in the 9th. The Saxons themselves were brought within the pale of civilisation, and formed a strong defence against all future attack.

M. Guizot has pointed out, that the only part of Charlemagne's work which produced no permanent effect, was that which concerned his personal aggrandisement as head of a wide and extensive empire.† But it seems to me very doubtful, whether Charlemagne ever contemplated the founding of an united empire and a dynasty. On the contrary, the policy which he pursued in assigning the kingdoms of Italy and Spain to his sons, warrants the opinion that he saw clearly enough that smaller kingdoms, within easier reach of their central authority, were better fitted for the work which they had to do. It was only in the hands of a Charlemagne that such a mass could be wielded and managed; he might form them into a compact body, and guide their affairs during his life, but after him,

* Guizot, *ubi supra*, 21me leçon. We had some share in the products of this organizing here. It was at Charlemagne's court that Egbert, the author of the supremacy of Wessex over the other Saxon kingdoms, took his first lessons in statecraft.

† *Ubi supra*, 20me leçon.

they must take root for themselves. But his plans were frustrated by the death of his sons, and he seems to have been so far moved by personal motives, as not to carry them out in the persons of his ministers or his generals.

Now turn to Napoleon, and how striking is the parallel. The work of the Convention and Directory has brought to a close the struggle between the two parties within the kingdom. This time the people have triumphed, and have overthrown the edifice of which the victory of Testry laid as it were, the first stone. Dissensions within have threatened to produce disunion, and destroy the work already done; but the prospect of foreign invasion has called out the martial vigour of the nation, and made them sink party feeling in the common defence of their country. The campaigns of Dumouriez and of the army of the Rhine were to Napoleon what Charles Martel's victories were to Charlemagne. The armies which had successfully resisted invasion, had been emboldened thereby to anticipate attack and to assume the offensive. And Napoleon too did the work which he had to do. His wide empire may have been shattered and his personal power overthrown, but the France of 1815 was not the France of 1792, nor of 1800. Its old dynasty was restored, but its independence and its unity were secured, its institutions consolidated, and feudalism overthrown beyond all recovery. The work might possibly have been accomplished without so great sacrifices, but the united action of an united France which Napoleon led, was one of the best means for effacing the remains of old divisions and jealousies of provinces and privileged districts. This was *the* great need of the time, and this Napoleon's work supplied.

There are several remarkable coincidences in the careers of the two men to which I have alluded. The most striking is, that between Charlemagne's campaign against the Avars, in which he marched down the

valley of the Danube to Vienna, while his son Pepin secured Northern Italy, and fought his way up by the valley of the Save to join him, and Napoleon's campaign against the Austrians in 1806, in which Massena co-operated with him in the same way. It is quite possible, that the earlier campaign may have suggested the strategy of the latter.*

Here the parallel ceases, and the contrast begins. And seldom have there been two men between whom there has been a greater contrast. In Charlemagne, it is hard to discern traces of the influence of purely personal motives. It is true, that he surrounded himself with some of the pomp of a court, and that he gathered in his capital the works of art which were the spoils of Italy and Gaul; but the man who was content to sit at the feet of Alcuin, and set the example of learning to his own children in the school of the palace, may have the credit of a higher motive for such conduct than any mere love of ostentatious display. His wars and conquests seem all to have been undertaken for some nobler end. In his campaigns against the Saxons, he was reclaiming the wilderness of barbarism for the culture of the gospel; in fighting against the Saracens, he was engaged in a crusade against an enemy of the cross, that would not be content without wresting some fresh dominions from Christendom; in the Lombards he combated the enemies of the Holy See. Except in one notable instance, which religious zeal and the common policy of the time may to some extent palliate, he seems to have been careful of human life and suffering.

In Napoleon, on the other hand, it is difficult to detect any other than personal motives. His wars were hardly the wars of propagandism, which the earlier campaigns of the revolutionary period had been. Though

* An interesting account of this campaign is given in the second volume of M. Amédée Thierry's *Histoire d' Attila et de ses Successeurs*. His description of the ring fortifications of Hungary, calls to our minds the *dykes* of Britain.

he lived at a time when Christianity had softened down the cruelty of a former age, he never seems to have allowed any thought for human life or human suffering to check the dictates of an all-devouring ambition. Selfish and overbearing, the retarder rather than the promoter of civilization, careless of personal accomplishments, he was prompted in all that he did by two passions, the love of war and the love of power.

Whatever allowances may be made for the different characters of different times, and for the stronger light in which Napoleon's career is seen, from its closer proximity to our own time, it is to me impossible not to own in Charlemagne the presence of a nobler hero, and a greater man.

R. W. T.

DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ.

(Bon Gaultier *Ballads*, p. 7).

Don Fernando Gomersalez! basely have they borne thee down;
Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious body thrown;
Fetters have they bound upon thee—iron fetters, fast and sure;
Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to the Moor!

Long within a dingy dungeon pined that brave and noble knight,
For the Saracenic warriors well they knew and feared his might;
Long he lay and long he languished on his dripping bed of stone,
Till the cankered iron fetters ate their way into his bone.

On the twentieth day of August—'twas the feast of false Mahound—
Came the Moorish population from the neighbouring cities round;
There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance and there to sing,
And to pay their yearly homage to Al-Widdicomb, the King!

First they wheeled their supple coursers, wheeled them at their utmost speed,
Then they galloped by in squadrons, tossing far the light jereed;
Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow flies,
Did they spurn the yellow sawdust in the rapt spectators' eyes.

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Ἱπποδάμων ὄχ' ἄριστε, Γομέρσαλες, αἰπὺ πέσημα
Κάππεσες, ἵππου ὄπισθεν, ὅσον τ' ἔπι δουρος ἐρωή,
Ἐῤρίπται σέο σῶμα, μεγασθενέος περ ἐόντος·
Δεσμοί τ' ἀῤρήκτοιο βίῃ σ' ἀδάμαντος ἔχουσιν
Αἰθιόπων σ' ἄρα χερσὶ, Γομέρσαλες, ἔμβαλε δαίμων.
Δῆρον ἐνὶ σταθμοῖσιν ἀεικέα ἔργα πεπονθὼς
Κεῖθ' ὁ ταλαιφρονέων· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἄνδρες ἀγαυοὶ
Ἤδεσαν, ἠδὲ φέβοντ' ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν·
Δῆρον ἐπὶ λάεσσιν ἐτήκετο μυδαλέοισιν,
Εἴσοκε δεσμῶν ἰὸς ἀπέδρυψ' ὅστεα πάντα.
Ἦν δὲ θέρος καὶ πᾶσι μετ' Αἰθιόπεσσιν ἑορτὴ
Μέμνονος· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀπ' οἰκόθεν ἠγερέθοντο
Νήπιοι, ὡς πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐμπλησθέντες
Ταρφθεῖεν φόρμιγγι χοροιτυπίῃ τ' ἐρατείνῃ,
Δῶρά τ' ἐναίσιμα πάνθ' ὑπάτῳ βασιλῆι φέροιεν.
Πρῶτα κυλινδόμενοι κάμψαν πεισάνορας ἵππους
Ρεῖα μάλ'· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ἄμοτον τανύοντο κατ' ἴλας
Πρήσσοντες πεδίοιο, καὶ ὄξεα δούρατ' ἴαλλον·
Εἶτα, χελιδόνες ὥστε, θοὴν ἔριδα προφέροντες
Ξανθὴν πᾶσιν ἔβαλλον ἐν ὀφθάλμοισι κονίην.

Proudly did the Moorish monarch every passing warrior greet,
As he sat enthroned above them, with the lamps beneath his feet;
"Tell me, thou black-bearded Cadi! are there any in the land,
That against my janissaries dare one hour in combat stand?"

Then the bearded Cadi answered—"Be not wroth, my lord, the King,
If thy faithful slave shall venture to observe one little thing;
Valiant, doubtless, are thy warriors, and their beards are long and hairy,
And a thunderbolt in battle is each bristly janissary:

"But I cannot, O my sovereign, quite forget that fearful day,
When I saw the Christian army in its terrible array;
When they charged across the footlights like a torrent down its bed,
With the red cross floating o'er them, and Fernando at their head!

"Don Fernando Gomersalez! matchless chieftain he in war,
Mightier than Don Sticknejo, braver than the Cid Bivar!
Not a cheek within Grenada, O my King, but wan and pale is,
When they hear the dreaded name of Don Fernando Gomersalez!"

"Thou shalt see thy champion, Cadi! hither quick the captive bring!"
Thus in wrath and deadly anger spoke Al-Widdicomb, the King:
"Paler than a maiden's forehead is the Christian's hue, I ween,
Since a year within the dungeons of Grenada he hath been!"

Τοὺς δ' Ὑπεριονίδης πρόφρων δειδίσκετο, δίφρον
Ὑψοθ' ἔχων, δᾶδες θ' ὑπὸ μυρίαι εἵατ' ἄνακτι·
Γήθησεν δὲ ἰδὼν, καὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε
"Κυανοχάιτα" ἄναξ, τίνας ἀνέρας ἥδε τρέφει χθὼν,
"Οἵ τοῖσδ' ἡρώεσσι μίννυθά περ ἄν μαχέσαιντο;"
Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειθ' ὁ μελαμπώγων ἄγος ἀνδρῶν
"Μη νεμέσα τόδ', ἄναξ εἰ δοῦλος ἐών τι πιφαύσκω
Φημὶ γὰρ Αἰθιόπων ἄμαχον γένος· οὐδὲ κεν ἄλλοι
Ὧδε γενειήσειαν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων·
Μάρναντα δὲ κεραύνῳ ἐοικότες, ὅν τε Κρονίων
Ἐκ νεφέων προέηκεν, ὑπήνηται βασιλῆες·
Ἀλλά τιν' σὺ δύναμαι θέμεν ἔκλησιν κατὰ θυμὸν
Ἤματος, ᾧ στρατὸς ἦλθε φέρων θάνατόν τε φόβον τε
Ὠχρὸς, βαρβαρόφωνος, ἀν' ὄρχηστραν πτολέμοιο,
Ὡς ὅποτε πλήθων πόταμος πεδίονδε κάτεισι·
Ἦρχε δὲ Φέρνανδρος, σταῦρος δ' ὑπὲρ οὖλον ἔνευεν.
Αἰχμητῶν ὄχ' ἄριστε, Γομέρσαλες, ἱππότ' ἄμυμον,
Ὅς κρατέεις Στροφίοιο καὶ Ἕκτορος ἱπποκορυστοῦ,
Χρὼς τρέπεται πάντεσσιν ἀνὰ πτόλιν εὐρυάγυιαν
Αἰθιόπων, ἐπειη κῦδός σέθεν οὔατα βάλλει."
Τὸν δὲ χολωτοῖσιν προσέφη κρείων ἐπέεσσιν·
"Ὄψεαι ἄνδρα, γέρον, τὸν δαίμονι ἶσον ἔχεσκες·
Παρθενικῆς δ' οἷω χροὸς ὠχρότερόν νιν ἔσεσθαι,
Δεσμῷ γὰρ κρατερῷ δεδέται τρισκαίδεκα μῆνας.
Ἀλλ' ἄγετ', ὄφρα ἰδώμεθ' ἀρῃίφιλον πτολεμίστην."
Ὣς ἔφατ' ὀχθήσας· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησαν ἄνακτι·

Then they brought the Gomersalez, and they led the warrior in;
Weak and wasted seemed his body, and his face was pale and thin;
But the ancient fire was burning, unallayed, within his eye,
And his step was proud and stately, and his look was stern and high.

Scarcely from tumultuous cheering could the galleried crowd refrain,
For they knew Don Gomersalez and his prowess in the plain;
But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons in steel,
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

"Wherefore, monarch, hast thou brought me from the dungeon dark and drear,
Where these limbs of mine have wasted in confinement for a year?
Dost thou lead me forth to torture?—Rack and pincers I defy!
Is it that thy base grotesquos may behold a hero die?"

"Hold thy peace, thou Christian caitiff, and attend to what I say!
Thou art called the starkest rider of the Spanish cur's array:
If thy courage be undaunted, as they say it was of yore,
Thou may'st yet achieve thy freedom,—yet regain thy native shore.

"Courses three within this circus 'gainst my warriors shalt thou run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon muslin sun;
Victor—thou shalt have thy freedom; but if stretched upon the plain,
To thy dark and dreary dungeon they shall hale thee back again."

Τὸν δὲ Γομερσάλε' ἦγον· ὁ δ' ἤιεν ἀιὲν ἄκικυς,
Ἡπέδανος· χροὰ δ' ὠχρὸς ἔην, καὶ λεπτὸς ἴδεσθαι·
Ἀλλὰ δυ' ὀφθάλμω πυρὶ λάμπετον ὡς τὸ πάρος περ·
Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑποδρα ἰδὼν, ποσὶν εὖ διαβὰς κρατερῶισιν.
Τοὺς δὲ "θεοὺς" κραυγῆς τε βοῆς τ' ἔρος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,
Ἀνδρὸς γὰρ κρατερῶυ θεοείκελα ᾔδεσαν ἔργα
Ἄμ πέδιον· πάντας δὲ κατὰ φρένα χαλκοχιτώνων
Μυρμιδόνων φόβος ἔσκε καὶ ὠμηστοῦ βασιλῆος·
Μῆλα δὲ Φαιήκων σιγῇ βάλον, ἄνδρα σέβοντες.
Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γομερσάλεος μένος ἠΰ·
"Τίπτε μ', ἄναξ, δέσμοιο δυσηλεγέος τ' ἄπο φάτνης
Ἔλκεθ', ὅπου φθινύθω πανέτη χρόνον ἀχνύμενος κῆρ·
Ἦ μ' ἄγετ' ἐς βάσανον; κακοδαίμονες, οὐ μέλεταί μοι
Κέντρα τροχοί τ'· Ἦ πού τι λιλαίεσθ', ἀγροιῶται,
Ἐκ θύμον πνέιοντος ἰδεῖν ἥρωος ὄλεθρον."
Τὸν δὲ χολωτοῖσιν προσέφη κρείων ἐπέεσσιν
"Κύντατ'· ἀναιδειην ἐπιειμενε, μηδὲν ἔτ' εἰπεῖν·
Ἱπποδάμων ὄχ ἄριστος Ἰβήρων εὔχεαι εἶναι,
Εἰ δ' ἔτι σοι κατερή τε βίη καὶ χεῖρες ἔπονται
Νοστήσεις οἶκονδε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.
Ἀλλ' ἄγε, πρὶν δύσασθαι ὑπ' Ὠκεάνοιο λόετρα
Βύβλινα φέγγος τοῦτο λινόπτερου Ἠελίοιο
Ἱπποσύνῃ μαρνώμεθ'· ἐαν δὲ τρὶς ἄνδρας ἀγαύους
Νικήσης, σὴν γαῖαν ἐπόψεαι· ἢν δὲ κρατήθης
Ἄψ ἀπονοστήσεις ἀέκων εἰς δέσματα λυγρά."

"Give me but the armour, monarch, I have worn in many a field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my dinted shield;
And my old steed, Bavieca, swiftest courser in the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I'll do the business, King!"

Then they carried down the armour from the garret where it lay,
O! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn away:
And they led out Bavieca from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dogs'-meat man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinnied loud and free,
And in token of subjection, knelt upon each broken knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids rose,
As he fondly picked a bean-straw from his coughing courser's nose.

"Many a time, O Bavieca, hast thou borne me through the fray!
Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come to pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to grass!"

Then he seized his lance, and vaulting in the saddle sate upright;
Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the mailèd knight;
And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish lady—
"Five to four on Don Fernando!" cried the sable-bearded Cadi.

Τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γομερσάλίδης μεγαλήτωρ·
"Αἴ κεν ὀπάζῃ τις μοι τεύχεα παμφανόωντα,
Πιστήν τε κυνέην, στυφελιζομένην τε βοείην
"Ιππων τε Βαφίηκον ἀελλοπόδων ὄχ' ἄρίστον,
Ῥηιδίως τόδε ἔργον οἴομαι ἐκτολοπεύσειν."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ θαλάμοιο φόρεσκον τεύχεα καλὰ·
Δὴ τότε γ' ἤδη κεῖτο πίνῳ πεπαλαγμένα πάντῃ·
Ἐκ τε δυσώδεος ἦγον ἀμάξης ἵππον ἀρίστον·
Αἰθίοπες γὰρ ἑ δῶκαν, ἐπεὶ λάβον ἄξιον ὦνον,
Αἰλούροισι βόσιν κυσί τ' ὠμήστεσσι φορῆναι.
Ὀξέα δὲ χρεμέτιζεν, ἐπεὶ πρόμον εἶδεν ἄριστον,
Πρόχνυ πεσὼν ποτὶ γυῖα ἐάγοτα, φωτὸς ἀγασθεὶς,
Ἵππος, ὁ δ' ἐκ ῥῖνος μάλα περ βήσσοντος ἀνάγκῃ
Κάρφος ἑλὼν, μέγα δάκρυ βάλεν ποτὶ γαῖαν ὀδυρθεὶς,
Ὡς ὅτε δὴ κάρυον ποτὶ γῆν βάλεν ἴς ἀνέμοιο.
"Χαῖρε μοι ὦ Βαφίηκε σὺ γάρ μ' ἐφόρεις μάλα πολλὰ
Ἀμ πέδιον· νῦν δ' αὖθι μ' ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
Ποσσὶ φέροις κρατέοντ'· εἰ δ' ὥσπερ οἴομαι αὐτὸς
Πάσας σάρκας ὄλεσσεν ἄλη τ' ἀκομιστιή τε
Ἤδη χρή τινα νῶι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο."
Ἦρα καὶ ἔγχος ἑλὼν, κραιπνῶς τ' ἐπτάλμενος ἵππου
Ὀρθὸς ἐὴν, ἀδάμαντι δ' ἐοίκεσαν ἵππος ἀνήρ τε·
Αἰθιόπων δὲ γυναικες ἐπιάχον ἄνδρ' ὁρόωσαι·
Φῆ δ' ὁ μελαμπώγων βασιλεὺς "περὶ φωτὸς ἀρίστου
Ἕπτα* πρὸς ἓξ τριπόδων περιδώσομαι ἠέ λεβήτων."

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* Ignoscas mihi precor, Lector mathematice, quod verba "Five to four," parum accurate ἕπτα πρὸς ἓξ reddidi. Cæterum alias lectiones 'lepore tinctas Epico,' ex conjecturâ amici adjicio—

(1) εἰδ' ἄγε νῦν πᾶσιν μετέειπεν ὁ κυανοπώγων
θείην δωδεκάβοια κ' ἔγωγ', οὐδὲ κ' ἐινεάβοια
εἰ μὴ νίκη φαίνετ' ἀμύμονος Ἀλφόνδωνος

(2) εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν περιδώμεθ' ἐγὼ δε κε πέντε τάλαντα
τέσσαρα δ' ἄλλος ἀνὴρ θείη.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the listed space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the prous Alhambra race:
Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the foremost straight went down,
Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the jeering Clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed him to the King,
And his saddle-girths were tightened by the Master of the Ring;
Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the desperate fight began—
Don Fernando! bear thee bravely!—'tis the Moor Abdorrhoman!

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the sulphurous sky,
Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the sawdust fly;
And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fernando's mail,
That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavieca's tail:

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped it hard and fast,
And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman bounded past;
And the deadly stroke descended through the skull and through the brain,
As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut in twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish warriors all,
Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his brethren fall;
And the Clown, in haste arising from the footstool where he sat,
Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat;

Τρεῖς δ' Ἀλκαντηρής ἀπ' ἐϋκτιμένου πτολιέθρου,
Ἦεσαν εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα μεγασθενέες βασιλῆες,
Εὐχόμενοι μάλα πάντες Ἀλαμβραῖοι γένος εἶναι·
Ἴαχε δὲ σάλπιγξ, θέον ἵπποι, ὁ δ' ἠύτε σάκτης
Γογγυλίδων πέσ' ἔραζε, μέγας μεγαλωστὶ τανυσθεὶς
Θερσίτου παρὰ ποσσὶν· ἀνὴρ δ' ἔπι δεύτερος ἦλθεν
Ἐσσυμένως, καὶ νεῦσεν ἀγασσάμενος βασιληΐ·
Ἵππου δὲ ζωστῆρας ἄναξ βραβέων ἐπέδησεν
Αὐτὸς· ὁ δ' αὖτε τροχοὺς διὰ τρεῖς πυρὶ παμφανόωντας
Ἧλατο, πρὶν μαχέσασθαι ἐν ἀινῇ δηιοτῆτι·
Εὔχεο πᾶσι θεοῖσι, Γομέρσαλες, ἐξαλέασθαι
Ἀβδωρωμᾶιον φθισίμβροτον, ὄζον Ἄρηος.
Ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἐλάσῃ δίδυμον στεροπηγερέτα Ζεύς,
Ἄνδρε δύω ξυνίτην, ὑπὸ δὲ σφίσιν ὦρτο κονίη·
Τοῦ δὲ Γομερσαλίδεω στῆθος βάλεν ἱππότ' ἀμύμων
Ἔγχει, ὁ δ' εἰς οὖραν κλίνθη καλλίτριχος ἵππου
Ὥστέ μεθυσκόμενος κορύνην δ' ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
Μάρψε σιδηρείην, σ ιβαρῶς δ' ὅγε πάλλ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων·
Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἐν δαιτὶ μέγαν βάλανον κατέαξεν
Ῥαιστῆρι ῥοπάλῳ θ', ὁ δέ γ' ἄνδιχα πᾶς ἐκεάσθη,
Ὡς τοῦδ' ἐγκέφαλος τε καὶ ὄστεα πάντ' ἐκεάσθη.
Αἰθίοπες δὲ, καὶ αὐτὸς ἄναξ τρέσαν εἰσοροῶντες·
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ὁ τρίτος γε, καὶ ἀχνύμενος περ ἑταίρου,
Τάρβησεν· κῆρυξ δ', ἀπὸ θρήνοος ἔκτε θοώκου
Ὀρθὸς ἀνάϊξας, φωνῇ κήρυσσε λιγείῃ
Ἀκροβάτων τὸν ἄριστον ἐφεστάναι οὐδέ τιν' ἄλλον.

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwart Moor,—
Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the trembling floor;
Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their necks the rein he throws,
And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armour; in a knot himself he ties,
With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his thighs,
Till the petrified spectator asks, in paralysed alarm,
Where may be the warrior's body,—which is leg, and which is arm?

"Sound the charge!" The coursers started; with a yell and furious vault,
High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous somersault;
O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crupper hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its jewelled sheath,
And he stuck the Moor so fiercely, as he grappled him beneath,
That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds of fat,
And as dead as Julius Cæsar dropped the Gordian Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking—it hath sunk beneath the sea,
Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three;
And Al-Widdicomb, the monarch, pointed, with a bitter smile,
To the deeply-darkening canvass;—blacker grew it all the while.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ οὐπώποτ' ἔν' εὔχεται ἵππον ἐλαύνειν,
Πέντε πέλωρα βιβῶν, δαπέδου τρομέοντος ἐλαύνει,
Πέντ' Ἀράβων πώλους οὓς γείνατο νυξ ἐρεβεννὴ
Οἴη· τῶν δ' ὑπὲρ αὐχέν' ὅγ' ἥνια σιγαλόεντα
Ῥίψ'· ὁ δὲ δεξίτερος καὶ ἀρίστερος ἰθύντεσσι
Ποσσὶ πεποιθὼς ἵππος, ἐΰτροχον εἶσατ' ἀγῶνα.
Οὔποτε κεῖνος ἀνὴρ θωρήσσεται αἴθοπι χαλκῷ·
Αὐτὸς δ' αὐτὸν ἔδησεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν
Ὄφρ' ὅ γε λαὸς ἔειπε, τεθηπὼς ἠΰτε νεβρόι,
"Ποῦ χεὶρ, ποῦ δὲ πόδες, ποῦ δ' αὖ δέμας ἀνδρὸς ἀγαυοῦ;"
Ἵπποι δ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ σάλπιγξ ἐγεγώνει,
Ἦξαν· ὁ δ' Αἰθιόπων ἱππεὺς ἀνακυμβαλιάζων,
Δεινὰ βοῶν πήδησε, Γομερσάλεος δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων,
Σφαίρῃ βαλλομένῃ ἐπιείκελος, ἅλτο κάθ' ἵππου
Νῶτ', ἔχε δὲ ζωστῆρα λαβὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν.
Ἀλλ' ὁ Γομερσαλίδης κολέου παρὰ παμφανόωντος
Εἷλκ' ἐγχειρίδιον, τὸν δ' ἀκρόβατον σχέδον οὔτα
Χειρὶ λαβὼν, δημῷ δε Δαμάσκιος ἀμφεκαλύφθη
Χαλκὸς· ὁ δ' ἐς γαῖαν πέσεν, ἠδ' Αἴδοσδε βεβήκει,
Ὡς ὀλόης ὑπὸ χειρὸς Ἰούλιος ἤριπε Καῖσαρ.
Ἐν δ' ἔπεσ' Ὠκεάνῳ λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο
Πρὶν τρίτον ἐν κονίῃσι δαμασθέντ' ἄνδρα μιγῆναι·
Σαρδάνιον δὲ γέλασσε, μέλαν λίνον ὡς ἐνοήσε,
Αἰθιόπων βασιλεὺς· ἐπὶ δ' ἤλυθε νὺξ ἐρεβεννή·

"Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast
not kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the curfew
chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may'st be
wondrous glad
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to-day,
my lad!

"Therefore all thy boasted valour, Christian dog, of no
avail is!"
Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando
Gomersalez;—
Stiffly sate he in his saddle, grimly looked around the
ring,
Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at
the King.

"O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou play
me false again?
Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the
captive's chain!
But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply to
thine eye—
Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not
die!"

Thus he spoke, and Bavieca like an arrow forward flew,
Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the
hero through;
Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely sped
the fatal thrust—
From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless
in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavieca! speed thee faster than
the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase
behind!

"Αἰθιόπων τρεῖς ἄνδρας ἀπέκτανες, ἀλλὰ πεσοῦσα
Ἔφθη νὺξ, πρὶν γάρ σε τρίτον φῶτ' ἐξεναρίξαι
Κώδων μακρὸν ἄϋσε, μέλας δ' ἐπὶ Ἔσπερος ἦλθε.
Δαιμόνι', ἄψ ἐς δεσμὸν ἀπάξεαι· εἰ δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
Νῦν κεφαλή σοι ἔτ' ἐστι θεῶν χάρις, οἷά μ' ἔοργας·
Τῷ σὺ, κυόν, κρατερός περ ἐὼν οὐ πότμον ἀλύξεις."
Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὡς ὅτε νὺξ σκιάσῃ, ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,
Τὼς ὀφρῦς σκιόωντο Γομερσαλίδαο ἄνακτος.
Ἔζετο δ' ὀρθὸς ἰδεῖν, δόρυ δ' ἐς προβολὴν κατέκλινεν,
Πάντας ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν, χειρῖδά τε σείε βοείην,
Ἠπείλησε δ' ἄνακτα χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν
"Ὦμοι· κύντατ', ἄπιστε, σύ μ' αὖ φρένας ἠπεροπεύεις;
Ἀλλὰ λαβὼν μ' ἐκ θυμὸν ἑλοῦ, τὰ δὲ βούλεαι ἄλλα
Πήματα προσθεῖναι· δεσμῶν δ' οὐ γεύσομαι αὖθις·
Τοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω, μελέτω δέ τοι ὅσσε φυλάσσειν,
Οὐ γὰρ ὁπλιζόμενόν γε φόνου μ' ἄτερ ἐξεναρίξεις."
Ἦ ῥα μαὶ ὡς βέλος ὀξὺ θοῶς Βαφίηκον ἐλαύνει,
Πάντοθε δ' Αἰθιόπων στίχες ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω
Ἐσσυμένως· βασιλεὺς δ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν κονίῃσι
Κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραιστής.
Σπεῦδε λιήν Βαφίηκε θοαῖς ἀτάλαντος ἀέλλαις,
Πρόσθε γὰρ ἡδέα πάντα, διώκουσ' ἄνδρες ὀπίσσω
Ἔχθιστοι, βροτόλοιγοι· ἄν' ὀκρυόεντα πέταυρον
Σπεῦδέ μοι, ἦ πτελέη πόντον στονόεντα γεφυροῖ

Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the bridge
that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of
canvass trees.

Close before thee, Pampeluna spreads her painted paste-
board gate!
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy
knightly freight!
Victory! The town receives them!—Gentle ladies, this
the tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomer-
salez.

Μήνη ἐΰννητος διὰ βύσσινον ἡγεμονεύσει
Ἅλσος, ἀνακλίνουοι φίλοι Πομπειοπολῖται
Βυβλοποιητάων σανίδας καὶ ὀχῆα πυλαών·
Σπέυδετέ μοι πώλων ὄχ' ἄριστέ, καὶ ἱππότ' ἄμυμον·
Τείχεος ἔνδον ἔασιν· ἐπευφημεῖτε γυναῖκες,
Ἤδη γὰρ πάντ' εἶπον ὅσ' Ἀστλείων ἐν ἀρίστων
Ἱπποδρόμῳ ῥέζεσκε Γομερσαλίδης κλυτόπωλος.

ὁ Κυλίνδων.

OUR CHRONICLE.

TEN years have now elapsed since the first number of *The Eagle* was published, and the flourishing state of the subscription list shows how well the interest in its production has been maintained. The ancient bird has now moulted, and reappears in new and gorgeous plumage; henceforth too its swoop will be unerring, for its flight will be surely *directed;* in other words, the Editors have determined to inaugurate the commencement
volume by making considerable improvements in the typographical and publishing arrangements. A still further alteration is contemplated in the 'Chronicle,' which will, it is hoped, make the Magazine of greater interest to non-resident members of the College. The Committee trust that all members of the College will support them, both by subscriptions and contributions, in their efforts to render *The Eagle* worthy of the noble eyrie whence it wings its flight.

The vacancy in the Editorial committee caused by the retirement of Mr. T. Moss, has been filled up by the election of Mr. G. W. Forrest. Mr. E. H. Palmer has been appointed Secretary in place of Mr. A. S. Wilkins, resigned.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College, on Monday, November 4:

Rev. William Allen Whitworth, M.A. (B.A., 1862), 16th Wrangler.
Rev. Erasmus James Sutherland Rudd, M.A. (B.A., 1863), 26th Wrangler; 15th first class Classical Tripos.
Edwin Hill, B.A. (1866), bracketed 5th Wrangler.
John Bailey Haslam, B.A. (1866), 35th Wrangler; bracketed 4th in first class Classical Tripos.
William Francis Smith, B.A. (1866), 2nd in first class Classical Tripos.
Henry George Hart, B.A. (1866), 7th in first class Classical Tripos.

John Edwin Sandys, B.A. (1867), Senior Classic.
Edward Henry Palmer, B.A. (1867), 8th in third class Classical Tripos (for proficiency in Oriental languages).

Sir John Herschel, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and Sir Thomas Watson, one of Her Majesty's physicians, have been elected Honorary Fellows of the College.

The living of Fulbourn has become vacant by the decease of the Rev. Samuel Standidge Walton, M.A., late Fellow of the College.

The living of Lilley in Hertfordshire has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Miles Bland, late Fellow of the College.

The following account of one of the oldest members of the University may not prove uninteresting to some of our readers.

Miles Bland came up to St. John's College in October, 1804. He and Adam Sedgwick, our Professor of Geology, had been school-fellows at Sedburgh, and they commenced residence together as Freshmen. Private tuition at Cambridge was in those days little known, but
vantage of instruction from a tutor of whom he always spoke with affection as Johnnie Dawson. Dawson was a retired surgeon of Sedburgh, known to his poorer neighbours by many a gratuitous service which he would do to them, but known to Cambridge men as the great private tutor of his day. Men went to read with him in the Vacations, and sent problems to him from Cambridge for his solutions. Bland was wont to say that Dawson had had eleven Senior Wranglers for pupils, and intended him to be the twelfth; but he was second to Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale; Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, being third. Bland was elected Fellow of his College in the year in which he took his degree, 1808, was appointed Assistant Tutor in 1809, and continued in the tuition, first as Assistant Tutor, and afterwards as joint Tutor with Hornbuckle, till 1823, when he took the College living of Lilley, in Hertfordshire, and married. There were those who owed everything in life to the counsel and care which they received from him at College. During his residence at Cambridge he had been active in the University as well as in his College. Strong Tory as he always was, he took a prominent part in the famous election of November, 1822, in which Banks was returned for

the University as an opponent of Roman Catholic Emancipation. Bland resided at Lilley, till failing health obliged him to seek change of climate at Ramsgate. After some years he returned to Lilley, but was obliged again to leave it, and resided ever after at Ramsgate till his death, which took place at the age of 81 years. He never held any other preferment than his living, except a prebend at Wells, little more than honorary, to which he was presented by Bishop Law. He published a collection of Geometrical Problems, another of Mechanical, a treatise on Hydrostatics, and a collection of Algebraical Problems, known as *Bland's Equations*, which passed through many editions. He drew up also Annotations on the Historical Books of the New Testament, but did not proceed with the publication of them beyond the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. The name of Miles Bland will carry back the thoughts of Cambridge men to days long antecedent to the memories of almost all of them. When he came up to College, Porson was Professor of Greek, Pennington of Physic, Farish of Chemistry, Vince of Astronomy, Milner was Lucasian Professor, Craven was Arabic Reader; Parke and Pryme were Middle Bachelors; Kaye, Monk, and Dobree were Commencing Bachelors; Turton, Pollock, Hustler, and Haviland were Undergraduates. Of Bland's own year, there remain resident among us Dr. Clark, late Professor of Anatomy, and Professor Sedgwick, still lecturing in buoyant old age. Always a *laudator temporis acti*, Bland would speak with pride of the men of older times, and say, "There were giants in the earth in those days." He died of old age, without suffering, and in unclouded mental vigour, on a day which to a man of his strong affection for his College and for Cambridge, had brought always recollections of old friends, December 27th, St. John's day.

The Rev. G. A. Selwyn, D.D., Bishop of New Zealand, has recently been promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield. Dr. Selwyn was educated at Eton, whence he proceeded to this College, and took his B.A. degree in 1831, being second in the 1st class Classical Tripos and 21st Junior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos. He then became Pastor of the Parish Church of Windsor, and in 1841 was created first Bishop of New Zealand. This see, though it has since been subdivided, then embraced the entire colony. The new Bishop received a most enthusiastic ovation in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Tuesday, the 13th of December, at a general meeting in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The Rev. W. Drake, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Coventry, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral, has been appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary to Her Majesty.

Mr. J. E. Sandys, B.A., has been appointed classical lecturer in place of the Rev. H. R. Bailey, M.A., resigned.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been adjudged to the Rev. W. E. Pryke, B.A., and the Fry's Hebrew Scholarship to the Rev. W. Covington, B.A.

The undermentioned gentlemen were on June 15th, elected Foundation Scholars of the College:

Haslam, S.
Holditch
Lloyd
Obbard
Sparkes
Watson, Frederick

Boutflower
Drake
Hallam
Lee Warner
Smith, G.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term, have been:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer: J. Watkins.
Secretary: A. J. Finch.
1st Captain: J. M. Collard.
2nd Captain: F. A. Macdona.
3rd Captain: J. W. Dale.
4th Captain: E. L. Pearson.

J. W. Dale and J. M. Collard rowed No. 3 and stroke respectively of one of the University trial eights. Mr. Collard's boat was easily beaten by 3 lengths on Monday, December 2. The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, November 16. In the Time Race, the following boat won by 7 seconds.

1 A. W. Lambert
2 E. L. Pearson
3 W. Almack
C. W. Bourne (*stroke*)
H. Stokes (*Cox.*)

The University Fours took place on Monday, November 11, and Tuesday, November 12. The Lady Margaret Boat was in the first time race, the Emmanuel Boat, however, being ultimately successful. The Lady Margaret crew was composed as follows:

1 C. W. Bourne
2 J. W. Dale
3 E. Carpmael
J. M. Collard (*stroke*)
J. T. Welldon (*Cox.*)

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed for on Thursday, November 21, and following days: the winner was Mr. Wright of 1st Trinity.

The Pearson and Wright Challenge Sculls were rowed on Tuesday the 19th of November. In the Time Race, the three following started: J. W. Bakewell, F. Baynes, and J. Watkins. After a good race between the two first, Mr. Baynes won by about 5 seconds. Mr. Watkins not a good third.

In the Rifle Corps, in consequence of the resignation of Lieut. Lyman, the following promotions have been made: Ensign Wace to be Lieutenant, Sergeant Sparkes to be Ensign.

The College challenge cup was shot for on December 4th, and was won by Lance-Corporal J. Noon.

At the same time a match was shot against No. 1 Company, the result being that No. 2 Company won, by 29 points. The representatives of No. 2 Company were Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, Sergt. Braithwaite, Sergt. Ashe, Lance-Corp. Noon, Private Bakewell, Private Hey, and Private Ryder.

The Officers' pewter for the present term has been won by Private H. Howlett.

In the returns for the year just ended, No. 2 company has 34 efficients, 24 extra efficients, and 12 marksmen.

The Foot Ball Club have played six matches this term with various success. These matches have been against the Eton club, the King's College club, the Wanderers; and return matches have also been played with Eton, with Emmanuel College, and with Jesus College.

The works at the New Chapel are progressing rapidly towards completion. The entire stone work, with the exception of the two crosses on the gables of the ante-chapel and the carving of the grand doorway, is finished. The tower is also completed, the last pinnacle having been set by Mr. Powell, M.P. on the 12th of December.

At a Committee Meeting of the "Stained Glass Window Fund," held in Mr. C. Taylor's rooms on May 6th, Mr. J. E. Sandys was elected President in the place of Rev. H. W. Moss; Mr. W. Lee Warner was elected Secretary in the place of Mr. H. G. Hart; and Mr. W. Hoare was appointed Deputy Treasurer.

The following gentlemen were added to the general committee:

F. Baynes
T. Bainbridge
W. Hoare
A. C. D. Ryder
J. Noon
W. B. Wilson

At a meeting held in Mr. Sandys' rooms on December 3rd, arrangements were made for the further increase of the staff of collectors. In accordance with these arrangements, the following gentlemen have accepted office, and will enter on their duties at the beginning of next term.

A. Foster (in the place of T. Bainbridge, resigned).
F. W. C. Haslam.
F. Savage.
W. F. Steele.
H. Whittington.

The money hitherto invested in the Indian Five per Cents has been sold out at a considerable advantage. The sum of £1000 has thus been transferred to the treasurer, and is held by him at the same rate of interest. All subsequent subscriptions will continue to be invested from time to time in the Indian Five per Cents.

The Committee avail themselves of this opportunity to express a confident hope, that the loyal enthusiasm of those who have just joined our numbers will in no single respect fall short of that which has, in previous years, been displayed with reference to our new College Chapel, and that the prospect of an almost immediate enjoyment of the results of the munificence of our latest benefactors, will lead every one to be proud of having

a share, however small, in enhancing the beauty of that chapel, and to respond with a hearty liberality to the appeal that will be made in the course of the ensuing term.

Errata in last *Eagle* as to Chapel Window subscriptions:

Omitted, W. B. Hopper, £3 3*s*. *For* H. M. Mansfield, £2 2*s*. *read* H. M. Mansfield, £3 3*s*. J. W. Horne, £3 3*s*., repeated twice.

The following circular has been lately issued:

"It has been felt by many of the pupils and friends of the late Rev. A. V. Hadley, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, that his services to the College deserve some permanent memorial, by means of which they might record their affection and esteem for his many amiable and excellent qualities, and their regret for his untimely death.

"It has appeared to them that these feelings could best be perpetuated by a Memorial in the New Chapel, such as a Window of Stained Glass, or some other form of monument. The exact nature of this must in a great measure depend upon the sum that can be raised; in the mean time the undernamed gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee to invite contributions for this object, and they trust that all those will subscribe, who have in past times benefited by his kindly counsel, earnest labours, and sincere friendship; so that they may be enabled to pay due honour to the name of one who, though cut off in the very prime of life, had yet done workman's service to his generation.

F. S. Powell, Esq., M.A., M.P.
Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D.
Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A.
J. E. Gorst, Esq., M.A., M.P.
Rev. A. Freeman, M.A.
Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.
W. P. Hiern, Esq., M.A., *Treasurer*.
P. T. Main, Esq., M.A.
A. Marshall, Esq., B.A.
Rev. E. Hill, B.A.
Rev. J. Pulliblank, B.A.
J. E. Sandys, Esq., B.A.
E. H. Palmer, Esq., B.A.
W. Almack, Esq.
S. Haslam, Esq.
E. L. Pearson, Esq., and
Rev. W. E. Pryke, B.A., *Secretary*.

"Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the 'Hadley Memorial Fund,' Messrs. Mortlocks' Bank, Cambridge, or at Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, London, to the "Hadley Memorial Fund" account with Messrs. Mortlock and Co.; and Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer, W. P. Hiern, Esq., St. John's College, Cambridge."

The following is a list of the subscriptions:

	£.	s.	d.
W. Almack, Esq.	2	0	0
Rev. Prof. Churchill Babington, M.A.	2	2	0
Rev. H. R. Bailey, M.A.	5	0	0
T. H. Beach, Esq., M.A.	3	3	0
Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D.	5	0	0
Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. W. H. Brayshaw, B.A.	2	2	0
T. K. Bros, Esq.	2	2	0
Rev. C. S. Cutler, M.A.	1	1	0
Rey. E. S. Dewick, B.A.	5	0	0
Rev. J. V. Durell, M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. C. Elsee	2	2	0
Ven. Archdeacon Emery, B.D.	1	1	0
W. Firth, Esq.	1	1	0
Rev. A. Freeman, M.A.	5	0	0
J. E. Gorst, Esq., M.A., M.P.	5	0	0
W. Groome, Esq., B.A.	2	2	0
H. G. Hart, Esq., B.A.	2	2	0
J. B. Haslam, Esq., B.A.	5	0	0
S. Haslam, Esq.	2	0	0
J. P. Hayne, Esq., B.A.	1	1	0
W. P. Hiern, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. E. Hill, B.A.	5	0	0
H. Hoare, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
W. H. H. Hudson, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
R. Jamblin, Esq., B.A.	2	2	0
H. Lee Warner, Esq., M.A.	3	0	0
C. Lestourgeon, Esq., M.A.	0	10	0
H. Ludlow, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
P. T. Main, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
W. Marsden, Esq., M.A.	1	1	0
R. G. Marrack, Esq., B.A.	2	2	0
A. Marshall, Esq., B.A.	5	0	0
A. G. Marten, Esq., M.A.	5	0	0
R. H. Meyricke, Esq., B.A.	1	1	0
Rev. H. W. Moss, M.A.	3	3	0
Rev. R. Noble, B.A.	0	10	0
A. N. Obbard, Esq.	2	2	0
G. E. Paget, Esq., M.D.	1	1	0
E. H. Palmer, Esq., B.A.	5	0	0
E. L. Pearson, Esq.	2	0	0
Rev. J. B. Pearson, M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. S. J. Phillips, M.A.	1	1	0
Rev. J. W. Pieters, B.D. (*for a Window*)	5	0	0
F. S. Powell, Esq., M.A., M.P.	5	0	0
Rev. W. E. Pryke, B.A.	5	0	0
Rev. J. Pulliblank, B.A.	5	0	0
Rev. G. F. Reyner. B.D. (*for a Window*)	5	0	0

	£.	s.	d.
Rev. C. D. Russell, B.A.	2	2	0
Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A.	10	0	0
S. J. Sanders, Esq., B.A.	2	2	0
J. E. Sandys, Esq., B.A.	3	0	0
Rev. W. Selwyn, M.A.	1	0	0
Rev. Professor Selwyn, D.D.	5	5	0
Rev. H. J. Sharpe, M.A.	4	0	0
A. J. Stevens, Esq., B.A.	2	0	0
Rev. C. Stanwell, M.A.	2	2	0
Rev. G. Tatham, M.A.	1	1	0
Rev. C. E. Thorpe, B.A.	1	0	0
Rev. J. Tillard, M.A.	2	2	0
Rev. W. A. Whitworth, M.A.	5	0	0
Rev. J. S. Wood, B.D.	5	0	0