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As a guarantee of good faith, it is *essential* that the name of every contributor should be made known either to the Secretary, or to one of the Committee.

Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

Rejected communications will be returned by the Secretary on application.

There will be an election of Editors at the beginning of next Term.

St. John's College, June, 1868.

HAMLET: AN ANALYSIS.

I DO not know whether an apology is necessary for this addition to the already extensive stock of Hamlet literature. The analyses of Hamlet, that I have met with, are all in some marked way incomplete. The best of the number appeared in Vol. 79 of *The Quarterly Review*. It unhappily covers only a fraction of the play: otherwise, though I dissent from several of the opinions of the writer, the following pages would not have been printed. But as regards its systematic examination of the minutest touches of the poet, as well as of the scenes as a whole, it is a model of intelligent criticism. I have learnt much from it—and, in one or two scenes, have used it liberally. I have also read and, in a few passages, referred to the late Dr. Conolly's *Study of Hamlet* and Dr. Bucknill's *Essays on the Mad Folk of Shakespeare*. These writers both write specially on the problem of Hamlet's madness, as a question of medical psychology. The former analyses the whole play from this point of view—the latter, only the scenes in which Hamlet or Ophelia appear. Both therefore are, for an attempt to get at the whole of the poet's meaning, somewhat defective. This defect I have endeavoured to supply. I have used such helps as have been accessible to me in the shape of notes, analysis, or comment, but only as a preparation for my task: in all that I have written I have given my own impressions, derived from a study of the simple text.

Some of the readers of *The Eagle* may possibly be

interested in the circumstances which caused this analysis to be written. About a year ago I determined to give systematic English lessons a place in the ordinary work of my form. I began with *Hamlet*. The ground was new; and, with the usual fate of the English schoolmaster, I had to learn empirically how English should be taught. The great shoal to be avoided by one whose experience had been principally of Classical tuition was the giving of undue prominence to the expression of the thought, rather than to the thought itself. To avoid this, I gave my pupils from time to time an analysis of the scenes last read—pointing out their bearing on the developement of the characters of the play, and endeavouring with the addition of oral explanation to give them some idea of them as parts of a whole work of art. A sketch of the history of the play, of the story of Hamlet from which it is taken, with an outline of the principal characters, had already been put into their hands. To reprint it here would make this paper unnecessarily long. Full particulars may be found in Gervinus (*Shakespeare Commentaries*), and in the prolegomena to Herr Karl Elze's excellent German edition of the play. *The Historie of Hamblet* is reprinted in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*. I may add that the experiment was eminently successful.

R. W. TAYLOR.

ACT I. *Scene* I. Francisco, Bernardo, and Marcellus are three soldiers. The two latter have already on a former occasion seen an apparition of the "majesty of buried Denmark," while keeping guard upon the battlements, and Bernardo comes to his post full of agitation and apprehension, which betrays itself in his first words. His reverie is interrupted by the sight of Francisco, and he does not wait to be challenged; but, with a start, inquires—"Who's there?" Francisco knows nothing of the Ghost, but notices Bernardo's unwonted punctuality; yet even he has some boding that all is

not right: he is "sick at heart." Bernardo anxiously asks whether he has had quiet watch; and, parting, bids him hasten on his comrades, should he meet them. He cannot bear to be left to watch alone, and he shows himself so rejoiced to see them when they come, that Marcellus fancies that "this thing" must have appeared again. He is specially anxious that Horatio, the scholar, should be there to exorcise the Ghost. For companionship he must talk, but he can talk only on the one subject; he begins

rition crosses the stage. It disappears, and Bernardo appeals to Horatio whether this is not more than fantasy. He takes no part in the conversation that follows, save by again recurring to the portentous figure, which comes armed through their watch. This conversation is of some interest. The description of Hamlet's father and his combat with Norway, prepares us for Hamlet's subsequent praise of him, and strikes the keynote of the duty, (a very marked duty to a Norseman of the tenth century) of avenging such a father. The preparations for war, the romage in the land, are signs of coming trouble, the dread of which is deepened in these soldiers by this strange apparition.

The Ghost re-enters

extent recovered his presence of mind, speaks more boldly to it. But again it departs without any reply. The day breaks—the health-giving day, which scatters all the phantoms of the night, and brings refreshing light to those who are weary of the darkness. Such at least is its soothing effect upon Horatio, and the lines—

> But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill,

are a good instance of artistic repose.

In *Scene* 2, we are introduced to the king, who is holding

with Gertrude. The assembled courtiers are those who, with Polonius at their head, have forwarded his election. Whether there were others who did not welcome the

change so readily we do not know: young Fortinbras' supposal that the state was disjoint, might lead us to think there were, and we have further traces of a wide-spread disaffection in the readiness with which Laertes is afterwards welcomed as king; but such ill-affected persons at any rate find no place in this assembly, and their existence is entirely ignored. The language of the king prepares us for what is to come. In all decorum he must say something at this first meeting of the changes which have brought about his accession; but his words of grief are cold and forced, and the subject is speedily dismissed. The ambassadors to Norway receive their instructions, and we are introduced to Polonius, the head, so to speak, of the Claudian party. The slight pompousness of his words is, however, the only thing here which brings out his character. And naturally, it is in Hamlet that the interest of the scene centers. And it is noteworthy that his first utterances proclaim that trifling and refining habit of mind, of which we shall have so many specimens. The play on *kin* and *kind*, *sun* and *son*, the almost euphuistic verbiage of the speech beginning, "Seems, madam! nay, it is," are all instances of this. The king's reply is really more a soliloquy than an address—an attempt rather to blunt the dull edge of remorse in himself, than to bring Hamlet to another mind:

> Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
> Take it to heart?

His bodings are lulled by Hamlet's consent to remain at Elsinore, so accepting the position of

> Our cousin, chiefest courtier and our son.

His departure to Wittenberg might be fraught with more serious consequences.

Hamlet's first soliloquy is full of instruction, not so much as the sign of amind whose balance is violently disturbed, but as a true portrait of his character. He shows himself as the man of contemplation rather than of action — for this criticism of Coleridge and

Gervinus I cannot but look upon as the true key to his character. As such he generalises from his own one cause of grief, to the unprofitableness of all the uses of the world. A man with some active work to do, would perhaps have felt with equal keenness his father's death and its attendant circumstances; but he would have seen, after the first burst of grief, that there was something still worth living for. But to one who broods like Hamlet the object of his thought for the time assumes a giant size, out of all proportion with the truth. In the same spirit his mother's hasty marriage with Claudius is generalised into—

> Frailty, thy name is woman!

His reason is not, as yet, specially disturbed by the thought of all this; the mischief is of earlier date: the whole mind is diseased to begin with.

He is just in the mood to be excited by the news which Horatio and Marcellus bring. Their first meeting shows the affectionateness of his disposition. There is not much to notice in the dialogue between them: he cross-examines the two in a thoroughly collected way—we should almost expect a more excited manner.

One thing it is important not to pass over. The greater part of the soliloquy is devoted to his mother and her frailty; and so it is his mother's wedding that he sets against his father's funeral. And it is on this that his thoughts continue to dwell, even after his suspicions of foul play have been verified by the ghost. Naturally the shock at the discovery of such weakness in one to whom he had always looked up with reverence and love, would affect him more than the knowledge of the villany of one on whom he had set no store.

Scene 3. Laertes has often been depicted as a somewhat vain and empty-headed character; but any imagined deficiencies of that kind are compensated by the two traits which Shakespeare puts in a prominent light, his strong affection for his father, and his tender solicitude for his sister. And he certainly shows

no want of delicacy and tact in the way in which he warns the latter against putting too much faith in Hamlet's tenders of affection. He does not indulge in any invective against Hamlet, which might have driven her into his arms; but shows her, calmly and reasonably, the difficulties of the position that he is in. This speech, it seems to me, does not receive the honour it deserves: it is full of delicate and beautiful writing. Its language surely is not that of an empty-headed booby.

Ophelia's reply deserves attention. It is the one instance in the whole play of a gentle playfulness, which, poor girl, she has no more opportunity of showing.

The chief interest, however, and value of the scene lies in the estimate which it gives us of Hamlet's character, as judged by those who had some opportunity of weighing his acts. Neither Laertes nor Polonius represent him as vicious, but rather as a trifler without any active seriousness in life—one who would flirt and toy with a maiden like Ophelia, thoughtlessly damaging her fair name—one who begins with most honourable intentions, but is quite weak enough to let himself be carried away by a temptation to evil, if those first intentions cannot be carried out. And this his character is so well known, that to give words or talk to him is to slander your leisure.

Polonius' fussy sermonising to Ophelia, is very different from the delicate caution which her brother gives. Here, as everywhere in the play, he fails for want of all understanding of the characters with which he has to deal.

The opening of *Scene* 4, shews an evident desire on the part of the interlocutors to avoid talking about the ghost—the kind of avoidance which might very well accompany a state of subdued excitement and expectation. Hamlet betrays his tendency to ponder and to philosophise upon any subject that is suggested for his meditation. If it be true that the latter part of his speech was added after the arrival in England of

Anne of Denmark, in order to tone down the severity of the former part, Shakespeare has shown his power by making the insertion serve to the fuller portrayal of his main character, and the explanation of the drift of the play. Hamlet's account of the way in which one flaw, or the over-developement of one side of a character mars the whole, is a very delicate piece of mental analysis, and is doubly interesting because we recognise in it the portrait of the speaker himself. In him the plausive manners of which we have just had one specimen in his disapproval of the heavy-headed revels of his country, take corruption from the habit of too much looking upon the event, from the overgrowth of the meditative side of his character.

The appearance of the ghost betrays the excitement which he has felt; yet he is prepared for its advent—it has no terrors for him. After the first start of alarm ("Angels, &c.") he addresses it in excited, but still perfectly coherent, words. He is conscious that his father's spirit would not thus revisit the glimpses of the moon, unless something were to be *done*. He has pondered over Horatio's report, and this corroboration of it suggests thoughts of horror which his soul can scarce fathom. His weariness of life, under the burden of suspicion and mistrust thus sadly confirmed, is again asserted; and his wild excitement and his previous melancholy together make his friend fear for his reason. He follows the ghost.

Scene 5. The art of the poet is well displayed by the way in which the ghost at once enlists our sympathies and pity. We do not hear first of the murder which cut him off in the blossom of his sin, but of the sulphurous and tormenting flames to which he must render up himself—of the prison-house, whose secrets are not for ears of flesh and blood. When Hamlet's pity is thus excited, when he is evidently ready to do whatever he can to do his father ease, the key to the whole scene comes out in the one word *murder*. The

story of hypocrisy and crime is told with simple pathos: all its circumstances of aggravation and horror are dwelt upon. There is one thing in this speech specially to be noticed: I mean the tenderness shown throughout for the poor queen, seduced from her allegiance. It is by *witchcraft* of his brother's wit that she was won; he is *robbed* of her by his brother: she, he knows, is not happy in her new union—there are thorns lodged in her bosom to prick and sting her. Hamlet is not only to leave her to heaven, he is not to cherish evil thoughts against her. And in spite of this injunction, it is on his mother's frailty that he especially dwells.

His short soliloquy deserves careful study. Its words partake of that wild, almost hysterical excitement, which we have just seen: they are at first slightly bombastic and exaggerated—possibly expressive of a first outbreak of madness. They show very markedly the unsteadiness of Hamlet's character, and that readiness to be diverted by a trifle which, though ever breaking out in him, may here be looked upon as the common effect of an undue strain upon the mind. But one point must not be overlooked. His father's commandment, he says, shall live all alone in his brain; and yet his very first comment, *O most pernicious woman!* gives the lie to his words. His jesting with his friends and with the ghost, the wild and hurling words on which Horatio remarks, are all signs of this same hysterical excitement which is beginning to disturb the balance of his mind. Quick as ever of perception, he feels that he may not always hereafter be master of himself; and is perhaps conscious, too, of what he may gain by this antic disposition, and so at once secures his friends' secrecy. But the strong feeling, the heart's bitter grief, which produces this strain, and is perhaps at the root of this unseemly jesting, bursts out at times:

> And for mine own poor part,
> Look you, I'll go pray.

He feels already the insufficiency of culture for the new circumstances in which he is placed; they require something which the studies of Wittenberg have not provided for.

> There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

He feels, too, the want of human affection and sympathy, cut off as he is from the mother that he had so fondly loved:

> So gentlemen,
> With all my love I do commend me to you.

The scene closes with the sigh under a task or burden too great for him to bear, which Goethe has taken as the key to the whole play:

> The time is out of joint! O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to put it right.

ACT II. *Scene* 1. The earlier part of this scene is valuable for the light which it throws on the character of Polonius, the father whose death Laertes will be so prompt to revenge. The way in which he instructs his emissary to pry into his son's doings puts him certainly in a somewhat contemptible light, and the limits which he puts to the forgeries that may be put upon him, slight sullies as he calls them, show him to be devoid of any higher principle than that of expediency, of any rule more strict than that of the world's morality. The second part of the scene is more interesting. Ophelia's speech is very artistically composed. She comes in breathless with excitement and fright, which is well portrayed in the disjointed and almost interjectional form of her words: and Polonius, in some excess of parental affection, becomes almost respectable in his confession that he has been in the wrong.

The account of Hamlet's visit to Ophelia first raises the question of his madness. Was it real or feigned?

The disordered dress is the recognised sign of the sentimental lover (*As you Like it*, ACT III. *Sc.* 2), and

many commentators have fancied that Hamlet, feigning madness, adopted this exaggerated form of it, in order to divert suspicion from the true cause of his melancholy. But whatever levity there may be in his character, there is nothing to make us think that he would wilfully be guilty of such wanton cruelty to one whom he afterwards professes to have loved so dearly, were it not that his mind has been warped by the general notion of woman's untruth which his mother's conduct has given him: the "long perusal of her face" seems to ask the same question, which at a subsequent interview he puts in words, "Are you honest?" The "look so piteous in purport," the "sigh so piteous and profound" are surely not feigned—this ecstasy is real, this insanity no mockery. That love for Ophelia is not without its share in causing the sad overthrow may be quite true. His belief in honesty and truth has been sadly shaken by the ghost's revelations; his mother, whom he had trusted and loved, is fallen from the high place which he had given her, and Ophelia's rejection of his visits and letters has not only robbed him of his last solace in his misery, but has made him begin to think that all women are alike in their false seeming. As yet, however, he has scarcely reached this last point; the almost despairing doubt is there, but it is not till the next act that it finds full expression. Thus, almost heartbroken and frenzied by the brooding thought, he tries to read in her face the truth or falsehood of his suspicion. Surely this is more than acting.

Scene 2, introduces us to two fresh characters, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, schoolfellows of Hamlet, whom the king has sent for in order to fathom the causes of the change which has come over him. The meanness of *his* character betrays itself in his words. His anxiety is not to remedy the disorder, but to see whether his suspicions of its cause are just. He seems to suspect that the madness is possibly feigned ("Get from him why he *puts on* this confusion," ACT III. *Sc.* 1.), and

wants to discover whether it may not cover some deep design on Hamlet's part.

Rosencrantz and his friend are generally put down by critics as two base spies—because Hamlet, in a state of excitement, calls them sponges (ACT IV. *Sc.* 2). True, they are not men of any strong principle; the untruthfulness of their replies to the king's inquiries about their interview—for they will not confess their failure—(ACT III. *Sc.* 1) is a proof of that; but we must not forget that

> Two men there are not living
> To whom he more adheres:

and that Hamlet himself, even when he knows that they have been sent for, is anxious to give them all a friend's welcome, and even goes so far as to confess to them his real state. I cannot think that they had any idea of the king's ultimate designs when they started for England, whatever Hamlet may have suspected, or that they are more than two ordinary young men, glad to do what they fancy may be for the good of their friend, and somewhat flattered at being chosen by the king and queen for such a task.

The news from Norway, which forms the second division of the scene, gives us a pleasant contrast in its tale of frank and open dealing to the plots and counterplots of this other uncle and nephew. Old Norway, sick and impotent, retains his hold on Fortinbras, great and spirited as he is: Claudius is obliged to set spies upon his nephew to prevent his mischief—procrastinator though he be.

Polonius next tells his story. Ever anxious to gain special credit for himself, and to make the most of what he has done, he tries the patience of the queen by the soullessness of his wit, but at last produces a letter which Ophelia has had from Hamlet. There is nothing to tell us when the letter was written. It may have been before she began to repel his letters—it might possibly be a kind of apology for his visit. The letter

itself has often been commented upon as the extravagant effusion of a madman; but if it is, then half the valentines written every 14th of February are so too. There is in it no dethroning of reason, but a settled sadness and melancholy which is very pathetically expressed. I should fancy it was written between the death of his father and the appearance of the ghost, from which time he was to wipe away all trivial and fond records from his memory. The words which Polonius uses, describe very well the stages of the disorder, but on his part they are mere unprincipled prosing; for Ophelia's announcement in *Scene* 1, is the first information that he has of what is wrong. As he takes to himself the credit of the first discovery of the addresses of Hamlet—as he professes to have been guided not by care for his daughter's fair fame (the real cause of his interference), but by thoughts of his duty to the king and queen: so now he pretends to have watched the stages of Hamlet's disorder.

To form a correct estimate of what follows we must remember in what position Polonius stands to Hamlet. He has been the chief agent in the election of Claudius to be king: he is the father of Ophelia, and so Hamlet, a man of deep penetration, who at once sees that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been sent for, naturally attributes to him Ophelia's altered behaviour, and he knows him too as a "tedious old fool." What wonder then that he resents the old man's intrusion upon his privacy and fools him to the top of his bent! It is absurd to seek a depth of meaning in his words. Fishmongers do not catch fish, and to be honest as a fishmonger is no special commendation. Dealers in such perishable wares are not generally patterns of honesty. The famous passage "If the sun breed maggots," &c. may best be taken as an extract from the book which Hamlet is reading—and the sudden remarks on the daughter "who is not to walk in the sun," are possibly an allusion to the way in which she

had locked herself from his resort. He seems in almost all his converse with Polonius to play upon this subject. His motive is doubtful. Such a cause of madness might keep him from being confined, but yet it would be expected to cease if his love could have a fair issue, and then where would he have been? The plain satire of the rest of the conversation loses its effect when we cannot see the old man standing for his portrait.

Polonius retires: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter. They receive a friendly greeting, but their remark that the world is grown honest, combined with the suddenness of their appearance, rouses Hamlet's suspicions that they are sent. He is more alive to such suspicions now. No such thought suggested itself when Horatio suddenly appeared, but these two months have produced a great change in him. They try to stave off his questions. They are possessed by the one idea that he is disappointed that his uncle has been preferred before him—that brooding ambition is the cause of his disorder. Hamlet at last gets from them a confession that they were sent for. (Note how he appeals to the consonancy of their youth and their ever-preserved love—surely a fair voucher for their respectability). In graphic words he depicts to them his mental state—the fruits of his melancholy induced by his father's death and his mother's o'erhasty marriage, quite independently of the ghost's revelations. "He sees all things as they are and feels them as they are not" (Dr. Bucknill). His language is remarkable and bears a slight trace of excitement in a style perhaps more inflated than usual with him, but he is in full possession of his faculties. He notices at once the significant smile with which his friends greet his saying, "man delights not me" and puts his own construction on it. It is straining a point to see here a dislike to have it thought that he is mad for love of Ophelia. The reading of their thought is a perfectly natural one.

Critics of the Voltaire school object to the passage about the "aiery of young children" as a piece of contemporary allusion which might be allowed in an ephemeral comedy, but is below the dignity of tragedy. I cannot see the reason why. At any rate their much vaunted Greek models observed no such rule. The Eumenides is not spoiled by its references to the Argive alliance.

Polonius when he appears again gets quizzed once more about his daughter. Then the players are introduced and receive a hearty welcome. It was the fashion with a former generation of critics to look on the passages recited by Hamlet and the players as parodies, intended to bring ridicule on the old style of tragedy, but such a criticism results from too close an identification of the writer with the speaker. The meaning of these passages must be interpreted by the piece of criticism which introduces them. Hamlet, a man of refined and cultivated taste, and able to appreciate the solid beauties of the old school, looks down with a dash of contempt and pedantic superiority on the lower taste of the "general." The passages given, whether they be quotations from a lost play, or simply Shakespeare's own work, are fair specimens of the Seneca school of tragedy—and are really respectable poetry. If any expression of Shakespeare's own opinion is to be assumed, it is rather a protest against the "jigs and tales of bawdry" of the time.

The actors take their leave, and Polonius receives that golden rule for their entertainment, "Use them after your own honour and dignity." It is worthy of note that Hamlet, who has been quizzing Polonius throughout this scene, yet shows so much respect for his age and position as to warn the players not to mock him.

The soliloquy that follows, delivered under very strong excitement, is very eloquent as to Hamlet's character. The man of thought, dull and slow of action, though

excitable and brave, feels that the actor's power of realising the feelings of a fictitious character is a reproach to him, on whom such promptings from the invisible world have been thrown away. He can *say* nothing—of *doing* there is no question. His excitement finds some vent in foul names—but he is not beside himself—he is conscious of the weakness and folly of his conduct. The close of the speech tells us the reason of all his delay. The deed to which he is prompted is an awful one—one whose consequences cannot be trammelled up, and he feels that the information or suspicion on which he acts is not sufficient to justify him in the eyes of the world—hardly even in his own.

ACT III. *Scene* I. The division of the play into Acts and Scenes is, as usual in the printed copies of Shakespeare, quite arbitrary. This and the following scenes belong to the action of the last and are bound up with it in more particulars than one. And first in the report of Hamlet's madness. The interview with Polonius has deepened the king's impression of it. The transformation of the previous scene has now become a "turbulent and dangerous lunacy." The two friends have been misled by Hamlet's graphic description of his state, which they fancied to be a mere put off—they confess that they have not found out the cause of his disorder, but are unwilling to shew how far they have failed in imposing on him, and so are somewhat untruthful in one part of their report. Here as in the last scene the different motives of King and Queen are well hinted at. The King wants to know if they have found out the cause of his madness—the Queen asks if they have tried to cheer him:

> Did you assay him to any pastime?

With all her fear that the mischief is in "the main, his father's death and our o'erhasty marriage," she welcomes the hope that Ophelia's love may be at the

bottom of this distemper—feeling that then it is not past cure.

It is hard to understand the king. His usual callousness and indifference hardly prepare us for the pang of remorse which Polonius' speech causes him.

The soliloquy which follows must be *felt*—it is quite impossible to explain or paraphrase it. There are several things in it, however, which admit of comment.

1. The notable difference between it and the former soliloquy, "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, &c." in which he is also meditating suicide. Then the motive of religious obedience was enough to stay his hand—"or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter." Here he is weighed down by the heartache, and so depressed, that he would welcome annihilation in death as a consummation to be wished for. He is deterred from suicide only by the same "thinking too much upon the event," which holds back his hand from avenging his father's death.

2. His own woes are predominant among those which would not be borne, but for the dread of something after death: the oppressor's wrong—the pangs of disprized love—the insolence of office.

3. The "conscience which makes cowards of us all" is the same with the "thought whose sickly hue infects resolution," without excluding entirely the feeling that sins unpunished here may meet their reward hereafter.

4. The whole speech—or rather that which is the key to the whole—is an instance of that power of rapid association which we have before seen to be characteristic of Hamlet. *Sleep* at once suggests dreams.

It seems to me to be a piece of hypercriticism to cavil at the lines—

> That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns,

as implying forgetfulness on Hamlet's part of the ghost's appearance. The point of the passage is that

nothing is known of that undiscovered land; no traveller returns to tell the story of what he has seen; and substantially this is true even of his father's ghost, who is "forbid to tell the secrets of his prison house."

The conversation with Ophelia is a natural sequel to this soliloquy. The stage tradition which would have us imagine Hamlet to catch some glimpse of the listeners to this conversation, and to be thus prompted to a cruel harrowing of the poor girl's feelings by "wild and hurling" words, seems to me almost beneath notice—it rests upon such a shallow reading of the whole passage—every line of which is eloquent. It is worth our while to examine it in detail.

We cannot be too often reminded that the original cause of Hamlet's melancholy is his mother's speedy transfer of her affections from his father, or his father's memory, to his uncle. This it is which appears in his first soliloquy, and though the deep-brooding sorrow which shakes the balance of his mind is deepened and intensified by the appearance and the revelations of the ghost—yet its direction seems never to have been entirely changed. Of this melancholy we have just had the most touching expression to be found in the whole play. It has settled upon him like some dark pall, hiding from him all comfort and cheer, and so penetrating his very nature with its shadow that he is forgetful for the moment of the cause which first stirred it. It has become a confirmed habit of mind with him. In this frame of mind he meets Ophelia apparently reading a book of prayers. It may well have been that his quick eye would soon discern some signs of constraint in the manner of one with whom he had once enjoyed such free and loving converse, and who had once listened with maiden shyness, but with blushes which told her love, to his "words of sweet breath:" but at first there is no such feeling. "Nymph in thy orisons be all my sins remembered"

is a greeting which breathes nought but tenderness and respect. But Ophelia's reply, "how does your honour *for this many a day?*" at once calls back his thoughts to his letters rejected and his visits refused. And there is mixed perhaps with this an instinctive consciousness, not yet developed into a strong feeling, of the dishonesty of the question, which half implies by the form in which it is put that this long separation had been Hamlet's fault, not her's. He replies with a delicate touch of irony, "I humbly thank you: well, well, well." Your solicitude on my behalf deserves my thanks—but I also have to thank you in part for my present condition—the words are words of good omen, but their triple repetition makes them far more expressive of deep sadness and misery than any other words could be. It is not however till Ophelia attempts to return his presents and so entirely break off the connexion between them, that the spring which had been underlying this sadness wells forth afresh and disturbs once more the whole current of his thoughts. He denies all his former gifts, "I never gave you aught." He would like if words could do it to blot out altogether this passage of his life from his memory. But poor Ophelia would not have it so, she knows right well he did, and with them words of sweet breath, the remembrance of which is only made more bitter by the cold words he has just used. And here her weakness comes out. She is the unresisting tool in the hands of her father and the king. She has sucked in the honey of his music vows, and it is not by any *wish* of hers that that music is silenced: but she forgets her own weakness in consenting to his rejection, and in submitting to be made an instrument in her father's plots, and puts down all the "unkindness" to Hamlet. It is evident, I think, that she is not here merely playing her part as decoy, there is a tender earnest pathos in her words which must come from her heart.

Hamlet however knows that she has shut the door

upon him, that she is the giver who has proved unkind, and so this speech appears to him utterly dishonest and false. He startles her with the question, "ha, ha! are you honest?" There is no need here to define *honest* by *chaste*. The frequent use of the word in that sense and the association of his mother's falsehood make him pass on to that, but at first he seems to use the word simply in its first meaning. The whole of what follows may be explained by a reference to that picture of his mother's frailty which Ophelia has thus brought again vividly before him. Her innocent surprise at his questions seems somewhat to lessen his suspicions of her. By this all thought of the watchers has left her—she speaks her own honest thoughts. He seems to wish that she should be preserved from temptation to which others had succumbed—wed her himself, he knows he cannot, and he fancies with some displeasure that she may be induced by another's wooing to forget her love for him; this at any rate seems to be expressed by his "get thee to a nunnery" and his "if thou dost marry, &c." So with his mother's example before his mind's eye he warns her of the power of beauty to corrupt honesty, of which the time now gives such patent proof; nay, even in his own case, this was true—he must relish of the old stock—his mother's falsehood must have its counterpart in him, and so she should not have believed his professions of love. This thought seems enough to account for this retracting of his words. He is carried away to it by excited feeling which makes him speak somewhat wildly. That his disclaimer of love for her is not true, is proved by his very next words. A marriage even with himself could have but poor fruits, and yet as the world went he was fairly honest; let her however shut herself up not only from his resort but from that of all other men. Marriage he had seen in one case had ended so badly that he in his morbid generalising (*cf.* ACT I. *Sc.* 2) would have all other marriages cease.

But it is not merely this that makes him wish that Ophelia should get her to a nunnery. The plague, that he gives her for her dowry should she marry, must I think be taken as an indication of his unwillingness that the love which had once been given to him should be transferred to another.

The rhapsodical outburst against "paintings," &c., is another side of the picture of the falsehood of women.

The only thing difficult to explain in the scene, is Hamlet's inquiry and injunctions about Polonius. Once adopt the stage tradition and it seems easy enough, and to my mind it is the only thing that can be urged in its favour. May it not be simply suggested by the words "*arrant* knaves all?" It is a parting bit of advice. Hamlet prepares to leave the room but comes back again.

In forming any judgement of Hamlet's behaviour in this scene it is surely unfair to pass over such hints of what the author intended as we can get. These may be gathered from the impression which he represents as made upon the by-standers. Now to Ophelia's eye this distraction is that of a mind o'erthrown, of a noble and most sovereign reason out of tune. The vigour of his mind may be asserted on the authority of this passage in opposition to Goethe's theory, that the key to the character is the idea of a somewhat weak mind with a task given it too great for it to perform. The king also reads aright his state, not madness, but melancholy—the brain still beating on a something-settled matter—which puts him from the fashion of himself. We may, I hope, take this evidence against the opinion of an actor who finds it easier to represent a counterfeit passion than the genuine distraction which Shakespeare has depicted.

A word before we leave this scene on the character of Ophelia. She—

> Of ladies most distract and wretched
> That sucked the honey of his music vows—

must, in the acting of this scene, where all the cruelty seems to be transferred to Hamlet, attract all our sympathy. The tenderness of her words, the "sweet compassion" for his state—

> "O heavenly powers restore *him*."
> "O help *him* you sweet heavens;"

the way in which all thought of herself is kept under, until he is gone, wins our love. And this almost blinds us to the part which she is playing. No girl with strength of character would lend herself to such plots and combinations. Her abandonment of her love at her father's command, is an act of filial obedience which we can commend, for we see the suffering which it costs her; but this act, of treachery I had almost said, we find it hard to forgive. She is loving, true in her love; but too feeble and pliant in others' hands.

Scene 2. The next scene tells its own tale more plainly, and requires little comment. The advice to the players, while supplying the soundest principle for theatrical criticism, contains some traces of a pedantic assertion of superiority over "the groundlings," "the barren spectators." It is true that the function of the actor is to hold the mirror up to nature; and so by developing all that is natural and good, to raise the popular taste to a higher level: but to do this, it must needs appeal to the mass of the people—it must be attractive to them, or they will give no heed to it. There would soon be an end to all the usefulness of the theatre, if the censure of one judicious critic were to outweigh a whole theatre of others.

The character of Horatio, one of the most marked of the additions of the later quarto, is a very interesting set-off to that of Hamlet. The steady fixity of purpose, the constancy under either fortune, are just those qualities which are wanting in him, and whose excellence he recognises in his friend. On him Fortune's finger may sound what stop she pleases. He is not passion's

slave it is true—he may be carried away by it for the moment, but he does not follow up its dictates, still he is not its master. Horatio is informed of the purpose of the play, the "mousetrap" in which the king's conscience is to be caught, and so the truth of the ghost to be tested.

When the court comes in, Hamlet assumes a distracted air which is simply an exaggeration of the excitement expressed in his last words to Horatio. He quizzes Polonius on his acting, and treats Ophelia as if the interview of the last scene had never taken place. He is evidently in a state of great excitement, and the key-note of it all is the "brevity of woman's love."

Then follows the play. Its antithetic character is due to the necessity of having something perfectly distinct from the framework in which it is set. It is full of admonitions to Hamlet himself if he could only heed them—

> What we do determine oft we break—
> Purpose is but the slave to memory.—
> Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

The play is successful. But Hamlet's first thought is not of the consequences of this success, but of his own cleverness in devising it. Still this may only be the natural levity of great excitement, since he bursts out immediately with "O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds." But what is its effect? Why! he fears lest his heart should lose its nature, and become that of a Nero. He nearly forgets his filial duty in his resolve to "shend" his mother—he will obey, were she ten times his mother.

His conversation with Rosencrantz is quite that of a man who is conscious his wit is diseased, and who frets under the constant observation of his movements by spies. He may be a pipe for Fortune's finger to sound, but he is not to be played upon by theirs.

Scene 3. This scene is one of the most interesting in a comparison between the first and second quartos. The first part of it is entirely wanting in the former, and the prayer scene is expanded from the following few lines:

> Oh that this wet, that falls upon my face,
> Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
> When I look up to heaven I see my trespass,
> The earth doth still cry out upon my fact!
> Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
> And the adulterous fault I have committed:
> Oh these are sins that are unpardonable!
> Why say thy sins were blacker than is jet,
> Yet may contrition make them white as snow:
> Ay, but still, to persever in a sin,
> It is an act 'gainst the universal power.
> Most wretched man stoop, bend thee to thy prayer,
> Ask grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

The king's sense of the danger that he runs, from Hamlet's being at large, which in the first part of the play has been for a time lulled to rest, is stirred more keenly than before, by the evident knowledge of his crime which the play-scene has shown him to possess. He gives instructions to the two friends for their mission to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern begin to justify the epithet which Hamlet applies to them afterwards. And yet the poet adds a certain dignity to their servile devotion by the picture which he draws of the true king of men—the king who rules because he is not merely the representative of the people, but the people itself; such a king as David or Charlemagne: the king whose majesty draws like a gulf all that is near it, whose very sighs are but the united expression of the general groan.

It has been remarked before now, that Shakespeare's most contemptible characters are often the mouth-pieces for the expression of the noblest truths. This speech of Rosencrantz is an instance in point, but nowhere can a more striking one be found than in the soliloquy of the king which follows it. By a few bold touches he

has drawn the character of the king more vividly than anywhere before. The hardened heart, the conscience seared, but still making itself feebly heard, the ineffectual effort to combine repentance with the continued retaining of the offence, tell us of one whose sole rule of life has been the gratification of every selfish longing, who has steadily refused to listen to any higher voice; of one who is dead to all higher feeling than the pangs of remorse. Nothing but a steady neglect and defiance of God's law could bring him to such a state. All for which he has sinned he possesses, yet it brings him no satisfaction. There is no peace to the wicked—the stronger guilt defeats the strong intent; they are like a troubled sea tossed to and fro. The habits of a lifetime cannot be thrown off at a moment's notice. The very struggling of the limed soul only engages it more deeply.

And what a noble homily is read to us here, and in the following speech, on the true nature and efficacy of prayer—its twofold force

> To be forestalled—ere we come to fall,
> Or pardoned, being down.

But the man who systematically neglects it in the former case will find it more difficult in the latter. No mere form of words can serve the sinner's turn. "Words without thoughts never to heaven go." But real sincere prayer is the "purging of the soul" that "fits and seasons it for its passage." The Christian "enters heaven by prayer."

Some commentators, misled by the passages in which Hamlet, under the influence of momentary excitement, shows a readiness for action, have represented him as an energetic man who only bided his time. Such, I think, was hardly Shakespeare's idea. Here is an opportunity for action. Hamlet is under great excitement—there is no thought present with him of the uncertainty of the evidence on which his suspicions rest—yet he does nothing. And why? There is some-

thing which would be scanned. The thought of his father taken in the blossom of his sin makes him cherish more diabolical schemes of revenge. There is nothing in the refined cruelty of this thought inconsistent with Hamlet's general character: it is one mark of that egotism or selfishness which is one of his prominent features. Similar cruelty we have already seen in his treatment of Ophelia—and we shall see it again in his unfeeling conduct when he has killed Polonius, and in his unscrupulous sacrifice of his two friends who are not near his conscience. The feeling was real at the moment, but most of all it was a motive for further delay. He still "lives to say this thing's to do."

Scene 4. In a state of the greatest excitement Hamlet passes to his mother's chamber. The very call, mother! mother! mother! with which he approaches shows this. His answer to her first words confirm it. The poor queen has not often been so rudely addressed by a son whom she throughout so tenderly loves. And yet in it all there is a depth of tender melancholy:

> You are the queen—your husband's brother's wife
> And—would you were not so!—you are my mother.

Though innocent of complicity in her husband's murder, the queen is not ignorant of the causes of Hamlet's altered state, and so this rough beginning excites her fears. He probably lays his hand upon her and she cries out for help. Polonius echoes the cry, and so the "rash intruding fool" gets his death-thrust. The behaviour of Hamlet here is very instructive. He has let slip an opportunity of executing his revenge only a few minutes before, in order that his sword might know a more horrid hent, that he might catch his uncle drunk or in his rage, and here the moment after he makes this pass through the arras thinking it was the king, "I took thee for thy betters." And when he finds his mistake there is no feeling of pity or sorrow; the feeble expression of compunction at the end of the scene

> For this same lord I do repent,

is shoved aside by a weak excuse of fatalism. Here as elsewhere he tries to divest himself of all responsibility for his acts. So the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is none of his doing—they did make love to their fate. No doubt this feeling was strongly fostered by the ghost's appearance, and the consequent consciousness of being a minister of destiny—but it is a common trait of a self-indulgent character.

Polonius is thus dismissed with scant pity, but the rash and bloody deed serves as the peg on which the rest of the scene may hang. Even without the evidence of the first quarto the surprise of the queen at the words "as kill a king," to which she wants the clue, would be sufficient to exonerate her from complicity in her husband's murder. The first part of Hamlet's objurgation may be quickly dismissed. His language is a little strained at first, but as the contrast between the past and the present king, which he draws in such poetical language, more and more fills his mind, all affectation disappears, and we feel the passionate earnestness of his words. The difference between the two speeches is marked in the queen's replies—compare the "act which roars and thunders in the index"—words indicative rather of fear lest this bluster may lead to some unhappy end than of any real feeling of wrong done—with the conscience stricken cry "Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul." But Hamlet is not satisfied with the effect that he has produced, and dwells in a somewhat coarse way on this portrait of the present object of his mother's affection. And what are we to think of her? She has nothing to say for her husband—nothing but this repeated cry "No more!"

It seems to be very doubtful whether the second appearance of the ghost is more than an objective representation to the spectators of Hamlet's inmost thoughts. His mother is unconscious of the apparition which on the former occasions was visible to the

bystanders. He has been dwelling on the picture of the father that he loves and the wrongs that he has suffered, and is naturally reminded of his former visitation. The motive of the apparition, whether it be real or a mere "coinage of the brain," is evident. Hamlet is in danger of forgetting the ghost's parting injunction:

> Nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
> To prick and sting her.

It is to recal this that the ghost again appears—and henceforth Hamlet's tone to his mother is entirely changed: all his words are full of affectionate solicitude.

It is but natural that the queen, knowing nothing of the previous visitation, and seeing no cause for Hamlet's sudden terror, should put it down as the bodiless creation of ecstasy—and not less natural and in accordance with the strong feeling of the moment that Hamlet should protest that it is no madness that he has uttered, a confession which he afterwards appears to regret. He would not have it thought that he was "not essentially in madness, but only mad in craft." Let doctors decide about the test which he proposes. He confesses afterwards to Laertes the sore distraction with which he is visited, and prays forgiveness for the acts of his madness; and yet I think that here he speaks truth. *This vision* is no fruit of madness—whether it be a true apparition—or the vivid memory of the former one, *it* is no offspring of a disordered brain. And this is the proof. His language after is calmer even than before. Before it he was passing from earnest but subdued passion to rant—now he is again calm, affectionate, subdued. What a contrast between the rude reproach of the earlier part of the scene—and the tender though reproving farewell:

> Once more good night,
> And when you are desirous to be blest
> I'll blessing beg of you.

Hamlet already knows of the king's plan of getting him out of the country—how, we are not told,—and he seems also to know of the meditated treachery which this mission conceals, and to have formed already the plan of sending his two school-fellows to the fate which is meant for himself—

> 'Tis the sport to have the engineer
> Hoist with his own petar.

That he should do this from the instinct of self-preservation when he discovered the plot might claim some indulgence—but this deliberate premeditated murder is quite inconsistent with that noble weakness which some have accepted as the theory of Hamlet's character. He cannot say of this act of cruelty as he says of his words to his mother,

> I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Neither does he by this act gain anything for the accomplishment of his meditated vengeance on his uncle. On the contrary his submitting to be shipped off to England at all frustrates his schemes. He serves no purpose by it, save it be to justify a subsequent attack by the evidence of Claudius' designs upon his life; and of this there is no hint in the text. He is removed from the scene of action, and when he returns does not come upon the king by surprise, but sends him notice of his coming. I can see no motive for the voyage but the delight in the meeting of two crafts, the same delight in his own ingenuity which he showed in the play scene and which he was ready to gratify without any thought of the cost.

(To be concluded.)

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM HAFIZ.

'TWAS morning, and the Lord of day
Had shed his light o'er Shiraz' towers,
Where bulbuls trill their love-lorn lay
To serenade the maiden flowers.

Like them oppressed by love's sweet pain,
I wander in a garden fair;
And there to cool my throbbing brain
I woo the perfumed morning air.

The damask rose with beauty gleams,
Its face all bathed in ruddy light,
And shines like some bright star that beams
From out the sombre veil of night.

The very bulbul, as the glow
Of pride and passion warms its breast,
Forgets awhile its former woe
In pride that conquers love's unrest.

The sweet narcissus opes its eye,
A teardrop glistening on the lash,
As tho' 'twere gazing piteously
Upon the tulip's bleeding gash.

The lily seem'd to menace me,
And show'd its curved and quivering blade,
While every frail anemone
A gossip's open mouth displayed.

And here and there a graceful group
Of flowers, like men who worship wine,
Each raising up his little stoup
To catch the dewdrop's draught divine.

And others yet like Hebes stand,
Their dripping vases downward turned,
As if dispensing to the band
The wine for which their hearts had burned.

This moral it is mine to sing,
Go learn a lesson of the flowers,
Joy's season is in life's young spring,
Then seize like them the fleeting hours.

HAJJI.

A WANDERING EAGLET.

By the Author of "Karl's Legacy."

FLIGHT THE FIRST. — NUREMBERG.

"But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed thy powers;
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours."

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *The Scholar Gipsy.*

[One seldom is left quietly to realise a favourite ideal of life. So many jarring circumstances and clashing interests of other people come to interrupt our calm repose of solitude, or tempt our ambition to change its course of action, that no very piteous Lament need be uttered by any *Eagle* contributors at the present time, for having been summoned away from their own particular bachelor eyrie (wherever it may be situated) into the pages of their College Magazine. It may be very much for their own benefit, being recalled from a contemplation of exile and loneliness, to a renewal of intercourse with the buoyant spirits and pure ambition of their successors, or older comrades, who study the humanities, or coach the Lady Margaret on the banks of Cam. If each of us, the expatriated, not rusticated, the earlier writers of *The Eagle*, were to waft a feather more frequent back to the pinions of the noble bird whom we still love, surely there might be profit and pleasure to more than one. We do not sufficiently value the privilege of our *Eagle*. Whilst we are in residence, it ought to be a joy to us to therein record some useful discoveries made in our noble libraries. When we have left our Alma Mater, there should be delight in sending any serviceable hints to those who in turn are dwelling where we dwelt, to save them from neglecting opportunities, and to guide them to fresh enjoyment of study. The present writer feels ashamed of himself for having so long

delayed renewing his acquaintance with Johnian quills, and promises amendment. But he is of solitary habits, with much more of the owl than of the eagle in his composition, and claims to be allowed to follow his own habit of flight while chasing "rats and mice, and such small deer," according to his individual appetite, and that, moreover, in out of the way corners. And where could he have felt more removed from the beaten track than when he first found himself in Nuremberg?]

§ I.

NUREMBERG is the quaintest and most delightfully aged city in Bavaria — the Chester of Germany—the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Europe. To strangers it is a mediæval perplexity. Wherever we turn there is something to enthral and fascinate us. We are poverty-stricken by the abundance of its riches. Not a dull street corner is to be had for love or money. The place suffers from a redundancy of interest. Vain is the attempt to arrive at a proper state of mind, wherewith to keep remembrance of its peculiarities. One feels the truth of what worthy Fuller says, in regard to the memory—"Like a purse, if it be over-full, so that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it."

We have seen the countless varieties of Nuremberg, and lived in the past. Each street seems rich in works of art as a museum, with charming statuettes of the Madonna sculptured at many a corner. The fountains also have pleasant figures, including the man with two geese under his arm. The churches, of course, are treasuries of study, especially St. Lawrence and the *Frauenkirche*, with its singular pillars destitute of capitals, its images and pictures, where gilding struggles with paint for the mastery. Come to the Old Castle, with its deep well, whereto the returned water sinks flickering like rain, whizzing and scattering drops, till it comes splash, splashing on the surface that had lain so calm and solemn down beneath. Now through the Knight's chambers and their chapel, and away to Albrecht Dürer's houses and his statue, and the

Beautiful fountain (Schönebrunnen), with its delicate tracery and array of sculptured knights; and the deep moat, of modern use for cabbage-gardens and for fruit-trees; and the walks outside the town walls, and the view from lofty *Heidenthurm*, and the quaint bells dangling beside the doors, and elaborate keyholes, and complicated locks, and labyrinthine hinges, and dusty stall, and queer sun-browned market-women with scarlet head-gear and leathery faces. We despair of arranging anything like a description of the place; for who can live this double life of past and present without confusion of his own identity? Who can walk about in a region where every body is three hundred years old, where the very smoke is cobwebbed, and the beer suggestive of having weathered two thousand thunder-storms; who can do this, and not find his belief in the modern trifles of railways, electric-telegraphs, photography, tubular-bridges, and Mechanic's Institutes considerably shaken, even if it be not reduced to downright scepticism? One becomes inclined to discredit the printing-press, and resume missal illumination and alchemical researches. The stars reproach us for neglect of astrology, and the goblin-heads on gargoyles are familiarly haunting us at luncheon. We already feel ourselves on visiting-terms with Hans Sachs, chief of the Master-singers, and the cobbler-poet of antiquity—the "old man, grey and dove-like," who is a sort of German mixture of Edie Ochiltree and S. T. Coleridge. What a swarm of notable men nod to us through the ages, Minnesingers and guild-poets, from Walter von Vogelweide to Hans Fels—whom friend Karl describes as a barber-ous rhymer, whose lather and poesy were unitedly soap-horrific. Really, when we had sat down at the table of Albrecht Dürer, or walked about his studio downstairs, and admired his choice of light for pictures now removed, we seemed to be as much at home as if we had been hitherto rambling away from Nuremberg during a fortnight's

holiday, which weak-minded people call a life-time, and deserved a scolding for absence and keeping the dinner waiting, until the very curls of the fur-tippeted Albrecht untwisted themselves owing to the intensity of his indignation.

But no! we must not wrong his gentle nature by the supposition. He never scolded anybody, but bore in Christian resignation uncomplainingly, though with a breaking heart, the misery of an ill-assorted union. As Bulwer Lytton has it: "Every ant on the hill carries its load, and its home is but made by the burden which it bears."

Saddening is the remembrance of all such wedded misery, not only of Dürer, but of many another enthusiast. The thought arises, how much better may it be for them to devote a life in lonely worship to the pure ideal, and its own path of duty, than to accept a compromise fraught with so much regret! For unsuccessful love is tenfold better than the disappointment of embittered triumph. To gain what we have striven for, and find it worthless, this is worse to bear than non-attainment of possession, whilst yet retaining the reverence and love that had sanctified our early hope. But each one of us may brood over the wound, not knowing where to look at once for the healing, and only later understanding how it had been well for us that we were afflicted. All suffering turns to our good, if rightly borne. As regards Albert Dürer he deserves true sympathy. Our heart keeps with him in all his journey, from when he leaves old Michael Wohlgemuth, the quietly industrious painter, to his return, four years later, and marriage with the beautiful vixen, Agnes Frei; an ill-omened wedding, arranged by the parents, one that shortened the life of the noblest artist in Germany. We find his manhood fulfilling the promise of his youth; received with honour throughout the Netherlands (so graphically described by himself), and entering into friendship with Raphael and Bellino in

Italy. Gentle and affectionate in the highest degree, an enthusiastic visionary, a worshipper of beauty, handsome in person, and gifted with most varied knowledge, it might have seemed that to him, at least, life would be happiness. The record of his friend Willibald Pirkheimer, proves that it was not so.

Much of Dürer's peculiar quaintness may be fitly traced to this domestic unhappiness. In his works he mingles the beautiful, the familiar, and the grotesquely melancholy, to the extreme of contrast, even as he had met with them in experience. In his "Madonna with the Monkey," a woman holds a child fondling a captive bird, whilst a chained ape crouches at her feet and keeps a half-wakeful observance. Here may have been symbolized the subjugation of man's lower nature; the fluttering bird indicating his restless spirit seeking the incarnate divinity. It is eminently characteristic of Dürer's genius. But a greater favourite with us, his "Melancholy," appears to have been inspired by sadder contemplation of life. We see therein a woman, beautiful, but with a weird expression, heavily attired in gorgeous raiment, inharmonious with the wild-weed wreath that encircles her dishevelled hair, or with her unused and shadowing wings. She holds a closed volume and a pair of compasses; musingly she reckons up some chances, or meditates some problem—perhaps suggested by those cabalistic signs marked on the wall of the espial-tower; but keeping meanwhile *her back to the light.* The sand is running swiftly in the hour-glass above, and the passing-bell is ready to toll forth a funeral knell. Strange implements surround her: a ponderous many-sided block, typical of inert matter; numerous tools of builder-craft, the plane, the saw, and hammer — emblems of the shaping faculty in man; a growing flower in its pan of earth, significant of germinating thought and culture; also the ladder, to indicate ascending progress. The equi-balance suspended over the sleeping cherub, who is seated on the

grindstone wheel, seems to betoken the pause from action. Moreover, the wearied dog, coiled at her feet, shows, in contrast to herself, obliviousness as rest from labour, whilst the setting sun, and the flitting bat with *Melancolia* on its wings, foreshadows that "the night cometh when no man can work." But there is more than this. Four nails, the implements of Our Saviour's passion, are beside the woman. From her girdle hangs a bunch of keys, and, with the heavy purse that presses on her garments, surely indicates a fetter of worldliness; in connection with which, the stillness of the slumbering ocean, and the fact of the book being tightly clasped, gives a clue to her melancholy reflections. If we read it rightly, the moral is Time rebuked by Eternity—the things of this world, arts, sciences, and riches, found to be vain and unsatisfying when weighed beside the longings after the eternal and the infinite.

That Dürer was a man to feel this, and to attempt a symbolization of mighty spiritual truths, our knowledge of his life and works makes more than probable. The failure to reach his ideal of happiness here, in wedded life; the protestantism and political heat into which circumstances forced him, while his soul inclined naturally towards the sensuous beauty of Catholicism and the mild indifference to local or temporary strifes for power; even, perhaps, some haunting doubts, whether there was not higher work intended for him than what his brush or burin could accomplish, all helped to make him strive to symbolize such truths as we fancy to lurk in this picture of Melancholy. He delights in shewing the grim picturesqueness of the middle-ages; the ghastly fun that mingles as a travesty of tragic horror with the luxury of selfish pride and voluptuousness; but he also tasks his energies to set forth the beauty of holiness, the sad reality of the Redeemer's agony, and the loathsomeness of sin from which He came to free mankind. We might read

invaluable lessons from the teaching of such a meditative artist as Albert Dürer.

§ II.

The Rath-haus or Town-Hall is full of corridors, with old carvings, sculptured tournaments and histories, on vaulted roofs and whitewashed walls. We peer into numerous little rooms, choked with dusty parchments and undistinguishable smoky pictures. We descend to its torture-dungeons, named ludicrously after animals—dark, clammy, shut apart from light and the free air of heaven.

Shout if you will, no sound escapes from these gloomy vaults; but by the secret passage we can emerge at the old castle, or a distant forest.

See this hideous pit, these mouldering beams, staples, and rusty iron hooks, that have such fearful memories attached, and then bethink you of the Vehm Gericht and Anne of Gierstein, or Goetz von Berlichingen, and Baden-Baden with its rival horror of the Virgin's Kiss (*Baiser de la Vierge*), where, as in Nuremberg, the doomed criminal was forced to the embrace of a mechanical statue, and cut to pieces by its concealed machinery of dagger-blades. Ugh! those old times had awkward ministrations!—rather worse than our Penitentiaries on the Silent System, or Workhouse Bastiles, where we punish for the heaviest crime of poverty. Yet these are not exactly sybaritic couches. When we feel inclined to rave about degeneracy from the glorious old times, the delightful mediæval customs, had we not better remember a few facts, such as this Rath-Haus dungeon reveals, to steady our judgment, and let the words of Coleridge sink into our heart:—

> "And this place our forefathers made for man!
> This is the process of our love and wisdom
> To each poor brother who offends against us—
> Most innocent, perhaps, and what if guilty?
> Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
> Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
> By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break upon him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks,
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking irons,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds his essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Remorse, Act . Sc. .

§ III.

Evening twilight has gathered round us, calm and holy all seems to us now; we return to a sight of the skies in the solemn stillness. We go forth again, and when we are next surrounded by walls, it is to feel the grandeur, the almost mournful magnificence, that fills the churches of Nuremberg.

The many-coloured light from each rose-window falls upon the shrines of saints and tombs of knight or lady; upon wondrous carvings, pulpits, and pendants, where the labour of a lifetime had been bestowed. In St. Lawrence's Church is the delicately sculptured Pix (*Sacraments Haüslein*), by Adam Krafft, that tapers upward till it meets the roof, and then bends forward gracefully, curling like a crosier; one of the loveliest works in stone that the world holds. The gorgeous tomb of St. Sebald occupied Peter Vischer and his five sons thirteen years. Everywhere you come upon some name famous in German annals; minstrels and craftsmen, artists and stalwart warriors. When you go out into the crooked thoroughfares, watching the quaint gables and peaked roofs, the clever paintings on the signboards, where pictured loaves and sausages betray the German love for creature comforts. And when you stand upon the steep Rialto-like bridge across the Pegnitz, the thought must perforce come that Nuremberg is no ordinary dwelling place, but a choice morsel of antiquity. For, see the numerous other bridges of wood and stone, discoloured, ricketty, and picturesque; the water-mills, and promenades beneath the trees; the projecting balconies and gardens, not only to the water's edge, but stretching over it, and peeping at their own reflections in the discoloured stream. Now the moon is up, and we walk beside the moat, and the massive round towers with double-peaked roofs, frequent on the walls. The sound of a thousand laughing voices rises, and many bursts of military music pouring forth that wildly beautiful overture by Karl Marda von Weber, his "Der Frieschutz," wherein the airs that follow throughout the opera flit in premonition through the stern or graceful murmurs of the symphony. A fitting strain for Nuremberg this evening, glancing awe-strickenly within the abysses of romantic superstition, and telling more than words can ever tell, of things that sadden and perplex the soul.

§ IV.

The little church and burial-ground of St. John, where Albert Dürer lies, are beyond the gates of Nuremberg. The path called the Dolorous Way, from the House of Pilate, is garnished at fixed intervals or stations with the Calvary sculptures of old Adam Krafft, according to the distances, as measured from those in Palestine, by the pilgrim Martin Kotzel. These figures are very rude, and much injured by time, in barred niches generally, and withered offerings have accumulated under dust. Outside the city walls, in gardens

on the road, throng the happy Nurembergers, who don their best attire on this Sunday evening, and sally forth to enjoy the holiday. It seems like realisation of the early scene in "Faust." The German burying-grounds are simple and lovely. But this of St. John's is very different from the *Gottesacker* at Bonn, or those of Tyrol. Here, half the tombs, which lie flat, are decorated with bronze or iron ornament plates, containing in addition to inscriptions the armorial bearings of the deceased, elaborated in bold relief. One might deem that all the chivalry of Europe was congregated here, and were jealously retaining their privilege of precedence. Trees and flower-bushes, acacias and willows, are everywhere in wild luxuriance. On many of the stones, or around the little crosses, are wreaths of *immortelles* and flowers of every hue; and often beautiful is the arrangement, where the metal scutcheon gleams amid the roses on the monument. Near a high and richly sculptured cross is Albrecht Dürer's grave, his monogram and epitaph sufficient guide.

ME. AL. DU.
Quidquid ALBERTI DURERI mortale fuit
Sub hoc conditur tumulo
Emigravit VIII Idus Aprilis MDXXVIII.

His house near the Zeirkathener Thor is a simple and impressive mansion, suitable to the severe magnificence of the artist's manner, in his later paintings. His portrait, also, even the one taken latest, when time and sorrow had assailed the upright boldness of his glance, shews him to be one of Nature's noblemen. We remember his life, truly in keeping with his aspiration, his unselfishness, his freedom from envy, avarice, or meanness of any kind. Here was one record of him at our feet: but he has left a surer trace in our own heart, and in the heart of thousands in days gone by, helping them to help on others.

But look! in the distance is a long procession, clad in black; yet surely not a funeral? For in the front are many girls who bear a heaped profusion of gay

flowers, and following them another girl with basket slung upon her shoulder. Now we see that those behind are carrying something like a car of triumph, for it is crowned with white flowers, green wreaths, and garlands. One walks beside them, and exhibits tinsel decorations, silver crosses and insignia. But now they are close at hand, the crowd has gathered to one spot, and we perceive, what at first was unnoticed, a priest in simple black advancing with the bearers. It is indeed a funeral. They gather to the grave in silence, the white flowers are lifted from the pall, and the coffin is lowered to its solemn resting-place. Then from the group of mourners, the youngest of the band, arises such a hymn—so soft, so sad, and full of melody, that if the spirit still were lingering near, it might take its flight with a foretaste of heaven. Then the deep voice of the clergyman is heard, as he reads an exhortation to survivors, and tells the deeds of that departed one "not dead, but gone before." "Neun and Zwanzig Jahr"—only nine and twenty? Old enough! perhaps: to fade whilst flowers still linger in our fancy, before the bloom of life has altogether faded. No need to weep—and yet, how few there are of all that large assemblage who are not in tears. Impressively the words are sounding. No pomp, no glitter seen now, all severely patriarchal, like a family meeting, not a convocation of fellow-citizens. When all is said that can be said for comfort or warning, when the Lord's Prayer has been read and joined in by all near, then the girls who stand around the grave, weeping so bitterly, cast handfuls of fresh flowers into the dark trench: more and more flowers from the mother, from the little children, from the old women who press forward to add their tribute. Roars a peal of musketry—another—and another: and the death-bell of St. John's is echoed by that of some church not far distant, and the sound borne on to Nuremberg by repetitions, whilst the flowers are heaped high within the grave; and one by

one the maidens cast three sprinklings of fresh earth upon it. Strangers, who have come far, as their dusty garments prove, step forward also, and scatter ashes unto ashes. They disperse at last towards the gates, and all is over.

We know not, Karl and I, but that in these foreign wanderings we more nearly understand the deep unspeakable mystery pervading life, than in our familiar haunts. Certainly we better recognise a similarity between diverse beings. The men with whom we converse, however, affect us less than those who are for ever removed from conversation. We seem to have long known and loved, not only Albert Dürer, but also this newly-buried *Herr von Schwalbach*. We surely had accompanied him in his student walks, had listened to his glowing words of love for Vaterland, for that blue-eyed girl who knelt beside us. Together we had traversed the bewildering philosophy of Hegel, and found safe ground beyond; had chaunted Korner's sword-lay, had murmured ballads of Uhland, laughed at Hans Sach's *Schumacher and Poet Dazu*, compared notes of admiration about Jean Paul Richter, wondered concerning Kasper Hauser, that modern marvel of Nuremberg; until we scarcely could believe that all yon dispersing crowd were strangers to us, and we ourselves but lonely dreamers of dreams, and seers of visions; dreams that appear so baseless and so idle, but which are interwoven in the mind more firmly than most daily actions; visions that no reality can surpass, no change obliterate. What save a live of fancies can lend that nameless charm to travel? It is the flowery garland wound around the pillar, as at Roslin Chapel, not weakening strength, but adding grace to the supporting column. It is not with a brooding over graves, but with a recognition of the universal brotherhood in life and in death—that we take our departure from Nuremberg.

J. W. E.

A HUNDRED MILES IN A LEAKY CANOE.

THE Lent Term was drawing to a close and becoming decidedly monotonous, when it occurred to my two friends and myself, that it would be pleasant to do something at which the world should turn pale. Being Mathematical men we should like to denote ourselves as α, α_1, α_2, but for greater perspicuity we will simply say A, B, and C. To accomplish our object, we decided that the pleasantest plan would be a canoe expedition, and thinking that a river voyage would lack excitement, we determined on essaying the nearest available part of the Briny Ocean, *i.e.* The Wash. Accordingly having chosen the most suitable of Mr. Rutt's canoes, and taking a 'last stirrup-cup' with our friends, we started on Tuesday morning with a pleasant breeze dead against us.

In discussing our route we had decided that it would be easy to reach Lynn in one day, that is, ten hours at five miles per hour. But finding the wind dead against us, we came to the conclusion that two days would be more probably the time, as our sails were of little or no use; and indeed I expressed my opinion that my sail would be the upsetting of me. However C assured us that it was impossible to upset, and went ahead in the most dashing style; but he had not enunciated this proposition of impossibility very long before, in taking a graceful swoop, his sail shifted and the contents of his canoe, including two bottles of highly prized cherry-brandy, went to the bottom. With

some difficulty we got C and his canoe ashore and did the best we could towards drying him, and as we were now near Ely we paddled on and put up there for the night; C having made friends with the landlord appeared at dinner, to our great amusement, in a pair of trousers and a coat that would have enclosed a bullock with ease.

The next morning we made a good breakfast and a good start, though the wind was still dead against us, and in the long reaches beyond Ely was very trying. Notwithstanding this, having lunched twice by mistake, we reached Denver sluice by four o'clock, and found to our dismay that the tide, which runs up to this point, would be hard against us, it was useless therefore to proceed, and to our further dismay we found that the only Inn at Denver could not put us up. So, leaving our boats in the care of a miniature Polyphemus, we walked on to Downham, where we were made very comfortable for the night, so comfortable indeed that B proposed to pass a second night in the same place. However, next morning, assuring each other that we were really roughing it, we took a dog-cart and drove down to Denver again, and getting under weigh ran down to Lynn with the tide (15 miles) in two hours; a very pleasant run it was too, as the wind was now for the first time just available and the tide running out at a good pace.

We reached Lynn about one o'clock, and after a small interchange of repartee with the bargees on the shipping, we landed at a boat-house, and finding that the tide would begin to run in again in a few hours, we decided to look about us. Accordingly we put up at "The Globe," where the civility we met with was only equalled by the length of our bill. Having refreshed the inner man, we strolled down to the boat-house and had a talk with some sailors there, who declared it perfect madness to venture near the sea in such boats as ours. As we had several hours to spare,

we thought the best thing would be to see how our canoes behaved on rough water, previous to crossing over to Wisbeach the following day. There was a stiff breeze and the tide just steady, so we had a very pleasant sail down the long cut from Lynn to the open Wash. Much to our amusement we soon discovered that we were followed by two enterprising sailors in a fishing-smack, who evidently expected to turn an honest penny by rescuing us from a watery grave; our canoes however behaved very well and rode over the long waves like corks, and we sailed nearly as fast as the smack; when we had got about four miles below Lynn the tide turned and carried us back very pleasantly, and we put up our boats for the night, fully determined to have a good trip on the "Briny" the next morning.

The next thing was to find some cheap excitement for the evening, and as Lynn theatre seemed to promise amusement, off we set. In the first place C, having been upset the first day, was quite unfit for polite society; we therefore invested in some collars, ties, &c., and then considering ourselves quite the cheese, took a private box in a most amusingly scrubby theatre. The piece acted was illustrative of Pit-life, and was ingeniously constructed to include the largest possible number of murders, suicides, rattenings, coal-pit explosions, and harrowing scenes of every description. The audience was chiefly composed of bargees, who applauded vociferously the many allusions to the "Horny Hand of Industry"—"The Bloated Aristocrat," &c.—The piece concluded with a Pyrotechnic display of squibs and crackers from the Pit's mouth, intimating that the villains had blown themselves up with the Pit; after which any number of faithful lovers married, and apparently not too soon.

The next morning we were ready to start by eight o'clock, and as soon as the tide ceased running up we launched our boats, the old sailors having given it as

their opinion that, "if we wanted to kill ourselves, it was'nt a bad idea." However we started in high spirits, and with the help of the tide soon came to the end of the Lynn Channel. Our intention was now to coast along to our left till we reached Wisbeach, keeping as near the shore as the tide would allow; but to do this we had to cross a sort of breakwater of piles, &c. which at high water was just covered; now however we could just see the tops of these piles in the hollow of each of the waves which here (owing to the breakwater) were dashing about in a furious manner; I was just going to sing out for a consultation, as to whether we had better go further out of the channel and avoid the breakers, when C taking advantage of a big wave made a rush over the piles and we quite lost sight of him; as we saw that every moment the piles were left higher out of the water. B and I cut short our parley and made a desperate rush after C, and thanks more to our good luck than good management, we were neither upset nor bumped on the piles, and in another minute, though wet through and half full of water, we were immensely relieved to find ourselves right side up and in comparatively smooth water. The next thing to do was to empty our canoes, and as there were long rolling waves running up on to an embankment skirted with piles, this was no easy matter; however, C being in a sinking condition, paddled straight ashore; the consequence was that one wave left him high and dry, and the next washed everything out of his canoe, including a bottle of beer, which to our horror we saw smashed by the next wave, and C standing up to his knees in water the picture of despair. B and I having found a more convenient place emptied our canoes, and having set C to rights started again. We could now use our sails a little, the day was lovely, the sea and sky a deep blue, large white gulls swooped curiously round us; and as our canoes skimmed over the long waves, I think I was

never in a more exhilarating position. And now on the misty horizon we could just see the Sutton lighthouses between which we had to pass; so keeping as near in shore as the receding tide would allow, we made straight for them. As the tide ran out, leaving bare immense tracts of muddy sand, we were obliged to edge out more and more, till at length we were obliged to stick to the regular ship's channel, which is marked out by buoys. But by this time the wind had risen considerably, and we had to do all we knew to 'dodge' the waves, in order that they should not run over us, as our aprons were very badly fitted, and our toes had worn holes through them; while the waves were long and rolling we were safe, as we rode over them; but now they became short and choppy, and the noses of our canoes buried themselves in one wave before the stern had fairly cleared the last. It now struck us forcibly that it was impossible to follow the course marked out by the buoys; and as a fishing-smack was not far off we crossed over to it and asked our way. They told us we should be able to reach the Wisbeach channel over the sands in a straight line; accordingly we made for the sands, but as we got near them, the waves became much more dangerous and chopping, and before we had got to the nearest bank it was quite evident that both B and C were sinking fast, as every wave ran into their canoes; both of them now shouted to me to keep near them, for had they sunk, they might have swam to the nearest sand, but must have left their canoes. As each made for a different point of the sand-banks, I was in somewhat of a predicament; however, as my canoe was as yet above water (being more seaworthy than the others), I set all my sail and followed B as hard as I could, expecting every moment that I should have to tow him and his boat to the sand-bank; he was now so much under water that his boat would not move an inch, when on sounding with our paddles, we found it shallow enough

to jump out and empty our boats, which we did standing up to our middles in water. About a quarter of a mile off we saw C tossing about, and were much relieved to see him at length stand up in the water, for had he upset, it was quite impossible for us to have assisted him. Having emptied our canoes we started down a channel between two sand-banks which seemed to be in the right direction; here we joined C, but had to empty our canoes again, then the channel came to an end, and we had to carry our canoes a quarter of a mile before we could float them again. This occurred over and over again till, as the tide gradually left us, it became apparent that we must either put out to sea again and find the channel, or drag our canoes over the sand, we did not know how far; the nearest point of land being at least five miles away. We were now thoroughly exhausted, and began to examine our stock of provisions; in emptying the canoes our last bottle of beer was smashed, our sandwiches were drenched with sea-water, and the only things left were a few biscuits and some brandy; it was now two o'clock and we had breakfasted at seven, so we were dreadfully thirsty, and the brandy only made us more so; moreover our fuzees were wet, so that it was impossible even to smoke. We were now in a thoroughly bad temper; C was anathematising his canoe, Mr. Rutt, and his bad luck in losing the beer, and I was anathematising C for losing it, when B took us up sharply by saying, "Well I would not swear if I were you, when the chances are ten to one we never get to shore again." And certainly had the tide turned at that moment, sweeping as it does over acres of sand at a time, we must have left all and run for our lives. As it was we yoked ourselves to our canoes by means of our paddles, and set to work to drag them laboriously over the soft muddy sand, sinking up to our ankles every step. We could now see a long line of beacon-posts reaching from the light-houses out to sea, indicating a channel; to the nearest point of which we directed our weary tramp. After somewhat more than an hour of this work, we found ourselves in a large channel, having a sea embankment on each side; and coming across some barges at work on it, found we were twelve miles from Wisbeach, but in the right channel, and the tide steady. So getting afloat once more, we drifted at a good pace up the channel, called Sutton Wash, for the wind had risen very high, and was dead behind us. And now our only difficulty was to prevent our canoes burying themselves in the waves, which were very short and high, so that we had to be continually 'holding up.' Notwithstanding this, we travelled about six miles an hour; and, by six o'clock, found ourselves at Wisbeach. We were so stiff and benumbed, that we had great difficulty in getting out of our boats; and we looked such pitiable drenched objects, that we soon had a small crowd around us, from whom we enquired for a suitable place to put up, and were directed to "The Old Bell." Here we met with every comfort. We were so benumbed, that we were lost to every sense of decency; and when the landlady offered to take our wet things, my friends say that I slipt off my inexpressibles and handed them to her. C now wrapped himself up in a blanket, and walked about the room after the manner of the "last of the Mohicans," while B and I wrung our nether garments over the fire. At this moment a gentleman bowed himself into the room, and begged to be allowed to lend us some dry clothes. Of course we were delighted, and in a short time a large assortment arrived, in which we arrayed ourselves: I had a pair of sailor's trousers, painfully tight above and ludicrously loose below; C looked like a decayed hairdresser, and B like a methodist parson out for a holiday. By this time the landlady of the "Bell" had contrived a "sumptuous repast to which we did ample justice;" (I believe the last two expressions are correct.) Nor was the pleasure thereof lessened by the

presence of two juvenile belles, who seemed to take a great interest in the shipwrecked mariners who had fallen under their care. And now we found we were an object of interest in the town of Wisbeach; gentlemen called to see us with huge charts under their arms, old sailors, the whole female kindred of "The Old Bell," and many others: in fact, we held a regular levêe, and it was some time before we could get rid of our visitors.

The next morning, after paying a ludicrously small bill, and an equally exorbitant charge, for travelling over five miles of a canal, we started at nine o'clock hoping to reach Cambridge before midnight, (a distance of fifty miles). For the first few miles the wind was with us and we made good progress but it dropt soon after we left Denver, and the last thirty miles had to be doggedly paddled against stream. As our rate of progress looked very unlike reaching Cambridge that night, we did not stop any where for dinner; and it was with great difficulty that I could prevail on the others to stop for some bread and cheese and beer; this was at 4 P.M. and we had breakfasted at 8 A.M. Soon after we passed Ely it became nearly dark, there being very little moon, this made the distance seem much longer, and now I was always in the rear, B and C occasionally waiting for me, to explain that I paddled *idiotically*, and was therefore always behind, to which my only reply was "you won't catch me paddling against stream again with two fellows who are never hungry, thirsty, or tired." However we at length reached Upware about 9 P.M. and had some beer, after which I steadily refused to move another inch, so B and C, went on without me, reaching Cambridge at half-past one on Sunday morning. I at once went to bed, and was horrified on waking in the middle of the night to hear a loud snoring in the room, and hideous visions of drunken bargees crossed my mind. However next morning I found my head and my half-crown untouched, and my snoring friend caused me no inconvenience by using

the soap or water. I arrived in Cambridge in time for breakfast, where our ruddy countenances were a great source of amusement to our friends. Among our numerous visitors at Wisbeach was the editor of the *Wisbeach Advertiser*, and accordingly the next morning we received a paper, containing a paragraph headed, *Perilous Trip*, which afterwards appeared in the Cambridge Papers.

And certainly it was a perilous trip, with only ordinary river canoes and no proper aprons; had we possessed Rob Roy canoes nothing could have been more pleasant or safer.

Should any of our friends purpose a canoe voyage, we would recommend them to get or hire a proper canoe from Searle, which can be forwarded to any proposed starting point; in a properly fitted boat the sea is perfectly safe in ordinary weather, but "do not attempt to paddle against the stream," is the advice of those who have travelled more than

"A Hundred Miles in a Leaky Canoe."

OUR CHRONICLE.

THE May Term with its usual invasion of fair visitors has passed away, and it only remains for us to chronicle the events that have had special interest in Johnian eyes. To a large proportion of our readers the Boat Races figure among the most intensely exciting incidents, and even those who have ceased to take an active part in these aquatic sports, will be pleased to note how well the Lady Margaret crew have borne themselves in the contest.

The Rev. Canon Atlay, D.D., formerly Tutor of the College, has been appointed Bishop Designate of Hereford. The Rev. James Atlay was a Bell's University Scholar, and graduated in 1840; being a Senior Optime and 9th in the first class of the Classical Tripos. He was ordained Deacon in 1842; and was for some years Vicar of Madingley. On the promotion of Dr. Hook to the Deanery of Chester in 1859, he was presented to the Vicarage of Leeds. It is expected that Dr. Atlay's consecration will take place on the feast of St. John the Baptist.

The Rev. H. J. Sharpe, M.A., has accepted the College living of Cherry-Marham in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Browne.

Mr. J. F. Moulton, B.A., has been elected to a Fellowship at Christ's College.

The following University honours have been obtained by members of the College since the publication of our last number:

C. E. Haskins has been elected a Bell's scholar.

The Browne medal for a Greek Ode has been adjudged to G. H. Hallam.

One of the newly-founded Winchester Reading Prizes has been obtained by A. N. Obbard, B.A.

One of the Members' Prizes for Bachelors has been awarded to A. S. Wilkins, B.A.

In the recent Theological Examination H. M. Gwatkin, B.A., was alone in the 1st class, and obtained the Scholefield Prize for Biblical Greek and the Hebrew Prize. Mr. Gwatkin had already taken a first class in Mathematics, Classics, and Moral Sciences.

The College prizes for English Essays have been awarded to: *3rd year*, H. B. Cotterill; *2nd year*, Frank Watson; *1st year*, H. S. Foxwell.

The College Prizes for Moral Philosophy have been awarded to: *Bachelors*—A. S. Wilkins; *3rd year*—D. Ibbetson; *2nd year*—G. Henry.

The Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions have been adjudged as follows:

Minor Scholarships of £70.—Cowie, St. Paul's School. Morshead, Beaumaris School.

Duchess of Somerset Exhibitions of £50.—Jonson, Bedford School. Webb, Monmouth School.

Minor Scholarships of £50.—Foote, Charter House. Sibley, Abingdon House School, Northampton.

Open Exhibitions of £50.—Clark, Walthamstow School. Edmonds, Chester College. Rushbrooke, City of London School.

Natural Science Exhibition.—Garrod.

The first classes in the College Examination at Midsummer were as follows:

First Year.

Wood, W. S.	Butler	Miller	Savage
Genese	Collins	Heitland	Dymock
Bourne, A. A.	Hewett	Lawrence	Wooler
Foote	Hoskins	Channer }	Foxwell
Carver	Bishop }	Gatenby }	Bethell
Syle	Carpmael, E. }	MacMeikan	Crouch
Carter	Adamson	Marshall	Haviland

Second Year.

Pendlebury	Noon	Griffith	Dickson
Greenhill	Hathornthwaite	Wheatcroft	Bridges
Levett	Hilary	Martin	
Haslam	Baynes	Hogg	

Third Year.

Elliot	Drake	Cassels	Robinson
Carpmael	Chamberlain	Boutflower	Barnes
Smith, G.			

The following gentlemen obtained a first-class at the Voluntary Examination at Easter:

Baker	Hallam	Saward	Watson
Bennett	Hart	Saxton	Whitaker
Cotterill	Marklove		

Greek Testament Prize.

1 Drake | 2 Hodges, Robinson, G. } *aeq.*

The vacancies of the Editorial Committee, caused by the retirement of Messrs. Lee Warner and W. E. Hart, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. J. Benson and F. W. C. Haslam.

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

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer: J. Watkins
Secretary: W. H. Simpson.

1st Captain: A. J. Finch.
2nd Captain: F. A. Macdona.
3rd Captain: R. Hey.

The crews of the College boats in the races during the present term were:

	1st Boat.	*2nd Boat.*	*3rd Boat.*
1	J. W. Bakewell	E. W. Jones	
2	F. A. Macdona	W. Hoare	
3	W. A. Jones	H. Howlett	
4	E. S. Saxton	H. H. Cochrane	J. W. Horne
5	J. Watkins	E. Carpmael	W. Almack
6	J. Noon	H. Latham	E. W. M. Lloyd
7	F. Baynes	F. S. Bishop	T. B. Spencer
	A. J. Finch (*stroke*)	R. Hey (*stroke*)	A. C. D. Ryder (*stroke*)
	J. W. Welldon (*cox.*)	C. Carpmael (*cox.*)	A. F. O. Bros (*cox.*)

The following is the plan of the late May Races. The brackets denote the bumps:

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20. *Second Division.*

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

First Division.

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

THURSDAY, MAY 21. *Second Division.*

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

First Division.

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

FRIDAY, MAY 22. *Second Division.*

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

First Division.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 23. *Second Division.*

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

First Division.

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

MONDAY, MAY 25. *First Division.*

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

TUESDAY, MAY 26. *First Division.*

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

In the recent competitions to select the representatives of the University Corps at Wimbledon, the following members of the College have been chosen:—

For the Queen's Prize—Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, and Corp. Noon.
For the St. George's—Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, Corp. Noon, and Private Hey.
For the Bronze Medal (*against Oxford*)—Lieut. Wace and Corp. Noon.

The Company Challenge Cup has been won this term by Lieut. Wace, and the Roe Challenge Cup by Private T. D. Griffiths.

Captain Roe, and Ensign Sparkes being about to resign their commissions, a meeting was held on Friday May 29th, to choose their successors, when the following were unanimously elected: To be Captain, Lieut. Wace. To be Lieutenant, Sergt. E. K. Bayley. To be Ensign, Sergt. H. H. Cochrane.

The University Corps took part in a review at Woburn, on May 28th, at which the Oxford Corps was also present; and in the review at Cambridge on Whitsun Monday.

Cricket has flourished this year, as the First Eleven is a strong one, and has been deservedly successful.

The officers of the Club for the present year are:

Captain: H. B. Cotterill. *Secretary:* J. T. Welldon. *Treasurer:* J. S. ff. Chamberlain. *Sub-Treasurers:* W. Hoare and A. A. Bourne. *Captain of Second Eleven:* W. W. Cooper.

Four members of the College played in the Freshmen's match at Fenner's—A. A. Bourne, R. P. Echenique, R. Whittington and J. Wilkes, and the College was also represented in the 'Two Elevens of Seniors' by E. W. M. Lloyd and J. W. Dale.

In the Perambulators *v.* Etceteras, E. W. M. Lloyd and R. Whittington played for the former, and J. W. Dale and J. Musgrave for the latter. J. W. Dale has played for the University Eleven against the M. C. C. (in which match E. W. M. Lloyd and J. T. Welldon, played as emergencies for the latter), and also against Cambridgeshire.

A match was played at the end of the Lent Term *v.* κ.τ.λ.'s, in which the latter scored 89 and 51 (for 5 wickets), whilst the St. John's Eleven obtained 46 in their first innings.

May 2nd. The Eleven *v.* Sixteen Freshmen and others. The Eleven 196, of which J. W. Dale obtained 37, E. W. M. Lloyd 45, and J. E. Congreve 29. The Sixteen 115, for the loss of 6 wickets; R. Echenique getting 24 and F. Savage 35 (not out).

May 4th. St. John's *v.* Trinity Hall. The latter scored 121, 8 wickets falling to J. Musgrave; whilst the College obtained 412, with only 6 wickets down: of this number E. W. M. Lloyd contributed 120, J. T. Welldon 70, H. B. Cotterill 23, J. W. Dale 29, R. Whittington 82, J. Wilkes 13, F. A. Mackinnon 24 (not out), and J. S. ff. Chamberlain 16 (not out).

May 5th. St. John's *v.* Clare. St. John's scored 204: J. W. Dale getting 26, E. W. M. Lloyd 28, G. L. Bennett 29, F. Savage 39, and J. Musgrave 38. Clare obtained 84: 7 of their wickets falling to J. Musgrave.

May 7th. St. John's *v.* Emmanuel. St. John's scored 313: J. W. Dale 112, J. T. Welldon 69, R. Whittington 32, J. S. ff. Chamberlain 21. Emmanuel got 82 for the loss of 6 wickets, of which 5 fell to J. Musgrave.

May 11th. St. John's *v.* Christ's. St. John's 451: G. L. Bennett 23, J. T. Welldon 59, J. Wilkes 133, J. E. Congreve 97, H. B. Cotterill 49 (not out), A. A. Bourne 25. Christ's did not get an innings. The score of 451 is the highest yet made in one innings on the Johnian ground.

May 15th and 16th. St. John's *v.* The Perambulators. The latter scored 143 and 266. The former 212 and 57 (for 2 wickets)—J. Musgrave getting 25 and 10, J. E. Congreve 38 and 19 (not out), R. Whittington 50 and 11 (not out), H. B. Cotterill 31 and 11, and F. A. Mackinnon 24.

May 18th and 19th. St. John's *v.* The Etceteras. St. John's scored 415: J. W. Dale 69, J. E. Congreve 24, E. W. M. Lloyd 168 (the highest individual score yet made on the ground), J. T. Welldon 42, G. L. Bennett 21, and J. Musgrave 30 (not out). The Etceteras scored 60 and 45, in the two innings together: 7 of The Etceteras wickets were taken by J. Musgrave, and 11 by A. A. Bourne.

May 20th and 21st. St. John's *v.* Trinity. This match was played on the Trinity ground, and was carried on under difficulties and interruptions, as several members of the Johnian eleven had to leave the ground in the middle of each day to row in the third Lady Margaret boat; and in the second innings three members of the eleven were absent. The scores were: St. John's 162 and 52; H. B. Cotterill 35 and 6, F. A. Mackinnon 16 and 21, G. L. Bennett 26 and 1. Trinity 204 and 14 (with 10 wickets to go down).