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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.

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

St. John's College, March, 1868.

HENRY FIELDING.

NO department of literature seems at the present day more popular among all classes than that of Prose Fiction. This no doubt may partly be explained by the fact that of all the family of light literature the novel was, in England at least, the latest born, and has therefore not yet lost for us the charm of freshness. Romances have indeed existed for many years among us, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney being I think the first original prose composition of this description in English. But these romances were narratives of chivalric or supernatural events, recited in a lofty historical tone without any attempt at delicate delineation of character in the agents, or at portraying in ordinary language the social life of the day. This was the task reserved for the novel introduced by Henry Fielding about the middle of the last century. I say introduced by Fielding, for the only works of the same description that existed before he published his first novel were *Robinson Crusoe* by Defoe, and *Pamela* by Samuel Richardson.* The first of these can hardly be said to come under the definition usually now received of a novel. There is no attempt in it at delineation of character, and there is no society to be described. It is simply a tale narrating in plain unaffected language the

* That is, if we disregard such books as *Moll Flanders, Colonel Jack*, &c., which Defoe produced in such quantities, and in which the majority of the characters are a set of wretches whose sayings and doings would be more fitted to grace the columns of the Newgate calendar, than to find a permanent place in the literature of a country.

solitary adventures and sufferings of a common seaman. Twelve years afterwards Richardson published *Pamela*, a work certainly more nearly approaching the modern novel, but with this difference, the author never once appears throughout the whole course of the book. There is nowhere any attempt at any sort of description in it. The story is told entirely by letters supposed to be written by the different agents in it, and the consequence is, it is tediously unfolded, while with regard to the characters of the agents, we have, unaided by the author, to make them out for ourselves from their own letters. This is a slow and clumsy method of narration, to say nothing of the improbability of any people, however good correspondents they might be, writing letters voluminous enough to acquaint us with all the details of a long story, or honest enough to let us into all the intricacies of their own characters. In the following year Fielding came before the world with his novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which may fairly be said to have been the first English novel, using the word in the sense in which it is now ordinarily received, and from this time may be dated the rise of that class of literature that has remained so universally popular down to the present day.

Before proceeding to discuss the merits of Fielding's works it may not be uninteresting to bestow a passing glance on the history of his life, and see in what schools he had qualified himself for the task he had undertaken.

Henry Fielding was of good family, being the son of General Fielding, one of a younger branch of the house of Denbigh. He was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, in 1707. At Eton, where he was educated, he distinguished himself by remarkable quickness combined with a steady application. It was here that he contracted an intimacy with many boys who were destined in after years to play as men a prominent part in the history of their country. Such were Lord Lyttleton, Fox, Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury, Williams, and Wilmington. From Eton he went to Leyden, for

the purpose of studying the law under the celebrated Vitriarius. He was recalled thence by the death of his father, who having been an extravagant man of fashion left his affairs in hopeless confusion. Thus the young Fielding, with a nominal income of £200. a-year, which, as he himself remarked, "any body might pay who would," was thrown at the age of twenty entirely on his own resources for a livelihood. It was now that he turned his attention to literature. With the Roman poet he might have said:

> Et laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax
> Ut versus facerem.

His first attempts in composition were a number of comedies and farces which shew a good deal of vivacity, but also much carelessness and but little talent. They nevertheless pleased the public, and by the sale of such pieces he just managed to keep his head above water. It was while he was thus employed that he made the acquaintance of Garrick, Macklin, and many other celebrities in the theatrical world. In his twenty-seventh year he married Miss Craddock, a lady of great beauty and excellence, to whom he was much attached. With her he received a portion of between one and two thousand pounds, and at about the same time succeeded by the death of his mother to a small estate in Dorsetshire, which brought him in an income of about £200 a-year. He now determined to settle down into a country gentleman, and accordingly retired to his estate, where he turned his attention to farming with apparently but little success. Here he spent three years, sadly out of his element, for the country gentlemen of his day were for the most part rather inferior in education, intelligence, and breeding to the modern farmer. The accomplished man of letters, with his refined manners and love of literary pursuits, naturally cared little for the society of his boorish neighbours, of whom he has given us some highly-finished portraits in the persons of Squire Western, Parson Trulliber, and others of the same

stamp. As little, on the other hand, did these worthies care for one who could not join in their ordinary conversations on the absorbing topic of crops, and who preferred his books to his bottle. Fielding at last gave way, and followed the contemptible example universally set him by his neighbours. He abandoned literary pursuits and gave himself up to the senseless extravagance he saw displayed by all around. Hounds and horses with their concomitant feasting and drunkenness soon wasted his little fortune. About the same time the Haymarket Theatre, in which he had invested his wife's dowry, failed, and he had now again to take to his pen. He returned to London and resumed his study of the law, supporting himself and his family during the time of his probation by his writings. These were chiefly poems and essays. He also wrote many political articles for the public journals, in which he evinced strong liberal and anti-Jacobite views. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, but finding the profession of briefless barrister not a very lucrative one, he soon abandoned it, and resumed that of author.

At last, in 1742, when he was thirty-five years of age, he produced his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*. This was a sort of parody on Richardson's *Pamela*, which had appeared during the previous year. The hero is one Joseph Andrews, who is supposed to be the brother of Richardson's heroine. As the plot of *Pamela* is the successful resistance of a beautiful and innocent young servant girl to the seductions of her rich and fashionable master, to whom by way of a moral, inculcating the reward of virtue, she is eventually married, so her brother Joseph, the hero of Fielding's novel, is a very right-minded young footman who declines to take any notice of the somewhat indelicate advances of his mistress, Lady Booby, who is the mother of Pamela's master. He is in consequence turned out of her house, and the chief part of the book is taken up with the narration of his wanderings about the country with Parson Adams.

The conception of the latter personage is one of the richest in the whole range of literature. His learning, good sense, generosity, and bravery, combined with the most childlike innocence and simplicity, as well as his utter forgetfulness and absence of mind, all go to make up a character we cannot help loving and respecting, even while laughing at its oddities.

This work was shortly followed by *The Journey from this World to the Next* and *The Life of Jonathan Wild the Great*. The first of these is a political satire, which has now lost most of its interest, from the fact of many of its allusions having become obscure, through the lapse of time. The latter work was a satire on the false taste then prevalent in society, and was meant to ridicule the existing ideas of heroism. The life and character of Jonathan Wild, originally a housebreaker, afterwards an informer in the pay of the police, and eventually hanged for receiving stolen goods, are held up for admiration in a tone of irony. The satire is powerful throughout, but the unvarying meanness and falsity of all the principal agents in the story sicken the reader.

About this time Fielding's wife died, and the loss of one he had loved so devotedly threw him into such a paroxysm of grief that fears were at one time entertained for his reason. However, he recovered, and now embracing the Hanoverian cause more warmly than ever, published a number of political pamphlets, and set up the *True Patriot*, a periodical for which he wrote many brilliant articles in defence of Walpole's ministry.

In 1749, through the influence of Lord Lyttleton, he was appointed police magistrate in Westminster. This brought him in an income of £300 a-year, of what he calls "the dirtiest money upon earth." His new duties he discharged with zeal and intelligence. He introduced great reforms in the working of the police, and wrote many able pamphlets on the penal laws, in which he displayed considerable legal knowledge and great

sagacity. During his leisure hours, which must have been few indeed, he composed *Tom Jones*, the completest and most deservedly popular of all his works.

This book is one of the most remarkable of its kind for several reasons. There is an extravagance of fun in the introduction of countless ludicrous incidents, combined with an artistic power of making each of them lead to the ultimate catastrophe. The other great comic novelist of the same age, Tobias Smollett, often fell into the error of introducing incidents amusing in themselves with the mere purpose of raising a laugh, and as soon as this was done he had no further use for them. Hence he often sacrifices the consistency of his characters for a comic effect. Roderick Random, for instance, is as the hero of a book should be, all that could be desired in the way of a young man: brave, handsome, and generous. But if any circumstance arises in which the possession of any of these good qualities in the hero would stand in the way of our enjoying a laugh at him, he is remorselessly transformed into a gawky, cowardly, selfish scoundrel. Fielding's analysis of character was so close and so true that even in his most extravagantly ludicrous scenes he never loses sight of the end he originally had in view, or of the necessity of supporting the unity of his characters, which he does by the introduction of many exquisite little traits, delicate touches as it were in a carefully finished picture. Smollett seizes on some prominent ludicrous idea, makes the most of it and neglects everything else. The result is an amusing caricature. Fielding makes the most of everything, gives nothing undue prominence, and the result is a masterly painting. Besides this there is throughout *Tom Jones* an undercurrent of moral reflection hidden under a mask of irony, which satirizes deeply the follies and vices of the time. Towards all those arising from meanness or falsity of any kind, to which we have given the generic name of humbug, he was especially severe. In the introduction to *Joseph Andrews*, he says,

the only source of the true Ridiculous is affectation, which springs from one of two causes, hypocrisy or vanity, and it is against these two vices that the most piercing shafts of his satire are directed.

It was during his magistracy that he took as his second wife the maid of his former lady, "with whom," he says, "I had frequently bewailed the angel we had lost." In spite of the seeming oddity of the match, she made him a prudent and affectionate wife, and proved an excellent mother to his orphaned children.

In 1751 he published *Amelia*. This work was intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of the virtues of his first wife. The interest of the story is purely domestic, and he has endeavoured in it to give us a picture of his own character in the person of Captain Booth.

In 1754 Fielding's health, which had long been failing, began finally to give way. He was shortly attacked by dropsy, and being ordered to try a warmer climate, sailed for Lisbon, where he died on the 8th of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

In reviewing the character of Fielding as an author, we should be justified in passing over his poems and plays without comment, for it is not on them that his claim to greatness is based. They shew a happy wit, and a graceful ease of expression just saves them from downright mediocrity. His essays and pamphlets on social, legal, and political questions, though they evince considerably greater talent, need not detain us long. They are evidently the work of a well-educated man of enlightened views, who combines with close argument a polished and brilliant style of expression. But, except for the versatility of the genius which shews itself at home in so many different subjects, they can claim no great precedence over the other works of a like nature in his own or the present time. It is in his novels that his greatest excellence lies. And in this species of composition we should not be estimating his

worth too highly if we placed him in the foremost rank, side by side with Sir Walter Scott, and second not even to him.

One great charm that Fielding's novels possess for his fellow-countrymen is that they are so thoroughly *English*. In subject as well as in mode of treatment he is intensely national. Lord Byron remarked of him that he was "the great prose Homer of human nature;" this is true to a certain extent, but he was not so much a cosmopolitan as a national author. Sir Walter Scott seems to me to form a juster estimate of Fielding's genius when he says, "of all works of imagination to which English genius has given origin, those of Henry Fielding are most decidedly and exclusively her own." A close observer of character, he excelled in painting those which were the most strongly marked, for however highly he might colour them he never forgot those lights and shades and little human contradictions which make a character natural. Such is old Squire Western in *Tom Jones*, with his violent temper and sturdy honesty, his ignorance and natural shrewdness, his coarse vulgarity and tender love for his daughter. The plots are all well constructed and artfully conducted, for in spite of his love of the ludicrous he never loses sight of the probable. Each of his incidents have a separate end and object with regard to the rest of the story, and each leads in some degree to the ultimate catastrophe. As throughout the immense variety of his personages he is careful to preserve each character distinct and separate, so in the incidents in which each of them plays his or her part there is no confusion, no inconsistency, but their actions are in unison with their characters, and the whole story is the natural result of their actions. His satire is piercing and well directed, without being savage. The polished brilliance of his keen irony, contrasted with that of Swift, is like the home-thrust of a small sword, compared to the crushing blow of a bludgeon. Both are equally effective in the end, but in the

one a masterly skill and neatness
ferocity in the other. To give disjointed specimens of his powers, culled at random from the works of such an author as Fielding, must necessarily mar the excellence of the original, for no small portion of this excellence is due to the skill with which everything is introduced in its right place, and the connection carefully sustained throughout the whole work; but one or two instances of his humour I cannot refrain from giving, even at the risk of greatly spoiling their effect. So little is there forced about these strokes of wit that they abound on every page. Here are some I have selected quite at random. A certain Mr. Partridge from the country is supposed to be at the play, where he sees Garrick acting *Hamlet*. The way in which he is carried away by the acting, the reality with which he invests the whole performance, his terror at the ghost, are all admirably told. At last, when the play was ended, "Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town, for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player that ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, 'why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I were to see a ghost I should look just in the very same manner, and do just as he did. And then to be sure in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a bad mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me, but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'" The humour of

making the bumpkin forget that Garrick is only acting, and object to his behaviour because it is only what any other man would naturally do under the same circumstances, is hardly to be surpassed. As an instance of his ironical satire, I would offer a passage in the beginning of *Joseph Andrews*, where, after describing the learning, amiability, and other good qualities of Parson Adams, he says these qualifications "had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, as he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Many a sly hit, too, does he enjoy in the same book at the author of *Pamela*. The under-bred pomposity and sermonizing style of that young lady are admirably burlesqued in the "good boy" sentiments to which her brother, the young footman, is continually giving vent. Richardson's perpetual straining a
makes familiarly to describe the private life of great people, in which he only succeeds in showing how little he knew of them, are satirized in Mrs. Graveair's long-winded story of Leonora. But the cruellest cut of all is where the adorable Pamela herself is introduced at the end of the book, behaving no better than a very snob whose head has been turned by prosperity. Indeed, as Chalmers observes, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." Richardson is said never to have forgiven this slight to his fascinating heroine. The conceited folly of the so-called wits and men of fashion is the object of repeated attacks, as for instance, in the "Scene of Roasting" in *Joseph Andrews*, and the "Scene of Modern Wit and Humour" in *Amelia*. But perhaps the greatest charm about Fielding's writings is the freshness of his style; there is a breezy out-of-door air about it that contrasts favourably with the stale, stifling atmosphere we seem to breathe in the elaborate and stilted language of the old Romance.

Compared with the other novelists of the last century, Fielding is certainly *facile princeps*. Defoe approaches him in the homely vigour of his style, and his simple yet interesting narration. In delicate delineation of character and conduct of the plot he falls far behind. Richardson's characters certainly are carefully wrought up, but they are stiff and unnatural. They are painted more in the painfully minute style of a Dutch painting than with the masterly Hogarth-like touches of Fielding. Swift in his *Gulliver's Travels* shewed great powers of satire and sustained irony, while the simple and circumstantial way in which he relates impossibilities makes them seem almost probable. But his satire is more like a savage sneer at all mankind than a half-pitying smile at their folly. He never unbends his brows and enjoys a genial laugh of sheer fun, as Fielding constantly does, and he does not attempt to paint a real character. Smollett comes near Fielding in his natural vivid style and love for the ludicrous, but he too fails in reading and reproducing with a tender regard for nature every side of a character, as well as in the skilful combination of his incidents with an eye to the working of his plot. Goldsmith's characters are far more true to nature, but his incidents are improbable and his plot badly conducted.

Two objections brought against Fielding are, his vulgarity and the utter inanity of his heroines. By vulgarity must be meant the indecency of some of his scenes, not the portraying of scenes from low life, for to do this with such a master's hand, and so delicate a regard for nature, cannot be said to be vulgar. Fielding's standard of morality certainly was not high. He seems, if not to justify, at any rate to palliate any offence against decency or virtue, provided it originated in the high spirits of youth, and was accompanied with courage and generosity. But again, on the other hand, he never prefers vice to virtue, though the punishment he awards as the consequence of the vice may not be as

severe as it deserves. In real life we see the vicious man in his temporal affairs thrive as well as the virtuous; and writing, as Fielding did, what professed to be a picture of real life, it would have been unnatural to have wreaked a strict poetic justice on the guilty exactly apportioned to the extent of their offence. He certainly says much outright that the nicety of the modern novelist would only imply, but this is not so much the fault of the man as of the time, writing as he did at a period remarkable for the lowest tone of morality that ever prevailed in England, when the old romantic spirit of chivalry was dead, and modern refinement not yet born.

The second objection seems to me hardly a fair one. His heroines certainly as a rule are uninteresting, but he only represented ladies as he knew them. In those days, before women were admitted to the Universities, and the idea of Female Suffrage had never entered any one's head, the English lady certainly was an inanity. Often virtuous it is true, generally vulgar, but always empty-headed. In reading the correspondence of this time, nothing strikes one so much as the hopeless insipidity of the fair sex among the upper classes. The novelist, then, was hardly to blame if he represented women as they were in his own time. Now, of course, when sternness, prompt resolve, and an unshaken will are so eminently the characteristics of women, our novelists are quite justified in representing ladies pushing their husbands down wells, and performing other feats of muscular and intellectual strength; but in the days of Fielding it would have been unnatural to have represented them with strongly marked characters—or indeed much character at all.*

* These remarks of course apply only to the *prima donnas*, so to speak, of the stories, not to the secondary characters. It would be hard to imagine any characters more strongly marked or more faithfully reproduced than those of Mrs. Slipslop, Blear-eyed Moll and the like.

It is said, too, that Fielding has very little power over the pathetic emotions; but at any rate he has found out that great secret, the "fount of tears is very near that of laughter," and he often succeeds in touching the heart even while exciting a sense of the ludicrous.

But whatever faults we may allow, we must also allow his many excellences. We must remember that he was one of the earliest pioneers in this track, and that the first beginner of a new work naturally meets with many difficulties which later comers c surmount. It is true that the author who strikes out a new line often gains an instantaneous popularity greater than the real merits of his composition deserve. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a case in point, which, though inferior as a work of art to *The Lady of the Lake*, gained a far more instantaneous and wide-spread popularity. But this popularity, except in the most deserving cases, is but a short-lived one. It is to the verdict of later generations we should look to form an estimate of an author's real merit. In the case of Fielding, I do not hesitate to assert the verdict would be unanimous in his favour, and not the verdict of his own countrymen alone, but of foreign nations. The author of *Tom Jones* is as well known in Spain or France as Cervantes or Moliere in England.

The taste of society changing in the course of every few years, it may well happen that Fieldi
not generally familiar to the novel reading public, but their excellence from an artistic point of view is such as must always insure for them a tribute of hearty commendation from the literary critic,—a tribute that confers all the more distinction when we reflect that he to whom it is paid was the first explorer of a path till then untried.

E.

ITALIA LIBERATA.

HAIL! dawn of liberty, whose holy light,
Though long eluding every patriot's aim,
Now rends the darkness of Italia's night!
Now like the phantoms of a troubled dream
By morning's rays dispelled in sudden flight,
Ere long the brilliance of that heavenly beam
O'er Superstition and her gloomy train
Shall hold the victory and the past redeem.

Ah me! 'tis fearful when the Shepherd's hand
Is raised to desecrate the peaceful fold,
Whose flocks aloof in shrinking terror stand
From him whose guidance should their steps uphold.
A regal sceptre doth but ill accord
With their profession who the crosier hold,
They claim His office unto whom the Lord
Consigned the Keys, yet still His precept scorn,
That whoso draws shall perish by the sword.

And has Etruria's minstrel spirit flown,
Wakes not thy harp in this thy triumph's hour?
Alas! the waves that by Ravenna moan
With dirgelike cadence on her rocky wall,
His grave besprinkle, from whose lips alone
For such a theme fit poesy could fall.

A VIRGINIAN RAMBLE.*

IT is impossible to find a greater contrast than that presented by the countries north and south of the Potomac. From the carefully tilled holdings of New England, where, as in our Eastern counties, man had to struggle against a cold soil and gradually win his way to after all but a scant remuneration of his toil,—from the Quaker settlements of Pennsylvania, nestling in the hills along the banks of the Susquehanna,—from the rich farms of Maryland, where the barns are built of rosy brick, more like palaces than barns, while the farmer is generally content to live in wooden houses—all of them peopled by English emigrants driven by various persecutions from their homes; we pass at once, as the steamer tolls its tribute to Washington's memory on sight of Mount Vernon, to the less cultivated bleak sandhills of Virginia.

Great must have been the contrast before the War; still greater is it now; new railway cars, as empty of passengers as they are new, gravel redoubts, charred railway stations, horses branded U.S. or C.S., or in some cases both, as they passed by the fortune of war into the hands of new drivers, — captains of the Confederate army collecting railway tickets, wounded Confederates hanging about each country station or depôt, as they call it,—all these signs kept it well before my mind that I was no longer in the Northern States. But even if all these signs of defeat and penury

* The writer of this short notice has not been able to put his notes into a more readable shape, but gives them to readers of *The Eagle* at once, before interest in the subject wanes.

had been absent, who could have mistaken, in the slovenly tillage or the long lines of rubbishy plantations, the fruits of a system which made a white man ashamed of systematic labour, and employed instead a number of hands with no special interest in the soil, no patriotism to spur them? Else whence these useless pine forests springing up as weeds from the exhausted soil, this scant growth of Indian corn, these fields drained by one crop of tobacco and then left for the next comer? How different from the small carefully drained holdings of the New England farmer, who even now, after two centuries and a half, recalls his Eastern Counties training, the care of a Lincolnshire farmer, the independence of a Huntingdon yeoman!

Yet the contrast does not date in any way from the war; it is a real fundamental distinction, which can be traced ever since the original immigrations, by the peculiarities of the respective stocks. If the crew of the *Mayflower*, who first settled in Massachusetts, were inspired by the ideas of Protestantism and freedom in doctrine and government, what were the principles which first led to the colonization of the Old Dominion, or of that portion of it which the Virgin Queen of England had named Virginia? No romantic ideas, no political theories animated the colonists of Jamestown; theirs was no voluntary emigration from their English homes to found a new Church, to make trial of a theoretical republic; gallant adventurous gentlemen, no doubt, with empty purses and a love of change, they came to make their fortunes in the newly-settled land and return to spend them among their bankrupt families. No wonder that their vices were not known, in the later New England colonies, or if known soon eradicated; no wonder that their virtues were of too chivalrous an order to be emulated by the hard-headed, practical Yankees of Connecticut or Rhode Island. Accustomed hitherto to the free gallantry of Court society, we find in them neither the primeval primness of the Pennsylvanian Quakers, nor the prurient priggishness of the ideal Yankee; if the hearts of Red Indian girls are to be won, it is they who are to do it; for we may be sure that Poccahontas would never have interceded for the life of a Northern farmer. And when they had exhausted all the good will which their easy grace and well-bred smiles called forth from the Indian chiefs, and both host and guest had discovered that their interests must be divided, small blame to them, if, utterly unused to toil, ignorant too of the blessings of personal liberty, they bought with pleasure that fatal cargo of twenty slaves which the Dutch republic, by a strange Nemesis, offered them. How could they value enough that liberty which it had cost them no effort to gain? How could they, uneducated by the experience of history, be conscious that they were weaving round them a Nessus-garment, whose poison would only be drawn out the more, as it was worn the closer. History, it has been said, has a Nemesis
the Nemesis here was not for the simplicity of these poor gentlemen, but for the sin of their fathers, who had neglected their education. Meanwhile, what was going on in Massachusetts? On the same day on which slavery was started in Virginia, the first settlers of New England, the Plymouth Brethren, landed at their new home. It is very common for the Abolitionists to claim Puritanism as the origin of their principles. Such is by no means the case. Even as late as 1790 we find advertisements of the sale of slaves in the Boston journals. No doubt the general feeling was against such sales; but it is undoubtedly true that these very Puritans, who insisted so much on the value of liberty as a means of education, would have been just as willing at first as the men of the South to deny human rights to the blacks. But the influence of climate was against it in the North; in the South it was all in favour of Slavery. So it is that God is often seen to interpose to save the cause of Right, when it is

entrusted to feeble instruments. Had the cavaliers and gallants who settled in Virginia, settled in New England, they would all have perished long ago, from want of energy, want of perseverance; on the other hand, had the New Englanders settled in Virginia it is far from certain that the warmth of the climate would not have enervated them enough to welcome slavery as a panacea of all their troubles. That self reliance, which is developed by man's individual combat with nature, might then have been lost to the world, and the American Union would have wanted that clear faith which has brought them triumphant out of their recent struggle. To say that the North had all the good on its side, or the South all the evil, is of course one-sided; to say that all the high motives were on the winning side is equally absurd; the very reason which the Abolitionists urged most strongly to convince their opponents, the unproductiveness of slave labour, seemed to the humane planters too self-interested, too unpractical to be considered;—for they, only knowing their fellow-citizens by the light of commercial transactions, saw in them and their motives only a wild ambition and greed for money, which prevented their looking at any other but £. *s.* *d.* arguments.

And this brings me to my next point: Why did they not get to know one another better? Why were geographical divisions allowed to rule predominant? Why did not social influences produce in the mind of the Southerner some admiration for the labour, the method, the inexorable perseverance of the North? And why did not the same influence kindle in the North more admiration for the enthusiasm, the vivacity, the polish, the easy impulsiveness of the South? The two reasons which are usually given, namely, the fact that the Constitution put a premium on the number of slaves, by allowing them to be partially represented by their masters, and the law of primogeniture combined with the love of aristocracy in Virginia no doubt made a great

difference in the two societies; but the fact that the two sections of the nation had no common river in the East, such as they found in the Mississippi in the West, was far more decisive. Even the capital itself, where the members of Congress had regularly to meet for certain months of the year, was only a kind of raft suspended on the frontier river, where the two factions came up from South and North, and then, after a short armistice, returned to their respective States, having only met in the Capitol, and having avoided one another's drawing-rooms with fatal persistency. The daughter of a leading New England republican, who is married to a Virginian, told me that she could never remember a time when she had dared to ask any beyond her own immediate relations to meet her husband's friends.

All this is rather a long meditation as I hurry along in the hindmost car of the train bound from Aquia Creek to Richmond. If it is disjointed, let that be imputed to the yells of the bellowing engine, the creaking of the trashy cars, or the half-repaired state of the tramway, not to any excess of conversation on the part of fellow-travellers, for beyond one, who had come with me from Washington, and a gentleman and his daughter who got in near Richmond, I had the whole train to myself. And this was the popular way of going to Richmond, the way which before the war was crowded with cotton-planters and tobacco-dealers. Where were they all now, I wondered? Had they fled from the country, as from one utterly ruined? Were they reserving their capital for the West? or were they only unwilling to trust their persons to their Southern fellow-citizens? Certainly an incident which occurred on my return was not very likely to reassure them. There sat next me in the car an inquiring New Englander, who from time to time asked questions which betrayed his origin. My Virginian neighbours answered them all with a terseness, which they did not accord to me; but at length, when the unfortunate man ventured

to ask the name of a large Union cemetery which we passed at Orange Court House, the severe politeness of the planters gave way, and one of them replied pompously, "That, Sir, is a memorial to the valour of the Confederate Army;" and then turning to me, he explained, in pretended *sotto voce*, "Some of those damned Yankees are buried there." The Boston man took no notice, but repeated his question to another of his fellow-travellers, who replied that there were so many of that kind of thing that they could not remember the name of each; whereat the rest laughed. Still our friend persevered; he would not take a snub; he merely remarked, that it was odd that people living near did not know the names of their own district, and soon after left the car, with a courteous "Good morning." The discussion which ensued among the passengers, as to whether he had really misunderstood or only feigned to misunderstand their insolence, showed me how completely he had foiled them. And yet, if such is the common conduct of Virginian society to its political foes, they cannot expect much co-operation or inter-settlement.

Meanwhile after passing through the pretty city of Fredericksburg situated on the Rappahannock, not far from Chancellorsville where Stonewall Jackson fell, the road had brought us to the city of seven hills, the most ancient city in America, Richmond. As is usual on American lines, the train passed up along some of the streets at a slow pace with its clanging bell giving notice of its approach, and little niggers swarming out of every cottage to see it pass. Of the beauty of this city it is impossible to speak too highly; its yellow river, its seven hills, its historic capital, its mixed population, its very handsome private houses, all reminded me of a little Rome, and even the recent restoration of the streets that had suffered from the fire, when the Confederate army evacuated it, had not impaired its reverend appearance. No wonder the

Virginians had said in their pride over their iced watermelons and cobbler, as they enjoyed the good things of the earth prepared for them by their slaves, that such a city was meant to be the capital of an imperial government. We, who know how usage accustoms one to abuses, are not able to throw a stone at the refined philosophic Virginian, who feeling his heart swell with pride at the taste and hospitality of his establishment, at the gentility and chivalry, the pluck and daring of his sons, thought the African must be gradually refined by coming in contact with such christian civilization as he saw in his masters and mistresses. So argued Edward the Black Prince, flower of chivalry, as on one and the same day he waited on king John of France his captive, and ordered fifty of the people of Calais to be massacred in cold blood. So again are we too apt to argue when we defend in our minds the glaring inequalities of education and fortunes in our own little kingdom. Strange as it may seem, those Virginian ladies whom our English mothers so plaintively memorialised under the first impulse of reading Uncle Tom, who used to allow as it were in the very bosom of their families the selling of wife away from husband, of mother from daughter, had their creed and their religion and visited their niggers, offering them such advice and consolation as they considered due to Christianity. Nay more; the fire and enthusiasm of the Boston abolitionist was more than equalled by the eagerness, with which even now the educated ladies of Mrs. Jeff. Davis' court are willing to defend slavery as a step to Christianity. But I will say no more on this subject. Wives and daughters of our English squires will do well to consider the glaring inconsistencies to which such a defence of existing institutions is apt to lead us.

On arrival at Richmond I drove at once to the house of a gentleman-farmer, who had a small farm on the out skirts of the city. The road was very much

cut up by the passing and repassing of the waggons of the Federal Army which is still quartered just outside the city, and confirmed me in a belief which I only modified on arrival in New England, that there is not such a thing as a road in America. My host, a Colonel in the Southern Army, and still, like every Virginian I met, retaining his title, received me with the greatest hospitality, and "located" me for as long as I liked to stay in a comfortable little room built on as a kind of dependance to his original shingle-farm-house. Here I slept regardless of mosquitoes, and enjoyed a rest, which had been always denied me in Washington. I wish I could describe that farm with its clearings occupied by Indian corn around it, and one or too small nigger cottages close by, backed by what seemed an interminable range of rubbishy plantation to the West. Or the little farm-house itself built of white planks of wood, one over-lapping the other, with no furniture worth speaking of except an exceedingly good library which testified to the education of my host. The floors were stained deep with blood, where some Confederate soldiers wounded in one of Grant's raids had been laid, in the small drawing-room, to be tended by the family. The short time that I had to spend here was fully occupied in visiting Richmond and talking to old Confederate officers. I found them all with one exception very willing to talk, and all agreed on three things, first that England was the cause of their defeat and could never be forgiven in consequence, secondly that never had a conquered nation been treated with greater clemency than they had by the North, and finally that they were utterly and completely crushed. There is something to be said on each of these topics. In the first place nothing is more surprising to the European traveller than the way in which he finds England abused by both sides. It seems perfectly plain to him as it does to the Virginian that, if England had not prevented Napoleon from recognizing the South and

breaking the Northern blockade, the North would hardly yet, if ever, have reduced the Confederate States. But to the New Englander, who felt himself engaged in a crusade more holy than any yet famed in history, and who making certain of the sympathy of the old country found to his astonishment that our aristocracy regarded him as a gushing bore, who had not learnt diplomatic manners, whilst our commercial men were only anxious to make political capital out of his embarassments, that very proclamation of neutrality, which was meant in the interests of the Union, seemed only to convey an expression of the coldest indifference. Had it been backed by a different tone of society, its object would have been appreciated, and our Government would have received its dues, but, as it was, the society which inspired the *Times'* leading articles was more likely to bring forth thistles than grapes. I must candidly own that it was a real relief to me to find that we had been differently read in the South, and when Mrs. Jefferson Davis began an attack on me in a most unprovoked manner and our host interfered and forbade the discussion of the subject, as being one on which he knew his guests with all their politeness could not be calm, I felt very much more relieved than I was ever in my life by any proffered civilities. Secondly, I said that there was a general acknowledgement of the clemency of the victors. I should explain that this feeling is confined to the military men. They alone by personal contact with the Northern armies have been able to explode the theories invented in the editorial closets of Richmond. They have learnt to respect their fellow-citizens as more educated, better fighters, more open to enthusiasm than they had expected; they no longer regard them as a mass of cold money-making shopkeepers; and they know that the stories about the Northern armies not being able to speak English are absolute inventions. Practical men enough, they fought their best, and they know that they staked their all,

and are surprised to find that the Northerners are content with victory and will not take the stakes. Many an one is left with only his land and home to call his own; instead of loafing at the springs, he has to live on his quiet farm and groom his own horses, or feed his own threshing-machine, and soberly endure the reaction of dullness, which must necessarily close upon him after the intense excitement and keen sport, which the direction of a piece of artillery or snap of a rifle afforded him. And yet, in spite of the denunciations of their wives and daughters, in spite of the wire-pulling of parties, the most that the ex-colonel of the C. S. A. gives way to is a feeling that he has meddled once too much in politics and will not meddle in them for bad or good again. A nigger told me in Richmond that at the beginning of the year he went to his former master and asked him to keep him on in his employ, giving him board instead of wages, adding that he would rather work for him without wages than for any one else with. "But," said I, "do you attend the conventions?" "Oh yes," he said, "I told my master I should always vote against him as long as I could; so we quite understand one another. He was always very kind to me, but he won't help me to learn." The story speaks for itself. Lastly, I said that they had completely given up all hopes of ever rising again. This is not all; a great many of them though determined not to assist in reconstruction distinctly confess to a feeling of liking hereafter to be associated with the triumphant North. Beyond Mr. Mason and his protector Mr. Beresford Hope, I do not believe there are two enthusiasts in the world who believe in the possibility of a reaction which would make Richmond an imperial city. And this is very well illustrated by the eagerness with which the Virginians are looking forward to what they are pleased to call a financial crisis, what we in less endearing terms are apt to call repudiation. With folded arms and upturned eyes the Lords of Chivalry, the First Families,

with all the Cavalier blood of England in their veins, are awaiting a gigantic act of dishonesty before starting on their new commercial career. The tide is setting in so strong, that honourable men, like Lee or Wade Hampton, are quite unable to stir their countrymen to any more noble interpretation of defeat.

What the prospects of this question are, belongs to the region of politics. I have only touched upon it cursorily here in illustration of my picture of Virginia in 1867.

CASSANDRA.

'Tis o'er: the wild proud heart no longer throbs,
The sad proud eye is sealed, and quenched the fire
That darted forth its restless lightning flash
What time forebodings, like a surging wave,
O'erswept and tossed her soul within. How well
Befits that form the quietude of death.
A prophetess she spake, and none gave heed,
None listened to the warning voice, and some,
With bitter mockery and cruel words,
Jeered her, unmindful of the wound they gave.
And now the patient limbs are still: the tongue
Its latest truth has uttered, and she lies,
Poor victim, smitten by the deadly blow
Of that fierce hand whose threat'ning phantom shape
Hung o'er her, like a shadow, as they sped
Through the hoarse billows, while behind arose
Dark vapours from the ashes of her home.
A piteous sight, methinks, (if any touch
He knows of pity, glorying in his strength,
Either in Delos, or on Cynthus' heights,)
A piteous sight for him who wrought the woe,
And drave her frenzied through the scornful crowd,
And left her to the tyrant and his will.
Peace, peace be with thee, for thy lot was hard,
And sweet rest soothe thee 'mongst the blessed shades.
Fain would I hope, half-fancying that a smile
Stirred thy wan dying lips, and lives in death,
That o'er thy fading senses some dear thought

Stole, of a happier day; perchance of hours
By reedy Simois, 'midst the asphodels;
Perchance of home, and how the gentle king,
Still gentlest to the darling of his age,
Would smooth thy hair, or kiss thy lips, or list,
Half proud, half wond'ring, to the wayward strains
That told even then a struggling power, divine.

C. S.

STRAFFORD IN IRELAND.

AT a time like the present, when the condition and prospects, social and political, moral and economical, of Ireland and the Irish, cannot fail to engage the attention of every thinking Englishman, it may not be a subject entirely devoid of interest to consider how Ireland was governed more than two hundred years ago.

The period to which attention is here more particularly directed, is that during which Ireland was under the rule of the Lord Deputy, Thomas, Viscount Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

Thomas Wentworth, descended of an old Yorkshire family, was born in London on April 13th (Good Friday) in the year 1593. Of his earlier education we have no record, but we know that he was a student of St. John's College,* Cambridge, which he left about the age of eighteen. Before the end of the year 1611 he was married to Frances, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, having previously acquired the honour of knighthood, probably by purchase.† At the earliest possible period, at the age of twenty-one, he was sitting in the House of Commons as knight of the shire for Yorkshire, and in the same year (1614) he succeeded to the family baronetcy by the death of his father Sir William Wentworth. He lost his first wife in 1622, but

* The coat of arms of Lord Strafford may be seen emblazoned on the second window from the west end, on the south side of our present chapel.

† See *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen*, by John Forster, vol. II. Earl of Strafford, p. 180 (vol. 68 of Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*).

married again, two years subsequently, Lady Arabella Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare. After serving again as knight of the shire for Yorkshire in Charles' first parliament (June 18th to August 12th, 1625), he was, in November of the same year, made sheriff of Yorkshire: his conduct in the last parliament having led Buckingham to consider him a dangerous opponent. He was thus excluded, with others, from the second parliament (February 6th to June 25th, 1626); by this course Buckingham hoped to obtain a more docile parliament, but it nevertheless proved unfavourable to him. Sir George Radcliffe* records that in May, 1627, Sir Thomas Wentworth was committed to the Marshalsea for refusing to pay the Royal Loan; but he was released before the end of the year, and appeared again as knight for Yorkshire in the third parliament of Charles' reign, which met on March 7th, 1628.

At this time Wentworth was still a member of the popular or patriotic party, opposed to the influence of the favourite Buckingham; and his words in the Commons on May 18th, 1628,† evince his then opposition to the exercise of absolute monarchical power; an opposition which he had previously shown in refusing his contribution to the Royal Loan, as has just been mentioned. But this was the last speech he made on that side. On June 26th the parliament was prorogued; and Radcliffe records that contemporaneously Wentworth was reconciled to Buckingham. Shortly afterwards he was created Baron Wentworth; but the great obstacle which prevented his joining the king's party, Buckingham, was removed by the hand of an assassin

* Author of the Essay in the *Appendix to the Letters and Dispatches of Lord Strafford*, vol. II., pp. 429—436.

† "If we adopt this amendment," said Sir Thomas Wentworth, "we shall leave things in a worse state than we found them, we shall have given the authority of written law to a sovereign power hitherto unknown to our laws." Speech on the amendment of the Petition of Rights sent down by the House of Lords: see Guizot's *Histoire de Charles Ier*, vol. I., pp. 159, 160.

in August; and we learn that in the latter part of the same year he was created Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of the North, and a Privy Councillor.

In accepting these honours Wentworth threw overboard the party—you may call it patriotic, constitutional, anti-monarchical—to which he had hitherto apparently belonged. But this act of his was not, as Hallam terms it, "a cold blooded apostacy on the first lure to his ambition."* Rather the case was, as Forster† and Guizot shew, that he had only joined that party because doing so was, in his opinion, one way of bringing himself prominently before the royal eye; and to be first with the king, to be the main instrument in the exercise of that absolute power of government to which all his notions went straight,‡ was the one ambition of all his career;—and also because that party was opposed to the favourite Buckingham, who held the place to which he aspired, and who himself was conscious of and hostile to Wentworth's aspirations.

Wentworth was now free to follow the natural bent of his character. "En abandonnant son parti pour s'attacher au Roi, Strafford n'avait point eu à sacrifier des principes bien déterminés, ni à trahir lâchement son conscience. Ambitieux et passionée, il avait été patriote par haine de Buckingham, par désir de la gloire, pour déployer avec éclat son talent et sa force, plutôt que par une conviction vertueuse et profonde. Agir, s'élever, dominer, tel était son but, ou plutôt le besoin de sa nature."‖ "Wentworth, ambitieux et hautain, se précipita avec passion vers la grandeur, bien éloigné de prévoir à quel point il serait un jour fatal et odieux à la liberté."§

* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, vol. II., p. 55 (smaller edition).

† For a further argument as to Strafford's consistency, and an amusing hit at the theory of 'apostacy' in general, see Forster's *Life*, pp. 228, 229.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 248.

‖ Guizot, p. 177. § *Ibid*, p. 166.

He thus became a ready and able instrument to assist Charles in his attempts to exercise absolute power; Charles, of whom Guizot says,* that "plein de prétentions hautaines sans grande ambition, et plutôt pour ne pas déchoir aux yeux des rois ses pareils que pour dominer fortement son peuple, il tenta deux fois de faire prévaloir les maximes et les pratiques de la monarchie absolue." Maxims which he had imbibed from his father, derived through Scotland from France, where a far different state of society to that of England was then existing; the two attempts being, "d'abord en présence du Parlement, et dominé lui-même par un favori frivole et vain,† dont l'inhabilité présomptueuse choquait le bon sens et blessait l'honneur des plus obscurs citoyens: ensuite, en repoussant tout Parlement, et en governant seul, par les mains d'un ministre énergique, habile, ambitieux, et impérieux avec grandeur, dévoué à son roi sans en etre bien compris ni bien sontenu, et qui apprit trop tard qu'il ne suffit pas, pour sauver les rois, de se perdre noblement soi-même en les servant."‡

Having thus briefly sketched the career of Wentworth up to the time when he embraced the cause of monarchy, we may notice that as Lord President of the North, during the three years that he held that office, he gave sufficient indication of his full and free devotion to the cause of absolutism, and of the ability which it was in his power to devote thereto. But a wider field yet was in store for the exercise of his bent. In January, 1632, he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, by Charles, and in "July, 1633, he arrived in Ireland, and there took the sword."‖

It may be as well now to complete the record of

* Guizot, p. 5; in the "Discours sur l'histoire de la revolution d'Angleterre."

† George Villiers, duc de Buckingham.

‡ Thomas Wentworth, comte de Strafford.

‖ Radcliffe's *Essay*, p. 430.

Wentworth's domestic affairs, by noticing that in October, 1631, he lost his second wife, Lady Arabella, and that in the October following he married again, privately, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir G. Rhodes, who with Radcliffe preceded him to Ireland.

Wentworth's appointment to Ireland was the finishing stroke of Charles' scheme of independent government, by the hands of three ministers in the three kingdoms; the other two being, Laud for England, and Hamilton for Scotland.

"The condition of Ireland was at this moment (1632) in the highest degree difficult and dangerous."* The liberties of Ireland, in their very birth, were being strangled by Charles' arbitrary government. Falkland's government had failed, he had been obliged to return, and the government was temporarily in the hands of two lords justices. "Imminent was the danger which now beset the government of Ireland. Without the prospect of internal strength, it had no prospect of external aid." Money for the purposes of government was wanting: Wentworth alone seemed fitted to cope with the difficulty.

The delay which Wentworth made in proceeding to Ireland—from January, 1632, to July, 1633—was purposely and wisely devoted by him to preparations in establishment of his future power. He first procured a restriction of the temporary authority of the lords justices; and himself wrote peremptorily and sharply to them.† The further stipulations which he made and obtained are all characteristic of his sagacity, no less than of his ambition‡: and above all, he obtained assent to that most potent and remarkable condition, that 'he was to consider any of those conditions changeable on the spot whenever the advancement of his

* Forster's *Life*, p. 260 et seq.

† Strafford's *Letters and Dispatches*, vol. I. p. 77.

‡ Forster's *Life*, pp. 270, 271.

majesty's affairs required.' As to the policy which he purposed to pursue in Ireland, it is sufficiently described in the following passages:

"Ireland was henceforth to be the scene of an absolute government—the government of a comprehensive mind, but directed to a narrow and mistaken purpose. The first grand object of Wentworth's exertions was to be accomplished in rendering the king's power uncontrollable. Beyond this, other schemes arose. The natural advantages of Ireland, worked to the purpose of her own revenue, might be further pressed to the aid of the English Treasury; and a scheme of absolute power, successfully established in Ireland, promised still greater service to the royalist side in the English struggle."*

"Despote fougeux, tout amour de la patrie, de sa prosperité, de sa gloire n'était pourtant pas éteint dans son cœur, et il comprenait à quelles conditions, par quels moyens le pouvoir absolu veut être acheté. Une administration arbitraire mais forte, conséquente, laborieuse, dédaignant les droits du peuple, mais s'occupant de bien-être public, étrangére aux abus journaliers, aux déréglements inutiles, subordonnant á ses volontés et à ses vues les grands comme les pétits, la cour comme la nation, c'etait là son vœu, le caractère de sa conduite, et celui qu'il s'efforçait d'imprimer au gouvernement du Roi." †

"He had entered Ireland with one paramount object—that of making his master 'the most absolute prince in Christendom,' in so far as regarded that 'conquered country.' Wealthier he had meant her to become, even in the midst of his exactions, but a slave he had resolved to make her, in so far as the popular control was to be admitted over her government." ‡

Such then was the character of Wentworth's rule—

* Forster's *Life*, p. 270.

† Guizot, p. 178.

‡ Forster's *Life*, p. 297.

generously selfish, exactingly liberal. Arrived in Ireland, Wentworth at once assumed a position that taught the Irish lords to feel the immense distance between them and their sovereign's representative. He soon shewed his Privy Council that for the future it was the Lord Deputy alone, and not they, that was to rule Ireland. Wisely, perceiving how grateful the mere name of parliament was to their ears, he advised Charles to allow him to summon one; foreseeing that he would be able to control it as he chose (through the medium of Poyning's Act), and thinking that at the first outset it might forward the establishment of his authority by appearing to sanction it: to Charles he promised that he would divide the parliament into two sessions, one to grant supplies, the other to consider graces; hinting that, the first obtained, the second might be evaded, and the people thus juggled. To this plan, with some reluctance, Charles assented, and in July, 1634, Wentworth having peremptorily disposed of the objections made by the council to his general design and specific proposals, a parliament was assembled, and opened with great pomp by the Lord Deputy, and with a still more startling speech, in which he demanded a constant revenue as the price of the protection afforded them, and advised them to beware of private 'caucuses,' and of dividing the interests of England and Ireland, or of the king and his people. He at once obtained from the Commons the unconditional and enormous grant of six subsidies (about £420,000). From the Convocation of the Irish clergy he obtained eight subsidies; and then peremptorily put down the murmurings of the Peers at these grants. Having thus gained his great object, he easily disposed of the obnoxious graces of the second session, saying that he had transmitted none for approval to England, (which was necessary to their consideration in the Houses,) and that Poyning's act justified him in such a course.

In unison with the wishes of Laud, Wentworth as a part of his "general scheme of government projected reducing all the people of Ireland to a conformity of religion; still it was by measures many of them conceived in a spirit of large and wide spreading policy."* "He knew the useless horrors of theological strife," and he began his work slowly, and at what he judged to be the root of the evil; restoring ruined churches and re-adjusting their revenues, to enable better stipends to be given, and therefore better men to be procured for the offices of the church.

About this time Wentworth applied to the king for an Earldom, thinking that such promotion would exalt his government in the eyes of that "wild and rude people, and therefore be of infinite importance to its security. Notwithstanding his immeasurable and acknowledged services, Charles in his short-sighted and selfish wisdom refused the request."† Disappointed as he was, Wentworth found his relief in the prosecution of vigorous measures, forcing upon the clergy canons and measures which soon produced "a new and most astounding Protestant uniformity."‡ In the next place, after rendering even the lawyers obsequious to the royal prerogative, he re-organized and improved the army; which was in his eyes to be the main agent in the desired establishment of absolute power; but he was foiled by the indolence of the English Court in making it as strong as he wished. He next devoted himself to the improvement, both in certainty and amount, of the revenue; and by the legitimate means of better modes of collection, and the freeing of commerce from the dangers of pirates, &c., he greatly increased the customs; and the removal of certain monopolies also further favoured the increase of trade. He also, by setting up the growth and manufacture of flax, did great benefit to Ireland;

* Forster's *Life*, p. 317.
† *Ibid*, p. 321. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 323.

though his real motive appears from his words, "to serve your majesty completely well in Ireland, we must not only endeavour to enrich *them*, but make sure still to hold them dependent on the crown, and not able to subsist without *us*."

By such politic and vigorous measures Lord Wentworth was enabled, at the end of five years, to announce a surplus of revenue over expenditure amounting to £60,000. He himself wished to continue the parliament, but Charles would not allow it; "like cats," said he, "they (parliaments) ever grow curst with age." At Charles' suggestion he set to work to increase the crown estates by searching after defective titles; and discovered that all Connaught had, many years previously, lapsed to the crown, and that the conveyances subsequently granted were all invalid through flaws. He thereupon proceeded to assert the Royal title by action at law; in Mayo and Sligo he summoned a jury which under his threats found in his favour. In Roscommon he was opposed, but all opponents were heavily fined in consequence. Exasperated at the murmurings both in Ireland and England against his arbitrary government, he determined to make an example of Lord Mountnorris, and for a few insignificant words procured his condemnation to death; the real reason being, as stated by Lord Clarendon that, "either the deputy of Ireland must destroy my Lord Mountnorris while he continued in his office, or my Lord Mountnorris must destroy the deputy as soon as his commission was determined." Having thus reduced Mountnorris to ignominy Wentworth was satisfied with granting him a contemptuous pardon of his life. Here it may be remarked that this fierce prosecution of apparently a personal resentment, was, in fact, as in all cases "the simple carrying out of that despotic principle in its length and breadth, and with reference to its ulterior aims, which had become the very law of his being. The cruelties associated with the name of Lord Mountnorris have their rational

and philosophical solution in this point of view alone."* Nevertheless this treatment of Mountnorris raised a storm against Wentworth. To justify himself, by permission he appeared at court in May 1636; and his account of his measures proved most satisfactory to the king. "He left the court for Wentworth Woodhouse, (his Yorkshire seat) loaded with the applause of the king and his lords of the council, and followed by the awful gaze of doubting multitudes."† After a short stay there, during which he exercised his power of Lord President of the North, just before his departure he again, and on similar but stronger grounds, solicited from Charles and was refused—a bitter disappointment to him—the honour of an Earldom. He returned to Ireland, and resumed his measures with the same vigour and policy as before; augmenting revenue by maintaining security and therefore prosperity—but the security of absolutism.

But little more remains to be told of Wentworth's Irish government; he already saw that the folly of the Court was such as would probably involve him, least of all a participator thereof, in ruin; that his despotical acts were beginning to call forth a loud and bold clamour of disapproval from the popular party at home; and that he had in England no useful, only one real, friend—Laud. The Queen, too, was against him; and she influenced Charles greatly. Still he carried on his government as vigorously as ever, despite public disrepute, bitter enemies, cold friends, and the most painful physical disorders: Chancellor Loftus he deprived of his seals and imprisoned for disputing his judicial functions: the King he most efficiently aided by his advice, dissuading the Spanish war; and by his advice, and by prompt contributions of men and money towards the repression of the Scotch troubles. Charles, in fact, soon began to feel that Wentworth was all in all to him, and called him to his side; leaving the government of

* Forster's *Life*, p. 275. † *ibid*, p. 346.

Ireland to Wandesford, and most tenderly committing his daughters to Lady Clare, his mother-in-law, Wentworth, despite of illness, hastened to join his master, and arrived in London in November, 1639. There his energetic measures overcame the most formidable obstacles; and now at last it was that Charles, induced by the fear of this trusty servant deserting him, granted him tardy honour; creating him Earl of Strafford and Baron of Raby, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In March, 1640, Strafford returned to Ireland, and was received with apparently loyal devotion by the newly assembled parliament, who at once voted four subsidies, and formally thanked him for his good government. This much obtained, and a levy of 8000 men raised, he again, in a fortnight, set sail for England, never again to return.

Here, then, ends the history of Strafford's Irish government. It cannot be doubted that throughout his one object was to establish absolute monarchy at the expense of the constitutional liberty of the subject. Strafford had never imbibed in its highest and truest sense, the meaning and force of the maxim 'salus populi suprema lex.' Trained in the school of 'authority,' and uneducated in, and unsympathising with those broad principles of true liberty, of which the glorious Reformation was at once the exponent and the origin, his great personal ambition and love of power induced him to throw himself eagerly into a cause where he saw that he could, consistently with, nay, in furtherance of his principles, obtain the summit of his desires. Whatever may have been the results of his government we may feel certain of this, that it was not primarily directed to the one legitimate and supreme end of all good government, the greatest good of the governed. The question before the English nation at the present day is, how are we Englishmen to govern Ireland at once consistently with our conceptions of general utility, and without provoking the resentment, rather so as

to draw towards us the affections of the impetuous and inconsiderate Irishman? In considering Strafford's government these points hardly come into consideration: for the objections which apply to it would have applied with even greater force, had its scene been England. His disregard of the exigences of the Celtic character was not, as ours may have been, an Anglo-Saxon disregard; but was based on his theory of absolute government. Thus it was that his trial was "the solemn arbitration of an issue between the two great antagonistic principles, liberty and despotism,"* in which liberty proved triumphant.

The results of Strafford's government may be best summed up in the words of Guizot:

"A peine le gouvernement de l'Irlande fut confié à Strafford, que ce royaume, qui jusque-la n'avait été pour la couronne qu' un embarras et une charge, lui devint une source de richesse et de force. Les dettes publiques y furent payées; le revenu, naguère perçu sans règle et dilapidé sans pudeur, fut administré régulièrement et s'éleva bientôt au-dessus des dépenses; les grands seigneurs cessèrent de vexer impunément les peuples, et les factions aristocratiques ou religieuses de se déchirer en toute liberté. L'armée, que Strafford avait trouvée faible, sans habits, sans discipline, fut recrutée, bien disciplinée, bien payée, et cessa de piller les habitants. A la faveur de l'ordre, le commerce prospéra, des manufactures s'établirent, l'agriculture fit des progrès. Enfin l'Irlande fut gouvernée arbitrairement, durement, souvent même avec une odieuse violence, mais dans l'intérêt de la civilization commune et du ponvoir royal, au lieu d'être, comme jadis, en proie a l'avidité des employés du fisc et à la domination d'une aristocratie égoiste et ignorante."†

The class on whom Strafford's arbitrary rule fell most oppressively was the landed aristocracy; he destroyed

* Forster's *Life*, p. 357.

† Guizot, pp. 179, 180.

their power; and in the confiscation of the Connaught estates did great injustice to a great number. On the lower classes, indeed on the whole community he conferred a great benefit in increased security, the greatest pre-requisite of material prosperity; (though with the great drawback that there was no security against himself); he was wise enough (not so the master whom he served) to know that the surest way of securing a good revenue is to have a prosperous people. Even in the one injustice which was shared in common by the whole nation, the attempt to establish uniformity of religion—an injustice continued even to the present day—he displayed moderation and caution at the outset. But it is not probable that the Irish regarded him with anything but dislike; the whole nation would sympathise keenly with the indignities cast upon their lords justices, their parliaments, and lords of the pale; and burn with anger at the treatment of Loftus, Mountnorris, Clanricarde, Kildare. 'Black Tom' was in no favour with the Irish peasantry.

One word more of Strafford's end. Let it be remembered that it is the closing scenes of his life that are most calculated to awaken sympathy in his favour, to incline the witness of them to palliate his faults. Nothing can exceed the nobleness of his devotion to his master, in the midst of unworthy treatment, of threatening danger, of acute bodily ailment. He perceived the approaching peril, and wished to retire to Ireland—but Charles wanted him; and promised that "while there was a king in England, not a hair of his head should be touched by the parliament." He acceded to the King's wish; his impeachment followed; that great trial in which he defended himself with such magnanimity, and such power, in a speech at once inexpressibly touching and strikingly able, broken though he was with misfortune, bent with disease: then the bill of attainder, directed to the more complete and certain accomplishment of the object of the commons, and resisted by the 'Straffordians,' most of whom were lawyers; the passing of that bill by the peers as well as the commons, and its presentation to the king; Strafford's magnanimous release of the king from his promise, an act in unison with the whole devotion of his life; the wretched King's disgraceful assent to the bill, and his pitiable letter to the Lords; and the one involuntary utterance of the wounded heart—"Nolite confidere principibus et filiis hominum quia non est salus in illis." And then came the closing scene of that eventful life: the last office of the scaffold.*

If, as Hallam says,† it be treason to revere the name of the Earl of Strafford, we may at least be permitted to admire his greatness; and to pity the lot of one who not only devoted his abilities, but also sacrificed his life in the cause of a master to whom he was in everything so immeasurably superior.

N. S. B.

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* May 12th, 1641.

† Hallam, vol. II., p. 55. "But it may be reckoned as a sufficient ground for distrusting anyone's attachment to the English Constitution, that he reveres the name of the Earl of Strafford." At pp. 103-112 of Hallam, will be found a discussion of the legal question involved in Strafford's trial. The account of the Trial in Forster's *Life*, from p. 378 to the end, is most interesting; and there is also a good account in Guizot, pp. 274-289, who says in his preliminary 'Discours,' p. 5: "Strafford était justement accusé et injustement jugé." Throughout, Forster's *Life* has been my principal authority, and I have borrowed from him largely in language as well as substance. Radcliffe's *Essay* is interesting as to Strafford's private life and habits.

A TOUR IN DEHRA DOON.

IT was in the month of October, 1862, that accompanied by some friends, I left the small station of Roorkie for the sacred city of Hurdwar. The rainy season was over. The clouds, "those daughters of the earth and waters and nurslings of the sky, had ceased to weep for human sins." The sun shone out bright and clear, and revealed a most enchanting scene on the banks of the Ganges canal, along which our route lay. Rising one above the other were the mighty Himalayas, clad from base to summit with diverse belts of vegetation; here clumps of acacia, here forests of ilex, and on the higher summits groves of conifers; high above all towered, as though reaching to heaven itself, that lofty range, clad with perpetual snow, whose tips were lit up with a golden hue, while the vast expanse of virgin snow, through many a weary day's march away, rose into the sky with every glacier clearly defined.

It was our first day's journey on a tour through the valley of Dehra Doon. This valley is bounded on the north by the Himalaya mountains, on the south by a low range called the Sewalik hills, and on the east and west by the Ganges and Jumna rivers. It is about forty miles long and twenty broad. Protected alike from the hot winds of the plains and the cold blasts of the Himalayas, the climate is a temperate and salubrious one. It is a land overflowing with milk and honey. Mango and apple, cherry and leechy, grow

side by side. Large and flourishing plantations of tea, coffee, and sugar cane are springing up in the valley, which abounds with every species of game, from tiger to teal.

As I have before mentioned, our course lay along the Ganges canal, one of the greatest engineering works in India, and by far the greatest monument extant of British skill and enterprise. Extending over more than five hundred miles in length, measuring in its depth ten feet, and in its breadth one hundred and seventy, the main irrigation of the Ganges canal is a work which stands unequalled in its kind. The idea that a small band of men, from a distant land beyond the sea, should make the river,—the most sacred in the land, one which has always been regarded with the greatest awe and reverence by the dusky inhabitants, and to propitiate whose favour is the dearest object of their lives,—the means of making their fields fertile and driving away famine—the scourge which spared neither old nor young, but slew them by thousands and tens of thousands—is one full of sentiment and poetry. While the canal was in process of excavation, the priests declared that the waters of the Holy Gunga would never flow down a channel dug by human hands; but they found that British skill and engineering could rule even the waters of the sacred stream. The wily priests, rather than lose their reputation among their followers by a false prophecy, declared that the chief engineer was a son of the goddess herself, and he now occupies a respectable place in the Hindoo Pantheon.

After a couple of hours' ride we arrived at the sacred city of Hurdwar. It is here that the Ganges rushes down from the mountains, clear as crystal. The city is built on the banks of the river, and near the frequent ghauts are built temples dedicated to the Hindoo deities, Ganesh and Shiva.

To Hurdwar come thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India. The Hindoo's life-long wish is to die

at the sacred city, and be thrown at last into its all-holy stream; for he believes that the soul of him who has accomplished this great object will be exempt from the ordeal of repeated birth, and will merge at once into that Infinite General Soul from which it was an emanation. It is this desire to escape further transmigration, to be absorbed into the Infinite, that causes so very many Hindoos to commit suicide in the Ganges on the sacred day. For in April a great fair is held at Hurdwar, and multitudes flock there, for the double purpose of washing their sins away, and of buying and selling. Merchants from different climes and nations then assemble here. The Arab, with his long flowing robe and grey beard, leading a string of fiery coursers; the merchant, with muslins of the most delicate texture that the looms of Dacca can produce; the Afghan, with his small but sturdy steeds, laden with the luscious fruits that grow in his mountain home; jewellers of Delhi, with their large iron boxes filled with precious stones and ornaments of the most exquisite workmanship,—jewels of rare value, fit to shine in a monarch's crown or ransom a captive king.

It being the month of October, however, we found Hurdwar a very quiet, lonely, half-deserted town. The greater number of the inhabitants are priests. For the gentlemen of the cloth, so much of it as there is, the natives have a great respect. The attire of some of the clergy was more remarkable for simplicity than elegance. It consisted of a piece of string and half a cocoa-nut.

Our tents were pitched a couple of miles from the city, on the summit of a hill, and from our tent door we enjoyed the most beautiful prospect that the fondest admirer of the picturesque could desire. Beneath us we could see the Ganges winding in innumerable directions, in one place flowing smoothly down, and in another rushing madly over rocks and glistening stones, and bearing on its waters large trees which had

been hurled from the mountain tops above: opposite us the sacred city, with its countless temples, whose white domes and graceful minarets contrasted well with the woody background.

Next morning we began our regular system of marching. When the site for the next camping ground is determined upon, the camp and attendants move off to it by the most direct route, arriving in time to cook dinner for their masters by the evening. The sportsmen, mounted upon elephants, and attended by their retinue, proceed from one good beat to another, keeping merely the general bearing of the new camp in sight. After shooting all day, the party arrive about dusk in camp. Shouts for dinner are immediately raised, and in a short space of time a dinner "fit to *ask* a man to" is placed on the table. An Indian camp dinner consists of many savoury dishes, all done in a manner which a French *chef* would find it difficult to surpass, in spite of the native cook having to collect his own fuel and make his own stove. This is a very primitive one, consisting merely of three bricks placed upon the ground. Dinner over, cigars are produced, and while discussing some beverage that does both cheer and inebriate, the day's battles are fought over again, and many a good anecdote told or merry joke cracked. It is only after having enjoyed the freedom of camp-life one can fully appreciate the *curse* of civilization.

A day in the Doon, mounted upon a well-trained elephant, with a line of elephants for the purpose of beating up the game, is right royal sport. The bag may not be large, but the deer and other animals are wild, and the birds have not been hatched by machinery nor reared beneath a keeper's tender care. To be a successful sportsman in the Doon, one must not only be accustomed to shooting animals running, but must also be able to adapt his body to the swing of the elephant's step.

The road, on leaving Hurdwar, winds round a hill.

The broad Ganges lay on the right, before us were the Himalayas, and the Valley beneath appeared one boundless forest. For the first three miles we had to keep the main road, as our route lay through a dense jungle. The forest grew more dense as we advanced, and signs of civilization less and less frequent. In it was growing the sal, with its tall and graceful stem, and the huge and majestic oak, the peepue, and the wide-spreading banyan. Many of the trees were covered with gigantic creepers, and many a brilliant flower, that a botanist in Europe would give a small fortune to possess, gleamed amidst the foliage. After proceeding for about a couple of miles, the forest abruptly ended, and we emerged into a grassy plain. In parts we found the grass even higher than the elephants. We formed line, and began beating the grass, and soon had the pleasure of seeing game of every description start from under the elephants' feet. About dusk we arrived in camp, having had a fair day's sport, our bag consisting of two or three deer, a wild boar, and some jungle fowl. Near us was a large encampment, and we were startled to see nearly two hundred elephants picquetted around it. At first we thought it must be the camp of some Indian prince on his way to Hurdwar; but we afterwards learnt that it was the camp of the officer who held the somewhat curious post of Superintendent of the Government Department for Catching Elephants. After dinner we went over to see the gentleman, and spent a very pleasant evening in hearing him narrate his strange adventures. It having been found that the old method of capturing the beast "that hath a serpent for his hand" by means of pitfalls injured them a good deal, a new one has therefore been adopted. A trained female elephant sidles up to the wild male, attracts his attention by those arts so well known and so universally practised by the opposite sex, and then treacherously ties his legs. Whilst she is doing this, another elephant is driven up with a

heavy branch in his trunk. The lady begins her march to the camp, and if the wild gentleman makes any resistance, the heavy branch is freely laid upon his back. Once in camp, he is securely bound and guarded by other elephants, and in a few months becomes perfectly docile. A tame elephant is the most docile of animals. He will fetch for his driver, like a dog, and will guard his property. The driver's wife, when occupied with household duties, leaves the baby under his charge. The little brute (I mean the baby) is placed between the animal's legs, and should it crawl out the elephant lifts it up tenderly, and replaces it with his trunk. The only danger with a tame elephant is that he may become "*must*," or go mad with love, and then he will slay the very driver whom but a day before he so implicitly obeyed, and will roam about attacking everything that comes in his way. A tame elephant in the Doon once became "*must*," and killed an old woman. A native servant announced the news to his master in the following English letter:—

"My Lord,—This morning the elephant, by sudden motion of snout and foot, killed one old woman. All inhabitants with fear."

This letter is equalled only by an official communication, written by an English serjeant on the Canals, who had been reprimanded by his superior officer:

"Sir,—I am sorry you should find fault with my work, as I always try to do my duty in that portion of the Canals in which it has pleased God to call me."

But I am digressing—Next morning we learnt from the villagers that our route would lie through a good tiger country; in order, therefore, not to frighten the royal beasts, we determined to reserve our batteries. Having made this resolve, we were sorely tantalized the whole morning through, by seeing within easy range every species of game but the one of which we were in search. Towards noon we were beating a small grassy glade, when, suddenly, I perceived a huge

black mass in the forest moving towards us. Before a minute had elapsed, the driver of my elephant shouts, ("Junglee hatti, junglee hatti!")—"Wild elephant, wild elephant!" and there emerged from the forest a large elephant with a pair of splendid tusks. The moment he caught sight of us, the brute halted—B——s fired, and I heard the crash of the bullet, as if it had struck a tree, and I saw the huge beast sway to and fro; every moment I was expecting it to fall, when, suddenly, it raised its trunk and trumpeted forth a loud yell of mingled rage and pain, which caused the woods to ring again. Then suddenly turning round it dashed into the forest—we gave chase; and for nearly three hours we beat the country round without success. We then made our way to the camp. The day's bag was nil—we had lost the elephant, and had not come across a tiger.

In England one is often asked, "Have you shot a Tiger?" as if it were a great exploit to have done so. The dangers of tiger hunting are much exaggerated. The animals have but a poor chance against sportsmen mounted on steady elephants and armed with good rifles withal. The great risks are the elephants' running away if timid, and by dashing the rider's head against the projecting branch of a tree, proving to an incredulous world that he possesses brains; or should the elephant chance to be a fierce male, in its charging the tiger, and in order to crush it, falling upon its knees, so shooting the sportsman off the howdah among the combatants—a position by no means to be envied.

Before dawn the tents were struck and we re-commenced our march to Dehra. A great portion of the journey lay through dense forests, but on nearing the town, the land we passed through was nothing but a vast expanse of cultivated ground. On one side we viewed fields of golden corn, on the other large tea plantations. The tea plant bears some resemblance to the ilex, but the leaf is smaller and more darkly

green, the blossom is mostly white: side by side with the tea grew the tall and graceful sugar cane. Dehra is one of the most picturesque towns in India. The houses are surrounded with the most fertile gardens. In the same garden you may see the oak and the bamboo growing; strawberries are so plentiful there that they sell for twopence a pound, and the market value of the finest peaches is but small. The roads are lined with hedges of Persian roses of the deepest crimson dye and the most delicious perfume. We stayed at Dehra for a week, receiving from our friend there thorough Indian hospitality. I write *Indian*, because there is no hospitality like it in the world. A friend, when he asks you to his house, does not mention the exact number of days you are to remain; of course he does not expect you to follow the example of the illustrious poet and divine, who, being asked to luncheon, stayed thirty years. A cynical Indian on his return from England was asked how he enjoyed himself: "Not at all," was his reply, "my brother nodded to me in the streets, and my mother asked me to lunch."

Dehra is decidedly a civilized Indian station. It contains a church, a billiard table, and a circulating library. For the Bengalee librarian's knowledge of English I cannot say much; for in the catalogue of the library may be read the following entry:

Mill on Political Economy.
Do. on Logic.
Do. on the Floss.

The Bengalee Baboo is an unique creature. To describe him is beyond my power. He speaks and spells English correctly, writes a good clerkly hand, and his style of composition is decidedly Johnsonian. A certain number are employed by Government in every office. An Indian officer used to put his Baboo to a somewhat strange use, and one possibly not contemplated by the government. Now and then he used to ask the Baboo the following question: "Baboo, is it mail day?"

(*Bab.*) "Yes, my lord."

(*Off.*) "Then, Baboo, write to my mother and bring the letter for my signature."

And Baboo did even so.

The day before leaving Dehra we sent the servants with the elephants and tents to a place distant about thirty miles, where we heard good shooting and fishing were to be had. Next morning we rode out. We stopped half-way, to have breakfast with an old Indian colonel. This gentleman had established a colony of native Christians on his estate. During breakfast we discovered that our host had something heavy on his mind. At length the secret oozed out. He told us that two of his flock had informed him that there were some native Christians in a neighbouring station who would like to join his community, but were prevented from want of money: if he would advance some, they would go and fetch them. He consented, and the two to whom he had advanced the money had gone away, but never returned. On inquiry, he had just learnt that they had spent the cash in portioning their daughters. Innocently I inquired their names. The old gentleman replied, with considerable warmth, "Abraham and Moses." We left with a feeling of sadness, for we thought, if Abraham and Moses were so bad, what must the rest of the flock be like?

On reaching our tents, we found that some Tatars had taken up their quarters for the night near us. In the evening we paid a visit to their encampment. The sturdy little goats, that had carried their merchandise for them across the mountains, were carefully picquetted, and large fires were lighted to keep the wild beasts away. A couple of large, fierce-looking sheep dogs were lying by the fire, sharing their masters' meal. Both men and women were extremely ugly. Their clothes consisted of a single blanket. This blanket is worn by them until it falls to pieces through

age and wear. A love of water is not a prominent trait in a Tatar's character. After much haggling, we purchased from them a goat, and two pods of the musk deer, and tried hard to buy one of their praying wheels, but were not successful, as it is considered a very serious crime for a Tatar to part with that article. The wheel is a small brass cylinder filled with papers, on which prayers are written by the priests, which, revolving on a brass axis, makes a noise like a policeman's rattle. Each revolution is considered a prayer, and is supposed to bring a Tatar one step nearer to salvation. An ingenious Tatar, I believe, has started, in his own village in Thibet, a praying wheel turned by water power, and for the small sum of sixpence, a person may have perpetual prayers offered up. He has, I hear, many customers. The world improves but slowly. In Christian England we have no praying wheels, but we have the parish clerk.

The next morning was devoted to shooting black partridges and jungle fowl. In the afternoon a native guided us to a spot where he stated there was a large stone with an inscription on it. On arriving at the place, we found the stone to be a huge rock covered with an inscription. This was an ancient *Buddhist* one. We afterwards discovered that the inscription was a most important one. For many years Indian archæologists have been sorely tantalized by their Buddhist inscriptions ending with the following words, "Ye will find more written on the rock at the capital, Khalsi, which is built upon a spot where two great waters meet." On inquiry, we learnt that about a couple of miles from the stone there was a village called Khalsu Kangra, and that in olden times it used to be called Khalsi alone. A hundred yards from the stone the river Tonse runs into the Jumna, and we found likewise that the Tonse, which is a small stream, is considered by the natives the more sacred of the two.

The sun was declining when we set out to return to

our tents, and flood on flood of beauty steeped the earth. A sea of fire surrounded the sun's setting orb, and the hill tops were mantled with gold. The shadows in the valleys grew darker and deeper, and the rocks and trees less defined; the only sounds that broke the stillness of the air were the murmur of the river and the hum of insects, those "tiniest bells on the garment of silence." As we gazed upon those grand old mountains, we thought of the ages that had passed away since first they rose, and of the changes that had been wrought, and looking on those peaks which faded in the sky, our thoughts were turned to that far off dim world of eternity, where there is neither change nor end.

SYLVANUS.

OUR CHRONICLE.

THIS term, although fertile in questions of interest to the University, presents but few incidents which require special notice in our 'Chronicle.'

In the University examination the College has been extremely successful. We have in the Mathematical Tripos 9 Wranglers, besides the senior, Mr. Moulton; while the Classical Tripos list contains 5 Johnian names in the first class. Mr. T. Moss being fourth.

The Craven Scholarship was adjudged to Mr. G. H. Hallam.

The Rev. John V. Durell, M.A. (B.A. 1860), Fellow and Tutor of this College, has been instituted by the Bishop of Ely to the Rectory of Fulbourn St. Vigor's.

The Rev. A. C. Haviland, M.A., has been presented by the College to the Rectory of Lilly, Herefordshire.

The Rev. John Creeser, M.A. (B.A. 1864), has been licensed to the Curacy of Lamyat, Somerset.

The Rev. John Edward Symns, M.A. (B.A. 1858), has been licensed to the curacy of St. John's, Bathwick, Somerset.

The Rev. Richard Underwood, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Hereford, has been appointed Prebendary of Colwall, in Hereford Cathedral.

The Rev. Philip Hale, M.A. (B.A. 1840), has been presented by Viscount Hood to the Vicarage of Wolfhamcote, near Rugby.

The Rev. George Law Harkness, M.A. (B.A. 1847), Rector of St. James's, Shaftesbury, has been appointed Chaplain of Shaftesbury Union Workhouse.

The Rev. William Willes Hobson, B.A. (1837), has been instituted to the Rectory of Sizeland, Norfolk, of which he is patron.

The Rev. D. Haslewood, M.A. (B.A. 1846), has been appointed to the Vicarage of Kettlewell, near Skipton, Yorkshire.

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

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.
Treasurer: J. Watkins.
Secretary: W. H. Simpson.
1st Captain: A. J. Finch.
2nd Captain: F. A. Macdona.
3rd Captain: J. W. Dale.

The following is the crew of the 3rd boat in the 2nd Division races this term:

1	F. S. Bishop.	6	E. L. Pearson.
2	H. Latham.	7	W. Lawrance.
3	E. W. M. Lloyd.		J. W. Bakewell (*stroke*).
4	A. A. Bourne.		H. B. Adams (*cox*).
5	W. Almack.		

The Lady Margaret Boat Club Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 7th, the following being the winning crew:

1	H. Latham.	J. W. Horne (*stroke*).
2	H. Stokes.	H. B. Adams (*cox*).
3	W. Almack.	

The Bateman pairs were rowed for on Saturday, March 4th, and won by

1	J. W. Bakewell.	A. J. Finch (*stroke*).

In the Rifle Corps, we are glad to state that our College Company has lately increased considerably in numbers. At the inspection, which took place on March 24th, the Company numbered 55 of all ranks.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Wednesday, March 25th, and won by Captain Roe, with a score of 71 points.

The Company Scratch Fours for the present term were won on March 10th, by the following squad;

Lance-Corp. Noon.	Private Baynes.
,, Lambert.	,, Roberts.

The Roe Challenge Cup was won at the last competition by Sergt. W. F. J. Hanbury.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following interesting notice:

It was proposed at the commencement of this year that as many as possible of the old crew should meet at Cambridge, and with the present first Crew entertain the Bishop of New Zealand in order to congratulate him on his appointment to the see of Lichfield. The Bishop fixed on the 24th of February as the only day that he had at liberty. Eight of the "old boys" would have appeared on the occasion, four others being prevented by duties which could not be deferred. The Master had offered the Combination room for the dinner, and the president granted the privilege of catering from the College kitchens, when, to the great disappointment of all, the meeting
off in consequence of the death of Lady Selwyn, wife of Lord Justice Selwyn, late M.P. for the University.

The limits of invitation to the "old crew" were from Lent term, 1828, when on the 23rd of February in their new boat they went to the head of the river, to December 3rd, 1830, when, in a match against the University Crew that pulled against the Oxford men at Henley, filled up from the University, the "Ladye Margarette" won. The legitimate racing season ended the Easter term previous. Between the above limits 55 races were pulled, and the "Ladye Margarette" was head of the river in 1841. Three men only pulled in the 55 races; Nos. 8, 7, and 6 in the Easter term. No. 8 went first Bishop to New Zealand; No. 7, first Bi
castle; and No. 6, first Chaplain to Canton.

The following are extracts from the "President's Book," October term, 1830: A crew consisting of

Warren, Trinity, Captain	Entwistle, Jun., Trinity
Thompson, Jesus	Nash, Trinity
Madison, Jesus	Banks, John's
Macdonald, Trinity	White, Trinity

challenged any crew in the University. The challenge was accepted by the following members of the Johnian Boat Club.

Selwyn, Captain	Tyrrell
Winter	Abdy
Eyton	Snow
Merivale	Hoare

On Saturday November 27th, the race was pulled, which was decided in favour of the latter after a very severe contest. The Johnian boat started first.

The crews referred to above were head of the river for two years (with few exceptions), and were for the most part scholars and First Class men of the College.

In answer to the question—

"Where are they now, our fearless band?"

the following is added as accounting, in part, for the manner in which the members of the (of course slightly varying) crew "have sped with sail and oar."

Bishops	2	Hulsean Lecturer	1
Canons	3	Chancellor's Medals	2
Chaplain to House of Commons	1	Browne's ,, ...	7
Rural Deans	2	Craven Scholar	1
Surrogates	2	Bell ,, (3 men bracketed equal)	
Historian of Rome	1	Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar ..	1
Judge of County Court ..	1	Norrisian Prizeman	1
London Magistrate	1	Wranglers	5
County Magistrates	5	Senior Classic	1
Lady Margaret Prof. of Divinity	1	In first class Classical Tripos ..	4

College Fellowships, &c.

Fellows	6	College Prizemen	31
Scholars	13		

At a general meeting of the St. John's College Athletic Club, held at the beginning of this term, Mr. R. Fitzherbert was elected president, and Mr. W. Lee-Warner treasurer and secretary, of the club. Mr. W. Hoare and Mr. F. Haslam were elected to vacancies in the committee.

The College Sports took place on Fenner's Ground, on Thursday and Friday, February 20 and 21, with the following result:

FIRST DAY.

Walking Race—.All disqualified. No prize given.
Throwing the Hammer.—W. Lee-Warner,
Broad Jump.—Lambert, 1; Cotterill, 2.
Two Mile Race.—Micklefield walked over.
Handicap Half-mile.—Bros, 1; Hutchins, 2.
Quarter Mile Race (For Volunteer Cup):—Lambert, 1; Hey, 2.

SECOND DAY.

100 Yards Race.—Lambert, 1; Smith, 2.
Putting the Weight.—Hodges, 1; Hoare, 2.
High Jump.—Lee-Warner, 1; Hey, 2.
Hurdle Race 120 Yards.—Lambert, 1; Lee-Warner, 2.
Mile Race.—Micklefield, 1; W. Griffith, 2.
Quarter Mile Race.—Bainbridge, 1; Lambert, 2.
Consolation Race (150 Yards).—Cotterill, 1.

The University Sports commenced on March 17th, and continued the two following days. The following members of our College distinguished themselves by obtaining prizes:

Third of a Mile Handicap.—Second Trial Heat. A. Bros, (32 yards) 1; W. Wybergh, (25 yards) 3. Final Heat.—W. Wybergh, 1; A. Bros, 3.

Quarter Mile.—First Trial Heat. A. W. Lambert, 2. Final Heat.—A. W. Lambert, 2.

Hurdle Race.—Second Trial Heat. A. W. Lambert, 1; W. W. Cooper, 2. Third Trial Heat. R. Fitzherbert, 1. Final Heat.—R. Fitzherbert, 2; after a dead heat with C. Pitt Taylor, 3rd Trinity.

Half Mile.—A. W. Lambert, 1; E. B. Hutchins, 2.

Three Miles.—E. B. Micklefield, 2.

A meeting of the Stained Glass Fund Committee was held on February 22nd, at which various resolutions were adopted, of which the most important was one requesting the Secretary to communicate with the Master and Seniors, placing at their disposal £1500, to be devoted to the filling of the West window. The Committee of Taste, appointed Feb. 15, 1865, have kindly undertaken all necessary arrangements with regard to choice of subject and artist. A donation of £6 6*s*., from Mr. J. R. Sparkes, to the fund, was accidentally omitted from our last list of subscriptions received.