

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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Contents :

	PAGE
Hamlet. An Analysis	193
The Song of the Pipe	208
A Wandering Eaglet. Flight the Second.—Across Belgium	209
Turgidus Alpinus	221
A Study from Morte D'Arthur	225
Idle Words	243
New Poems by Matthew Arnold	244
Our Chronicle	250

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

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

Rejected communications will be returned by the Secretary on application.

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

St. John's College, December, 1868.



HAMLET: AN ANALYSIS.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

ACT IV. *Scene 1.* The king, when he hears of Polonius' death, is true to the character which had before been drawn of him. Not a single expression of pity for his fate, but first the thought that that fate might easily have been his own, and indeed was probably intended for him; and next, the fear that the death of one who, from the part which he had borne in his election, was evidently a man of influence in Denmark, would be laid to himself. The queen is still in the tender mood which Hamlet's remonstrances have called up; but she meets the king as before. Hamlet's sorrow for Polonius' death has appeared to her more real than we can deem it ourselves. His removal is finally determined upon—it would seem by the language of the king that it had before been mooted.

We must notice here once more the utter absurdity of the division of the acts. This scene is inseparably connected with the three previous ones, as indeed are the three that follow.

Scene 2 is chiefly remarkable for the mixture of biting earnestness and ambiguous talk. Hamlet's indignant denunciation of these "sponges" that soak up the king's authority, &c. is a natural fruit of his knowledge of their counsel, which he can keep so well. (The allusion, I suppose, is to the plans of their voyage). There is something ridiculous in the way in which Guildenstern fires up at the king's being called a *thing*,

and yet it shows some trace of honesty in his courtiership.

Scene 3 gives the reasons for the king's discord and dismay. On the one side stand the dangers that arise from Hamlet's going loose; on the other the affections of the multitude, who, attracted by his many brilliant qualities, would be likely to look only at the punishment and not at the offence.

Hamlet is brought in a prisoner, and entertains his audience with one of those disquisitions on the progress of bodily decay, of which we have so much in the graveyard scene. He seems to be partial to this revolting side of death. But here there is a slight undercurrent of meaning which must not be unnoticed—"your *fat king*, and your lean beggar is but variable service. . . . that's the end." The king himself will come to this same death.—Hamlet is sent away, and at his last parting refuses to take any notice of his uncle.

Scene 4 is another of those interesting additions which belong to the play in its later form. The character of Fortinbras, which is omitted in the acting editions, is of very little importance in the development of the story, and can well be dispensed with from that point of view: but as the type of a bold and chivalrous soldier, who cannot be content to rest at home, he only brings out in stronger relief the weak points in Hamlet's character, his want of *energy and sustained effort*. Laertes is the man of the world, not a man of restless activity, but ready, when once an object is set before his eyes, to follow it up at all hazards: Fortinbras is the man of honour that will, in honour's cause, greatly find quarrel in a straw—restless and longing for employment—two sides of the active temperament both in strong contrast to Hamlet.

The latter on his way to the coast, to take ship for England, falls in with a detachment of the army which was originally levied against Denmark, but now is being led against the Poles. The question in dispute

is the possession of a little patch of ground of no value in itself; but the brave soldier looks not at that, but at the stain on his honour if he resigns it without a struggle. This gives Hamlet an occasion for another of his delicate analyses of character. He cannot but be struck by the contrast. His very sense of the loftiness of the powers of man serves to taunt him with his inaction. He is perfectly sensible of his own weakness, that looking with craven scruple too precisely on the event, that scanning it ever on all sides, which is fatal to action. Action must proceed from extremes; the judicial and the executive faculty must always be distinct. No truer, no nobler definition of true greatness could be found than those lines—

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake.

To abide by principles and not to suffer them to be attacked in the slightest way, but to be ever ready to make concessions on points of little consequence where no principle is involved.

And yet, like all his great soliloquies, it leads to nothing:

From this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.

Bloody they are, but the blood is that of his two innocent mates. He makes no effort to escape the voyage; but though he has cause and will and strength and means and the strongest excitements to his revenge, yet he lets all sleep.

Scene 5. Some short time has elapsed: Hamlet is gone. Polonius' death has produced the troubles which Claudius feared, and he himself by letting him be buried in secret, has only deepened the impression which he thus dreaded, and given rise to more unwholesome thoughts and whispers. Laertes, on the news of his father's death, has secretly come from France,

and is led to suspect foul play. Ophelia's mind has not been strong enough to bear up against such a blow, her reason is gone, and she is a poor harmless maniac. Yet the old threads of thought are not wholly severed: the very words of her madness are suggestive of its cause, the very songs she sings of that which is uppermost in her thoughts. Her true love is gone across the seas like a pilgrim:

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Her father "is dead and gone":

At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be—who would have thought such a fate would be her's?

I do not know what to say of the Valentine song; whatever may be said of the songs of Shakespeare's time, I do not find that in other places the songs are inserted haphazard, certainly not here. The main idea expressed by this, is that of *desertion* by her lover; the form of it implies a more sensuous mind than that of an Imogen or an Isabella. But whatever we may think of this, no one can refuse a tear of sympathy to that pathetic sigh, "I cannot choose but weep to think that they should lay him in the cold ground."

The guilt of king and queen has some of its fruits in an uneasy conscience, which dreads every comer. The queen refuses to speak even with the innocent and harmless Ophelia, and it is only the thought of the dangerous conjectures which she may strew in ill-breeding minds that make her consent to give her admittance. The king is haunted by the same fears: "Follow her close—give her good watch." "Where are my switzers? let them guard the doors." The queen as yet knows nothing of the plot against Hamlet's life, to

her he is still "the most violent author of his own remove."

At this juncture Laertes arrives, and such is the decline of the king in the popular favour that the people at once espouse his cause, and offer him the kingdom: "Choose we: Laertes shall be king!" Laertes bursts in, and in passionate language demands his father. The king's confidence in the divinity which doth hedge a king, is somewhat inconsistent with his previous fears, and partakes of the nature of bombast.

The character of Laertes is valuable only as a foil to that of Hamlet. We have seen in him the man of tact, listening with reverent attention to his father's counsel, and giving careful and affectionate advice to his sister. I have given my reasons for declining to look upon him as an empty-headed dandy, as he is sometimes represented. He here shows the same affection for his father and sister, together with a stern resolution for which we are hardly prepared. And this resolution is expressed not merely in violent words: "To hell! allegiance," &c, but in all calmness:

My means, I'll husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

Nor shall his revenge draw together both friend and foe—but the same love for his father, which makes him bent on revenging his death, shall make him open wide his arms to all that father's friends. He has not a moiety of Hamlet's mental gifts: but he beats him in his careful discrimination of friend and foe.

His passion is turned, and his longing for revenge whetted by the appearance of Ophelia:

Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

I do not know whether Shakespeare intended to use the language of flowers; if so, the fennel, the sign of *libertinism*, and columbines, the *thankless* flower, are meant for the king who has been so ungrateful to the

minister to whom principally he owed his election to the kingdom: the rue, the sign of *sorrow* and *repentance*, for the queen and herself. Violets she would give, the emblem of *faithfulness*; but they all withered when her father died—he was the only one who had been faithful to her. What a depth of simple pathos in these few words!

Scene 6 requires no note save that here, as later, Hamlet speaks as though what he had discovered concerning Rosencrantz's mission had been entirely unexpected by him.

Scene 7 throws some light upon the character of the king and develops somewhat further that of Laertes. The two have conferred together and the king has explained in his own way the circumstances of Polonius' death, and has paved the way for the compact which they afterwards make, by showing that he too had equal reasons for hating Hamlet and for taking revenge upon him. Hamlet's misdeeds have been represented by him in the blackest light, for Laertes at once asks why feats so criminal have not been signally punished. The reasons he assigns are plausible and not altogether untrue, but the main cause is without doubt his sense of his own insecurity. His throne was not so firmly established that he could afford to set popular opinion at defiance or to offend the queen. Hamlet had won the affections of the people, whether it were by his own noble qualities or by the memory of his father's deeds, and any attack upon him would remind them that he had been baulked of the election to the kingdom, which he might fairly look forward to at his father's death. But now that the cunning king has found some one who may bear the burden of blame, his plans to secure himself and his position may no longer sleep. There is however apparently no haste, but Laertes shall presently hear more—hear, that is, how he and his new ally are alike avenged by Hamlet's treacherous death. The words are hardly out of his lips, when another turn is

given to their whole design by the news that Hamlet is returned. The news is at first unintelligible to the king, who thinks that he has checked at the voyage, and refuses to undertake it further, (a proof that he might have avoided it altogether, had he so chosen).

With the quickness of thought he has a new plan ready; it would almost seem as if he had had some inkling of the possible failure of his former one. Laertes is to kill his foe by secretly choosing an unbated sword in a fencing match, and, to make certainty doubly sure, the king will have prepared a poisoned cup for him to drink of while he is fencing. Such is the sum of the plot—what deserves notice is the crafty way in which Claudius introduces it. He is evidently not prepared for such a ready acceptance of his proposal. He begins by an insidious eulogy of Laertes' skill in fence, which he represents as specially commended by one whom Laertes evidently regards as a model of skill in knightly exercises,—the gem of the whole nation—one whose praise confers especial honour. This praise has excited Hamlet's envy; he has often wished to play with him. Then before he proposes his treacherous scheme he stirs up his intended tool to the necessary pitch of unreflecting passion by an appeal to his love for the father. When Laertes professes himself ready even to violate the sanctity of the church if so he could obtain his revenge, he thinks he may safely disclose his plan, which Laertes improves upon by suggesting the use of a poisoned sword, whose least graze will not fail of doing deadly hurt. To secure the match they lay a wager upon it. We have seen more than once before how much in the play seems to be spoken *at* Hamlet—here is another instance:

that we would do
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing.

The queen's report of Ophelia's death is very beautiful, but it presents difficulties. Why did not those who saw her, when

her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old songs,

come to her aid and rescue her? Has the "good Homer" been drowsy when he penned these lines, or does the queen give a circumstantial fictitious account in order to hide from Laertes a suicide which is hinted at in the next scene? But whether she was thus accidentally drowned—or did violently fordo her own life, can make no difference in our pity for this fair maid, whose share of life's happiness was so brief, whose tender affections had been the plaything of fortune. Holding as I do that she is somewhat commonplace compared with many others of Shakespeare's heroines, that in strength of character, that is, she is immeasurably inferior to an Imogen or a Beatrice, yet I think there are very few characters more true, or portrayed with greater tenderness and simplicity in the whole of his writings. She is a good type of the weak and trusting woman, needing some support to cling to, father or brother or husband, and content ever to submit lovingly and dutifully to the wishes of others, rather than take a stand for herself, and while we condemn her weakness in yielding so promptly to the somewhat degrading commands of her father, we must not forget that she is but a girl, innocent and unversed in the ways of the world. Such women may not be heroines, but they are women, true, loveable women.

Laertes' manly grief is to our mind somewhat marred by his illtimed play on words—the rest of his short speech bears the mark of genuine feeling—and the king evidently dreads the effect of the news on his passion previously kindled.

ACT V. *Scene 1.* This is hardly the place to enter the lists with Voltaire, and the defenders of the unities and the dignity of tragedy, whose critical taste is so shocked by scenes like this. But we can afford to say thus much. Shakespeare is the poet of human life, and Hamlet in particular is the drama of a human life—for, however different men may agree in their idea of some characters in his plays, every man is his own Hamlet. And in human life the direst tragedy does not come in solitary dignity with tragic mask and cothurnus, but walks side by side with the most trivial incidents, the most everyday events. It is this very contrast that brings out the tragic pathos of human life. It were hard to define where comedy ends and where tragedy begins—where we are to draw the line between the genial merriment of the former, and the hysterical laughter of the latter. The two extremes are ever meeting. This is true in one individual life: it is still more true that "tragedy may be acting in high places, and gnawing care prevailing in kings' houses, and still the sequestered life of vassals and villagers may proceed serenely; and common thoughts will still make up the daily sum of their existence." (Dr. Conolly). Nor is it only as a picture of the combinations of actual life that this scene may be defended. Even in an artistic point of view it is not out of place. After the strain of the deep tragedy of the last few scenes the mind needs some rest, and so the almost violent change serves that artistic purpose of repose which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so beautifully illustrated in the opening of the sixth scene of the first act of Macbeth. And further, it has a distinct part in the play as one of the few places where Hamlet is shown to us in a sober rational mood. This of course refers only to the middle and latter part of it—but that is invaluable. We can readily see how a mind so fond of minute moralizing on the shallowness and emptiness of all this world's show—on the vanity of human

wishes—so fond of verbal quibble and fence—is just the one to burst into a sudden electric flame of passion—just the one to be unstrung by a sudden emotion. And this is precisely the account which his mother gives of his fits of madness:

Thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Everything in this scene points to the theory of Ophelia's suicide. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation? asks one clown. If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial, shrewdly suggests the other.

But that great command o'ersways the order
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged.—
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls—

are the words of the priest.

Hamlet is just returned—and is walking with his friend Horatio through the churchyard. His sense of propriety is shocked that a man should sing at grave-digging; but his philosophic mind not only assents to Horatio's remark that it is the effect of custom, but generalises upon it: "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." It is futile to ask with Dr. Bucknill, "Does custom blunt the fingers of a watchmaker, the eyes of a printer, or the auditory nerve of the musician?" Just as the gravedigger performs his business without any thought of its seriousness, so the watchmaker does his work without any thought of its difficulty, or of special skill on his own part—he loses all thought of its concomitants. So that even in this view the maxim is true. But it has a far deeper and wider meaning. Activity implies one-sidedness. The gravedigger, the watchmaker, the musician, all

cultivate their particular craft at the expense of some one faculty. The keen speculative faculty, the faculty of overcultivated thought—which sees at a glance the different sides of a question—is inconsistent with a life of activity. A Fortinbras would not be able to analyse character with the close perception and the keen eye of a Hamlet; and a Fortinbras would see no such incongruity in the gravedigger's singing, nor would his bones ache to think they might be used to play at loggats with. The whole character of the passage forbids the literal interpretation—the daintier sense is mental, not bodily.

The conversation with the gravedigger, with all its quips and puns, shows us how Hamlet had won the affections of the people: his natural way of holding intercourse with them. I need not dwell on its details—the world-famed "Alas poor Yorrick," and the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole—save to notice the words "Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come," which, were they found in Sophocles would be quoted as an instance of his well-known irony—such an unconscious prophecy are they of that which is to come. But Hamlet knows not the woe that has befallen him, and it is not till Laertes speaks of his sister that he gathers the reason of his presence. What a blow it was to him we may see in his sudden cry, "What! the fair Ophelia!" He listens in silence to his mother's affectionate farewell to the dead, and to Laertes' curses on himself, he is too stunned to reply to them; but when the bravery of Laertes' grief takes so extravagant a form, the madman in him is stirred—he cannot thus forego his share in the grief for the poor girl's death. The passionate fit soon passes; but as usual he does not see his own responsibility for his own outburst—

What is the reason that *you* use me so?
I loved you ever.

The king looks forward with longing to the time when all this worry shall be over—

An hour of quiet shall we shortly see,
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

In the former part of *Scene 2* the meaner qualities of Hamlet's character are distinctly brought out. He gives no reason for his suspicion, nor explains why he sought out his companions, and fingered their packet. He only tells us he was in a state of general unrest. And note how the man in all his tale of trickery drags in the name of providence. Has he known that there is some treachery afoot which makes him try to outwit his companions, innocent though they be—there's a divinity doth shape our ends. Does he want to seal the commission for the murder of these same comrades—then his having his father's seal is the ordinance of heaven; the knavery and its consequence to innocent victims are alike indifferent to him. But he has gained one point by his voyage; he who could not be stirred by the frequent admonitions of his father's ghost, who did not find sufficient motive for revenge in his father's murder, his mother's seduction, and the frustrating of his own hopes of election to the kingdom, finds all his scruples of conscience vanish when the king has thrown out his angle for his proper life.

His paroxysm of madness is past, and he is calm enough to regret what he has done. He sees how strong were Laertes' reasons for passion,—

by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his,—

words which are the key to Shakespeare's dramatic purpose in the character of Laertes. It is hard to see why the silly and affected Osric is introduced. We have had sufficient specimens of Hamlet's power of quizzing. The reason can only be found, I think, in the bad fashion of the time, against which Shakespeare wished to protest. To decipher this inflated talk in detail is a

thankless and a useless task, which neither helps us to an understanding of the play, nor gives us any greater mastery of English.

We come to the match itself. The queen, who knows nothing of the treachery which this match conceals and is anxious only that Hamlet should act like a noble gentleman, sends to suggest that he should make a proper *amende* to Laertes before engaging with him. Hamlet consents. He feels pretty confident about the result of the fencing, but he is overpowered by a strange despondency, "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart;" he tries to speak lightly of it, professes to disbelieve all such omens, but it is there, and he takes refuge in a sort of fatalism: "if it be now 'tis not to come," &c.

The king and queen with the rest of the court enter, and Hamlet with noble courtesy goes up to Laertes and asks his pardon for the wrong he has done him.

This speech is important if we are to decide the question of his madness. There have been occasions when he has clearly been feigning, but that feigning has always been confined to acts, and he has never distinctly proclaimed his madness, but rather has qualified it: "I am but mad north-north-west—when the wind is in the south I know a hawk from a handsaw." But here is a speech delivered at a solemn time, with a dark foreboding at his heart, a speech which bears every mark of honest truthful utterance, he distinctly confesses that there are times when he is not himself, that he is punished with a sore distraction. Laertes by a nice distinction or quibble takes care that the match shall not be broken off. He reserves his terms of honour. He could hardly accept Hamlet's apologies unreservedly, and be guilty the next moment of the treachery which he was meditating; he is ready to sacrifice much of his knightly honour to secure his revenge, but this is too much for him. The match begins. The king tries to divert suspicion from himself by his pre-

tended anxiety that Hamlet should win. They fight—the two first bouts Hamlet wins, in the third Laertes' resolution almost fails him—but he succeeds in wounding Hamlet and is then wounded himself with his own rapier. The queen meanwhile has drunk of the poisoned cup and dies. Laertes falls and proclaims his treachery and the king's. The long-intended moment comes, the king at last meets his punishment. Hamlet begins to faint, but has still strength enough to prevent Horatio from drinking of the poisoned cup. Even here his egotism shews itself,—

O good Horatio! what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
 To tell my story.

This egotism seems to me a part of his character which has been too much overlooked, it is a trait which naturally accompanies "that predominance of the contemplative faculty, by which man becomes the creature of mere meditation." Too much of the noble and heroic has been given to Hamlet: the critics ought to have seen that nothing can account for the popularity of the play (and the play is *Hamlet*) but his thorough *humanness*, if I may coin the word: it is this which gives it all its interest.

After this careful analysis of the play I distinctly accept the madness of Hamlet, understanding by that term a disturbance of the proper balance of the mind, so that while it lasts the victim is not responsible for his acts. I believe that with a madman's crafty wish to hide from himself his derangement, and with a clever man's perception that the character of a madman would serve his ends, he does at times put on an antic disposition. To this belong the scenes with Polonius, and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The scenes with Ophelia are instances of real derangement, the former

more complete than the latter. When he kills Polonius, he is excited but not mad.

For the clue to his character I accept Coleridge's criticism as in the main correct; Goethe's, great as is the stimulus it has given to Shakesperian criticism, falls short of the truth. (See Coleridge, *Literary Remains*, vol. II. p. 205. His notes on the play are noble examples of what a commentary should be).

Coleridge well remarks of this last act that Shakespeare seems to mean all Hamlet's character to be brought together before his final disappearance from the scene: his meditative excess, (in the gravedigging,) his yielding to passion with Laertes, his love for Ophelia blazing out, his tendency to generalize on all occasions (in the dialogue with Horatio), his fine gentlemanly manners (with Osric), and his and Shakespeare's own fondness for presentiment.—

He was likely, had he been put on,
 To have proved most royally.



THE SONG OF THE PIPE.

FROM THE MASNAVÍ OF MAULAVÍ RUMÍ.

List to the reed that now with gentle strains
Of separations from its home complains:

Down where the waving rushes grow
I murmured with the passing blast,
And ever in my notes of woe
There live the echoes of the past.

My breast is pierced with sorrow's dart
That I my piercing wail may raise,
Ah me! The lone and widowed heart
Must ever weep for byegone days.

My voice is heard in every throng
Where mourners weep or guests rejoice,
And men interpret still my song
In concert with their passion's voice.

Though plainly cometh forth my wail
'Tis never bared to mortal ken;
As soul from body hath no veil,
Yet is the soul unseen of men.

Not simple airs my lips expire
But blasts that carry death or life,
That blow from love's consuming fire,
That rage with love's tempestuous strife.

I soothe the absent lover's pain,
The jealous suitor's breast I move,
At once the antidote and bane
I favour and I conquer love.



A WANDERING EAGLET.

By the Author of "Our College Friends," &c.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.—ACROSS BELGIUM.

Valentine. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:.....
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.....

Proteus. Think on thy Proteus when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Sc. 1.

PRELUDIUM.

Idly dreaming, while the College sparrows twittered,
(Long before Youth lost her lively tune),
Turned I from the desk, with Problems littered,
In the latest sunny eve of June;
Said I, "Grinding here, methinks, no longer
Is it good to wait and to repine:
Soon may health be won, and hope grow stronger,
If I start to-morrow 'Up the Rhine!'

"Doubtless, few amusements are sublimer,
Than to lie from morn to dewy eve
On some castled steep, and quaff Hochheimer,
Or, from legends old, new ballads weave:
Singing to one's self, in dreamy pleasure,
Gazing on the sky or trellised vine;
While beneath, fit burden to the measure,
Flows the lordly rustling of the Rhine.

“Vainly come forebodings of mischances,
Of der Zollamt, and those million ills
That make inroad on our small finances—
Kellners, Couriers, and Gasthof bills.
Gog-Magogs I leave, for Switzer mountains;
All unmarked by Buttress, let me dine:
I'm athirst for Baierish-beer and fountains,
And a long, long ramble up the Rhine.”

§ I.

FROM DOVER TO OSTEND: A SKETCH IN
WATER-COLOURS.

NIGHT—a breathless night in July, with the stars almost hidden by the lingering twilight. Sounds of sailors swearing, dogs barking, ropes flapping, and heavy luggage being tumbled down the hold. On deck is a snug corner, wherein is gathered the suite of Miladi Serenity, a group of couriers and *bonnes*. They are at liberty to enjoy a gossip and the night breeze; the ladies having retreated to their berths before the paddle-wheels began to move. Some bright eyes and cigar-ends continue to sparkle, long after Dover lights have faded in the distance. Then St. Something, a tall portly courier, with bushy whiskers adorning his good-humoured face, becomes quite chatty as he fastens on his wallet-purse, to look professional. His companion, Louis, tries to appear forgetful of a fear haunting him that, as usual, he is to be sea-sick.

Half an hour has passed. Already the wind has risen, blowing coldly. Louis has disappeared, somewhere to leeward, and is only audible at intervals. His interjections are not cheerful. St. Something smokes incessantly, and offers brandy to every one. Owing to brandy, tobacco-smoke, and sea-sickness, the log of Louis becomes defective at this point. But in the grey of morning we approach a flat coast-line, and are informed that yonder small dingy nest of bathing coaches is Ostend.

From out his carriage, on the deck, steps Lord Qualmsbury, in his poncho, curling his moustache with a playful pretence of not having been at all unwell. His companion, who follows him presently, feels too much dispirited to attempt any such vain show. The world seems, to him, made up of dirty water, dirty wood, dirty sand, and dirty weather. Soon my Lady Serenity quits her cabin, a majestic *blonde*, with her grandeur worn easily on her. Next come the two fair daughters, who must be very charming when seen to more advantage, sickness having spoilt neither their looks nor temper. By this time Louis is in universal requisition, and the ladies'-maids become meekly inaudible. St. Something has to take sole charge of 'Fid.' But Fid objects to the foreign sailors who come on board—knowing their habit of promiscuous feeding, and not liking the admiring gaze which they cast on his plumpness. As the tide is stated to be unfavourable for landing, two sluggish barges take us to shore, at two francs a-head. A study for any painter was St. Something's face, when about to be left on board in charge of the packages, after resigning Fid to his fair owners. Nevertheless, in divers languages, all mis-pronounced and mingled together, he hurries the sailors. Somehow the heavy luggage is all stowed away in the boats, and very slowly we proceed towards the harbour. So slowly, that by the time we have arrived, and the ladies have ascended the awkward ladder, our lumbering steamboat has come alongside. We might as well have stayed on board and saved the landing-money. But foreign shores thus receive us, absit omen! with a little bit of jobbery.

§ II.

THE SPECTRE OF BRUGES.

Cheerful is the country near Bruges; rich level pasture-land, and broad canals with picturesque boats. After flinging his knapsack into the hotel omnibus, the

Wandering Eaglet traverses the streets of the ancient city. Ah, luckless wight! ignorant of the harpies of Bruges. A hungry-eyed *commissionaire*—one of the gang prowling about the railway station—a wretch who scenteth prey, hovers upon the track of the Eaglet; will not be shaken off; finds out his eyrie in the Hôtel du Commerce; is present there as an unseen horror, whilst the duties of the toilet are performed; and slinks after him again when he emerges and wends his way towards Les Halles. Small is the hope of getting rid of such an importunate tormentor; who, like the Giant in Killer-Jack's history, is ravenous to make his bread out of the Englishman, after having learnt to smell his blood: (*i.e.*, loose cash—a proper circulating medium, not running in vain). Something was foolishly paid to bribe the miscreant to vanish, and leave undisturbed a traveller's first impressions. Alas! O sun-gazing bird of St. John's, that thou should be so besotted, as to deem that a *commissionaire's* thirst would abate, after tasting the sweetness of coin!

Having paid a half-franc to the portress of the tower, there was for awhile an escape from the companionship of the villainous *Commissionaire*. Yet when the height was reached, the caitiff was beheld in the Grande Place beneath, awaiting the return of his caged victim. With such anticipations of reunion, even the working of the chimes could scarcely afford oblivious pleasure. From this carillon-turret is seen a fair prospect of cultivated meadows, poplar groves, and the quaintly picturesque Flemish city. One almost envies the old master bell-ringer, who dwells there, far above the cares of the world—and the sight of *commissionaires*.

The excruciating guide, on the full-fledged tourist emerging from the gateway, coils around him, ruffles the stranger's feathers, and drops venomous accents in his ear. It is vain to attempt giving this viper the slip. As well attempt to escape the income-tax. He is well practised in the chase. With such a sleuth-

hound, one becomes dogged. Having read about the privileges of the Sanctuary, the narrator rushes to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur. But the olden immunities are abolished. The vagabond is assailable here also, grinning a ghastly smile of triumph. No wonder that Hans Hemling's martyrdom (of Saint Hippolytus) is scarcely heeded, through the suffering of one's own. At Notre Dame the *commissionaire* lurks behind every pillar, and re-appears at every doorway. He is so ubiquitous that he seems to be multitudinous. Only the conviction that Nature could not have been so cruel as to make a plurality of such abominations, keeps reason from tottering. For many nights horrible visions shall haunt the pillow: of ghouls, in this hideous shape, feeding on tourists; of such vampire-bats, with leathern wings, sucking blood; and of Stygian tormentors very similar.

§ III.

Ghent.

To wander about foreign cities, during the novelty of Continental travel, is the most delightfully busy laziness in existence. Everywhere there is something to attract attention. If the stroll be made unaccompanied, enjoyment is well ballasted with instruction. If we depend on our own resources, although liable to misinterpret, we have the foundations of true research on which to build. Preserve us from each lying *valet de place*, who is generally ignorant of all things, except how to hurry through the greatest number of paying places, whereby to obtain his per centage from custodians! Go alone, and study for yourself, if possible, make due enquiries beforehand, defy fatigue, using feet rather than railroads, and take nothing on rumour that can be personally examined. By judicious change, enjoyments may be heightened; the beauties of nature and of art, when studied in alternation, are increased tenfold.

In Ghent we meet the same picturesque quaintness of gabels as in Bruges, the same love of carillons, and sleepy faded luxury, almost the same stagnation. Wandering through such towns that had formerly towered in pride of place, but are now drooping with blighted trade and energies, is somewhat melancholy, even for an Eaglet. Thoughts come of the lively portraiture of Ghent in *Quentin Durward*, although Sir Walter never viewed the ancient glories, revellings, and luxuriousness therein described. As we pass the house of the Van Arteveldes, not alone is Froissart's Chronicle recalled; but also the later author, Henry Taylor, who has revived the lustre encircling the name of Philip Van Artevelde, in a work unsurpassed for development of character belonging to those olden times. By a master-hand are shewn the studious and serene existence, abandoned when

"He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men must be himself in arms;"

the all-guarding generalship and readiness, that are exerted when leadership is gained; the courage that dignifies defeat when it has followed early triumph. In no other modern drama do we find that unity of character preserved, amid the diversities of action and repose. The second part is saddening, being painfully true to nature. We needed it to complete the picture and show the insufficiency of life. Our thoughts dwell not abidingly among the famine-stricken burghers, aroused to the last struggle, giving battle to the chivalry of Christendom, or falling a mere hacked and routed mass into the bloody waters of the Lis at Rosebecque. It is the single figure of Artevelde that remains with us; the idealist and man of theory, transformed by a sense of duty: revealing promptitude in action, yet with his heart fixed on all that is peaceful and lovely. A man resolute and sufficient for the hour; but far beyond the needs of the hour, in the grandeur and repose of his soul.

§ IV.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp has left many memories of delight. Chief among them is that evening when I sat at my bed-room window opposite the cathedral; watching the golden light, with a shadow creeping up the airy architecture. It all returns to me. From the public square, close by, arises martial music; swallows are circling with shrill sounds across the heavens; and the people, freed from labour, are laughing and walking in the streets beneath. All seem happy. The chimes, lovely beyond any I had hitherto heard, are pouring forth the notes of the hymn from *Le Prophète*. There I sit and muse, reascending in fancy the pinnacle, with its marvellous delicacy revealed, whence had been viewed a panorama of the lazy Scheldt beneath, with the dykes and fort opposite the city, and the ferry steamer lying ready near the railway. There are seen the flat sandy pasture-lands, again reclaimed from the tide, the grassy slopes and demi-lunette of the citadel; the fine *Hôtel de Ville*; and the expansive quays, crowded with a busy population, and vessels alongside. But now the golden tints have faded, and a pale greenish hue has overspread the sky; and the swallows are at rest; and the pretty damsels at the *Magazin des Modes* have given their last glances towards me, as they leave the window, and depart to their own homes. Again are signalled the chimes that go five times an hour, longest at the half-past and when the hour is ended. Hark to the notes! trickling through the calm night-air, dropping lovingly against each other; now rising with a wild and spirit-stirring cadence; now with a softer flow of melody, entwining like the white arms of a suppliant around the manlier clang of metal. And now they are hurtling forth a jubilee of triumph, in disordered *Io Pœan*; fading soon, or growing fainter, as if remorseful for their merriment and liberty; falling,

falling, dashed, as it were, against the faëry buttresses and groinage; so dying, dying, dying into peace. The blue sky reigns, with a solitary star, and a dim spiritual haze hovering where the sun had sunk to rest.

§ V.

BRUSSELS TO LIEGE.

One gladly lingers at Antwerp, often visiting the cathedral, so delicately vaulted, with such airiness and quiet grandeur, impressive in its simplicity and beauty beyond more gorgeous structures. The only disagreeable thing marring the solemnity, is the elaborately carved pulpit. Devoid of all taste and beauty, it has heavy clusters of foliage, parrots, and unknown birds more wooden-like than wood itself. It is by Verbruggen.

After swallowing innumerable paintings, by Rubens, voraciously; devouring Vandycks leisurely; chewing tough Matsys (preferring his iron-work, as more light and graceful than his pictures); or picking the bones and sucking the marrow from the Van Eycks, Kranach, and others, one feels delight in arriving at a city where the objects of interest are not pictorial, or where there are no objects of interest whatever. Thus the traveller can be happy at Brussels. For a good-humoured, lazy man no better place of residence is desirable. It is formed especially for loungers. Groups of well-dressed, bon-vivants sit tipping in the open air, outside the cafés. Belgian dandies saunter listlessly about the charming parks and botanic garden. The market people chaffer near the fine Hôtel de Ville, with an apparent busy content; pleasing to contrast with the dead languor that consumes Bruges. Of course Waterloo was visited; but of this place, as of Namur, we need not speak at present. Then on beside the Meuse, with the scenery no longer tame. No more commissionaires, and deeply growled choruses from blue-chinned priests. Nature

herself woos us again with variety of charms. The tanskinners, peasants, grimy artizans, or clay-stained potters are good company; the woods and cornfields, nestling churches and mouldering castles; the quarries, gardens, mines, abbeys, rocks of all fantastic shapes, and flowers of every hue, with a clear current continually winding by our side—now swift, now shallow—Belgium has offered these for our full enjoyment, before we reach the flourishing town of Liege.

§ VI.

LIEGE.

Here the past and present mix together. Quaint buildings, river scenery of cheerful banks and crowded bridges, a multiplicity of fountains, and tree-avenued market places with picturesque country girls, might tempt to a longer stay. But we do everything in a hurry now-a-days. We keep skating over the surface, and bobbing down to the depths in hasty diving-bells; whirling along everywhere, as Americans say, on greased lightning; and then off again, in a balloon, for a change. We breakfast at the pyramids, dine on Mont Blanc, sup in Antiparos grotto, or Wanlockhead lead mines; whence we escape by atmospheric railways to a station, where a hundred Esquimaux dogs and their drivers (mutually undistinguishable) soon whisk us off to the North Pole; and so, a little tired and with frost-bitten noses, we return after three months of absence, fibbing like Mandeville, and declaring that we have seen the world, but there is nothing in it. We may well become confused, after a few years of travelling; and be doubtful whether Cambridge, Timbuctoo, and Nova Zembla are not within half an hour's pipe of one another.

The country, as we go on towards Aix-la-Chapelle, is wholly different from our first experiences of Belgium. Now hilly, and garnished with fashionable spa-towns, of pretentious trimness and occasional comfort. The yawning listlessness of Bruges is unseen here. Those

bedyked pasture-lands, with blinking cattle and idle herdsmen, lazy burghers, nodding priests, slumbering bead-tellers, listless waiters and gaping chambermaids; those droning barges, sluggish canals, or stagnant fountains, with irrecoverably slothful market people—all these have vanished utterly. In their stead appears many a token of Prussia being near. The cleanly shaven cheek and chin of Belgium are exchanged now for German hirsute embroidery. Pipes are invariable additions. The scenery grows full of interest. After Verviers and Limbourg, the Prussian frontier is reached. Next comes Aix-la-Chapelle.

§ VII.

AIX TO COLOGNE.

Cleanliness and aristocratic dignity reign at Aachen. It has a memory of departed royalty. Its inhabitants—or, rather, its resident visitors—moved along the bright streets with a superb consciousness of ten descents, and the very women selling cherries did it with a look of benign condescension. The place is purified by its own baths, unlike Baden. A sweetness of person has induced a sweetness of disposition; and if ever a *commissionaire* penetrated these hallowed precincts, he became converted from his evil ways, lost his badge of mental or moral degradation, and died immediately in the odour of sanctity.*

In the Cathedral, silence and solemnity reign. The orientalism of the building, approaching to gorgeousness, combines with a sort of faded greatness, as though its own antiquity and frequent use for coronations were made evident. To the simple marble

* Is it not somewhat saddening to remember that the persons who see most of sacred places—those closely connected with the higher inspirations, and remote from selfish or sensual enjoyments—are generally the least impressed by the treasures whereto they guide? Must it always be that Vulcan associates himself with Venus, and the beauty of a Circe attracts a crew foredoomed to bestial transformations.

slab, nearly in the centre of the church under the dome, marked *Carolo Magno*, our eye turns, fascinated: not to the pretended relics of swaddling-cloths, Aaron's rod, sponge or nails, arm bones or locks of hair, whereof the sacristans keep charge. Even the ancient throne is less interesting than the tomb whence it was taken. That busy life of Charlemagne—hastening from war to war, from Italy to Germany, to Spain and Italy again, ever and ever conquering or giving battle; never long at peace, yet bearing a calm, kingly heart withal; and only racked by thoughts of the succession to himself. Of him, with Schiller's Wallenstein, as with Napoleon also, might it be said:—

“Our life was but a battle and a march,
And like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.”

Peace to their mighty spirits, if it be kind to wish for such to those for whom, in life, peace was the hardest trial. Even their bodies rested not after death. From the lone isle of St. Helena—whereto many eyes turned anxiously, fifty years ago—across the sea came the burial fleet, bearing what remained of the modern Cæsar, to his tomb awaiting among the *Invalides*. And here before us, in much older time, was the vault opened, where sat Charlemagne, crowned, sceptred, and attired in all the panoply of state; such a *memento mori*, such a homily, *vanitas vanitatum*, as his successors in empire might quail to see. His white marble chair seems scarcely empty now. As we pace this sepulchral church, the silvery voice of old romance breathes a whisper of Ariosto, and again is heard the winding of Orlando's horn at Roncesvalles.

It was night when Cologne was entered, but not so late that the hum of a large population had become silenced. The path that tempted led straight to the docks. I was at length beside that river which had awakened so much longing—the river, consecrated by many songs and legends of heart devotion and patriotic

love—the Rhine. In the clear moonlight the noble stream swept onward, reflecting a thousand stars; the faint and rosier coloured glitter of the lamps upon the bridge of boats crossing to Deutz, and those in windows of Cologne, giving a social warmth that did not mar the solemn feeling. Very dimly was discernible the outline of the Cathedral; and the roof of many a lofty building showed like toys beside the larger structure. Afterwards, if I felt lonely in the silent hours of night—for all the deeper emotions have their root in sadness; and quailed a moment at remembering that I was a stranger, not robust or equable of spirit, with a toilsome life before me, with no hand perhaps to clasp my own, and no voice to cheer me if despondent—did such twilight sorrows come across the mind, they were not suffered to remain oppressive. I remembered that to work my way through difficulty was better for me, as also for others, and more suited to my humour, than mere idle pleasure. Next morning I stood within the cathedral, than which there never rose before my eyes, in the most favoured hour of dreams or waking contemplation, a nobler structure.

Many years have passed since then. What matters it that mere detail has faded; that when I think of it, only the airy vastness and the graceful form are present with a dim inspiring beauty: and I feel as a dreamer dwelling in faëry visions, rather than as one who wandered in a real triumph of man's art, a temple raised in honour of his Maker? The sensation can never die in one who has gained what such a cathedral as Cologne teaches. There was something learnt that day which no lesser buildings can give; for no accumulated trifles are equal to the unity of art, no assemblage of small talents can balance in sublimity the weight of one solitary genius.

Here at Cologne I had gained, moreover, my first sight of the RHINE.

J. W. E.

(To be continued.)



TURGIDUS ALPINUS.

MY miserable countrymen, whose wont is once a year
 To lounge in watering-places, disagreeable and dear;
 Who on pigmy Cambrian mountains, and in Scotch or
 Irish bogs
 Imbibe incessant whisky, and inhale incessant fogs:
 Ye know not with what transports the mad Alpine Club-
 man gushes,
 When with rope and axe and knapsack to the realms of
 snow he rushes.
 O can I e'er the hour forget—a voice within cries
 "Never!"—
 From British beef and sherry *dear* which my young
 heart did sever?
 My limbs were cased in flannel light, my frame in
 Norfolk jacket,
 As jauntily I stepped upon the impatient Calais packet.
 'Dark lowered the tempest overhead,' the waters wildly
 rolled,
 Wildly the moon sailed thro' the clouds, 'and it grew
 wondrous cold;'
 The good ship cleft the darkness, like an iron wedge,
 I trow,
 As the steward whispered kindly, "you had better go
 below"—
 Enough! I've viewed with dauntless eye the battle's
 bloody tide;
 Thy horse, proud Duke of Manchester, I've seen straight
 at me ride
 I've braved chance ram-rods from my friends, blank
 cartridges from foes;
 The jeers of fair spectators, when I fell upon my nose;

I've laughed at toils and troubles, as a British Volunteer;
 But the thought of that night's misery still makes me
 pale with fear.
 Sweet the repose which cometh as the due reward of toil;
 Sweet to the sea-worn traveller the French or British
 soil;
 But a railway-carriage full of men, who smoke and
 drink and spit,
 Who disgust you by their manners, and oppress you
 with their wit;
 A carriage garlic-scented, full of uproar and of heat,
 To a sleepy, jaded Briton is decidedly not sweet.
 Then welcome, welcome Paris, peerless city of delights!
 Welcome, Boulevards, fields Elysian, brilliant days and
 magic nights!
 "Vive la gloire, et vive Napoléon! vive l'Empire (c'est
 la paix)
 "Vive la France, the land of beauty! vive the Rue
 St. Honoré!"
 Wildly shouting thus in triumph, I arrived at my Hotel—
 The exterior was 'palatial,' and the dinner pretty well:
 O'er the rest, ye muses draw a veil! 'Twas the Ex-
 hibition year—
 And every thing was nasty, and consequently dear—
 Why should ye sing how much I paid for one poor pint
 of claret—
 The horrors of my bedroom in a flea-frequented garret—
 Its non-Sabæan odours—Liliputian devices
 For washing in a tea-cup—all at "Exhibition prices?"
 To the mountains, to the mountains, to their snowy
 peaks I fly!
 For their pure primeval freshness, for their solitude
 I sigh!
 Past old Dijon and its "Buffet," past fair Macon and
 its wine,
 Thro' the lime-stone cliffs of Jura, past Mont Cenis'
 wondrous line,

Till at 10 A.M., "Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal
 face."
 And I take outside the diligence for Chamouni my place.
 Still my fond imagination views, in mem'ries mirror
 clear,
 Purple rock, and snowy mountain, pine wood black and
 glassy mere:
 Foaming torrents, hoarsely raving; tinkling cow-bells
 in the glade;
 Meadows green, and maidens moving in the pleasant
 twilight shade:
 The crimson crown of sun-set on Mont Blanc's majestic
 head,
 And each lesser peak beneath him, pale and ghastly as
 the dead:
 Eagle-nest-like mountain chalets, where the tourist for
 some sous
 Can imbibe milk by the bucket, and on Nature's
 grandeur muse:
 Mont Anvert, the "Pas" called "mauvais," which
 I thought was "pas mauvais,"
 Where, in spite of all my boasting, I encountered some
 delay;
 For, much to my amazement, at the steepest part I met
 A matron who weighed twenty stones, and I think
 must be there yet:
 The stupendous "Col du Géant," with its Chaos of
 seracs;
 The procession into Cormayeur, with lantern, rope, and
 axe:
 The sweet girl with golden ringlets—her dear name
 was Mary Ann—
 Whom I helped to climb the Jardin, and who cut me at
 Lausanne:
 On these, the charms of Chamouni, sweeter far than
 words can tell,
 At the witching hour of twilight doth my memory love
 to dwell.

Ye, who ne'er have known the rapture, the unutterable
bliss
Of Savoy's sequestered valleys, and the mountains of
'La Suisse ;'
The mosquitos of Martigny ; the confusion of Sierre ;
The dirt of Visp or Münster, and the odours everywhere ;
Ye, who ne'er from Monte Rosa have surveyed Italia's
plain,
Till you wonder if you ever will get safely down again ;
Ye, who ne'er have stood on tip-toe on a 'knife-like
snow-arête',
Nor have started avalanches by the pressure of your
weight ;
Ye, who ne'er have "packed" your weary limbs in
"sleeping bags" at night,
Some few inches from a precipice, 'neath the pale
moon's freezing light.
Who have ne'er stood on the snow-fields, when the sun
in glory rose,
Nor returned again at sun-set with parched lips and
skinless nose ;
Ye who love not masked crevasses, falling stones and
blistered feet,
Sudden changes from Siberia's cold to equatorial heat ;
Ye, who love not the extortions of Padrone, Driver,
Guide,
Ye who love not o'er the Gemmi on a kicking mule to
ride ;
You miserable creatures, who will never know true
bliss ;
You're not the men for Chamouni, avoid, avoid La
Suisse !

ARCULUS.



A STUDY FROM MORTE D'ARTHUR.

MOST people, I imagine, are aware that besides the fragment which forms one of the most admired poems of the Laureate, there exists another Morte D'Arthur; that the latter is the production of one Sir Thomas Malory, and was among the first books ever printed in England. I fear, however, that there are many whose knowledge ends here, and who, trusting to impressions which they would find it difficult to trace to any substantial origin, mentally class the book with the antiquated tomes that swelled the libraries of our grandfathers, assigning it perhaps to the same mental bookshelf as *The Whole Duty of Man*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, or *Sir Charles Grandison*. What will such people say when I inform them that they ought in that case to condemn Spenser's *Fairy Queen* to the same companionship? I can see their look of incredulous pity. And yet the merits of the one are also the merits of the other; and their faults are only the same. It is true that they are faults of a very unpardonable character in the eyes of the present generation; for they are liable to the charges of antiquity and prolixity combined. But if it is a virtue to depict human nature with a truth that comes home to every human heart in every age; if it is a merit to be master at once of that exquisite minor key which men call pathos and of that soul-stirring diapason which interprets and exalts heroic story to the dullest ear; in a word, if simplicity and force, truth and power, enhance the value of a book, I contend that the Morte D'Arthur is far from the vapid

and maundering imbecility which is the character associated by too many with its name.

The *Morte D'Arthur* is to all intents and purposes a great and nobly conceived Epic. And here I might dwell upon the grandeur of the theme which runs in an unbroken thread through all the intricacies of the narrative. I might eulogize the splendour of the design and the unity and completeness of the plot, whose denouement might justly challenge a comparison with the noblest efforts of the Tragic muse. But I am tempted rather to take for illustration one or two of the episodes which to me form the greatest charm of this story of King Arthur and his chivalry. And here I might have found myself embarrassed by the wealth which lies ready to my hand, had not Mr. Tennyson travelled the same road before me and left his footprints in the track, footprints which I shall take for my guide, with the confidence that I shall not follow in vain the unerring instinct of my great pioneer.

Of those Idylls which are the most finished productions of the Laureate's genius, Elaine is to me the most touching because the most simple. But among those who read—and to read is to admire—that pathetic poem, I believe that few are aware how much of the groundwork of the story is due to Sir Thomas Malory and how little to Mr. Tennyson. I have understated the fact. It is not enough to say that the main incidents of the plot are absolutely identical in both; or even to add that many of the delicately marked traits in the characters of the latter are immediately supplied, or at least indirectly suggested, by the narrative of the former: the very words of the romancer are in many cases adopted by the poet; and where deviation either in the plot or in the language is apparent, it is not always clear that an improvement is effected.

The subjects supplied by prose narrative to form the basis of poetic story are of two kinds, which may be best described, the first as complete portions

of history or quasi history forming finished pictures, the second as mere episodes resembling imperfect sketches. In the former case the poet has to erase much and to substitute much; in the latter he has to fill in the outline, to heighten suggested contrasts, and to develope latent effects. The latter was the task undertaken by Mr. Tennyson when he conceived the idea of Elaine. But, to follow out our metaphor, he was singularly fortunate in the character of the sketch which was ready to his hand. It was no ordinary mind whose conceptions he had to develope; it was no 'prentice hand which had traced the bold outline of the central figures and dashed the brilliant colouring over the glowing panel.

It will be well to trace the broad features of the original story, and then briefly to notice the points of divergence which the Laureate has conceded to his taste, his fancy, or the exigencies of the laws of poetry.

I would first remark the peculiarly appropriate position which the episode occupies in the main narrative. Sir Lancelot has reached the zenith of his career. He is already the glory of King Arthur's court, the flower of Christian chivalry. There is but one cloud that dims the lustre of a star which has been ever in the ascendant since it first rose unnoticed above the horizon. That cloud is the breath of an ominous whisper that links the name of Arthur's Queen with the name of Arthur's best beloved knight. Alas that so foul a stain should mar the perfection of a noble nature! What but woe can result from so fatal an infatuation? But the situation is not without a gleam of hope. We can trace an inward struggle breaking forth now and again in impassioned utterance, which testifies that Lancelot's good angel has not yet finally averted his face and given over the great but erring soul to final destruction. But the hour is approaching when the sin must be abjured once and for ever, or the fallen nature will be left to the dominion of the powers of darkness,

and drag down in the vortex of its ruin the fortunes of the great son of Uther. It is at this crisis that the momentous choice between good and evil is suddenly offered to Lancelot, by the introduction upon the scene of Elaine; and the fate of chivalry and Christendom is with marvellous dexterity made to depend upon an incident as insignificant as it is touching and natural. Sir Lancelot has just vindicated the honour of Queen Guinevere against the aspersions of Sir Mador, whom he has worsted in the lists, but not without receiving a wound, which is scarcely well healed when the King proclaims a great tournament at Camelot, a name which is in this instance identified with Winchester. To this tournament Queen Guinevere refuses to go on the plea of sickness. Sir Lancelot also begs to be excused on the pretext that he is not yet recovered from his recent wound. So Sir Lancelot and the Queen are left together. But when the King is gone, Guinevere rebukes Sir Lancelot for so rashly incurring the imputations which such conduct must necessarily engender among their enemies. Upon this Sir Lancelot changes his purpose, and starts for Camelot. On his way he comes at sunset to Astolat, and, with a confidence sanctioned by the usage of the times, claims the hospitality of an old knight who has two sons, Sir Tirre (or Sir Torre) and Sir Lavaine, and one daughter, Elaine the Fair. From his host he begs the loan of a blank shield, stating his wish to attend the jousts incognito, and receiving that of Sir Torre deposits his own shield in its place. Meanwhile, Elaine is possessed by a hopeless passion for her father's noble guest, and at his departure with her brother Lavaine, whom he has persuaded to accompany him, she begs him to wear a sleeve of hers upon his helmet in the tourney. To this request he yields the more ready compliance, because he reasons that its inconsistency with his previous habits will add to the security of his disguise, a disguise, however, which fails in its principal object from the fact, which

is unknown to Sir Lancelot, that the King has chanced to espy him as he takes lodging at Astolat, and has at once surmised that he will, after all, put in an appearance at the tournament.

On his arrival at Camelot Sir Lancelot is accidentally wounded by Sir Bors, after performing prodigies of valour in the lists. He therefore rides hastily off the field, accompanied by Lavaine, and takes refuge at a contiguous hermitage, where he slowly recovers from his wound. Meanwhile, King Arthur is anxious to present the prize to the hero of the day, in whom he alone recognizes Lancelot. Great is his dismay when he hears of his wound and hasty departure, and he readily accepts Gawaine's offer to go in search of the missing knight. In the course of his wanderings Gawaine is brought to Astolat, and recognizes Sir Lancelot's shield, which Elaine jealously guards in her chamber.

Upon this he reveals to the family of Astolat the world-renowned name of their late guest, and so startles Elaine from her propriety by a vivid description of his wound and probable danger, that she asks and obtains leave from her father to go in search of the great knight. Hard by Camelot she by chance lights upon Lavaine, and is by him escorted to Sir Lancelot, with whom we must leave her rendering the wounded hero such faithful service and comfort as love alone can bestow. Gawaine on his part returns to Camelot and expounds the enigma of the scarlet sleeve, driving the Queen to distraction by this proof of Lancelot's love for another.

Lancelot, who, after experiencing a dangerous relapse which calls forth all the hidden strength of Elaine's passion, has in the meantime been removed to Astolat, is at length healed of his wound and announces his intention to depart. Thereupon Elaine declares her passion and entreats him to return her love. To this Sir Lancelot, fettered as he

is by his guilty tie to the Queen, cannot consent; and his offer to endow her with an estate of 1000 pounds yearly on the day she weds another is all in vain. He takes his leave and from that hour Elaine pines away, until, when death is near at hand, she begs her father to write a letter which she dictates, to place this in her hand at the instant of death, then to deck her body in its richest apparel and allow it to drop down the river in a barge steered by one man to Camelot. His promise obtained, she dies. All is done in accordance with her directions: the barge carries her to Camelot, and excites the wondering pity of the court. The King commands Lancelot to see the body buried, and the Queen implores his pardon for her unjust suspicions of his fealty. Thus is the intervention of Sir Lancelot's good angel baffled, and the life which might have been crowned with the pure and elevated affection of Elaine is finally dedicated to the guilty passion of Guinevere. Henceforward the catastrophe hastens on with winged speed. Sir Lancelot feels that the die is cast and the struggle over. We see this inward conviction asserting itself in a greater recklessness of consequences and a more facile submission to the guidance of what was once temptation but is now destiny.

But, retracing my steps, I observe first what I have hinted above, that the story of Elaine is essentially an outline, but an eminently suggestive one. The character of Elaine herself is perhaps the most fully developed. It is the ideal purity which asserts itself in an ingenuous simplicity of word and deed, so unconventional as to be at times almost startling. Thus, when she hears from Sir Gawaine of Sir Lancelot's success at the tournament, she exclaims in the transport of her joy, "Now blessed be God that that knight sped so well; for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be the last that ever I shall love." And again, "Then know ye not his name, said

Sir Gawaine. Nay truly said the damsel, I know not his name, nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him: I promise you and God that I love him." Nor, is she less unreserved to her father. "Now, fair father said then Elaine," (when she is told of Lancelot's wound received at the tournament), "I require you to give me leave to ride and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him." She never affects to conceal her love even before Sir Lancelot himself. It is true that we may regard her as surprised into self-betrayal by the ravages which she traces in the wounded Sir Lancelot, when she first sees him at the hermitage: and again, when Sir Lancelot's wound bursts out afresh, and "she weeps as though she had been wood, and kisses him, and rebukes her brother and Sir Bors, and calls them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; and cries that she will appeal them of his death." But we can scarcely apply the same standard to the deliberate offer of her love which we have recorded in these words. "And so upon the morn, when Sir Lancelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Tirre, and Sir Lavaine, and thus she said: my lord Sir Lancelot, now I see ye will depart, now, fair Knight and courteous Knight, have mercy upon me and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did, said Sir Lancelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damsel, I thank you, said Sir Lancelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair Knight, said she, will ye be my love? Jesu defend me, said Sir Lancelot, for then I rewarded to your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love." In this scene I see Elaine exhibiting the artless candour of a child, which sees no shame in asking plainly for the object of its desire. But I discern something more. It is to Elaine

a solemn moment; life and death hang upon the decision. She brings her father and her brothers. Clearly she feels no shame in her purpose. Her passion runs in too deep and strong a stream to be ruffled by the light airs which would sway the inclinations of a shallower nature. But when her first proposal is rejected, I see in the words, "Then, fair Knight, will ye be my love?" the death-cry of one who clutches at a straw of hope before sinking for ever beneath the dull dark waters of despair. And that Sir Lancelot viewed it in no other light, that he regarded it as the wild utterance of the lips, and no trueborn offspring of the pure and maidenly heart within, is evident from his parting words to her father: "As for me, I dare do all that a good Knight should do, that she is a true maiden, both for deed and will, and I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught." And her brother Lavaine, bears the same testimony. "Father, I dare make good she is pure and good as my lord Sir Lancelot hath said; but she doth as I do; for since I first saw my lord Sir Lancelot I could never depart from him, nor nought I will, and I may follow him." I think, then, that even if our defence of Elaine ended here, we should pass no very harsh judgment upon this single blot in a character which is otherwise so faultless and so winning; but who can read the words in which the dying maiden expresses her repentance for her one sin, without according to Elaine herself the freest forgiveness, and tracing in the hand which delineated such a character the skill which introduces one dark spot into the picture only to enhance by contrast the effect of the mellow light around? "Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank; and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so

that she must needs pass out of the world, then she shrived her clean and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man, and I take God to my record I never loved none but Sir Lancelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other. And since it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a Knight, I beseech the High Father of heaven to have mercy upon my soul and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered, may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take thee to record, on thee I was never great offender against thy laws, *but that I loved this noble Knight Sir Lancelot out of measure*, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death." Surely few things can be more touching than the fearless innocence combined with unaffected humility which characterizes these words.

We cannot but think that Mr. Tennyson, in an attempt to tone down the character of Elaine to the conventional level, has thus lost much of its true power and interest. In his account of the final interview between Lancelot and the love-stricken girl, he omits the all-important solemnity with which the presence of Sir Bernard and his two sons invest the scene. Moreover, by representing Elaine's avowal of her love as an unpremeditated outburst he detracts from the unconscious simplicity which forms the distinctive and charming feature of her character. I venture to assert that there is more true modesty in Elaine's open and deliberate confession of love with her father and brothers summoned to be witnesses of the solemn act than in the private interview with

Sir Lancelot and the presupposition of a former reserve which she has not strength of purpose to maintain, implied in the words :

“Then suddenly and passionately she spoke :
I have gone mad ; I love you ; let me die.”

And again, by softening the expression of that wild wish : “Then, fair Knight, will ye be my love,” into

“‘No, no’ she cried, ‘I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you and to follow you thro’ the world;’”

he loses all the touching human interest which is attached to the record of earnest penitence in a nature so refined and elevated as Elaine’s.

The character of Sir Lancelot is almost as fully and distinctly marked as that of Elaine. He stands forth in bold relief from the canvas between the two figures of Elaine and Guinevere, figures which, with their vividly-contrasted beauty, seem like the personifications of his good and evil influences contending for the possession of his soul. In Guinevere we see all the energy of a strong and passionate nature concentrated upon one object. To retain the love of Sir Lancelot is to her all in all. To all others the fire of passion, which burns with a still intensity of heat within, is covered by a crust of cold and haughty reserve, which may well deceive the unsuspecting eye—index of a soul which cannot stoop to think evil—of the great-hearted King Arthur. But that fire needs only the fuel of jealousy to blaze up into an angry and lurid flame. Who could have expected that a woman left alone with the man to whose love she had sacrificed all the higher and better impulses of her nature could only frame her tongue to the cold and cautious words: “Sir Lancelot, ye are greatly to blame, thus to hold you behind my lord : what trow ye, what will your enemies and mine say and deem? nought else but see how Sir Lancelot holdeth him behind the King, and so doth the Queen, for that they would

be together ; and thus will they say, have ye no doubt thereof”? Yet we find the same woman at the first hint of the appearance of a rival in Elaine swept away by such a torrent of uncontrollable rage, that she instantly casts from her not only the apprehensive caution of her former conduct, but even every semblance of decent reserve. “When Queen Guinevere wist that Sir Lancelot bare the red sleeve of the maiden of Astolat, she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Gausis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come before the Queen, then she said : Ah ! Sir Bors, have ye heard how falsely Sir Lancelot hath betrayed me? Alas, madam, said Sir Bors, I fear he hath betrayed himself and us all. No force, said the Queen, though he be destroyed ; for he is a false traitor Knight. Madam, said Sir Bors, I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I will not hear such language of him. Fie on him, said the Queen, yet for all his pride and boasting, there ye proved yourself his better. Nay, madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us, and he would. Fie on him, said the Queen, for I heard Sir Gawaine say before my lord Arthur, that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the fair maiden of Astolat and him.” Nor is this even a sudden and transitory outbreak succeeded by as sudden a calm. The tempest still rages with apparently increased violence when Sir Bors returns and reports Sir Lancelot’s prostrate condition arising from his premature exertions, adding : “And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you because he would have been at this tournament.” Guinevere only vouchsafes the reply. “Fie on him, recreant Knight, for wit ye well I am right sorry and he shall have his life.” It is only when the dead body of her rival comes before her to attest with voiceless lips the fealty of Sir Lancelot, that Guinevere’s anger is dispelled ;

an anger which finds its last utterance in the inconsistent words: "Ye might have shewed her some bounty and gentleness, that might have preserved her life." With a true woman's instinct she thus endeavours to cover her retreat by impugning conduct the very opposite of that which had before excited her unreasoning fury. But even this last expiring echo of the storm is at length hushed, and the Queen "sends for Sir Lancelot and prays him for mercy for why she had been wrath with him causeless."

It may at first sight surprise us that Sir Lancelot should be made to prefer the haughty and passionate Queen to the simple-minded and winning Elaine. But as there are some minds which revel in the wild warfare of the elements on the inhospitable mountain top or the tempestuous sea, so it is probably in the grandeur of Guinevere's dark and terrible moods that we must look for her true attraction to the fancy of Sir Lancelot. To a soul schooled by chivalry to hold nothing glorious that was not difficult, there must have been something irresistibly alluring in the feeling that he and he alone could call forth all the lightnings of that grey impassive sky; that for him alone its clouds would part and discover all the
that lay beyond.

I have said that the episode of Elaine is a suggestive sketch. Perhaps it is least so in the three characters whose lineaments I have endeavoured to trace; for they form almost finished portraits of themselves. Yet even in them there are suggestive touches, as we see when we compare Mr. Tennyson's development of the story with the story itself. For instance, when Sir Lancelot is rebuked by the Queen for staying behind with her we find him replying, "Madam, I allow your wit, it is of late come sin ye were wise." The latent motive of this answer is supplied by Mr. Tennyson in the words, "Then Lancelot, vext at having lied in vain." And again, when the Queen asks Sir Lancelot's

forgiveness, we cannot fail to discern in his reply, "This is not the first time ye have been displeased with me causeless; but, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow I endure, I take no force," the germ of that fine soliloquy:

"Ah simple heart and sweet,
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
May not your crescent fear of name and fame
Speak as it waxes of a love that wanes?"

Among the minor characters that of Sir Bernard is as suggestive as any; and that Mr. Tennyson found it so, a diligent study of his writings will, I think, satisfy the impartial enquirer. For although in his *Elaine* Sir Bernard plays but a subordinate part, yet in his Enid much of the conception of Yuiol seems to be borrowed from that loving and patient nature. Compare, for instance, the courtesy which actuated Yuiol in his orders to Enid—

"Enid, the good knight's horse, stands in the court:
Take him to stall, &c.,"

with that which prompts Sir Bernard in his conduct to Gawaine, when he sends for Sir Lancelot's shield for the latter's inspection. And in the patience of Yuiol, I am reminded of that submissive spirit which is implied in Sir Bernard's last interview with Sir Lancelot, when the latter is leaving behind him a legacy of bitter grief to the household at Astolat. For when he has made one last despairing appeal on his child's behalf in the words, "I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake," he listens in silence—a silence more touching than the most pathetic expression of sorrow—to the reply in which Sir Lancelot exculpates his conduct.

The elder of Elaine's two brothers, Sir Tirre (or Sir Torre) is little more than a lay figure in the original

romance. Mr. Tennyson has given him an individuality in the following allusions :

"Then added plain Sir Torre,
"Yes, since I cannot use it, you may have it."

"Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods,
Left them."

"Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs, and say,
'I never loved him: so I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down—
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
For this discomfort he hath wrought the house.'"

And yet, even here, the poet seems only to have given utterance to the suppressed conception of the romancer, whose description is irresistibly suggestive of a disappointed man; and when we remember that the description is put into the mouth of a father, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that, what is disappointment in the language of so indulgent a critic, would be moroseness in the less partial judgment of others.

There is more originality in Mr. Tennyson's assignment of a personality to the "one man such as ye can trust to steer me thither," who appears in the poem as

"An old dumb myriad-wrinkled man,"

and as the faithful servitor whom

"The heathen caught and reft of his tongue,
He learnt, and warned me of their fierce design
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed."

If I have not spoken before of Sir Thomas Malory's conception of King Arthur, it is because it corresponds so closely to the well-known hero of the laureate. If there is any difference, it is that the latter has refined upon the ideal of the former, and has adorned with all the virtues of Sir Galahad the character which the romancer has depicted as essentially imperfect in spite of its amiability. It is, I imagine, in pursuance of this ideal that Mr. Tennyson has introduced the first of two important alterations into the plot of *Elaine*. The second is an alteration which affects another of Sir

Thomas Malory's characters in a manner scarcely so advantageous.

I have said above that Sir Lancelot's disguise was rendered ineffectual as far as concerned the king, the latter having descried Sir Lancelot as he claimed the hospitality of Astolat, and having drawn the inference that his favourite knight would, after all, be present to grace the lists at Camelot. This circumstance Mr. Tennyson studiously omits, I imagine, in order that Arthur may not appear to connive at the inconsistency of Sir Lancelot's conduct with his declaration that he will not attend the tournament, and so stamp his approval upon the false pretext which Sir Lancelot alleged for his determination. Hence the king is placed upon a moral vantage-ground, from which he can say—

"Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he has trusted you";

and it is from her husband that Guinevere learns the significant incident of the red sleeve. I am not sure that the effective situation thus produced does not justify the modification of the plot in this instance; but I am not prepared to extend the same indulgence to Mr. Tennyson's misrepresentation of Sir Gawaine. The character of that knight is one of the most strongly marked in the *Morte D' Arthur*. He is the leader of the faction opposed to Sir Lancelot, but he is an honourable and upright adversary, not a secret and insidious foe. Thus we find him sending to Sir Lancelot the message, "Say that I, Sir Gawaine, do send him word, that I promise him by the faith I owe unto God and to knighthood, that I shall never leave him till he have slain me or I him." But we also find him speaking of Sir Lancelot to Elaine in terms like the following: "And he be your love, ye love the most honourable knight of the world and the man of most worship." And his first emotion, when he discovered the identity of Sir Lancelot with the knight who was so grievously

wounded in the tournament, had been one of sorrowful consternation: "Ah! mercy," said Sir Gawaine, "now is my heart more heavier than ever it was before." And who can read the letters of the dying Gawaine to his lifelong foe and not feel that it is the generous expression of a heart superior to the sordid impulses of treachery? Last, but not least, we have the testimony of King Arthur in that fine outburst of grief: "Alas! Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most, and now is my joy gone; for now, my nephew, Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Lancelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affianced, and now have I lost my joy of you both, wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me." What is there in common between this generous, if erring, spirit, and that Gawaine

"surnamed the Courteous, fair and strong,
 a good knight, but therewithal
 Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,
 Not often loyal to his word, and now
 Wroth that the king's command to sally forth
 In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
 The banquet and concourse of knights and kings"?

The last part of this description, indeed, is in direct antagonism to the statement of the romance, which makes Gawaine volunteer to undertake the quest:—"By my head, said Sir Gawaine, if it be so, that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found, I shall find him." It is almost needless to add that there is no trace in the *Morte D'Arthur* of that

"Courtesy, with a touch of traitor in it;"

which, according to Mr. Tennyson, characterizes Gawaine's conduct to Elaine. In striking contrast to the

"Sighs and slow smiles and golden eloquence
 And amorous adulation,"

which the poet makes him employ on his own behalf, is the hearty and unaffected eulogium which he pronounces upon Sir Lancelot: "Truly, fair damsel, ye have right; for, and he be your love, ye love the most honourable knight of the world, and the man of most worship."

I do not deny that the introduction of a traitor adds to the effect of the picture; but need that traitor have been Gawaine? When the romancer's conception of the other prominent figures in the tableau was adopted with faithful accuracy, was it necessary so utterly to distort one portrait, and that not the least conspicuous in the group, that no resemblance could possibly be traced to the original? Would it not have been better, instead of transforming Gawaine into a second Mordred, to introduce Mordred himself into the story? To me, it is as though a Greek dramatist had taken for his subject some episode of the Iliad, and had invested Ajax or Diomed with the attributes of Ulysses, when Ulysses himself could have been introduced without any violation of Homer's ideal.

I have been unconsciously led on to mention the *Morte D'Arthur* in the same breath with the Homeric poems. And, indeed, the resemblance between them is neither slight nor superficial. In its truth to nature, in the homeliness of its language, in the beauty and variety of its episodes, in the grandeur of its plot, and even in the similarity of its individual characters, there is much in the *Morte D'Arthur* which reminds me of the Iliad; and that there is no absurdity in this instance in comparing a prose romance and an epic poem, Mr. Tennyson's *Elaine* will for ever testify. For I trust that I have not altogether failed in my endeavour to establish the claims of Sir Thomas Malory—whether he is to be regarded as the author or as the compiler of *Morte D'Arthur*—to the gratitude of the Laureate and consequently of posterity. That almost every incident in the plot of *Elaine* is due to the

Morte D'Arthur, will sufficiently guarantee the excellence of the latter to the numerous admirers of the most finished of modern poets. To those who see in Mr. Tennyson nothing but artificial perfection of language and rhythm, I trust that the passages I have cited from the romance will commend themselves by that forcible simplicity which such critics esteem above all the elaboration of art.

But I confess that, in my own mind, the effect of the re-perusal of these two parallel creations of mediæval and modern thought has been to increase my admiration for both. If it is art that has filled up the interstices of a mediæval structure, and transformed it into an edifice faultless to the modern eye, it is art which is akin to the originality of genius. On the other hand there is much in the bold irregularity of the earlier architecture which many will prefer to its more symmetrical modern development. I cannot do better than conclude by appealing to both schools of critics for their admiration of the moral suggested by this exquisite story, a moral which is expressed by Sir Thomas Malory in the pregnant words, "Love is free in himself, and never will be bounden; for where he is bounden, he looseth himself"; and by Mr. Tennyson in the fine lines—

"Fair she was, my king,
Pure as you ever wish your knights to be,
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye;
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.

Free love so bound were frëest, said the king,
Let love be free; free love is for the best:
And after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? Yet thee
She failed to bind, tho' being, as I think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

T. M.



IDLE WORDS.

WHAT is an idle word? 'Tis like
An arrow drawn by careless hands
And aimed at nought, that yet may strike
The friend that by the archer stands.
Such is the idle rashly uttered word
That wounds the loving heart of him who heard.

'Tis like the down from thistle's top
That winds o'er many lands may blow,
Yet when it taketh root a crop
Of thorny weeds will from it grow.
Such is the idle word that lightly flies
And bears an evil fruit in hearts unwise.

'Tis like a stone dropped in the lake
That glassed God's heaven and hills and trees—
Rough ripples all its quiet break
Distorting all its images.
Such is the idle word that bringeth grief
Of shattered faith and desperate unbelief.

'Tis like the dust a child may throw
Against the wind, that backward flies
E'en where the wayward breezes blow,
And blinds itself the thrower's eyes.
Such is the idle word we lightly cast,
It will return and bring us pain at last.
W. E. H.



NEW POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NO greater contrast has been afforded by modern literature than that between the glowing rush of Mr. Swinburne's sensuous poetry, and the even flow of the chaste measures of Matthew Arnold. From all time the human heart has been eminently susceptible to influence through the medium of the passions, but it is specially in the present age that intellectual culture has tended to prefer the ornate to the ornamented, and to mould the material itself into forms of beauty rather than to make use of extraneous ornament. The especial apostle of culture has offered us in his poetical writings a noble example of the severe simplicity he has preached. No gaudy colouring, no ingenious trick of words, no fervent rush of rhythm mars his perfect lines. His earlier poems bore traces of the hand which, now grown firmer, has crowned the poet's fame by the production of the present volume. The first poem in this collection is undoubtedly Mr. Matthew Arnold's greatest work of art; though, had not its surpassing merits attracted the attention of that greatest of modern English poets Robert Browning, the world would have lost, at least for a time, the enjoyment of this exquisite production. In the opening of this poem Empedocles, weary of the turmoil of the busy world, sick in heart at the illiberality and bigotry of his brother philosophers, galled by the persecutions of those who were unable to reach the lofty heights to which his genius had soared, perceiving the littleness of men below, and scarce believing in the existence of God

above, is made the subject of conversation between two of his disciples, who, seated in a forest on Mount Etna, seek some means of dispelling the gloomy mist of melancholy which has settled upon their revered master.

The cold greyness of dawn has passed away, and the bright beams of the morning sun are gladdening the face of nature :

“The Sun

“Is shining on the brilliant mountain crests,
“And on the highest pines; but further down
“Herein the valley is in shade; the sward
“Is dark, and on the stream the mist still hangs;
“One sees one's foot-prints crush'd in the wet grass,
“One's breath curls in the air; and on these pines
“That climb from the stream's edge, the long grey tufts,
“Which the goats love, are jewell'd thick with dew.”

The two friends, Pausanias and Callicles, arrange that the latter shall secrete himself, with his harp, in a neighbouring glade, while the former leads the philosopher where the entrancing strains of the sweet musician may, softly falling on the morning air, bring restful calm to the weary soul of the dejected sage.

In the second scene, Pausanias having led Empedocles to the appointed spot, Callicles is heard from below in a song which is too long to be inserted in its entirety, but the exquisite beauty of which it would be profanity to diminish by curtailment. He sings the cool fresh cattle-haunted glades, with the rippling stream babbling as it threads the mountain side, made more cool, more fresh by contrast with the bald head of old Etna blazing beneath the southern sun; he tells how Cheiron “in such a glen, on such a day” taught young Pelion all the lore stored up from the experience of years :

“He told him of the Gods, the stars,
“The tides; and then of mortal wars,
“And of the life which heroes lead
“Before they reach the Elysian place
“And rest in the immortal mead;
“And all the wisdom of his race.”

And then, when the last echo has died away, Empedocles unburdens his soul and, to the solemn accompaniment of his harp, lifts the veil from the inmost recesses of his mind. His despair is not that of the feelings, but that of the intellect. For years he has gazed with wonder at the grief, the wrong, the sordid littleness with which the world is rife; he has felt that nobility, that holiness, that purity are not all a myth, and has sought with unutterable yearning after something higher, something greater than himself, in which he might find the embodiment of his ideal. But his yearning has not been satisfied, and the agony of a struggle which would have wrecked a weaker soul has now passed away. He sees before him a hopeless blank; he has learnt to believe that there is no help, no hope, no God:

"Fools! that in man's brief term

"He cannot all things view,

"Affords no ground to affirm

"That there are Gods who do!

"Nor does, being weary, prove that he has where to rest!"

He has schooled his mind to gaze unflinchingly upon the dismal void, and rather to seek what little good may remain, than sadly to dream of what never could have been:

"But thou, because thou hear'st

"Men scoff at Heaven a Fate,

"Because the Gods thou fear'st

"Fail to make blest thy state,

"Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are."

"I say: Fear not! Life still

"Leaves human effort scope,

"But, since life teems with ill,

"Nurse no extravagant hope;

"Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!"

Then again borne upwards on the air bursts the sweet song of Callicles, who tells how

"Far, far, from here,

"The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay

"Among the green Illyrian hills; and there

"The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,

"And by the sea, and in the brakes.

"The grass is cool, the sea-side air

"Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers

"As virginal and sweet as ours."

who tells the sweet sad story of Cadmus and Harmonia, and how they

"Were rapt, far away,

"To where the west wind plays,

"And murmurs of the Adriatic come

"To those untrodden mountain lawns."

and there

"Wbolly forget their first sad life, and home,

"And all that Theban woe, and stray

"For ever through the glens, placid and dumb."

And so Pausanias leaves him, and the shades of evening close around the lonely old man.

With them the shadows deepen upon his soul. The sombre gloom of the scene seems to bring him into closer contact with the awful mystery of nature, and to her, the universal Goddess in whom alone he believes, he turns in his utter desolation. He advances to the edge of the crater, and there, at the very altar of his divinity, prepares to end his life. But still once more the voice of the sweet singer breaks upon the solemn stillness of the scene, as he hymns the mighty typho writhing in his eternal bondage, and the Omnipotent Father of the Gods seated on the throne of Olympus. Then again he tells him how

"From far Parnassus' side,

"Young Apollo, all the pride

"Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,

"To the Phrygian highlands came!

"Where the lay green reed-beds sway

"In the rippled waters grey

"Of that solitary lake

"Where Mœander's springs are born;

"Where the ridg'd pine-wooded roots

"Of Messogis westward break,

"Mounting westward, high and higher."

And sings the triumph of the truthful God.

Then the soul of Empedocles seems already to feel the bonds which bind it to earth loosened from off it.

He gazes into the deep dark heavens above, he views the yawning gulf below, and feels that in nature's mighty powers alone he cares to be absorbed; and yet, what of the mind? Will that find peace in the eternity to come, or is it that

"We shall be unsatisfied as men,
 "And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
 "The ineffable longing for the life of life
 "Baffled for ever; and still thought and mind
 "Will hurry us with them on their homeless march?"

Yet sooner or later the end must come; there is no peace in this life; he will venture upon the next; and so, he plunges into the crater: and as his requiem rises the chant of Calicles telling of the still vale of Thisbi where

"In the moonlight the shepherds
 "Soft lull'd by the rills,
 "Lie wrapt in their blankets,
 "Asleep on the hills."

where

"Apollo comes leading
 "His choir, the nine.
 "Whose praise do they mention?
 "Of what is it told?
 "What will be for ever;
 "What was from of old.
 "First by man they the father
 "Of all things; and then,
 "The rest of immortals,
 "The action of men.
 "The day in his hotness,
 "The strife with the palm;
 "The night in her silence,
 "The stars in their calm."

The death of a much loved college friend, one who himself was gifted with no mean powers of song, inspires Mr. Arnold with strains full of subdued melancholy mingled with trustful hope. His *Thyrsis* is but little if at all inferior to the exquisite elegy which a like grief called forth from the blind old bard. The

writer, wandering in his riper age by the silvery Thames, viewing their own "sweet city with her dreaming spires," thus muses upon the loss of his dear companion.

"Yes, thou art gone? And round me too the night
 "In ever-nearing circles weaves her shade,
 "I see her veil draw soft across the day,
 "I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
 "The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey,
 "I feel her finger light
 "Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train,
 "The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 "The heart less bounding at emotion need.
 "And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

"And long the way appears which seem'd so short
 "To the unpractis'd eye of sanguine youth,
 "And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air
 "The mountain-tops where is the throne of youth
 "Tops in life's morning—Sun so bright and bare."

The cold autumnal blasts strewing the leaves around him suggest to him the icy hand of death which laid low his dearest friend:

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
 "When the year's formal burst of bloom is o'er
 "Before the roses and the longest day—
 "When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor
 "With blossoms, red and white of fallen May
 "And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
 "So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
 "From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
 "Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze,
 "The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I."

He feels that, when the winter of separation is past, the never ending spring of reunion will bring him into still closer communion with his long lost friend—

"What matters it? next year he will return
 "And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days
 "With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern
 "And blue bells trembling by the forest ways,
 "And scent of hay new mown."

(To be continued.)

F. I.



OUR CHRONICLE.

THE term which is just over is one that has made its mark in the Johnian annals, and will be recalled with satisfaction for a long time to come. The rapid progress of our New Chapel and the restoration of our Hall are signs of prosperity that cannot fail to leave their impression upon the least observant mind. But we have a surer indication of that prosperity in the number of our entry 112, which is greatly in excess of the average, and the reform of our dinner in Hall has at length been effected. It is very satisfactory to observe that this question, which assumed an almost revolutionary aspect in some Colleges, has with us been brought to a settlement entitled to the approval of all concerned by a milder course of constitutional action.

The following scheme drawn up by the Committee received the sanction of the authorities of the College.

That a dinner consisting of, entrees, meat, vegetables, sauces, and puddings, should be served at *1s. 9d.* per head, subject to the following rules:

That there should be no sizing except for beer.

That the joints should not be pushed about the tables.

That all at the same table should leave Hall together.

One hundred and sixty names having been entered for the new plan it was commenced on December 2nd, and seems on the whole to give satisfaction.

There will always be a Committee of five members to receive all complaints, and suggestions, and to act as the medium between the Undergraduates and the Cook.

Not more than two Members of the Committee to be in the same year.

Two places in the Committee vacant by the retirement of Messrs. Simpson and Norton will be filled up at the beginning of next term, and a list of the Committee will be posted in Hall.

It is particularly begged by the Committee that all complaints may be made to them, and not to the servants of the College.

The vacancy in the Editorial Committee, caused by the retirement of Mr. T. Benson, has been filled up by the election of Mr. C. E. Haskins. Mr. T. Moss has been appointed Secretary in the place of Mr. E. H. Palmer resigned.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College on November 2nd, 1868.

A. J. Stevens, 4th Wrangler, 1867.
 H. M. Gwatkin, 36th Wrangler; 10th in the First Class Classical Tripos;
 First Class Moral Science, &c., &c.
 W. A. Cox, 6th First Class, Classical Tripos.
 T. Moss, 4th First Class, Classical Tripos, 1868.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D. has been appointed Tutor of this College. The undermentioned gentlemen were on June 15th, 1868, elected foundation Scholars of the College.

Cassels	Bennett, G. L.	Pendlebury	Noon
Carpmael, C.	Chamberlain	Haslam, W. A.	Saward
Barnet	Cotterill, H. B.	Watson, Frank	Wood
Hart, W. Elleky	Marklove	Whitaker	
Robinson	Levett	Greenhill	

Mr. Verdon bracketed 6th Wrangler and second class, Classical Tripos has gained the distinction of Senior in the Moral Science Tripos.

Mr. Gwatkin, Fellow of this College, whose University honours we so often have had the pleasure of chronicling, has won another University prize—the Crosse Scholarship.

The following were also elected Exhibitioners:

Smales	Baker, H.	Dixon	Genese
Hallam	Griffith, C. A.	Baynes	Flewett
Hewison	Saxton	Bridges	Haskins
Howlett	Hilary	Saward	Carter
Drake	Hathornthwaite	Wheatcroft	Syle
Elliott	Martin, G.	Bourne, A. A.	Butler
Smith, G.	Hogg	Heitland	Foxwell
Pendlebury			

The following prizes for English Essay were awarded to: 3rd year, H. B. Cotterill; 2nd year, Frank Watson; 1st year, H. S. Foxwell.

Reading prize.—Foster, Whitaker.

Hebrew prize.—Gwatkin, Hodges.

Greek Testament.—1st Drake; 2nd { Hodges.
 Robinson.

The officers elected for the Lady Margaret Boat Club this term were as follows:

<i>President</i> : Rev. E. Bowling.	<i>1st Captain</i> : W. H. Simpson.
<i>Secretary</i> : J. Watkins.	<i>2nd Captain</i> : J. W. Bakewell.
<i>Treasurer</i> : J. Noon.	<i>3rd Captain</i> : F. Baynes.

The University Four-oared Races were rowed on Wednesday and Thursday, November the 4th and 5th, when the Sidney crew won.

The following was the Lady Margaret crew:

W. A. Jones (*bow*).
 F. Baynes, 2.
 J. W. Dale, 3.
 J. H. D. Goldie (*stroke*).
 H. B. Adams (*cox*).

The Races for the Colquhoun Sculls began on Monday the 16th of November. The following list shows the bumps on the several days.

1 E. Phelps, Sidney	9 J. H. Ridley, Jesus
2 J. R. Paget, Trinity Hall.	10 J. R. Muirhead, Sidney
3 C. F. Davison, Magdalene	11 J. Watson, Christ's
4 W. Lowe, Christ's	12 A. T. Aitchison, Christ's
5 J. W. Bakewell, Lady Margaret	13 F. E. Marshall, First Trinity
6 J. H. Moxon, First Trinity	14 R. L. Latham, Peter's
7 A. B. Tarbutt, Clare	
8 W. Beauclerk, Third Trinity	

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

1 J. H. Moxon	5 R. L. Waltham
2 J. Watson	6 W. Beauclerk
3 J. R. Muirhead	7 W. Lowe
4 F. E. Marshall	8 E. Phelps
	9 J. R. Paget

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

1 E. Phelps	5 J. H. Moxon
2 J. R. Muirhead	6 W. Lowe
3 J. R. Paget	7 W. Beauclerk
4 F. E. Marshall	

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

1 W. Lowe	3 W. Beauclerk
2 J. R. Muirhead	4 F. E. Marshall
	5 E. Phelps

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

1 W. Lowe	3 J. R. Muirhead
2 F. E. Marshall	4 E. Phelps

As there had been no bump made, it was decided that two time races should be rowed on Saturday. The following were the heats:

First Heat.—1 F. E. Marshall; 2 J. R. Muirhead.

Second Heat.—1 E. Phelps; 2 W. Lowe.

MONDAY.—*Final Heat*.—Mr. Phelps drew the first station, Mr. Marshall the second, and after a most exciting race the two crews went off simultaneously. At a meeting of the Lady Margaret Committee held the same evening, it was unanimously decided that the race was a dead heat, and that each winner should hold the Challenge Sculls for half-a-year, and should receive a cup of the value of £7. 10s.

The University Trial Eights were rowed on Thursday the 3rd of December, over the Ely course. Mr. Goldie's boat took the lead from the beginning, and finished about four clear boats length in front of Mr. Blake Humfrey's. The following were the crews;

1 E. Hoare, First Trinity	1 H. Roberts, Sidney
2 J. D. Inverarity, First Trinity	2 K. Neville, Emmanuel
3 W. Lowe, Christ's	3 J. W. Dale, Lady Margaret
4 A. J. Jenkins, Pembroke	4 F. J. Young, Christ's
5 F. Ayers, First Trinity	5 W. F. MacMichael, Downing
6 F. H. Hunt, Third Trinity	6 E. Phelps, Sidney
7 A. Rushton, Emmanuel	7 P. H. Mellor, First Trinity
J. H. D. Goldie, Lady Marg. (<i>st.</i>)	J. Blake-Humfrey (<i>stroke</i>)
H. E. Gordon, First Trinity (<i>cox.</i>)	H. B. Adams, Lady Marg. (<i>cox.</i>)

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, the 28th of November, when eight crews started. The following boat won:

J. T. Welldon (*bow*)
 2 Mosshead
 3 J. W. Dale
 J. E. Johnson (*stroke*)

Mr. J. W. Dale, of this College, was one of the eleven who this year represented the Light Blues against the Dark Blues at Lords. In the 1st innings he scored 13, in the 2nd innings 18.

C. U. R. V. B Company.—In the annual returns to the War-office sent in on the 30th of November last, this Company appeared as having 75 Efficient, including 44 Extra-Efficient, and 18 Marksmen, as compared with 34 Efficient, 24 Extra-Efficient, and 12 Marksmen for the preceding year.

The "best shot of the Battalion" for the current year is Private F. Ritchie of B Company, who in his class-firing made a score of 54 in the second class and 39 in the first class.

Lance-Corporal C. Carpmael of B Company was one of the six competitors who were selected at a preliminary match to contend in his final match for the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup. The Cup was eventually won by Lieut. H. S. Atkinson of D Company.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Monday, December 7th, and was won for the present term by Lance-Corporal R. Hey.

The Roe Challenge Cup, for Recruits who had joined since the last competition, was shot for on Tuesday, December 8th, and was won by Private F. Ritchie.

The Officers' Pewter for the present term was won by Private J. F. H. Bethell.

A vacancy for a commissioned Officer having been caused by Mr. E. K. Bayley's resigning the Lieutenancy, to which he was elected at the end of the May Term, the following promotions were made at the Company meeting held for that purpose:—Ensign Cochrane, to be Lieutenant, vice Bayley resigned, Private A. C. D. Ryder, to be Ensign, vice Cochrane promoted.

At the commencement of the term a meeting was held of the Committee of the Football Club, and a Captain elected for the ensuing season; also it was resolved that the Committee should meet at the end of the term to appoint fresh members for the Committee, and to elect a Captain for the next season. The games were played every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, unless there was notice given to the contrary.

On Thursday, Oct. 29th, the Football Club played their first match, against Jesus College. It took place on the Jesus ground, there being 13 players on each side; notwithstanding there being a considerable wind there was a good deal of fine play exhibited on both sides: the Johnian team consisted of the following players:—W. Hoare, W. F. Smith, W. Lee-Warner, B. W. Gardom, E. M. Jones, E. L. Levett, C. H. Griffith, H. Plumer Stedman, A. Shuker, W. E. Hart, E. S. Saxton, H. Benson, and J. Noon. Although the Johnians lost the services of Mr. Hart and Mr. Stedman early in the game, owing to their being hurt, still they won the match by three 'touches-down' to nothing.

On Monday, Nov. 9th, a match was arranged to be played with perhaps the strongest Club in the University, viz. the Eton Football Club. On this occasion also there were 13 players on each side; the match, which was played on the Johnian ground, was very closely contested, and occasioned a considerable amount of interest which was evinced by the presence of numerous spectators. In the first five minutes a goal was obtained by the Johnian side; and this start, notwithstanding the experience of their opponents who with a hard fight obtained three 'touches-down,' they kept to the end. The players on the Johnian side were W. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, G. H. Hallam, B. W. Gardom, H. B. Cotterill, C. H. Griffith, F. Bishop, E. M. Jones, A. Shuker, R. N. Close, H. P. Stedman, H. Phillips, and J. P. Farler; Mr. Smith was unable to play.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, a match was commenced with the Harrow Club, but unfortunately in consequence of a player being hurt and the consequent absence of one or two others, the play although not stopped took the form of a game only.

On Saturday, Nov. 21st, the University Football Club brought a team of 15 to play against the Johnian forces. The number of players on each side prevented any individual good play, still the match was of a very exciting nature, but our men pulled it off, thus winning for the third time in succession. The University obtained one goal and one 'touch-down,' whereas the St. John's men had kicked two goals, feats which were performed by Messrs. Lee-Warner and Mackinnon. The following are the names of those who represented the St. J. C. F. C.:—W. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, G. H. Hallam, B. W. Gardom, F. Bishop, E. M. Jones, H. B. Cotterill, C. H. Griffith, F. A. Mackinnon, A. Shuker, A. P. Hockin, H. Philips, J. S. ff. Chamberlain, R. N. Close, and F. Coleby.

On Thursday, Nov. 26th, the Corpus Club brought 11 men to oppose 11 of St. John's. Notwithstanding the afternoon being so wet, the match was commenced at a quarter to three, our men being at a considerable disadvantage owing to the loss of Mr. Gardom's services who did not appear on the ground. Still the Corpus men had rather the worst of a closely contested match, and had it not been for the ingenious manœuvre of Mr. Phillips, who persuaded one of the Corpus men to kick the ball through his own goal the match might have ended in a tie: when time was called the Johnians were thus the winners by one goal to nothing. H. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, B. W. Gardom (absent), F. Bishop, H. B. Cotterill, E. M. Johns, C. H. Griffith, H. Phillips, and J. S. ff. Chamberlain. — Coates and R. N. Close played for the College Club.

On Monday, Dec. 7th, a return match was played with the University Club on Parker's Piece, 12 a side. This match was the most closely contested of any throughout the term, and till the last two minutes looked as if the Johnians must remain the victors. The Universitymen began by obtaining a goal in the first ten minutes, against which the Johnians soon placed to their credit a 'touch-down,' obtained by Mr. Griffith, followed by another by Mr. Gardom, and

after change by a third by the same player which he converted by a good place-kick into a goal. From this point of the match to the end the play was very spirited, the Johnnians playing well, except perhaps in the back play which was not marked by good judgment or united efforts. The second goal of the University was obtained, like the first by a good run-down, in the last two minutes; and gave them the match against the goal and two 'touch-downs' obtained by the Johnnians. The following gentlemen played for the College:—W. Hoare, F. Bishop, B. W. Gardom, H. B. Cotterill, E. M. Jones, A. Shuker, C. H. Griffith, J. S. ff. Chamberlain, A. P. Hockin, H. Phillips, — Coates, and R. N. Close.

On the same day, on the Johnian ground, the second fifteen of the same Club played our second fifteen, and were beaten by one goal, which was somewhat disputed owing to the absence of an umpire, to two 'touch-downs.' The fifteen was composed of the following:—A. A. Bourne, J. W. Dale, J. Welldon, W. W. Cooper, F. Baynes, J. P. Farler, C. Carpmael, R. Benson, H. Dymock, Coates, Pierson, Butler, Haskins, and F. Coleby. T. Bainbridge did not appear.

On Wednesday, Dec. 9th, the second fifteen went to play on the Corpus ground, and showed themselves to be a far better trained team than their opponents: the Corpus men obtained nothing, whereas two 'touch-downs' were accredited to the Johnian side; and thus the last match of the term was brought to a satisfactory termination.

The success of the Club this year has been marked by many decided victories, for with the exception of the return match with the University it has won every match it has played: this is mainly we think to be attributed to the steady manner in which the games have been carried on. In conclusion we can only hope that this national sport may long continue to prosper in this University, and we feel sure that all who join in the College games will feel the benefit of such a healthy and inexpensive amusement.

Our Musical Society, which is now in so flourishing a condition, numbering as it does among its subscribers the majority of the resident members of the College, gave its first concert in the Town Hall on the 27th of November, which was in every respect a great success.