THE SCHAFLOCH.

VERY few of the myriad tourists, who annually stream through the Alps to gaze and occasionally wander upon their glaciers, would be able, if questioned, to give any account of a *glacière*, unless it were as an artificial structure intimately connected with the manufacture of cooling drinks. Still these ice-caves are well worth a visit. It is indeed true that the majority lie rather out of the beaten track; and so demand from the visitor some little sacrifice of time or of personal comfort; seven of those known to exist in the neighbourhood of the Alps are dotted about the Jura; three lie near together on the slopes of Mount Parmelan, near the lake of Annecy; others are in the same Savoy district, while one lies far to the south in Dauphinè on the sunny slopes near Die. There is however one—and it is the only one in Switzerland proper—which is within a day's excursion from two great tourists' resting places, Thun and Interlachen, and can be reached without any particular difficulty.

There are two things for which I have an insatiable appetite, going up mountains and into caves. Both, I am assured by my friends, are equally irrational; mountains are a snare; caves a delusion. I have had it demonstrated scores of times by the most unanswerable logic that the former are always troublesome, sometimes dangerous to ascend; that by all the canons of art so good a view cannot be had from the top as from the bottom of a mountain; that the region of

snow, ice, and rock must be infinitely more monotonous than the varying tints of cornfield, meadow, and forest; that the press, headed by the *Times*, has declared against Alpine climbing—and the newspapers of course are always right—so that if I break my neck the Thunderer will 'write me down an ass' for my epitaph. Well I have listened respectfully, as I hope my custom is, to this excellent advice; nay, I have often, when shivering under a boulder in a hopeless snow storm, hair and beard a mass of icicles, or groping in a thick fog from one shaky bit of rock to another, wondered "what I was doing in that galley," and more than half promised to myself that this should be positively the last appearance above ten thousand feet. Still *redditus tandem terris* I don't consecrate my alpenstock to Phœbus, and with the morning light find that *deteriora sequor*, 'I go into bad places,' is still my motto. My other infatuation, being naturally less obtrusive, escapes detection more easily; but I doubt not it would be crushed with yet heavier arguments; caves are generally dirty, always stuffy; apt to be haunted by unclean birds, beasts, reptiles; and therefore can't be worth even the farthing candle, with which you grease your fingers, and do not light up the walls. Very true: but still instinct, stronger than reason, tells one that the final cause of mountains is to be ascended and caves to be explored. If this be not an objective truth, it is to me a subjective one; and that, according to the best modern philosophy, is quite sufficient. So I expect that I shall continue to scramble up mountains and into caves as long as my legs will carry me.

Now as regards this particular cave. It has at any rate the advantage of singularity—for there are very few such in Europe, or indeed, so far as is known, in the world. Mr. Browne, in his book on Ice Caves, (which contains a great deal of information with some very amusing writing), enumerates about thirty, several

of that number being insignificant, and these were all of which he could obtain any information. Moreover, as I have already said, it can be reached without much trouble; it does not require a long *détour* or a night in a chalet among creeping things innumerable, or any derangement of one's plans. Thun and Interlachen are both places, where anyone travelling with a party of the weaker sex is almost sure to halt for a while, and even the solitary wanderer, who abhors well dressed *cretins* and shakes cockney dust off his feet, will find a visit to this cave only adds a few hours to the journey between these two places. If the cave prove a disappointment, if its scientific aspect charm him not, and he scorn all the 'ologies, still he will have, as will be hereafter shown, a lovely walk for his pains.

A visit to the Schafloch had been for some years on my list of *agenda*, but from one cause or another, I had always been unable to bring it into my annual tours. Last July I found myself at Interlachen, and had so arranged matters as to have a day to spare for the excursion. The weather appeared likely to be propitious; indeed too propitious, for the heat in north Switzerland was greater than I have ever felt before, and was usually almost intolerable for some hours in the middle of the day at any place less than three thousand feet above the sea. A boat leaves Neuhaus for Thun about five in the morning, and had I been wise I should have gone by this; but finding that no one else happened to be quitting the hotel so early, I suffered myself to be overpersuaded by the *garçon*, and let the house rest till a more reasonable hour. Interlachen is separated by a long stretch of dusty road from Neuhaus, whence the steamer departs; so that breakfast before starting, or a carriage, or both are desirable. These mean turning some half-dozen hard worked servants out of bed an hour or two earlier than their wonted time; and the need seemed hardly sufficient to justify

this. The alternative of walking fasting to the steamer would unfortunately, in my case, produce a headache for the day. I therefore did not leave Neuhaus till about a quarter past nine on a brilliant morning.

As all who have journeyed along the lake of Thun will remember, the scenery of its north bank changes considerably in proceeding from west to east. Near that picturesque town are vine-clad slopes terminating in rounded hills, part of the broad fringe of conglomerate which forms the outworks of the Alpine fortress. Though these are scarped here and there into lofty precipices or rise into commanding bastions, like the Rigi above the lake of Lucerne, jagged crests and sharp sky lines are wholly absent, and cornfields or plantations frequently extend to their very summits. About half way up the lake a rapid change takes place in the scenery; bold and sometimes broken ridges, narrow valleys often enclosed by cliffs, steep slopes of grass or pinewood rising wave-like over the rolling hills, and descending precipitously into the lake, —all shew that we have reached the inner zone of limestone, and are intersecting the parallel mountain lines which rear themselves in increasing grandeur, till that crystalline citadel is reached whose snow-clad towers so long defied the foot of man.

The outermost ridge in this limestone district is called from a neighbouring village the Sigriswyl Grat. Its western face is principally a steep slope of grass and forest, its eastern descends in somewhat formidable precipices to a narrow glen, the Justisthal. One of the principal points in this ridge, like a hundred others in Switzerland, bears the name of Rothhorn, and among its cliffs, high up above the Justisthal, the Schafloch is situated. Any one who prefers to walk from Interlachen by the north shore of the lake (a route by no means without interest, as the Justisthal figures much in local hagiology) can reach the cave from that valley by a steep and rugged path. As however,

the commercial advantages of so wild a glen do not seem sufficient to tempt the steamer to halt at Merlingen (the little village at its outlet), even those who come from Interlachen will find the path from Gonten, the nearest landing place on the side of Thun, the most convenient mode of ascent. This passes over the southern end of the 'grat,' locally called the Ralligfluh, and reaches the cave by a track high above the Justisthal.

The water, as we quitted Neuhaus, glittered like a mirror in the brilliant sunshine; and the peaks of the Schreckhorn rising 'dim with excess of light,' above a lovely middle distance of crag and forest, formed, as we were crossing from one shore of the lake to the other, a picture not easily forgotten. About an hour after starting, the usual broad bottomed ferry-boat put me ashore at Gonten, a little village nestled among gardens and orchards. A hairy, and slightly unintelligible being, punted me to the landing place; and on learning my designs on the ice cave presented himself as the most experienced guide in the district, the man who knew the Schafloch winter and summer. Hard by is a decent auberge, so we adjourned thither to arrange matters; a process of some difficulty. Mr. Browne asserts that the men of Gonten do not speak— "they merely grunt, and each interprets the grunt as he will." I suppose the school-master has been abroad since he went there, for they have made some progress towards articulate speech; but have as yet only got as far as a patois bearing rather less resemblance to German than Tim Bobbin's Dialogue does to Macaulay's English. I have a theory however—and it has been confirmed by experience—that, if you only know a language imperfectly, a patois, unless it be something outrageous, does not bother you much more than the 'undefiled well'; so that we got on somehow, and when a hopeless *nexus* arose, the *Kellnerin*, more in the habit of communicating with the outer world, was appealed to as a *Dea ex machina*. The

hitch turned out to be that, although he would have liked the job, he had an engagement at home; still he volunteered to find a man who would give me satisfaction. Before my *chopine* of wine was out, he returned with another man, less hairy but more intelligible, and in a very short time some bread, and cheese and wine with a couple of candles were packed in a knapsack, and we were off through the village.

From the balcony of the inn there is a fine view of the peaks about the Gemmi Pass, and every step you take up the slopes behind the village widens the prospect. The heat however was overpowering; the steep dusty path ran under glaring vineyard walls which made the air feel like that of a furnace; and when at times we followed byways over the fields, the earth seemed as if it were baking. For the only time in my life I thought the sun would beat me; a white handkerchief tied over my head gave but little relief. I began to turn sick and faint, and more than once threw myself down for a moment under the shadow of a chance tree. Just as I felt utterly exhausted, we approached a farmhouse, in front of which a spreading cherry-tree cast a welcome shade. My guide remarked, "They make kirschwasser here, it is very good with lemon and cold water." Happy thought! Another minute, we are 'strewed as to our limbs under a green' cherry-tree, an interchange of patois takes place between guide and gudewife, who emerges from the smoky kitchen, like Hebe from a cloud, with a *chopine* of lemon-coloured syrup and a jug of water. A tentative sip, and all uneasy doubts as to a possible *amari aliquid* in the form of wormwood were banished; it was genuine nectar. In the glowing words of an eminent physicist, "With a concentration of purp which I had rarely before exerted, I drew the fluid into me. Thrice I returned to the attack before that insatiate thirst gave way. The effect was astonishing.

The liquid appeared to lubricate every atom of my body, and its fragrance to permeate my brain. I felt a growth of strength at once commence within me; all anxiety as to physical power, with reference to the work in hand, soon vanished."

Thus cheered, but not inebriated, we went our way. The sun was still very powerful, but our increasing elevation began to tell in an occasional puff of cooler air. A change too was evidently impending in the weather;—the Oberland giants still stood glittering in the sun, but behind their western peaks, though no clouds were yet visible, the southern sky was thickening into a leaden sheet of vapour. A storm was evidently brewing, but we both thought that we were safe for some hours. This however proved to be a mistake; before long distant growls began to be audible, as though the tutelary beast of Bern were bestirring himself in his head-quarters; the snow peaks turned a livid yellow, and then melted away in the inky vapour; not as if enveloped in clouds, but as though the air itself became turbid; and scarce had we breasted the steep slopes of pasture on the open alps, when distant flashes began to twinkle behind the Niesen pyramid and over the head of the Kanderthal. The storm was evidently advancing with unprecedented rapidity. We press on faster, hoping at least to gain the shelter of the cave before it burst. We overtake two shepherds, who are toiling up the zigzag path, and quick as is our pace, they and our guide gasp out an animated conversation in patois, which for unintelligibility beats that of Gonten hollow. The forest is near, where shade will be abundant; but before we reach it, the sun fades away into the mist. The lightning begins to play about the summit of the Niesen, but we yet hope that the storm may pause before it cross the lake. Vain expectation! before the crest of the Ralligfluh is gained, big drops fall singly on the stones, like the opening notes of the Hailstone

chorus, shewing that the movement 'fire ran along the ground' is not far distant. We strain every nerve to gain at least a chalet just on the other side of the crest, but when we are yet a few dozen yards below the summit, in the very worst situation, the storm bursts upon us with a crash of thunder and a volley of hail. It scatters us like the discharge of a mitrailleur; each rushes to the nearest shelter. The peasants esconce themselves under fir trees; I seek in vain for an over-hanging rock. A storm on a lofty ridge is a serious matter; and the memory of a monument seen but a few days before on the Schilthorn, does not tend to reassure one. At last I find a crevice into which I can wedge my back; it affords but little cover from the rain, but is less dangerous than the treacherous protection of a towering pine; so dropping my ice-axe some distance below, I pass a bad quarter of an hour, while the lightning flashes in disagreeable proximity. Then comes a lull, and we make a bolt for the chalet; reaching it just as the storm recommences. Here we are in comparative safety, but as the rain a deluge, the prospect of reaching the Schafloch does not seem a very bright one. Three lads from Berne are also sheltering here; but having wisely come by an earlier boat, they had already visited the cave, and had thus escaped the broiling heat below.

However, in about an hour the rain abates, and the distant peaks, lighted by broken gleams of sunshine, begin to emerge from the vapours. Hope revives, and as soon as the rain has diminished to a drizzle we are off. A short ascent over the pastures takes us on to some broken ground slightly below the actual crest of the Ralligfluh, over which we hasten along a narrow track that ran in an out among broken rocks. Here, did time permit, one would gladly linger; for among the reefs of *schrattenkalk* the turf is dappled with Alpine flowers, and the rhododendron thickets are all aglow with their tufted blossoms, while mountain ferns

and mosses flourish in unchecked luxuriance down deep and narrow fissures. *Vorwärts* is the word; and now we clamber over a fence, and look down the cliffs into the Justisthal. Here my guide turns, and, observing that the path is henceforth somewhat bad, repeats to me the German equivalent of "Most haste, worst speed." Remarking that, as I have occasionally been on a mountain before, I am aware of the fact, and have no desire to experiment on the velocity of a falling body, I request him to lead the way. The descent—which is for no great distance—is really easy to any one accustomed to climbing, and the subsequent path, though narrow, would only be trying to a bad head. Still, as for all he knew, I might have been a novice, he was quite right in administering a caution. The cliffs over-hanging the Justisthal are composed of nearly horizontal strata of limestone, with thin shaly partings. The former are for the most part a yard or more thick, so that the cliff rises in a vertical wall; but as the courses of masonry become thinner below, its foundation is weathered into a series of ledges, which form a slope of moderate inclination. The track runs along one of the widest of these ledges; and while there are not many places where a slip would be very serious, there is in these no excuse for making it.

In about an hour after leaving the chalet we arrived at the entrance of the cave, which is reached by a short scramble. It is a fine natural doorway, which at the time I guessed to be about twenty feet high and thirty wide.* For a short distance it runs nearly at the same level perpendicularly to the face of the cliff, then, after a slight southerly deflection, it curves rapidly round towards the north, and the floor begins to descend. The roof maintains nearly the same level, so that the height of the cave increases considerably. Huge blocks, evidently fallen from above, are piled

* Mr. Browne gives its measurements as 25 feet high and 33 wide. Its height above the sea is 5840 feet.

upon the floor. The outer part, where it is less obstructed, serves as a refuge for sheep in bad weather, whence its name. After lighting our candles we scrambled on, and soon came to small patches of ice; not lying in level pools, but forming stalagmitic incrustations on the fallen blocks; being evidently formed by water dropping from the roof and freezing as it reached the floor. A little further on, where the light of day has faded away, ice occurs in large quantities. It streams down the rocky walls in transparent sheets, and hangs in clustering stalactites from the roof. Beneath these, stalagmitic masses rise up from the floor, which in one case had united with the pendents above, so as to form a column of purest ice a foot or so in diameter. Before reaching them, ice appears more and more frequently, not only on, but among the debris scattered on the ground, until at last it occupies all the floor of the cavern. Its surface is tolerably level, shelving slightly on the whole towards the left-hand side of the cavern, and rising occasionally into a low undulation or protuberance. Water lay here and there in shallow pools, and the whole surface was exceedingly slippery and generally damp. Hence *point de zèle* was a valuable motto; and neglect of it more than once nearly brought me into a sitting posture. In these undulations, and in the various masses adjoining the walls and roof, the prismatic structure which is so common in ice caves was very conspicuous; but it struck me as being rather less regular than in the glacières which I had seen near Annecy, where the prisms were often beautifully hexagonal. Their direction and arrangement were such as to accord with the theory, that the structure is at right angles to the surface of freezing, and is produced by contraction, being developed only—or at any rate for the most part—during a process of slow disintegration. Although it is at present difficult to assign the precise physical cause of this contraction, I am convinced that

the structure is as much due to it, as are the columns in basalt, and the cracks in drying mud.

On the left-hand side of the cave there was for some distance a sort of small bergschrund between the rocky wall and the ice, but it was only a foot or two wide, and, as far as I could see, did not extend very far down. Passing on, we came to a break on the level floor of the cave; the whole mass of ice suddenly shelving down at a tolerably steep inclination, and apparently plunging into the bowels of the earth. As we leaned over the edge, and attempted to illuminate the dark void beyond with our feeble candles, it did not require much imagination to picture all kinds of horrors below; —deep abysses beneath the treacherous slope, where corpses might fester far out of reach; dark bournes from which is very truth no traveller might return. Here however as often, the horrors of the situation are wholly illusory, and the adventurous traveller who first cut his way down the slope found a level plain below. On the present occasion there was no need even to cut steps; for just on the left-hand side of the slope were some notches, by which our predecessors had descended. These led to a large projecting mass of rock, from which we scrambled down some screes, between the wall of the cave and the ice-fall, till we reached its base. As far as I remember, this disappears under a bank of small angular fragments of stone which covers the floor of the cave and shelves gently down, until the ice re-appears from beneath, and again extends in a level plain from wall to wall. On this too water lay about in small pools. Here also sheets and stalactites of ice hung thickly from the walls and roof, similar to those in the upper part of the cave; but I observed that these did not clearly exhibit the prismatic structure, and that generally, when chopped with my axe, they broke with the ordinary conchoidal fracture. This lake of ice does not extend to the end of the cave, but is separated from it by a few yards of rocky debris,

small but angular, shewing no signs of being water worn.

The cave did not gradually die away, narrowing into a fissure, but terminated almost abruptly, more like an incomplete tunnel; the roof close to the end being perhaps a dozen feet from the stone-strewn floor. No doubt it could be traced some distance from this, were the debris cleared away; and the sudden lowering in the roof may be due to a fault, or to some change in the texture of the rock. Time did not allow me to examine into this; owing to the delay caused by the thunder storm, I was obliged to hurry over many points, which I would gladly have investigated carefully. Among these was the temperature of the cave, which evidently fell as we penetrated into it. I had only time for one observation, which I took within a few feet of the end. Here my thermometer descended to $-2°$ centigrade, a result which it seems a little difficult to reconcile with the presence of water at no great distance, and with my own sensations. I certainly thought that the general temperature of the air in that neighbourhood was rather above than below zero. As however M. Soret's observations shewed that the decrease in temperature in the cave is not uniform, it is possible that the temperature in this spot might have been slightly exceptional; and the infrequency of the prismatic structure in the ice, in this neighbourhood, is certainly a point in favour of the reading of the thermometer. The general temperature, according to M. Soret, varied from 0° C. to 2·37 C.; and Mr. Browne, who quotes him, says that his own observations gave for it nearer 33° F. than 32°. I had not time to measure the temperature at the mouth of the cave; but, notwithstanding the storm, the afternoon was still rather warm; so that there was nothing exceptional in the condition of the outer air. Probably ordinary fluctuations produce little effect on the air deep within the cave, for I did not notice any draught.

During our stay in the cave the raincloud had drawn off, and when we emerged the afternoon sun was shining brightly on the mountains. While you stand within the entrance the snowy peak of the Jungfrau is seen as in a frame; a picture so lovely as by itself alone to repay one for the trouble of the journey. We could not, however, linger long to gaze. It was now four o'clock, and my guide could be with difficulty induced to promise that we should catch the last steamer, which was due at Gonten soon after six. Missing this was not to be thought of. I had no fancy for trying the rugged path to Interlachen late in the evening, in a second edition of the storm, which though now visiting the lowlands might again drift back; moreover I had a relation waiting for me there whom my absence would have alarmed. So dismissing the idea of descending straight into the Justisthal, I told him that we *must* catch the boat, and that he might go as fast as he could. Accordingly, we raced over the narrow ledges, scrambled up the rock, threaded the wilderness of *Schrattenkalk*, crossed the alps, and gained the ridge of the Ralligfluh in about half an hour from the cave, if I remember rightly. Here as we paused a minute to glance over the lovely view before us, which took in about the whole of the Bernese chain from the Eiger westward, he assumed a more cheerful aspect and declared his mind now at rest as to the steamer. He seemed however determined to risk nothing, so away we went down the slope, running down the zigzags or occasionally seeking a shorter path, during one of which my feet slipped up on the wet clay; I 'collided' with it, and rose up again looking like a brickmaker. In a very much less time than we had taken to ascend, we reached the more level alps below, where stood, near some chalets, a gigantic *wettertanne*, the grandest fir that I had ever seen. In a few minutes we were again among the cultivated fields, through which we rapidly descended; the soil, so parched in the morning, being

now refreshed and fragrant after the rain; and much sooner than I had thought it possible reached the village. The views for the whole way down are very fine, though of course they become less extensive as you descend. As a glance at a map would shew, the part of the Oberland which is best seen, is the range extending westward from the Jungfrau to near the Oldenhorn.

Our rapid descent had brought us home some three quarters of an hour before the time when the steamer was due; so I sat in the balcony and sketched, while my guide quenched his thirst and enlarged to a select audience upon the marvels of the cave and the capabilities of his Herr. I have often remarked that the pace at which Englishmen can go excites the astonishment of the natives in unfrequented places. I believe the reason is that the German travellers, of whom perhaps they see rather more than of the English, though often men of great endurance, cannot put on any pace, and would speedily knock up if they attempted it. By the time I had finished the boat was seen approaching; in a few minutes she lay up at a little pier by the inn garden; I was quickly on board, and speeding over the lake. The evening continued fine, though the clouds hung about until we reached Interlachen.

β.

GRANTA VICTRIX.

LET penny-a-liner's columns pour
  Of turgid efflorescence,
Describe in language that would floor
  Our Cayleys, Rouths, and Besants,
How Oxford oars as levers move,
  While Cambridge Mathematics,
Though excellent in theory, prove
  Unstable in Aquatics.

Our muse, a maiden ne'er renowned
  For pride, or self-reliance,
Knows little of the depths profound
  Of Telegraphic science:
But now her peace she cannot hold
  And like a true Camena,
With look half-blushing and half-bold,
  Descends into the arena.

Sing who was he that steered to win,
  In spite of nine disasters,
And proved that men who ne'er give in
  Must in the end be masters?
No warrior stern by land or sea,
  With spurs, cocked hat, and sword on,
Has weightier work than fell to thee,
  Our gallant little Gordon.

Who when old Cam was almost dead,
  His glory almost mouldy,
Replaced the laurels on his head?
  Sweet Echo answers—"Goldie."

Who was our Seven of mighty brawn
As valiant as a lion?
Who *could* he be but strapping Strachan,
Australia's vigorous scion?

Who rowed more fierce than lioness,
Bereft of all her whelps?
A thousand light-blue voices bless
The magic name of "Phelps."
Who was our Five? Herculean Lowe,
(Not he of the Exchequer),
So strong, that he with ease could row
A race in a three-decker.

Cam sighed—"When *shall* I win a race"?
Fair Granta whispered—"When, Sir,
You see at Four, his proper place,
My Faerie-queen-like Spencer."
'Tis distance robes the mountain pale
In azure tints of bright hue,
'More than a distance' lends to Dale,
His well-earned double light-blue.

Proud Oxford burnt in days of old
Ridley the Cambridge Martyr,
But this year in our Ridley bold
Proud Oxford caught a Tartar.
And Randolph rowed as well beseemed
His school renowned in story,
And like old Nelson only dreamed
Of Westminster and glory.

These men of weight rowed strong and straight,
And led from start to finish;
Their slow and steady thirty-eight
No spurts could e'er diminish:
Till Darbyshire, not given to lose,
Sees Cambridge rowing past him;
And Goldie steps into his shoes;
Long may their leather last him!

Glory be theirs who've won full well
The love of Alma Mater,
The smiles of every light-blue Belle,
The shouts of every Pater!
Unlimited was each man's store
Of courage, strength, and fettle,
From Goldie downwards every oar
Was ore of precious metal.

Then fare-ye-well till this time year,
Ye heroes stout and strapping,
And then beware, forgive my fear,
Lest Oxford find you napping;
And, oh! when o'er your work ye bend,
'Mid shouts of light-blue's winning,
If ye would triumph in the end,
Remember the beginning!

* * * *

P.S. The Muse true to her sex,
Less to be blamed than pitied,
A Post-script is obliged to annex
To state a point omitted.
When Granta glorying in success
With Camus pours her orisons;
One name she gratefully must bless,
That name is mighty Morrison's.

ARCULUS.

"THE MODERN BUDDHIST."*

THE author of this work has not extracted from the Siamese original any history of Buddha at any length, such as we find it among the Brahmins; and probably for the reason that there was none. For the Buddhists themselves have no detailed account of his life that they can rely upon, as the original author of the work here translated seems to imply in several places; nor indeed of his teaching, for instance, our Siamese philosopher deliberately says that the Traiphoom, which purports to be the teaching of Buddha on cosmography was a forgery, being a compilation of the popular ideas on the subject made by Buddhist monks to satisfy the demands of a king who wished to know the truth on the subject, and accordingly asked them what Buddha had said about it: "And they, knowing the omniscience of Buddha, and fearing that if they had said that he had never taught cosmography, people would say, 'your Lord is ignorant and admired without reason,' took the ancient Scriptures and various expressions in the Soodras, and parables and fables and proverbs, and connecting them together into a book, the Traiphoom, produced it as the teaching of Buddha."

The fact is, says our author, that Buddha knew the truth, but the knowledge being opposed to the ideas afterwards embodied in the Traiphoom which everybody then believed in, he said nothing about it: "For if he had attacked their old traditions he would have stirred up enmity, and lost all the time he had

* *The Modern Buddhist*, by H. ALABASTER.

for teaching living beings. Had the Lord Buddha taught cosmography as it is in the Traiphoom, he would not have been omniscient, but by refraining from a subject of which men of science were certain eventually to discover the truth, he shewed his omniscience."

To return, however, to the history of Buddha. We find among the Brahmins an acknowledgment of his divinity as an avatar, or incarnation of divine wisdom; and a history of him as such. In the first place, Buddha was a negro—or rather he was what we should now call a negro if we saw him. His statues in the oldest temples of Asia are black as jet, with the flat face, thick lips, and curly hair of the negro; in some cases the stone is black, in others, which is more to the purpose, it has been blackened, and that this is not the effect of accident is pretty evident from his teeth and the whites of his eyes being white and his lips red. Buddha has many different names, sixteen altogether; three of the chief ones are Buddha, Gautama, Saman. The last two of these are often found together as Samana Kodom; some of the more singular names attributed to him are Dagon; Poden, which is identified by Sir W. Jones with Woden; Tara-nath, which has been identified with the Keltic Taranis; Esa, which has been identified with the Gallic Hesus. So that this singular Avatar seems to have spread his influence over all the world. The history given of him in Brahminical records is as follows, and is believed in by the mass of his followers, though intellectual Buddhists, like our author, disbelieve all the supernatural part of it, with the exception of his becoming divine, omnipotent, and omniscient, which they argue is not supernatural. Buddha descended from a celestial mansion into the womb of his mother, Maya, or Maha-maja, Queen Maya, wife of Soutadanna, king of Megaddha, in the north of Hindostan; his mother conceived him without defilement, and brought him forth without pain. He was born at the foot of a tree and he did not touch

the earth, for Brahma sought to receive him in a vase of pure gold, and Gods, or kings the incarnations of Gods, assisted at his birth. The Moums and Pundits, prophets, divine men, recognised in this wonderful infant all the characters of the divinity, and he had scarcely seen the day before he was hailed as Devata Deva, God of Gods. Before he was called by his name Buddha, or Wisdom, he made early and great progress in the sciences. His beauty as well as his wisdom was more than human, and when he went abroad crowds assembled to admire him. After a certain time he left the palace of his father and retired into the desert, where he commenced his divine mission. There he ordained himself priest and shaved his head with his own hands; and there he changed his name to Gautama. After various trials he came out of them all triumphant, and after certain temptations or penitences which he submitted to in the desert were finished, he declared to his disciples that the time was now come to announce to the world the light of the true faith; the Gods themselves descending from heaven to invite him to propagate his doctrines. He is described by his followers as a God of Pity, the Guardian or Saviour of mankind, the Anchor of Salvation, and he was charged to prepare the world for the day of judgment.

Buddha passed his infancy in innocent sports, yet he is often called or described as an artificer. In his manhood he had severe contests with evil spirits, finally he was put to death, descended into hell and re-ascended into heaven. This is a sufficiently favourable account of Buddha to make one think that the Brahmins were worshippers of him. But between the Buddhists and the Brahmins there exists the greatest conceivable enmity; the latter accuse the former of being Atheists and Schismatics, and will hold no communication with them, believing themselves to be made unclean and to require purification even if they step within the shadow of a Buddhist. The difficulty

at once arises how are we to reconcile this reverence for a great teacher with intolerance for those who profess his religion. We shall find a probable solution in the Hindoo Trinity and the name of Buddha. The etymology of this name is unknown to the Hindoos themselves. In the Pali of Ceylon, to which the original author of this book refers as the source of knowledge concerning Buddha, it means universal knowledge, wisdom. Some Hindoo authors have thought it to be a general name for a philosopher, by others it is supposed to be a generic word, like Deva, but applicable to a sage or philosopher. Two things at all events are universally agreed to by all who have written concerning him: the first is that he is found at last to resolve himself into the Sun, either as the Sun itself or as the higher principle of which the Sun is the image or emblem; the second is that the word Buddha means wisdom. If we now turn to the Hindoo Trinity as described in this book, we find that our Siamese author says, "Brahminism is the most ancient known religion held by numbers of men to this day, though with many varieties of belief. Its fundamental doctrine was, that the world was created by Tao Maha Phrom; that is, Brahma, who divided his nature into two parts, Isuen (Vishnu), Lord of the Earth and rewarder of the good, and Narai (Siva), Lord of the Ocean, and punisher of the wicked. The Brahmins believed in blood sacrifice, which they offered before idols with six hands and three faces, representing three Gods in one. Sometimes they made separate images of the three and called them the father, son, and spirit; all three being one, and the son being that part of the deity which at various times is born in the earth as a man, the avatar of God."

Since Buddha, then, was confessedly a chief Avatar, he must have been an incarnation of the second person of the Hindoo Trinity, namely, Vishnu. We are also told that Buddha was the incarnation of the first

emanation from the divine nature. Therefore Buddha must have been an incarnation of the first emanation from Visnu, that is, an incarnation of the first attribute of Visnu, for Visnu had ten incarnations as Visnu, or God himself. Then there followed an emanation from him, that is, the manifestation of the first of his attributes, which also had ten incarnations; and this, the Brahmins say, was Buddha.

It may seem too refined a process for ages so long ago—this giving of an incarnate existence to an abstract notion, or all solitary attribute, but there is a very ancient inscription in a temple at Gharipuri, which aforesaid inscription may be seen in Mackenzie's collection in the India House, I believe, though I have not seen it; and which shews pretty clearly that these abstract notions of God were possessed, at all events, by the priests; after which, to give them a name and an existence in human form has never been found difficult. It is an enumeration of the attributes of the supreme and comprehensive deity Brahm, whose nature is threefold; each nature being subdvided into several attributes afterwards. It runs thus, beginning with the threefold nature or trinity of the Hindoos:

Brahma	Power	Creation	Matter	The Past	Earth
Visnu	Wisdom	Preservation	Spirit	The Present	Water
Siva	Justice	Destruction	Time	The Future	Fire

Here the first characteristic attribute or emanation from Visnu is *Wisdom*. The Brahmins say that the incarnation of this attribute was Buddha. It seems, then, that Buddha was the name of the incarnation of wisdom. This added to the fact that the word itself in Pali has come to mean "universal knowledge," makes it very probable, as some of the educated Hindoos say that Buddha is a name that may be applied to any philosopher or sage, after the appellation had once become well known as a name of the highest wisdom. Indeed it is more than probable—for there were no less than fourteen persons all called by the name of Buddha, and all professors of wisdom. It is impossible

that the Buddha, acknowledged and reverenced by the Brahmins, should have taught this religion that they so heartily detest. At the same time there must have been some great philosopher whose teaching his disciples have followed, until as now their number amounts to 365,000,000, or one third of the human race. Apparently the only way of accounting for it, is to suppose that this philosopher was called Buddha, either on account of his extraordinary wisdom, or because he declared that his teaching was really that of the Avatar Buddha; and his disciples, in order to make him appear greater, and from the confusion which must have been the result of propagating orally a history of him and his doctrines for 450 years, as is said to have been the case, adapted to him many of the events related of the Avatar. It seems, then, either that the Buddha of the Buddhists is entirely a different person from the Buddha of the Brahmins; or if he is the same that the doctrines which the Buddhists possess distinct from the Brahmins were not taught by him, in which latter case it is hard to see why they were called Buddhists at all.

It is worth while in passing to notice a curious coincidence between this Hindoo Trinity and the Trinity of the Jewish Kabala. In both cases wisdom is said to have been the first emanation from the divine nature. Hence it has been seriously maintained by some writers who translate the first words of Genesis as meaning "by wisdom" instead of "in the beginning," that the book aforesaid is partly a Buddhistic treatise. They look upon it as a collection of treatises probably of different nations: the first treatise ends with the third verse of the second chapter, the second with the last verse of the fourth; they also adduce to strengthen their theory the apparent abstinence from animal food until after the flood.

Having come to the conclusion, then, that the person from whom the distinctive doctrines of the Buddhists

are derived, those doctrines for which they have been so hated, and are still, by the Brahmins, can hardly have been the teaching of the Brahminical Buddha, but probably of some philosopher posterior to him; it is still an interesting subject of inquiry what these doctrines are. This book is chiefly occupied with the statement of them and of the comments of the learned Siamese upon them. He apparently does not recognise any teaching as Buddha's except what he can reconcile with his own reason; though how far he may be guided in his selection by a determination to believe that Buddha was omniscient, and therefore could not have taught anything that would ever become unreasonable, it is of course impossible to say. The book contains also criticisms by the author on other things chiefly connected with the natural sciences. The whole tone of his criticism is particularly matter of fact; nothing is to be believed except what can be proved: he will have nothing to do with anything ideal, but takes men and things as he finds them, one unanswerable objection to a theory invalidates it completely, in his mind, for all purposes of action upon it. No amount of marks of design in the world would suffice to persuade him of the existence of a creative and watchful Providence; when confronted with an unexplained instance of apparent failure on the part of that Providence, "Some think that the world was created by Allah for the use and advantage of man, but I cannot believe it when I think of the terrible rocks on which ships are wrecked and of fiery mountains which are certainly not an advantage to man. The Brahmins and other believers in God the Creator say that He makes the rain fall that men may cultivate their fields and live. I cannot say whether God does this or not, for it seems to me that if he did He would of his great mercy and love make it fall equally all over the earth, so that men might live and eat in security. But this is not the case; in some places no rain falls for years together,

and the people have to drink brackish water," &c. His reply, which has been already quoted in this paper to an imaginary antagonist denying the omniscience of Buddha, because he did not teach cosmography, forms perhaps the neatest answer possible to those who object to spiritual revelation on the grounds that those whom the believers therein follow did not teach natural revelation.

There are also some amusing anecdotes in this book of the author's encounters with the missionaries, who seem to have found him rather an awkward person to deal with. One comes away with the impression that the missionaries were somewhat stupid rather than anything else. On one occasion when one of them was declaring that God created everything, "I said," remarks our author, "does God create a stone in the bladder?" "Yes, everything—God creates everything." "Then," said I, "God creates in man that which will cause his death, and you medical missionaries remove it and restore him to health; are you not opposing God in so doing." When I had said this the missionary became angry, and saying I was hard to teach, left me. Now, to say nothing of the reverend gentleman's admission that God created the stone without any qualification, it seems not to argue a very acute perception of the case to grow angry and fail to see that owing to his unqualified admission he had given the Buddhist the idea that God deliberately created the stone with a view to causing the man's death. If he had replied that, inasmuch as God created the substance and the machinery by which the stone was produced, he did really create the stone; and that he created men with reason sufficient to enable them to avoid getting diseases of the kind or entailing such as the consequence of their unreasonableness upon their children, the Buddhist would probably have replied, that if God had really created men and watched over them with a beneficent eye: he would have taken care that all

should use their wisdom justly. Would he not have shown equal compassion and goodness to all and not allowed inequalities? Then I should have believed in a creating God; but, as it is, it seems nothing but a game at dolls. When the Buddhist, asked why innocent infants should die young—and being told that it was the mercy of God taking them to heaven—asked further, How should God take a liking to unloveable, shapeless, and even unborn children. He received the reply that "if any spoke on this wise in European countries he would be put in prison." It was an aggravating question certainly, and somewhat captious, but hardly deserved so sweeping or rash a condemnation. The only charitable thing is to suppose the missionary had been absent from his European countries for many years.

This brings us to the difference between Buddhism and most other religions known. Our Buddhist remarks that "there are philosophers who say that all known sects may be classed under two religions only, the Brahmanyang and the Samanyang. All those who pray for assistance to Brahma, Indra, God the Creator, Angels, Devils, Parents, or other intercessors, or possible benefactors,—all who believe in the existence of any being who can help them, and in the efficacy of prayer, are Brahmanyang; while all who believe that they must depend solely on the inevitable results of their own acts, that good and evil are consequences of preceding causes, and that merit and demerit are the regulators of existence, and who therefore do not pray to any to help them, and all those who profess to know nothing of what will happen after death, and all those who disbelieve in a future existence, are Samanyang." Buddhists indeed have a belief in existence after death and a theory of what will happen in a future existence, which theory is founded on the supposition that the law of the universe is perfect justice; and the manifestations thereof are regulated by a sort of necessity

called Kam, which men have created by acts of merit or demerit.

"Buddhists believe that every act, word, or thought has its consequence, which will appear sooner or later in the present or in some future state. Evil acts will produce evil consequences, that is may cause a man misfortune in this world, or an evil birth in hell, or as an animal in some future existence. Good acts, etc., will produce good consequences; prosperity in this world, or birth in heaven, or in a high position in the world in some future state. When we say every act, etc., has its effect, we must make the exception that where several acts, etc., are of such a nature that their result will be the same in kind, and due at the same time, then only one of the said acts, etc., will produce an effect, and the others will be neutralized, or become 'Ahosikam.' Sometimes even single acts may become effectless or 'Ahosikam,' as will be explained further on.

"There is no God who judges of these acts, etc., and awards recompense or punishment, but the reward or punishment is simply the inevitable effect of Kam, which works out its own results."

As in every religion its idea of the law of the universe in so far as it influences human beings, is the most interesting part of it to us; it will be best to conclude, with giving a short analysis of that law as conceived by the Buddhists. A man according to them has three states of existence; in the first two of which he has only one birth and death, in the third several. In his first existence he acquires merit and demerit; that is, he acquires Kam, meritorious or demeritorious; which will take effect partly in this existence, partly in the second existence, and partly in the third. Some acts will have their effect in this existence, others in the second, and others in the third. They are divided into classes accordingly. But as there is only one life in each of the first two existences, and as the effect

of acts which is due in those first two existences is put an end to by death; it is a matter for decision, how soon in either of these two existences that effect ought to come, be it good or bad. Acts are therefore divided into four classes according to their gravity or lightness; important acts will have their effects soon, and less important ones later, perhaps not at all, for the life on which they have to act may terminate. Having now determined in what existence and at what time of that existence the effect of an act is to take place, it must also be determined what is to be the nature of that effect; what acts deserve what *kind* of effect. Accordingly acts are again divided into four classes according to their gravity, the most important class of which is so strong as to oppose violently all the effect of other acts and destroy it. In the third existence the regulation of time is not so important as the effect of acts which occur in this is sure of being realised, there being any number of lives therein. This is an analysis of the account given by one of the canonical books. The best comment on them is that of the authors.

"These Kam we have discoursed about have no substance, and we cannot see where they exist, nor when they are about to have effect do they come crying, 'I am the Kam, named So-and-so, come to give fruits to such a one.' This I have only adverted to for comparison, with the belief of some that there is a creating God who causes existences. Those who so believe cannot see the Creator better than others see the Kam. It is a matter for the consideration of the wise, whether we should say there is a creating God, the Lord and Master of the world, or should say that it is Kam which fashions and causes existences. Neither has a visible form. If we believe that Kam is the cause, the creator, the arranger, we can get hold of the end of the thread, and understand that the happiness and misery of living beings is all caused

by natural sequence. But if we assert that a creating God is the dispenser of happiness and misery, we must believe that He is everywhere, and at all times watching and trying, and deciding what punishments are due to the countless multitude of men. Is this credible? Moreover, we are told that the Creator made animals to be food for man; these animals enjoy happiness and suffer misery, like as human beings do. How can we then say that the Creator does not grant them justice, and give them also a future state of reward and punishment?"

"The fact of the matter is this. The Hindoos who live in countries adjoining the Mahometan countries believe that in heaven every male has tens and hundreds of thousands of female attendants, according to what their teachers of old taught them concerning the riches of heaven, and their idea is akin to that of the Mahometans. The Mahometans had held out great inducements, representing the pleasures that would result from their religion; and the Hindoo teachers, fearing that their people might be excited by this most promising new doctrine, themselves introduced it into their own teaching. At least, this is my impression on the subject. But if we must speak out the truth as to these matters, we must say that the world of heaven is but similar to the world of man, only differing in the greater amount of happiness there enjoyed. Angels there are in high places with all the apparel and train of their dignity, and others of lower station with less surroundings. All take up that position which is due to their previous merits and demerits. Buddha censured concupiscence; Buddha never spoke in praise of heaven; he taught but one thing as worthy of praise, 'the extinction of sorrow.' All this incoherent account of heaven is but the teaching of later writers, who have preached the luxuries and rich pleasures of heaven in hopes thereby to attract men into the paths of holiness, and the attainment of sanctity."

AN ANCIENT ARABIC PRIZE POEM.

NO people have cultivated the art of poetry so extensively or so enthusiastically as the Arabs. With them it was not merely a passion, it was a necessity, for, as their own proverb has it: "The records of the Arabs are the verses of their bards." What the ballad was in preserving the memory of the Scottish border wars, such was the Eclogue in perpetuating the history and traditions of the various tribes of the Arabian Peninsula. The peculiar construction of their language and the richness of its vocabulary afforded remarkable facilities for the metrical expression of ideas, and accordingly the art of *Munázirah*, or Poetic disputation, in which two rival chieftains advanced their respective claims to pre-eminence in extemporary verse, was brought to the highest perfection among them. Towards the end of the sixth century, an annual fair was established at a town called Ocadh, with the special object of encouraging poetical talent, and poets from every part of Arabia were in the habit of attending it and courting the criticism of their assembled fellow countrymen. The successful compositions were inscribed in letters of gold and suspended, by way of challenge, on the doors of the Kaăbeh or temple at Mecca, from which circumstance they acquired the name of *Moàllacàt* or "Suspended." Seven of the most celebrated of these Prize poems have been handed down to us, a translation of one of which is here presented to the reader. It is the composition of ʿAntărăh, the son of Moawiych

ibn Sheddád, who lived shortly before the appearance of Mohammed. His mother was a slave, but the extraordinary valour and ability which he displayed induced his father to give him his freedom. The imagery of the poem, though vigorous, is, as we might expect, often extremely rude and erratic, passing with sudden transition from a gentle pastoral utterance to the fierce breathings of battle and revenge; at one time dwelling fondly on the image of a beloved maiden, at another conjuring up with grim delight the image of a slaughtered foe. I have given it, as far as possible, in its native simplicity, without seeking by suppression or embellishment to adapt it to modern European taste.

The Argument.

[The poet hesitates to begin upon a hackneyed theme. He apostrophizes the spot where his mistress' camp had formerly stood; laments the difficulties in the way of their union, arising from the enmity of their respective tribes. Describes his first meeting with her, and the consternation which he then felt at the prospect of her departure. Dwells upon her charms with some quaint and pleasing imagery, and contrasts her life of ease with his own life of danger and toil. At length he determines to follow her on a fleet she-camel, comparing it for swiftness to an ostrich, of which bird he introduces a humorous description. Reverting to his mistress, he impresses upon her his own virtues and nobility, concluding his self-recommendation with a proud boast of his own valorous exploits. This leads him to describe two single combats, in each of which he had slain a mighty hero. The bravery and nobility of his antagonists he enlarges upon with a view of enhancing the description of his own warlike prowess. Again remembering his mistress, he alludes briefly to the circumstances of his first enquiry after her, but almost immediately resumes the narrative of his own

valorous exploits, glorying in the importance with which his services are regarded by his tribe, of whom he is always the chosen champion. The description of a charge affords him opportunity for a pathetic allusion to his wounded horse. He comes at last to the subject of his poem, which is a vow of dire vengeance against two young men who have offended him, concluding with a cruel exultation over the fate of their father, who had fallen by his hand].

Have then the poets left a theme unsung?
Dost thou then recognize thy love's abode?

Home of my Ablah! dear for her dear sake!
Would that thy stones Jewá could speak to me.
Here have I often made my camel kneel,
Whose stately bulk, a very tower of strength,
Shall comfort me in my forlorn estate.
Ah! Ablah dwells in lone Jewá, our tribe
In Hazn and far Samán have pitched their tents.
Hail! prince of deserts, for since she hath gone,
Thy solitude is desolate indeed.

She made her dwelling in the foemans' land,
Who roar against me with a lion's rage;
And now midst dangers I must seek my love.

I loved her 'ere I knew it, and my hand
Was raised the while to shed her kinsmen's blood!
I loved thee Ablah,—by thy father's life
That love has cost me many a bitter pang,
That thou the daughter of a hated race,
Should'st be my heart's most loved and honoured guest!
But thou hast left me, and thy kinsmen's herds
Feed in Oneizah, and in Gheilam mine.

'Ere thou did'st leave me, I beheld thy steeds
All stalled and saddled through the livelong night;
Yet never dreamt I that the time drew nigh,
Till thy milch camels, lacking other food,

Cropped the unsavoury Khimkhim grains that grew
In rank luxuriance about the camp.
Full two and forty camels pastured there,
Black as the feathers of a raven's wing.

'Twas then her beauties first enslaved thy heart,
Those glittering pearls and ruby lips, whose kiss
Was sweeter far than honey to the taste.
As when the merchant opes a precious box
Of perfume, such an odour from her breath
Came towards thee, harbinger of her approach.

Or like an untouched meadow where the rain
Hath fallen freshly on the fragrant herbs,
That carpet all its pure untrodden soil.
A meadow where the frequent rain drops fall,
Like coins of silver in the quiet pools,
And irrigate it with perpetual streams;
A meadow where the sportive insects hum,
Like listless topers singing o'er their cups,
And ply their forelegs like a man who tries
With maimed hand to use the flint and steel.

My Ablah sitteth night and day at ease
On downy cushions, while my nightly seat
Is on the hard back of my bridled steed.
My cushion is the saddle deftly set
Across the withers of a noble horse
With sturdy legs, plump shoulders, broad of girth.

I have a camel of the Sheddan breed
Shall bear me fleetly to my loved one's side;
A camel which like some devoted beast
Has purchased swiftness at the sacrifice
Of all the joys which motherhood can bring.
With lashing tail she journeys through the night,
With stately gait, and makes the trembling hills
Resound beneath the clattering of her hoofs.
So speeds the crop-eared nimbly-stepping bird,

Whom broods of ostriches of smaller growth
Are trailing after at the even tide
As Yemen camels their barbarian hind.
He leads the troop, and rears aloft his crest
As men raise canopies o'er new made brides;
He seeks his eggs in Zi'l Osheirahs vale,
And with his small head and his scanty plumes
Presents the figure of a slave boy dressed
In furry tunic all too short of skirt.
My camel drinks at Duhradeina's wells,
But turns and flees from Deilam's hostile stream.
She swerves and sways as though she turned away
From some fierce wild cat clinging to her flank,
Large headed, purring, prowling in the night;
Whene'er she turns her head to beat him off,
He straight assails her with his claws and teeth
And when she kneels by Er Ridá, she seems
To kneel on crackling rushes, such a sound
The sun-baked mud gives forth beneath the weight.
The swarthy drops (like treacle or like pitch,
All bubbling in a cauldron on the fire)
Start round her ears, as swift she scours the plain,
Proud as a stallion envied by the herd.

Think not the barrier of a flimsy veil
Can shield thee Ablah from my fond regards,
When stalwart knights have found a steel cuirass
Of none effect against my furious thrust.

Speak only of me as you find me,—I
Am very gentle if I be not wronged,
But if they wrong me, my revenge is sure;
Like gall and wormwood is the taste thereof.

I quaff the wine cup when the sun goes down,
Old wine that costs me many a shining coin,
And oft replenish from the stoppered jug
My crystal goblet curiously wrought.
In such carousing do I waste my wealth,

Yet is mine honour an exhaustless store.
If flushed with wine I make a liberal gift,
My sober moments ratify the boon,
For mine thou knowest is a generous soul.

Where'er descending falls my flashing blade,
Low lies the husband of some noble dame,
And like the whistling of a cloven lip,
The life blood gurgles from his ghastly wound,
And spurtles round him in a crimson shower.

But if my valour needeth warranty,
Go ask the hero horsemen of thy tribe,
Ask them how fares it, when I once bestride
My steed, whom every lance by turns assails,
Now rushing singly to defy the host,
Now plunging headlong where the bowmen crowd.
Each glad survivor of the fierce affray
Will tell thee truly how I love the fight,
How little care I have to share the spoils.

The fiercest warrior armed cap à piè,—
No craven coward he to yield or fly,
But one whose onslaught e'en the bravest dread,—
Assails me; grasping in my quick right hand
A lance, in fashion like a weaver's beam;
I pierce his armour, run him through and through,
And read this lesson to the wondering hosts:—
"That spears respect not birth or bravery!"
I leave his carcase for the beasts to rend,
To munch his fingers and his comely wrists.

There came a noble champion from the ranks
To win him glory and defend his right—
And, lo! I pierced him through his coat of mail;
For all he was the hero of his clan,
To whose accustomed hand came nought amiss,
The warrior's weapon or the gambler's dice,
To tear the standard from it's bearer's grasp,

Or make the vinter haul his sign-board down,
(For such a guest would leave him nought to sell).
Ah! when he saw me from my horse alight,
And knew 'twas I had taken up his gage,
His lips were parted—but he did not *smile!*
I watched him lying at the close of day,
And 'twas not *henna* made that ruddy stain
Which tinged his fingers and his manly brow.
Poor lad! his garments had not ill become
A poplar tree; the sandals which he wore
Were tanned, in token of his royal birth;
I ween his mother had not two such boys!
And yet I speared him, following up the thrust
With keen-edged sword of glittering Indian steel.

Sweet lamb! how fair a booty would'st thou be
Were it but given me to call thee mine.
I called a little maiden from our tents
And bade her run and bring me back the news,
And thus she spake to me on her return:
"I saw the foemen lulled by treacherous ease,
"And whoso wills it his that lamb shall be.
"Her neck is comelier than the graceful fawn's,
"Her form is fairer than the young gazelle's!"

They tell me such an one requites my boons
With base ingratitude, it may be so:—
Ingratitude will on itself recoil.

I mind the precepts which my uncle gave,
I mind his counsels when I seek the field
Where many a lip with quivering terror curls.
I mind his counsels in the battle's whirl
Where cries for mercy only serve the more
To swell the volume of the deafening din.

My comrades placed me in the foremost rank
To shield their bodies from the hostile spears;
I shrank not then, or if I seemed to pause

Twas but the press of the retreating hosts
That stopped my courser in his wild career.
And when I saw their rallying squadrons form,
I sought fresh triumphs in a fresh attack.
"Ho, 'Antarah to the rescue!" was the cry,
While spears were pointed at my charger's breast
Like cords that draw a bucket from the well.
I urged him forward charging on the spears
Till wounds had woven him a bloody vest;
Then turned he towards me with his tearful eyes,
And neighing plaintively bewailed his hurt.
Poor beast, he well nigh gave his anguish words;
He would have spoken but he knew not how!
Then came a clamour that revived my soul,
Our warriors shouting, "On! brave Antarah, on!"
Stern visaged horsemen o'er the plain careered
On prancing chargers of the goodliest breed.
And now—A camel bears me where I list
And turns obsequious at my least command.

I only tremble lest my death befall
Ere I have wreaked my vengeance on the brood
Of Dhemdhem, curs who dare asperse my fame
Whilst I restrain me from reviling them.
The pair have vowed that they will have my blood,
They threaten loudly—when I am not by!
Well let them threaten, *but I left their sire*
A feast for vultures and for beasts of prey.

E. H. P.

STANZAS.

DEEM it not vanity
That moveth me:
Although the nightingale
In lonely wood and vale
Poureth all heedlessly her wild complaint,
Nor knoweth if the flowers,
Filling with fragrance faint
Her nightly bowers,
Droop trembling at her amorous sad tale;
For as the wind
Moving amid a lute,
Wakens soft notes and deep from every silent string,
Thus doth she sing,
When heaven breathes thro' her, though her soul be mute,
Nor knows she any rapture of the mind.

Deem it not foolishness
If words express,
But falteringly what the soul only knows;
Or if the mystery
Revealed to me
In every smallest leaf and flower that blows,
Is far more clear and deep
In utter speechlessness,

When words and thoughts alike are laid asleep:
For in the bird
Singing unconsciously,
The very tones of beauty's voice are heard;
And if her song for thought
Be too bewildering,
How shall I hope that ought
In utterance can tell of what I sing.

H. B. C.

OUR CHRONICLE.

THE Editors have to express their great regret at the late appearance of the present number. This is due solely to the want of articles forwarded to them for insertion. They desire to urge upon the subscribers that they should send their contributions earlier, and so save the editors the task of having to write the larger portion of the number.

The College living of Melbourn-cum-Holt, vacant by the decease of the Rev. L. P. Baker, B.D., has been accepted by the Rev. C. F. Eastburn, M.A. The living of Lawford is vacant by the the promotion of the Very Rev. C. Merivale, B.D., to the Deanery of Ely.

Dr. Wood having resigned the Tutorship of the College, which he had held for a period of ten years, Mr. J. E. Sandys has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. W. F. Smith has been appointed Classical Lecturer in the place of Dr. Wood.

The following are the First Classes in the recent May Examination:

THIRD YEAR.

Carver	Bishop
Genese	Wood
Cruickshank	Bourne
Carpmael	

SECOND YEAR.

Webb	Harries
Andrew, H. M.	Case
Cook	Rushbrooke
Morshead	Clark, J. W.
Benson	Evans, A.

FIRST YEAR

Whitfield	Lloyd
Adams, T.	Adams, F. H.
Gurney	Machell
Lees	Pugh, M. H.
Hoare, A. }	Willacy
Roughton }	Dibden
Reeves	Allnutt
Ruston	Pinder
Hicks	Kidd
Woolley	Haslam, A. B.
Garnett	Page
Newbold	Ellen
Bell	Hutchinson }
Sutton	Webb }
Alston }	Hanson
Finch }	Wickham }
Simpson }	Price }
Garrett, S.	Mytton
Wills	

Mrs. Anne Fry's Hebrew Scholarship.—Ds. A. N. Obbard,

Hebrew Prizes.—Ds. Obbard; Ds. Watson, Fred.; Ds. Drake; Ds. Stooke.

Greek Testament Prize.—W. S. Wood.

Reading Prizes.— { Chichester / Coote } *Æq.*

Moral Philosophy Prize.—Ds. Noon.

English Essay Prizes.—*3rd Year:* Burder. *2nd Year:* Boyes. *1st Year:* Simpson.

Scholars elected:

Bishop	Andrew, H. M.
Burder	Cook
Carpmael, E.	Cowie
Dymock	Garrod
Foxwell	Morshead
Haskins	Rushbrooke
Haslam, F.	Webb
Macmeikan	

The following were elected to Exhibitions at the same time:

Exhibitions of £30.

Benson	Marshall
Foote	Page
Heitland	Webb

Exhibitions of £20.

Adams, T.
Adamson
Blunt
Carver
Case
Genese
Garney
Harris
Roughton
Ruston
Whitfield
Wood, W. S.

Exhibition of £12. 18s. 6d.

Reeves

Exhibitions of £10.

Alston
Bethell
Butler
Clayton
Finch
Flewett
Lees
Miller
Read, H. N.
Simpson, G. A. K.
Stokes, A. S.
Wilson, W. L.

The following were elected Proper Sizars:

Harries
Case
Fowell
Adams, T.
Lees
Reeves

The following were elected Minor Scholars and Exhibitioners at the examination held at Easter:

Minor Scholars.

Freese (Winchester School)
Barnard (Private Tuition)
Stubbs (Christ's Hospital)
Williams (Shrewsbury)

Exhibitioners.

Anglin (Private Tuition)
Lloyd (Brewood)
Elwes (King's College)
Sollas (School of Mines)
For Natural Science.

The following is the First Class in the Voluntary Classical Examination:

Cowie
Dymock
Foote
Haskins
Haslam, F. W. C.
Heitland
Marshall, G. A.
Rushbrooke
Wood, W. S.

The following is the result of the Boat Races for the May Term:

Thursday, May 26th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Friday, May 27th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Saturday, May 28th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

1	1st Trinity	9	Jesus
2	Lady Margaret	10	Emmanuel
3	3rd Triaity	11	Trinity Hall 2nd
4	Trinity Hall	12	Clare
5	1st Trinity 2nd	13	King's
6	Sidney	14	Magdalene
7	Christ's	15	1st Trinity 3rd
8	Corpus		

Monday, May 30th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

1	1st Trinity	10	Emmanuel
2	Lady Margaret	11	Trinity Hall 2nd
3	3rd Trinity	12	King's
4	Trinity Hall	13	Clare
5	1st Trinity 2nd	14	Magdalene
6	Sidney	15	1st Trinity 3rd
7	St. Catherine's		
8	Christ's		
9	Jesus		

Tuesday, May 31st.

SECOND DIVISION.

1	1st Trinity 3rd	9	Corpus 2nd
2	Caius	10	Caius 2nd
3	2nd Trinity	11	1st Trinity 4th
4	3rd Trinity 2nd	12	Lady Margaret 2nd
5	Peterhouse	13	Trinity Hall 3rd
6	St. Catharine	14	Christ's 2nd
7	Pembroke	15	Queen's
8	Sidney 2nd	16	Emmanuel 2nd

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Wednesday, June 1st.

SECOND DIVISION.

1	Caius	9	Corpus 2nd
2	1st Trinity 3rd	10	Caius 2nd
3	3rd Trinity 2nd	11	1st Trinity 4th
4	2nd Trinity	12	Trinity Hall 3rd
5	St. Catharine's	13	Lady Margaret 2nd
6	Peterhouse	14	Queen's
7	Pembroke	15	Christ's 2nd
8	Sidney 2nd	16	Emmanuel 2nd

FIRST DIVISION.

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

The following were the crews of the Lady Margaret Boats:

FIRST BOAT.

1 P. H. Laing
2 H. T. Wood
3 P. C. Smith
4 J. Noon
5 A. J. C. Gwatkin
6 H. Latham
7 P. J. Hibbert
8 J. H. D. Goldie (*captain and stroke*)
H. B. Adams (*cox.*)

SECOND BOAT.

1 J. C. Dunn
2 F. Harris
3 P. Baylis
4 J. N. Quirk
5 J. H. R. Kirby
6 W. M. Ede
7 H. Strahan
8 J. Haviland (*stroke*)
H. H. Murphy (*cox.*)

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the May Term were:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer: J. Noon.
Secretary: H. T. Wood.
1st Captain: J. H. D. Goldie.
2nd Captain: H. Latham.

C. U. R. V. B Company. The Company Challege Cup was won in the Lent Term by Sergt. J. Noon, and in the Easter Term by Private C. H. Pierson.

The Officers' Pewter was won in the Lent Term by L.-Corp. Neville, and in the Easter Term by Private F. A. S. Reid.

A match was shot against No. 2 Company of the 1st Cambridgeshire Corps, on March 22nd, 1870, at the Mill Road Range: B Company winning by 215 points against 212. The return match was shot on the 6th of June, when the B Company was again successful, scoring 222 against 219.

A match with Winchester School Corps took place on the same day: B Company winning by 42 points.

The following members of the Company shot in these matches: Captain Wace, Lieut. Roberts, Sergt. Noon, Sergt. Hanbury, Corp. Bethell, L.-Corp. Haworth, L.-Corp. Neville, Private E. Carpmael, Private Roughton, Private Pierson, Private Reid, and Private Hogg.

CRICKET.

The College Eleven has lately increased in strength rapidly. The Freshmen this year were weaker than usual, and in the University Freshmen's Match, we were only represented by G. Young; H. A. Snow being prevented from playing. In the Seniors' Match, however, we had six players; viz.: J. W. Dale, F. A. Mackinnon, A. A. Bourne, J. Wilkes, F. Tobin, and H. P. Stedman.

In the match at Lord's with Oxford, which terminated with such excitement and pleasure to us, the honours of the College were upheld by J. W. Dale, F. A. Mackinnon, F. Tobin, and A. A. Bourne.

The Officers of the Club are:

1st Captain.—A. A. Bourne.
Secretary.—F. Tobin.
Treasurer.—A. Hoare.
2nd Captain.—C. E. Cummings.

The following are the matches played :

St. John's *v.* Jesus. St. John's 225 ; Stedman 79, Tobin 48. Jesus 58 for 8 wickets.

St. John's *v.* King's. St. John's 208 41, Whittington 48. King's 161 ; Smith (not out) 47.

St. John's *v.* Etceteras. St. John's 311 ; Tobin 122, Stedman 54, Wilkes 32. Etecteras 122 and 119 for 3 wickets.

St. John's *v.* Caius. St. John's 287; Tobin 43, Mackinnon 50, Cummings 64, Coates 43. Caius 76 for 2 wickets.

St. John's *v.* Christ's. St. John's 207 ; Cursham 84. Christ's 100 for for 8 wickets.

St. John's *v.* Trinity Hall. St. John's 216; Smith 40. Trinity Hall 75.

St. John's *v.* Perambulators. St. John's 126 and 72 ; Dale 41. Perambulators 230 ; Mackinnon 66, Wilkes 23. The strength of the Perambulators being Johnians.

We also played Trinity with the following result :

J. Wilkes, c Yardley, b Cobden	83
F. Tobin, b Cobden	15
F. A. Mackinnon, c Pulteney, b Money	87
H. P. Stedman, c Scott, b Bray	34
J. W. Dale, b Cobden	32
R. E. Whittington, c Myers, b Yardley	55
A. Shuker, b Cobden	5
C. E. Cummings, c Pidcock, b Money	0
R. W. Wickham, not out	37
H. A. Snow, b Money	0
A. A. Bourne, st. Pidcock, b Money	0
Extras	17
Total	365

Trinity made 244 and 99 for 5 wickets.