THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

IT will have been seen in the *Chronicle* how largely St. John's was represented in the several branches of the Eclipse Expedition: it is fitting therefore that some account of their proceedings should appear in the *Eagle*.

This expedition may well be called the unfortunate expedition; to the difficulties caused by mismanagement at head-quarters at home, were added those of unkind skies abroad. Nevertheless, it was more successful than it deserved to be. Owing to the prudent policy of scattering the observers, tolerably fine weather was obtained at one station, and there was secured the best photograph of the Corona that has yet been taken. From the observations made at this station, combined with what may be gleaned from some of the others, at which the clouds only impeded and did not prevent the view, considerable addition to our knowledge has been gained.

The expedition was divided into two main branches. One went overland to Sicily; these, strange to say, were shipwrecked. The other went by sea to Spain and Africa, having weathered the Professor's storm on the way. Each branch was still further subdivided: the Sicilian made four parties, who observed at Syracuse, Catania, Mt. Etna, and Augusta respectively. One party in Africa at Oran, and two in Spain, whose head-quarters were Cadiz and Gibraltar, formed the other branch of the expedition. Many of these parties

threw off smaller groups of observers to various points around their principal stations, so as still further to separate from one another, and extend, as it were in skirmishing order, along the line of totality; and besides the English, there were Spaniards, Italians, and Americans To the excellent equipment of the latter much of the success that was attained is due. The mighty nations of France and Germany were too busily employed, in retarding the progress of humanity, and throwing back the advance of civilisation, to have any energy to spare for the cause of scientific truth. One Frenchman in Africa, who had escaped from Paris in a balloon, was the only representative of his country. One German was heard of in Sicily, a moral philosopher drinking the eclipse into his soul, a somewhat mythical personage, the report of whose observations has not yet come to hand.

The sea party assembled in the afternoon of the 5th of December, on board H. M. S. Urgent, in Portsmouth Harbour: soon the huge packing cases were safely stowed away in the forepart of the main deck, and the company settled into little groups, in the saloon or on the poop, cheerfully chatting, discussing the proposed observations, or listening to the agreeable chaff of the Third Lieutenant.

We, who formed this party, were destined to become acquainted with the various peculiarities of the Urgent. One of them is that she is never in a hurry. Those who retired at night in the hope of finding themselves in mid ocean next morning were (but ought not to have been) disappointed at finding that we were still alongside the quay. The morning was foggy, and the Urgent can't go out in a fog. The fog didn't get much better, but the time got much later, late enough apparently for the Urgent, and out of the harbour we went. Surely we are off now. Not a bit of it. The Urgent must be swung at Spithead to correct her compasses. So swung she

was, and this took nearly all day. Then the safety valve had to be repaired, after that the boiler. In twenty-four hours from the time we had gone on board we had travelled about three miles. We were, however, at last fairly off, and were not long in making a further discovery of the Urgent's peculiarities. She rolls. There is no mistake about it. Everybody knew she rolled. The scientific correspondent said so. The admiral said so. But the admiral rather likes rolling. Some of us do not. Moreover the sea became rough. The Urgent rolled more. We liked it less. And this went on for several days. We got across the Bay of Biscay, and were off Cape Finisterre. And the sea became very rough indeed, and the wind blew a gale, and the rolling was worse than ever, and H. M. S. Captain had gone down just about this spot only a short time ago. So the scientific correspondent put on his trowsers, and went on deck, prepared to go down in the performance of his duty, measuring the height of the wave that was to engulph him. And we poor land lubbers lying down below, what did we think about it? Were we afraid she would go down? Alas! we were afraid she wouldn't.

However, gales have an end, and so must the talk about them: we refer any one who wants further information to the *Times* of Jan. 18. It may be imagined that all this tossing about did not accelerate our progress, but we were destined to still further delay. On the afternoon of the 12th, as we were nearing Cadiz, and hoping to arrive there that evening, a fine bright white lighthouse appeared on our port bow: in spite of the assurance of the master, who knew that he was going right, and that this, not being in our course, could not be Cadiz, the ship's course was altered in the direction of this lighthouse, which eventually turned out to be Chipiona. The effect of this little excursion was that we did not arrive outside Cadiz till after dark, and were not permitted to enter

the harbour, and consequently had to ride outside all night. Nor was this all. The next morning, when we did get in to the harbour, we were put in quarantine, and no one allowed to land till two o'clock. In consequence of all these vexatious delays, avoidable and unavoidable, it was not till the eighth day after going on board that we landed at Cadiz.

Cadiz is undoubtedly a fine town, the tall white houses looked very imposing from the sea. Their flat tops gave it an oriental appearance. The streets are very narrow, and the houses lofty. It is almost an island, and it occupies almost the whole of it. Hence it has not much possibility of extension, except vertically. The vivid coloured ornamentation on the houses, often light blue or emerald green, shone brilliantly in the sun, and gave it a very foreign aspect. The streets are long and straight. The vista down each of them, broken as it is by every variety of balcony, or oriel window, or of projecting screen of ornamental iron work, has a most beautiful effect, and one quite new to the writer.

Not only on the houses, but in the costumes of the people, the vivid colour called forcible attention to the fact that we were in a strange country. In this respect the poorer classes had a manifest advantage over the upper. The market women would have a shawl and a skirt of gay colour: their respectable customers were in sombre black. The men usually wore a crimson waistband, and often a coloured waistcoat or other garment: their superiors were generally muffled in a dark cloak; of this however a small piece of gaudy lining was allowed to appear over the shoulder.

Another beautiful feature of Cadiz is the number of public squares and promenades; this is perhaps somewhat French in style; they are places when evidently in summer bands play, and the folk sit and chat and flirt under the shade of palm trees, or pimento trees,

amid statuary which, although exposed to the air, is nevertheless white.

There is life too in Cadiz. It is a port and has communication with the outer world. There are shops and a market, where the country people bring in their provisions for sale, and in disposing of them make such a clatter that, although unintelligible, it gives the idea that a brisk and active business is going on.

In praising Cadiz, I have said all the good I can for Spain. In general, the country has a blighted aspect. Bad roads, infrequent and unpunctual railway communication, testify to the paucity of internal commerce. It is infested by beggars. It is not free from brigands. One of the Gibraltar party was attacked at night by two men, and stripped of everything but his shirt; his life was on the point of being taken; happily the appearance of a light round a corner, just at the critical moment, caused the thieves to run away, carrying away with them however their booty. One of the Cadiz party had about £15 stolen from him, in an office where he was changing money, within a few hours of landing. Almost the first thing we heard was a threat to make soup of the new King. It was while we were in the country that they murdered their Prime Minister. Two of us went late at night to make experiments at our observatory, we were taken for burglars, and received with firearms.

All this points to an unhappy state of the country. And the reason is not far to seek. It has been cursed with an aristocracy, who have fostered the idea that it is disgraceful to work, and with that priestly system which all experience has shewn crushes a nation and prevents its advancement. The wretched Spaniard will rather beg than work, and begging is so profitable a trade, that, amid a nation of beggars, a man cannot be found to perform a slight service, such for instance as carrying a basket a mile or two, except at an exorbitant rate. Is there not a lesson here for us?

May we not learn, not only the evil of indiscriminate almsgiving, for on that point, in England at least, we are all agreed, but also the possible evil consequence of that system of pauperization, so destructive to the self-dependence of the people, which is organised in our present poor laws. The 'haughty Spaniard' of the novel and of the theatre sinks, when you come to meet him, into an abject beggar, or else a man so muffled up in his cloak as to give the idea that he is afraid to meet your eye. May no such reproach be ever cast against the Briton of whom it is our wont to boast that he 'never will be a slave.'

In Seville we have a town of greater pretension than Cadiz, but not of greater beauty; the streets are wider, and there are fine public buildings, but the ordinary houses are tamer; we miss the effective colour of the fronts, and the flat tops of the houses. In the principal street—a narrow one—there is no distinction of pavement and road, not that it is all road, but it is all pavement, a carriage going along it is an obvious intruder, as much out of place as a velocipede in the "Wilderness." It can go there, and does sometimes, but not very often, and we feel instinctively that the Junior Bursar ought to come and turn it out. Seville has the character and importance of a provincial capital; there is a fair amount of traffic in the streets, chiefly on foot, and there is some evidence of a resident gentry; there is a life of pleasure in Seville in which the influence of France may be discerned, as that of England in the life of business at Cadiz. There is business also in Seville, but not much; one large tobacco manufactory, and some potteries, were all that were prominent beyond the necessary industries for a city of 120,000 people. The vast Cathedral, mighty in grandeur and gloom, contains specimens of stained glass of various ages, styles, and merit, and many pictures, some of which might be fine ones if we could see them: but the Alcazar was the most striking

feature to an English visitor. Like, but inferior, to the Alhambra, which I did not see, it was a magnificient palace, and might be so again, enriched with all the splendour which colour and carved tracing can give it; polished marble and fretted stone, panels of inlaid wood on the doors, a covering of variegated tiles on the walls, beautiful in form, and matchless in colour, gave it a luxuriousness of decoration, for which we must go back to the dream of childhood, when excited by the Arabian Nights, to find a parallel.

And this was the work of the Moors; then the Moors must have been a mighty people, and the Spaniards who conquered the Moors must have been once mightier. We have a proof in this very magnificence of the degeneracy of Spain.

If in Seville, a thoroughly Spanish town, we are so forcibly reminded of the once great Moorish people, what shall we say of Cordova? A town deader than the deadest Cathedral town in England, it is a very tomb of the Moors. The streets average about 10 feet wide, diminishing in places to 6 or 7; they are not straight, but wind and twist in a manner that makes the town a mere labyrinth of stone and brick; one wanders on and on, and round and round, thinking that one will soon come to the principal street, but it does not appear; we had a compass to steer by, and yet almost lost ourselves. Two of us spent almost a whole day wandering about in this way, peering into the courtyards of the houses, many of which bore evident traces of their former occupiers; sometimes round two or three sides of the court were monolithic granite columns, supporting arches, in which here and there the true Moorish type was retained; here a carved capital, there some old tile-work, gave indications of a grandeur which has now long passed away. But not wholly passed away; the Mosque remains. This is a forest of monoliths, of every variety of stone and marble, arranged in rows at right angles, an army of columns;

each is connected with each of the four adjacent ones by a horseshoe arch, and above these arches is another tier of similar arches. From every point of view one sees in four directions long avenues of these arches, and looking in an intermediate direction the eye is bewildered by the maze of columns and arches. On several are traces of the old surface ornamentation, which, if it were continued over the whole, must have given it, when lit up, an appearance gorgeous beyond description. The parts best preserved are a chamber called the Villa Viciosa, and the Mih-ràb, or Holy of Holies, where the marble floor is worn in a groove by the knees, as they say, of the pilgrims who used to crawl round it seven times. It is a small circular dome, entered through a horseshoe arch, and profusely enriched within and without with Mosaic and carving and colour and Arabic inscriptions from the Koran.

In the middle of all these rows of columns, where perhaps formerly a mighty dome may have been, there has been placed a Roman Catholic Church, almost of Cathedral proportions, and in the Renaissance style. In itself it is a fine building, but it is so utterly incongruous with its surroundings that one regrets its presence. In it the services are conducted, but apparently they are thinly attended.

At Cordova we came in for a bullfight. A most excellent description of a similar fight at Madrid appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January. It is unnecessary therefore to repeat one here. It will be sufficient to say that the one referred to exactly describes what we saw. I may perhaps add a confirmation of the writer's account of its demoralizing influence from the experience of one of our party. At the first sight of its horrible and disgusting features he became evidently uncomfortable, was covered with a cold perspiration, and wished to know where the way out was. We saw this gradually give way to an eager

excitement, under which the sense of the sufferings of the animals was lost, and there replaced it almost a savage hope that perhaps one of the men might fall a victim to the bull they were enraging. And this is the national sport of Spain.

But we have been digressing: the visits to Seville and Cordova were not made till after the Eclipse. We must pick up our narrative after the landing at Cadiz, leaving the Urgent to continue her journey to Gibraltar and Oran with the other parties. Our chief lost no time, but went immediately to consult the Spanish Astronomers at San Fernando as to the choice of a station, and on the following day he inspected several that were recommended, and selected one of them, San Antonio by name. This, which became our observatory, was a vineyard on the other side of the bay, about three miles from Puerto de Santa Maria in the direction of Jerez (or Xeres), and much nearer the central line, *i.e.* the path of the centre of the Moon's shadow, than Cadiz.

There was a sufficiently spacious courtyard for the instruments by day, and an unoccupied house in which to dispose of them at night, and a roomy stable for the boxes and packing cases. It was dark on the evening of Thursday, 15th December, before we arrived there, and not till the morning of Friday could we unpack. In this operation Lord Lindsay kindly lent us most efficient aid. He came over on purpose in drenching rain from La Maria Louisa, a vineyard about five miles west of Jerez, where he had stationed himself with a complete party of observers, which he had himself equipped. His position and Jerez, where were the Americans, were about equidistant from us, the distance being about six miles. The Spaniards from San Fernando sent a party to San Lucar, a town at the mouth of the Guadalquiver, about ten miles north-east of Lord Lindsay's position. Thus there were plenty of observers in the neighbourhoo

The details of our proceedings for the next few days would not be interesting. Each of us had an instrument which was the object of his tenderest attentions; fitting, cleaning, adjusting, practising, this was our daily work. One day, after the night adventure previously alluded to, two of us walked over to Jerez to see the Americans; on this occasion we made an acquaintance with the state of the roads, that we have no desire to renew. The rain had converted the clay soil into a sloppy, sticky, slippery pudding, we had the utmost difficulty in getting along, and accomplished the distance—six or seven miles—in about three hours. After refreshment internally, and scraping externally, we found our way to the American station. We were most cordially received, and were much interested to see all their excellent arrangements and equipment. The contrast between the forethought and care with which they had provided for everything, and the hasty makeshift nature of our preparations, was anything but gratifying to our national pride.

The weather was uniformly bad till the 21st December. This was really a fine day, like a bright day in June in England, when a sea-bath was most enjoyable. All were in good hopes for the morrow. When the morrow came all was cloudy; however, the clouds were not uniformly dense, thinner patches here and there permitted the Sun to be seen, and through one of them a fair view of the Eclipse was observed.

The Eclipse began in Spain as in England, with a little notch cut out of the Sun's surface by the advancing Moon, and for all the time except about three minutes, during part of which the Sun was totally obscured, there was no considerable difference between the phenomenon observed at home and abroad. During the 'totality,' however, the phenomena are strikingly different from what they are before or after; and it was for the sake of these short moments that so much preparation was made. What is seen then can be seen

at no other time, and gives us information which can be primarily obtained in no other way.

The light became gradually less as the Sun was more and more obscured, and this diminution went on with ever increasing rapidity as the Sun narrowed to a thin crescent. To the observer with a telescope the corona already appeared, showing the hitherto invisible disc of the moon beyond the Sun as a dark object in the sky. The crescent soon diminishes to a fine line, then to a series of golden drops called Baily's beads, due to the last remnant of the Sun shining through the irregularities in the Moon's edge; these disappear, as the dark edge of the shadow shudders past in the air at the rate of twenty miles a minute, veiling earth and heaven with a ghostly curtain rapidly drawn across by unseen spirit hands. A cold gloomy darkness has in a moment, with the last twinkling of Baily's beads, been spread like a shroud over the landscape. By us indeed, in consequence of the clouded state of our sky, the full effect of this sudden darkness was not experienced. The clouds sent us considerable light, a secondary illumination due to reflection from clouds beyond the shadow; it was, therefore, actually not so dark during totality as it might have been; and also it did not seem so dark on account of the previous dulness; the effect of contrast was lost. Had the atmospheric circumstances been favourable, the bright blaze of a mid-day Sun would have been succeeded by utter darkness, and even the minutest stars would have shone with all the brilliance of a clear moonless midnight; as it was, only a few planets appeared; Venus, Mercury, and Saturn were seen by various observers.

There was something indescribable in the gloom as we saw it, it was not intense enough for the darkness of night, and it was quite unlike twilight; it was the darkness of a Total Eclipse, and must be felt to be appreciated.

In the midst of all this gloom, there stands in the

sky that which all our preparations had been made to observe. Where the bright Sun was there is now a black object—the Moon—to the eye intensely black, not so, however, in the telescope. One observer described it to be of a dark olive green colour, and of a velvety texture. It was dark, but a bright light surrounded it. This was the CORONA. This was what we came to see. We were there to put such questions to Nature that her answers might tell us how and from whence this light came to us. Did it shine by its own light? or by reflexion of the Sun's rays? and was it connected with the Earth? or the Moon? or the Sun? Leaving these questions to the men of science, let us look as general but attentive observers at the phenomenon itself.

The light surrounding the Moon is not all Corona; outside the Moon, but known from other evidence to belong to the Sun, is an irregular rim of reddish-yellow light, called the SIERRA, from which the well-known red flames or prominences protrude; they stand conspicuously, as little lumps of fire, at intervals on the dark edge of the Moon. Visible clearly to the eye during a Total Eclipse, no telescope can shew them at any other time; when the spectroscope however has dispersed the glare of the light from the Sun's bright face or photosphere, they may be seen and studied, and they are now to the initiated quite familiar objects.

Outside these is the Corona, which several of the observers thought was divided into two portions, whereof the inner irregularly skirted the Sierra and the prominences, running close up to the Moon where the prominences were absent, and was of a small breadth, but uniform brightness, and of a pearly or milk-white colour. Beyond this was an outer portion of similar light, not of uniform brightness, but fading off gradually into the cloud, and this is sometimes seen lengthened out into streamers extending far into space. Whether these details of the Corona have any real existence,

or are merely subjective effects, remains a matter to be established by further evidence; it may, perhaps, have been due to the clouds that no streamers were seen at San Antonio on the present occasion. There is no doubt, however, that the Corona is brightest near the Moon, and fades off gradually. As to its extent, very different reports are received from the different stations, arising from their different states of cloud; to the writer the greatest extension, which was in the north-westerly direction, was to about three-quarters of the Moon's diameter from her limb. The Corona was by no means of uniform breadth round the Moon, but had, roughly speaking, a square or four-cornered aspect. It was broken by irregularities in parts, and notably by one decided V-shaped gap, which was observed at the three stations—San Antonio, Jerez, and La Maria Louisa in Spain, and also appears in the photographs taken at Jerez and at Syracuse; in this photograph from Sicily there are also two other very marked gaps, of which indications can be traced in the American picture. The similarity of these photographs has gone far to dispose of the belief in the atmospheric origin of the Corona.

I have indicated the general appearance of the phenomenon of a Total Eclipse, as it might appear to an observer gifted with quick eyesight, or armed with a telescope, and who has nothing to do but to look about him. He must, however, be very alert, for in a little more than two minutes the beads which have disappeared reappear on the other side of the Moon, the curtain of gloom is spirited away as rapidly as it came, the beads unite and form a thin line, soon to widen into a crescent and obliterate all trace of the glory that has been so briefly revealed. The Moon, however, loth to part with her unaccustomed splendour, clings to the faintest trace of the Corona for, perhaps, half a minute, and then all is gone.

And what have we learnt about the Corona during these two minutes?

We have learnt something about its shape which only perplexes us. If it belonged to an atmosphere either of Earth, Moon, or Sun, we should expect it to be circular. Why then these four cornered extensions? why these singular gaps? We have not learnt its shape so accurately as to leave nothing more to be desired: there is sufficient discordance in the drawings and photographs to show that much of its apparent shape depends on the clouds or haze, much too has probably its origin in the eye of the observer. No doubt, when all the reports are collected, something more definite may be gathered from a consideration of them all, but there is equally no doubt that much must still be left to be determined on another, and let us hope, more favourable occasion.

A great number of the observers were deputed to make observations on the polarization of the light from the Corona. It is probable that many readers of *The Eagle* may not know what polarization is; as it would be unsuitable to introduce a technical explanation here, it may suffice merely to say that polarization is a quality of light which is induced, more or less perfectly, in various ways, such as by ordinary reflection, or refraction, or by passage through a doubly refracting crystal, but which is never present in light as it issues from a self-luminous source. The absence of this quality would therefore indicate that the Corona was self-luminous, and its presence would suggest that the light was reflected, this being a very natural supposition on other grounds, for there exists a very obvious source of light—the obscured Sun—and we only need the existence of matter suitably placed to reflect its light to us even during the period of a Total Eclipse.

These observations have not been able to establish much; partly because they are peculiarly liable to error in consequence of instrumental defects, and because they were especially interfered with by the clouds and haze which enveloped most of the stations. The

atmosphere and the clouds, not being self-luminous, send us a considerable quantity of polarized light, which, coming from the same direction as that of the Corona, is mingled with it, and masks it.

On another occasion, if satisfactory results from polarization observations are to be hoped for, more pains must be taken beforehand to correct instrumental errors, and the clerk of the weather must be especially retained to drive away even the thinnest cloud.

The most important of the scientific results have been obtained, as might have been expected, from the spectroscope. This instrument reveals the nature of the original source of any light presented to it, and enables us to study the particular kinds of light, each in detail separated from the others. At former Eclipses by means of it the nature of the prominences was discovered, that they consist largely of hot vapour, hydrogen, glowing with its own red light. On the present occasion the existence of a thin absorptive shell of vapour, between the photosphere and the Sierra, has been established; this, not so bright as the photosphere, absorbs certain kinds of the Sun's light, and gives rise ordinarily to the dark interruptions of the solar spectrum, which are known as Fraunhofer's lines. When the bright body of the Sun was eclipsed, this shell was for a second or two uneclipsed, and still visible; compared with the dazzling brilliancy of the Sun, its light is ordinarily inappreciable, but for these moments it shone brightly; and since it is an optical law that vapourous bodies give out just the same kind of light that they are capable of absorbing, Fraunhofer's lines were suddenly reversed, showing bright where before they had been dark.

The result as to the nature of the Corona, as is usually the case with new knowledge, shews how much more there is beyond yet to be ascertained. It appears to consist partly of hydrogen, cooler than that of the prominences, yet hot enough to glow with its own

light, and also of another substance not yet certainly identified as belonging to this Earth, which may be iron, but which possibly is a new thing altogether. It is of a green colour, and appears to exist also in the Aurora Borealis and in the Zodiacal light. Its further investigation challenges the skill of our chemists and spectroscopists. Who can tell to what their researches may lead?

The Eclipse being over, we lost no time in repacking our instruments, and took our last walk across the three miles of country separating us from Puerto de Santa Maria. This walk, with which during our week's training we had become so familiar, passed first through a vineyard,—a dismal place enough in winter; then over an aloe hedge,—the hedges are all either aloes or cactus, and are tolerably awkward to cross at a new place; then it passed along side of an orange grove and an olive-yard,—this was the prettiest feature of it; then across a swamp; then along a dull high road, leading to the miserable looking town in which we were lodged. From this we were glad to be off to Seville and Cordova as above described. On our return to Cadiz we found, the Urgent late, as usual, and had to wait two days for her.

In describing Cadiz and Seville I have omitted the pictures. Spain is the country of Murillo and Velasquez, and the Seville gallery is especially rich in Murillo. Not having any artistic knowledge I hesitate to speak, about them, but to me it appeared that I might have seen as pleasing Spanish pictures without going out of England. The pictures in the Loan collection, which I saw on my return, were as beautiful and as interesting as any I saw in Spain; the beggar-boys and flower-girl at Dulwich surpass, in my estimation, the immaculate Madonnas and the chubby cherubs of the Seville gallery. That I did not see Madrid is, however, a reason for suspending my judgment on Spanish pictures, and I ought not to presume to make any further mention of

the matter; but while we are waiting for the Urgent at Cadiz, and looking again at Murillo's last work, the Marriage of St. Catharine, it seems appropriate to introduce the subject. We saw a really beautiful picture of little boys ascribed to Murillo in the collection of a picture-dealer, it had been ordered, we were told, by a Russian nobleman. We also admired the white-robed monks, by Zurbaran, in the Cadiz Museum. By Zurbaran, too, there are several impressive monks at Seville.

The journey home was similar to the journey out: the Urgent rolled as before. The sea was, however, not quite so rough; and the journey did not last quite so long. Moreover, we were used to the ship, and knew better how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances. On arriving in the Channel, we were gratified with a calm instead of the usual chopping sea, and the Urgent steamed merrily up, and for once was not behind time. We all got well, and spent the last night on board cheerfully together, passing by an easy transition from a theological discussion to comic songs. In these it must be confessed the Cambridge contingent did not shew well to the front. Our deficiency, however, was amply supplied by our friend the Third Lieutenant.

The early risers, on the morning of Jan. 5th, reported snow on the Isle of Wight: this gave us the first intimation of the severe winter we had avoided: we were soon in Portsmouth Harbour, and the English Eclipse Expedition to Spain, of December, 1870, became a thing of the past.

NONSENSE; (BUT NOT UNWHOLESOME).

A YOUNG boy wandered far away,
From flower to flower thro' gardens gay,
Chasing the wilding bee for aye
In idle fond pursuit.
Beyond the lawn, beyond the lea,
With deer besporting, gentle, free;
Beyond the old pomegranate tree,
With gnarled and twisted root.

The fervent sun shone bright and fair,
No breezes winnowed the warm air
In sleepy stillness bathëd rare,
About the beechen-tree;
The cooing of a dove-like bird
That died away he only heard;
Amid the sultry air there stirred
A solitary bee.

A murmuring bee, still roving wide
Above the bluebells' azure tide,
That gleamed in countless bands beside
A forest weird and wild;
With fragrance strange, with fragrance rare,
They loaded all the sultry air,—
A drowsiness stole o'er him there,
Stole o'er the wandering child.

Till in the hyacinthine air
A flower rose upward, strange and rare,—
A flower!—sure a lady fair!
O! 'twas a wondrous sight!
Green was her mantle floating free,
Her yellow boddice soft to see,
In hue-like honied nectary
Of trumpet-blossom bright.

A crown of dew-drops bound her hair,
Whose tresses, fine as gossamer,
Adown her shoulders fell;
Her fair fond eyes did still rejoice
Bright-glancing, her melodious voice
Chimed like a crystal bell.

"Aurelio! what doest thou here?"
She said, in slender tones and clear,
"Come, wilt away with me?"
And as she floated gently by
Soft angel-faces from the sky
Grouped, lovelier far to see.

"In Elfin-land securely play
"The merry milk-white lambs; all day,
"'Mid flowery hollows nestling, gay
"The sportive roebucks rove;
"A band of angel-children sings
"In lily-fields, with gauzy wings,—
"Sweetly their childish laughter rings
"Throughout the linden grove!

"The mild-eyed doe from greensward bright
"Trips to the darksome woods at night,
"Beneath the green leaves' silvan flight
"In softest covert slumbering light;
"The children evermore

"Beside the cool refreshing stream,
"Veiled by the moon's calm rayful beam,
"In heart's content do rest, and dream
"Upon a mossy shore."

Merrily O the idle child
Stretched forth his bonny arms and smiled;
Then drooped them by his side:
"Where is my mother?" cried the boy
"Nay! nay!" the lady, arch and coy,
In sighing tones replied.

"Thy mother, little one, is dead.
"I seem to see her weedy bed
"Beside the salt sea-mere."
"How durst thou say my mother's dead!"
"Ah child! a whole round year," she said,
"Thou hast been sleeping here"

"Thy mother wandered day by day
"And sought thee, till a narrow bay
"She reached, and down her limbs did lay
"A-weary on the shore."
"Then take me to her narrow bay!
"If so thou can'st, away! away!"
In angry tones the boy did say,
With sorrow waxing sore.

The lady stayed not to reply,
But with a stern and flashing eye
She tipped her shining wand
Upon his shoulder light;—and lo!
They stood beside the sea's full flow,
And heard the waves beyond.

A wild and melancholy sky,
Where dappled birds shrieked wheeling by,
And low mounds stretching hideously
Full many a corse did shroud;

While east, west, north, on ev'ry hand,
O'erpowering all the yellow strand,
There gloomed o'er that polluted land
A low dense thund'rous cloud.

On sped the lady tall, and lo!
From cypress wood advancing slow
A funeral-train they met;
The black plumes nodding on severe,
The limbs stretched stiffly o'er the bier
With clinging sea-weed wet.

And next he saw a wan white hand,
But yet might scarcely understand,
And tapers grouped in spectral band
About the solemn bier;
While many a nymph in sorrow's spell
Flung oft her weedy coronal,
And blew shrill notes thro' winding shell,
Attuning it for wild farewell,
Or chaunted high and clear.

Loud shrieked the boy, and from her brow
Had snatched the lady's crown I trow,
Her dewdrop crown, but even now
She *faded* from the earth;
While all the sea-nymphs at the sound
With wanton dance laughed reeling round,
They made the hollow rocks resound
A-tinkling with their mirth.

The bending groups, the winding shore,
Swam thro' his tears, and evermore
Around did reeling pass;
Till sudden on the rocky ledge
He slipped, and o'er the watery edge—
A plash! a cry! alas.....

A touch! a kiss!—"Ah, mother dear,
"And art thou really, really here!
"Nor stretched upon that weedy bier!"
Soft t
A tremulous laugh, a little cry,—
"The sun in heaven is shining high!
"Sweet boy why didst thou leave us? why?"
"We sought thee long in vain

"By porch and bower." "Ah, all the day
"I've wandered, mother, far away;
"The hyacinths in clusters gay
"Waved in a countless stream
"Beside the forest, and there came
"With shining wand a wond'rous dame,
"Taller than thou or nurse, like flame
"Her gauzy wings did beam."

"What dame?" the queen cried arch and coy,
"Thou hast been dreaming, my sweet boy,—
"Slept in the sunshine's dazzling joy;
"O 'twas a sunny dream!"

ears b

AN ESSAY ON THE NATIONAL USES OF PERSONAL ECCENTRICITY.

Ἐλεύθερος πᾶς ἐνὶ δεδούλωται, νόμῳ·
Δυσὶν δὲ δοῦλος, καὶ νόμῳ καὶ δεσπότῃ.

MENANDER, *Fragm.*

PERHAPS there is nothing so surprising as the way in which people conform to the customs of the society in which they live. With most people the conformity may almost be said to be unconscious. They are trained to particular habits in youth, and these they often retain till old age without ever taking the trouble to ask themselves why they do so, or to compare their own habits and customs with those of other societies. Often indeed there is a feeling that it would be impious to do so. They formed the habits before they could reason for themselves, and the authority of King Nomos has confirmed them in them. There are, too, those who dissent in their own mind, but conform in all practice either from fear of social ostracism or from mere weakness of character. And they do this, too, to customs which are actually disagreeable to them. Such is conformity to the custom of crushing ladies' feet in China, and conformity in England to a similar custom which has a more disastrous effect. Soon people get to conform to the custom, however painful at first, even with pleasure. That which at first seems strange to them becomes a second nature, and as sympathy is pleasant they find pleasure in

doing as others do. To many the fact that their fathers have done a thing is sufficient reason for their doing the same thing all their lives. Montaigne tells an amusing story, (taken from Aristotle,) which is almost a parable. "He," he says, "that was seen to beat his father and reproved for doing so made answer, 'that it was the custom of their family and that his father had beaten his grandfather and his grandfather his great grandfather.' 'And this,' says he, pointing to his son, 'when he comes of age will beat me.'" "And," adds Montaigne, "the father whose son was dragging him along the streets commanded him to stop at a certain door, for he himself, he said, had dragged his father no further, that being the limit of the hereditary insolence which the sons used to practise on the fathers in their family."

The aggregate of customs accumulates slowly, and society scarcely notices the increased weight when a new one is added. So national customs, sentiments, fashions, and points of view are handed on from generation to generation.

There have, however, been at most times and in most nations certain persons who, either from native force of intellect or from an acquired belief in a special mission, have refused to conform unthinkingly to the usages and customs of the society around them. These are the eccentric men in the nation. Their eccentricity may assume various forms, it may be ethical, political, religious, or æsthetical, and conspicuous examples may be taken in all these spheres.

One of the earliest, as well as in many respects one of the best, examples of eccentricity is to be found in Socrates. In his eccentricity and refusal to conform to the customs around him, merely because they existed, we may find a type of all dissent. "You, Polus," says Socrates, "bring against me the authority of the multitude as well as that of the most dis-

tinguished citizens, all of whom agree in upholding your view. But I, one man standing here alone, do not agree with you. And I engage to compel you, my one respondent, to agree with me."

The national uses of such eccentricity form the subject of the present essay. In the various spheres of life, the special uses of eccentricity may be particularly pointed out. But it may be said generally that the chief use of eccentricity is to lead individuals to scrutinize for themselves the customs in the midst of which they find themselves, and thus to lead them to think of principles and purposes. The result of such scrutiny is the discovery of new and improved courses of action and customs, and the clear apprehension of the *raison d'être* of old ones. The existing custom or opinion may be vicious or false, in which case dissent will at least call attention to its defects if it does not directly suggest a better mode. Or it may be beneficial or true, in which case conflict with dissenting error will only make its usefulness appear more clearly. Further there remains to be mentioned the advantage gained by the increase of individual strength of character. And lastly, the minor but considerable advantages accruing from the avoidance of monotony and common-place. This seems to have been in Milton's mind when, after inveighing in the *Areopagitica* against evils of this kind, he concludes, "How goodly, and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this, and what a fine conformity would it starch us all into? Doubtless as staunch and solid a piece of framework as any January could freeze together."

The authority of King Nomos is exercised to worst purpose for national well-being in preventing the acceptance of new ideas and often to the hindrance of their receiving due consideration. We need not look far in our own country and time in order to discover such interference. For example, there can

be no doubt that there is a "spurious delicacy," as Mr. Mill has aptly termed it, which would prevent the discussion of many important social questions, and that this is very injurious in preventing the diffusion of that knowledge which is necessary for right action in many social matters. For example, with regard to the laws of population, there can be no doubt that popular feeling is in the majority of cases entirely on the wrong side. Many people seem to think it a reproach to a married man not to have children whether he can afford to provide for their proper support and education or not; at least this is mostly an after-thought. So, too, with regard to many physiological laws which science has discovered to us, there can be little doubt that by a knowledge of these much of the disease and deformity which is so prevalent, especially in our large towns, can and ought to be prevented; and yet, considering the reluctance which most people who have not realized their importance have even to consider such matters, there seems a sorry chance of any material improvement. I have purposely taken these instances because they seem to me to be cases in which the influence of conventional ideas is particularly strong and efficacious. But the power of custom may be seen in thousands of other and less important matters, such as affairs of dress and etiquette—the wearing of a particular hat, or the adoption of a peculiar form of salutation. And these social matters are not fraught with merely trivial, but with serious consequences. Our ponderous social ceremonial, with all the extravagance and unproductive expenditure which it entails, produces not only the more serious consequences of extravagance and waste and habits the reverse of "plain living and high thinking," but it also is fatal to the more genuine pleasures of social life. And in our social exactions we are little more tolerant than the Chinese, with their "ceremonies

transmitted from time immemorial." The necessity of 'doing as other people do,' of giving expensive entertainments, is one which those who desire good society in the metropolis can now scarcely dispense with. A dissenter needs to bear constantly in mind the stiring lines—

> 'Hereditary bondsman, knowest thou not
> Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.'

And to take another example, there can be little doubt, I think, that the greatest obstacle that those who wish to enlarge the sphere and duties of women in England have to meet with is the influence of convention and custom. Whether or not women's suffrage would be a wise measure it is certain that the majority of popular arguments against it are merely an advance of the claims of custom.

In matters connected with religious opinion there is, as might be expected, a still stronger feeling of repugnance to dissent. But on the whole, perhaps, more progress has been made in mere tolerance at least, in this sphere than any other. In most social matters the conformists do not recognize the right of the individual to scrutinise for himself their creed and reject it if disapproved of by his rational faculties. Indeed they often seem perfectly shocked when an instance of the kind comes before them. The eccentric person has to suffer inconvenience in many ways, and indeed is in danger, especially when he dies, of being declared a lunatic by a court of law.

But how is this to be accounted for? Men, it is has been said, are like sheep, they mostly follow the bell-wether. But why? Why should a man, conscious of the same rational faculties as his fellow creatures, blindly follow their lead in customs and fashions often entailing personal inconvenience to himself? Many answers may be given to such a question. It may be said that he does it for fear

of the social stigma, from desire of society, from modesty, mistrusting his own power of judgment, from mere weakness, or from hope of gain. But why should such social stigma attach to eccentric action?

It appears to me that it is because people have not yet grasped the fact that ultimately it must be the individual or rather some individual judgment which decides. You cannot, it has been well remarked, escape from the region of individual judgments, more or fewer in number. It is the old Protagorean doctrine of *homo mensura*, man a measure of truth to himself, that we want. How far he is so to others depends on the estimation in which he is held. When we call a man wise, we mean that he is so in our estimation. So it is with belief in some external authority; we must determine for ourselves what authority to believe in. One man says the Pope is his guide; he has decided to take the Pope's judgment instead of his own. Another says, the Church is his only guide, but he made for himself the judgment that the Church was to guide him, rather than the Pope or his own reason. "The infallible measure," it has been well said, "which you undertake to provide must be found in some person or persons if it can be found at all, in some person or persons selected by yourself, that is, in the last result, yourself."

It appears to me that if this doctrine were rightly understood it would do much to dissipate the dislike of eccentricity which at present prevails. But no doubt the feeling of wounded pride, the feeling that the person who acts differently to ourselves is not paying due regard to our opinion, goes far with many people. So too, it may be, does envy, if his experiment prove successful. It has been said that people generally say three things in regard to any new theory or doctrine; firstly, that it is not true; secondly, that it is contrary to religion; and thirdly, that they knew it before. People are afraid of eccentricity, too, because

they are conscious of not having thought out for themselves the reasons for their own conduct. They have conformed to the customs around them unthinkingly, and they do not like to suppose that they may be mistaken. But perhaps the most influential cause of their intolerance of eccentricity, and especially dislike to the equality of dissent with orthodoxy in religion, is the feeling of reluctance to allow error to have a fair fight with truth. Milton has remarked this of his time, and certainly it is no less true of ours. This feeling is often at the bottom of the dislike that people have to concurrent endowment, they will not endure the thought of 'endowing error.' They seem to ignore the fact that they endow truth too, and that if truth is stronger than error—as surely by its very nature it must be—truth will prevail.

I have now pointed out some of the uses to society of personal eccentricity and considered the causes of the hostility of society towards eccentrics. But if we come to consider the matter more closely in the persons themselves we see the evils as well as the benefits of a state of society in which eccentricity is encouraged brought out more prominently. Nothing can be more obnoxious than that impudent self-assertion and conceited charlatanism which merely seeks to attract notice and make itself conspicuous. Instances are not unfrequent in which persons seem to think that acting differently from others is a manifestation of superiority. It appears to me that such a quality is better called vanity or conceit than eccentricity. A really great man would conform in many unessential matters for the sake of harmony. And it is to be remarked that this spirit is not by any means necessarily that of the eccentric person. No doubt eccentricity suffers for such quackery, but it is not rightly responsible for it. But perhaps people would be more tolerant even of such characters than they are if they thought of the evils which attach

to conventionalism. Moral cowardice and servility may be well matched against conceit, however odious conceit may be. And in many cases eccentricity is ridiculed on account of the want of discretion on the part of the dissenter as to the assertion of his dissent. To take an example, a dissenter from the use of ritual at a church service may be quite right in his ideas of the best form of ritual, but he is not wise if he destroys the sense of unity by adopting for himself a different form from that of the rest of the congregation. At such a time the sense of unity is all in all, and anything which tends to introduce the sense of individuality mistimed. This is one of the many examples which might be adduced, in which the eccentric person would do well, I take it, to think before asserting his dissent.

It is said that those who are eccentric are merely selfish, that they ought to have more respect for the feelings of others and give way to the majority of those around them. It is forgotten that if this doctrine were logically developed it would deprive men of their liberty to act on their convictions in all matters. The difference is also forgotten between those things which are essential to good manners, and those which are only incidentally so. There are some things, such as personal cleanliness and decency, which are naturally pleasing to men and essential to refined society. No one would complain of the influence of custom in such matters. But there are some things, such as conformity to particular creed, be it ethical, political, or religious, or the wearing of a particular dress, in which no one can suppose that conformity is natural to all civilized men. So, too, with regard to the respect due to the feelings of others. It must be necessary to hurt the feelings of others when you assert that your belief is contrary to theirs. But it is forgotten that if this had never been done the greatest reformations in the world would never have

been accomplished. The mere fact that you stand alone cannot be sufficient reason for keeping silence. If Adam Smith had been silenced by the clamour and abuse which his opinions raised, the mercantile system might have continued till this day. No doubt to assert opinions violently and without care and thought is a fault. This is what, in criticism, Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the "note of provinciality," which does not persuade, but makes war. And no doubt to decide the proper occasions when a man should give way is one of the most difficult tasks of casuistry. There is the obligation to do what he thinks right, conflicting with that of avoiding, if possible, hurting the feelings of others. St. Paul seems to have fully seen the difficulty. "If meat cause my brother to offend I will eat no meat;" and again, "why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?" Prof. Jowett, commenting on this, thinks that a man may be "all things to all men," if he does so, so as to avoid misconstruction. But no doubt it is there that the difficulty lies. People who are not firm and thorough in their eccentricity will be thought to be mere hypocrites, especially by those among whom they are eccentric, who will therefore be prejudiced against them. It appears to me, however, that a man should give way to others in practice in matters that he deems unessential to right conduct, but not on what he deems essential, and that he himself must decide what is essential and what is not.

But, on the other hand, in estimating the good which accrues to society from personal eccentricity, it has well been said that conformity to custom merely as custom, however good or bad that custom may be, does not tend to develope those qualities which are the distinctive endowment of man, and which tend to make him useful to his kind. "He," says Mr. Mill, "who lets the world or his own particular portion of it choose his plan of life for him, has no need of

any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation." Not only for the sake of progress and the introduction of salutary reforms is it useful that men should criticise usages for themselves. This indeed may not necessarily be the result of such criticism. But it is well that men should conform to customs thinkingly and as rational creatures, if they do conform. And it is thus that a man developes the qualities of self-dependence and self-control and gains strength of character.

We see the uses of eccentricity perhaps best by looking at countries and societies which are most in want of it, or rather most deficient in it. Of nations, China, that nation of a "fossilized people," naturally suggests itself. Here, by their intricate traditional ceremonial, and elaborate system of paternal government, individuality is utterly crushed out. The results produced are such as might be expected; stationariness and love of ease, although from having been early provided with many excellent customs, these evils are not so conspicuous as they otherwise would be. If Montesquieu's remark "Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse" were true, the Chinese are certainly the happiest of nations. Such of their maxims as "Better a dog in peace than a man in anarchy," well express the tenor of their lives. But those who believe that in struggles with difficulty and self-sacrifice for noble ends is to be found the highest happiness, will rather think with our own poet—

> "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Many other instances may be taken in which the development of individuality is interfered with in societies, as, for example, the regular clergy, workmen where labour is minutely divided, and the army. With regard to the first-named it is, in the opinion of many persons much to be regretted that there is not

more scope allowed for individuality. There can be no doubt that the effect of a system of tests, however necessary, is to discourage original thought. The tendency again, of the minute division of labour is to degrade men into mere machines, but from recent writers on the subject it would appear that more attention is being given to the avoidance of this in many large manufactories. In the army, where discipline and organisation are of the first importance, there can be no doubt that the evil is a necessary one. In many of the schemes for the arrangement of society we see individuality regarded as a thing to be discouraged, conspicuously so in that of Auguste Comte. He speaks, for instance, of positive science as "a necessity which already puts liberty of conscience out of the question." And again, while admiring the old Catholic maxim "In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity," he remarks aptly enough that it all depends on how that unity is obtained, and says, "it ought to be obtained by free discussion in the first instance;" but why "in the first instance" only? How can truth—especially scientific truth—suffer by perpetual free discussion? No doubt in legislation it is necessary to disregard the opinions of some minority, or, as Comte says, organization would be impossible, but liberty ought to be given to the minority to hold and propagate their views as freely as they can by all legitimate means. And I do not see how it is to be expected, as the Comtists tacitly assume, that people should give their assent to truths of positive science, without a much higher and more general education than exists at present. Are the citizens to be expected to be acquainted with truths of positive science as they are with the laws of their state?

But when we return to our own country we can see very distinctly the evil effects of conventionalism on individual character in our own time. Goldsmith's

description of Englishmen in the "Traveller" is sadly untrue now. He seems to see danger of exactly the opposite class of evils to those from which we now suffer, when he says—

> "The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
> All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown."

More applicable to the sickly conventionalism of the present day would be his description of France—

> "For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
> Enfeebles all internal strength of thought."

In no sphere is this evil effect more manifest than in that of religion. Men seem to fear unsettling their minds more than anything else. The consequence is that, that which tends to produce strong and powerful minds—speculation on the highest subjects—is discouraged. And besides this great evil, there arises even between intimate friends a reticence which is not merely unpleasant, but injurious to the apprehension of truth. Men keep their doubts and difficulties to themselves when often a little discussion would remove them, and so the course of truth is hindered and doubts confirmed. Men fear that if they begin to think out for themselves the grounds of customary opinion, they may come to conclusions different from those of other people. The consequence is a panic-stricken pietism which clings to that which it mistrusts, and a multitude of half-convictions. Surely even a few whole and real convictions are better than this! Shelley has well said—

> "What are numbers knit
> By force or custom? Man who man would be
> Must rule the empire of himself; in it
> Must be supreme, establishing his throne
> On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
> Of hopes and fears, being himself alone."

And we often see in history the spectacle of great men standing alone misunderstood and not appreciated by their time. Such a man in politics was Milton. And yet the highest happiness of all belongs to such men, the consciousness of having acted up to their best light, of having pleased God if not man. And who can decide whether a man is acting up to his best light or not except the individual himself? Surely society cannot fathom "the abysmal deeps of personality," and if this is so, surely inconvenience ought not to attach to eccentric action when it is not injurious to others.

Society can never know what it loses by the tyranny of convention. We frequently see men of the greatest intellectual power struggling with themselves to stifle their convictions. And yet it is only by giving them full-play and by self-culture that a man becomes a useful member of society. "A person," says Mr. Mill, "whose desires and impulses are his own—are the expression of his own nature as it has been developed and modified by his own culture—is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own, has not a character, no more than a steam-engine has a character." "Individuality," says Vinet in his essays, "consists in willing to be self, in order to be something."

There is another use which may be mentioned which eccentricity serves, and that is to promote the sense of individual moral responsibility which seems everywhere now so low. The natural result of a slavish conformity to society is to destroy this, and to shift the feeling of responsibility to society from self.

A man need not spurn the aid of others, or reject the lessons which the experience of civil society teaches, because he does not blindly conform to customs around him. It is conduct such as this which brings eccentricity into contempt, and obscures

its uses. But it is for the individual himself to criticise that experience and adopt it for himself only so far as he esteems it good for him to do so.

The uses I have pointed out have been and are served by eccentricity, though people may affect to be blind to them. The struggle with custom, in manners and fashion at least, has generally been single-handed. Whether it will be so in the future it is difficult to say. Doubtless now the rapid increase of clubs and philosophical societies seems to point the other way.

In conclusion, I repeat that I believe the present tendency of society to conventionalism and to the exclusion of eccentricity is much to be regretted, and is one of the greatest evils of the time. Not only is it chiefly so because it prevents progress and the adoption of better customs, but because it weakens individual character. To discuss at any length the limits of the interference of society is beyond the scope of the present essay. Mr. Mill seems to me to have taken a true ground in his essay "on Liberty," where he states that society ought only to interfere with the individual for self-protection. But in the fuller discussion of this there were many points of difficulty which Mr. Mill does not seem to me altogether to clear up, as for instance in the question of the advisability of preventing the utterance of opinion likely to damage society by the promotion of immorality, and those opinions, which simply by their offensiveness, are likely to provoke a breach of the peace. A similar difficulty arises with regard to vaccination. But for reasons, most of which I have had occasion to adduce in the course of this essay, it appears to me that a larger toleration to the expression of these opinions should be given than many recent writers—Mr. Frederic Harrison among the number—have accorded. Of course, that a man should be made free is not in itself sufficient. Unless

we put it in his power to know what is best to do, freedom of action is worse than useless. It is because a more universal education and an enfranchised and enlarged culture are possible that I have advocated that greater freedom should be allowed to the expression of personal opinion.

D. L. B.

THE MAY TERM.

Mille venit variis florum Dea nexa coronis:
Scena joci morem liberioris habet.
Ov. Fast. iv. 945, 946.

I WISH that the May Term were over,
That its wearisome pleasures were o'er,
And I were reclining in clover
On the downs by a wave-beaten shore:
For fathers and mothers by dozens,
And sisters, a host without end,
Are bringing up numberless cousins,
Who have each a particular friend.

I'm not yet confirmed in misogyny—
They are all very well in their way—
But my heart is as hard as mahogany,
When I think of the ladies in May.
I shudder at each railway-whistle,
Like a very much victimized lamb;
For I know that the carriages bristle
With ladies invading the Cam.

Last week, as in due preparation
For reading I sported my door,
With surprise and no small indignation,
I picked up this note on the floor—
'Dear E. we are coming to see you,
'So get us some lunch if you can;
'We shall take you to Grassy, as Jehu.—
'Your affectionate friend, Mary Ann.'

Affectionate friend! I'm disgusted
With proofs of affection like these,
I'm growing 'old, tawny and crusted,'
Tho' my nature is easy to please.
An Englishman's home is his castle,
So I think that my friend Mary Ann
Should respect, tho' she deem him her vassal,
The rooms of a young Cambridge man.

In the days of our fathers how pleasant
The May Term up here must have been!
No chignons distracting were present,
And scarcely a bonnet was seen.
As their boats paddled round Grassy Corner
No ladies examined the crews,
Or exclaimed with the voice of the scorner—
'Look, *how* Mr. Arculus screws!'

But now there are ladies in College,
There are ladies in Chapels and Halls,
No doubt 'tis a pure love of knowlege
That brings them within our old walls;
For they talk about Goldie's 'beginning;'
Know the meaning of 'finish' and 'scratch,'
And will bet even gloves on our winning
The Boat Race, Athletics, or Match.

There's nothing but music and dancing,
Bands playing on each College green,
And bright eyes are merrily glancing
Where nothing but books should be seen.
They tell of a grave Dean a fable
That reproving an idle young man
He faltered, for on his own table
He detected in horror—a fan!

Through Libraries, Kitchens, Museums,
These Prussian-like Amazons rush,
Over manuscripts, joints, mausoleums,
With equal intensity gush.

Then making their due 'requisition,'
From 'the lions' awhile they refrain,
And repose in the perfect fruition
Of ices, cold fowl, and champagne.

Mr. Editor, make some suggestion
By which all these troubles shall cease—
Leave us time for our mental digestion
And pursuing our studies in peace.
Above all if my name you should guess, Sir,
Keep it quite to yourself, if you can,
For I dread, more than words can express, Sir,
My affectionate friend, Mary Ann.

ARCULUS.

ON THE BRIDGE.

ON the bridge of the 'Marseilles' steamer, crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven in the first days of August last year. Lounging on the boards, or leaning over the hand-rail, were five or six of the passengers, including myself and the captain of the packet. It was as fine a day as any in all that splendid summer, and the sea was smooth enough to allow even those most susceptible of sea-sickness to forget their gloomy anticipations, and indulge in the luxury of scenting the salt warm air with tobacco. The captain himself was smoking, a cigar having been offered him by the most remarkable looking of the five or six above-mentioned passengers. This was a man somewhere between thirty and forty years old, with most of his face hidden by a mass of light brown hair, a broad forehead, and light grey eyes shaded by a pair of spectacles. Altogether, evidently not the style of man who could stroll in peace along the Paris boulevards at that time, without encountering awkward and pressing questions regarding his nationality. Now that he was clear of the land of revolutions and street émeutes, and saw the French coast growing every minute less and less distinct in our wake, he did not attempt to disguise the fact that to such enquiries he would have found some difficulty in giving a satisfactory answer, and gloried immensely in one or two narrow escapes already experienced on that hostile shore.

"Yes," said he, "it is quite time we all got off *that* coast. I had business which made me wish to stay as long as it was safe, but a man must look out a little after his own flesh and blood, and I can tell you *my* flesh and blood might have been disarranged pretty considerably if I'd kept on there any longer."

"Dieppe was safe enough, I should think," observed another of the passengers, apparently a country clergyman who had just come off his summer tour, and was inclined to think that danger dwelt, as Tennyson says, only 'on silver horns, or in the white ravine, or dropt upon the glittering firths of ice'—Dieppe was safe enough, surely?"

"Safe!" replied the German, with a look of supreme contempt. "What d'ye think they had in the 'Vigie' of Dieppe, a dirty little sheet of paper with nothing in it in most summers except the programmes of the Casino, or Etablissement, as they call it? Why there was a notice calling upon all patriots to look out in the streets for men with fair beards and blue hair, 'canaille des Prussiens' they called them, and take care they didn't find the place a tempting one to stop in. Assault, arrest, and murder, that's what they meant."

The clergyman looked thoroughly suppressed, and there was a pause, until another of the passengers suggested to the German that as he spoke the English language so perfectly, he might have passed himself off as a Briton.

"I did that," he answered, "in Paris, but even then the place got too hot for me. And it was only half a lie, too; for I've been as much in England as Germany since I was twelve, or rather in America, that's where I've been for the last ten years, and picked up the language I talk. And as for fancying danger without reason, sir (this was addressed to his already subdued foe), I've seen enough of the real

article out there to know it again, I tell you. It's about this time last year that I had the tightest fit for it I've had yet, or look to have again." "What was that?" exclaimed two or three voices together. The German looked round with a superior smile upon his audience, and seeing that they were really disposed to drink in whatever he might tell them, proceeded as follows.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I'll tell you the story, if you care to hear it, and you shall judge for yourselves. I was out far west, doing business for a New York firm, at a young settlement called Louisville. There wasn't much there in the way of County Courts or assizes or police, you may guess, the only thing of the sort was what they called a Watch Committee, and that meant five or six men who went about with their revolvers ready cocked, and a big bowie down the backs of their necks, to settle difficulties. If the rowdy didn't like the settling, or settled one or two of the committee by accident, they'd hang him according to law next morning, and that's the way justice worked there. Well, I had to stay a month or six weeks in this beautiful place, and took a couple of rooms as near my business as I could, from a man and his wife who seemed tolerably hard up, and were glad of my dollars. The woman was well enough, and did her best to make me comfortable, but she was a poor weak creature, and got awfully kicked about by her husband. He was as red a rowdy as any in the settlement, called Rider, and I was cautioned against trusting him too far by several men with whom I dealt. But I thought little enough of it, and told them I thought he had not much to gain by shewing up rough before me, and besides, he had his wife to bully in the house, if he ever wanted casual recreation.

Well, gentlemen, I had been about a fortnight in Louisville, and though I had seen plenty and heard

plenty of rows, and grown quite accustomed to being woke up in the middle of the night by a pistol-shot or two, washed down with a little groaning and a good deal of blasphemy, just under my window, yet hitherto I'd kept clear of all scrapes myself; and as I found my lodgings suited me, and Rider my landlord, hadn't yet given me any personal trouble, I didn't think of changing till I cleared off for good, which I hoped to do in a month at longest. But willing or not, I was pulled into a row before I left, and I'll tell you what it was in as few words as I can.

There was a young fellow called Ritchie, Scotch I think, who had come over to Louisville on some engineering business, and had set up a small office at the other end of the town. We'd come across each other pretty often, and as I liked what I saw of him—and it doesn't take long to get intimate in America—we were thick friends in a very little time, and would sooner come to each other for help or advice than to any other man we knew there. Ritchie wanted both help and advice badly enough that evening he came last to my lodgings; not that he wanted pluck, poor fellow, but he was young and inexperienced, and though a good business man, had as little prudence or self-restraint in some matters as a baby. It seemed, from what he told me, that he'd been drinking the night before at a well-known bar in the place, when a man called Slaver in the town (though of course that wasn't his right name) came in; and after a bit of talk with some young green lads who were in the place, began playing cards with them, only for a dollar or two, he said, just to pass away the time. Well, by the time Ritchie, who was standing behind him, had seen him pull half a dozen cards out of his sleeve just at the time they were wanted, he thought it was time to speak, and so asked the young fellows out loud if they knew the man they were playing with.

Slaver jumped up with an oath at this, and wanted to know what the double blank that was to him, and if he didn't mind his blanked self, he'd find a bit of metal in his blank, blank, blanked body. Ritchie answered that it was as much to him, or as little, as to anyone else who was looking on, but as he had happened to see a card——; but before he got any further Slaver's revolver went off, and tumbled over the glass of the chandelier just above his head—Ritchie said he felt the whiz of the bullet sting his scalp, it was so close a shave—but before the rowdy could try another shot, Ritchie got close up to him, and caught him just between the eyes with his fist, sending him right backwards among a heap of broken glasses and chairs. By the time he was ready to get up again, five or six of the men in the room got hold of him, and took away his revolver and bowie knife. However, that didn't stop his bad language, and Ritchie said his cursing was something awful, telling Ritchie he shouldn't live another week, so he'd better write home at once to let his friends know. Well, he laughed at this at the time, and got home safely; but he couldn't help thinking of it in the morning, and had made up his mind to come and ask me about it when he left his office. But he told me he felt a shiver run down him when the first thing he saw, coming out of his office, was Slaver himself, with another rowdy, whose name he didn't know, though he had seen his face before in the town. They were plainly looking out for him, and meant to dog him home (the road to which lay through a lonely part) and get hold of him on the way. So far they had been baulked by Ritchie's coming to my lodgings instead of going straight home, but they had followed at a distance, he said, all the way, and he had no doubt were somewhere outside as he spoke. Well, gentlemen, this was a pretty awkward predicament, it seemed to me. I told you there was no regular police system there, and even if

we could have got hold of the man, you might as well blow a little tobacco smoke in a man's face as accuse him of nothing more than felonious intent, or even attempt, in Louisville; and yet Ritchie and I knew that if those roughs could find him in the dark, or in a tolerably lonely place even in broad day, they'd shoot him down as sure as heaven, and probably get off scot-free into the bargain. After thinking a little, I loaded a pair of revolvers I always travelled with, took one myself and gave Ritchie the other, and said I'd see him safe home that night, at any rate. I would have put him up on my sofa, but from his description I had a strong suspicion that the other man he had seen with Slaver was my estimable landlord himself; and if so, I thought the sooner we got clear of the place the better for both of us.

Well, we started together pretty soon, after a glass of brandy to steady our nerves, in case there should be any shooting. We kept a sharp look out, and had our revolvers pretty handy, I can tell you; but we had gone a quarter-of-a-mile or more, and were getting over-confident, before we came across our friends. They were loafing about the door of a bar, evidently waiting for Ritchie to pass, and, as I expected, I saw that my worthy landlord was Slaver's companion.

They let us pass without saying a word, and had plainly not counted upon the possibility of my accompanying Ritchie home. Apparently they hesitated a little at first, and I heard Rider's voice, loud and thickened with drinking, urging something on his more prudent associate. Whatever it was he said, he carried his point, and looking cautiously back when we had put a hundred yards between us, I made out that they were steadily keeping in our track.

It was getting dark by this time, and we had got the worst and most lonely half of the distance before us, but I was pretty confident they would let us alone

as long as we were two together, and were only following us on the chance of our separating. Ritchie thought the same; and after another quarter-of-a-mile, when we were getting pretty near his lodgings, and had lost sight of the men behind us, we took it for granted they were tired off, and had dropped the business for that night.

"All right now, old man," said Ritchie to me, carelessly, as we turned a sharp corner in the road, and came in sight of the lights in the house we were making for.

As if the words had been the signal for which they were waiting, two figures jumped up from behind the bushes that lined the road, and two flashes just before us showed for a second the big red beard of my late host, Rider, and the scowling features of the man they called Slaver. I felt a red-hot iron run through my left shoulder, and poor Ritchie, just crying out "They've killed me, by heaven," rolled over into the little ditch. Minutes pass quicker doing than telling, gentlemen, and I had taken a sight on Slaver with my revolver almost before I knew that poor Ritchie was hurt. I knew I hit him, for he dropped his six-shooter, but it wasn't enough to stop him, and he made off after Rider, who bolted as soon as he saw my pistol flash. Rowdies of his kidney always prefer being behind the barrel when gunpowder's burning.

Poor Ritchie was still breathing, when I bent over him, but he was badly hit in the lungs, and I saw it was all over. I just made out that he wanted me to write to his mother, and then he finished speaking for good. I tried to lift him and carry him to his lodgings, but found my left shoulder quite useless, so gave it up and had to go for help.

They carried the poor fellow's body in, and then I borrowed a horse and went off to rouse all the Watch Committee whose names and homes I knew. In an hour's time there were thirty or forty men together,

and we agreed without wasting time to split up into parties of threes or four and scour the country to prevent the murderers getting off. Four of the chief committee, including all its most energetic members, went with me, and swore they'd put as many bullets in the bloodhounds' bodies as the years of poor Ritchie's life. I can tell you I never thought of the bullet in my shoulder, gentlemen, though I was laid up for three months afterwards with it, but rode on as if I was the avenger of blood himself. And we hadn't to go far before half of our business was done. "There he goes, by ——," sang out the leading man, and three of us were off our horses and at the throat of a dark figure that was crouching in the shadow at the edge of the road before he had time to make a struggle to get off. It was Slaver, I saw plainly enough by the light of our lanterns. He was hit in the thigh by my bullet, and was bleeding fast: if it hadn't been for that, he would have been far enough off, no doubt. Rider had left him, of course, when he saw his own safety lay the other way, and the miserable devil whined and prayed for mercy till it made us all actually sick to hear him. "Gentlemen," said the foremost of the Committee, "it's not worth while dragging this carcase back to the town, and waiting for the others to try him. You say he fired one of the shots, Mr. Brenner?"

"I'll swear it," I answered.

"You're all satisfied he's guilty, gentlemen?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, impatiently.

"Here goes then," said the first speaker, and drawing his revolver as he spoke, he coolly pressed the muzzle against the forehead of the shrieking wretch, and pulled the trigger.

We rode back that night only half satisfied, for all our efforts to catch Rider were ineffectual. Nor were the other searchers more successful, and I had to be content with having seen my friend's death partially,

at least, avenged. But six months later I read an account in an Orleans paper of a rowdy who was lynched on board one of the river steamers for cheating at cards, and the description of the red beard, small black eyes, and almost hairless head, was too accurate for me to doubt that the unlucky individual in question was any other than my missing landlord. That's all, gentlemen, and as we shall be in Newhaven harbour in half-an-hour, and I see the captain wants the bridge cleared to get the luggage up, I think I'll go below.

AN ME LUDIT AMABILIS INSANIA?

As swift as a swallow whose wing
  Doth glance in sunset sky,
When Summer first whispers to Spring,
  "Thou, even thou, must die;"

As sweet as the rose-scented breath
  That, like an incense, streams
Around her, as sick unto death
  Spring faints in Summer's gleams;

So swift and so sweet sped the hours
  In that enchanted clime,
Where softer than sunshine on flowers
  Still fell the feet of Time.

Who recks of the moments that fly
  When stealing o'er the soul
Now low and now pealing high
  The organ-echoes roll?

But oft through the rapture of sound
  Some notes of sorrow fall
On senses that awed and spell-bound
  The joys of Heaven recall,

And vaguely an imminent change
  Is like a shadow shed
On thoughts o'er the limitless range
  Of fancy lately led:

Nor rarely when wrapt in the veil
  Of golden-tinted haze
Each glen and each bowery dale
  Slept calm in tempered blaze;

Or when the far cataract's call
  Clear-ringing in keen air
Made song in the spirits of all
  The blest who sojourned there;

Not rarely the heart of the hills
  Grew black with sudden wing
Of tempest with passionate thrills
  Of thunder quivering:

And far overhead in the height
  Would wax the brooding cloud
And fringed with a sulphurous light
  The purple vault enshroud:

Till bursting with hurricane might
  From many a mountain-cave
The wind in precipitate flight
  The tempest-demons drave:

A moment their agony-shriek
  Reverberated far
From ramparted ridge and from peak
  From answering cliff and scar;

Then over the precipice-pale,
  The limit of our ken,
The tumult would pass from the vale
  And peace return again.

T. M.

AN EPISODE.

ON Wednesday, the 24th of May, 1872, my uncle, Professor Lidenbrock, returned precipitately to his little house, No. 19, in the Konigstrasse, one of the oldest streets in the oldest quarter of Hamburg. Martha, our cook, might well be amazed, for she had scarcely put the meat down before the fire, and opening the dining-room door, she exclaimed, in tones of horror, "The Herr Lidenbrock back already?" I consoled her, however, with the assurance that my uncle could not expect his dinner, impatient as he was, two hours before the time; and, at her earnest request, promised to explain matters to the formidable master. Suddenly the door of his study, which he had just entered, re-opened, and in an impatient voice he called to me, "Axel, come here." I slowly ascended the stairs, pondering how I should reconcile him to the fact of his own inopportuneness, when he again thrust his head forth, and repeated his summons in a still more angry tone. I should here mention that my uncle was professor at the Johannæum, and, though far from a bad man in his own character, he would occasionally lose himself in the enthusiasm of the professor; and at such times his eccentricity, resulting from a lifetime spent in the passionate pursuit of one set of ideas, would assume a form which, to the

spectators, would have appeared terrible had it not appeared ridiculous. He never failed to lose his temper two or three times during a lecture. His anger had no connection with his pupils; their industry, their attention, their success, were details with which he never troubled himself. He was a "subjective" professor, as German philosophers phrase it, who studied for his own benefit and not that of others. In a word, he was an egotistical savant, a miser of erudition. But he had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which was always aggravated by the nervousness attendant on public speaking; a failing much to be regretted in an orator. Consequently, while lecturing at the Johannæum he would frequently stop short, and be seen engaged in a terrific contest with some refractory word; his lips would writhe in the vain effort to form the required sound, and generally compromised matters by forming a word less scientific, perhaps, but more emphatic, and it was to be feared only too familiar. But surely a man, and even a geologist, may be excused some slight errors, however skilled in pronunciation he may be, when he has to deal with such problems of elocution as rhombohedrical crystallisations, retinasphaltic resins, ghelenites, fangasites, molybdates of lead, tungstates of manganese, and cretaceous titaniates of barium. I am afraid that an encounter with such dangerous polysyllables as these was the chief attraction to the really numerous audience who attended his lectures, and whose open laughter shewed that their good taste was not superior to that which is ordinarily to be found among Germans. In justice to the professor, I must say that he was a most distinguished man, and the name Lidenbrock had attained a reputation throughout Europe. He published at Leipzig an *Exhaustive Treatise on Crystallography*, in folio, with illustrations; and if the sale of the books was but scanty, this, of course, was due to the limited circle to which such a transcendent work could appeal,

and the want of appreciation for which everyone who has tried the experiment knows the vulgar herd to be remarkable. Such then was the personage who summoned me so impatiently. In appearance he was tall, lean, of an iron constitution, and a youthful bloom, which deducted twenty years from his seventy. His large blue eyes flashed restlessly beneath spectacles of vast size; his nose was long and sharp. To the last feature the malicious attributed the properties of a lightning conductor; this, however, was a gross calumny, though it must be confessed that, as a cloud compeller, my uncle might have fairly rivalled Zeus himself. I entered his study, and this room also deserves a word of description, for it was a museum in itself. How many hours of delightful labour have I spent there! for I had the blood of a true mineralogist in my veins, and was no unworthy nephew of such an uncle. How often, instead of playing with other boys of my own age, have I pored over the graphytes, the anthracites, the lignites! What bitumens, resins and organic salts were there! What metals, from gold to iron, whose relative value was as nothing compared to their absolute value as scientific specimens! What stones sufficient to rebuild our whole house! But my thoughts as I entered the room that day were busy with my uncle alone. He was sitting in his arm-chair of Utrecht velvet, lost in admiration of a book which he held in his hand. "What a book!" he was exclaiming. I should mention that he was also a true bibliomaniac; nothing was so valuable in his eyes as a book that was not to be found elsewhere, or was at least illegible—such was the volume now before him. He then explained to me that he had discovered this wondrous work while rummaging the book store of Helvetius, the Jew. Feeling bound to make some remark, I asked, with an interest too vehement to be other than assumed, "What was the title of this marvellous production?" "This," replied my uncle, with animation, "is the Heims-Kringla

of Snorro Turleson, the famous Icelandic author of the twelfth century; written in Runic characters, said to have been invented by Odin himself." As he spoke he opened the book, when there fell from it an old creased parchment, which appeared to have been enclosed from time immemorial in its leaves. This, too, was covered with Runic characters similar to those of the book. My uncle snatched it up hastily, perused it with an expression of eagerness, which gradually faded to one of utter bewilderment. "Certainly it is an old Icelandic document," he muttered, "and these are the regular letters, but what does it mean? what words can these be?" Clearly my uncle, though a scholar of polyglottic accomplishments, was puzzled for once. He was still frowning at the impassive document, when Martha chose this inopportune moment to announce dinner. The furious professor replied by consigning the dinner and all connected with it to the hangman. I, however, was of quite another stomach, and following the servant, who fled precipitately from the room, I partook so heartily of the meal, that before I was aware of it I had eaten my uncle's share as well as my own. "What!" said Martha, in amazement, "the Herr Lidenbrock not at table! Something serious is coming," she added, with a mystic shake of the head. The most serious thing that I expected was a terrific scene when my uncle found his dinner devoured. I was in the midst of the dainties of dessert when his voice summoned me, and bounding up the stairs I found him still frowning over the parchment. "There is some secret here," he exclaimed, "and I will discover it, or else ——;" a wrathful gesture filled up his sentence. "Sit down," he continued, "and write what I dictate, namely, each letter of our alphabet which corresponds to the old Icelandic letters here. And as you value your life, beware of mistakes." Accordingly I wrote; and the result was the following incomprehensible combination:

mm . r n ll s	E s r e u e l	s e e c J d e
s g t s s m f	u n t e i e f	n i e d r k e
k t , s a m n	a t r a t e S	s a o d r r n
e m t n a e I	n u a e c t	r r i l s a
A t v a a r	· n s c r o	i e a a b s
c c d r m i	e e u t u l	f r a n t u
d t , i a c	o s e i b o	K e d i i g

In vain did the professor pore over this puzzle; solution seemed as far off as ever. Beyond the fact that it was clearly a cryptograph of some sort, nothing could be decided. Again he compared the characters on the parchment with those in the book; and presently pronounced that the former was the more recent of the two by two hundred years. "For," said he, "the first letter is a double m, which was not added to the Icelandic alphabet till the fourteenth century; so there are two hundred years between them. Some owner of the book must have traced these letters; perhaps his name is on the title-page." And a careful examination of the book was rewarded by the discovery of a few faint lines of ink in one corner. The moment became exciting; he tore off his spectacles, seized a magnifying glass, and presently exclaimed, in a tone of triumph, "Arne Saknussemm! An Icelandic alchymist of the sixteenth century; one of those who, like Bacon and Paracelsus, were the giants of scientific discovery. Doubtless some dark and astounding invention is concealed in this cryptograph; and I will take neither food nor rest till I have discovered it, nor shall you." "Well," thought I, "it's lucky I have dined for two." "Now," he continued, "first to discover the language in which it is written; and that is easy, for observe, there are 132 letters, including 79 consonants and 53 vowels: this proves that it is a Southern language, for the Northern idioms contain a far greater proportion of consonants. Now Saknussemm was a learned man, and would choose the language commonly used by the savants of the middle ages,

namely, Latin. Latin, accordingly, I judge this to be." I started, for my soul revolted against the notion of these outlandish words belonging to the mellifluous language of Cicero and Virgil. "Yes," added my uncle, "Latin; but Latin in a knot of entanglement." "I should think so," I muttered; "and if you disentangle it, my uncle, you will be a clever man." "In the next place," he went on, "to find the key. Have you this key, Axel?" I made no reply, for my eye had wandered to a charming picture which hung on the wall, the portrait of Graüben. She was my uncle's ward, and just then was away at Altona; a fact which caused me no little melancholy, for, unknown to my uncle, we were betrothed, and loved each other with all the patience and tranquillity of Germans. How often had we studied together (for she was a maiden of a serious and studious mind)! How many sweet hours had we spent in probing the deepest questions of geology; while I envied the lot of the insensible stones which her lovely hands manipulated! How many a delicious walk had we enjoyed by the banks of the Elbe, as we wandered in sweet converse through sequestered spots till evening fell, and bidding good-night to the swans floating amid the large white water-lilies, we returned by the steam-packet to our home. A violent blow on the table, inflicted by the fist of my uncle, recalled me from my dream to the stern realities of life. "I have an idea," he exclaimed. "Now, Axel, write down on paper any phrase you please, but instead of writing the letters horizontally, write them vertically, so as to form five or six columns. I did so as follows:

I y d n t a
l o a g l ü
o u r l e b
v m l i G e
e y i t r n

"Very well," said he, without looking at the paper. "Now arrange these words in a horizontal line." This

was the result: Iyndta, loaglu, ourleb, vmliGe, eyitrn. "Excellent," he exclaimed, glancing at the line. "This is just like the old document, vowels and consonants grouped together at random, forming separate and meaningless words. Now in order to read the sentence, of which I am ignorant, I have only to place in order the first letters of each word, then the second and so on." And my uncle, to his astonishment and equally to mine, read out, "I love you, my darling little Graüben." "Hein," ejaculated the professor. It was too true, in my lovesick awkwardness I had written this phrase unconsciously. "Oh! you love Graüben, do you?" said he. "Yes .... that is .... No," I stammered. "You love Graüben," repeated the professor, mechanically. "Well then, let us apply my process to the document before us." And the man of science, to whom 'affairs of the heart' were as a sealed book, was once more, luckily for me, absorbed in his puzzle. And now on the brink of his crowning discovery, my uncle became much agitated; with flashing eyes, trembling fingers, and a voice which quavered in its deep solemnity, he dictated to me the following series: mmessunkaSennA.icefdoK.segnittam urtnecertserrette,rotaivsadua,ednecsedsadnelacartniiiluJ siratracSarbmutabiledmekmeretarcsilucoIsleffenSnI. I finished, and waited not without emotion for some grand Latin sentence which my uncle would produce from these letters, unintelligible to me; but I started up in terror, as a violent blow of his fist made the table quiver, the ink spout from the inkstand, and the pens leap wildly in the air. And shouting, "That's nonsense! that's nonsense!" he flew down the stairs, and out into the street; while Martha, who had come out with the intention of making one more effort in behalf of dinner, returned to her kitchen, groaning in despair.

(To be continued.)

OUR CHRONICLE.

THERE are events of college interest which we cannot forget, even while listening to the fearful news from France, or while we see all around us the usual fair visions of the May Term. Our chapel has been receiving constant additions to its beauty during the last few weeks, which are due to the munificence of its old alumni. In the field of Classical Honours our College has not been behindhand. In the list of the Classical Tripos the name of Mr. W. E. Heitland appears at the head, while Mr. C. E. Haskins stands third, and Mr. J. Collins sixth, there being four other Members of the College in the First Class.

St. John's College was represented in the English Eclipse Expedition last December by two of the Fellows, Mr, Hudson and Mr. C. Carpmael; by a late Fellow, Professor W. G. Adams; and by a late Scholar, Mr. Moulton, now Fellow of Christ's College. Professor Adams was in charge of the Agusta party in Sicily; Mr. Hudson observed at San Antonio, and Mr. Moulton at San Lucar, both near Cadiz, in Spain; these three used polariscopes. Mr. Carpmael observed with the spectrescope at Estepona, near Gibraltar.

The College was not only represented personally in this manner, but also by the large College telescope, which was granted to Mr. Hudson for his observations.

The following University distinctions have fallen to our College:

Porson Scholarship.—T. E. Page.
Browne Medal for Latin Ode.—T. E. Page.
Browne Medal for Latin Epigram.—E. B. Moser.
Tyrrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship.—Frederick Watson, M.A.

The following award of Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions has been made:

Minor Scholarship of £70.—Burnside, Christ's Hospital; Raynor, Winchester.

Minor Scholarship of £50.—Baker, Shrewsbury; Body, Private Tuition.

Exhibition of £50.—Batten, Haileybury; Lamplugh, Private Tuition; Moss, Shrewsbury; Scott, University College School; Tilyard, Norwich; Willis, Private Tuition.

Natural Science Exhibition of £50.—Clough, Rugby.

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

Monday, May 22nd.

SECOND DIVISION,

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Tuesday, May 23rd.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Wednesday, May 24th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Thursday, May 25th.

SECOND DIVISION.

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

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Friday, May 26th.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

Saturday, May 27th.

FIRST DIVISION.

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

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

President.—Rev. E. W. Bowling
Treasurer.—H. T. Wood
Secretary.—A. J. C. Gwatkin.
1st Captain.—J. H. D. Goldie
2nd Captain.—C. H. James

The following were the Crews of the Lady Margaret Boats in the May Races:

	FIRST BOAT.		SECOND BOAT.
1	P. H. Laing	1	J. C. Dunn
2	F. Harris	2	R. F. A. Redgrave
3	P. J. Hibbert	3	J. N. Quirk
4	C. H. James	4	E. E. Sawyer
5	A. J. C. Gwatkin	5	H. D. Bonsey
6	H. T. Wood	6	M. H. Pugh
7	W. M. Ede	7	J. H. R. Kirby
8	J. H. D. Goldie (*stroke*)	8	W. E. Koch (*stroke*)
	F. C. Bayard (*cox.*)		P. Ellis (*cox.*)

C. U. R. V. B Company. The Company Challenge Cup was won in the Lent Term by Corp. Haworth, and in the Easter Term by Sergt. Bethell. The Officers' Pewter was won in the Lent Term by Corp. Pierson, and in the Easter Term by Private G. E. Beresford.

The Small Cup for winners of the Challenge Cup in the three Terms was won by Sergt. Bethell.

The Annual Matches between the Companies took place on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of March. In the preliminary match on the 23rd, B Company was successful, beating A and C Companies easily; and in the final match on the 25th, B Company beat the F Company by 7 points, thus winning the Silver Medals for the best Shooting Company of the Battalion. The representatives of the Company in this match were Capt. Wace, Sergt. Bethell, Corp. Haworth, Corp. Pierson, L.-Corp. Roughton, and Private Page-Roberts.

A match was shot against No. 2 Company of the Town, on Thursday, May 25th. The score was: B Company, 263; No. 2, 1st Cambridge Corps, 236. B Company thus winning by 27 points. The representatives in this match were Capt. Wace, Sergt. Bethell, Sergt. Pierson, Corp. Haworth, Corp. Roughton, L.-Corp. Willacy, Private Percival, and Private G. E. Beresford.

The Annual Inspection of the Corps took place on Friday, May 5th. There was a good attendance; and the Inspecting Officer (General Murray) expressed himself much pleased. Of B Company there were present 61, of all ranks.

CRICKET.

The following College Matches have been played this Term, under the captaincy of F. Tobin:

May 5th and 6th, St. John's College *v.* The Etceteras. The Etceteras scored 323, of which Mr. A. T. Myers made 104, and Mr. T. Wilson 61. St. John's, 138 (A. Shuker 28, F. C. Cursham 34, not out), and 53.

May 12th and 13th, St. John's College *v.* Caius College. Caius made 249; St. John's 125 and 296 for 6 wickets, H. P. Stedman getting 62 and 84. At the close of play A Shuker and T. Latham were not out, having scored 62 and 38 respectively.

May 15th and 16th, St. John's College *v.* Trinity. St. John's made 121 in their first innings, and 442 in their second, F. Tobin contributing 114, F. C. Cursham 125, R. W. Wickham (not out) 61, and T. Latham 57. Trinity had only one innings, which resulted in a total of 69.

In the Freshmen's Match we were represented by E. H. Kennedy, J. Platt, and T. Maile.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The College Meeting was held on Friday and Saturday, February 24th and 25th, under the management of the following committee:

A.J.C.Gwatkin (*Pre.*)	J. H. D. Goldie	J. D. Cochrane
E. Hawtrey (*Sec.*)	P. H. Laing	J. C. Dunn
E. Frewen	E. Burges	J. H. R. Kirby

The several events resulted as follows:

100 *Yards Race.* 1st Heat: Latham, w. o.; Cochrane, w. o. 2nd Heat: Done, 1; Grasset, 2; Wilton, Hall, Gwatkin, o. Final Heat: Done, 1; Latham, †; Grassett, †.

Time 10⅞ sec. In running off the dead heat for second place, Latham won by half-a-yard.

120 *Yards Handicap.* 1st Heat: Done, 2 yds., 1; Latham, 3 yds., †; Grassett, 4 yds., †.

2nd Heat. Cochrane, 2 yds., 1; Harris, 4 yds., 2.

3rd Heat: Phillips, 5 yds., 1; Gwatkin, scratch, 2.

4th Heat: Garrett, 5 yds., 1; Oddie, 7 yds., †; Wilton, 4 yds., †.

5th Heat: Stedman, 5 yds., 1; Kirby, 4 yds., 2.

Second Round. 1st Heat: Done, 1; Oddie, 2.

2nd Heat: Garrett, 1; Latham, 2.

3rd Heat: Grassett, 1; Gwatkin, 2.

Final Heat: Done, 1; Grassett, †; Garrett, †. Time 12 sec.

Quarter-Mile Race (*Hart Challenge Cup, for Members of the Volunteer Corps only*). Wilton, 1; Johnson, 2; Deakin, o. Won easily in 58 sec.

High Jump. Cochrane, 1, 5 ft. 3 in.; Wood, owed 1 in., 2, 5 ft. 3 in. Hibbert, Gwatkin, and Dunn also jumped.

300 *Yards Handicap.* The large number of entries obtained for this handicap rendered three heats necessary.

1st Heat: Garrett, 3 yds., 1; Cochrane, 4 yds., 2; Collier, 12 yds., 3. Won easily by a dozen yards. Time 36⅛ sec.

2nd Heat: Latham, 9 yds., 1; Oddie, 12 yds., 2; Hawtrey, 5 yds., 3. Won easily in 35 sec.

3rd Heat: Foote, 12 yds., 1; Grassett, 6 yds., 2; Kirby, 5 yds., 3. Won easily in 34⅛ sec.

Final Heat. Grassett, 1; Garrett, 2; Kirby, o; Latham, o; Foote, o. Foote and Latham came into collision twenty yards from the tape and fell heavily, letting up the others, who finished as given above. Time 36 sec.

Long Jump. Koch, 18 ft. 9 in., 1; Gwatkin, owed 4 in., 18 ft. 3½ in., 2; Wilton, 17 ft. 7½ in., 3.

Two Miles Race. E. Hawtrey w. o. Though Hawtrey owed 80 yds., he was unopposed, and ran against time only. First mile, 5 min. 10 sec.; second mile, 10 min. 10½ sec. 2 m. 80 yds., 10 min. 20 sec.

Half-Mile Handicap. Kirby, scratch, 1; Hall, 45 yds., 2; Koch, 20 yds., 0; Hibbert, 25 yds., 0; Frewen, 30 yds., 0; Micklem, 35 yds., 0; Alexander, 40 yds., 0; Ede, 55 yds., 0.

Coming up the hill Kirby began to make up his ground, and, catching the leaders just before the last turn, won, after a good race with Hall, in 2 min. 7 sec.

Throwing the Hammer. Gwatkin, owed 10 ft., 76 ft. 9 in, 1; Cochrane, 57 ft. 8 in., 2.

Putting the Weight. Deakin, 31 ft., 1; Gwatkin, 28 ft. 7 in., 2.

Hurdle Race, 120 Yards. First Heat: Latham, w. o.; Hibbert, w. o.

Second Heat: Cochrane, w. o.

Third Heat: Gwatkin, owed 4 yds., 1; Foote, 2.

Final Heat: Foote, 1; Gwatkin, 2.

Gwatkin just failed in making up his ground, and was beaten, after a good race, in 18 sec.

One Mile

Cochrane, and Frewen (owed 30 yds.) also started.

Foote led at the end of the second lap, but in the last Kirby easily cut him down, and won as he liked in 5 min.

Walking Race, Two Miles. Ede, owed 50 yds., 1; Boyes, 2; Johnson, 0. Johnson led till the last lap, where Ede passed him and won easily. Time, 18 min. 15 sec. (including the 50 yds. penalty).

Strangers' Race. One Mile Handicap. A. R. Upcher, Trin., 115 yds., 1; W. A. Dawson, Trin., 115 yds., 2; T. R. Hewitt, Trin. Hall, 25 yds., 3; E. Brown, Trin. Hall, 60 yds., 0; A. Churchward, Pemb., 80 yds., 0; E. J. Davies, Pemb., 90 yds., 0; B. Wilkinson, Jesus, 90 yds., 0; A. Macdonald, Jesus, 90 yds., 0.

The long-distance men led for the first lap, when Brown went to the front, and at the end of the second lap the order was Brown, Hewitt, Upcher, Dawson. At the orchard Upcher spurted, and coming right away won by 15 yds. in 4 min. 36⅗ sec., Dawson second. Hewitt beat Brown by a foot for third place.

Quarter-Mile Race.—Gwatkin, owed 10 yds. 1; Kirby, 2; Koch, 3. A good race between the two placed, Gwatkin winning by 2 yds., Koch beaten off. Time, 57⅗ sec.

Consolation Race. 200 Yards. Wilton, 1.

In the *University Handicaps* (March 2nd) the *Mile* was won by J. H. R. Kirby, 90 yds., beating N. E. Muggeridge, King's, 40 yds., 2; W. M. Chinnery, L. A. C., scratch, 0; T. R. Hewitt, Trin. Hall, 60 yds., 0; and four others. Time, 4 min. 32⅘ sec.

E. Hawtrey ran third from scratch in the *Three Miles;* won by F. Shann, Trin., 150 yds., W. F. Maitland, Trin, 200 yds., being second.