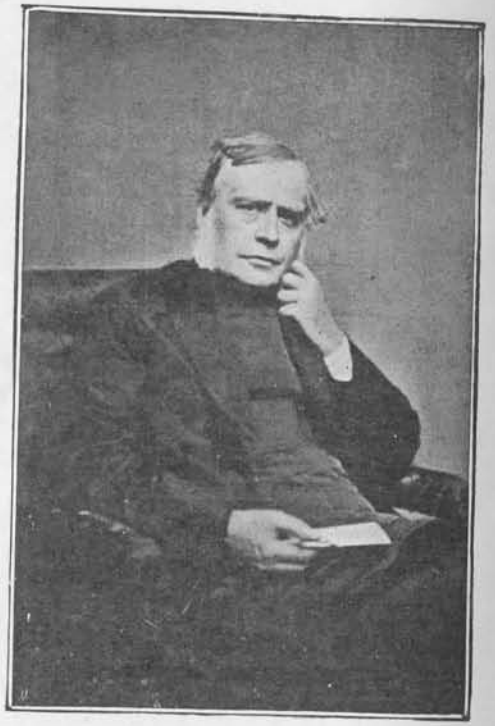

Lent Term

1895

THE POETRY OF THOMAS HOOD.

(A paper read at a meeting of the *Critics*).

IN spite of constant protests, the practice of classifying poets and setting them down in order of merit seems to be an universal failing. Some have their lists of the five, ten, or twenty best poets; the rival claims of favourite authors are hotly pressed; and there are few who have not some kind of graduated mental tariff of great names. In such classifications Hood usually occupies a peculiar position. There seems to be some hesitation in assigning him a place, and this not infrequently ends in his being labelled a kind of poetical nondescript.

Beyond the universal admiration bestowed on his three poems "The Song of the Shirt," "The dream of Eugene Aram," and "The Bridge of Sighs," Hood suffers from an almost paradoxical injustice. To one he is the poet of "The plea of the Midsummer Fairies," to another of "Faithless Nelly Gray." But oddly enough these two fields of achievement, instead of earning him a two-fold meed of fame, are allowed to mutually detract from one another. On the one hand the opinion of Hood's contemporaries that he was essentially a comic poet dies very hard; and many even of those who appreciate his really fine poetic

qualities have not quite shaken off the idea that his serious work was the well meant though somewhat abortive attempt of one who had temporarily mistaken his vocation. On the other hand, those who see in Hood powers and beauties of the rarest kind, are inclined to bear a grudge against his comic poems for robbing them of more of what they consider his finer work. In this conflict of opinion Hood's reputation as a poet suffers considerably; and it is to be regretted that there are comparatively few who sympathise with those lines of Landor which Hood's admirers are never tired of quoting:

> "Jealous I own it I was once,
> That wickedness I here renounce,
> I tried at wit, that would not do,
> At tenderness, that failed me too;
> Before me on each path there stood
> The witty and the tender Hood."

The details even of a poet's life are apt to be tedious; but in an age that has given birth to the interview, no apology is needed for touching on the main features of Hood's life. This is especially the case since the character of Hood's writings was so largely determined by exterior circumstances—that his life to some extent supplies the answer to the question as to why his work took the shape it did. He was born in 1798 and died in 1845. Of these forty-seven years only the latter half were spent in literary work. In only four years out of that half was Hood in comfortable circumstances; while throughout his whole life he was the victim of hereditary consumption, and his work was broken in upon by frequent serious illnesses. He was the son of a London bookseller, and his intimate acquaintance with middle class London life was used to good purpose in his comic poems. He was in turn a merchant's clerk and an engraver. The latter employment doubtless led him to cultivate that talent for humorous drawing and caricature, which enabled him to illustrate

his comic poems with such broad farce. Bad health compelled him to abandon his profession, and he then turned to literature. From first to last he was writing for a living, and it was journalism and especially comic journalism that brought him in the best income. He was successively sub-editor of "The London Magazine," editor of "The Gem," "Hood's Annual," "The New Monthly Magazine," and "Hood's Own." Besides this he wrote three prose works—"Tylney Hall," a novel, "Up the Rhine," apparently a kind of "Innocents Abroad," and "National Tales." All have found even enthusiastic admirers, but they are no longer read. Pecuniary necessity gave him neither time nor encouragement to devote himself much to serious poetry. Such serious poems as he published were on the whole little read, and brought in small profits. His comic poems on the other hand quickly caught the public favour, and his popularity soon became immense. Thus he was able to keep up the struggle for respectability to the end of his short life, delighting an enthusiastic and laughing public with his comicalities, while troubles were wearing out his heart in secret—a pathetic parallel to Hans Anderson's *Punchinello*.

But if poverty, ill-health, and some lack of appreciation constitute the darker side of Hood's life, they are after all but the foil against which the other side shews more brightly. There are few things more charming than Hood's domestic life, his literary friendships, and above all his own cheery, patient, loveable nature. In spite of all his difficulties his home life was one of the happiest. His wife, Jane Reynolds, was in every way worthy of him; their correspondence reveals the true and beautiful character of their affection:—"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me when I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly, but not without good cause. First your own affectionate letter,

lately received—next the remembrance of our dear children, pledges, what darling ones of our old familiar love—then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgement of her tenderness, worth, excellence, all that is wifely or womanly from my pen." Hood was not afraid of sentiment, and the depth of his feeling and his acute sense of the ridiculous prevents it from ever degenerating into sentimentality. His letters are oddly interspersed with pathetic jokes at his own ill-health. "Can my spitting blood have ceased because I have none left? What a subject for a German romance, The Bloodless Man." His love for his children was equally warm. Some of his letters to his little daughter are models of playful sympathy and good advice. How thoroughly his children returned his love is witnessed by the memoirs they compiled after his death. Hood's letters to his friends are full of pleasantry and frank good fellowship; he was on very intimate terms with Charles Lamb, and in their letters we find them keeping up a friendly rivalry of wit. On the death of Hood's child, Lamb wrote for Mrs Hood the beautiful "Lines on an infant dying as soon as it was born." And it was to Lamb that Hood owed his introduction to that brilliant literary circle of which Coleridge and Hazlitt were the chief lights. Hood's life is a record of misfortune met with a smile: a smile not of bitterness but of kindly humour and tender humanity. The man and the poems are inseparable, for it is this spirit which gives the poems their greatest charm.

Though "comic" and "serious" is the most obvious division of Hood's poetry, it is far from satisfactory. To begin with it does not carry us very far. One can hardly place the "Ode to Rae Wilson Esq." in the same category as "John Trot," or class "Lycus the Centaur"

with "The Bridge of Sighs." It is easy to suggest subdivisions. Thus one may arrange his serious poems under some such headings as "lyrical," "Spenserian romantic," and "homely tragic;" or divide his comic ones into "punning ballads," "humorous-domestic," "burlesques," and so on; but one feels that even this is far from exhaustive, and an apparently endless vista of subdivisions presents itself. Again there is another difficulty. Though Hood's work is so varied, it is impossible not to see the essential unity underlying the whole. One can trace the same hand everywhere; the same quaint fancy, the same daring turns of expression, the same profusion of imagery, the same human sympathy. How are we to class such a poem as "Miss Kilmansegg"? In the midst of the wildest profusion of jokes and puns and satirical narrative, we are suddenly brought up sharp with a verse such as this—

> "Who hath not felt that breath in the air,
> A perfume and freshness strange and rare,
> A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere
> When young hearts yearn together?
> All sweets below, and all sunny above,
> Oh, there's nothing in life like making love,
> Save making hay in fine weather."

or again—

> "And when she quenched the taper's light,
> How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
> That her day was done, and merged in a night
> Of dreams and duration uncertain.
> Or along with her own
> That a Hand of Bone
> Was closing mortality's curtain."

In "The Fall" again occurs this passage—

"Who does not know that dreadful gulf where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture, vulture calls,
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward on the foam there shines a rainbow without hope,

While hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt the unreturning wave,
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave."

The piece ends—

"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and night-gown I declare,
He's been a-walking in his sleep and pitched all down the stair."

In the same way his comic methods are constantly employed in his serious poems. Perhaps the best known instance occurs in the "Ode to Melancholy:"

"Even the bright extremes of joy,
Bring on conclusions of disgust:
Like the sweet blossoms of *May*,
Whose fragrance ends in *must*."

Even in that exquisite lyric, "one catches a glimpse of his trick of antithesis which he has employed with such good effect elsewhere:

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears, our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Thus, while adhering roughly to the divisions "comic" and "serious," it is necessary to keep in view several important mental reservations. Hood's comic poetry, it has been already observed, was written in the first place to obtain a prosaic but none the less indispensable income. Much must consequently have been written hurriedly and under depressing circumstances. Again he wrote for an age that delighted in grotesque grimaces —that loved Grimaldi, and could endure the harlequinade. Yet in spite of all one can hardly wish they had not been written. The sly humour, the queer conceits, the quaintly-drawn characters and the laughing philosophy display in full light that humorous side of Hood's character that leavens his whole life and work. Even his worst pieces are redeemed by a brilliant flash

here and there, and at his lowest he is a word-juggler of no mean order.

The comic ballads are perhaps the most widely known of Hood's writings, though they are by no means the best. Still, in "Faithless Sally Brown" and "Faithless Nelly Gray," he may be said to have created a couple of classics. These two poems at once suggest Hood's use of the pun. In his hands the pun, which most have come to regard as the direst weapon of boredom's arsenal, becomes a veritable joy for ever. His best puns are no mere jingle of sounds: he himself says "a double meaning shews double sense," and most of his puns will read either way. Some of them are absolutely sublime, and it is with a mingled feeling of astonishment and delight that the full glory of one of Hood's puns is borne in upon one in all its symmetry. Mr Ainger quotes from the "Lines to a lady on her departure for India"

"Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart the same as mangoes,
And think of me."

His comment on this is "'the same as man goes'; how utter the surprise and yet how inevitable the simile appears. It is just as if the writer had not foreseen it, as if it had been a mere accident. . . . This is the special note of Hood's best puns. They fall into their places so obviously, like the lines of a consummate lyrist, that it would have seemed pedantic to go out of the way to avoid them." Hood made almost every conceivable kind of pun; now it is a play on words and now on phrases. Thus—

"All you that are too fond of wine
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.

A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He did not like soft water,
So he took to drinking hard.

Said he, 'let others fancy slops—
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no Bohemian
So do not like Bohea.'

If wine's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By canister or grape."

Or again in the description of the effect of an explosion on a dinner party—

"While Mr Davy at the lower end,
Preparing for a goose the carver's labour,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend."

Doubtless Hood ran the pun to death; but it is not every punster who can boast of having won from such a critic as Coleridge the epithet "transcendental."

But puns however excellent are not the only good points in Hood's ballads. In "Mary's Ghost" and the "Supper Superstition" he displays considerable humour, though of a somewhat gruesome kind. In "Epping Hunt," the most pretentious of all, the humorous character sketches are far more admirable than the puns. The comic description of the sporting linen-drapers and the misfortunes of the venturesome Huggins are worthy of the pencil of Randolph Caldecott. Lamb once spoke of "Hood, that half Hogarth." The missing half was doubtless that fierce bitterness of satire of which no signs are to be found in Hood. His power of character-sketch and caricature is none the less admirable because it is unobtrusive. It is nowhere seen to more advantage than in "The Irish Schoolmaster."

The character was doubtless suggested by his old dominie, of whom he says elsewhere "he loved teaching for teaching's sake; it was impossible not to take an interest in learning what he seemed so interested in teaching." Opening with the almost Shakesperian lines—

"Alack! 'tis melancholy theme to think,
How learning doth in rugged states abide."

—he gives us a charming picture of the old dominie first teaching the "children taken in to bate," how "to murder the dead tongues," and then in the evening "changing his ferula for rural hoe." The closing lines are almost libellous—

"Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis; for alack! at each
There dwells I wot some dronish dominie,
That does no garden work nor yet doth teach,
But wears a flow'ry head and talks in flow'ry speech."

But the whole is full of kindly banter, and is more typical of Hood's true humour than the comic ballads. Of that true humour we have fortunately numerous examples—both generally in all his work, and specially in a class of poems for which it is hard to find a name. In these poems an atmosphere of early Victorian suburban domesticity is made to serve as a background for a half playful, half regretful, philosophy which is wholly charming. At one moment he is in a world of street cries, rate collectors, area steps, and Mary Ann; the next he is moralizing on the littleness of men from the cross of St Paul's, or in a balloon with Mr Graham, the aeronaut.

"Ah! me, how distance touches all,
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence."

Or again in "a retrospective view"—

"A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing.
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string.

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
The Fairy Tales in school-time read
By stealth twixt verb and noun.
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown."

"When that I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind,
What wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash a tear-drop from my eye
To cast a look behind."

Of the same character are his "Odes and Addresses to Great People," which won such warm approval from Coleridge. Here, in a jumble of puns and good-natured chaff, he quizzes the big men of his time; he tells Mr. Malthus that he is entirely of his opinion, with regard to the population question—

"Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
Or trouble shipping with a quarantine;
When, if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to import the Cholera morbus."

And in the same way he has his joke with Mrs Fry for her "Newgatory teaching." Mr Macadam, the road reformer, he hails as the "Roadian," come to mend the evil ways "our great Macparent" first did make. The "Great Unknown," for whose "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," and "Antiquary" he professes the greatest liking, he apostrophises as—

"Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,
The whole world's literary Absentee."

The "Ode to Rae Wilson Esq." stands by itself. Even the best and kindest men are apt to wax bitter when dealing with their religious convictions. Hood is no exception to the rule, and he does not spare his satire for those bigots, "who rant and cant and pray," those "pseudo-privy-councillors of God," who "mistake piety for magpiety" and "think they're pious when they're only bilious." "Of all the prides," he says, "since Lucifer's attaint,"

"The proudest swells a self-elected saint.
A man may cry Church, Church, at every word
With no more piety than other people.
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

For his own part, he says

"All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven as anybody's rotten borough."

Other classes of Hood's poems are "hoaxes" and "burlesques." Of the former, "The Demon Ship," "The Fall," "The Mermaid of Margate," and the "Storm at Hastings" are the best. "The Fall," already quoted, illustrates his method. His favourite scene for such hoaxes appears to be the sea. Several of his descriptions of storms at sea are remarkable for fine vigour and intensity.

"Ah! me it was a dreary mount,
Its base as black as night;
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune in a leprosy,
And so it reared upright.
With quaking sails the little boat,
Climbed up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep,
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep."

His burlesques are too numerous and too varied to attempt to classify. They include plans for writing blank verse in rhyme, and making the beginning of lines rhyme instead of the end; all clever enough, but not work for a poet. "Bianca's Dream" is the longest burlesque. It is a serious story with a moral told, as is Hood's way, as if it were a joke. A few verses from a burlesque pastoral may be quoted as shewing to what base, though amusing, uses Hood's muse was often put:

Huggins "Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face;
Search all through Great and Little Bumpstead
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

Duggins To groves and streams I tell my flame,
I make the cliffs repeat her name;
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins.

Huggins Love goes with Peggy where she goes,
Beneath her smile the garden grows;
Potatoes spring and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes and cabbage hearts.

Duggins Where Sally goes it's always spring,
Her presence brightens everything;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas."

"The Last Man," "Jack Hall," and "Miss Kilmansegg and her precious leg" form a class by themselves. They are grotesque and gruesome nightmares told with a reckless gaiety and abandonment, now rising to the loftiest heights of powerful and impressive writing, now descending to the veriest doggerel. "Miss Kilmansegg," especially, is a truly remarkable poem, and, in spite of its unconventionality, rises even to a greatness. In this haunting tragedy of gold, we are hurried at break-neck speed through all the events of Miss Kilmansegg's life, with scarcely time

to notice the admirably drawn characters, the outrageous puns, the magnificent satire; here and there we pause at a startling verse, only to hurry on again till, with the full horror of gold upon us, we reach her moral.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold,
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the Churchyard mould,
Price of many a crime untold.
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold,
How widely its agencies vary,
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless,
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary."

It is impossible to do justice to "Miss Kilmansegg" in a small space: it bristles with passages clamorous for quotation, and on the whole it should be ranked high.

Many of Hood's serious poems, and especially the earlier ones, are clearly marked by the influence of Spenser and Keats. It is hard to understand how they could have failed to be popular, for in point of style, at least, he has produced much worthy of each master. In "The two Swans" he has quite caught the Spenserian spirit of old romantic fairy tale, with its rich colouring and marvellous imagery. "Lycus the Centaur" is much in the same style, but is a finer poem. The shuddering fascination of the enchantments of Circe, the unutterable woe of her victims, and the luxurious horror of the surroundings, are admirably expressed throughout the poem.

"There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms when I came,
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;
And the womanly soul turning sick with disgust,
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust,
While all groaned their groans into one at their lot,
As I bought them the image of what they were not.
Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking,
Through vile brutal organs, low tremulous croaking,
Cries swallowed abruptly, deep animal tones
Attuned to strange passion and full-uttered groans."

Or again, where he is wooed by the water nymph:

"In the very noon-blaze I could fancy a thing
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
Half seen and half dreamed in the soul of his eye.
And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,
In motionless trances of thought there would seem
A face like that face, looking upward through mine,
With eyes full of love and the dim drownéd shine,
Of limbs and fair garments like clouds in that blue
Serene: there I stood for long hours but to view
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
Towards me and winked as the waterweed drifted
Between: but the fish knew that presence and plied
Their long curvy tails and swift darted aside."

The whole poem is remarkable for soft-flowing rhythm, languorous grace and felicity of expression. It was, doubtless, owing to the influence of Keats that this and other of Hood's poems read in places so much like the poetry of the modern aesthetic school of poets. Such phrases as "love-idle," "dirge sad-swelling," "gold-broidered," "pale passioned hands that seem to pray," and the like, frequently occur.

"Hero and Leander" in spite of some fine touches is hardly so successful as Hood's other poems. It reads dully and disjointedly. He almost neglects Hero's grief for that of the mermaid, who unwittingly

drowns Leander. There are more superfluous verses than usual, and several fine ones are spoiled by the use of unmusical words and strained phrases. In fact, we find in it illustrations of all Hood's faults emphasized.

In his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" Hood is quite at his best again. It cannot have been entirely a friend's partiality that prompted Lamb, when writing on fairies himself, to refer his readers to Hood, saying modestly, "the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo." Nothing could be more daintily graceful than Hood's pathetic picture of those

"Frail feeble sprites, the children of a dream,
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men"

of

"Peri and Pixy and quaint Puck the antic,
And stealthy Mab, Queen of old realms romantic"

as they stand with rueful faces cowering before old Time, the destroyer. The delicate fancy, the keen, boyish delight in that Fairyland, which is to him so real a place, is one of Hood's most pleasing characteristics. The reference to the "stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.... that dares Time's irresistible affront," must be made an excuse for a short digression on the question of Shakespeare's influence on Hood. Hood was an ardent student of the dramatist, and in this poem—and indeed in many others—he has quite caught the Shakespearian spirit. This is less to be wondered at in one who himself possessed humorous, lyrical, and tragic powers of no mean kind. This influence is especially noticeable in a certain bold directness of expression, and he has written many lines with a true Shakespearian ring.

"The Haunted House" has been considered by many, Hood's finest poem. Edgar Allen Poe speaks of it as "one of the truest poems ever written; one of the truest, one of the most unexceptional, one of the most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and its execution.

It is, moreover, powerfully ideal and imaginative." In this poem Hood has made use of his favourite method of laying touch upon touch to the picture, gradually piling up a cumulative effect. But here the method is far more in keeping and far more successful than elsewhere. All in the broad glare of daylight, the reckless profusion of the untended garden; the rank weeds and vermin in the deserted courtyard; the ruined magnificence of the staircase; the gorgeous, decaying tapestry and the awful room, which even the spiders shun, where "the Bloody Hand shone strangely out in vehemence of colour," are depicted with marvellous skill. And all the while the horror of the place keeps growing, till one almost dreads the ever-recurring refrain—

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said as plain as whisper to the ear,
> The place is Haunted."

The Elm-tree is a poem on similar lines, but it is not nearly so successful. It has had admirers; but it is far too long drawn out, and has many weak verses.

Amongst Hood's other poems are several fine odes, a collection of sonnets, and numerous short lyrics. The odes to "Melancholy," to "Hope," and to "Autumn," reach a high degree of excellence with their slow musical rhythm and melancholy cadences. Of his sonnets those on "Silence" and "Fancy" are best. Of the former Mr William Sharp says "the sonnet on Silence is not only exceedingly beautiful, but ranks among the twelve finest sonnets in the language." Evidence of Hood's lyrical gift is to be found on almost every page of his poems. Many of his short lyrics are extremely beautiful. Among many may be mentioned "Fair Ines" for its "inexpressible charm" of graceful imagery and hidden heart-ache; "I remember, I remember" for its spontaneous expression of simple sentiment, "The Forsaken" for the intensity of its suppressed

passion, "the Exile" and "song for Music" for perfect lyrical flow.

Hood's three poems, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs," are so well known that criticism is almost as superfluous as it is venturesome. It is, however, interesting to note that they by no means stand apart from the rest of his poems, but rather illustrate his general characteristics with greater emphasis. "Eugene Aram" is a striking example of that tragic power which Hood has used in so many of his poems, both comic and serious, with equally telling effect. Nowhere, however, is the tragic force so well sustained. The simplicity and directness of the narrative, its intensity and vivid contrasts are admirably adapted to the subject of the poem. But even here Hood fails to escape his besetting sin of heaping up stage effects, so to speak; thus the lines—

> "Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
> And hid in sudden graves;
> Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
> And murders done in caves,"

are very crude after the telling simplicity of

> "And down he sat beside the lad,
> And talked with him of Cain."

The blood-avenging sprite, too, smacks somewhat of the "Ancient Mariner." One of the most striking features of the poem is his fine use of the last two lines of each verse; they are like a despairing groan. The last verse especially is sublime in its calm inexorability.

"The Song of the Shirt" is Hood's most famous poem. But it is to the man rather than the poet that it does honour. As a stirring appeal it is unequalled; as a poem it just fails to reach the level of his highest efforts. Like most of the appeals of literature, its perfection is marred by the faint jingle of the collection box. But it seems almost sacrilegious to criticise so vivid and piteous a picture of misery; so generous and

tender an outpouring of human sympathy, and so effective an agent of good. In this poem and in the "Lay of the Labourer" and the "Assistant Draper's Petition," one feels strongly, as one feels in so many of his poems, whether professed appeals or not, with how much truth Hood has been called 'the poet of the heart.'

In the "Bridge of Sighs," Hood, in many respects, reaches his highest point. One feels that it is hopeless to attempt to do it justice. To call it a sermon is to libel it, yet it is hard otherwise to describe the profound impression it leaves. It is impossible to know which to admire most, the fine reckless handling of the subject, the wild intensity of despair, the vivid dark colouring of the back ground, or the deep unobtrusive human feeling. Such lines as "all that is left of her now is pure womanly" are hard to match. Poe, in his "Essay on the poetic principle," writes: "The vigour of this poem is no less remarkable than its pathos. The versification, although carrying the fanciful to the very verge of the fantastic, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the wild insanity which is the thesis of the poem."

Now-a-days, after passing in review a poet's life and work, it has become fashionable to raise in some form or another the question, "What was his purpose?" or, "What does he teach?" This is undoubtedly a highly interesting question, but there is a class of mind of the ultra-utilitarian type which is inclined to assign it an undue importance. "It is not by philosophy," it has been said, "but by imagination and form that a poet lives." Still, without necessarily charging a poet with deliberate propagandism, it is both possible and profitable to endeavour to trace that, more or less, unconscious "criticism of life" that *will* shew itself when ink is once put to

difficult thus to read between the lines in Hood's case, he has been subjected to some misrepresentation. It is usual to dilate on his unhappy life and point out how, even in his comic poems, he constantly turns to themes

of suffering; and there the matter is often left. It is, of course, quite true that Hood looked on life as a sad and serious thing; in his circumstances it could hardly have been otherwise: "There's not a string attuned to mirth," he writes, "but has its chord of melancholy." But his constant advice, both explicit and implied, is to make the best of it. There is a bright side to everything, if we only take the trouble to look for it—

> "Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
> Who gloze her lively universal law;
> As if she had not formed our cheerful feature
> To be so tickled with the slightest straw!
> So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw
> The corners downwards like a watery moon,
> And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw.
> We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
> Or nurse November on the lap of June,
> For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,
> That shun all stagnant settlements of grief,
> This is our small philosophy in brief."

In Hood we find no Titanic effort to reconcile the irreconcilable; to bring individual happiness into harmony with human progress. He is no baffled cynic like Byron, no "ineffectual angel" like Shelley, no passionate idealist like Keats, no contemplative recluse like Wordsworth; he faces the facts of life and seeks for happiness in a man's self, in his good humour, and his charity. With Sir Walter Scott he is content "to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." Altogether Hood is such a good fellow, and wrote so much that is charming, that one feels almost inclined to risk the charge of neglecting his faults. After all it is by his best works that a poet is to be judged, and "praise, praise, praise," we have it on authority, is the critic's function. Hood's most obvious fault has already been alluded to several times. It is the habit of piling up effects and accessories more than the passage can well bear. Besides this, he wrote

a considerable quantity of rather poor stuff. The circumstances of his life will account for much of this, but not all. Even in those poems on which he must have spent the most care, we find frequent lapses; and it is hard to imagine, if Hood really tested his poems by writing them out in printed characters, how many of the verses passed muster. But this fault was the penalty of that very absence of restraint and boldness of expression which enabled him to reach such heights in other passages. At any rate he sins in good company; and a later age, whose poetry suffers from a tendency to over-nice preciseness or over-studied ruggedness, may well allow bold, unaffected freedom of touch to cover a multitude of sins.

After a sketch, which has been in the main analytical, it may seem presumptuous to put forward a claim for a consideration of Hood's work, as a whole. But, though each characteristic of Hood's genius predominates in turn, it never does so to the exclusion of the rest. The man is essentially the same, whatever the point of view. Surely then it cannot be wrong to raise from the doubtful company of minor poets one who, to a deep, poetic imagination, a fine lyrical gift, and unusual powers of expression, added a delicate fancy, a delightful humour, and a broad-minded humanity.

C. R. M.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

O THOU to whom this life may seem
A weary load scarce worth the pain;
And all thine aspirations vain,
And all thy happiness a dream:

In thine own heart are heaven and hell,
And in thy hand is sorrow's balm;
For memory lulls to happy calm,
The tempest of a life lived well.

And sorrow born of ought but sin
Is never sorrow to the end:
But owns, ere long, the name of friend,
And dwells, a pensive guest, within.

Tho' sin, rebelling in thy blood
Impure from wells of what hath been,
From mastery of the soul be seen
To stem awhile the tide of good,

And pluck the flower from thy path
And dim the sunshine in thy sky,
And God forbidding thou should'st die,
Oft make thee half content with death:

Yet those are but thy darker moods,
And sweet is nature tho' in tears;
And summers gild the growing years,
And sunbeams melt the winter woods.

C. E. B.[1]

THE RIVER.

THE whispering river wanders down
In sorrow to the sea,
And thro' the wailing of the town
It sadly sings to me.

O where is now the happy glen
Of my pure childhood's years,
Before I found the haunts of men,
And mingled with their tears?

A dimpling brook I once did flow
With silvery pebbles paved,
And mirrored in my pools below
The glancing willows waved.

And so my merry morn of life
I lightly laughed away;
And little recked of storm and strife
As children at their play.

But now my face is sad and worn
With human sin and stain:
For ocean's lips I sigh forlorn
To kiss away my pain.

The stream of life so wanders down
In sorrow to the sea,
And thro' the wailing of the town
So sadly sings to me.

C. E. B.

A MISSING MANUSCRIPT.

(With every apology to the shade of Sir Richard Burton.)

HAVING occasion not long ago to visit my gyp-room to procure a pot of Keiller wherewith to do honour to an unexpected friend, I noticed on the table my accustomed allowance of butter. It was, as usual, wrapped in a sheet of paper which showed marks of writing on the outer surface, but my attention was at once arrested by the peculiar characters of which the writing was composed. At first I thought it was shorthand, but the system was certainly not Pitman's, and a closer inspection soon convinced me that what I had mistaken for shorthand was really some strange character—though precisely what, my acquaintance with strange characters did not enable me to say. That I had seen something like it in a glass case in the University Library I was certain, and for a moment the wild thought flashed into my mind that the Librarian had pawned the *Codex Bezae*, but this I dismissed at once as an insult to my own intelligence and a reflexion both on the personal character of the Librarian and on the extent of his knowledge of the fluctuations of the waste-paper market.

After some hesitation I determined to carry my discovery direct to the depository of all human learning—Professor M*y*r himself, and having carefully removed some outlying portions of butter which still adhered to the membrane, I bore it tenderly towards the Second Court.

Professor M*y*r received me with his usual cordiality, and after a brief inspection of my treasure, congratulated me on the accidental acquisition of a missing MS of priceless value. "This," he remarked, "is one of the lost sheets of the *Alf Laylah wa Laylah*, better known to Europeans as the *Thousand and one Nights*. Orientalists have long suspected that the number 1001 was purely arbitrary, and that other 'Nights' might in time be discovered, to raise that improbable total to a round number, such as 1050—or, still more probably—1100. You, my young friend, by singular good fortune, combined with a keenness of observation which is all your own, have taken the first step towards verifying this most necessary and reasonable, but hitherto unverified, hypothesis."

I thanked the Professor warmly for his kindness. He once more felicitated me on my discovery, quoting such passages from ancient authors as seemed appropriate to the occasion, and I withdrew.

But my MS would not allow me to rest. I need not follow in detail the tenor of my meditations. Suffice it to say that it changed the whole course of my studies. I abandoned the seductive literature connected with the honoured name of Paley; I threw up the study of Trigonometry (which in Mr Hamblin Smith's fascinating treatise had hitherto been my chief delight): in a word, I flung aside all my former occupations, and devoted myself entirely to the study of so much Arabic as should enable me to decipher the buttery, but still legible document, of which I had by so singular an accident become the fortunate possessor.

The result of my studies I now offer to the public. Avoiding the hideous hag-like nakedness of Torrens and the bald literalism of Lane, I have carefully Englished my original in all its outlandishness, yet not by straining *verbum reddere verbo*, but by writing as an Arab would have written in English, for on this point I quite agree with Saint Jerome: "*Vel verbum e verbo, vel sensum e sensu, vel ex utroque commixtum, et medie temperatum genus translationis.*" I should add, however, that when I came to examine my MS. I found it in many places incomplete. These *lacunae* I have filled up out of my own head, after the most approved fashion of modern editors.

The scholar who reads my translation in a lowly spirit, and who does not attempt to compare it with the original (which he will find it difficult to do, as I only allow it to be borrowed under a bond of £50 to return both it and my reputation uninjured), will know as much about the subject as I do myself.

THE EDITOR.

Now when it was the thousand and thirty-second night

Shahrazad continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Al-Backsheesh stood and marvelled within himself at the talisman that the Ifrit had given him. For it was a signet-ring wherein was set a bezel-stone of price, and thereon was graven the seal of the lord Solomon, David's son (on whom be peace!). The semblance of it was right wondrous and marvellous, and when Al-Backsheesh set it upon his finger, lo! he was invisible to all the sons of Adam.

And as he stood and pondered over the fortune that had befallen him, and bethought him of his pursuers, and the death he would die when they should find him, it seemed as it were a cloud that veiled the sun, and looking steadfastly he saw it to be none other than an enormous bird, gigantic of girth and inordinately wide of wing, that flew swiftly through the air. Whereupon Al-Backsheesh remembered a story he had heard aforetime of pilgrims and travellers, how in certain waste places of the earth dwelled a huge bird called the

Rukh, which feedeth its young upon elephants, and straightway he was certified that this was none other than the bird itself. And as he looked and wondered at the marvellous works of Allah, the bird alighted, but Al-Backsheesh it saw not because of the signet-ring which he bore upon his finger. And when he saw this he arose, and unwinding his turban from his head twisted it into a rope with which he girt his middle and bound himself fast unto the leg of the Rukh, for he said, "It is better to take what Allah sendeth than to perish here in the wilderness." And eftsoons the Rukh rose, and spreading its wings with a great cry flew up into the air dragging Al-Backsheesh with it, nor ceased it to soar and to tower until it reached the limit of the firmament whence could be heard the Angels of the Seventh Heaven quiring the praises of Allah Almighty; after which it descended, and alighted in the midst of a plain. And Al-Backsheesh made speed to unbind his turban, which no sooner had he done than the Rukh again soared high in air, even as a black cloud that grew smaller toward the eastern verge, and at length vanished away.

Then Al-Backsheesh gave thanks, and looking around him beheld on the horizon the spires and towers of a vast city. And before him flowed a river, clear as pearls and diaphanous gems. And it was hight the Pool of Al-Barnwell. And as he marvelled at the clearness of its waters, behold a noise, and lo, a shouting which drew nearer and more near along the river bank. And Al-Backsheesh sought to hide himself, but he remembered the talisman which the Ifrit had given him, and taking heart, waited to see what would come to pass.

Now beside the river ran a well-paved road whereon an elephant in snow-shoes might go and make no holes, and upon this road sounded the hoofs of a galloping horse. And as the sound drew nearer, Al-Backsheesh beheld a sight whereat surprise gat hold upon his

vitals, and casting ashes on his head, he repeated these couplets:

"I am distraught, though signet-ring from eye of man may keep,
For round me gather hosts of ills from which I cannot flee:
Patient I'll be till Patience self with me impatient wax,
Patient as sun-parcht wight that spans the desert's sandy sea."

For with a great sound as of the splashing of oars a boat drew nigh upon the stream, while a horseman galloped beside it upon a sorry jade, such as a thief might be borne upon to the bastinado or the wheel. And both the rowers and the horseman were robed in vesture of scarlet, and the rowers were eight sons of Adam, who smote the water in order and drave it high in air. And lo, the horseman used evil language unto the men that toiled at the oars, and cursed them by his gods, saying that they were miscreants who knew not the path of right doing, who if they smote the water with teaspoons should make better speed. He likewise made offer unto them to push behind, with other words most grievous to hear and endure. Then Al-Backsheesh looked that they should arise and slay him, but with one consent they answered him not a word. And in the boat with them also there came one of tender years who likewise did evilly entreat them, yet they cast him not forth but did rather pay heed unto his words. Then the world was straitened upon Al-Backsheesh, and he had neither peace nor patience, for "In sooth," said he, "I am come unto the City of Cowards."

Then Al-Backsheesh fared on towards the city, seeking the Sultan thereof that he might claim his protection, and perchance stay awhile in the house of his hospitality and seek thence meat and drink and raiment. And he came on into the streets of the city, thinking to find the King's palace where he might tell his evil case. And lo, it was a city of palaces rich and rare, with doors of carven oak wood and windows

coloured with divers hues and rich saloons right well beseen. And he saw (himself unseen) where many guests feasted on divers bakemeats, and strange birds with four legs and no breast,* and fruits preserved in a lye of wood-ashes after the manner of the ancients.† And they drank drinks both green and brown, burying their faces in tankards of red gold set round with gems of price. But nowhere could Al-Backsheesh see aught of the King.

Then fared he forth yet further unto a vast Hall, with a gallery upon three sides of it. And there were gathered together at the bottom of the Hall a multitude of the sons of the accursed, who know not Mohammed the Prophet of Allah. And the gallery was as it were a harem. And in the midmost of the wall where the gallery came not stood three thrones of red carnelian, the middle throne standing higher than the rest. And thereon sat one, as it were a prince, who reigned and ruled and gave audience, with his Wazirs on either side. And of the Wazirs twain, one was a world in himself, round and flattened at the poll.‡ Then Al-Backsheesh thought to come forward to declare his case. But as he waited for an audience with the Sultan, lo, one rose up in the Hall and abused his neighbour, sawing the air with his hand. And thereafter rose up others and cast back the evil words they had received, and there was a Babel of bitter tongues. Then Al-Backsheesh looked that the Sultan should deliver the blasphemers to the Sworder that he should do them die; but behold there was no Sworder, and after a space the Sultan himself came down from his throne (while another sat thereon),

* It is reported that at Oriental banquets the fowls and turkeys served to the Sultan and his Wazirs have four wings and no legs, while those served to the multitude have four legs and no breast. Hence the use of a proverbial phrase by the story-teller. This report many travellers confirm.

† Generally gooseberries, a favourite food in the East, where they are eaten at all seasons of the year.

‡ *lit.* "*beaten* at the poll."

and blasphemed with a louder and more varied blasphemy than the rest. And after a little space, while the soul of Al-Backsheesh was yet straitened within his heart by reason of the blasphemy, a bell tinkled in the distance, and the sons of the accursed fought in the doorway, and the hall was as the Hall of Iblis. And after they were gone there came one of fierce aspect in the guise of a Chief Clerk, and the Sultan trembled before him, and was even as clay in his hands. Then said Al-Backsheesh, "This King is no King," and went on his way with great searchings of heart.

Then fared he forth in sorrow till he came unto a Hall greater and more splendid than the last, with a gallery upon four sides of it, and a floor of black and white marble cunningly intermingled, whereon stood the statues of kings. And the floor of the Hall was full of venerable sages, and the galleries of youths who were clad in the Cloak of Comeliness and crowned with the Crown of Completion. And both on the floor and in the galleries, in the places best suited both for seeing and hearing, were unveiled damsels like moons, whose lips were like double carnelian, their mouths like the seal of Solomon, and their teeth ranged in a line that played with the reason of proser and rhymer. And in the midst, upon a throne of Indian teak wood plentifully adorned with French polish and purfled with red gold leaf, there sat a Prince in a vesture of scarlet, whose face shone as the sun, and his words distilled themselves like melted butter over the souls of his hearers. Then Al-Backsheesh joyed with great joy and sustained dilatation of the bosom, saying within himself, "Surely this is the Sultan, and to him I will make known mine evil plight."

But as he yet spake, behold, the young men who were clad in the Cloak of Comeliness reviled the Sultan, and those who were crowned with the Crown of Completion did make sport concerning him. And Al-Back-

sheesh looked for the Sworder, and saw only two Uncomely Ones who bore upon their shoulders Pokers of Power. Neither did the Sultan deal with those who evil entreated him and reviled him, but kept silence and consulted a Kalendar, since he had no Sworder, neither Leather of Blood, and the two Uncomely Ones knew not how to wield the Pokers of Power.

Then was Al-Backsheesh covered with shame and confusion of face, and the world grew dark before his eyes. And he spake, saying, "I sought for a King, but I have come unto a city of women and fools, where Kings are not, but only the shadows of Kings. Therefore I will speedily get me hence to a land which prospereth under the rule of a Prince."

So saying, he hasted to go. But in his haste, catching his foot in his robe, he stumbled and fell, and his signet-ring slipped from his finger. And straightway the assembly was ware of Al-Backsheesh as he lay prone upon the marble floor, with his turban upon his head and slippers upon his feet. And there was a mighty tumult in that place. Then rose up one in a black robe, and behind him were two in dark blue raiment with buttons of brassy sheen. And their look was fierce and lowering. But with a great cry Al-Backsheesh arose and fled away, while the Accursed Ones pursued after him, as it were the hounds of the Jinn. And as he sped apace down the street of the city, with those that followed him close behind, he sought in his bosom for wherewithal to purchase his life. But he found naught save six dinars and eight dirhams of the coinage of Haroun-al-Raschid the Commander of the Faithful and Prince of True Believers. Then Al-Backsheesh, considering that they would be of no currency in a city of the infidels, smote upon his breast as he fled, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry, so that the whole city heard the voice of his complaint. But they that followed him drew nearer as he ran—

And Shahrazad was surprised by the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

Then quoth Dunyazad, "Oh, my sister, how pleasant is thy tale, and how tasteful; how sweet, and how grateful!" She replied, "And what is this compared with that I could tell thee the nights to come, if I live, and the King spare me?" Then thought the King, "By Allah, I will not slay her till I hear the rest of her tale, for truly 'tis wondrous." So they rested that night until the dawn. After this the King went forth to his Hall of Estate, and the Wazirs and the troops came in and the court was crowded, and the King gave orders and judged and appointed and deposed, bidding and forbidding during the rest of the day. Then the Divan broke up, and King Shahryar entered his palace.

"NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM."

In obitum Flacci.

Occidit heu Flaccus; lacrimas effundite, Musae;
Qua fuerit victus sorte poeta, rogas?
Illa senex noster divina poemata vertit,
Cui stilus in dextra more bipennis erat.
Cur petis, infelix, hederas? cur talia vertis
Carmina? si certum est vertere, verte nemus.

Ah! Horace, our poet, our singer, is dead,
And the Muses full tearfully stand,
Mr G. has translated him out of his head,
With a pen like an axe in his hand.

"O surely, good Sir, thou art fatuous grown,"
A former associate said,
"'Twere better to leave such word-chopping alone,
And stick to wood-chopping instead."

A. J. Chotzner.

A SMOOTH CYCLOID.

THIS is that happy paradise loved best
Of all the particles. No tensive string
Is here to check their mirth; no heavy ring
Constrains their freedom or disturbs their rest.
Some clamber to the high cuspidal crest
And slide, exultant, with alternate swing
Down through the lowest valley; glorying
To make that quickest journey. Some, in jest,
Will race, contestful, to the winning post
Where slow and fast, that started with some space
Of handicap, must needs make equal boast
Of victory. And others, worn and frail
With life's hard buffetings, think small disgrace
To seek the level pleasures of the dale.

A PERFECTLY ROUGH SPHERE.

ART yet not giddy, thou poor twirling sphere?
Pleasure is this, or penance for some sin,
That thou must rise and fall with normal spin
Monotonously same? When thou art near
The hopeless summit, trembles there a tear
Of dark despairing agony within?
Or is there secret happiness to win
A way around the dreadful dome? In fear
Thou hadst thy dwelling once upon its crown;
And slothful pride, that heralded thy fall,
Gave the one little touch that brought thee down:
So now, perchance, to thee thy very all
Is that hid Sisyphus of thine own soul
That helps thee, spinning, to the topmost Pole.

G. T. B.

A PHILOSOPHER'S VOYAGE ROUND LONDON AT NIGHT.

With an account of the natural phenomena observed in various districts.

MEN, or, perhaps one should say, poets, have been known to stand on the bridge at midnight while the clocks were striking the hour, but there is no record of their having remained there for any appreciable time. If the number of hours which the bard stood on the (burning?) bridge were taken to be in inverse ratio to his poetical capacity, the present writer would lay claim to be considered a worse poet than Longfellow. His place in literature would also be lowered by the consideration that he not only stood on the bridge, but sat down, drank a cup of coffee, ate something which purported to be cake, and heard the clocks strike several hours after midnight, with the intervening quarters. Nor was it withal a lovely night in June, but a dampish night in February 1895.

I quite feel that statements like the above require, and anyone is justified in demanding, full and circumstantial explanation. From this, however, I do not shrink, being more embarrassed by lack of adequate expression than any scarcity of fact or detail.

Let me begin in the words of the learned and eminently useful Becker, with which the first scene of Gallus opens.

"The third watch of the night was drawing to a

close, and the mighty city lay buried in the deepest silence, unbroken, save by the occasional tramp of the 'Nocturnal Triumviri,' as they passed on their rounds—or perhaps by the footsteps of one lounging homewards from a late debauch."

There is nothing new, you see, under the sun, save humour and woman. Now I was not 'lounging homewards from a late debauch,' but was out on a voyage of discovery and observation. I had conceived the idea, like Gallus, of seeing what the city looked like by night. A book, I believe, has lately been written on that subject, but as to whether it is written in prose, or whether in verse, or by whom it is written, or at how much it is sold, or if, having read it, one would be pleased, it is not for me, not knowing, as Herodotus might say, to offer an opinion among those who doubtless do.

With the afore-mentioned end in view I passed along the empty mysterious streets, and ghostly footsteps rang on the wet pavement behind me, "a hollow echo of my own."

Somewhere in the city I came upon a very cold and impecunious old lady leaning against a door in the shadow of a porch; apparently quite hopeless and benumbed into indifference. I asked her if she had no one to go to, no one to look after her: "No, no," moaned the cracked old voice. I said I was in the same condition myself, and put a small contribution into her lean and ghastly palm protruded from beneath the ragged shawl; then, with the croak of her disproportionate blessings still in my ears, I passed away into the nevermore with a vague regret that I was not a workhouse, or even a cab-driver.

After continuing this healthy and meditative form of exercise for some hours, during which I seemed to traverse most of the principal thoroughfares of the town, and feeling tired and by no means fastidious, I chanced upon a coffee-stall on the further side of

London Bridge. I was not aware at the time that I was in that locality, but suddenly saw the break in the buildings, and the regular lines of twinkling lights, and in between the stealthy river swirling quietly, with great floes of ice swimming upon it—for the frost had just broken—and grating slowly under the dark echoing arches.

I leant over the parapet with one knee on the stone seat, and felt sentimental: thought of Hood's Bridge of Sighs, and weighed the advantages and disadvantages of suicide, deciding finally to postpone it for the present. I thought of Wordsworth's sonnet:

> The river glideth at his own sweet will:
> Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
> And all that mighty heart is lying still.

It certainly was an impressive sight. I went up to the coffee-stall and had a cup, which possessed the superlative merit of heat, if no other: I also obtained for one penny a slab of cake about the size of a small Genoa.

These delicacies having been consumed, and some light badinage, or γεφυρισμός, exchanged with the keeper of the stall, I fared forward with the dim idea of testing the hospitality of the College Mission; but not being perfectly confident of the address of that institution, or my own geographical position with regard to it, I eventually returned to "Lum Brigsh," as it has been termed, and asked the coffee man tentatively if there was anywhere where I could sit down. He replied in the affirmative, and before long I found myself reclining on a wooden box, with two other salutatores, or morning callers (parasites, apparently, of the coffee man, who was a comparative 'toff' in their opinion), and a small but dirty boy.

We sat round a bucket-fire and smoked: a sack-cloth curtain forming a kind of half-tent kept out the bitter East, or it may have been the bitter North, at

our backs, and the coffee-stall combated the draught in front. The coffee man worked the engines. Some hours we sat and discussed the ways of the world round the bucket-fire, much as one does in one's college rooms.

My companions were very pleasant and communicative, and much more deserving of respect, it struck me, if not of imitation, than many upon whom Fortune casts brighter smiles.

Life meant something to them, the life of the moment: they took no thought of the morrow, etc.: the to-day was too real, too inevitably absorbing, and more than enough to claim their whole attention. I learnt a lot, much more than I can ever remember or relate, about their ways of life and aims and purposes: the odd jobs they did, how they slept at workhouses (not at the same one twice a month under pain of extra work), or got taken up on purpose to get a night's rest.

Selling matches was the best business, they said: you could get a dozen boxes for 5*d*. or 6*d*. (the 5*d*. ones were really just as good) and make half profits. Their notions of a good day's business, a good night's rest, or a good square meal, made me feel absolutely ashamed of the comforts that fall undeservedly to my lot, and to yours, my complacent reader.

But, as Mr Gallienne tells us, we have discovered the Relative Spirit of social and other philosophy: lower pleasures, lower pains, and the rest of it. Have we discovered, may I ask, relative hunger and thirst? Do people require less clothing the less they have to eat?

One of my friends was a sailor, or rather a stoker, and had been to many parts of the world, of all of which he had something to say. "A good traveller," as the national bard has it, "is something at the latter end of a dinner," and I found him also most interesting company at the latter end of London Bridge, although dressed in ragged clothes, unshaven, and

smoking an unprepossessing clay. He was a man, however,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes

—a man of large experience, if of little refinement, with a gleam of genuine kindliness in his eye.

Though these words may never reach the eyes of those to whom they relate, I must say that that night, if one of the strangest, was at the same time one of the pleasantest and most instructive I ever spent. On such occasions one lives weeks of ordinary humdrum life.

At about 4 a.m. the sailor and I took a walk as far as the Elephant and Castle and back, and we exchanged pipes by way of a memento of the evening.

At 5 a m. in London "the noise of life begins anew," whether the blank day has broken on the bald street or not: carts go to market and men go to work, and call at the night coffee-stalls for their breakfast. Stray pedestrians, and the 'Nocturnal Triumviri,' of course, are about all night, but at 5 o'clock there is quite a sudden ebb of re-awakening life.

The thing that struck me most of all in the men I met was their cheeriness and good humour: taking life as it came with no grumbling or cultured pessimism, and making the best of it: with very great capacities for humour and sympathy and charity.

Toynbee Hall and similar settlements may be all very well, as blind and uncertain steps towards fusion of the classes—narrow planks, as it were, across the chasm between the rich and poor—for people with cool heads and strong knees (which may mean anything you like to make it); but for complete and practical bridging over the gulf commend me to London Bridge, and its night coffee-stall and bucket-fire.

C. E. B.

SATOR SARTORQUE SCELERUM.

SING, Muse, a curse on that sartorial sot,
  Whose treacherous crime hath wrought my bitter woe.
May he upon his table ever squat
  Bent, cramped, and bowed, nor change of posture know.
Through the whole scale of fierce invective go!
  Sing rhythmic strains of bitterest abuse!
O may he reap the evil he doth sow,
  Of clumsy fingers may he lack the use,
  And burn his caitiff hands with overheated goose!

Wherefore, ye ask, revile so base a wight!
  Why call down vengeance on a wretch so mean?
Alas! my heart is smitten with a blight,
  Through vile default of him and his machine.
For she, who was my heart's enthronèd queen,
  Is lost for ever through his treacheries:
And when I meet her (ah! what might have been!)
  Her handkerchief she hastily applies
  Unto her dainty mouth, and laughs until she cries.

She was an angel in a mortal frame:
  I loved her madly, yet with jealous smart,
For other lover did the very same,
  Nor could she settle which possessed her heart.
Wherefore I sought the aid of tailor's art
  To deck my person: soon the suit was made;
And in love's race methought I had the start,
  So well my graceful figure it displayed;
  Adonis' very self seemed in the glass portrayed.

We met, and walked along the country lane;
  She sat to rest upon a rustic seat;
In burning words my love did I explain;
  The words I used I need not here repeat;

Suffice it that my rhetoric was neat;
  I seized her hand, she seemed inclined to yield,
As peroratively before her feet
  With graceful pose I bent me down and kneeled:
  But O! what tragic plight was suddenly revealed!

I heard a snap, a rending, tearing note;
  (Alas! that posture had been unrehearsed:)
And all the fabric of my new-bought coat
  Adown the centre seam was torn and burst.
And, O! sensation twice, nay, thrice accursed!
  She seemed to take it rather as a joke.
No joke I ween, but rather joke reversed,
  To kneel there, feeling like the riven oak
  Shivered and split in twain by lightning's sudden stroke.

"O stay and hear me! Stay!" I madly cried;
  "My bosom swells with love as though 'twould crack."
In voice half-choked with laughter she replied,
  "It's not your bosom swelling, it's your back!"
O hast thou ever trod upon a tack
  With naked feet, or knocked thy funny-bone?
Such pains are keen; yet is their torture slack
  Beside the anguish which thus made me moan,
  Which shattered all my hopes and turned my heart to stone.

"O stay!" I cried. No prayer her heart might charm:
  Convulsed with laughter fled she down the lane,
Met with my rival, took his proffered arm,
  And now is he her fond affianced swain.
Then sing, O Muse, an elegiac strain!
  O may my limbs be broken on the wheel,
If ever, falling into love again,
  The fiercest passion make me rashly kneel,
  Unless my coat be bound and rivetted with steel!

R. H. F.

MR PATER'S STYLE.*

IT were hard to determine whether Mr Pater is read (one might even add—it were hard to determine whether he *writes*) more for his matter or for his style—more because he has something to say, or more because he has such a superfine way of saying it. But, however great the value of his thoughts, and the influence they exert on his readers, I think it is for his style that he is most commonly applauded. Here admiration rises to the height of worship, and worship which even forgets the substance in its devotion to the form. How many a votary may one meet, who, after reading a book—or more probably part of a book—of Pater's, while he remembers no single statement of his author about anybody or anything, is yet ready to proclaim from the housetops that no one ever yet had such a style! There is something of profanity, something perhaps of danger, in laying a rude hand on any object of religious reverence. At the same time the fact that a certain sentiment is piously held by a number of respectable persons justifies, in this scientific age, an attempt to ascertain the bases on which that sentiment rests.

I hope therefore that I shall not be dismissed with too much contempt if I venture to put the question. Is Mr Pater's style so exemplary as we are told? and

* This article was written a year or two back when the subject of it was still with us, and, however unsatisfactory I have left it as I then wrote it. This may excuse a certain aggressiveness which might appear unseemly so soon after Mr Pater's lamented death. G. C. M. S.

to answer it by an honest examination into the character of his work.

Before going further, however, we must consider what is implied in good style. On the one hand it must satisfy our reason, on the other our desire for pleasure and variety. The former requisite is supreme, the latter subordinate. There are branches of literature in which the reason must be considered almost alone, in which the least play of fancy, the least infusion of artistic colouring, would be impertinent. But most often the writer knows he can only effect his purpose on the reason if he makes some concurrent appeal to the imagination and the affections. He knows in particular the aid it is to him if he can insinuate his own personality into his words, if he can reproduce in language these delicate shades of thought and feeling which make him the man he is, if, as we read, we have no longer an abstraction speaking to us, but a man. If this be achieved, much will be gained with it. Pleased to catch again and again characteristic traits of expression or of rhythm, we get to feel for our author as for a distant but familiar friend. The style is the man, and the man has become an elder brother, who exerts upon us a natural persuasiveness which is beyond the ken of abstract reason.

All this Mr Pater has seen with admirable clearness, and on this side of his work it is impossible to deny him his share of praise. No one knows better than he how to choose the word which raises a picture to the eye rather than that which has been dulled by use. No one has a finer sense of those tender half-tints, those fugitive aromas, those transient effects of wind and sky which the most of men miss altogether. No one makes his own nature so much felt in his books. It is true that the last process may be overdone, and this does happen, I think, with Mr Pater now and then. Himself full of a languid luxuriousness he is too apt to transfer this heavy atmosphere to the characters

with whom he deals. So when I read that Charles Lamb, the healthiest and clearest soul that ever lived, displayed in his love of quietness 'a sort of mystical sensuality'—I awake with a start to the limitations of Mr Pater's powers as a critic. 'A sort of mystical sensuality,' that is the phrase for Marius the Epicurean, for Mr Pater everywhere, but as applied to the simple natures of this world, a Walter Scott or a Charles Lamb, such a phrase is morally blasphemous and artistically false.

This is, however, less an example of faulty style than of an effect of style in obscuring the mental vision, and we may admit without stint that Mr Pater's style on the æsthetic side leaves us little to desire. It is full of beauties of a rare and delicate kind, and it is saturated with the spirit of its author. Mr Pater gives us in his measure, as every good writer must, a double revelation—a revelation of the world without and a revelation of the world of his own being.

But the question now faces us, Is Mr Pater's style with all its beauties worthy of the eulogies which are heaped upon it? Is it an exemplary style, is it a style which will attract readers by an immortal charm like the style of Plato, of Chateaubriand, of Charles Lamb?

I believe we must answer, No. Among all the beauties of Mr Pater's style—one beauty and that the most essential is wanting, 'the poetic beauty' (I quote from *Marius the Epicurean*) 'of mere clearness of mind.' Judged by the senses it is admirably successful, judged by the logical faculty it fails signally. Inconsequence, circumlocution, ambiguity of all kinds—these are some of its characteristics: it is these which already make Mr Pater's books hard reading even for his professed admirers: it is these which must bar the way to their future fame.

Of course, I do not affirm that because a writer presents difficulty to his readers, he is therefore destitute of literary skill. The difficulty may be one inherent in the subject treated: it may again be due to that mere variety and freshness of expression, which distinguishes an original writer from the common herd. I fully admit that both these causes, especially the latter, may operate in Mr Pater's case, but I have now to show that very frequently Mr Pater has wantonly created difficulties for his readers by over-elaboration, by sheer clumsiness, by confusion of mind. If this can be proved I think it will be admitted that Mr Pater is not the literary master that some would have us believe.

Lest it should be thought that in my character of devil's advocate I have searched high and low to fill my brief, I have collected the following examples solely from three essays—those on Style, on Charles Lamb, and on Sir Thomas Browne in the recent volume euphuistically called *Appreciations*.

If what I consider faults appear to Mr Pater's admirers to be virtues, they will not, I hope, be sorry to see some of these virtues culled and ticketed.

(*a*) I will first of all give some examples to show the weakness and ambiguity introduced into Mr Pater's style by his fondness for straggling *participial clauses*.

p. 13. He will be no authority for correctnesses which limiting freedom of utterance were yet but accidents in their origin; as if one vowed not to say *its* which ought to have been in Shakespeare; *his and hers for inanimate objects being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival.*

What could be more awkward than the last clause? and beyond that—to pass for a moment from style to matter—what could be more misleading? "Shakespeare," we are told, "did not use the form *its*. Instead, he used *his* and *hers* for inanimate objects. This was a barbarous and really inexpressive survival, and moreover, if correct, accidental in origin."

I hope I do not wrong Mr Pater in putting his

implications into this explicit form. And what do we find? Mr Pater seems to think that 'his' and 'hers' were used with equal frequency for inanimate objects; and, from his use of the expression—a 'barbarous' survival—I understand him to mean that the use of these pronouns was of the nature of *personification*. Can he be ignorant that 'his' in Shakespeare—representing 'his,' the genitive of the A. S. 'hit'—is as strictly neuter in most cases as 'its' to-day? That it stands on an altogether different footing from an occasional use of 'her' for an inanimate object? And, if so, is there anything more barbarous in the form 'his' being both masculine and neuter than the Latin 'ejus' or the modern 'their'? In what sense such usages of language are 'accidental in their origin,' I leave Mr Pater to answer for himself.

p. 134. "The antiquity, in particular, of the English Church being, characteristically, one of the things he most valued in it, *vindicating it, when occasion came, against the 'unjust scandal' of those who made that Church a creation of Henry the Eighth.*"

What a sense of jerkiness is occasioned here by the juxtaposition of two participial clauses in different constructions! The it's provide a further stumbling-block.

p. 148. "Of this long leisurely existence the chief events were Browne's rare literary publications: *some of his writings indeed having been left unprinted, till after his death; while in the circumstances of the issue of every one of them there is something accidental as if the world might have missed it altogether.*"

Here we have a main statement modified by two clauses—the first an absolute participial clause, the second a clause introduced by a conjunction. The relation in which these clauses stand to the main statement is of the shadowiest.

p. 151. "And yet the *Discourse of Vulgar Errors* seeming as it often does to be a serious refutation of fairy tales—*arguing, for instance, against the literal truth of the poetic statement that*

'The pigeon hath no gall,' and such questions as 'Whether men weigh heavier dead than alive?' being characteristic questions—is designed, with much ambition, under its pedantic Greek title, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, as a criticism, a cathartic, an instrument for the clarifying of the intellect."

Take breath and think it all out, and say nothing discourteous of Mr Pater.

(*b*) I now come to cases of the ***ambiguous use of pronouns***.

p. 25. "In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he insists on, its solaces: he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages with a view to that."

Here 'that' appears to refer to 'the pains and pleasures of art, its solaces.' But, if so, it is such a violence wrought to English idiom that it necessarily causes a hitch to the reader.

I need not point out the awkward way in which the words 'its solaces' are introduced, as though they were an equivalent to 'the pains and pleasures of art,' which is not Mr Pater's meaning. This is a very characteristic feature of his style. Compare p. 143—"full of the fantastic minute life, in the fens and 'broads' around Norwich, its various sea and marsh birds."

p. 144. "Still like one of these gardens, half way between the medieval garden and the true 'English' garden of Temple or Walpole, actually to be seen in the background of some of the conventional portraits of the day, the fantasies of this indescribable exposition of the mysteries of the *quincunx* form part of the complete portrait of Browne himself; and it is in connexion with *it* that once or twice the quaintly delightful pen of Evelyn comes into the correspondence—in connexion with the 'hortulane pleasure.'"

'In connexion with it.' This is one of the gems of Mr Pater's style. He is aware that the reader has not the least clue to the identity of this 'it'—it may be 'one of these gardens,' it may be the 'indescribable exposition,' it may be the '*quincunx*,' it may be the

'complete portrait of Browne.' Does he then strike out the phrase for another, which might have the vulgar merit of intelligibility? Certainly not. He leaves the reader puzzled for three more lines and then solves the riddle—in connexion with the 'hortulane pleasure.' The 'hortulane pleasure' had never made its appearance before at all. The poor reader has been befooled, and retires to sing the praises of Mr Pater's new effects in style.

The following needs no comment:

p. 111. "*These* having no longer any stimulus for a generation provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of *those* who spent so much of *themselves* in *their* preparation, have lost, with posterity, something of what *they* gained by *them* in immediate influence."

I add one more example.

p. 145. "The religious daughter who goes to daily prayers after the Restoration, *which* brought Browne the honour of Knighthood."

Was it her going to daily prayers for which her father was rewarded with a knighthood? Or, if the knighthood was due to the Restoration, for what purpose is this statement thrown in? It seems in no way to complete the picture of the religious daughter.

(*c*) Every literary student is aware of the mental confusion caused by *Mixture of Metaphors*. The following are sufficiently glaring examples of this fault.

p. 133. "'What influence,' says Johnson again, 'learning has had on its possessors may be doubtful.' Well! the influence of his great learning, of his constant research on Browne, was its imaginative influence—that it completed his outfit as a poetic visionary, stirring all the strange 'conceit' of his nature to its depths."

It is necessary to say that 'his great learning' refers, not to Johnson's learning, as would at first appear, but to Browne's. For some time I puzzled over Johnson's 'constant research on Browne,' till I remembered that with Mr Pater things are not, as a rule, what they seem.

'*Its* imaginative influence' again presents difficulties, unless learning and research are identical, which is not obviously the case.

But after these trifles, what are we told of this influence? "It completed his outfit as a poetic visionary." Was a more execrably Cockney expression ever put on paper? An 'influence' completing the visionary's outfit it would seem with one hand, and stirring the 'conceit' (in inverted commas) of his nature with the other. A picture of the sweated seamstress over her porridge.

p. 149. "As with Buffon, his full ardent sympathetic vocabulary, the poetry of his language, and poetry inherent in its elementary particles—the word, the epithet—helps to keep his eye and the eye of the reader on the object before it, and conduces directly to the purpose of the naturalist, the observer."

"The naturalist, the observer, stuck a beetle, a blackbeetle, with a pin, a needle, through the body, the thorax." This is one of Mr Pater's new discoveries in style. For 'trouver le mot' read 'trouver deux mots,' and let your reader choose which he will.

But again observe the picture—the man whose "full ardent sympathetic vocabulary helps to keep his eye on the object before it." To possess a vocabulary which will neatly pin your eye to an object, and not only your own eye but your reader's as well, must be indeed convenient. It is true that the words, "the object before it," seem to imply that writer and reader have only an eye between them, and this will, of course, somewhat reduce the proportions of the achievement. But in any case we may believe that only a very full, ardent and sympathetic vocabulary would be equal to the feat.

p. 117. "Customs stiff to us, stiff dresses, stiff furniture....we contemplate....as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits."

Is it the 'accent' or the 'time' which is not to be replaced? Is it the 'accent's' deposits or the time's 'deposits' which cannot replace it? And what is a 'self-conscious deposit,' whether of a time or of an accent?

(*d*) A very curious feature of Mr Pater's style is his use of *Interjectional phrases*. Given a sentence of the simplest form, you extract the subject or object as the case may be, put it first as an exclamation, and then substitute a pronoun for it in the sentence.

So, for 'Mary had a little lamb,' you get 'Mary! she had a little lamb,' or 'A little lamb! Mary had that,' or 'Mary! A little lamb! she had it.' Examples of this are the following:

p. 11. "The right vocabulary! Translators have not always seen how important that is in the work of translation"....

p. 16. "Surplusage! he will dread that as the runner on his muscles."

I do not expect the reader to understand this sentence at present. 'The runner on his muscles' raises a horrid picture, whether the runner runs on his own muscles or someone else's, and whether under these circumstances he feels dread or inspires it, all which is at first uncertain. Soon you will find that you are taken in again, and your sympathetic emotions have been squandered without cause.

p. 19. "To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with itself: style is in the right way when it tends towards that."

Is style in the right way when it tends towards this?

p. 2. "To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of *Lycidas* for instance, the thought, the logical structure," (our old friend 'the naturalist, the observer') "how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power" ('the beetle, the blackbeetle'), "not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, that is, of its achieved powers, there."

What is the process of 'identifying in prose what we call the poetry by way of an estimate of its achieved powers there'? 'To identify by way of an estimate,' has this a meaning? and, if so, is this the best English in which that meaning could be expressed?

(*e*) My next example I classify as the *Binary Construction*, by which I mean the appearance of virtually the same clause twice over in the same sentence, as though one should say, 'If it had been fine I should have been out if it had not rained.' Such things are common in slipshod conversation, but are usually avoided by professed stylists.

p. 20. "*As truly to the lack of such architectural design, of a single almost visual image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composition, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within,* may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, *indicating*, as Flaubert was aware, *an original structure in thought not organically complete.*"

This is of the form—'To the lack of drink may be attributed thirst, indicating dearth of refreshment.'

I do not pretend to suggest the meaning of 'member of the whole matter.' But as the sentence is a clear case of 'conscious or unconscious repetition,' it is interesting to find it passing judgment on itself.

(*f*) Although not a cause of ambiguity, the appearance in prose of a *poetical rhythm* or of *rime* is exceedingly disagreeable to the ear, and diverts the reader's attention from the statements of his author.

The following sentence combines in a glaring way both faults.

p. 135. "He seems to possess some inward Platonic reality of

them—Church or monarchy—to hold by in idea, quite beyond the reach of Roundhead or unworthy Cavalier."

'Quite beyond the reach of Roundhead or unworthy Cavalier.'

We can imagine his song—

"Hurrah for Church or monarchy! to hold by in idea,
Quite beyond the reach of Roundhead or unworthy Cavalier!"

(*g*) Mr Pater is fond of using words and expressions not in their common acceptation, but in the sense which they bore two or three centuries ago, or which they bear at present in French. No sensible man will be anything but grateful to a judicious writer, who thus adds to the wealth of our language. At the same time every care must be taken to avoid ambiguity caused by the intrusion into the reader's mind of the more ordinary meaning of the words thus used. Mr Pater seems to disregard this precaution: he expects us as though by nature to read *English words in French senses.*

p. 27. "In that perfect justice"—

The word 'justice' is here used apparently as equivalent not to French 'justice' but French 'justesse,' meaning therefore 'fitness,' 'exactness'—a sense in which the word is not known, so far as I am aware, in modern English.

In the same passage—

—"omnipresent in good work, in function at every point."

Here 'in function' is 'en fonction,' 'acting.' The apparent parallelism between 'in good work' and 'in function' makes a reader unprepared for the sudden introduction of a French sense into the expression.

p. 123. "Such form of religion becomes the solemn background on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm."

'Se relèvent,' 'stand in relief.' This not being the natural meaning of the English phrase, a wanton ambiguity is caused.

p. 133. "The son inherited an aptitude for a like profound kindling of sentiment in the taking of his life."

The phrases 'taking of life,' 'taking of his life,' have a recognised meaning in English, which is always certain to interfere with a reader's immediate understanding of this passage.

(*h*) Mr Pater rightly or wrongly does not scruple to put an adverb between 'to' and the infinitive—being in this respect less of a purist in style than the English Foreign Office.

p. 132. "Browne's works are of a kind to directly stimulate curiosity about himself."

(*j*) He will give a substantive a strange verbal regimen, even when ambiguity is inevitable.

p. 116. "You catch the sense of veneration with which those great names in literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them."

The last words 'by. .etc.' do not depend as would be expected on the verb 'catch,' but on the substantive 'impressibility': a construction as foreign to English as to Latin idiom.

There is extraordinary awkwardness in the early part of the sentence, which states that the great names felt veneration for his intelligence, but means the converse.

(*k*) One example of laboured prettiness spoilt by a silly euphuistic use of the word 'thing' ends my catalogue.

p. 125. "One who, having narrowly escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days."

English of this kind is truly 'English as *she* is wrote'—it is English emasculated.

I had collected examples of Mr Pater's strange treatment of the indefinite *one*, of his habit of connecting by a copula statements with no such logical connexion, of his use of a preposition and its case as equivalent to a participial clause, etc., etc. But I forbear. I will only say in his own graceful words 'he is still a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an imperfect mastery of the relative pronoun.'

And to what conclusion does our examination point? Surely to this that Mr Pater, in spite of his delightful gifts, is not to be accepted as a master of English prose.

The task he has set himself is indeed one worthy of an artist. It is to write not for the reason merely, but for the whole man, stirring in every line some new sensation, of colour, of fragrance, of harmonious sound. To a certain degree he has succeeded. This is proved by the luxurious pleasure which we have all experienced—for some hours at any rate—in reading his books. But if that rich pleasure is a fact, is it not also a notorious fact that this pleasure cloys? that the book we began with such warm interest grows irksome and laborious, perhaps is never finished? That such should be the case, in spite of the exquisite moments which Mr Pater gives us, demands an explanation, and I claim that the explanation lies in what has already been pointed out. In the search for finer sensations, Mr Pater has too much disregarded the requirements of plain reason, the 'poetic beauty of mere clearness of mind.' He wanders through a garden of roses gathering the rarest as he goes, but his knees faint and his feet stumble. And this is decisive. The victors of literature move with a proud and unfaltering step and Mr Pater is not of them.

G. C. M. S.

AFTER PAUL VERLAINE.

1.

"IL PLEURE DANS MON CŒUR."

TEARS in my heart,
  And rain o'er the town!
Say, grief, what thou art
That creep'st to my heart?

Soft sound o' the rain
  On the earth and the tiles!
In a heart's weary pain
O, the song o' the rain!

Reasonless tears
  In this faint-beating heart;
Thou traitor, what fears?
These are reasonless tears.

'Tis the worst o' my woe
  That I cannot say why,
When love and hate go,
My heart hath such woe.

2.

"UN GRAND SOMMEIL NOIR."

ON my life doth fall
  A cloud o' the night;
Sleep, ye hopes all,
  Sleep, all delight.

Dimmed is my sight,
  The sense forgot
Of wrong and right,
  O, the piteous lot!

A cradle buoyed
  By a feeble will
On the brink of a void,—
  Be still! O, be still!

G. C. M. S.

A NEW PROSE TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

MR Samuel Butler has kindly sent us some sample passages of his new prose translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. The latter work is finished, and we hope will shortly be published; the translation of the Iliad is to appear at a later date, but Mr Butler informs us that this part of his work is rapidly approaching completion. The aim of the translator, according to the provisional title-page of the translation of the Odyssey, is to "freely render" the Greek into "modern colloquial English for the use of those who cannot read the original." It will be seen that Mr Butler is to some extent breaking new ground; for the present standard translations of Homer are written in styles which tend, in varying degrees, to be archaic. The word "colloquial" is, however, open to misinterpretation, and will probably not appear on the title-page of the published work; as Mr Butler explains in a letter, he does not aim at modern colloquialism, but merely seeks to avoid stilted and affected expressions.

It would of course be premature (even if it were possible) to criticise, at any length, a work of which only a few hundred lines are at present in print. But some idea of the character of the forthcoming translation may be gained from the following extracts.

(1) Tell me, O Muse, of that ingenious hero who travelled far and wide after he had sacked the sacred town of Troy. He saw many cities, and learned the manners of many nations.

Moreover he suffered much by sea while trying to save his own life, and to bring his men safely home. But do what he might he could not save his men, for they perished through their own folly in eating the cattle of the Sun-god Hyperion. So the god prevented them from ever getting home. Tell me, too, about all these things, O daughter of Jove, from whatsoever source you may know them.

And now all who had escaped from battle or shipwreck were safe at home again, except Ulysses, and he, though he was longing to get back to his wife and country, was hindered by the famous goddess Calypso, who had got him into a large cave and meant to marry him. But when years had gone by, and at last the time came when the gods settled that he should go back to Ithaca, even then when he was among his own people his troubles were not yet over, and all the gods took pity upon him except Neptune, who still persecuted him without ceasing, and would not let him go home. (Od. i. 1—21).

(2) Thus they gathered round the ghost of the son of Peleus, and the ghost of Agamemnon joined them, sorrowing bitterly. Round him were gathered also the ghosts of those who had perished with him in the house of Ægisthus; and the ghost of Achilles was first to speak.

'Son of Atreus,' it said, 'we used to say that Jove had loved 'you from first to last better than any other hero, for you were 'captain over many and brave men, when we were all fighting 'together before Troy, yet the hand of death, which no mortal 'can escape, was laid upon you all too early. Better for you had 'you fallen at Troy in the heyday of your renown, for the Achæans 'would have built a mound over your ashes, and your son would 'have been heir to your good name, whereas it has now been 'your lot to come to a most miserable end.'

'Happy son of Peleus,' answered the ghost of Agamemnon, 'for having died at Troy, far from Argos, while the bravest of 'the Trojans and Achæans fell around you fighting for your 'body. There you lay in the whirling clouds of dust, all huge 'and hugely, heedless now of your chivalry. We fought the 'whole of the livelong day, nor should we ever have left off if 'Jove had not sent a hurricane to stay us. Then, when we had 'borne you to the ships out of the fray, we laid you on your bed 'and cleansed your fair skin with warm water and with oint-'ments. The Danai tore their hair and wept bitterly round

'about you; your mother, when she heard, came with her
'immortal nymphs from out of the sea, and the sound of a great
'wailing went forth over the waters, so that the Achæans quaked
'for fear. They would have fled panic-stricken to their ships
'had not wise old Nestor, whose counsel was ever truest, checked
'them, saying, "Hold, Argives! fly not, sons of the Achæans!
'"this is his mother coming from the sea with her immortal
'"nymphs to view the body of her son."' (Od. xxiv. 19—56).

(3) Thus he spoke, and they did as he had bidden them. They made haste to prepare the meal, they ate, and every man had his full share so that all were satisfied. Then, when they had had enough to eat and drink, the others went each to his tent to take his rest, but the son of Peleus lay grieving among his Myrmidons by the shore of the sounding sea, in an open place where the waves came surging in one after another. Here a very deep slumber took hold upon him and eased the burden of his sorrow, for his limbs were weary with chasing Hector round the wind-beaten city of Ilius. Presently the sad spirit of Patroclus drew near him, like what he had been in stature, voice, and the light of his beaming eyes, clad, too, as he had been clad in life. The spirit hovered over his head and said, 'You sleep, Achilles, and have forgotten me; you loved me
'living, but now that I am dead you think of me no further;
'bury me with all speed that I may pass the gates of Hades.
'The ghosts, vain shadows of men that can labour no more,
'drive me away from them; they will not yet suffer me to join
'them that are beyond the river, and I wander all desolate by
'the wide gates of the house of Hades. Give me now your
'hand I pray you, for when you have once paid me my dues of
'fire, nevermore shall I come from out the house of Hades.
'Nevermore shall we sit apart and take sweet counsel among
'the living: the cruel fate which was my birthright has yawned
'its wide jaws around me—nay, you too Achilles, peer of gods,
'are doomed to die beneath the wall of the noble Trojans.

'One thing more will I ask if you will grant it: let not my
'bones be laid apart from yours, Achilles, but with them; even
'as we were brought up together in your own home, what
'time Menoetius brought me to you as a child from Opöeis
'because by a sad spite I had killed the son of Amphidamas—
'not of set purpose, but in a childish quarrel over the dice.
'The Knight Peleus took me into his house, entreated me

'kindly and named me to be your squire; therefore let our
'bones lie in but a single urn, the two-handled golden vase
'given to you by your mother.' (Iliad xxiii. 54—92).

These short passages will show that Mr Butler's command of good, straightforward English has not deserted him in the new translation. That it will appeal to every reader, the author would probably be the last to claim. Many students of Homer no doubt feel, perhaps unconsciously, that a certain archaism of phraseology, in translation, is helpful in projecting the mind back to the remote antiquity of the epic itself. Others lay less stress on the accident of age and country, and hold that Homer, like Shakespeare, is modern, inasmuch as he belongs to all time, and that the Homeric poems are therefore not unfitly rendered in a modern form. To such temperaments Mr Butler's translation cannot fail to be acceptable; he seems to have found a style which is modern without being vulgar or commonplace. Occasionally, as was natural, he has lapsed into expressions that savour somewhat of the antique; *e.g.*, *from out*, *what time*, and *entreated*, in the last passage. These expressions could no doubt be justified as poetical rather than purely archaic; but perhaps the substitution of the simple *from*, *when*, and *treated* would be more in accordance with the general spirit of the translation. But these lapses appear to be rare and trifling; it would be difficult to pick out a single archaistic phrase or word in the specimens, amounting to two hundred lines, which Mr Butler gives us from his translation of the Odyssey. Indeed, the most old-fashioned phraseology in these extracts is to be found in the words *Neptune* and *Ulysses*. Mr Butler might well have retained the Greek names of the Homeric gods and heroes. He is too good a scholar to ignore the advantages of the Greek nomenclature—the gain in accuracy, and, we may say, in poetic feeling; and, surely, at the present day the forms *Odysseus* and

Poseidon are as intelligible to the general reader, in other words, as good English, as their Latin pseudo-equivalents. If Tennyson wrote *Ulysses* as the title of an early poem, he afterwards recognised the general spread of Greek culture by using the forms *Ares* and *Pallas Athene* in "Tiresias," without suspicion of pedantry. His "Demeter and Persephone" would hardly have been improved by the substitution of "Ceres and Proserpine."

WONACH soll man am Ende trachten?
Die Welt zu kennen und nicht zu verachten.

GOETHE.

When all is said, the struggle of the wise
Must aim the world to know and not despise.

J. E. B. M.

Das schwache Weib erstarkt mit Gott,
Der starke Mann wird schwach mit Spott.

WILHELM SCHÖPFF.

Through God weak woman's strength is crowned,
Strong man through scoffing weak is found.

J. E. B. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the 'Eagle.'

DEAR SIRS,

The notice inserted in the *Eagle* of June 1894, asking those members of the College, who wished information sent them respecting the Johnian Dinner, to communicate with us, has produced, we regret to say, very few replies. We wish therefore to draw the attention of your readers to the Dinner once more, especially as we shall not be able to distribute circulars this year so widely as was done a year ago.

A short report of last year's Dinner, and a list of those then present, will be found in the *Eagle* of last June. The list shows that the gathering was the largest and most representative which has yet been held, nearly every year from 1850 being represented. But we think that, to be worthy of the College, the Dinner should be made larger and more representative still, and we therefore urge all Johnians, young or old, whether their names are still on the boards or not, if possible, to come to the Dinner and help to ensure its successs, or at least to send us their names and addresses, so that they may receive regular notice in future years.

We think we may say that the Dinner has heretofore given much enjoyment to those who have attended it, and has proved a convenient meeting-place for old College friends who have had few opportunities of seeing each other.

We hope that no one will be deterred from coming by the fear that he will meet none of his acquaintances. In such a case we venture to suggest that he should persuade one or more of his friends to meet him at the Dinner, where they will be seated together if we receive notice of the desire to be so placed.

We would also ask the younger generations of Johnians not

to consider themselves as debarred from, or out of place at, the Dinner, which aims at being representative of all years and all interests.

We would specially urge resident members of the College to come, as the Dinner is in no way intended to be confined to those who have left Cambridge.

We would also ask all readers of the *Eagle* to impress on any Johnians, whom they may meet, the necessity of supporting the Dinner. We shall be glad to give further information if desired.

The Dinner will this year be held on Thursday, April 18th, at Limmer's Hotel, George Street, Hanover Square, W., at 7.30 p.m.

The Master has kindly consented to preside.

The price of tickets (not including wine) will be 8*s.* 6*d.* each.

We hope to arrange a good musical programme to provide entertainment after the Dinner.

Any communication with regard to the arrangement of seats, reaching us not later than April 17th, will be attended to as far as possible. Subject to any such communication, the seats will be arranged, as far as may be, with reference to the different years. It will greatly facilitate this arrangement, if, in applying for tickets, the applicants would kindly state the years during which they were in residence at St John's.

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST PRESCOTT,
76, Cambridge Terrace,
Hyde Park, W.

R. H. FORSTER,
Members' Mansions,
Victoria Street, S.W.
Hon. Secretaries.

THE JOHNIAN DINNER, 1895.

Honorary Committee:—

The Rev C. Taylor D.D., Master of St John's.
The Right Rev the Lord Bishop of Manchester D.D.
The Right Hon Lord Windsor.
The Hon C. A. Parsons.
The Right Hon C. P. Villiers M.P.
The Right Hon Sir J. E. Gorst Q.C. M.P.
The Right Hon L. H. Courtney M.P.
Sir T. D. Gibson-Carmichael Bart.
Sir F. S. Powell Bart. M.P.

The Rev H. T. E. Barlow.
H. T. Barnett Esq.
The Rev J. F. Bateman.
The Rev H. E. J. Bevan.
The Rev Prof. Bonney D.Sc.
The Rev W. Bonsey.
W. H. Bonsey Esq.
R. Y. Bonsey Esq.
E. Boulnois Esq. M.P.
The Rev E. W. Bowling.
L. H. K. Bushe-Fox Esq.
Prof R. B. Clifton.
L. H. Edmunds Esq.
W. Falcon Esq.
Chancellor Ferguson F.S.A.
The Rev T. Field.
G. B. Forster Esq.
T. E. Forster Esq.
J. H. D. Goldie Esq.
Col. J. Hartley LL.D.
G. W. Hemming Esq. Q.C.
The Rev E. Hill.
R. W. Hogg Esq.
R. Horton-Smith Esq. Q.C.
Prof. W. H. H. Hudson.
P. G. Jacob Esq.
The Rev A. Jessopp D.D.
D. M. Kerly Esq.
The Rev Prof Kynaston D.D.
E. L. Levett, Esq. Q.C.
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F. Lydall Esq.
Donald MacAlister Esq. M.D.
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G. A. Mason Esq.
The Rev Canon McCormick.
J. G. McCormick Esq.
The Rev A. H. Prior.
E. J. Rapson Esq.
S. O. Roberts Esq.
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H. D. Rolleston Esq. M.D.
W. N. Roseveare Esq.
E. Rosher Esq.
Prof R. A. Sampson.
J. E. Sandys Esq. Litt.D.
R. F. Scott Esq.
G. C. M. Smith Esq.
N. P. Symonds Esq.
A. J. Walker Esq.
The Rev A. T. Wallis.
The Rev J. T. Ward.
G. C. Whitely Esq.
The Ven Archdeacon Wilson D.D.
G. P. K. Winlaw Esq.

Honorary Secretaries { Ernest Prescott, 76, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W.; R. H. Forster, Members' Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

Obituary.

The Rev Gerald Thomson Lermit LL.D.

The Rev Gerald Thomson Lermit (who died at St Florence on the 25 October 1894), was born 25 April 1825, at Mundlaisin, in India. His father, Captain Lermit, died from fever when he was only three years old, and his widowed mother at once returned to England. He was educated at Stamford Grammar School, of which Dr Gretton was then Head Master, and at Boulogne. In 1845 he entered St John's, and took his degree as a Junior Optime in 1849. He was ordained Deacon in the same year and Priest in 1850 by Bishop Murray of Rochester, and held curacies near Colchester. In 1849 he married Elizabeth Henrietta, daughter of Mr William Donnes of Hill House, Dedham, and in 1853 was appointed Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's School, Dedham, where for thirty-one years he worked unweariedly at the School house, gaining the respect and affection, not only of his pupils and their parents (who fully appreciated his efforts to make their sons Christian gentlemen as well as able scholars), but also all his neighbours of every rank.

In 1885 he was presented by the College to the Rectory of St Florence, in Pembrokeshire, where he devoted himself to the church and parish. In 1892 Mrs Lermit passed away, and his life had been so bound up with hers that he never really recovered her loss; two years later strength suddenly failed, he gently fell asleep and was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard with her he loved so well.

The Rev Theobald Richard O'Fflahertie.

By the death of the Rev Theobald Richard O'Fflahertie, the Church of England has lost one of those curiously learned and yet consistently faithful country clergymen who are becoming rarer and rarer among us every year.

Mr O'Fflahertie was born on the 7 October 1818, at Castletown, in Queen's County, Ireland. He was the son of the

Rev John O'Fflahertie, of Trinity College, Dublin, and a scion of an ancient family seated in the county of Galway for many centuries. From boyhood he appears to have been of studious habits and a great lover of books. He entered at St John's in 1839 and graduated B.A. in January 1843. It appears that he went up to Cambridge with no other object in view than to qualify himself for Holy Orders, and having taken his degree he ceased to be a member of our College. He was almost immediately ordained to the Curacy of Odiham, in Hants, by Bishop Sumner, and admitted to Priest's Orders in the usual course. In 1846 he moved from Odiham to Tadley in the same County, and in 1848 he married Mary Anne, daughter of Captain John Scott R.N., and was presented to the Perpetual Curacy of Capel, near Dorking, Surrey, the only preferment which he ever held and which at no time brought him in an income of three hundred a year. In 1851 he became Chaplain of Dorking Union Workhouse, which post he retained for sixteen years, resigning it in 1867. In 1873 he succeeded to the family estates in Galway which were put under the management of his son, who, I presume, has now inherited them; but with the exception of an annual visit to Ireland to show his interest in his tenantry, Mr O'Fflahertie very rarely was absent from his parish, and he died Vicar of Capel on the 20 November 1894, having been a clergyman in the diocese of Winchester for more than fifty-one years, and never having received the smallest recognition at the hands of his diocesan.

Mr O'Fflahertie had a family of fourteen children, who "worked" the parish with a cheerful and vigilant zeal, that earned for them the deep affection and esteem of all classes. The Sunday school teachers and district visitors—the constant attendants at the beautiful Cottage Hospital—the managers of all the good works that were carried on in the parish were the "Deaconesses" and "Sisters" of the Vicar's family. They took it all in the day's work, and were so busy that they had no time to advertise themselves.

When the late Dean Alford's Edition of Dr Donne's works was published, six volumes 8vo, in 1839, O'Fflahertie's attention was drawn to the book by the severe criticism which it called forth. If the truth must be told, Alford, at the time he undertook to *edit* Donne, was quite ridiculously unfit for such a task. Nevertheless the collected edition of Donne's work was much

needed, and this reprint was the means of attracting attention to these noble and profound sermons, which are among the most solid and suggestive contributions to Theological literature which the Church of England possesses.

Somehow Donne has never failed to exercise upon some minds a fascination which is quite unique in its character, and I may add almost inexplicable. After the publication of my little volume of Donne's *Essays in Divinity* in 1855, O'Fflahertie wrote to me and most kindly encouraged me to go on as I had begun. I found that he had been for years buying up every little scrap that could throw any light on Donne's life, and that he knew a great deal more about the literature of the time than I did. The subject has been worked at, as few periods have been laboured since then; but young men now-a-days have little notion of the difficulty that beset us at that time. For myself I was a young curate and rather poor, but I should have had no hesitation for a moment in pawning my watch to buy a Donne rarity, and O'Fflahertie with much larger means than I ever had was just as reckless, and being my senior by several years had been more successful as a collector. When we met for the first time I asked him, "What first drew you to Donne?" He answered without hesitation, "I was never drawn to him! One day he laid hold of me and I never could get away from him!" That exactly described what went on with myself.

O'Fflahertie's collection of Donniana is, beyond compare, the most complete assemblage of book rarities, directly or indirectly connected with the life and writings of the great dean of St Paul's that has ever been got together; but large as the collection is, it may safely be said that no man who ever built up so precious a library had a greater command of its every page. By the time that my friend came into his inheritance there remained very little more to buy in his favourite subject. During the last twenty years or so he had been pursuing most diligent researches into the history of the Parish of Capel, and accumulating a large mass of information from manuscript sources. It was obvious that he should be led on to gather together materials illustrating the History of Surrey, and he devoted a great deal of labour to unearth some curious and recondite lore respecting the history of the Templars and their possessions. I suppose all these huge accumulations will come to the hammer.

O'Fflahertie wrote a hand that a child may read and his minute accuracy and clearness of head reflects itself in his faultless penmanship. There is no knowing what his MSS and note books may contain. He was from boyhood a student, the weak point in his character being that he never could bring himself to display his enormous learning. It went on like a snowball on the roll—gaining more and more to the end.

Mr O'Fflahertie was no great preacher: he had a monotonous manner, but the matter was good and sound—there was too much in him to allow of rapid verbiage coming from his lips. His conversation was at times brilliant and sparkling, and when you got him on his own subjects the impression he left upon you of the vast extent of his knowledge and the readiness with which he could produce it, almost appalled those whose range of reading was to his but as a little parish in a wide kingdom.

Of all the *bibliophiles* I have ever known—and if you please you may call them *bibliomaniacs*—there are only two whom I associate in my mind with O'Fflahertie. Professor Mayor is one and Henry Bradshaw the other.

Of course I do not mean that my old friend was on anything approaching the same level as those two gifted scholars, in the extent of his reading and knowledge of books—or in mental calibre and trained scholarship. A country parson, be his opportunities what they may, can only take rank with the illustrious Academics, as an Amateur does among Professionals. Bradshaw and Professor Mayor are sure of a place among the immortals. Alas! I fear that O'Fflahertie's name will be forgotten when those who knew and loved and admired him have passed away.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

THE RIGHT REV JAMES ATLAY D.D., LATE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

Since the last number of the *Eagle* appeared, another son of the College, after "serving his generation by the will of God," has fallen asleep.

James Atlay was the son of a fellow of St John's. He came to St John's himself from Oakham School. As a schoolboy he must have heard of his father's College, as the College which

had just given Cambridge its first boat club. It was the College of the Selwyns and Whyteheads—men of old, men of renown—through whom St John's has been linked (we believe) for all time to the Maoris, whose idea of an Englishman was formed in a large measure by the life and work of George Selwyn. It was the College at which Henry John Rose was just finishing his "seventeen years of happy residence," when Atlay entered as a freshman in the October of 1836.

What does the date mean to us? Fifty years later another freshman of that year, a firm friend of Atlay's through life, told us that at that time there was "no railway at Cambridge, no electric telegraph, no board schools, no papal infallibility."* The year before (1835) Thirlwall's *History of Greece* appeared, the highwater mark, perhaps, of a style of writing history which was very soon to become obsolete. In that October term Simeon died, and what that meant to Cambridge men a few still live to tell us. Before another October term came round St John's had another Master and Queen Victoria had ascended the throne of England.

One who came up with Atlay from Oakham, and was his life-long friend, looks back to a day when his friend knelt in the College Chapel, after having been elected to a Foundation Scholarship, as a day from which he thought he could see in him a deeper seriousness.

The trait is in keeping with all the life that followed. He was a man who never took these good gifts as though they came of themselves, and whose happiness in them was deepened and enhanced by a glad child-like acknowledgement of the Giver.

Soon after taking his degree Atlay was ordained and became Assistant Curate at Warsop. It was while he was there that he was called upon for a time to act as Private Tutor to the present Marquis of Exeter and his brother. The impression made upon his pupils may be gathered from the testimony of one of them.

...."I well remember," writes Lord Exeter, "my first introduction to the late Bishop of Hereford, somewhere in the year 1843, I think it was, when he came as Mr James Atlay to my brother and myself, as tutor during the Eton holidays, in consequence of our usual tutor being unwell. The great change in the system of Mr Atlay's tuition not only won our hearts, but so improved us in all respects that the Master of our Division at Eton was intensely surprised at the change in our performances at School, Dr Okes, our tutor, being equally astonished at our diligence and improvement all round. We were both of us 'sent up for good' for our verses that half; and all this, I believe, was owing to Atlay having the knack of making book-work, &c., a pleasure, instead of drudgery. He was the only tutor I ever knew who was able to understand a boy's character and abilities at once, and shape his mode of instruction accordingly. Later on, when preparing for the University, I found his system of tuition equally beneficial, and I have always remembered my old Tutor as one who had gained my entire respect combined with personal affection.

"He contrived to make education and wholesome recreation go together; and my reading and fishing expeditions, while under Mr Atlay's charge at Market Warsop in Nottinghamshire, and our walks through the Lake District—in which we were accompanied by my fellow pupil, Arthur Garfit, afterwards Rector of Easton in this County, and Mr Martin, the then Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge—are amongst the happiest of my recollections."

This fresh understanding and enjoyment of young life, and the warm response elicited by it, is seen in the following words:—

...."My son has a loving remembrance of Atlay's Sunday evenings, when he was Vicar of Madingley, and used to come to us and talk, as only he would talk, to my children. This reminds me of Atlay's own description of his walks from Madingley, followed a mile or so by the village boys and girls, who delighted to hear his voice, as he illustrated his little lessons on the way by many a tale to be remembered by them in after life."*

That the cares of the episcopal office did not impair this beautiful quality is well known to those who have spent even a day in the Palace at Hereford. "It was the happiest home I ever knew," writes one. And this is what a boy at the Cathedral School tells us—

"The Bishop was a very great favourite with the boys in the

* Harvey Goodwin, late Bishop of Carlisle. Sermon at Great St Mary's, 1886.

* The Rev Percival Frost. Letter to Canon Lidderdale Smith.

Cathedral School, in which he always seemed to take a real personal interest, and fortunate indeed were those considered who received invitations from time to time to go to supper at the Palace, after evening service on Sunday. On these occasions we schoolboys saw the Bishop at his best, from our point of view, and, personally, I shall never forget how keenly interested he always seemed to be in anything connected with our school or home life. Having spent so much time in Yorkshire, as Vicar of Leeds, he knew the Yorkshire character and the broad dialect intimately, and I well remember how delighted he was on learning for the first time that I was a Yorkshire boy, and had spent my whole life in an out-of-the-way village in the wolds. Still more gratified was he, I think, when he found that I could hold my own with him in conversations in the very broadest East Riding dialect, and I have no doubt that to this accomplishment I owe the many invitations I received to supper at the Palace. On one occasion, I remember, he produced a list of difficult and unusual Yorkshire words, which he had written down in anticipation of my coming, with a view to try to puzzle me with their meaning. I remember how proud I was, and how pleased and surprised he was, when I got safely through the ordeal without a mistake. You will easily understand how attractive and refreshing a feature in the Bishop's character was this real sympathy and deep sense of humour to a schoolboy, who was naturally inclined to be over-awed by the position and dignity of his host. It was my privilege to be confirmed by him, and I think and hope I shall never forget the beautiful and practical addresses which he delivered to us on that occasion."*

During the years of his residence at Cambridge as a Fellow and Tutor of our College, we hear of his kindness and honesty; and how, throughout all those troublous days of the discussion of the new Statutes, though a stout opponent of change, he was wholly free from bitterness. "He was always very genial and hearty, and ready to give his willing attention to any matter one brought before him. I well remember meeting him, after he was Bishop, in the first court at St John's, and, being accosted with, 'Well, old fellow, how are you? I'm very glad to meet you!' to the amusement of one or two friends I was with."†

* Letter from Rev A. Yorke Browne. † The Rev Charles Elsee, Rugby.

How his residence came to an end we may hear in the words of one better qualified to tell us, perhaps, than anyone else—

"When Dr Hook became Dean of Chichester in 1859, the twenty-five trustees of the Leeds Parish Church had no easy task trying to find a suitable successor to 't'ould Vicar,' who had made the Church in Leeds, and, indeed, throughout Yorkshire, what it then was, and, thank God, still is.

"In the end their choice fell on the Rev James Atlay, Fellow and Tutor of St John's College, Cambridge, whose name had been brought before them by Bishop Barry, who was at that time Head-Master of Leeds Grammar School, on the recommendation of the late Bishop of Carlisle, then Dean of Ely.

"At first sight it must have appeared somewhat strange that a College Don, with a comparatively limited experience of parochial work, should have been selected as Vicar of a large, manufacturing town in succession to one who was justly regarded as a model parish priest; but Mr Atlay (as he then was) had the reputation of being not only an accurate scholar and a good man of business, but also a hard worker, and one who would be likely to win his way among the somewhat rough, but clear-headed, Northerners by his courteous bearing and the evident sincerity of his religious convictions.

"The result proved that he was admirably fitted to supply what Leeds required at that time from its Vicar. To maintain Dr Hook's ideal of the Church's position, and to consolidate his various works was the task that he set before himself, and which he accomplished with much success during the nine years that he remained at Leeds.

"It must not, however, be supposed that the new Vicar was content to let things remain simply as they were. There can be no such thing as standing still in the religious life, either of parishes or of individuals: not to advance must end in retrogression. And so, under Dr Atlay's direction, many improvements were made in old methods, and various new schemes were started.

"The great work of education both in Day and Sunday schools was one in which the Vicar took special interest, and which he furthered in many ways, such as Night-schools, classes of different kinds, and systematic Catechizing in Church or Sunday afternoons. Evening Communions which Dr Hook had introduced at the Parish Church during the last few years

of his Vicariate were discontinued, and early Celebrations took their place; the weekly Offertory was commenced, the Church Institute, founded by Dr Hook, in hired and inadequate premises, was permanently settled in a handsome and commodious building of its own; and above all the Leeds Church Extension Society was inaugurated for the purpose of endeavouring to overtake past arrears, and to keep pace with new wants in the matter of building Churches and Mission Rooms, and the supply of additional clergy. This Society continues to the present day, and has been instrumental in raising more than £200,000 for Church purposes in Leeds.

"Dr Atlay, as has been the case with all the Vicars of Leeds, took an important share in the chief societies, Philanthropic, Educational, and Literary, of the town, and in this capacity he was much valued by the leading citizens for his business habits, and his prompt yet kindly discharge of the duty of Chairman.

"Dr Atlay was earnest and impressive in all his ministrations in Church, while amongst the sick and suffering, whether rich or poor, he was a constant and ever-welcome visitor. Those who knew Dr Atlay best, his Curates and the laymen who were brought into closest contact with him, speak gratefully of his unceasing kindness, his rare humility of mind, and his genuine yet unaffected personal piety, and there are many still left in Leeds who watched his career as Bishop with unflagging interest, and now sincerely sympathise with his widow and children in their loss."*

When Bishop Lonsdale died, Atlay's name was one of three submitted to the Queen for the vacant See of Lichfield, which was, however, filled (as we all know) by another Johnian. In 1867 he was offered the Bishopric of Calcutta. On going to Hereford in the following year, he seems to have made up his mind that the right place for a Bishop is his Diocese—and that quiet doing there may be of vastly more importance than noisy talking elsewhere. His love for the young made his Confirmation addresses, as we have seen in one case, a happiness to him and to them. His need made him zealous in the matter of religious education. "His hospitality was even lavish, to clergy and laity alike. Who ever went to the Palace and was not received with a hearty welcome from him and his? Many

* Letter (slightly curtailed) from Canon Wood.

in the diocese can tell of the substantial aid he gave in secret. Many have declared him to be the best friend they ever had in this world. On hearing of a curate being ill and wanting re he would take a long journey to help him." The same witness says:—"He was a sound, strong, and most reverend Churchman, a lover of his Prayer-Book which he knew as few men did....averse to extremes, but with no jot or tittle of bitterness against those who differed from him, ready to put a kindly interpretation even upon what he disapproved. He held a high place, though he would not have admitted it himself, in the opinion of his brother bishops. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, his old schoolfellow, corroborates this and speaks of his singularly accurate knowledge and unfailing memory, and of the weight of his calm impartial judgment in the meetings of bishops."*

It is notorious that Bishop Atlay found the Diocese sadly perturbed. He met this by "giving himself from the first not to the more showy part of controversial or political prominence, but to the quiet improvement of each parish in his Diocese. It was his thoroughness, kindness, and unmistakeable earnestness which gave him such weight among those who knew him. Reality and unaffected goodness were his distinguishing features."

The qualities that made a leading merchant of Leeds pronounce the Vicar too good a man of business to be a clergyman were naturally appreciated by business men of Hereford, as was freely evinced by the utterances of laymen after his death. They felt, too, that "he was always anxious so far as in him lay, to render that little portion of the world which he could influence brighter than he found it." It was this faithfulness to the work the Master had given him to do which was appreciated by the laity as much as by the clergy of the Diocese.

Testimony to the same qualities comes from one who was for many years brought into close contact with him as Head Master of the Cathedral School. "He was a thorough man of business, and in stating any matter to him it did not do to be shaky or hazy in one's facts, but when he knew all that he wanted you were certain to get a decided opinion from him. And he had great powers of sympathy—greater, I am

* Canon Lidderdale Smith in his funeral sermon.

sure, than many gave him credit for. I always (mentally) attributed his rather peremptory manner, and his intolerance of the feeble or the irrelevant, to his having been a College Tutor, and his downrightness to his having lived among and ruled over Yorkshiremen." Mr Tatham adds that the Bishop was always the first to call upon and invite to dinner any new Master who came to the School. "I think no one could come into contact with him and not be impressed by his genuine piety and absolute sincerity of purpose."

It has been impossible to give all that I have heard privately and seen in print, but what has been set down here is enough to show how much reason we have to be proud and thankful that our College had so large a share in developing the faculties of Bishop Atlay. May I add my own testimony by saying that his unfaltering, surprising, kindness and forbearance helped me at one time to believe in the reality of goodness?

One fact must not be omitted. Bishop Atlay was a very active friend of the Walworth Mission. Perhaps the most touching of all the papers that have come under my eye is a sheet of note paper, grimy now with the dust of South London, which reached Mr Phillips just as he was entering on his arduous task. On it is written

"8 March, 1884.

"My dear Sir,

"The Lord prosper thee: we wish thee good luck in the name of the LORD.

"Faithfully yours,

"J. HEREFORD.

"Rev W. I. Phillips."

Is it wonderful that one so ready with kindly sympathy for others should himself have been so happy that he would often say to a friend, "The lot has fallen unto me in a fair place; yea, I have a goodly heritage!"

G. H. W.

EDWARD HAMILTON ACTON M.A.

The terribly sudden death on Friday, February 15th, of Edward Hamilton Acton, robbed the College of an indefatigable teacher in the Chemical Laboratory, and the University of a rising worker in the Botanical School. Death can scarcely overtake a man more suddenly than it did him. He had just finished explaining to me a chemical problem in his usual clear and pointed way, without using a word too few or a word too many, when his head fell back, and without the movement of so much as a finger his breathing during two or three minutes slowly died away. A mind clear and active to the last vanished instantaneously without, apparently, the least struggle or pain. Death was due to heart disease. That his heart was in any way weak neither he nor his friends had any suspicion. It is difficult to believe even now that it was so, with his rapid walk, his bodily strength and intense energy. He had called upon his heart with a determined will for the work he had to do, until at last as he was resting from his day's labour it refused to beat any longer.

Edward Hamilton Acton was born at Wrexham on November 16, 1862. From a school in Chester he obtained in 1877 an entrance Science Scholarship at Rugby. When he left the school barely four years later he carried away with him a goodly number of prizes.

He came up to Cambridge in 1881 and took up Natural Science. At school he was, to use his own words, "taught nothing but classics, a very proper thing," but yet he had had also the right early training for a scientific man. Brought up in the country, he had observed from boyhood the plants and animals around him, if not from an innate love for living things, from the guidance of his parents. His father was a lover of nature, a keen sportsman, and a botanist with a thorough knowledge of the British Flora, and Acton's training at home as a boy was the best he could have had for his chosen work. He took the First Part of the Natural Sciences Tripos in 1883, and was a Scholar of the College the same year. He took his B.A. degree in 1885 with a first class in the Second Part, his principal subject being Botany. In 1888 he was elected to a Fellowship. Very soon after his degree he began to assist Mr Main in the Chemical Laboratory, and his worth and

energy soon made him indispensable. He gradually took more and more of the teaching until, on the resignation of Mr Main in 1893, he was appointed lecturer. His chief endeavour for many years had been to further the efficiency of the laboratory, he gradually introduced improved apparatus and newer methods, until finally this term the students' room had been largely re-arranged with new heating appliances and new reagent bottles, all of which he was a few weeks ago shewing with pride to his friends. In his Chemical teaching he had, with no small dissatisfaction to himself, to restrict himself to the wants of elementary students, yet he had pitched for himself a high standard for his elementary demonstrations, a standard which he had partially to abandon for want of a fully appreciative audience. The very best proof of the success of his work lies in the fact that all the places in the laboratory had been allotted to students succeeding one another throughout the day. Students from other colleges have had to be turned away at the doors. This term there were over fifty at work. Such a number can only be accommodated by being taken in relays, which necessarily entails a long working day and tedious repetition for the teacher. During many terms Acton also had classes in Chemistry at Newnham and at Girton.

Acton's favourite field of science, however, was not pure Chemistry. He had often assisted as a demonstrator in the Botanical School, especially conducting classes on the Physiology of Plants, until in 1892 he gave his first regular course on Vegetable Physiology. It was there that he made his mark.

In 1889 he published a paper in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* on "The assimilation of Carbon by green plants from certain organic compounds." This described many interesting experiments on the possibility of nourishing green plants entirely on those substances which are normally intermediate products in their nutrition, or on such as naturally serve as food for colourless fungi only. A little later he described in detail the process of secretion of sugars in the nectaries of Narcissus. In 1893 he described the change in the reserve materials of some wheat which had been stacked for about forty years on a College farm. His published papers by no means fully represent the large amount of original work and critical repetition of the work of others which he carried out in the

little leisure he had from teaching. This unfinished work would have done further justice to his undoubted ability, and have helped to place his name still higher among the workers in Vegetable Physiology.

The course of instruction he gave in the Botanical School and the methods he introduced there are fortunately preserved in the book he published in conjunction with Mr Francis Darwin on the practical Physiology of Plants. This work, the first of its kind published in England, has already achieved a great success: it appeared in August 1894, and a new edition is now asked for. In reviewing the book the *British Medical Journal* said "Its freshness and power bring home to us the loss which scientific botany has sustained by the tragically sudden death of Mr Hamilton Acton."

Acton's knowledge of plants and animals made him a pleasant companion for the country. His knowledge was always to be consulted by others, but it was never thrown at them. Even if the fields around were full of uncommon plants he had no desire to display his knowledge of them; and if the fields were British fields his companions might suppose that he treated plants with indifference. He knew the British Flora well, and I have never known him fail to identify a plant shown him in the field. When abroad on sporting expeditions he had an eye for the plants of the country; he always bought a local "Flora," and took the trouble to get acquainted with it. Acton was a sportsman, a good shot, and a skilled fisherman. There was no creature he loved more than a 20lb salmon. He began to fish as soon as he could hold a rod, and by spending at least some weeks every year at a river, for as he said "I should have no holiday if I got no fishing," he had become very expert. The difficulty of getting a salmon river in Scotland drove him to northern countries. He used to say "You cannot get a good river in Scotland for any sum, those who have them know they have something worth more than money." Norway, Lapland and Finland he visited more than once, but it was in Iceland that his favourite rivers lay. In company with a few other sportsmen a club was formed, the Iceland Fishing Club, several rivers were leased and Acton fished one of them in each of four summers. Last summer he landed the biggest fish ever caught by the fly in Iceland, but he did not write to the *Field* to say so. That was characteristic of him. He hated puff and

swagger of all forms, and with it what he called "ink-slinging" for the papers. A true sportsman, moreover, will seldom divulge the exact place where he has had really good sport; too many others want to know such places. If the sport was not of the best, or the game the noblest, it was not beneath his notice; he made the best of what there was, and a day or two without a fish only made him keener and his art more nearly perfect. He would never condescend to take a mean advantage of his fish. No better companion for an expedition could be desired, he subdued his wishes to those of his companions, was "game for anything," and did more than his share of the hard work. He never shirked anything. A virtue of his, highly appreciated by those with him, was his skill at cooking. Whatever there was to be had he would turn out to the best advantage, and many are the elaborate dinners he has served up on the seat of a boat from a couple of small paraffin stoves. Those who have been with Acton on such expeditions have got to know him. His determination not to be beaten by difficulties, his coolness and steadiness in emergencies were obvious enough; but underlying these was his consideration for those with him, and his kindly and unobtrusive help when such were his inferiors.

After all, these expeditions formed but a small part of his life. His character stands out as clearly in his daily work. He never spared himself any trouble in his teaching, and any work he had to do, however much he may have disliked it, he did conscientiously. The stem of his character was the sense of duty.

Mr Main writes, "he was a noble fellow, always most unsparing of himself, and most thoughtful and considerate for others. His high moral qualities, as well as intellectual, have been valuable to all who have come in contact with him. He was retiring and unselfish to a fault."

To those who knew him but little, his very outspoken manner and his brusque way of putting things may have seemed sometimes to have been inconsiderate towards others; it proceeded from a mind already made up. His opinions—and very conservative opinions they were—were given concisely and fearlessly, and with a wholesome contempt for what people thought of him.

The real character of some men is only seen when they are off their guard; Acton was never on his guard—there was no

veneer to remove to see the true wood. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning just one trifling occurrence which brought his heart to the surface. Acton very much disliked cats, "and all other poaching vermin," and many I know have fallen to his gun. One day as he was leaving my room hastily he stumbled over a kitten; at once he put down his books, searched for it and tenderly soothed its pain away. He could not be cruel or unkind to any creature, even one to him so mean and worthless as a cat.

L. E. S.

Another friend of Acton's writes:

In the present time it is the fashion to be a little interested in everything, or at any rate to be able to feign such interest at demand. Acton was notable for his complete aloofness from this theory of life. Two things in life were profoundly interesting to him, his science and his sport: these mistresses divided his heart: for other things (speaking broadly) he made no pretence to care at all. And so while many of us fritter our powers in a score of directions, and live half our lives without having found where our strength lies, or at least without having had the will to act on that knowledge, Acton had no such doubts and indecisions. He had found *himself* and he never had the least desire to be anyone else. And this freedom from conflicting aims helped to make him happy in himself, and simple, cordial, and consistent in his relations to others.

And so when one met Acton, one knew that one would not hear from him any of those small jests or last good stories which go the round of the Combination-rooms, nor impressions of picture galleries or theatres, nor personalia, nor even politics. One understood that he kept feminine society at bay, and that his political opinions were those of a country squire of the time of George III. When he came out on such topics, it was generally in a few half-contemptuous words spoken half to himself, followed by a quick glance of the eye. He delighted in his own strongly-marked individuality, and wanted to see if you also caught the humour of it. Outrageously extreme as his opinions sometimes were, they were always uttered half-humorously, never bitterly, and gave no offence.

But once get Acton on his own ground, ask him some question on sport or travel, and you would see something of

the vigour and thoroughness with which he threw himself into his favourite pursuits. On such topics he was a master—he had gone through extraordinary personal adventures, he had read widely, and he talked with the force of a strong mind. It is a pleasure to think of the one or two occasions when I sat with him in his rooms with the rifles and fishing-rods around us, and heard him talk of his summer expeditions to Iceland for the salmon fishing, of his long rides across the country, of nights spent under the stars—all to catch a fish which he would not touch, if any other food were available. Once a Danish friend was with me when Acton gave us some of these reminiscences and he went away greatly impressed. He had seen many wonderful things in England, but Acton, he thought, was certainly the most wonderful. Once too I spent a February night at Acton's invitation on the boat which he kept at Ely. It was a very cold night, and the experience required an enthusiast to appreciate it to the full. It revealed, however, that unselfish solicitude for the comfort of his guests, which went with his own absolute indifference to physical discomforts.

This thoroughness in what he undertook, self-forgetfulness and kindness gave Acton that strong hold over his students which was evidenced at his funeral. One of them has said, "Acton was the most obliging man I ever met: you could go to him at any time and he was ready to help you. He always seemed to treat you as if you were doing him the favour, and not he you." Another, "One never heard *anything* said against Acton." I have been told one little trait which illustrates his consideration towards his servants. Though he had the services of two attendants at the Laboratory, he never called on them to do anything on Sundays in the way of keeping up fires, &c. What was required he did himself.

It is not only a teacher and thinker of unusual ability, but a man of rare simplicity, unselfishness and uprightness, who has been taken from us in Edward Hamilton Acton.

The following Members of the College have died during the year 1894; the year in brackets is that of the B.A. degree.

Rev William Allen (1880), Vicar of Castle Church, Stafford: died at the Vicarage, September 19, aged 38.

Right Rev James Atlay (1840), D.D. Lord Bishop of Hereford, formerly Fellow and Tutor: died at the Palace, Hereford, December 24, aged 77 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 495).

Rev Richard Nathaniel Blaker (1844), Vicar of Ifield, Sussex, 1850-57: died at St Margaret's, West Worthing, April 16, aged 72.

Rev Charles William Marsh Boutflower (1841), Vicar of Dundry, Somerset, 1855-84, Rural Dean of Chew Magna, 1876-83: died at 93 Whiteladies' Road, Clifton, Bristol, January 14.

Thomas Teshmaker Busk (1875), of Hermongers, Rudgwick and Ford's Grove, Winchmore Hill: died at Blankenberghe, Belgium, May 28, aged 41.

Charles Carpmael (1869), Director of the Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory in Toronto and Director of the Meteorological Service of Canada: died at Hastings, October 20, aged 48 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 390).

Rev Henry Codrington (1830), Vicar of Lyng, Somerset, 1875-89: died at Park Terrace, Taunton, August 28.

Rev Thomas Cole (did not graduate), Vicar of Shute, Devon, 1871-94: died at the Vicarage, January 21, aged 82.

Rev Charles Frederick Coutts (1865), Reader at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court, 1886-93, Curate of Kirby Malzeard, 1893-94: died at Kirby Malzeard, June 20, aged 51.

Thomas Wyndham Cremer (1858): died at Beeston Regis, November 3, aged 78.

Rev Charles Edward Cummings (1873), Rector of Yatton Keynell, Wilts, 1883-85, Rector of Wembworthy, 1889-94: died at Exmouth, July 21, aged 47.

Rev Frederick Davies (1857), formerly second Master at Sedbergh School, Chaplain and Mathematical Instructor R.N. College, Greenwich, 1874-79, Chaplain R.N. and N.I.: died at 18 Northbrook Road, Lee, S.E., January 13.

Rev James Deans (1832), Vicar of Exminster, Devon, 1863-94: died at Exminster Vicarage, August 8, aged 84.

Rev Francis Peter Du Sautoy (1851) B.D., Fellow of Clare, 1854-66, Vicar of Duxford, Cambridgeshire, 1863-65, Rector of Ockley near Dorking, 1865-94: died at Ampthill, Beds., September 23.

Rev Harry Edgell (1831), Rector of Nacton with Levington, Suffolk, 1835-94, Rural Dean of Colneis, 1876-90: died at Nacton, June 5, aged 84.

Rev George Arthur Festing (1857), Vicar of Clifton by Ashbourne, Derbyshire, 1867-94, Rural Dean of Ashbourne, 1872-94: died at Clifton Vicarage, September 4, aged 60.

John Knight Fitzherbert (1843), Barrister-at-Law, J.P. for Derbyshire: died at Twynham, Bournemouth, July 29, aged 74.

Rev Francis William Fowler (1844), Chaplain to the Bath Union, 1872-94: died at Combe Down, Bath, July 9, aged 71.

William Goodman Gatliff (1849): died at Fulham, May 26, aged 67.

Thomas Matthew Gisborne (1847), J.P. D.L.: died at Walton-on-Trent, Derbyshire, September 12, aged 70.

Hon and Very Rev George Herbert (M.A. 1848), Dean of Hereford: died at the Deanery, March 15, aged 69 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 303).

Rev Robert Hey (1869), Vicar of St Andrew, Litchurch, Derby, 1878-94: died at St Andrew's Vicarage, December 30, aged 48.

Rev Robert Wood Shepherd Hicks (1848), Rector of Kirk Smeaton, Yorks, 1865-94: died at Kirk Smeaton Rectory, September 5.

Rev Arthur Malortie Hoare (1844), formerly Fellow and Classical Lecturer of the College, Rector of Cabourne, Isle of Wight, 1853-63, Rector of Fawley, Hampshire, 1863-94, Rural Dean of Fawley, 1864-92: died at Fawley Rectory, February 26 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 305).

Sir Henry Ainslie Hoare, Bart. (did not graduate), M.P. for Chelsea, 1868-74: died July 7 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 391).

Rev Edward Kaye Kendall (1856), formerly Professor of Mathematics of Trinity College, Toronto, Hon D.C.L. Toronto, 1886: died at Perry Hill, Kent, February 11, aged 61.

Rev Gerald Thomson Lermit (1849) LL.D., Head Master of Dedham School, 1853-84, Rector of St Florence, Pembrokeshire, 1885-94: died at St Florence Rectory, October 25, aged 69 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 492).

Rev Thomas Gilbert Luckock (1854), Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Clifton, 1866-92: died at Clevedon, April 16, aged 63.

Ven Brough Maltby (1850), Vicar of Farndon, Notts. 1864-94, Rural Dean of Newark, 1870, Prebendary and Canon of St Mary Creakpool in Lincoln Cathedral, 1871, Archdeacon of Nottingham, 1878: died at Farndon Vicarage, March 30, aged 68 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 303).

Rev Henry James Marshall (1842), Rector of Clapton in Gordano, Somerset, 1860-77, Rector of Beaford, Devon, 1877-94, Author of *Book of Sermons*, 1870: died at Beaford Rectory, January 2, aged 73.

Rev Thomas Vernon Mellor (1844), Vicar of Idridgehay, Derbyshire, 1855-94, Rural Dean of Wirksworth: died at Idridgehay Vicarage, November 5, aged 73.

Rev Henry Dawson Moore (1852), Vicar of Misterton with Stockwith, Notts, 1858-80, Vicar of Hornby, Bedale, 1880-94: died at Hornby Vicarage, July 26, aged 66.

Rev Samuel Henry Mott (1842): died at Much Hadham, Ware, January 11, aged 73.

Rev John Mould (1838), Master at Walsall Grammar School 1844-45, Master of Appleby Grammar School 1845-54, Vicar and Rural Dean of Tamworth 1854-65, Vicar of Oakham with Egleton, Langham and Brooke, Rutland, 1865-94: died at Bournemouth, July 22, aged 78.

Rev John Davidson Munro Murray (1876), Missionary to Delhi 1877-80, Vice-Principal of Wells College 1881-87, Vicar of Nynehead, Somerset, 1889: died at Nynehead Vicarage, December 10, aged 41.

Rev Theobald Richard O'Fflahertie (1843), Vicar of Capel, Surrey, 1848-94, and of Lemonfield, Oughterard, Co. Galway: died at Capel Vicarage, November 20, aged 70 (see *Eagle* XVIII, 492).

Rev Thomas Poole (1829), Rector of Firbeck with Letwill Vicarage, Notts, 1838-94: died January 22, aged 90.

Rev Frederick Nottidge Ripley (1854), Vicar of Hartford, Hunts, 1870-81, Vicar of Bridge, Kent, 1882-84: died at Bridge, October 16, aged 63.

Rev Thomas James Rowsell (1838), Rector of St Christopher le Stocks with St Margaret Lothbury and St Bartholomew Exchange, 1860-72, Vicar of St Stephen's, Paddington, 1872-83; Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen 1879, Canon of Westminster 1881, Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Sutherland and Chaplain to the Queen, Author of *Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge on English Universities and English Poor*, Vol. I. 1859, Vol. II. 1861: died January 23, aged 78.

Rev Rupert James Rowton (1842), Rector of Southwood, Norfolk, 1847-56, Vicar of Wessington, Derbyshire, 1870-76, Vicar of Eynsham, Oxford, 1888-93: died at Oxford, December 30, aged 77.

Rev Richard Clarke Roy (1855), Vicar of Upton, Lincolnshire, 1870-71, Vicar of Youlgrave, Derbyshire, 1871-94: died at Youlgrave Vicarage, September 24, aged 63.

Rev Richard Charles Swan (1840), Rector of Hothfield, Kent, 1849-94: died at Hothfield Rectory, January 29, aged 76.

Rev George Thurnell (1850), Vicar of Newbottle with Charlton, Northamptonshire, 1861-2, Vicar of Eye near Peterborough, 1862: died at Eye Vicarage, October 23, aged 71.

Rev William Biscoe Tritton (1844): died 28 November at Hove, aged 74.

Rev Thomas Tweedale (1854), Vicar of Fring and of Shernbourne, Norfolk, 1872-94: died at Shernbourne Vicarage, September 28, aged 63.

Rev William James Vernon (1855), Vicar of Sydling, St Nicholas, Dorset, 1874-94: died at Canterbury, December 12, aged 64.

Rev William Ameers White (1846), Head-Master of Peterborough Cathedral School 1851-56, Rector of Northborough, Northamptonshire, 1856-76, Vicar of Llantrissent, Montgomery, 1876-91: died at Isherwood, Surbiton, Surrey, November 27, aged 70.

Rev Robert Whittaker (1844), Vicar of Leesfield, Lancashire, 1846-86, Rural Dean of Oldham, 1873-86, Rector of Beckingham with Stragglethorpe and Fenton, Lincolnshire, 1886-91, Honorary Canon of Manchester, 1878, Author of *Abridgement of Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*, 1862: died at Edgmead, Leamington, January 8, aged 75.

Rev Thomas Wood (1838), Chaplain Bengal Establishment, 1841-60, Rector of Northbourne, Kent, 1877: died 7 February at Northbourne Rectory, aged 78.

We add the following deaths which were not noted during the years in which they occurred.

Rev Daniel Ace D.D. (B.D. 1861), Vicar of Dacre, Cumberland, 1864-70, Vicar of St John, Devonport, 1870-71, Vicar of Laughton, Lincolnshire, 1871-93: died August 27, 1893.

Rev Richard Foster Dixon (1870), Curate of Rise-holme with South Carlton, 1873-1892: died July 16, 1892.

David Alexander Gibbs (1857), formerly an Assistant Master in Christ's Hospital: died November 14, 1889.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term 1895.

The Seatonian Prize, for an English sacred poem on *The Broad and Narrow Way*, has been gained by the Rev G. E. Freeman. This is the fourth time that Mr Freeman has been successful.

The Sedgwick Prize has been adjudged to Mr Henry Woods. The subject of his essay was "The Gault and Cambridge Greensand, and their relation to the Red Rock of Hunstanton." The Prize was first awarded to Mr J. J. Harris Teall (1874), and on the next occasion to Mr A. J. Jukes-Browne (1877), both Johnians; in 1880 Mr Keeping, of Christ's, was successful, but since that year the Prize has gone to St John's without a break, having been won successively by Messrs Marr, Roberts, Harker, and Seward. The College appears to great advantage in recent geological distinctions. Mr P. Lake has recently received a grant of £50 from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund towards the expenses of a journey in Russia and Sweden, for the purpose of researches on the distribution of Trilobites. In the Geological Society of London, a grant from the Wollaston Fund has been made to Mr A. C. Seward. Mr W. H. Huddleston F.R.S. is Vice-President of the Society; and Mr J. E. Marr F.R.S. and Mr J. J. Harris Teall F.R.S. have been elected Secretaries for the ensuing year.

Ds J. A. Nicklin (B.A. 1894) has this term been awarded the Members' Prize for an English essay. The subject was "A criticism on the works of W. M. Thackeray."

A. J. Chotzner, Scholar, and an Editor of the *Eagle*, has gained Sir William Browne's Medal for a Latin Epigram. The successful epigram, together with a translation, will be found on page 461 of this number.

Before the usual Lent Term Guest dinner on February 5, Dr MacAlister offered to the College on behalf of Mrs Adams a fine marble bust of the late Professor John Couch Adams. In asking the President to accept it for the College, he spoke of

the veneration in which Professor Adams' name is held by all good Johnians, and said that it was but right that in the College, where so much of his early work was done, a permanent memorial of him should find a place. The bust was not only a faithful representation of the great astronomer's features; it was also an art-treasure of which the College might well be proud. The President accepted the munificent gift of Mrs Adams, and spoke warmly of the artistic beauty of the sculpture, for which they were indebted to the skilful chisel of Mr Albert Bruce-Joy. The sculptor was present as a guest, and to him the President offered the cordial acknowledgements of the College for the manner in which he had overcome the difficulties of his task.

The bust represents Professor Adams as he appeared in the later years of his life, and, seen in a good light and from the proper point of view, it suggests well the fine head and keen glance of our late distinguished Honorary Fellow. It has been placed on a carved bracket, also the gift of Mrs Adams, in the oriel window of the hall, opposite the bust of our other famous astronomer, Sir John Herschel.

Mr Bruce-Joy has nearly finished the large marble medallion of Professor Adams, which is to be placed on the side of Newton's tomb in Westminster Abbey, and this will shortly be set up as the national memorial of the English discoverer of Neptune.

Our readers will remember that in our last number (p. 397) we spoke of Dr Garrett having celebrated the jubilee of his musical career. We did not point out at the time that a movement was then on foot for marking the general appreciation of this event in a practical manner. This movement, we are glad to be able to say, not only took a definite shape, but has since been brought to a most successful issue. A Testimonial, very largely subscribed to not only in Cambridge itself but generally throughout England, was purchased, and on Monday afternoon, January 28, was presented in the Combination Room by the Vice Chancellor, in the presence of a large and influential gathering of Dr Garrett's friends and former pupils. It consisted of a silver tea and coffee service, a salver with a suitable inscription, and a set of Musical Doctor's robes. The speeches of the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Trinity, Dr Donald MacAlister, Dr Alan Gray, and Mr Sedley Taylor were all in the happiest of veins, and bore eloquent testimony to the services Dr Garrett has rendered in the cause of Ecclesiastical Music. Dr Garrett, in an epigrammatic speech, expressed himself as delighted with the honour conferred upon him. We can heartily endorse the remarks of Prof Niecks, of Edinburgh, who, in a letter read on the occasion, said "I hope Dr Garrett may have another fifty years before him."

Mr W. C. Summers, Fellow, has been appointed Classical Tutor of Ayerst's Hostel.

Mr W. H. R. Rivers (M.D. London), Fellow-commoner has been re urer in Physiological Psychology, for five years from Christmas 1894.

A Course of twelve lectures on the "History of Education" has been delivered during the present term by Mr J. Bass Mullinger, in connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate.

The Rev W. Moore Ede (B. Gateshead, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the ensuing year.

The Rev A. W. Callis has been appointed Head-master of King Edward's School, Bury St Edmunds.

Mr J. J. Alexander (B. eadmaster of the new Grammar School at Tavistock, which is to be opened next month.

St John's is well represented on the staff of the recently founded Campbell College, Belfast:—H. J. Spenser (B.A. 1888) being First Classical Master; W. Harris (B. First Science Master; R. C. Heron (B.A. 1893) Assistant Mathematical Master.

Ds G. B. Buchanan (B.A. 1890, M.B. and C.M. Glasgow, 1895), late House-Surgeon in the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, and Resident Physician and Surgeon in the Hertford British Hospital, Paris, has been appointed Assistant to the Professor of Clinical Surgery, Glasgow University, and Extra Surgeon to the Dispensary of the Western Infirmary.

The following Johnians have recently been called to the Bar: Ds H. S. Moss-Blundell LL.B., Ds W. H. Payne, and Ds C. Howarth. Ds H. Nunn has passed the final examination of the Incorporated Law Society.

The following ecclesiastical appointments are announced:

Names.	*B.A.*	*From*	*To be*
Whiting, W. H.	(1883)	C. All SS. Leeds	Dioc. Insp.-in-Chief, Lincoln
Penny, S. T.	(1880)	C. Plumtree, Nottingham	V. Weston, Herts.
Trumper, J. F. W.	(1873)	Formerly C. Tring	V. St Margaret's-with-Michaelchurch, Eskley
Wiseman, A. R.	(1878)	C. St Barthol. Win.	V. Binstead, Isle of Wight
Davis, W. H.	(1887)	C. Wellingborough	V. Avebury, Wilts.
Ryder, A. C. D.	(1870)	V. Highcliffe, Winchester	R. Trowbridge, Wilts.
Box, W. H.	(1889)	C. Caynham, Hereford	R. Puckington
Tarleton, J. F.	(1888)	C. Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne	V. Beltingham, Northumberland

Names.	*B.A.*	*From*	*To be*
Askwith, C.	(1890)	C. Boscombe, Bournemouth	V. Christ's Church, St Albans
Raven, B. W.	(1858)	R. Leiston, Norfolk	Rural Dean of Dunwich
Livett, G. M.	(1880)	Min. Can. Rochester	(South District) V. Wateringbury, Kent
Moore, C.	(1892)	C. Dewsbury	Chapl. and Naval Instr. to the *Britannia*
Obbard, A. N.	(1868)	R. All SS. Southtn.	R. Chilbolton, Hants.
Woodhouse, R. I.	(1877)	V. St Luke's, Bromley Common	R. Merstham, Redhill
Prior, A. H.	(1879)	V. St Barnabas, Derby	V. St Andrew's, Derby
Pulliblank, J.	(1866)	Sen. Dioc. Insp. Liverpool	R. Rampisham, Dorset
Ratcliffe, C. E. S.	(1876)	V. Bickenhill	R. Downham, Brentwood
Athill, G. J.	(1874)	Dioc. Insp. Win.	V. St Barthol., Hyde, Win.
Knowles, A.	(1881)	C. Bromley St. Leonard's	V. St James', Ratcliffe
Powning, J. T.	(1883)	C. Uffculme, Exet.	Dioc. Insp. Exeter
Smith, H.	(1889)	C. St Matt. Camb.	Chapl. and Censor, King's Coll. Lond.
Ford, E.	(1853)	Formerly R. Exhall, Warws.	V. Albrighton, Shrewsbury
Moull, C. A.	(1878)	C. Hove	Incumbent St Andrew's, Hove
Ellis, P.	(1873)	V. Sowe, Coventry	V. Kirkwhelpington, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Neale, J.	(1886)	Miss. (C. M. S.) Hangchow	V. Harmston, Linc.
Russell, H. D. G.	(1888)	Vice-Prin. St John's Coll. Rangoon	Chaplain at Chittagong
Shepherd, W. R.	(1882)	C. Walford	R. Etchingham, Sussex
Roberts, W. P.	(1861)	P.C. St. Peter, Marylebone	Canon of Canterbury

The following members of the College were ordained at the Christmas Ordinations 1894.

Name.	*Diocese.*	*Parish.*
Rice, C. M.	Exeter	St Sidwell's, Exeter
Gorst, E. L. le F. F.	Peterborough	Ashfordby and Kirby Bellars
Floyd, C. W. C.	Ripon	Bramley, Leeds
Ayers, F.	Rochester	St Margaret, next Rochester
Green, P.	Rochester	Lady Margaret, Walworth
Price, J.	Rochester	St. Andrew's, Peckham
Brown, H.	St David's	Chap. S. W. Train. Coll. Carmarthen
James, J.	St David's	Llandilofawr
Graham, J. H. S.	London	St Mary's, North-end
Roberts, E. J.	Chichester	Emmanuel, Hastings
Norris, W. H.	Manchester	Penwortham

Mr Peter Green is our third Missioner; Mr Ayers is Mathematical Master at Rochester Grammar School, and will be attached for parochial work to the parish above-named; Mr Rice was one of our first Choral Students, and has been serving as Lay Reader at Mildenhall since leaving College; Mr James

attended at the Cambridge Clergy Training School while in residence; Mr Price resided for a time at the Rochester Diocesan Clergy School at Blackheath; Mr Gorst passed a year at Wells' Theological College.

Mr W. Page Roberts, incumbent of Frederick Maurice's Church in Vere Street, Oxford Street, has been appointed to the Canonry at Canterbury Cathedral, held by the late Canon Duncan, for so many years Secretary to the National Society. Mr Roberts is a preacher of an intellectual order, and it is said that more members of the Legislature are to be seen in his congregation than in any other. His independence of thought and freshness of treatment and manner account for this, while his demand on some close thought on the part of his hearers accounts for his not being among what would be called the popular preachers of the day. It is somewhat noteworthy, in view of current discussions as to the Honours and Ordinary Courses here, that Mr Page Roberts was content with reading for the Ordinary Degree.

Mr C. Moore has now received his first appointment to a ship. It should be better known in College that Her Majesty's naval authorities are always glad to hear of men with a taste for the sea to serve as Chaplains. It is required, however, that they serve in a curacy first. Mr Moore had the benefit of two years under Canon Lowther Clarke at Dewsbury, and, after six months at the Naval College, Greenwich, is now gazetted to the *Britannia*. Being a mathematical man (Senior Optime, 1892), a Naval Instructorship will be added to the Chaplaincy.

The College has presented Mr Pulliblank to the parish of Rampisham-cum-Wraxhall, Dorsetshire. Mr Pulliblank was a Scholar and a Wrangler, and has worked chiefly in Liverpool, latterly as Senior Inspector of Religious Knowledge in the Diocese.

Mr Prior, who has been promoted by the Bishop from St Barnabas' to St Andrew's, Derby, is the well-known bow of the palmy days of the L.M.B.C., when our boat was in the first three, one of the four who won in 1878 and 1879, one of the crew who gained glory at Henley in 1879, and winner of the Colquhouns in the same year.

The Rev Harold Smith M.A. (First Class in Classical Tripos 1889; in Theological Tripos, Part II, 1890, Carus and Jeremie Prizeman), late Scholar and late Naden Divinity Student, has been appointed Chaplain and Censor of King's College, London. Mr Smith is a former student of King's College, and will reside in the College itself, with charge over the resident students, and will assist in the lecturing under Professor Knowling.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have commissioned Mr Caldecott to write a brief history of the Church in the West Indies for their series of Diocesan Histories. Mr Mullinger has in preparation for the same Society a history of the rise of the Protestant Sects in England.

On page 401 of the last number of the *Eagle* we gave an extract from Professor Bradbury's inaugural lecture on *Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, including an inscription to the memory of Sir Robert Talbor of St John's. The inscription was by inadvertence curtailed; it should finish as follows:

Ludovicae Mariae
Hispaniarum ac Indiarum Reginae
serenissimo Galliarum Delphino
plurimisq: Principibus
nec non minorum Gentium Ducibus
ac Dominis probatissimis.

Members of the College will be glad to note that the name of "John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, adviser of Lady Margaret, and for thirty years Chancellor of the University," has, somewhat tardily, been added to the list of Benefactors contained in the University Commemoration Service. The omission of Bishop Fisher's name from the list was pointed out by Dr Watson in a sermon preached at Great St Mary's on November 4th, 1894 (*Eagle*, vol xviii, no 105, pp 400-1).

An extract from a book catalogue, published in February (Mr John Hutchinson, 51 Cherry Street, Birmingham), may be useful to any of our readers who desire to obtain a complete set of the early volumes of the *Eagle*:

The EAGLE, a Magazine supported by Members of St John's College, vols 1-6, in 3 thick vols, 8vo, *cf.* RARE, 30*s*, 1859-69.—From Dec. 1869 to Oct. 1880 (vols 7 to 11), except 3 parts, 25 parts, 14*s* 6*d*, 1869-80.

On the retirement of Dr Donald MacAlister and Mr G. C. M. Smith from the *Eagle* staff, it was decided that a testimonial should be given them by resident subscribers in recognition of their services to the magazine. The present to Dr MacAlister took the form of four old silver dessert-spoons with silver-gilt bowls, in a morocco case lined with velvet, and was given to him at the end of last term. Mr Smith's present, still in the hands of the binder, consists of Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in six volumes and the two volumes of Dr Schmidt's *Shakspere Lexicon*.

The year 1895 is an interesting anniversary in the history of the College. Some of our readers may have noticed an inscription, F. 1795, about eighteen inches from the ground, on one of the pillars in the S.W. corner of the Third Court. We believe that this is the high-water mark of the numerous floods for which Cambridge has always been justly famous. But the

modern deluge is comparatively degenerate; last term the floods, in a laudable though rather "p attempt to celebrate the anniversary by competing with their great predecessor, were obliged to content themselves with the Paddock and other outlying parts of the College grounds.

It should have been mentioned in the last number of the *Eagle* that Ds L. Horton-Smith, J. M. Hardwich, C. T. Powell, and C. H. Reissmann took part in the Chorus of the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, in the Michaelmas Term.

The following University appointments of members of the College are announced: Dr L. E. Shore, an additional Member of the Special Board for Medicine; Mr G. F. Stout, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Knightbridge Professorship of Moral Philosophy; Mr H. J. Roby (Hon LL.D.), a Member of the Board of Electors to the Downing Professorship of Law; Professor A. Macalister, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Downing Professorship of Medicine, also an Elector to the Professorship of Surgery;. Dr D. MacAlister, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy; Mr G. F. Stout, an additional Member of the Special Board for Moral Science; Mr H. S. Foxwell, a Member of the Board of Electors to the Professorship of Mental Philosophy and Logic; Mr W. Bateson, Chairman of the Examiners for the Natural Science Tripos 1895; Mr W. A. Cox, an Examiner in French for the Previous Examination 1895: Mr G. C. M. Smith, an Examiner in German for the same Examination; Mr H. R. Tottenham, an Examiner for the Special Examination in Modern Languages 1895, and an Examiner for the Previous Examination 1895; Dr Garrett, an Examiner for the Stewart of Rannoch Scholarships; Dr Sandys, an Adjudicator of the Members' English Essay Prize; Mr E. E. Sikes, an Adjudicator of Members' Latin Essay Prize; Mr E. E. Foxwell, an Examiner for the Political Economy Special; Dr Besant, an Examiner for the Special Examinations in Mathematics 1895.

JOHNIANA.

Fortunately I learnt that, when the New Chapel of St John's College, Cambridge, was built, there was a small quantity of old oak panels carved in linen-fold pattern me, and with the old oak benches I have made up a pulpit and two chancel seats with their desks.

The Rev F. R. Lunn B.D.: Reports and Papers of Associated Architectural Societies, vol xv, pt ii, p 235.

[The above extract is from a paper on Marston-cum-Grafton Church; for another relic of the old Chapel, preserved in Whissendine Church, see *Eagle*, vol xviii, no cii, p 95.]

EXEQUIÆ REGIÆ.

1.

What scene is this? what mournful throng
In sad procession moves along
To yon wide-yawning tomb?
What darksome banners, reared on high
In sable grandeur proudly fly?
And waving to the starless sky
Increase the midnight gloom?

2.

And hark! what means that funeral bell?
It tolls a deep, a solemn knell;
The Knell of Britain's boast;
And see! where many a gloomy land,
Princes and Peers and warriors stand,
Mourning for Britain's widowed land,
For Britain's Monarch lost.

3.

King, Father, is thy spirit fled?
And lies thy venerable head
Low in the grave's dark night?
And hast thou left a land to mourn
A land bereft of thee, forlorn,
While upwards, like a Seraph, borne
Thou seek'st the realms of light?

4.

Yet still, although thy soul be fled,
Although Britannia mourn thee dead,
Her blessings on thee wait:
And mounting upward with thee fly
And, pleading in thy cause on high,
Unbar the portals of the sky
And ope the heavenly gate.

5.

There was a throne by gold unbought,
A throne by mortal hand unwrought
Yet firmest, brightest, best;
A throne, which envy could not stain,
A throne, which tyrants cannot gain,
A throne, which despots seek in vain,
'Twas every British breast.

6.

which could not be used there;

Where'er thy cheering face appeared
Emboldened virtue high upreared
Her awful, towering form:
While trembling, seized with conscious dread,
Pale vice concealed her hated head,
Or started at thy frown and fled
To shun the coming storm.

7.

Blest Monarch, 'twas thy glorious fate
Secure to guard our British State
From violation free;
For still on Albion's coast appeared
The nymph by tyrants only feared,
To every British heart endeared,
Triumphant Liberty.

8.

'Twas thine, when Gaul's imperial sway
Bade nations and their kings obey
When Europe felt the shock;
'Twas thine to stretch thy guardian hand,
'Twas thine to save thy sinking land,
'Twas thine unchanged, unmov'd to stand
Firm as thy country's rock.

9.

Thou diest; and shall our sorrows fade?
No, never! to thy much-lov'd shade
Shall memory fondly cling.
Thou diest; and shall thy glory die?
No! ages hence, with glistening eye
Shall fathers to their children cry—
This was *indeed* a King.

10.

'Tis thus, like thee, the Lordly Sun,
His daily course of glory run,
At evening seeks the west;
His orb, though lessening, grows more bright,
Till, slowly fading from the sight,
He leaves a stream of mellowed light,
And grandly sinks to rest.

Shrewsbury School, Feb. 17, 1820. B. H. KENNEDY.

[These verses, which have been communicated to the *Eagle* by Mr Scott, appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle* for March 10, 1820. As Professor Kennedy was born in 1802, he was at that time barely sixteen years of age.]

The following narrative will be of interest to the friends of A. W. Dennis (B.A. 1890).

"On Sunday afternoon a very courageous act was witnessed by a number of persons on the banks of the River Avon, near the foot-bridge to Brownsover. Mr H. V. Weisse and Mr A. W. Dennis, together with a number of boys belonging to the Lower School of Lawrence Sheriffe, were walking across the fields in the direction of Brownsover, when a fine Airedale terrier belonging to Mr Barnard, which had accompanied the party, attempted to run across the partially frozen river. When the animal reached the centre of the stream the thin ice broke, and it was immersed in the water. For about ten minutes the poor dog made frantic efforts to get a foothold on the ice. Numerous attempts were made to reach the animal, but the ice was too thin to allow of anyone getting sufficiently near to reach him. All idea of rescuing the poor brute by this means had to be abandoned as hopeless, and as the dog was fast becoming benumbed and exhausted, Mr A. W. Dennis without more ado, divested himself of outer clothing, and, after smashing the ice as far as possible, plunged pluckily into the water and swam out to the now drowning dog. By this time a large number of school-boys and others had assembled on the river banks, and as Mr Dennis got his arm round the animal and struck out again for the bank, a ringing cheer went up from the spectators. There was no lack of willing hands to assist Mr Dennis and his dumb companion to scale the bank. In endeavouring to reach the animal, Mr Dennis received a nasty cut on the head from the sharp edge of a piece of ice and a bruise upon the shoulder, but beyond this and the first shock of the cold water, and the discomfort of his wet clothes—which, by the bye, were frozen quite stiff by the time he reached home.—we are pleased to hear he has suffered no ill effects from his gallant act.

Mr Weisse, in a letter to a London daily on Tuesday, describes Mr Dennis's plucky conduct, and says:—'I think it a fair case for the Royal Humane Society....The all but bearing thickness of the ice in shore made the act one of peculiar courage and danger. Humanity towards human beings is common enough; the Royal Humane Society will not easily find a better case of humanity towards a dumb animal.'"

Extract from the "*Midland Times*," 1895.

The following books by members of the College are announced: *The Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis as an Integral Part of Christian Revelation* (Longmans), by Prof C. W. E. Body, formerly Fellow; *Chronicles of Uganda* (Hodder and Stoughton), by the Rev R. P. Ashe; *Essays and Addresses*, new edition (Macmillan), by the Ven J. M. Wilson, formerly Fellow; *Rochdale Sermons* (Kegan Paul), by the same; *Half-Hours with the Stars* (W. H. Allen), by the late R. A. Proctor; *Mr Dandelow* (S.P.C.K.), by the Rev Dr Augustus Jessop; *Rest, Meditation, and Prayer* (S.P.C.K.), by the Rev Harry Jones; *Text-Book on Diseases of Women* (Griffin), by Dr J. Phillips; *Marmion* (Pitt Press), edited by Rev J. H. B. Masterman; *Hints on Coxing* (Spalding), by A. F. Alcock; *Elementary Practical Chemistry, Inorganic and Organic* (Whittaker), by J. T. Hewitt and F. G. Pope; *The Saga of King Olaf Tryggwason* (Nutt), by the Rev J. Sephton, formerly Fellow; *An Inquiry into the Sources of the Jews in Spain* (Nutt), by Joseph Jacobs; *Key to Todhunter's Plane Trigonometry* (Macmillan), by R. W. Hogg, formerly Fellow; *Spain, Portugal, The Bible*, and *The Spanish Reformed Church* (Macmillan and Bowes), by Prof J. E. B. Mayor; *A Sermon preached in St John's College Chapel, Septuagesima* 1895, by the Rev J. F. Bateman.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS, DECEMBER 1894.

Foundation Scholarships of £80.

R. W. H. T. Hudson, St Paul's School (Mathematics).
G. S. West, Royal Coll. of Science, London (Natural Sciences).

Foundation Scholarships of £70.

J. H. A. Hart, Oundle College (Classics).
J. F. M. Haslam, Rugby School (Classics).

Foundation Scholarships of £60.

D. Todd, Dulwich College (Classics).
E. G. B. Wace, Shrewsbury School (Classics).

Foundation Scholarships of £50.

J. L. Coe, Aldenham School (Classics).
C. Elsee, Rugby School (Classics).

Minor Scholarships of £50.

J. R. Corbett, Manchester School (Mathematics).
E. F. Hudson, Dulwich College (Natural Sciences).
T. F. R. McDonnell, St Paul's School (Natural Sciences).
E. L. Watkin, Wellingboro' School (Mathematics).

Exhibitions.

T. H. Hennessey, Merchant Taylors' School (Hebrew).
A. C. Ingram, Felsted School (Natural Sciences).
A. S. Lupton, St Paul's School (Classics).
N. G. Powell, St Paul's School (Classics).
J. Rice, Royal Academy Institution, Belfast (Mathematics).

Lady Margaret Boat Club.

Captain—W. H. Bonsey. *Second Captain*—R. P. Hadland. *Hon. Treasurer*—F. Lydall. *Hon. Secretary*—R. Y. Bonsey. *First Lent Captain*—E. C. Taylor. *Second Lent Captain*—C. C. Ellis. *Additional Captain*—A. C. Scoular.

The rowing this term has been conducted under great difficulties owing chiefly to the frost, which prevented any practice for almost three weeks continuously. The tow-path, too, between Clasper's and the Common has been almost impassable on account of the drainage works at Barnwell.

At a meeting held at the Goldie Boat-house on Saturday, February 23rd, a very small majority decided to hold no races this term, as the time for training would be very short, and members of several of the crews were laid up with influenza, which has been very prevalent.

The Lent boats were in practice during the term, coached respectively by Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox and R. P. Hadland. They were made up as follows:

	First Boat.		*Second Boat.*
	C. B. Rootham, *bow*		E. H. Lloyd-Jones, *bow*
2	J. H. Metcalfe	2	G. T. M. Evans
3	J. A. Glover	3	A. C. Pilkington
4	W. F. Wright	4	W. P. Boas
5	J. C. Matthews	5	H. E. Roberts
6	P. L. May	6	J. G. McCormick
7	O. F. Diver	7	R. F. C. Ward
	E. W. Airy, *stroke*		H. Bentley, *stroke*
	H. P. Hope, *cox.*		G. F. C. Grosjean, *cox.*

The crews were quite up to the average, and, on the whole, better than last year.

We are very glad to announce that L.M.B.C. is represented in the 'Varsity Eight by R. Y. Bonsey (6). He has our hearty congratulations and wishes for every success in the race on the 30th. R. P. Hadland also rowed in the Eight for five days at the beginning of term. We should very much have liked to have seen him secure the third thwart for himself.

The prospects for next term's boat are very favourable as far as can be judged at present. We shall have an exc in Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox, who, by the way, has given a great deal of advice to the University Eight during the term, and to whom, at the time of writing, their care is entrusted.

Bateman Pairs. Friday, March 8. Won by Mr L. H. K. Bushe-Fox and E. C. Taylor, who beat W. H. Bonsey and R. P. Hadland after a close race.

Rugby Union Football Club.

No matches have been played this term, and even the Rugby Nines had to be abandoned on account of the severe frost.

Association Football Club.

Captain—B. J. C. Warren. *Secretary*—H. Reeve.

This season has not been so successful as anticipated, and, comparing the results of the matches with those of last season, the record is seen to be much the same. We were unfortunate in losing the services of Metcalfe, who, owing to an injury to his leg, took part in but few of the matches.

In the Cup Tie matches, Chevalier was not qualified to play, and thus one of the best members of the team was unavailable.

No matches have been played this term on account of the severe frost. The Scratch Sixes were abandoned for the same reason.

C. O.
unfortunately, owing to an old injury, was obliged to retire before half-time.

The following form the team:

W. H. W. Attlee (goal)—Very uncertain, good on his day; too apt to get flurried.

A. Chevalier (back)—A fast back, safe kick, and good tackler.

W. K. Kefford (back)—A very useful back, but his kicking is not always to be relied upon. Should use more judgment in tackling.

C. O. S. Hatton (half-back)—A thoroughly good player, but unfortunately has played but few times for the team this season.

E. H. Vines (half-back)—A hard-working half, neat tackler, but not always safe.

J. W. Dyson (half-back).—A very energetic half, not very fast, knows the game well.

F. G. Cole (outside right).—A fast forward, but does not centre well.

H. N. Matthews (inside right).—Rather slow as a forward. Has the making of an excellent half-back. Good shot.

H. P. Wiltshire (centre).—The best forward in the team; a good dribbler, too slow in shooting.

B. J. C. Warren (inside left).—Passes well; wants more practice in shooting.

H. Reeve (outside left).—Fast and useful forward; gets the ball well down the field, but needs more control over the ball near goal.

The following also played :—F. J. S. Moore, F. Walker, L. Orton, A. J. Storey, G. H. Pethybridge, C. W. Sumner, J. H. Metcalfe, H. C. Andrews, W. J. C. Scarlin, E. A. Tyler, H. Sneath.

Athletic Club.

The Sports, which had originally been fixed for February 13th and 14th, were postponed on account of the frost until February 26th and 27th, but as the Lent races were not held this year, they were fixed for March 7th and 8th, but were finally abandoned. A. C. Pilkington, F. W. Murray, and P. L. May have been elected as first year members of the Committee.

General Athletic Club.

By an oversight the Balance Sheet was sent in too late to appear in the *Eagle* for last term.

Balance Sheet for the Year 1893—1894.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	*Expenditure.*	£	s.	d.
By Subscriptions:	559	3	7	Overdraft at Bank.....	115	5	7
By Donations:	130	0	0	Deficit in Long Vacation, 1893	49	15	1
				Paid to Treasurers of Clubs:			
				L.M.B.C.	424	15	11
				Cricket Club	95	0	0
				Football Club	42	0	0
				Lawn Tennis Club	93	18	6
				Athletic Club	34	10	0
				Lacrosse Club	3	5	0
				Collector.....	9	0	0
				Cleaning lecture rooms....		14	0
				Palmer, printing	1	15	6
				Bank charges.....	2	14	6
Deficit	183	18	6	Cheque books.....		8	0
	£873	2	1		£873	2	1

H. R. Tottenham, *President.*
J. J. Lister, *Hon. Treas.*

It is much to be regretted that, after the debt of the Club was paid off last year by the donations handed over to us by the Master, the Balance Sheet should again show so large a deficit.

While the expenditure was increased by the final instalments of the somewhat unusually heavy expenses incurred in the previous year, the receipts were unfortunately largely reduced, owing to the misconduct of the person employed in collecting subscriptions.

The expenditure for the present year has been cut down as much as possible, and some of the usual expenses have been met by private donations.

An appeal will be made next term for subscriptions to pay off the deficit, so that it may not remain as a burden on the Club for the future. It is hoped that all who are able will contribute to this end.

Cricket Club.

Captain—F. J. S. Moore. *Secretary*—C. D. Robinson. *Committee*—G. P. K. Winlaw, W. Falcon, J. H. Metcalfe, J. G. McCormick.

A general meeting was held in F. J. S. Moore's rooms on Wednesday, February 20th, the President, Mr J. R. Tanner, in the chair, and the above officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Eagles Lawn Tennis Club.

Secretary—R. Y. Bonsey.

A general meeting was held in Lecture Room VI. on Wednesday, January 30th, 1895, at which the following were elected members:—E. A. Jones, E. H. Lloyd-Jones.

Lacrosse Club.

Captain—W. J. Leigh Phillips. *Secretary*—H. L. Gregory. *Committee*—W. K. Wills, W. T. Clements, A. C. Boyde.

Lacrosse is as usual in a most flourishing condition in St John's. On Saturday, March 2nd, a match against a team picked from the rest of the 'Varsity Club resulted in a draw, two goals being scored by both teams. Several matches are yet to be played.

Of the members, individually, first and foremost we deplore the loss of Lupton, who has for a long time been a mainstay both to the College and to the 'Varsity Team, of which he was lately Captain. Other members, who have lately played regularly for the 'Varsity, are Boyde, Clements, Gregory, Wills, and Leigh-Phillips, who all hold their College Colours. The two first-named in this list are indeed a great gain to the College, especially because, being in their first year and already possessing a sound knowledge of the game, we look to them as a backbone for the team in succeeding seasons. Clements, especially, has been most energetic, and, doubtless, with the help and co-operation of the other members, will succeed in

upholding the great prestige at present attached to our College Lacrosse contingent.

Wills has been elected Vice-Captain of the Cambridge 'Varsity Lacrosse Club, and, with Clements and Leigh-Phillips, has been awarded his 'Varsity Colours.

Debating Society.

President—H. M. Schroder. *Vice-President*—T. Hay. *Treasurer*—J. M. Marshall. *Secretary*—J. S. Bryers. *Auditor*—C. C. Ellis. *Committee*—C. P. Keeling, V. M. Smith.

The debates during the term have been as follows:—

Jan. 26—"That this House condemns the action of the so-called Moderate party in the late London School Board Election." Proposed by C. P. Keeling, opposed by H. M. Schroder. Lost by 6 to 17.

Feb. 2—"That this House would approve of a re-organisation of the great industries of this country on a socialistic basis." Proposed by J. E. Purvis, opposed by E. H. Coleman. Lost by 5 to 7.

Feb. 9—"That this House would approve of a re-organisation of this University on the lines of a limited liability company." Proposed by C. T. Powell, opposed by A. P. McNeile. Lost by 4 to 12.

Feb. 23—"That this House would approve of a 'One man one vote.'" Proposed by J. M. Marshall, opposed by J. S. Bryers. Lost by 12 to 8.

March 2—"That in the opinion of this House Tennyson is a much over-rated poet." Proposed by R. O. P. Taylor, opposed by T. Hay.

March 9—"That this House believes that the House of Commons is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Proposed by the Rev J. H. B. Masterman, opposed by Mr E. W. MacBride.

This term has been rather a disappointing one for the Society. It was confidently expected, after the great interest shown in the debates last term, that with a series of interesting subjects and a number of good speakers we should have to chronicle nothing but success. Unfortunately, influenza and kindred diseases wrought such havoc that a continual rearrangement of the debates had to be maintained, and this possibly accounts for the attendance this term being rather smaller than last. The debates have been really well sustained, but we have still to deplore that while a certain number of men could always be

relied upon to speak, and speak well, many came to listen rather than to debate. Still the term has been signalized by more than one promising maiden speech, and as most of the members are keen on the Society, there is every reason to believe that next term the expectations formed in regard to this will be more than realised. Our thanks are due to many of the senior members of the College who very kindly took part in the debates on several occasions, and who have done much to stimulate interest in the Society.

Musical Society.

President—Dr Sandys. *Treasurer*—Rev A. J. Stevens. *Secretary*—C. P. Keeling. *Librarian*—C. B. Rootham. *Committee*—A. J. Walker, J. M. Hardwich, C. T. Powell, H. Reeve, O. F. Diver.

On Monday, 4th February 1895, the first Concert of the term was held in Lecture Room VI. Any doubt which may have existed as to the popularity of Classical Music must have at once been dispelled by the sight of the audience, which filled the room to overflowing. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout the evening, and we are glad to be able to say that the Concert was the most successful ever given under the Society's auspices. Two of our visitors, Mr W. H. Reed and Mr H. E. Macpherson, have recently been elected honorary members of the Society, and we cannot but feel that the action of the Committee has been another step in the right direction, and that our two first honorary members are performers of whom any Musical Society might well be proud. It was gratifying to observe the large number of men from other Colleges who were present at this Concert, and we may hope that soon every College in the 'Varsity will find that "Classical Music" is not out of place at a Smoking Concert. Mr W. H. Reed seems to have improved every time we hear him, and we feel sure that before long his name will be well known in the musical world. A. J. Walker sang "Ca' the Yowes" with his usual feeling; he was accompanied by the Composer, Mr H. E. Macpherson.

We are sorry to notice that the "Crochets" made their last appearance on the Musical Society platform at the second concert: one of their number—alas!—is "going down," and the "Crotchets" will soon cease to exist. Their place seems to have already been filled by another male-voice quartett, styled the "Accidentals." Mr Barlow kindly presided at both the concerts. Hoffman's "Melusina" has been chosen as the work to be performed at the May Concert, and practices have been held regularly during the term. Surely there are some more tenors in the College; at present there are more than twenty basses in the chorus, while the tenors only number six. We hope that their numbers will have increased by the first practice next term, for no one can join the chorus after that date.

St John's College Ball.

At a meeting held in Lecture-Room VI on March 1, it was decided, if possible, to give another Ball this year. In order that the Ball should be a success, the numbers must be increased as compared with those of last year.

To meet any unexpected expense or an overdraught on the estimate of the expenses of the Ball, it is necessary to raise £50. If the Ball is a financial success, the subscribers to this fund receive their subscriptions back again.

It is to be hoped that the College will patriotically support the Ball, and induce as many friends as possible to come and help to make it a success.

Last year the Ball was held in the Hall, and though 171 tickets were sold, still there was a scarcity of dancers.

It is estimated that if about eighty members will promise to take tickets, the Ball will in all probability be a success.

A meeting will be held early next term, when final arrangements will be made.

Theological Society.

President—R. O. P. Taylor. *Hon. Treasurer*—B. P. Strangeways. *Hon. Secretary*—J. D. Davies. *Committee*—V. M. Smith, G. E. Iles.

The meetings were as follows:

Feb. 1—In W. J. C. Scarlin's rooms. Subject, "Savonarola," by V. M. Smith.

Feb. 8—In W. S. Sherwin's rooms. Subject, "St Wilfred of York," by Rev J. H. B. Masterman.

Feb. 15—In R. O. P. Taylor's rooms. Subject, "Inerrancy of Holy Scripture," by Prof H. E. Ryle.

Feb. 22—In G. S. Whitaker's rooms. Subject, "Catholicity of the Prayer-Book," by Rev H. H. B. Ayles.

March 1—In Mr H. T. E. Barlow's rooms. Subject, "St Basil the Great," by Mr H. T. E. Barlow.

The Society at present is in a very flourishing condition, and the membership is still on the increase. The meetings on the whole have been well attended, but there are yet many members who do not put in their appearance more than once a term. The papers read this term have been exceedingly good, and the discussions following have been generally of an interesting nature.

College Mission.

The Missioners were glad to welcome so many visitors from College during the Christmas vacation. Some were fresh faces, some old friends. Peter Green B.A. was duly admitted to Holy Orders by the Bishop of Rochester at the Advent Ordination, and is now the third Missioner. There is some connexion between this event and another which we regard with great satisfaction and hope, namely, the affiliation to ourselves for the purposes of the Mission of Cranleigh School. This has just been effected quite spontaneously on the part of the School with cordial welcome by us. A good Committee of Cranleighans has been formed, and they have decided to ask that their contributions be specially regarded as going to be devoted to the support of the Third Missioner. They do not undertake his entire support, but will go as far as they can. As the Third Missioner is an old Cranleighan, we can, as we said, see a natural reason for the special form which the School assistance takes. It relieves us of considerable anxiety: we feel that the Deaconess Fund covers as much as we can possibly bear beyond the two Missioners and other general expenses; and we are much relieved to know that, for some time at least, the Third Missioner is provided for. The announcement of this new departure was received with great applause at our College Lent term meeting on February 18. This meeting was more numerously attended than has sometimes been the case; and Mr Green was much encouraged, well supported as he was by the robust and breezy vigour which always chacterises the speeches of the Rev R. P. Roseveare. We were very glad to welcome Mr Roseveare again on our platform: he was one of the very first junior members of the College to take part in the Mission, appearing, as he told us, on the very first Sunday at Mr Phillips' side eleven years ago, and his zeal has never cooled. It was pleasant, too, to hear the expressions of interest on the part of Mr Tanner and Mr Baker, who moved and seconded the vote of thanks to the Master and speakers at this meeting, Mr Tanner's narrative of experience as a lecturer to our Walworth people being of a highly diverting order. The meeting was a good one in every respect. Mr Phillips is down with influenza and could not come to the meeting, while Mr Wallis, left in sole charge of everything, was also unable to come. We hope to see them in College soon for some days

The Hon Mrs Whately, who is a relative of Mrs Gerard Cobb, and takes charge of the Mothers' Meeting in Walworth, very kindly arranged a sale of work on behalf of the Mission Funds. Many members of the College were able to persuade their lady friends to help in sending up work, and on Feb. 21 the Sale was held at 3 Belgrave Square, the residence of Dowager Lady de Ramsey. The sum realized was over £125 nett, and the Committee will join Mr Phillips in

deliberating as to its best distribution among the pressing needs, viz., the Deaconess Fund, more rooms for Clubs and Classes.

As the Johnian Dinner in London is fixed for Thursday, April 18, Mr Bateman has taken steps to arrange that there be a service at the Lady Margaret Church in the afternoon of that day, when some members of the College, yet to be named, will give us an address.

The new Junior Secretary for 1895 is R. Y. Bonsey, and the new Junior Treasurer is F. Lydall. The first year men elected on Committee at the January meeting are E. H. Keymer, J. M. Marshall, C. B. Rootham. We are specially well equipped both in the Mission and in College just now; we trust that progress will be the result.

THE LIBRARY.

* *The asterisk denotes past or present Members of the College.*

Donations and Additions to the Library during Quarter ending Christmas 1894.

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