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CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. OF CAMBRIDGE GENERALLY	1
II. OF FATHERS	7
III. OF MOTHERS	15
IV. OF SISTERS	19
V. OF BEDMAKERS	24
VI. OF GYPS	28
VII. OF UNDERGRADUATES	31

CAMBRIDGE DIALOGUES.

I. A MORNING WITH AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATES	41
II. READING HARD	46
III. GATED	50
IV. A TUTOR'S BREAKFAST IN OCTOBER	54
V. AMONG THE DONS	57
VI. THE LITTLE GO	62
VII. AMONG THE ORATORS	65
VIII. AMONG THE WELL-INFORMED.	68
IX. AS OTHERS SEE US	72
X. "A LEETLE DAWG"	76
XI. AMONG THE NOISY	81
XII. SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER	86
XIII. SEEING LIFE IN LONDON	90
XIV. THE PLEASURES OF TUBBING ; OR, HOW WE MANUFACTURE OARSMEN	95

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
XV. TRAINING FOR THE LENT RACES	100
XVI. AT THE BOATRACES IN JUNE	106
XVII. AN AFTERNOON WITH THE UNIVERSITY EIGHT	110
XVIII. A DRESS REHEARSAL	115
XIX. A GREEK PLAY REHEARSAL	121

TRIPOS PAPERS.

AGRICULTURE AT CAMBRIDGE	127
THE ATHLETIC TRIPOS	131
—————	
SAVED BY A SIGN	135
SOME MODERN VERSE	148

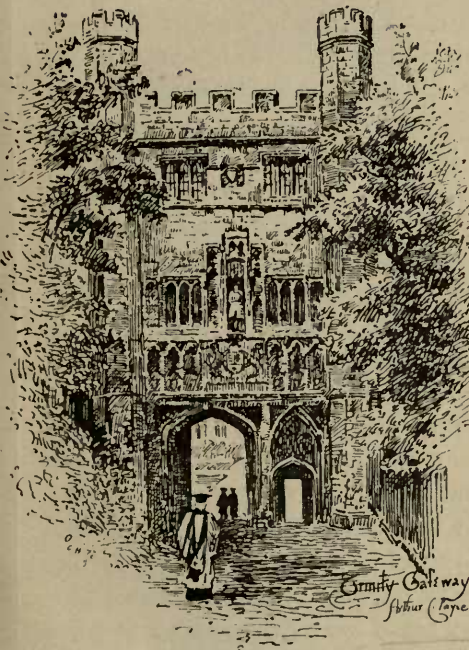
CAMBRIDGE VERSE.

REDEUNTIBUS	159
A BALLAD OF CAMBRIDGE DAY BY DAY	162
AVE VIR(IDIS) IMPERATOR!	166
IN JESUS LANE	169
THE BROKEN BRIDGE	172
THE NARROWING CAGE	175
CAMBRIDGE REVISITED	180
TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY	184
AN INTER-UNIVERSITY INCIDENT	189
WELSHED	198
A BREAKFAST EMBARRASSMENT	204
ION FILINGS; OR, THE WRECK OF THE FAST CREUSA	207
THE END OF TERM	215
BETTY	219
LITTLE BEN IVANHOE	226
THE RUNAWAY RHYME	234
EXEUNTIBUS	237

IN CAMBRIDGE COURTS.

CHAPTER I.

OF CAMBRIDGE GENERALLY.



HOW shall a man construct a definition of Cambridge comprehensively embodying every phase of Cambridge life? For to some the University is the home of Triposes and "Poll" Examinations, the manufactory of wranglers, the abiding-place of lectures, and the conferrer of degrees. Others

think of her as the place where physical excellence may

be displayed, where races are to be won and "blues" to be acquired by ceaseless labour and rigorous training. In the eyes of some she is a collection of staid and learned men, living lives of scholarly and fruitful leisure in panelled halls, from the walls of which the great men of the past look down upon their dignified and sometimes worthy successors. Others take small account of Dons, and regard Cambridge merely as the home of perpetual youth—youth tempered, it may be, by Proctors and Deans, but not, it would appear, on that account less supreme in the eyes of all intelligent men as well as in its own. Who shall decide between these two views? Not I, certainly; though, if I had to make my choice, I might perhaps hint a preference. But since nobody forces me to choose between two extremes, I am fain to pass the question by with the admission that there is truth, but not the whole truth, in both views. For, in fact, Cambridge is a school of life,—and of conduct. There, character may be seen in the making, and men equip themselves for the conflicts of maturer years. Amid the stately halls and quiet courts, on the river and in the cricket-field, in the free and genial intercourse of man with man, penetrated as it should be with the spirit of culture and tolerance, qualities can be developed that are of inestimable value to English life. Even the lecture-room and the examination have their uses, independent of what they do for science and scholarship; for they, too, are a part of discipline, and, if they did not exist, would have to be invented by undergraduates, who, paradoxical as it may seem, are never so happy as when they are disciplined. For is it not the nature of undergraduates to organise themselves into clubs of all kinds? and

is it not the first duty of a club to govern itself by rules, and so to restrict the perfect freedom of its members? And after all (and here I find myself, in spite of all precaution, preferring one 'of the two extremes) it is the life in little of the undergraduates that gives to Cambridge her abiding charm, her constant freshness. They come from countless homes scattered over the habitable globe: Englishmen from all parts of England, Scotchmen, Irishmen, tall and muscular Australians, New Englanders not a few, here and there an Indian or a mild Japanese, or even a jovial African—such is the mixture of races. And of ranks, and pursuits, and opinions, and faiths the variety is infinite. Rich and poor, scholar and athlete, churchman and dissenter, orator and amateur actor; men who wear the suits of the gaudy, and men who wear the spectacles of the solemn and short-sighted; embryo philosophers, aspiring metaphysicians; men who read, or ride, or row, or run; men who loaf altogether, and are ploughed; and men who prefer the half-loaf of a “poll” degree to no degree at all,—of all these and of all their subdivisions are specimens to be found in Cambridge. But since they are all young, they are for the most part lighthearted; they can look out upon the larger life without flinching; their natures are not yet warped by failure or soured by disappointment. A sort of gay *insouciance* is in the air, infecting everybody to such an extent that even a dull man who may be destined in after-life to devastate a whole country-side as a bore sometimes sparkles into amusement at Cambridge, and may be cited as the humourist of a select circle. It is to this spirit, perhaps, that the curious inversion of views which prevails at Cambridge is traceable. For there are men who will treat a

course of lectures as a joke, and make the course which they row on the Cam the serious object of existence. They will be heedless of a tutor's words of wisdom, but will listen with a desperate attention to the admonitions of their rowing coach; they will avoid a chapel without compunction, but no power in the world is sufficient to keep them away from a bump-supper. Such conduct is doubtless highly censurable, but it exists and has always existed, *mutatis mutandis*, at Cambridge. Indeed, nothing is more striking to a student of Cambridge manners than the permanence both of habits and of types, to which Mr. Whibley has called attention in his book "In Cap and Gown." Here, for instance, are some lines written one hundred and forty years ago that are almost as appropriate to-day as they were then:—

“A dog he unconcern'd maintains,
 And seeks with gun the sportful plains
 Which ancient Cam divides;
 Or to the hills on horseback strays
 (Unask'd his Tutor), or his chaise
 To famed Newmarket guides.

“Even in the Proctor's awful sight,
 On Regent Walk at twelve last night,
 Unheeding I came.
 And though, with Wish's claret fired,
 I brushed his side, he ne'er inquired
 My College or my name.”

We do not carry guns on Midsummer Common nowadays, nor do we buy claret from Wish. But men still fail to ask a proper permission of their tutors; still do they guide chaises to Newmarket; and still they dread the Proctor's awful sight. Ties, boots, and hats may change

in shape or in colour, collars may be raised or lowered by inches, coats may vary their pattern, catch-words may die out and be replaced by others, but the undergraduate himself is unchangeable. Indeed, Cambridge may be converted, according to the desires of Mr. Chaplin, into one vast agricultural school, with farmyards in place of College courts, farmers in place of masters, and dairymaids in the shoes (though not in the bonnets) of bedmakers; but it is safe to assume that even then the breast of the ploughboy will swell with the emotions that used to stir the undergraduate whom he will have succeeded; he will still look forward with the same unconquerable aversion to visiting the Dean (in his barn), and possibly he will cut corn with the same assiduity as is displayed by the undergraduate of to-day in the case of lectures. Another point, too, must be remembered. Life at Cambridge, being life in little, is naturally short. Our little life is rounded with a degree; and all experience, as well as all reading, must be concentrated into the three years, at the end of which the undergraduate becomes a B.A., and vanishes from the scene of his labours and his delights. A study of this life, therefore, of which the type has been the same in all ages, in which all experience is compacted into three necessarily eventful years, ought to be full of profitable lessons. The subject is not difficult; its very shortness should make it attractive as well as useful to all. Indeed, it has occurred to me that we proceed generally upon a wrong system. Instead of asking young men to profit by the experience of their seniors, and to learn wisdom from *their* variable and extensive lives, we should compel the seniors to study for their own profit the life and experience of, for instance, the

average undergraduate. If any word of mine can induce a grandfather, or even a father, to pause in his career, and to realise how much may be learnt from a consideration of the lives of young men, these pages will not have been written in vain.

And this leads me to speak of fathers—the fathers, that is to say, of undergraduates. But a theme so important demands a fresh chapter,—and shall have it.

CHAPTER II.

OF FATHERS.

OF fathers there are naturally many varieties, but the father as we hear of him at Cambridge seems to have no variety whatever. Undergraduates, in fact, may differ amongst themselves, but they all appear to unite in the possession of one kind of father—an awe-inspiring personage, whom it is not easy to describe. He may be a country clergyman, or a member of Parliament, or a legal luminary, or a merchant prince; he may be tall or short, stout or thin, dark or pale. These qualities are but as the outer shell, and if we remove them we discover a startling identity of shape and character. The father, then, is to an undergraduate a purse-holder and a dole-distributor, and he is wont to accompany both the holding and the distribution with remarks which grate on the youthful ear of his son. He is much given to sarcasm, which he varies with outbursts of violence. Though he may be, and often is, a kind man, he is constantly credited with a temper as rough as it is unreasonable. He is averse to late hours, and views gardenia button-holes, stalls at the theatre, yellow boot, and new suits of clothes, with a suspicion bred of the knowledge that a prolonged indulgence in them makes serious inroads on an income of which he knows the

exact limits. In fact, his accurate knowledge of his son's resources gives him a lever which he perpetually uses in the most unscrupulous way. His visits to Cambridge are few, but they require an amount of preparation on the part of the son quite out of proportion to their length. Photographs must be removed from mantelpieces, liqueur bottles have to be hidden, packs of cards have to be disposed of, and, above all, bills—that fatal evidence of excess and recklessness—have to be concealed. A serious and sober demeanour has to be assumed, and friends are warned that “the old gentleman doesn't like slang.” A father may, perhaps, be described as a man who, on the very slenderest foundations, builds up the expectation that his son will devote himself to reading, and who, disappointed in this, takes a mean advantage of his superior position to curtail incomes and diminish liberty. He is, moreover, the last refuge and resource of the destitute; for it is a fact, proved by centuries of experience, that though he is his son's best friend, he is appealed to in money difficulties only after every other appeal has been exhausted. All fathers have one method in the treatment of filial bills. They consider them monstrously extravagant, and never hesitate to say so. In fact, the most refreshing thing about a father is his extreme frankness. He never tries either to conceal his thoughts or to moderate his language when the defects of his offspring are in question. Though he is often made painfully aware of the fact that his son is a very young man, he never appears to lose the delusive hope that the experience of an older man may be accepted as a guide. The fact that he has always been older than his son has given rise to the ridiculous

opinion that he was never young. He holds himself to be prejudiced in favour of his son ; his son considers him to be prejudiced in favour of the authorities. His chief mistake would appear to be the idea that Cambridge is a place where learning ought to reign supreme ; his principal fault is unquestionably his absurd reliance on the comprehensive efficacy of Cambridge Tutors. Those who most frequently abuse the paternal kindness and transgress the paternal authority always speak of him as the governor, so called, of course, *a non gubernando*. Speaking generally, he is a good man with excellent intentions, placed by Providence in a position for which his son does not think him fully qualified.

I had written thus far when it occurred to me that it might be well to take the actual opinion of an undergraduate on the subject. The knowledge of such a man was likely to be far fresher and more valuable than any I, as a veteran, could pretend to. I therefore consulted an undergraduate friend, who, after considering the matter for a week or so, sent me the following reply :—

“ I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you what I think about fathers, for I have studied the question for a considerable period, and I cannot help feeling that the time is ripe for an expression of opinion on the matter. At intervals during the past few years I have noticed in one or other of the daily papers protracted discussions with regard to the proper method of dealing with sons or daughters. The parents of England have had their say, and the world is no whit the wiser. Gallons of ink and reams of paper have been absolutely wasted. This is a melancholy fact, and the reason of it is not far to seek. The truth is, we

have hitherto approached the discussion *from the wrong side*. A moment's calm reflection will show how ridiculous it is for a parcel of elderly gentlemen, with all their prejudices hardened by age, and with many of their tempers impaired by a constant struggle against indigestion and domestic servants, to pretend to give a reasonable and dispassionate judgment on this delicate matter. The remedy is obvious. *Let us first make up our minds what we ought to do with our fathers*. If we can once settle that, there can be no difficulty about anything else. We are in the heyday of life and vigour; all our faculties are fresh; we know a great deal about life; our minds have not been warped by the absurd necessity for making money: in short, we are thoroughly qualified for giving an impartial and a decisive opinion on every question of general interest. On this particular question we are bound to arrive at some decision. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it not less to the thousands and thousands of fathers who only need a few authoritative words of guidance in order to become excellent citizens and reasonable human beings.

“In saying this, I am not saying more than I can prove by instances that have come within my own experience. I will give you two.

“The first is an example of severity, seasonably applied. Harbottle was a Trinity undergraduate, gifted with a brilliant capacity for spending money as it ought to be spent. At the end of his second year he found himself, owing, no doubt, to the general depression of trade, considerably in debt. He was compelled to reduce his establishment of gyps, and give only four large dinners a term. He also sold, at a great sacrifice, a set of diamond

studs which he had bought in London, and had always represented as a gift from his best friend. In fact, he pinched himself in many different ways ; and actually went so far as to order four new suits of clothes, in order to prevent his tailor from sending in his bill. Suddenly he remembered that he had a father who was living in affluence in one of the Midland counties, and was wasting his money on greenhouses. His resolution was at once taken. He wrote to his father, and informed him that unless he ceased building greenhouses, and increased his (Harbottle junior's) allowance by £1000 a year, all intercourse between them must come to an end, and he would be forced to apply for a popular crossing near Piccadilly Circus. The effect was magical. Harbottle, senior, behaved as a father should. He made over all his possessions to his son, and is now honourably employed as an odd hand at the London Docks.

“Example No. 2 shows how a recalcitrant father may be conquered by kindness. Mr. Derryman, Q.C., had a magnificent practice at the Chancery Bar. He had also a son at Trinity Hall. The elder man was a teetotaller, the younger was a member of the Hibernian Club. During the last long vacation young Derryman instructed the family cook to mix wine with her jellies, which he administered to his father by teaspoonfuls at dinner. The two men had hitherto not been on the best terms. When they were last together they drank a magnum of Pommery, and swore eternal friendship. I hear that Mr. Derryman's practice is diminishing ; but as he used always to complain he had too much work to do, he cannot well grumble when it is made easier for him.”

Now this, of course, was satisfactory so far as it went ; but it did not go very far. I thought it only fair that both sides should take part in this important discussion, and I therefore sent the above letter to a father whom I know slightly, and asked him to favour me with his opinion on it. I append his reply :—

“I never lived in affluence in a Midland county, nor have I wasted any money on the building of greenhouses. Still, I am by trade a father, and, as I have six sons, of whom four are or have been at Cambridge, I may consider myself to be in a very fair way of business, and may by your indulgence claim a voice in this discussion. If I understood your correspondent rightly, he suggests that we should all be turned into odd hands at the London Docks, or into shocking examples for temperance lecturers. Personally, I should prefer the latter alternative. The life would be variegated, and the dreams, up to a certain point, beautiful. However, we have scarcely got quite so far as that just yet. Let me suggest a few considerations which seem to me to make it highly improbable that we ever shall. In the first place, if our sons mean to undertake our careers, they must also look after our education. They must choose a good private school for their budding fathers, and afterwards select for us with the utmost discrimination a good public school where the tone is high. They must be careful not to stint us in the matter of pocket-money, and always to accept with perfect complacency the adverse reports from our schoolmasters. Above all, I warn them against complaining of the length of our holidays. The sons whose education now occupies me seem to expect that I should satisfy all these requisites.

When I in turn come to be educated by my sons, I shall expect a similar display of good-nature. But I have not yet exhausted the list. When in due course I proceed as a reformed father to the University, I shall look for a very liberal allowance, and shall require my son-father to take no notice whatever of any complaints from my tutors. If I run into debt, I shall expect smiles and a cheque ; and if I get ploughed in my ' General,' I shall be furious if my new protector takes it in anything but good part. Further, my son will have to play his part thoroughly by going to the city six days in the week from ten till five, by abjuring the Gaiety Theatre, and associating only with thoroughly dull and respectable people. When he comes up to Cambridge to see me, he must call on the Master of the College. When all that has been done, he must settle my career. But stay. Before he does any of these things, he will have to settle his own career. I know he cannot do that. He has often assured me of the fact. I take it, therefore, that fathers may rest secure in their unassailable rights for some time to come."

There is an unseasonable flippancy in the tone of this letter which impressed me disagreeably ; but, as a matter of fair play, I publish it as it was written. Somehow or other it got noised abroad that I was engaged in investigating the subject of fathers, and a gentleman who is a total stranger to me sent me a long printed circular containing an account of " A Home of Rest for Fathers," an institution I had never before heard of. The following note came with it :—

"SIR,—Permit me to call your attention to the accompanying circular, describing a practical method for dealing with fathers. Two years ago some philanthropic gentlemen

established a Home of Rest for Fathers at Margate. The results have been excellent. Scores of broken-down fathers, who had apparently lost all control over themselves and their sons, and had developed the most distressing symptoms of dander, have been cared for at this institution, and, after a short period of treatment, have been restored to their sons in admirable condition. We divide them into three classes. (1) Violent fathers. These are kept in separate rooms, and are allowed out singly for an hour's exercise in the tanyard under the eye of an experienced keeper. (2) Sarcastic fathers. These all live together. They try their sarcasms on one another, and we find that they soon abandon this painful habit. (3) Ordinary fathers, who plead poverty or object to tailors' bills, or whose money-bags go at the knees. We provide this class with cheque-books, and give them drawing lessons. I shall be happy to supply you with all further information. For terms see circular."

This sounds admirable. There is a touching description in the circular of a meeting between a convalescent father and his undergraduate sons, but it is too long for quotation. However, having called attention to this practical method, I feel that I have done my best for both parties.

CHAPTER III.

OF MOTHERS.

MOTHERS are, on the whole, a very attractive race. A censor might, perhaps, charge them with an excess of amiable credulity, and an undue tendency to kissing their sons at railway stations; but these, after all, are faults on the right side. For the credulity causes them to accept with perfect composure every excuse that a son may make for the irregularities of youth; and no son, however stern, can reasonably object to unbending so far as to embrace a confiding mother even in public. Mothers are also apt to complain in public that their sons look pale. There is only one way of meeting this, and that is to hint vaguely either at overwork or at financial depletion, caused by the prompt payment of Cambridge debts. The result is generally satisfactory. Mothers, as a rule, have the oddest views with regard to the dress and general appearance of their sons. "My dearest boy," a mother will say, "*why* do you have your hair cut so short? You used to look so beautiful as a small boy, with your curls falling over your shoulders. I don't know what made me give in to your father and allow them to be cut off." Mothers often confide to other mothers—in whom a strange lack of sympathy is to be noted—long stories about the brilliant

ability and universal popularity of their sons. The other mothers invariably retaliate upon them after a proper interval. From a Cambridge point of view, fathers, though their visits to us are few, and the welcome extended to them is consequently infrequent, belong to all seasons and to every term. Mothers, though they would always be welcome, appertain of right only to the May term. As in fathers there is no variety, so in mothers a 'pleasing sameness is to be noticed. No mother ever viewed with complete disfavour a suspicion of wildness in her son—so long as it proceeds no further than a reasonable suspicion. "Dear Joseph," says the good woman, "is a very nice, quiet boy. I am never troubled about him; but Fred is so wild, bless him! I don't know what his father would think if he knew all." And accordingly Joseph proceeds without much further notice through a dull but respectable College career to a good degree and a curacy; whilst Fred tumbles out of one scrape into another, receives continual gifts of maternal money as a counterpoise to constant paternal rebukes, forfeits the esteem of the College authorities, and remains his mother's darling to the end of the chapter. Perpetual ridicule and unceasing refusals have never been known to damp the ardour with which a mother presses woollen comforters and worsted undervests upon her offspring. The fact that she knows little, and understands less, of her son's pursuits never yet caused her to falter in the conviction that she alone can mark out for him the proper sphere of his activity. In general she appoints one son after another in imagination to a bishopric or a Lord Chancellorship; but this merely shows that mothers are properly sanguine, and sons, as a rule, unfairly

disappointing. Where a father is severe and storms, a mother is indulgent and weeps. She is always the kindest of women and the staunchest of champions, although sometimes in her zeal for her son she overlooks or despises the fact that his father bears any relationship to him. When the paternal Robinson has refused to his son an extra allowance, Mrs. Robinson has been known to declare that "no Robinson was ever anything but near in money matters; but the Smiths [her own family] were always generous." Nor does Robinson, junior, object, when such a declaration is accompanied by a furtive five-pound note.

Mothers are gentle and affectionate creatures, easily coaxed and wheedled. It is, therefore, all the more strange that every mother should have an enemy with whom she carries on a bitter and merciless conflict. The name of this hereditary foe is sometimes Sarah Jane, and sometimes Mary Ann, but she is always a family cook. The conflict has raged with varying success for centuries. At one time the cook, more often the mistress, has obtained the mastery, pitched battles have been fought over the weekly books, ambushes ending in a month's notice have been organised, forays have been planned into larders, fearful skirmishes have taken place round the dead bodies of sheep and oxen, and over all the exciting incidents of this secular struggle the family butcher has hovered like a spirit of mischief, inciting the combatants to renewed fury. And yet, wonderful as it may seem, mothers and cooks cannot bear to be separated. I know a mother who has despatched twelve cooks. But the warnings thus given have fallen on deaf ears; for a thirteenth, heedless of the fate of her predecessors, has now taken up the hopeless fight

Having nursed her undergraduate son through the ailments of infancy, a mother has generally no confidence in the tender care of a College bedmaker. She never accuses her son of smoking too little, and she is apt to show undue pride when he obtains a first class in the History Special. She is gratefully received at Cambridge in the May term, especially if accompanied by daughters or nieces. And for her part she accepts with kindly condescension the attentions of her son's College friends, not one of whom does she consider to be the equal in beauty, or wisdom, or general fascination of her own darling.

CHAPTER IV.

OF SISTERS.

BROTHERS who have lately passed out of the kilt or knickerbocker stage into the conscious glory of trousers have been known to ask themselves in moments of just irritation whether a sister is really useful, and to answer the question by a prompt and decided negative. A sister might reply by asking why the fingers of her brothers are invariably inky, why their hair is generally guiltless of brush or comb, why their trousers, after a brief period of absolutely straight creases down the front, should always decline into patches and fray at the heels, why they should appropriate to themselves the cub's share of jam at the family tea, and many other perplexing questions, the insoluble nature of which drives a sister to dolls, diaries, and despair.

I was once permitted to inspect a small sister's diary. I hasten to add that this particular sister was not my own. Here are a few extracts taken at haphazard from that sacred receptacle of outraged feelings and frustrated hopes :
“ *Thursday.* Tom sed I was a muf and butterfingers, becos I didnt catch a ball he bussed at me. It hurt and wen I cried he sed go to mammy little milksop. Afterwards he gave me the ball wich was my own before, and sed I wasnt

a bad sort for a girl. He sed he wood get me a new head for my doll with blue eyes to move up and down. *Saturday*. Tom broke a window and I told mama it was me, but Tom sed it was him and we are both in a scrape. Tom said I was a reglar brick. I want to be a boy very much becos Tom sais it wood be better but I cant becos I wear a frock. Tom sais try wearing trousers. I shall tomorrow and see what happens." At this point occurred a *hiatus valde deflendus* in the entries, but subsequent inquiries have convinced me that the interesting experiment foreshadowed in the last sentence was not completely successful.

Yet there can be no doubt—the universal voice of brotherhood is emphatic on the point—that sisters are very useful up to the age of about fourteen as longstops in family cricket. They have a pleasing and plucky habit of stopping the ball with their frocks. During this process they always avert their heads, and the invariable consequence is that it takes them at least five minutes to discover the precise place in which the bashful ball has managed to conceal itself. Thus they protract the game, but not the tempers of their brothers, who during these intervals pass from impatience to fury, and from fury subside into a convinced scorn which is perhaps harder to bear. I don't know why it should be so, but I know it is a fact, that on these occasions brothers are generally personal, horribly personal, in their remarks, and the poor little sister whose chubby face is not as that of a statue may be implored to "Look sharp, little potato-face!" or, "Now then, dumpy, chuck that ball up!" It may be laid down as axiom that no sister ever threw a ball straight, but they may all be depended upon to miss catches

with unflinching regularity. Every sister worthy of the name admires and adores her elder brother. Next to him, and almost as unapproachable, she places the family dog, whom she pursues with unrequited affection, while his mind is intent on rats or rabbits, or a scamper at the heels of his boyish masters. Of a much younger brother, however, a sister often makes a slave, and blood-curdling stories have been told of little boys in whom the example of a sister has inspired an unworthy devotion to dolls and their tea-parties. Sometimes, when stung beyond endurance by the assumption that the world and its luxuries were intended for boys—who, if everybody had his rights, would have formed the entire population—sisters have been heard to retaliate by addressing their tormentors as “pigs.” This epithet has been known to shake happy families (happy, that is, beyond the mere menagerie sense) to their foundations. It combines contempt, rage, desperation, and hatred in equal quantities, and when properly pronounced is supposed to have all the shattering effect of an explosive bullet discharged point-blank. But brothers are a callous race, with highly developed powers of derision. Sisters sometimes wear long hair in plaits; but it is not absolutely necessary to tie or nail these to the backs of chairs. Occasionally, however, this has been done even in the best families, and always with pleasing results.

Where two or three sisters are gathered together in the company of a brother or two, they generally possess and discuss a secret. A cynical observer has stated that you can always make them happy by tossing them a secret to exercise their teeth on. It is amusing, he says, to watch them giggling away over it until they have gnawed it quite

clean, and then furtively carrying it away to a dark corner to be buried like Ponto's bone and exhumed on the following day. As a rule, sisters talk much better French and German than brothers. Of this superiority they take an unfair advantage, by carrying on a lively conversation in a foreign language with a girl friend, and in the presence of their brothers,—to whom, by the way, their remarks are always supposed to refer. By this method an ordinary brother may sometimes be driven from a room with ignominy. Sisters also shine upon the piano; whereas brothers allow their parents to understand that Greek and Latin have claims which exclude the possibility of music, while permitting a violent devotion to cricket and football. At the same time, no properly constituted brother would admit for a moment any superiority based upon mere excellence in scale-strumming. Yet in after-years, when time may have brought dim ideas of the true value of things, brothers often sit at their sisters' pedals, and exact much music from them with a proper sense of humility. It is of the essence of sisters at all ages to know all the weak points of their brothers,—I was about to say by heart, but I doubt if this tender word has any place in a statement of the cruelties of sisters. At any rate, it is quite certain that they use this knowledge with an effect which is enhanced by the superior sharpness both of their wits and of their tongues. All this may seem to negative the idea of an adoring and admiring sister; but it is an incontrovertible fact that in a sister cruelty can coexist with adoration, and admiration does not exclude sarcasm. Let any one who doubts this select a casual sister—anybody's will do—and hint to her a doubt about the supreme excellence of her brother. The result will probably make

him wish he had been born to-morrow. Sisters are, as a rule, either punctual or unpunctual at breakfast. In the former case they are held up as examples to their brothers, and pour out for them tepid cups of tea; in the latter case they have headaches, and enjoy their luncheons.

Most undergraduates like to see their sisters at Cambridge in the May term; for the admiration of a sister by friends reflects honour and glory on her brother. On their side sisters do their best to look as pretty as possible,—not, of course, because they want to be admired, but merely in order to please the fastidious taste of their fraternal host. They are apt to grow enthusiastic over the prowess of men who endure without collapsing the rigours of “that horrid training.” Yet sisters can go to four big balls on successive nights, and dance energetically through them, not to speak of the flower-shows, concerts, tea-parties, luncheons, and picnics which occupy the days, and never look one penny the worse for all the excitement.

One of the chief advantages to a poet of possessing a sister is that she can often be made to rhyme with “kissed her.” But that, as Mr. Kipling might say, is another’s sister.

CHAPTER V.

OF BEDMAKERS.

A COLLEGE is supposed, by those who are ignorant of its labours and tribulations, to be a modern paradise. Undergraduates presumably are imagined as wandering hither and thither in the free and happy condition of Adam before the Fall. To make the parallel complete, we must suppose Eve to be represented by the light-hearted tribe of bed-makers. The question immediately arises: Has the bed-maker eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? The answer that suggests itself is that, if she finds that fruit in her master's gyp-room cupboard, she will, in all probability, treat it as a perquisite. I say, advisedly, that the answer suggests itself. But the suggestion must be scouted. It is true that the bedmaker of fiction is an absorber of the drink of others, and a consumer of food which is not her own. Tradition has handed her down to us as a harpy in petticoats. The bedmaker of fact, more often than not, is bold enough to fly in the face of tradition, and to give fiction the lie. Perquisites, indeed, she has; but they are the perquisites of bread and butter permitted to her by a custom which has all the force of a law. A bedmaker who refused to accept them would be very properly held to have disgraced her shawl. During a

long experience of bedmakers, I have not known one who would not rather allow a cold leg of mutton or a partially eaten partridge to decay than, by removing it, incur the suspicion of having pilfered. Bedmakers, differing in this respect from the laundresses of the Temple, justify their title by actually making beds. Moreover, they tidy rooms, lay tables, make tea, and, in fact, minister generally to the wants of undergraduates who "keep" in College.

The bedmaker, in her time, serves hundreds of different masters. Undergraduate succeeds undergraduate on her staircase, and to each in turn she renders the same willing service. She knows better than any one else his little weaknesses, his vanities, and his freaks. On the whole, she likes him, though she does not make a hero of him until he is gone. How, indeed, can he be a hero in her eyes whom she has watched gloriously drinking champagne in the evening, and finds in bed the next morning in his clothes and boots? Yet, after his departure, when he is no more to her than a name, she dwells fondly on his virtues and his prowess, and relates, with a touch of scorn for the inferiority of the present, the daring deeds of the past. In truth, she is too apt to estimate excellence by the number of dinners given. "Ah, them was times," I have heard her say; "there ain't nothing like it now. Why, I've seen twenty of 'em all under the table four times a week, and all the furniture bust to bits." And having said this, she has withered me by adding that her present masters were poor creatures, who, in the matter of hospitality, confined themselves to eggs, which they got in by dozens from the country.

A bedmaker frequently has curious notions with regard to hereditary rank, and I heard one relate a moving story of a

peer who married a bedmaker's daughter, and, in so doing, "took away the title from his sister, the Duchess, pore dear, and broke 'er 'eart." Yet even amongst bedmakers there are degrees of rank; for it is well known that in Trinity an Old Court bedmaker considers a Neville's Court bedmaker as a dangerous rival, whereas she looks down upon one from the New Court, and refuses to hold any intercourse whatever with one who makes beds in the Master's Court. Although bedmakers are favourably disposed to an extravagant master of rackets tendencies, they are themselves the embodiment of respectable middle age. Their characters are spotless, their complexions shady. They think but little of a reading-man until he obtains a first class, when they bask for a while in the rays reflected from his triumph, and pity their colleagues whose masters have been "ploughed." In general, they are kindly and attentive. If an undergraduate fall sick, he will often find in his bedmaker the most faithful and devoted nurse, though she will take that opportunity of telling him how much he resembles her son William when he had the measles and the dropsy. A bonnet is the badge of all her tribe, and she expects a fee for "hooding" * her master when he takes his degree. Her friendship is, as a rule, so staunch that she will allow no one except herself even to think ill of her master. She often informs him that she spends her life in defending his character.

A proposal for the abolition of bedmakers has been hinted at in Cambridge. Perish the mere thought! For, after all,

* Hooding—*i.e.*, the investiture of an undergraduate who has passed his final examination, and is about to take his B.A., degree with the rabbit-skin hood, which he has to wear on this solemn occasion.

bedmakers exert a humanising influence. Their language may not be polished, nor their appearance exactly graceful; but there is a sense of comfort in being attended by the gossip-loving, busy, bonnet-wearing old ladies, for which one would willingly sacrifice some of the refinements that make the superior servant of later life so exceptionally insolent and disagreeable. A man is all very well—as a gyp; but he can never be to us what a bedmaker always has been. To her the masters who dwell on her staircase are a sort of sons. She pardons their weaknesses, makes allowance for their high spirits, smiles when they prepare booby-traps for her, and adores them when they come into collision with the authorities. For them she draws from the vast storehouse of her experience anecdote after anecdote, by which she proves conclusively that undergraduates have always been the noblest and best of mankind—when they took the advice of bedmakers, and spent their money in the proper quarter. I know many men who would rather be deprived of their boots than of their bedmakers. Many Colleges, too, could endure with equanimity the extinction of Deans, but would rebel against the abolition of bedmakers. No. In this discussion I follow the example of Lord Beaconsfield in the Darwinian controversy. I am on the side of the bedmakers.

CHAPTER VI.

OF GYPS.

LET others quarrel about the derivation, Egyptian or vulturous, of the word "gyp." Those who can watch the owner of the name day by day as he moves about in their midst, brushing their clothes, running their messages, waiting upon them at table, and generally attending to their undergraduate necessities, know him as he lives and breathes, and need not trouble themselves to trace his name back to its source in a manner which would be as offensive to him as it would be profitless to them. The gyp is to the bedmaker a colleague and a complement. Unlike her, however, he is an extra, and must be paid for accordingly. Inasmuch, then, as we all possess bedmakers, and only some of us rejoice in gyps, the latter must be considered the higher and the nobler order of beings, quite apart from their sex. For they are fewer than bedmakers, and therefore, being less common, must also be considered more aristocratic. Yet it must not be inferred that every gyp carries a coronet in his pocket, or possesses the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Moreover, as there are dukes and dukes, so in the genus "gyp" many varieties are to be discovered. For one will be a busy, bustling, hard-working, bright-tempered,

and light-handed attendant ; another will slouch through the performance of duties, which appear to be as distasteful to him as his manner is to his masters. One will find it possible to look after a dozen masters with satisfaction to all and (it must be added) with profit to himself ; another will fail to perform the orders of three. Gyps may be made intimately acquainted with generation after generation of folly, extravagance, incompetence, failure, and recklessness, yet they never lose their respectful demeanour, and never seem to abandon the hope, which they share with fathers, that a youth who spends ten minutes a day with his books, and the rest of his time at the club, at Newmarket, or at dinners, may eventually secure high honours in his examination, and be loved of the authorities. It is the mark of a true gyp to take the side of his master against the Tutor or the Dean ; but no gyp ever yet succeeded in repressing a smile of good-natured mockery when he pointed out to his master the fatal missive, announcing to him that the authorities wished to interview him. A good gyp is as secret as the grave. With him indiscretions babbled across a dinner-table, or foolish acts committed at any time by his master, are sacred. Years afterwards he may amuse a new generation by their recital, and thus earn the reputation of one who, having witnessed strange things, is entitled to respect. Speaking generally, the gyp is the handiest, quickest, and best of servants. He lacks the solemnity of the family butler, but he lacks also his pompous incompetence. He is never so artless as the lately imported footman, but he is scarcely ever such a fool. The valets of later life are a greedy, grasping crew. The gyp has a certain *esprit de corps*—a feeling for the College of which he is in some sort a humble member, and for the

young men whom he serves. Tutors have gyps who are more tutorial than the Tutors. Deans have gyps, and even Proctors have gyps. But of all gyps this is true—that they never refuse a tip, and never seem to grow older by a single day.

CHAPTER VII.

OF UNDERGRADUATES.

SOMETHING has already been said about undergraduates in the first chapter. In the "Cambridge Dialogues" which follow, an attempt is made to describe them as they live and move and have their being, from generation to generation, in the courts and streets of Cambridge. Our little world has been from time immemorial governed by its own little rules of social etiquette. I do not speak now of the attitude adopted by undergraduates towards those who are set in authority over them, although the Proctor, the Dean, and the Tutor are special elements in our existence,—whetstones, as it were, on which we may sharpen our ingenuity in the invention of excuses,—or (if I may vary the metaphor) easy (and often easy-going) bridges to span the gulf between the boy and the man. Too often, indeed, they are treated as fit only to be trodden on and passed over by the heedless feet of undergraduates. Yet in later life these authorities figure largely in the reminiscences of the University man, and many a mild being, whose existence at Cambridge was to all outward appearance a blameless one, may be heard narrating the marvellous tale of how he foiled an army of Proctors and bulldogs on a memorable evening in the glorious past of

his undergraduate days. That is, of course, part of the etiquette of legendary reminiscences. It may be shortly stated thus :—Proctors, Deans, and Tutors were intended by nature to be butts. If properly tapped, they may be relied on to supply an interminable stream of anecdote calculated to glorify yourself.

But the etiquette of undergraduates amongst themselves is even more remarkable. It ordains, amongst other things, that the man who is nineteen years of age and a freshman shall bear himself with a submissive deference towards another who has passed his twentieth birthday, and has become, technically speaking, a junior soph. If the latter call on the former and find that he is not at home, he leaves his card,—on which, by the way, the prefix “Mr.” must not be printed. But the freshman—supposing him to be desirous of cultivating the second-year man’s acquaintance—must call and call until he finds his senior at home. The freshman in his first term may accept but not offer invitations to meals,—except, of course, to other members of the humble tribe to which he himself belongs. In all matters he is supposed to know or to learn his place. At the same time, he is earnestly counted upon to provide laughter for his wiser comrades, by breaking such laws of etiquette as those which forbid a man to wear both gloves and his academical robes, or order him, when he wears a cap and gown and issues forth in a storm of rain, to leave his umbrella in his rooms. All these mysteries and many others the callow lad will discover for himself as the terms flit by, and make him old in the undergraduate’s sense of the word. For whereas few men appear to a veteran to be quite equal in point of youth to the freshman, there never yet has been any other man in

any other walk of life who more nearly approached both the years and presumable solemnity of Methuselah than does the third-year man in his last term, when the Tripos or the "Poll" Examination is casting its shadow upon him. He walks about Cambridge with a deep sense of the finality of joy, and of the necessity for selecting a career, and his bearing is weighed down with the responsibilities which remove him far from the idle frivolities of those who are still a year or two younger than he is himself. Afterwards, when he has taken his degree, and gone out to face the world, he will discover, with a shock of astonishment, that he is still young, and capable of enjoyment.

It is this rapid passage in three years from the greenest extreme of youth to the hoariest peak of age that gives to Cambridge the character of a world in miniature. All sorts and conditions of men are represented at Cambridge. The gentlemen of rank and fashion, who spend money freely, and take, I fear, but little advantage of the learning which the University provides, are popularly known as "bloods"—a name which has survived at Cambridge from the epoch of Tom and Jerry. At the opposite pole is the "smug"—bearded, spectacled, and eminently respectable. He, on his side, makes no use, if he be a genuine, full-blooded smug, of the many opportunities for innocent social pleasure,—of the boat clubs, the cricket clubs, and so forth,—but spends his days and his nights steadily in the acquisition of knowledge, and of the prizes that reward it. And between these two extremes come the men who, though they read, do not read exclusively, the rowing-men, the athletes, the cricketers, the orators, and countless others,—the great and, on the whole, good class of

average men, who both form their own characters and give a character to the Colleges they dwell in. Moreover, we resemble the inhabitants of the larger world in the possession of innumerable clubs. At the "Union" the budding orator may expound policies and shatter governments without that blighting sense of responsibility which sometimes impairs the efforts of members of Parliament. Our "Athenæum" is not a literary club, but a somewhat select society of gentlemen, who ride well, dress with taste, and modestly call their club dinners T's. The "Pitt" may once have been a political club. It is now an association of one hundred and seventy undergraduates, who read, write, and converse in comfortable rooms, and have their letters stamped at the expense of the club. Then there are dining clubs (the members of which wear silk scarves across their chests, as badges of their membership, on great occasions), literary clubs, essay clubs, discussion clubs, clubs great, clubs small, clubs select, and clubs quasi-universal—a list far too long to be included within the limits of this chapter.

Let me, however, add a few words about our rowing men, who form perhaps the largest and most important section of our Cambridge middle class. Certainly no other possesses so great a store of tradition, or presents, on the whole, a more definite type from generation to generation. Of rowing men, then, let it be said that it is of the essence of their pursuit that they should be strong, hardy, disciplined, and moderate in all things. Does any carping critic object that bump-suppers are not exactly scenes of moderation? I reply that, after all, rowing men are young, and need some vent for spirits repressed by weeks of rigorous training, and that the revelry, the shouting, the cheering, the waving of

arms, and the glittering of eyes are in nearly every instance due to excitement rather than to Bacchus. Indeed, the wiser men amongst the Dons not infrequently encourage these harmless feasts by their presence, and I have more than once seen a bump-supper gloriously celebrated in a College hall with all the chief authorities of the College at the high table, taking their part in the toasts and the general merriment. It is sad that in the glorious company of rowing men there should be failures. Roughly, they may be divided into two classes: (1) The honest but clumsy "corkers," who, after years of patient effort, still find themselves in the third boat of the College, and yet row sturdily and with an enthusiasm which is on a par with their clumsiness; and (2) the "sugarers,"—the men, that is to say, who, though they may attain to good style, never do a stroke of honest work in the whole of their rowing career. These are the hypocrites of the oar, and, like other hypocrites, they often deceive even themselves into the belief that they are trustworthy and honourable performers. I have not discovered the origin of the term, but it seems to express fairly enough one who cloys very quickly. But this quality of self-deceit is not confined to the sugarer. It is to a certain extent almost universal amongst active oarsmen, who are apt to exalt their own crews and to depreciate those of their rivals with an ardour that nothing can abate. This is especially noticeable when it comes to a rowing time-tests over the course in practice. After some experience, I am inclined to believe that the following statements on this point are accurate:—

1. That if two crews row a course within ten minutes of one another, the wind is always more violent and the stream

more powerful against the crew in which you yourself happen to be rowing.

2. That it is always right to take off at least five seconds from the time shown on your stop-watch when timing your own crew, and, by way of compensation, to add them to the time shown on the same watch when timing a rival crew.

3. That your own crew is absolutely the only one which ever rows the full course right out or starts at the proper place.

4. That if your crew is impeded whilst rowing a course, you must allow ten seconds ; but if any other crew is impeded, you must allow only two seconds.

5. That if you row a slow course, five's stretcher gave way or his slide came off.

6. That you could always knock a quarter of a minute off when you row a faster stroke, but that—

7. You never do, as a matter of fact, row a faster stroke.

8. That your crew always rowed at a slower stroke than the rest.

9. That you are sure to do a faster time to-morrow.

10. That your private opinion is that if everybody in the crew did as much work as you do yourself, your crew would be many lengths faster, and—

11 (and last). That you always lose by the steering of your coxswain three lengths, which all other crews gain by the steering of theirs.

But it is time to let my characters speak for themselves in the "Dialogues." Let me only ask those who may follow them from scene to scene to remember that, if I have not placed Wranglers, and Classics, and Doctors, and Professors

exclusively upon my stage, it is not because I wish to ignore their beneficent existence, but merely because their staid and decorous lives do not always lend themselves so readily to my purposes. This is the only extenuation to which I plead guilty. On the other hand, I have set down naught in malice.

CAMBRIDGE DIALOGUES.

CAMBRIDGE DIALOGUES.

I.

A MORNING WITH AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATES.

SCENE.—*King's Parade at midday. Some men hurry busily along in cap and gown, with books in their hands; others lounge gracefully in brilliant suits of clothes, with fox-terriers, smooth or wire-haired, trotting at their heels. A few Dons pace to or from their work with that aspect of preoccupied importance which distinguishes Dons when they find themselves amongst undergraduates. A few denizens of Newnham or Girton are to be seen. An incense of cigarette smoke is in the air. Three AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATES saunter up to Hills & Saunders' window, which is filled with the usual assortment of photographic groups.*

1ST A. U. Who was that you nodded to just now, Dicky?

2ND A. U. Oh, that was Gilson. He's captain of our Rugby football team; an extraordinary chap. Nothing seems to tire him. Why, yesterday, after playing footer like a black, he thought he hadn't had enough exercise, so just

for amusement he ran fifteen times round Fenner's, and had half an hour with the Indian clubs in his rooms to give himself an appetite for dinner; so he said. He dined at the Caledonian afterwards, drank about two bottles of fizz without turning a hair, and then carried old Dough-face Tompkins and Flapper Barrington to bed. No wonder he's popular.

1ST A. U. No, by Jove!

2ND A. U. He's the chap who knocked six policemen down in London last vac. Gave his name to the magistrate as Browne, and asked him to be particularly careful to spell it with an "e," as there were so many Browns about.

3RD A. U. (*with enthusiasm*). What a chap he must be! I never heard of such infernal cheek. Oh, I say (*pointing to photographic group in window*), there's the photo of "The Banbury Cakes." Not bad, is it?

2ND A. U. What are "The Banbury Cakes"?

3RD A. U. *What*, don't you know? It's our dining club. Harris, Bloomington, and I started it last year. First we called it "The Triangle," but afterwards we increased our number to ten, and called ourselves "The Banbury Cakes." We dine together every Monday, and one of our rules is that a new member must qualify by eating four Banbury cakes in a minutes. If he can't do it, he gets pilled. It took old Colvin three separate tries to do it, and when he did manage it he nearly had a fit. But then we had to keep it select somehow. Pretty uniform, isn't it?

1ST A. U. Can't quite make it out from the photo. What is it?

3RD A. U. Well, it's a light green swallow-tail coat, with pink facings and brass buttons, a drab waistcoat, white

trousers, brown leather pumps with steel buckles, and an orange silk scarf with a Banbury cake painted on it. You two chaps had better come and dine with me on Monday week. We're going to have our first guest dinner, and Colvin's writing what he calls a *Carmen Banburiense* for the occasion. It'll be great sport.

1ST and 2ND A. U. Rather; I'll be there.

They saunter on.

1ST A. U. What are you going to do this afternoon, Dicky?

2ND A. U. Oh, I don't know. I think I shall slope up to Fenner's, and see what's going on there. What shall you be up to?

1ST A. U. Well, Buzzard and I are going to walk to Newmarket and back for a bet. Terrell, of the Hall (you know him, the chap that's got a squint like a revolving lighthouse), he laid his bull-terrier against Buzzard's bull-finch we couldn't get there and back in four hours and a half. It's coming off to-day. You come too, Tommy.

3RD A. U. Not if I know it. I've got to see the Dean this evening at six o'clock, and I'm going to keep myself quite fresh for that entertainment, I can tell you. He's so devilish sly. Looks at you so meekly over his gig-lamps, and, if you don't look precious sharp, just turns you inside out in a brace of shakes. Why, last term, when I missed the last train from London after our Old Boys' match, he hauled* me as soon as I got to Cambridge next morning. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Wormald," he began; "I suppose

* To haul, *v. a.*; with substantive, "a haul," the technical term for a summons addressed by the authorities to an undergraduate offender.

you had a difficulty with your cab-horse last night?" Almost before I knew what I was up to, I'd told him my cab-horse fell down dead on our way to the station. "Curious epidemic of death amongst cab-horses," he said, as if talking to himself. "Mr. Barker's cab-horse died yesterday, Mr. Phibson's died the day before that, and last week Mr. Dodsworth's cabman fell off his box in an apoplectic fit. Good morning, Mr. Wormald, good morning: do try and get a warranty with your cab-horse next time;" and the brute chuckled like a hen over a new egg. I call it rot for a parson to be so 'cute. But I'm going to be even with him. I'm keeping all his hauling notices, and, as soon as I've got fifty-two, I'm going to have them made into a pack of cards. "Mr. Wormald, irregular in his attendance at chapels, is requested to call on the Dean. Signed, O. P. Vincent," will look well on the back of a full hand at poker. What do *you* think?

1ST and 2ND A. U. Ripping.

1ST A. U. (*with a sigh*). I think I'll turn into my rooms and put in half an hour's reading. I've scarcely opened a book this term. My coach tells me I've no earthly chance of getting through if I don't buckle to. Ta, ta! I'm off.

[*Departs.*

2ND A. U. Ta, ta! He'll never get through if he tries from now to doomsday. The only way he can manage a Greek play is to learn the crib by heart. I remember he sat opposite me in Little Go, and kept bothering me about his spelling. Wanted to know how many n's there were in "honour," and insisted on spelling Peter with two e's between the P and the t. Will you have a snack of lunch with me, Tommy? Why, what's the matter?

A benevolent-looking, middle-aged gentleman appears in the distance.

3RD A. U. (*with horror*). This is awful! You may well ask what's the matter. There's the Governor. I wrote and told him not to come up to-day, because I should be busy with lectures and coaches all day; but the old gentleman's tried to catch me out. Mean of him, coming up like that without notice. I've got half a dozen fellows coming to lunch in my rooms. I must try to get into College in front of him. Lucky he objects to cabs; useless expense, he calls them. Never can find his way anywhere all the same. Good-bye, Dicky.

[*Departs running.*]

Change of scene to rooms on the second floor in the New Court, Trinity. 3RD A. U. *discovered with his bedmaker hurriedly clearing his table of lunch for six.*

3RD A. U. That'll do, Mrs. Biffin. Now you go and stand on the stairs, and when these chaps turn up just you tell 'em my governor's in here and my lunch is off. They won't want to come in after that. (*Settles down with a pile of books.*)

MRS. B. Yes, sir. (*Goes out.*)

Interval of a few minutes.

A BENEVOLENT MIDDLE-AGED VOICE (*outside*). Is Mr. Wormald within?

MRS. B. Yes, sir. You'll find him there. 'E's bin reading all the morning.

II.

READING HARD

(*In a ground-floor room*).

SCENE.—*College rooms on the ground floor looking out into the court. Time, 9.15 a.m. The tenant of the rooms, an undergraduate in his second year, has finished breakfast. His bedmaker is clearing away.*

BEDMAKER (*finishing a story*). But where 'e got to we never knoo. I 'eard a week arterwards that they found one of 'is boots in the Lib'ary, and another in 'is tutor's coalscuttle; but 'owever 'e slipped 'isself through them bars in the middle o' the night is more than I can say. 'E's a Counsellor in London now, a very moross man, and makin' no end of money, with a sweet pretty wife and two such dear children. I dessay 'e wouldn't care for many of 'is friends to know this story; but, Lor', they all carried on in them days, and I don't blame 'em for it (*voice on an upper floor shouts in stentorian tones, "Mrs. Groves!"*) Ah, let 'im shout. I wonder if 'e thinks I'm a-goin' to run my legs orf for 'im. E's one o' your potted-meat lot. (*Voice again, "Mrs. Groves!"*) I wonder it don't stick in 'is throat and stop 'is shoutin'. Do you want anything more just now, sir?

UNDERGRADUATE. No, thank you, Mrs. Groves ; you can sport my oak when you go out ; I'm going to read.

B. Yes, sir. [Exit.

The undergraduate sits in his armchair smoking for some ten minutes. Eventually he gets up, stretches himself, fills a fresh pipe, takes up half a dozen books one after another, puts them down again, and finally selects "Kate Coventry," by Whyte Melville. A few moments afterwards his window bursts open, and the head of a friend is protruded into the room. Pantomime with "Kate Coventry," for which "Lucretius" is substituted.

U. Halloo, Paddy. What's up?

FRIEND. What's your oak sported for?

U. I'm reading.

F. Oh, rot ! I saw you chuck that novel into the corner. Come, let me in.

U. Sha'n't.

F. All right ! then I'll come in through the window. (*Does so, and verifies his suspicions as to the novel.*) Just as I thought. What do you mean by it?

U. Well, I was just going to begin when you shoved your ugly head in. I wish you chaps would leave my blessed window alone. This is about the sixth time the catch has been broken this term. Have some baccy?

F. Thanks. Now, look here ; I want to talk to you about the boats. We must kick Martin out. You told me he was worth his weight in gold. I'll take it in sovereigns, please, but I won't keep him. I might just as well have a Dutch cheese in the boat.

U. Well, try Bowles then. He's lighter.

F. (*in a tone of indignant remonstrance*). Bowles! You can't be serious. Why, he's the most perfect sugarer in the club.

The discussion continues for about twenty minutes, assisted by paper, pens, and tobacco.

F. (*departing*). Now mind, you've promised to coach the second boat. Don't you be late. (*Exit, forgetting to sport oak. Half an hour passes, devoted to about ten lines of the "De Rerum Natura," assisted by tobacco. A knock at the door. Enter a tout.*)

TOUT. Good morning, sir. I have ventured to take the liberty of calling in order to submit to your notice——

U. (*shortly*). I don't want it; I'm very busy.

T. So I perceive, sir. But really, I don't wish to detain you more than a minute or two. I merely desired to show you for your approval some very beautiful specimens of the engraver's skill (*dives into his bag*). These are specimens of a work we are issuing in monthly parts, entitled "Masterpieces of Swiss Art." The great Swiss masters of the Middle Ages and onwards are too little known in this country, and we desire to bring their surpassing merits before the cultivated sections of the public. I have already been honoured with the names of a great many members of your College as subscribers. The price is ridiculously small, only £1 1s. a month, including cover and letter-press. This is the number issued this month.

U. (*inspecting it, and forgetting that to inspect is to be lost*). Yes, but I really don't care about this sort of thing.

T. (*incredulously*). Not care, sir? (*Smiles.*) Ah! I

perceive you are joking. Your friend Mr. Mallard assured me, and of course I had heard before, that you were well known as a connoisseur.

U. (*to himself*). Curse Mallard! I'll take it out of him.
(*Aloud*) How much did you say?

T. (*concealing triumph*). One guinea a month. We shall forward them post free.

U. Very well, you can put me down for them.

T. (*booking him*). I'm very much obliged, sir. I'm sure you will never regret it. [*Exit,*

Ten minutes devoted to "Lucretius." Another head appears at the window.

SECOND FRIEND. What! *reading*? Well, I'm blest!

They discuss matters of College interest for nearly half an hour.

U. Have you seen the morning papers?

2ND F. No. Let's go to the Union and look at them. Have you got a lecture to go to?

U. Not to-day, but I've read enough this morning.
(*Shouts*) Mrs. Groves!

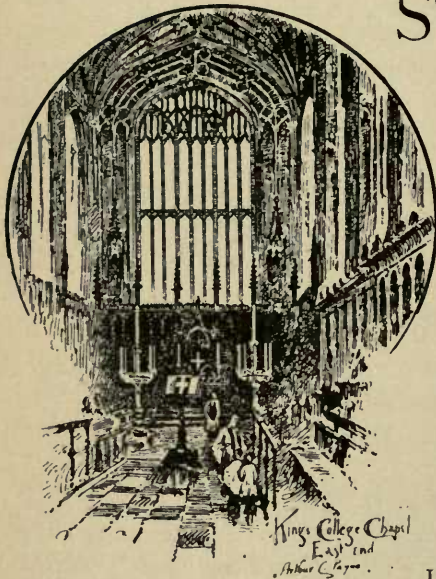
MRS. GROVES (*at the door*). Yes, sir, comin' (*enters*).

U. Oh, lay lunch for two, and take this order to the kitchens, please. I'm going out. Come along, Black. [*Exit.*

MRS. GROVES. Ah, a precious lot o' readin' 'e's got through, I'll warrant.

III.

"GATED."*



SCENE.—*The ante-room of the DEAN'S rooms. Time, 10.30 a.m. Four undergraduates in academic robes are waiting in various attitudes indicative of suspense. A solemn hush pervades the apartment. A faint murmur as of exhortation and reproach is wafted through the closed door leading into the inner room.*

1ST UNDERGRADUATE
(*whispering to a friend*). What are you hauled for, Tops?

* For the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain that, for various breaches of College discipline, an undergraduate is punished by being "gated"—*i.e.*, confined within the walls of his College, or (if he lives in lodgings) within his house, at a more or less early hour, according to the gravity of the offence. Ordinarily, though a man cannot get *out* after 10 p.m., he is not bound to be *in* before midnight.

2ND UNDERGRADUATE (*a ruddy-faced, cheery-looking little man, in a suit of pronounced checks, and a general air of sporting cheek*). Can't think. Either because I've cut my lectures, or come in late three times, or cut chapels, or smoked in the Court, or something. You never know what these beggars mean to drop on to you about next. What's up with you?

1ST U. Oh! chapels. I know it's that. He's got tired of warning me, I suppose, so he's going to make an example of me. He told me he would. Then I got ploughed last term in the General, and the governor wrote a real stiff letter to old Carter, and told him he didn't see what good Tutors were if undergraduates kept on getting ploughed. Carter lost his hair over that, and wrote back to say that "the most zealous efforts on the part of the College authorities must fail when matched against the perversity and ignorant recklessness of the young men under their charge." Those were his very words, and he went on to imply that the governor oughtn't to call me away to London so often. That made the governor sit up, because he hadn't asked me away once last term, and then I caught it for deceit. This life's about played out, I think.

The inner door is opened. A dejected undergraduate appears.

DEJECTED UNDERGRADUATE (*passing through*). Gated at nine for a week. Look out for squalls. He means business to-day, I tell you. [Exit.

A gyp appears. His face wears an expression of solemn reproof, mixed with contempt. He consults a list.

GYP. Mr. Hartop next.

1ST U. Ta, ta, Tops. Good luck.

2ND U. (*rising and preparing to move into the torture chamber*). Ta, ta. Glad it's going to be over soon.

He enters the DEAN'S room, and closes the door behind him.

DEAN. Ah! Mr. Hartop. Let me see. (*Looks through some notes.*) Yes, it's a very bad case—a very bad case indeed. Mr. Hartop, you have failed to attend a single chapel service during the week. On Monday you came in at half-past twelve, on Tuesday at twelve forty-five, and yesterday at one o'clock in the morning. That would be bad enough if it stood by itself, but it by no means exhausts the list of your offences. Mr. Jobson informs me that you have missed all his lectures during the week, and that when you do happen to attend a lecture your behaviour is not such as to give him any hope that you are profiting by his instruction. What have you to say?

HARTOP. I don't know, sir. You've taken me rather suddenly. I didn't mean to stop out late. There's Pottle's got the influenza. I had to sit up with him once. Then fellows get talking and smoking, and time slips away, and it's past twelve before you know where you are.

D. You mean "where you ought to be"—that is, in your College rooms.

H. Well, sir, perhaps I did mean that. (*This he described afterwards as "humouring the old sportsman."*) And as to chapels, I simply can't hit them off. I'm always about five minutes late. It makes me quite unhappy to think of it. Same with lectures.

D. Mr. Hartop, your excuses are childish. I may inform you that the question of sending you down has been

seriously discussed by the authorities. However, I pleaded for you on the ground that your faults were due to folly and youth rather than to any incurable wickedness; and you have been spared. However, I must gate you at eight for a week.

H. Oh, make it nine, sir. There's a temperance lecture to-morrow I particularly wished to attend. My mother wrote to me about it.

D. No, Mr. Hartop. I must deprive you for a week of such pleasures as that. Now go. You have just time to get to Mr. Jobson's lecture.

H. Thank you, sir. I'll go. (*Leaves the room, and passes through ante-room,—addressing his friend*) Eight o'clock for a week. Sickening!

1ST U. Where are you off to?

H. Oh, I'm off with the Drag. Ta, ta. [*Exit.*

IV.

A TUTOR'S BREAKFAST IN OCTOBER.

SCENE.—*A large room in College. Bookcases filled with splendidly bound books line the walls; rare prints are scattered about in frames and in portfolios. Easy-chairs abound. The curtains are of brocade. The wall-paper is of the latest Morris pattern, with a suitable dado. It is 9.20 a.m. Round a large table, which groans with breakfast delicacies, are seated some ten undergraduates, all freshmen, except one, who is in his second year, and has been asked to the freshmen's breakfast to help matters along with a little conversation. The TUTOR, a big man in spectacles, with a hesitating nervous manner, is at the head of the table.*

TUTOR (*with a laboured attempt at cheerfulness*). Come, come, Piper, you're not eating anything. You really must try these kidneys. I've had them cooked after a special recipe of my own.

PIPER. Thank you, sir. (*A pause.*)

TUTOR (*with a dead lift to the second-year man*). What about our rowing freshmen, Taylor? Are they a good lot? Likely to turn into 'Varsity oars? Eh? You know the College looks to you to help it up on the river.

TAYLOR (*a boat-club authority, conscious of the concentrated gaze of nine silent FRESHMEN*). Oh, I think we shall do, sir. We've begun tubbing, of course.

Another pause. The silence becomes oppressive. A gyp passes round the table pouring out tea. All sip and munch in silence.

TUTOR (*with another desperate effort*). By the way, Tozer, how is your excellent father getting on with his great work on "The Parliamentary Institutions of the Sandwich Islanders"? He was good enough to send me some of his proof-sheets a few months ago. They displayed great research—yes, great research. (*All look at TOZER, who blushes violently. "Such rot!" as he afterwards confided to a friend, "to talk of a chap's governor before a lot of other chaps."*)

TOZER. I think he's getting on all right, thank you, sir.

Silence again settles down like a pall.

TUTOR (*his final rally*). Did any of you visit the British Museum during the Vacation? I am told they have acquired some wonderful papyrus rolls.

A FRESHMAN (*volubly*). Oh yes, sir, they're magnificent! It was most interesting to watch Professor Carberry unrolling them. Such a delicate operation. By the way, have you seen those new casts at the—— (*Becomes suddenly aware of nine silent but sneering gazers; blushes, stammers, and stops.*)

TUTOR. Will anybody take some more tea? No? Well, then, suppose we go into the next room for a few moments. I have an appointment at ten o'clock. (*All get up, and enter the second room. They stand about awkwardly. Three,*

who are from the same school, gather together and talk in a whisper.)

1ST WHISPERER. Who's that idiot who talked all that gas about the British Museum?

2ND DO. Oh, I don't know. Somebody from a private school, probably. He looks a precious fool.

3RD DO. Yes, awful.

TUTOR. Well, I'm sorry we have to separate. Good morning, good morning. *[All depart.*

TUTOR. Thank Heaven that's well over! What a set of senseless dullards!

FRESHMEN (*on reaching the Court*). Oh my, wasn't that awful? I never saw such an old stick in all my life. Seemed quite afraid of us all, too.

V.

AMONG THE DONS.

SCENE.—*The Combination Room of a College at about 9 p.m. The polished mahogany tables reflect the light from innumerable candelabra of solid silver. Cut-glass decanters gleam with prismatic hues and circulate steadily. Some ten Fellows of all ages are assembled. Some are bald and bearded; others are still in possession of their hair, and still use the razor. Black is, of course, the prevailing colour of their clothes. Young and old are serious in aspect, as befits the responsibility of their position; but they are also serenely sure, seeing that they have dined, and Fate therefore cannot harm them. A brisk conversation is proceeding. Two of the Senior Fellows, however, sit moodily apart. They are both men of some note, the one having published an edition of Sappho's "Remains"; the other having discovered a new planet during a recent eclipse of the sun. They are not, however, remarkable for the amenity of their manners, and are of little weight in the society of the Combination Room. A Juvenile Fellow (DULCIMER is his name), who supports an oblong, dusty-coloured head on a pair of narrow shoulders, forming the apex to a feeble body inadequately poised on the slightest possible legs, is delivering himself with immense volubility.*

DULCIMER. Ah! yes, that's all very well in its way, but

I very much doubt if in the whole range of modern philosophical literature you could find a passage that would support your position. I have made it my business to look thoroughly into this matter during the past month or two, and as a result of my inquiries I consider that I am entitled to lay it down as indisputable that, while the axioms of demonstrative sciences are after all only experimental truths, the definitions, as they are incorrectly called, of those sciences are merely generalisations from experience which are not even, accurately speaking, truths at all. Now, the science of Beauty, as we moderns understand it, is not, and never can be, in the true sense of the word, demonstrative. It rests on a much firmer basis, being, indeed, part of that intuitive equipment with which an incalculable period of inherited and constantly increasing development has furnished our minds. Of course, we know that Plato is not an authority that ought to be cited by a modern philosopher; but he had his lucid moments, and his views on Beauty are not without weight even in the present state of knowledge. But for true ethical grace, for a Divine perception of delicacy, for the subtle resolution of seeming discords, and for a precious apprehension of the Beautiful in a world mainly composed of hideous phenomena, whom amongst ancients or moderns can we place beside Zola? (*Pauses for breath.*)

A MATTER-OF-FACT FELLOW. Well, for my part, I can't see all that in Zola. Mind, I don't deny his ability; but surely you can't approve his brutal coarseness. His style has always seemed to me a sort of inventory of animalism.

D. Oh, barbarous! barbarous! (*He passes his hand wearily over his brow.*) The world is ever unconscious or

careless of its noblest men. The disposition is the same in all ages, only the method differs. One age poisons with the hemlock, another crucifies, another burns. We moderns slay by neglect or ridicule. Nothing is safe from the debasing contamination of idealism. Who shall contend against the hosts of corruption? (*Subsides moodily into a glass of port.*)

M. F. F. But how does all that square with your approval of Plato, the father of idealists? (*No answer.*)

A TUTOR OF THE COLLEGE. By the way, Dulcimer, you should really make an effort to be in time for your Little Go lectures to-morrow. You know you sent some men's names to me last week, and when I hauled them they declared they had been every day, but after waiting half an hour for you they had gone away. It made me appear quite ludicrous; besides (*as an after-thought*), it damages the College.

M. F. F. Do you know, I think the waiting in Hall gets worse and worse. The waiters do nothing but trip one another up, and spill the soup and the vegetables down one's back.

D. Yes, and the cooking, too, is quite immodest in its badness. For instance, to-night the Mousse de Volaille was as heavy as one of Bostock's lectures, instead of being, as it ought to be, an ethereal compound of sea foam and maiden's dreams. I'm told they dine far better at Corpus.

IRREVERENT FELLOW. Oh, maiden's dreams be blowed! I saw you doing yourself very well on the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, Dulcimer.

D. (*who has perhaps drunk enough port wine*). Now,

really, that is most unwarrantable in its offensiveness. You know well enough how my appetite suffers from the work I have to do. It is no joke preparing materials for my treatise on the Predication of Parallelism. And yet I am to be taunted because on one day in ten I am able to eat. But I repeat, the cooking in Hall is wicked; nay, more (*here his voice rises*), it is positively damnable, damnable, damnable!

An awkward pause. DULCIMER glares over the rim of his glass at the rest.

M. F. F. Come, come, my boy; you needn't look at us as if you'd like our heads served up to you on chargers. Nobody said the cooking was perfect. Let's change the subject. Has any one heard who is likely to get this new Professorship of Synthetic Evolution? I am told Pincot, of Cats, is well in it.

THREE YOUNG FELLOWS (*candidates, suddenly interested*). Oh, Pincot's a perfect fool!

M. F. F. So he is; but that's no disqualification for a Professor. If it were, there might perhaps be a remarkable dearth of candidates.

Silence of THREE YOUNG FELLOWS.

ONE OF THE THREE (*friend to DULCIMER, after a pause*). I am distressed beyond measure by the terrible condition into which our political life is sinking. All our chief men on both sides are bunglers, subservient to the masses. At such a time, all really able men should come to the front. I have myself sent out for distribution in county constituencies one thousand copies of my leaflet on the *Politica* of Aristotle —

DULCIMER. That was nobly done.

IRREVERENT FELLOW (*rising and putting on his gown*). Well, well, I'm off to my rooms. Who's for a rubber? You'll come, Bostock, and you other two and Dulcimer. I'll cut in afterwards. And look here, Dulcimer; don't forget your purse again. You still owe Bostock eight shillings from last week.

D. (*with sulky dignity*). Oh, all right; I've got it down in my pocket-book.

I. F. Yes, but Bostock would like it in his pocket. Come on.

All rise and file out of the room, down the stairs, and into the Court. Two elderly waiters begin to clear up.

1ST WAITER. Bin talking the same jolly old nonsense, I suppose. They don't drink much either, but (*with bitterness*) they never leaves a drop in the decanters. Ah! things was very different twenty year ago. Them was times, if you like. Do you remember that day, Bill, when old Bostock—young Bostock he was then—come over Parker's Piece in his nightgown? But there, this College is going on anyhow. They don't know what 'igh living means.

2ND WAITER. Not one on 'em.

CURTAIN.

VI.

THE LITTLE GO.

(*A Paper on Paley.*)

SCENE.—*The Corn Exchange during the progress of the Little Go Examination. Time, 3 p.m. Examiners move solemnly about, intent to discover any one using adventitious aid or conversing with one of his neighbours. About two hundred men in gowns are seated at long tables. Some are writing frantically—others sit with heads buried in their hands—others, again, gnaw their pens or look blankly at the ceiling. Every now and then one makes up his mind and his papers, deposits the latter, and retires. Occasionally an examiner swoops, and a candidate departs, trying to look unconcerned. There is a general atmosphere of mystery and ignorance, disturbed only by sneezes, coughs, the blowing of noses, and the scratching of pens.*

1ST UNDERGRADUATE (*coughing at his opposite neighbour*).
Ahem!

2ND UNDERGRADUATE (*after looking round to see that no examiners are near, in a whisper*). What's up?

1ST U. (*also whispering*). What's that Paley said about a watch?

2ND U. Oh, you know! watch and machinery, some-

body finds it; can't think who made it. Must have been somebody. Twig? (*Sees examiner looming.*) Look out.

Both write earnestly for five minutes.

1ST U. (*writes*). "So if a man found a watch in the street, he would immediately open it to discover the maker's name, and would then restore it to its owner." (*Whispers half to himself, half to 2ND U.*) That doesn't sound quite right. Strictly moral proceeding though, so I suppose it'll do. How are you getting on, Jack?

2ND U. I've done four questions. Nuisance getting nothing about the allegations. I've got 'em on a small bit of paper pinned into my handkerchief.

1ST U. (*eagerly*). By Jove! have you? Lend me your rag, like a good chap, will you? They're one of my questions.

2ND U., *after taking observations, drops his handkerchief under the table, and kicks it across.* 1ST U. *picks it up.*

1ST U. Thanks, awfully; you're a ripper (*sneezes, and prepares to blow his nose*). O Lord! You've gone and pinned in St. Paul's first journey by mistake.

2ND U. Frightfully sorry. Can't be helped. What's Paley's argument against Hume?

An examiner has silently taken his stand behind 2ND U. The 1ST U. observes him, and remains apparently absorbed in his writing.

2ND U. (*whispering a little louder*). Be a good chap, and tell me about Hume, or write it down and shove it across. (*Feels into his breast pocket; produces a slip of paper.*) Never mind; I've got it here.

Examiner pounces. We draw a veil over the painful scene that follows. 2ND U. departs, red and defiant.

1ST U. (*to himself, with a sigh of infinite relief*). Phew! that was a near thing. (*Reads the next question on his paper, and ponders. We put his thoughts into words.*) The nature of the case—the nature of the case? Curse my memory! Oh yes! that must be it. (*Writes*) “When Paley mentions the nature of the case he refers, of course, to the workmanship of the watchcase previously mentioned.” What’s the next question? The argument from experience? Oh! I know. (*Writes*) “The argument from experience was used by Hume; but twelve men of known probity upset it by showing that miracles were antecedently incredible.” Thank goodness, that’s done! (*Folds up his papers and leaves; meets a FRIEND outside.*)

FRIEND. Hullo! How have you done?

1ST U. Ripping. Floored the whole paper.

VII.

AMONG THE ORATORS.

SCENE.—*An ordinary College room. Time, 7.15 p.m. on a Tuesday. The owner of the rooms, a shining light at the debates of the Union Society, is standing in the centre of the room, with one hand carelessly thrust into the breast of his coat. He is declaiming aloud.*

UNION LIGHT (*to himself, referring to a MS.*). I thought I hadn't got that last sentence. I must try it again. Let me see. Oh yes. "Sir, I have done,"—no, that won't do; the other side always cheer that. I must try something else. "Sir, the warning hand of the clock shows me that my allotted time is almost spent,"—that's much better,— "but before I sit down, I may perhaps be allowed to sum up what I have said. I have proved to demonstration that, under the present ruler of Monaco, freedom has pined and prosperity has languished. I have shown how the inhabitants groan under the oppression that prevails. I have made it clear that we, and we alone, are pointed out to be their deliverers. To us they appeal. Shall that appeal be in vain? I cannot doubt what the answer will be. Too long have the tyrants triumphed. They have struck at the keystone of Freedom's arch. When the crash comes, they will find that by sitting upon the safety-valve they have only

secured their own destruction. Their exploded fragments will be scattered over the earth; they shall be crushed beneath the wreck they caused; and Liberty shall once more raise her head and smile upon the world from the ruins." There, I think that will fetch 'em. (*A loud knocking at the door.*) Halloo! who's there?

FRIEND (*without*). What have you sported your oak for? Let me in, like a good chap. (*U. L. opens with reluctance. F. enters.*) Are you doing a read?

U. L. No, not exactly. Fact is, I've been snoozing in my armchair. These cold days are so tiring.

F. Yes, they are, awfully. But, I say, aren't you going to the Union to-night? Boffin's sure to be in grand form with his motion about the establishment of a protectorate in Monaco. Shall you speak?

U. L. No; I don't think so. I don't know much about the subject; and then, I've had no time to prepare anything at all. So I'm certain not to speak.

F. Oh, you'd better speak all the same. If you don't Boffin will have it all his own way, and that'll make him more stuck-up than ever. Jefferson, who's down to oppose him, is no good at all. Why, last term, when they had that motion about throwing dead cats into the Cam, he absolutely broke down just as he was trying to prove that, on the whole, he preferred a dead cat to a water-lily. Besides, he made such an awful fool of himself at the last business meeting. Compared George Moore to the Prophet Isaiah. Too ridiculous!

U. L. (*allowing himself to be persuaded*). Well, let's go, anyhow; but I'll see about speaking when we get there (*furtively pockets MS.*). Come on.

They depart. We change the scene to the Union. Time, 9 p.m. UNION LIGHT has just risen, and caught the President's eye.

U. L. Sir, it was not my intention to address the House to-night. I have not prepared what I have to say. But I cannot sit still and give the assent of silence to the tissue of absurdities which the honourable proposer has tried to foist upon the House. . . . (*Loud cheers. And so he proceeds for twenty minutes up to the glowing peroration that we have already heard him recite.*)

U. L. (*concluding*). . . . Shall once more raise her head, and smile upon the world from the ruins. (*Thunders of applause as U. L. resumes his seat.*)

ADMIRER (*on the next seat*). Well done! Do you mean to say you prepared nothing?

U. L. Not a word! Ask Johnson; he was with me.

FRIEND. Yes, that's right. I had to drag him here from his rooms.

ADMIRER. Splendid!

VIII.

AMONG THE WELL-INFORMED.

SCENE.—*The Smoking Room of "The Pythian," a London Club much frequented by young men. Time, 10 o'clock on an evening towards the end of the second week in January; in fact, a day or two before the beginning of term. Half a dozen past and present Cambridge men have been dining together, and have just settled themselves on armchairs round the fire. The waiter has brought in a tray of coffee and liqueurs.*

1ST UNDERGRADUATE (*the host*). Three Benedictines, one brandy, and two Kümmels. That's right. Black coffee all round?

2ND UNDERGRADUATE. Milk for me.

1ST U. Right. Now what shall we do? We spent such a lot of time upstairs, and it's so late, that I vote we sit tight here and smoke and talk. What do you say, Armour?

ARMOUR (*who has been down from Cambridge a year, and has spent the time in travelling*). Oh yes; let's sit here and talk. It's so pleasant to get back to a real English Club and be among one's own friends for a bit. I'm all for staying here.

They agree to stay.

1ST U. (*to 2ND U.*). When are you going up, Barty?

2ND U. Oh, on Friday or Saturday—probably on Saturday. I've got a dance on Friday.

3RD U. I'm off to-morrow.

A pause.

1ST U. (to 3RD U.). Did you have good sport in Ireland, Billy?

3RD U. Yes, ripping! Any amount of woodcock. They're frightfully easy to shoot after a bit. But it's rather a bore being in such outlandish places. I missed all the newspapers, and the consequence is I'm regularly fogged about what's going on. By the way, what's this joke about a fire-escape? I hear everybody talking about it.

1ST U. (*laughing heartily*). What! you don't mean to say you don't know that?

3RD U. 'Pon my word, I don't. I wish you'd tell me.

1ST U. Didn't you read about Tim Healy having to scoot down a fire-escape to get away from Pope-Hennessy's mob at Kilkenny?

3RD U. No.

1ST U. (*oracularly*). Well, that's it.

A pause.

1ST U. (to 2ND U., *an earnest political speaker at the Union*). Have you heard anything about the Hartlepool election, Barty? You're generally in the way of picking up hints about these things.

2ND U. (*pleased at this tribute to his political importance*). Well, no, I haven't heard much. But I met George Philpot; he's Member for some place down there, and he thinks things are going on all right.

1ST U. Do you know this chap, Furness, who's standing as a Gladstonian?

2ND U. I fancy I met him once some years ago. He does all those parliamentary pictures in *Punch*. Devilish smart fellow.

1ST U. (*doubtfully*). Is that the same? I thought *his* name was Harry.

2ND U. (*cornered, but lying gallantly*). Ah, that's only his *nom de plume*. His real name's Christopher. He's a large shipowner down there.

3RD U. By the way, where is Hartlepool?

2ND U. Oh, come, you must know that. It is a deuced big shipping place in one of the Midland counties.

3RD U. Of course, of course; I remember now. But (*puzzled*) how do they get ships there?

2ND U. By canal, of course.

A pause.

1ST U. (*to ARMOUR, the traveller*). I hear you shot no end of big game in India, Armour. Now tell me, is that old story we always hear about boa-constrictors swallowing buffaloes a true one?

ARMOUR (*promptly, his reputation at stake*). As true as that I'm sitting here. It's the most horrible thing to see one of these brutes lying torpid with a dead buffalo inside him, the horns sticking out of his beastly mouth. I shot several like that.

UNDERGRADUATES (*in chorus*). By Jove!

A pause.

3RD U. (*to 1ST U.*) Have you ever shot an owl?

1ST U. No; why?

3RD U. Oh, because owls swallow mice whole, that's all.

1ST U. Oh, rot! I don't believe that. Do you, Barty?

2ND U. No, that's pure drivel. They couldn't do it.

3RD U. (*obstinately*). But they do. I'll lay you a sov. it's a fact.

A pause.

3RD U. Who's this chap, Rudyard Kipling, that everybody's talking about?

2ND U. (*vaguely*). Oh, he's one of the fellows on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Does all the interviews, I believe.

3RD U. Of course, I remember now.

They sit and smoke, and discuss current topics till about 11.30, when they separate.

1ST U. (*to 2ND U.*). You're going to read the first paper next week at the Essay Club, aren't you, Barty? What's it about?

2ND U. It's on "The Ignorance of the Lower Classes."

1ST U. Good! Mind you give it 'em hot.

IX.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

SCENE.—*The Commercial Room of the Rutland Arms Hotel, Newmarket, during the off season. Time, 1.30 p.m. There are present three UNDERGRADUATES. Two of them have walked over from Cambridge, and consequently look hot, tired, and hungry. The third has come by train, and looks brisk and cheerful. They are sitting at the table, waiting for their luncheon.*

1ST UNDERGRADUATE (*testily*). I wonder if this blessed luncheon's ever coming! I'm faint with hunger.

2ND UNDERGRADUATE. So am I. What fools we were to walk!

3RD UNDERGRADUATE (*who has come by train, pleasantly*). Aha! I knew how it would be. None of your gas about fine exercise for me when there's a train handy. Why, I started——

1ST U. (*with decision*). Oh, you shut up and be blowed! We've heard quite enough of your confounded train.

3RD U. (*conciliatory*). All right, Jack, keep your hair on. Oh, here's luncheon. Wrong again. Who the deuce are these two?

Enter two COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS. They divest themselves of their coats and hats, and walk up the room as if it belonged to them.

1ST C. T. (*to his friend*). Three rough-lookin' young customers, those are. I wonder where they come from? The landlady told me she'd asked them to go into the Commercial Room. Well, I suppose we must do the polite. (*To the three*) Mornin', gentlemen.

THE THREE (*together and very distantly*). Mornin'.

1ST C. T. (*to the three*). Now, what shall we order for you three gentlemen?

THE THREE (*surprised*). What?

1ST C. T. What shall we order for you? What'll you eat for your lunches? Just say the word.

3RD U. (*pale with astonishment and indignation; however, he restrains himself*). What are you to order for us? Oh, thanks, we've ordered our own food.

1ST C. T. Oh, very well, that saves trouble. (*To his friend*). Now then, Mr. Smithers, I move that you take the chair. That's agreed.

2ND C. T. Thank you, Mr. Calcoe, for doin' me the honour. (*He takes the seat at the head of the table, then rises and addresses the 1ST C. T.*) Mr. Calcoe, I beg to move that you be Vice-Chairman. Any opposition from my young friends? (*The three are speechless with amazement.*) None, so that's *nem-conned*.

1ST C. T. I'm obliged for the honour, Mr. Chairman. (*Takes seat at bottom of table. The waiter enters with lunch. He puts it down, and prepares to go.*) Hi, there! Robert, stop a bit. What's your tippie, gentlemen? (*Jocosely*) Give your orders; the waiter's in the room. No hangin'

back. Lor' bless you, you don't know what you can do till you try.

1ST U. (*coldly*). We generally order our own drink, thank you.

1ST C. T. Oh, do you? well, you won't to-day, that's all, 'cos it isn't the custom of the Commercial Room. You didn't know that? (*Encouragingly*) Never mind, you can't know everythink all at once at your age, of course. Shall we say beer? Right; beer it is. Waiter, beer for these gentlemen. Mr. Smithers and me will drink Apollinaris; it keeps the mind clearer.

The COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS now talk to one another along the table, ignoring the three UNDERGRADUATES.

2ND C. T. How did you get on in Cambridge, Mr. Calcoe?

1ST C. T. Thank you, Mr. Smithers, toll-loll. But there, it's a dull sort of dead-alive place.

2ND C. T. Ah, that it is. Nothing going on: no enterprise—that's what I've always said. Why, I do better in a twopenny-halfpenny village; and so do you, I warrant.

1ST C. T. That's true enough. There's too many of these undergraduates about the place. Parcel o' boys I call 'em, and nobody to look arter 'em to keep 'em in order. Just think of allowin' such goings-on as they had last night at a respectable house like the "Lion." There was a lot of 'em all dining together, and roaring out songs as hard as they could bust, and dancing and kicking up such a shine as you never heard in all your days. You didn't come in till it was over, I know, Mr. Smithers; but I had a good mind to go up there and bundle the lot of 'em home to bed.

1ST U. (*in a whisper*). Why, Phil, he's jawing about the Caledonian dinner. Did you ever hear such frightful cheek?

1ST C. T. Yes, I met one of the young sparks in the courtyard, with a bit of silk ribbon tied across his shirt, and I passed the time of day with him quite civil; but he only laughed at me and called me names. So I says to him, "Look here," I says, "my young jackanapes. You give me any more o' your airs and I'll knock your 'ed orf." Lor', you should have seen him tremble and turn tail. If he'd said any more to me, I'd a-done it too.

1ST U. (*whispering to 3RD U.*). Why, Dick, that must be the chap you said you'd knocked down with one blow. This is quite a different story.

3RD U. (*purple*). I'm sick of all this rot. Let's get this over and go.

During the rest of the meal the COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS continue to exchange depreciatory reminiscences of Cambridge. The three UNDERGRADUATES sit in angry silence. At last they prepare to depart.

1ST U. Waiter, bill, please.

WAITER. Oh, that'll be settled, sir.

1ST C. T. Oh, of course. That's the custom of the room. We're proud to have entertained you as our guests; ain't we, Mr. Smithers?

2ND C. T. Certainly, very proud. Good day to you, gentlemen.

X.

“A LEETLE DAWG.”

SCENE.—*Malcolm Street on a weekday morning. Out of a first-floor window two UNDERGRADUATES in blazers are gazing at the passers-by, occasionally exchanging salutations with their friends. They are leaning well out, their elbows resting upon the cushioned window-sill. Both are smoking pipes. To them approaches a DOG FANCIER, carrying under one arm a pug puppy, under the other an inaccurate imitation of a St. Bernard puppy, whilst he drags along by strings two unwilling fox-terrier puppies, who spend most of their time in endeavouring to strangle themselves round lamp-posts, or in getting themselves trampled on by passing unæer-graduates. The FANCIER is dressed, after the manner of his tribe, in an ancient and decayed checked suit with a tail coat; a red handkerchief is wound round his throat; his battered pot-hat is cocked jauntily upon his head. He stops under the window we have mentioned.*

DOG FANCIER (*comprehensively, to both UNDERGRADUATES*).
Good mornin', my Lord.

1ST UNDERGRADUATE (*distantly*). Mornin' (*resumes his conversation with his friend*).

D. F. (*returns to the charge*). Nawsty weather we've been 'avin' lately. 'Ard work for a respectable pore man to get 'is livin' in weather like this. (*Receives no answer. Sets down the St. Bernard puppy, which immediately rolls off the pavement into a puddle. It scrambles up again.*)

D. F. (*apparently addressing St. Bernard puppy*). Ah! you set there, my beauty, and get that coat o' yourn dry. Bless your 'eart, you don't mind a bit of a bath no more than (*vaguely*) any of us does. But there, you're a haristocrat, you are, and you knows when you've come to your proper place. Jim Topper was right when 'e told me yesterday—(*correctively*) no, 'twarn't yesterday; 'twas the day afore—that there warn't nothin' but haristocrats in this 'ere street. "Bill," 'e says to me, "you mark my words, there ain't nothin' but lords in Malcolm Street. Why," 'e says, "the Proctors won't let even a barrinet live in Malcolm Street, not if 'e ain't the son of a dook. I'm right," 'e says; "you go and see for yourself." Well, 'e *is* right. O' course 'e is. Never was wrong yet, warn't Jim. (*To one of the fox-terriers*) 'Ere, you leave orf a-gnoring your string. (*To the UNDERGRADUATES*) That there dawg's got a set o' teeth I never see the like of afore. Why, 'e'd eat 'isself out of 'Olloway Jail, 'e would, and back again, too, for the matter 'o that. Any o' you young lords want to buy a prime, thoroughbred, pedigree dawg?

2ND U. No; go away.

D. F. (*sadly*). Right you are, my lord; I'm agoin' fast enough. Pore old Bill don't want to be told twice. But there, I says to myself as I come along 'ere, "Bill," I says, speakin' to myself, "them there two young lords is bound to know a good dawg when they sees 'im. There's a look

in their eye," I says, "that seems to go right through yer. It's no use a-tryin' to deceive them; *they* knows the points of a dawg, and I needn't waste *my* breath in tellin' 'em. They ain't like some I've met—rare swells, too, they was; why, you could a-made *them* take any mongrel; but that game won't do 'ere," thinks I; no more it won't, and I ain't agoin' to try it. 'Owever, good mornin', my lords, I've got to meet a gent in Trinity College, and I can't miss 'im (*picks up the St. Bernard, and prepares to shuffle off*).

1ST U. (*to his friend*). That's not such a bad dog, after all, Tom; that near-side terrier. He's got the proper markings, and capital ears. Tail a bit too long, perhaps; but nothing out of the way.

2ND U. (*knowingly and critically*). No, he's not a bad un at all. But I'm rather taken with that St. Bernard. He ought to have a splendid head when he grows up, and he carries his tail beautifully. Let's call the rascal back. We needn't buy the dogs, of course; but there's no harm in finding out the price.

1ST U. Right. (*To the retreating FANCIER*) Hi!

The D. F. returns with alacrity.

D. F. Did you call me, my lord?

1ST U. What do you want for that fox-terrier—that one with the black spot at the root of his tail?

D. F. What, this 'ere dawg, my lord? (*Holding up the puppy*.) Ah, I don't think I can sell 'im. I should break my 'eart if I d to part with that dawg. 'E's the very picter of his mother, Tearaway—o' course you've 'eard of Tearaway. (*UNDERGRADUATES nod dubiously*.) Ah, she was a real good un. Took three first prizes; and as for rats, why, I've knowed 'er polish off close on three dozen in a

minute—rare big rats they was, too; none 'o your 'alf-starved mice, but prime fighters. At Newmarket last year—First Spring Meeting it was—I remember seein' you two gents there on a spankin' four-in-'and—well, two markises got a-bettin' about 'er, and one of 'em laid t'other a thousand to six hundred, in golden soverings, she wouldn't kill more nor fifty rats in a minute and a 'alf. But 'e lost 'is money, 'e did, and t'other give me £5. No (*with determination*), I can't bear to part from this one; 'is mother's dead now,—got run over by a tandem,—and this is the only one I've got left.

1ST U. Oh, rot! Just you name a price.

D. F. Well, it's wonderful 'ow all the clever ones pick 'im out. Look 'ere, my lord, I'll tell you what it is. Just to oblige you, you shall 'ave 'im for £10.

1ST U. £10 be blowed!

D. F. Ah, but 'e's worth more nor that—much more. 'Owever, as 'imes is 'ard, I'll say £5 and an old suit o' clothes.

After a little more wrangling the bargain is concluded for £2 and the suit.

D. F. (*to 2ND U.*). Now, my lord, you'll never 'ave such another chance. Your friend's took the little un. You ought to 'ave the big un. (*Exhibits St. Bernard.*) There's a 'ead for you, and double dew-claws too. If it wasn't for that patch of white on 'is back I'd ask £20 for 'im. 'E's champion-bred.

2ND U. I'll give you £3.

D. F. That's what I call 'eartless. But, there (*in an access of generosity*), you're a real sportin' gent. Chuck in a couple of 'andkerchiefs and 'e's yours.

Bargain concluded. The UNDERGRADUATES come down; pay the agreed sums; the suit and handkerchiefs are handed over. They go up again with their dogs.

1ST U. I think we got 'em cheap. Let's ring for the slavey, and tell her to wash them; they're in an awful mess.

He rings. The servant appears and takes away the dogs, with orders to wash them.

SERVANT (*coming up again, twenty minutes afterwards, with the two puppies*). I've washed 'em, sir, and a pretty mess they was in. This one (*pointing to the terrier*) was all over black spots, with a big black splotch near 'is tail; but 'e's quite pure white now. I 'ope I 'aven't 'urt the other, but two of 'is claws dropped off 'is 'indlegs. Give me such a turn; but when I come to look, they was only tied on with cotton. Shall I lay your lunch, sir?

XI.

AMONG THE NOISY.

SCENE.—*The smoking-room of a Cambridge club. Twelve o'clock has just struck. About a dozen men of all sorts and sizes are sitting on armchairs and sofas, or leaning gracefully against the mantelpiece. Some wear a complete suit of dazzling checks; others affect a soberer style in coat and trousers, redeemed, however, by a brilliant waistcoat. Their hats are brown, so are their boots. Their ties fall from their lofty collars in cascades, broken only by their jewelled pins, and not always strictly confined within the ample limits of their waistcoats. The boy in buttons has just staggered in with a tray of lemon squashes, brandies-and-sodas, etc., which have been eagerly seized and gulped down. The morning papers are littered about the room. A small, pale man is sitting on the table, and holding forth at the top of his voice, amidst roars of laughter from the rest. Three quiet men, two of them in caps and gowns, are sitting at the side tables, and endeavouring to compose their thoughts to the writing of letters.*

SMALL PALE MAN. I tell yer, it was rippin'—simply rippin'. There were four of us in it—me, Tommy Tossput.

Bobby Buster, and the Guffin. First we dined at Bruvet's, and a rare old hay we made of the place. The head waiter said, on the whole, he preferred his hat to the soup-tureen as a head-covering, but Tommy jolly soon mopped him up. The Guffin thought some one was making faces at him in the looking-glass, so he let fly an empty bottle at his own bally image. Over went the show. Head waiter interfered. It was one for his nob, and two twos with our heels in no time, I tell yer. In the market-place we saw a Johnnie comin' along in a cap and gown, with a pile of books under his arm. What the deuce did he mean by being out late with a cap and gown? Books, too! Bah! He seemed a quiet chap; but we bally soon played scissors to grind with him. Bobby made play in front, the Guffin tripped him up, and over he went like a blooming old ninepin. I picked up his books and put 'em in the fountain. He looked rather lopsided without 'em; so we tossed him in, too, to look for 'em. Policeman came up; wanted to know who was kicking up a shine. Tommy said we were all on the law-and-order job, but there was a dangerous fellow in the fountain damaging the town property; ought to be collared. Policeman went for him, and had him off to the lock-up in no time. (*Roars of laughter, interspersed with approving comments from the company.*) Well, it was forrard again into King's Parade. Guffin rang a bell as if he was trying his strength. Landlord came out in his nightcap, but the Guffin twitched it off; told him the Vice-Chancellor hated nightcaps.

ADMIRING FRIEND. Good old Guffin!

S. P. M. (*continuing*). Somebody shouted out, "Proc-tors!" Guffin, Bobby, and I made off; but Tommy got

left, and the Proctor nabbed him. Tommy began to howl ; said three rude men had gone for him as he was walking with his little sister. " Boo-hoo ! where's my little sister ? " and all that. Proctor visibly affected. Bulldogs sobbing like children. Tommy got off ; at least, that's Tommy's story.

TWO OR THREE. Tommy's the boy for the Proctors.

S. P. M. The Dean didn't much like our being late, though. I'm gated at nine for a week, and so are Tommy and Bobby. Guffin got off as usual. Said he was studying King's Chapel under the moonlight, and got so fascinated he couldn't remember the time. The Dean only said he'd better study his own chapel a little more from the inside, and did nothing.

SEVERAL ADMIRERS. Guffin, you take the bun all round.

THE GUFFIN (*a tall, sandy-haired youth with an eye-glass*). Oh ! it's easy enough to rot the Dean when you know the trick.

At this point the door is thrown violently open. A short gentleman with a smooth cherubic face is projected through it on to the sofa as from a catapult. Alarums, excursions. Loud laughter from the lavatory. The HON. THOMAS TOSSPOT—for it is none other—picks himself up, pulls himself together, and shakes a diminutive fist at his projectors.

THE HON. T. T. Curse those Johnnies ! they seem to think a chap's made of indiarubber. It's no catch, I tell you, to get your face rubbed with a rough towel, and then be chucked a best on record over this sofa. By the way, Guffin, what price is Mustard Plaster to-day ?

IMPORTANT YOUTH (*breaking in*). Oh, rushed up to three

to one. I know all about him. I met a fellow yesterday who knows the first cousin of one of the boys in that stable, and he told me they'd all got their shirt buttons on Mustard Plaster to win, and Grampus one, two, three.

THE GUFFIN. That ain't good enough for me; I shall sit tight and look on for a bit. They tell me Mustard Plaster did a very shaky trial yesterday (*brings out a portentous book bound in silver, and becomes absorbed in it*).

THE HON. T. T. Well, I don't know how you chaps feel. I've got a switchback going on inside my head; and as for my tongue, why, you could wipe your boots on it. This life's killing me. My old guv'nor wrote to me this morning; all the usual business. Hoped the family name would be still further adorned by my academic triumphs,—those were his words, upon my honour,—and recommended me not to read more than eight hours a day at present. O Lord! that comes of having a third wrangler for a guv'nor. Why, I haven't touched a book for a month. I shall have to turn on a coach soon. (*A profound melancholy settles upon him at this awful prospect.*) They tell me Divinity is as easy as anything else for a special. I'll have a shot at that.

S. P. M. (*suddenly*). Gad! I haven't had my breakfast yet. Simply couldn't face it this morning; but I'm coming on, I think. Could do a bit of lunch soon. I say, whom shall we draw for lunch?

THE GUFFIN (*with animation*). Oh! I know; there's old Fladgate; he's always boring everybody to feed with him. Hasn't got bad fizz either. Let's try him. Here, you, Bobby, run round and let the beggar know we'll be with him. Lord, how he'll wriggle with joy!

THE HON. T. T. Yes, and tell him not to have more than two entrées and three sweets, 'cos we're all a wee bit chippy this morning, and we don't want him to order too much.

THE GUFFIN (*lighting his tenth cigarette*). This place is getting infernally hot. I can't stand it any more. Who's for an airing? I'm off. Ta, ta, Tommy!

The GUFFIN moves away with much clatter, followed by all the rest except TOMMY, who remains prostrate on the sofa, with a "Sporting Life." A holy calm falls on the smoking-room. The silence is broken only by the scratching of three pens.

THREE QUIET MEN (*devoutly*). Thank Heaven!

CURTAIN.

XII.

SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER.

SCENE.—*College Rooms. Time, 9 a.m. on any day about the middle of May. Two UNDERGRADUATES are breakfasting. A BEDMAKER makes fitful appearances.*

1ST UNDERGRADUATE (*in difficulties with his spirit kettle*). I can't get this confounded thing to work. I've burnt every finger on both hands, and singed off every eyelash I ever had; but I can't make it boil. You have a try, Jimmy.

2ND UNDERGRADUATE. What do you want to do?

1ST U. Why, to pull out the wick and make a bigger flame, of course. Then perhaps it'll boil some time before next year.

2ND U. All right; hand it over (*he tinkers at it*). What on earth made you give up fires so soon? It's as cold as December. There, that ought to do now. (*The lamp is lighted; immediately flames over, and burns a hole in the cloth.*)

1ST U. (*ungratefully*). There, I told you how it would be! (*Shouting*) Mrs. Gri-i-i-mes!

Enter BEDMAKER after an interval.

B. Yes, sir. Did you call?

1ST U. Oh, Mrs. Grimes, take this blessed kettle away and make it boil anywhere, and then make my tea. I can't do anything with it.

B. Lor', sir, it's easy enough when you know how. Why, dear me, there's a nasty great 'ole you've made in your best tablecloth too. You oughter 'a kep' a plate under it. Such a danger as it is too. Why there, I remember my pore uncle, jest arter e' come in from 'is work one evenin'; 'e was a-settin' at 'is tea, and 'appenin' to drop a match on the floor set the whole 'ouse a-fire, and never 'ad no 'air on his 'ed arterwards till he died. Many's the time 'e says to me, "Maria," 'e says, "don't you never play no tricks with matches. Look at me," 'e says, "'ale and 'earty as ever a man was up to the age of sixty-two bating three months, and now not a 'air to my 'ed, which was all along o' them dratted matches. Ah, you may well call 'em matches," 'e says; "I'd like to match the man what made 'em." I'll be back directly, sir. *[Exit.*

1ST U. *opens a letter and reads it. His looks become gloomy.*

2ND U. What's up, Reggie?

1ST U. Here's my mother writing to say that, as she has never been to Cambridge, she thinks this term would be a good opportunity for a visit, and will I let her know the best days for coming, and get rooms and take tickets for the balls.

2ND U. Why, your mother surely doesn't mean to go to the balls alone!

1ST U. *(testily)*. No, of course not. That's the worst of it. She says *(reading)*, "Angela and I shall enjoy ourselves immensely. Naturally, my dear Reggie, I don't care about

balls, but Angela loves them, and as she will have a new dress from Miss Ast's she is sure to look lo——" (*stops abruptly*). There it is. I wonder who the dickens put the idea into Angie's head! I kept the whole thing as dark as I could, and did my best to put her off the scent. Did you ever hear them say anything about coming up in May when you were staying with us last vac., Jimmy?

2ND U. (*blushes guiltily*). N-n-o, not exactly. I think I did hear your mother say she hoped to come up to see you in your new rooms some day, as she was particularly anxious to see how you had arranged the brackets she had given you.

1ST U. Oh, she's said that kind of thing for a long time without coming. And last May I really wanted them to come, but they wouldn't hear of it. I'm sure Angie's at the bottom of it all.

2ND U. But why don't you want them?

1ST U. Well *you're* the last man that ought to ask me that. I've got to row, and I must do some reading, and I don't care about dancing, and it takes up a frightful amount of time to look after rooms and all that. I'll write and put them off.

A pause. Re-enter BEDMAKER with tea.

B. There, sir, I've made your tea; but that 'ere dratted kettle's pretty nigh burnt my left thumb in two. I can't abide them new-fangled things. [*Exit.*

2ND U. (*pulling himself together*). Look here, Reggie, I don't mind looking after rooms and tickets and all that. I'm fairly on in my reading, and as I'm not rowing I could easily manage to take your people about a bit, if you can't do it.

1ST U. My dear old chap, I couldn't think of giving you such frightful trouble.

2ND U. Oh, I should enjoy it, I assure you. I don't mind the trouble a bit. I told your sister that I—(*breaks off suddenly, on the point of giving himself away, and ends irrelevantly*) didn't mean to row this term.

1ST U. (*suspiciously*). What did you tell her that for? Did you say anything about her coming here?

2ND U. (*eagerly*). Not a word. Why should I? But of course, if they come, I'll do what I can for them.

1ST U. (*after reflecting for a time*). Well, Jimmy, if you really don't mind lending a hand, I think it might be managed. But it'll be rather a bore.

The breakfast ends. 2ND U. departs.

2ND U. (*to himself in the court; throws his cap into the air*). Chuck her up. That's ripping. Whoo-ooop! Must prevent my own people from coming, though.

XIII.

SEEING LIFE IN LONDON.

SCENE.—*The Bristol Restaurant; 8 p.m. Four undergraduates—BARNACLE, GROBY, PHILPOT of Trinity, and DALBY of Trinity Hall—have just seated themselves at one of the tables near the windows. They are spotlessly arrayed, their white ties being of the latest butterfly pattern. There is a large gathering of diners of both sexes, all in evening dress, with the exception of one family party of foreigners, who are staying in the hotel. These, however, in spite of their defective tenue, seem to be enjoying themselves, the men having tucked their napkins into their collars to enable them to eat without injury to their waistcoats. A waiter approaches the undergraduates.*

WAITER. Will you take tick soup or tin, sare?

GROBY. What's "tick soup"? Here, Dolly, you've been to the Paris Exhibition, and understand French. Just you talk to the beggar.

DALBY. Right. (*To the waiter*) Gassong, nous voulong. Oh, dash it! We'll have some *haw douvers* first, and go on with bisque.

WAITER. Yes, sare; any vine, sare?

DALBY. Yes, send a wine card.

Wine-butler approaches, bearing a wine card, his chain of office round his neck.

DALBY. Now, what'll you fellows drink ?

PHILPOT. Oh, "boy," of course. Let's start with a magnum.

DALBY. Of course, we'll drink "boy"; but what sort ? Pommery, or Heidsieck, or P.J. ?

PHILPOT. P.J. for me. Good old P.J. !

BARNACLE and GROBY. Yes, of course, we *must* drink P.J.

DALBY. Very well ; waiter, let's have a magnum of P.J. in ice. (*To his friends*) It's the devil's own price, you know ; but it's no good bothering about price when you dine at a shop like this.

PHILPOT. No, by gad ; d——n the expense ; that's my motto.

BARNACLE and GROBY. And mine too. I hate mean chaps.

They begin dinner.

BARNACLE. What have you been up to all day, Dolly ?

DALBY. Oh, I don't know. I slept till eleven. Should have gone on sleeping, I daresay, if the governor hadn't come in and lost his hair. Said he couldn't make out the young men of the present day : nothing but sleep in the morning and extravagance all the rest of the day. Wanted to know what I meant by chucking my boots outside into the passage for him to trip over on his way to breakfast. I suppose I must have done it, but can't make out why I did it. Governor ended by saying he wouldn't have his house treated like a hotel, and I must come down in time for breakfast. Said I was setting a shocking example to

the younger members of the family and the servants. So (*with a deep sigh*) I've got to play the early-bird trick for a bit. What have you been doing, Phil?

PHILPOT. Nothing much. Bought some new ties this afternoon. (*Sips his champagne, sips again, sniffs.*) Oh, I say, confound it, you know; this wine's corked.

They all sip and sniff, and shake their heads ominously.

BARNACLE. Let's call the waiter; *pst*, waiter!

A waiter comes up.

PHILPOT (*his courage oozing*). This wine's not right, you know, waiter. I'm sure it's corked.

Waiter tastes; he smiles a confident but pitying smile.

WAITER. No, sare, it's not corked; only very dry. It is a brut wine; de best in de cellars.

[Hurries to another table.

GROBY, BARNACLE, and DALBY. I told you so, Philpot. You're always so blooming cunning.

PHILPOT (*annoyed*). Why, you all thought it was corked yourselves a moment ago.

The dinner proceeds. Another magnum is called for and broached. The four begin to get flushed and slightly uproarious.

FOREIGN GENTLEMAN (*at a neighbouring table to his wife*). Regarde moi ces gaillards, Anastasie, comme ils boivent. Rien qu' à les voir on se sent devenir gris.

GROBY. There's that stout old French lady filling you, Ogle. No (*solemnly, and with deliberation*): I mean, ogling you, Phil.

PHILPOT. Let's drink her health (*is restrained with difficulty by BARNACLE*). Here, I say, waiter, where's that ice pudding? We can't wait all night; and let's have some

old brandy, good old brandy, with it. Where shall we go afterwards?

BARNACLE (*slightly morose*). Settle it for yourselves. All I say is donappealtome, 'cos I doncareakick. Who'll dringabumper? Here, Dolly, you must. I drink "Death to Trinity Hall!" Ha, ha! tha's good!

DALBY (*slightly serious*). All ri', donmakesharow. "Down with Trinity!" I'm on (*they drink bumpers*).

PHILPOT (*pulling himself together, and articulating distinctly*). Wai-ter, bring us my bill, be-cause we have made an appoint-to-pointment (*laughs feebly*) to be at 'lambra.

Bill of about £7 is brought. They toss with sovereigns who shall pay. BARNACLE'S sovereign rolls under the table. "Waiter, you may have that," says DALBY. The waiter picks it up, and pockets it. The lot falls on GROBY, who insists on paying with four five-pound notes, though the waiter hints that two will be enough. They light cigarettes, roll out of the room, laughing, enter cabs, and are driven to the Alhambra, which they enter. They walk up and down the promenade.

DALBY (*who, by the way, stands five feet five in his pumps, and wears an eyeglass*). What was that the chucker-out said to me? Wha's he mean? How dare he? I shall challenge him with the bare knuckles, Queensberry rules, for £500 a side. I'll teach him to bully me. I'll tell him I'm Sandow. Sure to fetch him. Where's ole Phil, dear ole Phil? I can't bear to soose light, that is (*with dignity*) to lose sight ole Phil. (*Shouts*) "Phil, Phil!"

Loud cries of hush from the promenaders.

BARNACLE. Shtup! You're getting 'toxicated, dreadfully 'toxicated. Lesgoway. Too hot here.

They walk downstairs, and meet GROBY and PHILPOT at the bottom. All four go out. They attempt to sing "Ask a Pleeceman." They eat oysters at a bar, and leave hurriedly. They walk along Piccadilly.

A CABMAN (*to DALBY*). 'Ere you, sir, leave go o' my 'oss.

DALBY. All ri'. I only want to kiss him on the nose—on the middle of his nose. Mother always told me must be kind to dumb ani— (*breaks off; glares at PHILPOT*). Annie? Who said Annie? Who dared to mention lady's name this time of night? All ri', Bobby, we'll pass away.

They pass: so does the time. At 12.30 a.m. a limp shape, bearing a distant but dissipated resemblance to the spruce and spotless DALBY, is helped by the cabman out of a four-wheeler at the door of a mansion in Belgrave Square.

DALBY (*faintly, sitting on the doorstep*). Where's my hat? Front door's all upside-down. Goobye, everybody, goobye.

Four-wheeler drives off, with BARNACLE hanging out of the window, weeping.

* * * * *

NEXT MORNING.

MAJOR-GENERAL DALBY, V.C. (*at the family breakfast-table, to MRS. D.*). Adolphus is late again. * This is quite intolerable.

MRS. DALBY. I knocked at his door, dear; but he told me he had got such a bad headache, he thought he must have caught the influenza. Better let the poor boy sleep.

XIV.

THE PLEASURES OF TUBBING ; OR, HOW WE MANUFACTURE OARSMEN.

SCENE.—*The boat-yard of a considerable College Boat Club. Time, 2.30 p.m. on an October day. About a dozen freshmen in brand-new boating uniforms are standing about in forlorn and listless attitudes. As a rule, their uniforms look about a size too large for them. They have a cold and unhappy appearance. Two or three talk together in undertones. Others stand solitary. The boatman and the boy bustle about with boat-hooks, occasionally launching a tub or pulling another to land. Five second or third-year men, also in uniforms, are chatting and laughing together. They are part of the crew of one of the College Trial Eights. On the balcony of the boat-house are more freshmen, leaning over the rail and looking with interest at nothing in particular. At the windows figures of semi-nude rowing men appear and disappear. On the river the usual confusion of boats bustles up and down. One of the College captains comes down the stairs and approaches the freshmen below. He is a small man, but important. He rowed bow in a lower boat of the College last May, and, being*

still in an official sense a new broom, he tries to sweep the freshmen very clean. They gather round him with a faint renewal of interest.

COLLEGE CAPTAIN (*reading from a list*). Hobson! Barfield! Cripps! Why, where the deuce have they all got to? I never saw such a slack lot.

FRESHMAN (*timidly*). I think they went away five minutes ago. They said they'd been waiting half an hour and couldn't stop any longer.

C. C. (*with infinite scorn*). Oh! that's it, is it? I suppose they all expect to be shoved into the 'Varsity Eight right off. I say (*shouting up to the balcony*), Naylor!

NAYLOR, *the first captain, appears from a window. He wears a light blue cap. A shiver of respectful awe goes through the throng.*

NAYLOR. What's up?

C. C. Why, three of these blooming freshmen have gone off without a word. What shall I do?

N. Do? Why, take the next on the list, of course. What else do you want to do? (*Re-enters room, annoyed. A faint laugh from the crowd.*)

C. C. Well, anyhow, I call it confounded cheek. (*Reading again*) Savage!

SAVAGE. Here.

C. C. Borrodaile!

BORRODAILE. Here.

C. C. Right you are. I'll take you two. Get in and try your stretchers.

SAVAGE, a tall, thin man of about six feet two, and BORRODAILE, a stout freshman of about five feet four, enter a tub, the former at bow, the latter at stroke. They sit down, and look helplessly at their feet. Bow has his feet against his stretcher and his knees up to his chin; stroke sits with his legs extended, and the points of his toes against the stretcher.

C. C. (*standing in the stern*). Oh! that'll never do. You must change seats. (*They do so without leaving the boat. As they pass one another bow trips over his seat and falls head first against his captain, whom he precipitates backwards, falling on the top of him*).

SAVAGE. (*feeling that his last chances of success as an oar have vanished*). I'm awfully sorry. I hope you're not hurt.

C. C. (*recovering his wind*). Clumsiest thing I ever saw. You're only fit for a barge. Now, then, get hold of your oars. Shove her off, Tom. Now mind you attend to me—both of you. Forward. Get forward, bow. Good heavens! you haven't moved an inch.

S. (*purple in the face with the strain, and gasping*). I—can't—get—further. It's no—good. I'm trying—like—blazes.

C. C. (*patronisingly*). Well, never mind. We all begin like that. You'll do better in time. Oar flat on the water, stroke. You needn't hold it up in the air like a railway signal. When I say "row," be careful to get a good grip of the beginning, and swing back with a hard kick off the stretchers. (*A freshmen's tub from another College bears down upon them.*) Look ahead, sir! Look ahead there! (*Bang! Mutual apologies.—Extrication.*)—Just like those

beastly corkers. Always running into somebody. They want the whole river to themselves. Forward! Are you ready? Paddle. (*They paddle.*) Bow, you're digging; stroke, you mustn't bend your arms so soon—swing back more. You're both digging awfully. Sit up—sit up! Finish longer. You *must* finish it out. Bow, you're feathering under water: take it out clean. Hands away. Pooh! you're as slow as an excursion train. Swing steadily. Stroke, you're tumbling about like an old sack. Oh, this is awful! Easy all. (*They easy.*) Really, you know, if you can't do better than that, it's no use coming down at all. Sit up, both of you, when you're easying. Bow, you really must—(*A long explanation. It is emphasised and illustrated by gestures, such as drawing the hands in to the chest, and darting them out as if at an enemy.*) There, now, you see what you ought to do, don't you?

Bow (*doubtfully*). Yes.

Appearance of a UNIVERSITY OAR tubbing two Trial Eight men. He nods to the COLLEGE CAPTAIN.

C. C. (*pleased*). When are the Trials going out?

UNIVERSITY OAR. As soon as I get back. (*To his men*) Paddle on.

C. C. (*to his freshmen*). That's Pollard. He's strong as a buffalo; but as to form he's no good at all. Looks more like a bumboat woman than anything else when he's rowing.

STROKE (*rashly*). Are you rowing in the Trials?

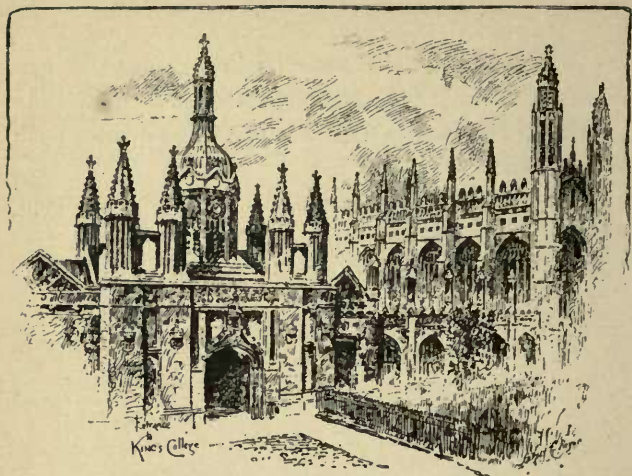
C. C. (*nettled*). No, not exactly. I believe my name was sent up. (*Sternly*) Forward, ready, paddle. (*The process already described is repeated. Finally they turn, and after several adventures they reach home.*)

C. C. (*landing*). That was a bit better. Now, then, are there any more ready? Next lot come on.

Bow (*to* STROKE). What was that he said about puffing out my chest?

STROKE. I don't know. In fact, I didn't understand a word he said. Did you?

Bow. Not a word.



XV.

TRAINING FOR THE LENT RACES.

SCENE.—A room in College. A fire is burning in the grate; an oil lamp and four candles are the illuminants. On the walls hang two boating groups (photographs, that is, of men with bare legs and fixed expressions), three cheap engravings, one expensive one which dwarfs the rest, two coats of arms (School and College) on tin, and two works of art due to the immature pencil of the tenant of the rooms. There is a bookshelf, half the shelves of which are empty; the other half is filled with ten yellow-backed novels (favourite author, Hawley Smart), five volumes of the Badminton Library, "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," Todhunter's Algebra, a Latin Dictionary, a Greek Lexicon, a "Gradus ad

Parnassum," and a few others similar in character. On a sideboard are two three-handled pewters. A carved wood letter-rack, and a ditto for pipes, are fixed near the writing-table. A large table, loaded with glasses and dishes containing oranges, figs, prunes, and raisins, occupies the centre of the room. Ten undergraduates, the crew of the Lent boat, with their cox and their captain, are seated round it. It is eight o'clock, and they have just come from Hall in a state of repletion. Two decanters (claret and port) are being passed round.

CAPTAIN OF THE CREW (*sternly, to a heavy man*). Ah! would you? I knew you'd be at it, Jollop, so I've had my eye on you. I told you you might have half a glass of port extra all round because you did a fair course, and there you go and fill your second glass to the brim. I won't stand it. It's perfectly disgraceful, breaking training in this way every day. I wonder you don't keep strict for your own sake. How can you ever expect to take an ounce off those thirteen stone of yours if you keep on swilling port like that?

JOLLOP (*meekly*). Well, I didn't mean to do it; but there, I clean forgot about its being only half a glass extra.

CAPTAIN. Very well; but don't let it happen again. How do you feel to-night, Plaister?

PLAISTER (*who is sitting on a cushion*). Oh, a shade better; but it's awful work, rowing like this. (*We omit all medical details.*) I think I've got another one coming on the other side.

CAPTAIN. Ah! I made sure of that when I saw you put away your third helping of beef last night. Where it all

goes to I don't know. You don't seem to rise in weight a bit. I say, Brownlow (*in a stage-aside to his neighbour*), don't you think we had better put in Plugger at once?

PLAISTER (*alarmed*). Oh, I shall be all right to-morrow. I only had two helps of chicken and two plates of stewed fruit and rice to-day.

CAPTAIN. Well, I'll give you another chance. Now then, Jollop, you've had quite enough figs! Hand over the dish to me, and don't eat anything more.

JOLLOP (*furiously*). Well, all I can say is, I think it's a jolly shame. I'm not allowed to touch a drop of liquor; I can't eat a crumb without the whole crew jumping down my throat; and then I'm expected to do fifty times as much work as any one else just because I weigh a few pounds more. Hadn't you better train me on groundsel at once? I know what'll happen. I shall get stale.

DIMINUTIVE COX. All right, Jumbo, old man. Keep your shirt in. Did they take his bottle away, then, and mustn't he eat figs? (*Ducks to avoid an orange aimed by JOLLOP's hand. The orange explodes against the wall behind.*) Lord! one might think you'd been brought up with an Aunt Sally show, you're so careful not to hit. (*Ducks again. Same result.*) Come, come, don't begin to rag yet.

CAPTAIN. I say, did any of you fellows see those corkers in the Boniface boat trying to get over the course to-day? I clocked them beautifully. They're slow all over the course. Never got above thirty-three, and their five sugaring awfully the whole way. I never saw such a wretched devil in all my life. He oughtn't to be allowed to live. However, you fellows can't help bumping them with him and that miserable stroke in the boat. There

never was a Boniface man yet that pulled his shoestrings. Why they put Hammond in the 'Varsity last year *I* never could make out. I'd engage to do more work with my little finger; but then (*bitterly*) they never look at a man's work nowadays. If you can't hold on with your outside hand you're nobody. Pass me the port, Cox. (*Consoles himself.*)

JOLLOP. Oh, the Boniface men are not such awful stiff uns as the Somerset lot. Their stroke's got a back as round as Plaister's face, and four keeps on wagging his head like a Chinese mandarin. They all feather hard under water, and their two constantly takes one hand off his oar to scratch his beard. And then the voice of the chap who coaches them. Why, you can hear it from Baitsbite to the Bridge, and such perfect rot, too. Always "Sit up, sit up; more work, more work: four, mind the time; don't lug with your arms."

DIM. COX. Yes, I heard him shouting that yesterday. Two bargees were standing on the bank, and the one said to the other: "D'ye hear that, Bill? He bain't to pull wi' his arms. Be he to pull with his bloomin' nose, I wonder?"

CAPTAIN (*with superiority*). Ignorant fools! Well, you won't be bumped by Somerset, I fancy,—not as long as they're coached by that fool. By the way, I noticed that seven in the Boniface boat wasn't rowing to-day, and Bill told me he's got the mumps; and their four got bally-ragging last night, and the whole crew fell on him, and precious nearly broke his back. I saw 'em do it, and I tell you he looked bad when they smoothed him out. I don't think he'll go on long.

THE CREW. Hurrah! that's splendid.

A FRESHMAN (*to the CAPTAIN*). Do you mind passing the claret?

CAPTAIN. No, I'll be blowed if I do. You've had as much as you want already. I tell you what it is: all you freshmen are getting too confoundedly uppish. It's "pass me this" and "bring me the other" all day long. Why, last term two of 'em had the cheek to tell me they'd been waiting half an hour to be tubbed, and they didn't mean to spend the whole afternoon kicking their heels about, and off they went. I don't know what the club's coming to.

PLAISTER. How did the 'Varsity go to-day?

CAPTAIN. Oh, fairly well. But they can never go properly as long as Piddock remains in the boat. In the first place, he does no work. I could pull him round if I rowed with a kitchen fork. Then, he's got about as much idea of watermanship as a tailor has of riding. I was speaking to the President to-day,—he often consults me,—and I told him what I thought of the whole business. I think there'll be a change soon. They want a man in the place who can really work and sit a light ship. Then they'll cover some water.

JOLLOP. I say, where do we breakfast to-morrow? I think it's your turn, Cox. Whatever you do, have enough squish. I only got about enough this morning to cover a threepenny piece.

DIM. COX. I can't cater for squish-devouring elephants. You must really bring your own pot, Jollop.

Another orange. The Cox returns it. Others join in the fray. Two silent men begin without any warning to struggle for an armchair, the legs of which, after a gallant resistance, collapse with a crash. Down go the two strugglers. Four others hurl themselves on the top of the heap. Shouts,

clouds of dust—in fact, a bally-rag, which only subsides, after ten crowded minutes, into exhaustion.

JOLLOP (*panting, from the wreck of the armchair*). There's nothing like a good old bally-rag to pull you together. I feel twice as fit. I think I could just manage a bit of reading now. So good-night, Plaister. (*Picks himself up, selects the best cap and gown, and departs.*)

THE REST (*in succession*). Good-night, Plaister. Mind you get out into the backs in good time to-morrow, and no drink on the sly.

PLAISTER (*the owner of the rooms*). Never fear. Good-night, everybody. Well, thank Heaven, they're gone at last! What'll the governor say when he hears they've smashed the armchair he gave me? (*Sports his oak.*) I'm as dry as a lime-kiln. I'm sure that must be bad for me. (*Opens a cupboard, produces a bottle of soda, and opens it.*) I hope nobody heard the cork go off. Never mind; here goes. (*But on this scene of horrible depravity we must draw a veil.*)

XVI.

AT THE BOATRACES IN JUNE.

SCENE.—*Ditton Corner. The Second Division boats have raced past about five minutes ago. The excitement has subsided. Undergraduates, with fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins (their own and those of their friends), are assembled on carriages, on foot, and in boats waiting for the First Division race. Photographers, professional and amateur, are doing a brisk business on both sides of the river. Punts of an antiquated build are plying from side to side.*

ON THE WATER.

A MOTHER (*in a boat with two sons, a daughter, and a friend of the sons*). Algernon, are you sure we are safe here? The boat rolled quite dreadfully when the crews raced by just now; I really think we had better—(*To gentleman in next boat, who is attaching the rowlocks of the two boats to one another*) Oh, pray be careful, I know our boat cannot possibly bear more weight.

1ST SON (*under his breath*). All right, mother, all right. Don't fidget so much; we're as safe as a house here. (*To approaching boat*) Look ahead, sir; look ahead; there's no

room here. (*Crash.*) Here, Leslie, shove her off. (*They shove the invaders off.*)

MOTHER. There ; we've sprung a leak. I knew it would happen !

2ND SON. No, mother, we're quite sound so far. You sit tight, and you'll be as right as the Bank of England.

MOTHER (*to daughter*). Oh, Mabel, look there, isn't that Mrs. Quallett with her two frights of daughters? No, no, not there. Standing up in that carriage at the back with a red parasol. Well, I must say I wonder she cares to take her girls about at all.

MABEL (*with a faint appearance of interest*). They certainly are *not* pretty. (*Resumes her conversation with friend.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER (*on tow-path side to crowd generally, in confidential tone*). Now then, ladies and gentlemen, just one moment, please. Quite still ; only one moment.

MOTHER. Oh, we're being photographed. Mabel, do smile. Algernon, take your hat off. Leslie, turn your full face to the camera. (*To friend*) Mr. Dockett will hold on to the post, I'm sure. There.

P. (*still appealing to crowd, most of whom neither see nor hear him*). Now, *all* of you perfectly still while I count five (*removes cap*)—one, two, three, four, five. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

ON THE TOW-PATH SIDE.

CAPTAIN OF CREW (*to RUNNING ENTHUSIAST*). Have you got all your men organised, Jack ?

RUNNING ENTHUSIAST. Yes, I've got eight of them posted all the way from Grassy to the finish. I shall start with

you, and hand the rattle on to Bellamy, who will pass it to Wilkins, and so on. One turn means you're gaining, two turns you're within a length, and if it's kept going continuously you'll know you're half a length off and gaining still.

CAPTAIN. Who has got the bell?

R. E. Soulsby. He's half-way up the Long Reach.

CAPTAIN (*with the needle* upon him*). Right, I must be off, and get into the boat. What was that you said? Let me see, I've forgotten something. Where's my beeswax? Now do be careful about the rattle. Keep it going.

R. E. You've got the needle.

CAPTAIN. *I?* Never was less nervous in my life. I saw the Trinity men just now, though, pale as sheets and quivering like aspens. Now then, where are stroke and six? Confound them! They're never in time. I wonder what the dickens they can be up to? Oh, and there's two actually running.—What a fool he is!—Seven, for heaven's sake, don't put your hoof through the boat. Five, is your oar all right? (*And so forth.*)

IN THE DITTON PADDOCK.

PRETTY COUSIN (*to non-rowing man*). Oh, how grand it must be to row, and make ever so many humps every day! But the other poor men must feel very sad; I am quite sorry for them. I wish you'd explain it all to me again, Bertie.

BERTIE (*a shade perplexed; he seeks to gain time*). It's rather dull to go all over it again, you know. Besides, it's not very easy. I fancy most of the men rowing don't quite

* "The needle"—*i.e.*, nervousness.

understand it themselves. (*Receives no encouragement, and has to plunge.*) Well, you see, all the crews start in a certain order, and when one makes a bump they go up and the others go down, and so on all through, and it goes on for four nights, and they all start a certain distance apart, and—(*Sees succour from an unexpected quarter*) Look out, Netta, there's a fly just going to settle on the back of your neck.

P. C. Oh, do keep it off! Thank you so much. Here comes a boat. What pretty colours! How thin that little man near the point of the boat looks! They *do* row beautifully, don't they, Bertie? (*And so forth.*)

A FATHER (*to his son*). In my time we never had half such a crowd to look at us, but you young fellows nowadays can do nothing without applause. Why, I remember in '60—(*Becomes reminiscent.*)

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (*on the tow-path*). Just once more, if you please, quite still. Now then—one, two, three, four, five. *Thank you.*

XVII.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE UNIVERSITY EIGHT.

SCENE I.—*The yard of the Goldie Boathouse. Time, 3.15 p.m. on any day in February (the year is absolutely immaterial). Tubbing has just ended, but the light ship is not yet launched. The crew have apparently been severely talked to in the tubs, for their faces are as long as their nether garments are short. They are wandering about the yard in groups. The COACH and the PRESIDENT are holding an animated conversation apart. The boatman is tinkering at the boat. Two reporters for sporting papers are also present.*

COACH (*to PRESIDENT*). Well, there it is. I tried him in every way, but I couldn't make him work. I really think it's useless going on with him. However, I told him—and all the rest of them too, for the matter of that—that it was probably their last day in the crew. That may wake them up a bit.

PRESIDENT. Yes, there's nothing like frightening them. What work shall we do to-day?

C. Some long pieces of paddling, and one or two short bits of rowing on the way down.

P. What do you think of a Bridge to Bridge?

C. (*who likes his own way*). Well, I think I wouldn't go farther than the Willows to-day if I were you.

P. All right. We'll get out now. (*To the crew*) Now then, Eight out.

The Eight is launched. COACH and reporters cross in the grind. The latter having noticed the prevailing depression, have made the following mental note for their reports: "Some startling changes in the order of rowing may be looked for in a day or two."

SCENE II.—*On the Opposite Bank.*

A crowd has gathered to watch the start.

1ST ROWING MAN (*to another in rowing costume*). Hal-loa! Aren't you rowing to-day? Why, I thought you were safe.

2ND ROWING MAN (*gloomily*). Oh, nobody's safe now. I suppose (*with bitterness*) my back wasn't round enough to match with the rest of them. I've got to run down to Baitsbite. He told me I should probably not be wanted, but I'd better go, as they *might* want to make a change, and the run would do my legs good. Why doesn't he run a bit himself, then?

UNDERGRADUATE (*to his mother, whom he has escorted to the river*). There, mother, that's the President, getting in now.

MOTHER (*in a tone of disappointment*). Why, he doesn't look such a very big, strong man, after all. You're quite as

big as he is, John. Why don't you put on your pretty rowing coat and go and row with them?

U. I don't know, mother. They haven't seemed particularly anxious for my company, you see. That's one reason.

M. That's absurd. You ought to tell them you are willing to row; otherwise they can't know.

U. (*humouring her*). Of course; but it isn't really much fun, you see, and it wastes a lot of time.

COACH (*who has by this time mounted his horse, and ridden up, impatiently to the crew*). Come along, come along! I never saw such a lot of carpenters. There's always something to prevent us getting started.

PRESIDENT. Four's stretcher has got wrong.

C. Four as usual. He's always got something wrong.

Four feels that his death-warrant has been signed. At length the boat is shoved off, and a start is made.

C. (*riding alongside and shouting vigorously*). More beginning all through the boat. Four, you're late. More beginning; get those shoulders on to it. Two, don't bucket. Steadily forward, all of you. That won't do. More beginning, all of you. (*He leans forward in his saddle, and shouts more and more vigorously, until his words to the uninitiated sound something like this*) Si-i-i-ixyaroarwashoute ndinemberwhatoldyountubwhadevilginningsidehand. Easy, Cox! (*Cox takes no notice: no cox ever does.*) EASY, COX! (*No notice.*) EASY, COX!!! (*They easy.*)

C. (*furiously*). Look here, Cox, it's not a bit of use my roaring myself hoarse if you won't listen! I wish you'd attend to me.

COX (*mEEKly*). I didn't hear you.

PRESIDENT (*stERNly*). Shut up, Cox!

COACH (*to crew*). That was a shocking bit of paddling. No life about it at all. Now, just listen to me. I *must* have that beginning more marked all through. Just let me see you really try. And your hands are as slow as (*simile fails him*)—as slow as anything. Four, sit up when you're easying, and don't talk. I might just as well talk Russian if you're all going to chatter in the boat. (*To enthusiast who is holding on to his stirrup leather*) That fellow, four, is breaking my heart. He won't do a thing I tell him.

They proceed in this manner to Baitsbite, where they disembark.

SCENE III.—*At Baitsbite.*

COACH (*dismounted. He seizes one of the crew. The rest look on with assumed cheerfulness, not knowing whose turn may come next.*) This is what I want you to do. (*He thumps him in the ribs, strikes him on the back, works his arms like pistons, and chucks him under the chin to make him hold his head up.*) You see it's perfectly easy.

ONE OF THE CREW (*dubiously*). Ye-e-s, I see.

They re-embark after a time and return.

SCENE IV.—*Back at the boathouse.*

COACH. That was a little better, that last piece; but it was far too sluggish still.

Concluding sentences of report in sporting paper on the following morning :—

“The crew returned in four pieces, thus concluding a
W. L.—VIII.

capital afternoon's work. The improvement shown was most satisfactory, and ought to give great encouragement to the supporters of the light blue 'banner.' It is rumoured, however, that some startling changes may be expected to-day or to-morrow."

XVIII.

A DRESS REHEARSAL.

SCENE.—*The theatre of the Amateur Dramatic Club during a dress rehearsal of the burlesque of "Crazy Cornelia; or, Livy the Loafer and the Lost Latch-key." Time, 9.30 p.m. On the stage is CORNELIA (represented by a muscular member of the Rugby Union Football Club) in a flowing Roman garb, with a sage-green sash tied tightly round the place where a waist ought to be. CORNELIA'S figure is ample; she wears a blonde wig, and has an air of coy feminine grace which suits ill with a pair of sinewy arms and large hands. She reclines upon a couch on the O. P. side. In the body of the house is a miscellaneous collection of members, some dressed for their parts as senators, gladiators, maidens, Roman mashers, Roman lictors, consuls, and the plebs, others in English evening dress. A stout member of the Club is asleep on a bench. The STAGE MANAGER, in tights, as MARCUS CURIUS ELASTICUS, is superintending matters. He is terribly harassed, and but for the fact that he wears a close-cropped wig would unquestionably tear his hair. The band is present, and rouses the STAGE MANAGER to fury by its futile struggles with the music. The audience is*

mostly smoking. Boys in buttons appear now and then with lemon squashes. An old member of the A. D. C., a rising light of the London stage, is present.

STAGE MANAGER (*to CORNELIA*). Now then, Poltimore, wake up. "Drowned in a cask of musty Massic wine," is your cue. Do be a bit brisker, and for heaven's sake remember you haven't got a moustache, and don't keep on stroking your upper lip.

POLTIMORE. All right, I'll shave it to-night. Now then, where's the prompter? How do I begin?

S. M. Oh, bother that fellow Eykin! where is he? Here (*shouting*), Eykin, Eykin! (*Enter EYKIN from the further room.*) What on earth do you mean by sloping off like that? You must stick to your prompting to-night. Now then, Cornelia.

CORNELIA (*rising*),—

He's gone and never cast a look behind;
 He might at least have stayed with me and dined.
 When next the rascal ventures to propose,
 His ears shall tingle with my Roman noes.

S. M. Oh, that'll never do! You're drawling it out just as if you were proposing a resolution at a temperance meeting. You must put more point into it. Try it again.

POLTIMORE (*with a sigh of resignation*). All right. How do you like this? (*Repeats the lines with a tremendous emphasis on "ears" and "noes."*)

S. M. That's better, but you needn't roar like a bull. (*To the old member*) What do you think, Battersby?

BATTERSBY (*conscious that his words carry weight, and that*

he is expected to make a smart suggestion). Yes, that wasn't so bad; but when Florence St. John played the part she put her thumb to her nose at that last line. It's a splendid bit of business. (*Everybody laughs heartily.*)

1ST SUPER (*in a whisper to a friend*). By Jove, wasn't that good! He's a devilish clever fellow, that Battersby. I hear Leslie offered him twenty pounds a week to go on tour.

2ND SUPER. Did he take it?

1ST SUPER. No, he stood out for thirty. Quite right, too.

2ND SUPER. Rather.

S. M. Where's Talboys? He's got to enter directly. Oh, there you are. Why, dash it, you're smoking! I told you no smoking on the stage to-night. Chuck that cigarette away directly.

TALBOYS, *in the character and dress of LIVV THE LOAFER*, enters just as CORNELIA says,—

But soft; who comes?

S. M. (*to LIVV*). Of course, as usual, you've entered too soon. You must give Cornelia time to finish what she's got to say, and get behind the curtain. Try it again.

CORNELIA,—

But soft; who comes? My husband, I'll be bound;
I'll bound away where I shall not be found.

Skips, trips over her dress, and falls heavily. Roars of ecstatic laughter from everybody.

S. M. (*in a state of stony and sarcastic gloom*). Poltimore, that's the third time you've fallen over your dress. Do

try to remember you're not playing Rugby football. Talk about bringing the house down, indeed !

POLTIMORE (*flushed and angry*). Well, you'd come a cropper if you'd got ten yards of skirts trailing about your legs ; but if you don't like the way I play the part, get somebody else. I'm sick of it, I can tell you.

BATTERSBY (*casting oil on the troubled waters*). Come, come, don't talk like that. You'll do it all right with a bit of practice.

CORNELIA *tries again, and succeeds in gliding behind a curtain without a fall.* Enter LIVY THE LOAFER.

LIVY,—

Ha, ha ! the bird has flown ; but oh, dear me !
The pretty poppet's been a-drinking tea (*sniffs violently*).
Bacchus ! what's this ? to call it tea were wrongin' it,
It looks like tea, but (*drinks*) tastes like something
strong in it.

I'll call old Marcus—Marcus, ho ! come here,
And taste Cornelia's latest ginger beer.

Enter S. M. (MARCUS CURIUS ELASTICUS).

MARCUS,—

Who calls me ? Loafing Livy, by the powers !
How do, old pal ? We haven't met for hours.
What say you, since the evening is advancing,
If we beguile it with a little dancing ?

Strike up, band ! What are you all staring at ? Strike up, and be d—d ! And play it a little less like a dead march this time.

The band begins a lugubrious air, intended for a Roman breakdown. The S. M. dances. His legs go into extraordinary contortions. He dances beautifully. Everybody applauds.

S. M. (*still dancing*). Quicker, music! quicker, you bald-headed bunglers! There, that'll do. (*Stops, panting, but triumphant.*) Now, then, change the scene, and let's have the Plebs on. Plebs! Plebs! Where have you all got to?

SUPERS *troop in. The scene is changed.*

S. M. Where are Blenkinsopp and Smethurst? Not come, haven't they? Well, then, they needn't come again. I chuck them. Now, Plebs, don't stand about like wax figures. Look cheerful. (*The whole PLEBS put on an expression understood to mean cheerfulness.*) Let's have the song. Music, music!—late, as usual.

[*As this song is typical not only of the grievously anti-popular character of our modern burlesques, but also of their painful anachronisms, we give it at length. But Burns and Tillet forbid that we should pledge ourselves to agreement with its sentiments.*]

SONG, "THE POPULAR PLEBS."

Oh, we are such a pleasing and popular lot,
 For the blooming patricians we care not a jot;
 We mean to do jolly well just as we like,
 And if other means fail, why, we'll go on the strike.
 Out on the strike, and as for our ca-ike,
 We'll eat it and have it while out on the strike.
 We shall all have a kerridge and never use kebs,
 This portentously pleasing and Popular Plebs.

Let the Senate beware, for a trodden worm turns,
 With a sting in his tongue at the teaching of Burns.
 Be it ours to praise labour the rest of our lives,
 While we leave all the work to our daughters and wives.
 Daughters and wives, like bees in their hives ;
 Oh ! it's nuts to be worked for by daughters and wives.
 We can let the poor spiders, our women, spin webs,
 But the flies are devoured by the men of the Plebs.

The bakers, the 'busmen, the drivers of cars,
 They shall feed upon oysters and smoke their cigars ;
 And we all shall wear kids, so that nothing shall soil
 The delicate hands of the children of toil.
 Children of toil, the sunshine would spoil
 The complexions and skins of the children of toil ;
 So, if forced out to labour, we'll all become rebs.
 And make mankind bow down to the Popular Plebs.

Our patience is ended, the word has gone forth
 That the Plebs must be rich as a Rothschild or North ;
 Drinking fizz by the gallon and bathing in beer,
 We will live like a lord with a million a year.
 Million a year ! won't it be queer
 To do nothing all day for a million a year !
 The flood-tide is with us, and so, till it ebbs,
 We will all shout hurrah for the Popular Plebs.

S. M. (*pleased at last*). Capital, capital ! That'll fetch
 'em, or I'm a Dutchman. It's a shade rough on the
 Radicals ; but you must have it like that in burlesque.
 The audience expects it. I think we've done enough for
 to-day. Mind you all turn up to-morrow at five. Come
 along, Battersby. [*Exeunt omnes.*

XIX.

A GREEK PLAY REHEARSAL.

SCENE.—*The theatre of the A. D. C. on a November afternoon during a rehearsal of the "Ion" of Euripides. ION and CREUSA are on the stage. The former wears a double-breasted coat, the latter a Norfolk jacket. In the right centre of the auditorium, which is clear of seats, with the exception of a couple of chairs, is the grand piano, at which is seated the COMPOSER of the incidental music. The chorus of DELPHIC ELDERS, the Maidens, Attendants, and various actors are scattered about the room, some in dittoes, others in heavy boots and knickerbockers for football. They wear numbered tickets, suspended by blue ribbon from their necks—like prize cattle. STAGE MANAGERS (Dons) abound in all parts of the room. The CONDUCTOR of the orchestra is seated at the thin end of the grand piano. A buzz of animated conversation prevails.*

1ST STAGE MANAGER (*sadly*). Oh, Creusa, Creusa, how often am I to tell you not to come on with a cigarette! Throw it away directly.

CREUSA (*throwing it away*). So sorry; I honestly forgot I was smoking. Let me see; how do I begin?

1ST S. M. The stage direction is that your demeanour is one of profound sadness, and that as you approach the temple your eyes fill with tears, but as a matter of fact you were laughing most of the time. You must do your entrance again.

CREUSA exit, and re-enters solemnly with a look of Cimmerian gloom on her expressive features.

1ST S. M. That's better ; but I think you walk rather too fast.

2ND S. M. I'm not so sure of that. You'd better walk more towards the front of the stage, though.

3RD S. M. Surely not. Still your head ought to be turned more to the right.

An animated debate ensues amongst the STAGE MANAGERS ; amateur advisers offer suggestions, which are scouted.

1ST S. M. (*suddenly*). I have it (*dashes on to the stage, seizes CREUSA'S head in both hands, and bends it violently backward and to the left, CREUSA offering a very faint resistance*). There, *that's* your position while Ion addresses you. Please don't forget.

The rehearsal proceeds.

1ST DELPHIC ELDER (*in football dress at the back of the Auditorium to 2ND DELPHIC ELDER similarly attired*). I say, we shall have to slope if they only get on at this rate. I had no notion it would last so long. Come on.

2ND D. E. (*dubiously*). I daren't ; they've got their eyes on us.

1ST D. E. Well, you must, that's flat. You don't sup-

pose we're going to play *Pembroke* without you. They've all got their backs turned ; now's our chance.

The two DELPHIC ELDERS furtively take off their tickets and slink from the room.

2ND S. M. (*to one of the actors on the stage*). αἰτοῦ, please, not αὔτοῦ. Do be careful.

THE ACTOR (*stung beyond endurance*). I said αἰτοῦ. I couldn't have done it more distinctly if I'd had a pair of bellows inside me blowing out h's.

2ND S. M. (*unfeelingly*). Well, remember it next time then.

The rehearsal proceeds. The CONDUCTOR of the orchestra discusses musical points elaborately with the CHORUS.

CONDUCTOR (*turning round suddenly*). No talking, please. (*Finds too late that he has addressed two STAGE MANAGERS. Awkwardness.*)

1ST S. M. We must have a thymele (*a thymele is arranged with two chairs*).

CON. Come along, Chorus ; it's your turn now (*the CHORUS troops on to the stage, and then down the steps, and circles round the chair-thymele, singing, it must be admitted, admirably*).

CON. (*beating time, with enthusiasm*). Bravo, my boys, that's the way ! You must——(*At this point the 1ST S. M. dashes at awkward DELPHIC ELDER and seizes him by both arms.*)

1ST S. M. Lift your arms up properly, for heaven's sake ! and don't move them as if your elbows were tied down to your sides. Besides, when you all stand still, I fancy it

would be better to stand in couples leaning against one another, or with your hands on one another's shoulders. (*Two DELPHIC ELDERS carry out these instructions by leaning back to back, and forming an acute angle. The rehearsal proceeds.*)

1ST S. M. Curtain up for Act II. Now then, Maidens, Maidens, mind you're ready.

The curtain draws up, revealing an actor on the steps of Apollo's temple, with a briar-wood pipe in his mouth. In the foreground, on the O. P. side, sits one of the Maidens in a complete and becoming suit of dittoes, and perusing the "Illustrated London News." The rehearsal proceeds.

1ST S. M. (*to ACTOR*). No, no! rest your head on his right shoulder, and throw some tears into your voice.

THE ACTOR. I thought I'd chucked a whole bucketful into it that time. As to my head, I've always had it on his left shoulder up to now.

The STAGE MANAGERS consult. The CONDUCTOR and COMPOSER hum airs to one another. The actors light cigarettes. One of them executes a pas seul. The Maiden continues her interrupted perusal of the "Illustrated."

MEMBER OF THE A. D. C. (*to CREUSA*). I'm going to have some tea. Shall I order some for you? What will you eat with it?

CREUSA. Thanks, I'll have buns.

M. OF A. D. C. (*to boy in buttons*). Tea and buns for two as quick as possible.

TRIPPOS PAPERS.

AGRICULTURE AT CAMBRIDGE.

[*A University Syndicate was recently appointed to consider a letter which Mr. Henry Chaplin, the Minister of Agriculture, had addressed to the Duke of Devonshire, the Chancellor of the University, with reference to the teaching of agriculture at Cambridge. The Syndicate reported, inter alia, in favour of the establishment of an Agricultural Tripos. The following is suggested as an examination paper.*]

AGRICULTURAL TRIPOS.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, *June 13th, 1894, 1—4.*

1. Gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief.

(α) Quote in full the context of this line, and prove by Grimm's law that the order of the words implies or does not imply a moral and physical superiority.

(β) If a cherry tart contains $x \times 64$ cherry stones, divisible equally amongst sixteen persons, all wearing double-breasted coats, and three of them being short-sighted, prove in detail that $(x \times 64) - 8 =$ a county jail, using the full text of the above quotation as a basis for your calculations.

(η) State the correct method for the conveyance of cherry stones through a straight line measured from mouth to plate. What is the utmost

number that may be thus disposed of at a time, it being assumed that ladies are present and that all mouths are of equal size?

2. Who were Guano and Silo? What other famous Peruvians do we read of in history?

3. A field of wheat is bounded on two sides by a wattle fence, and on the two others by posts and rails. It contains 076 poppies to the square yard. There are nine million poppies in it. State the size of the field in *metres*, and calculate accurately in *hectolitres* the amount of meal derivable from it after a wet summer.

4. State Chaplin's formula for the extraction of roots from a square foot of arable land. Can this be applied to corns? State in each case what implements should be used, and the precise portion of the foot on which the operator should begin.

5. A is an orchard, B an apple tree containing C , a boy; D is the owner of A , holding E , a whip. Prove by the application of E to C that the initial velocity of C out of A varies directly as the number of applications, and that the number of possible applications varies inversely as the velocity of C , it being assumed that D is stationary at the foot of B .

6. "Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye."

Continue the quotation, and state fully why rye should have been selected for the experiment. If you substitute swedes for rye, how would the problem be affected, the duration of a kiss varying as the resistance of the second body?

7. If A (an examiner) working five hours a day can

plough twenty-six Tripos men, how many Poll men, working three hours a day, without coaches, on a fixed allowance of fresh milk and soda, will be required for the formation of a first class in the Law Special, the general hardness of the papers set varying directly as the failure of the candidate to floor them?

8. A is a tow-path horse; B is a rowing coach. What are the chances that $\frac{B}{A}$ will result in $A - B$? Prove by examples, with names and dates. State a theory by which B may be maintained in rowing shorts and in a state of stable equilibrium on the back of A , the stable of A being in the opposite direction to the progression of the boat coached by B .

9. Analyse the productiveness of a College grass-plot in fines, it being assumed for the purpose of this question that no porter has more than one eye, and that every undergraduate crosses the grass three times every term.

10. If a common dish containing two boiled cabbages can go round four rowing undergraduates, state how many rods, poles, or perches will go round the waists of six University Professors:

(a) At the beginning of term.

(b) At the end of term, allowance being made for Feast Days and Combination-room port.

11. "I bain't no scholard, zur."

"They turmuts doan't get the better of we."

Assign these remarks to their dialectical districts of England.

Can you give any reason why a Yorkshire peasant (in novels) should speak the same variety of English as a

Somerset ploughboy? Give instances, with the names of the authors.

12. Prove by Callaby's * tables that the projection of a fox-terrier on any given rabbit = Callaby² + (undergraduate — 2s.) + something for drinks.

* Callaby, the Cambridge dog-fancier. *Cf.*—

“Struck at Brown's the dashing hazard;

Or, more curious sport than that,

Dropped at Callaby's the terrier

Down upon the prisoned rat.”

C. S. C., Verses and Translations.

THE ATHLETIC TRIPOS.

[I understand that it is in contemplation to establish an Athletic Tripos, and thus to recognise the status of those whose physical attainments have hitherto constituted a bar to their academic distinction. By a stroke of good luck I have obtained a copy of one of the proposed papers. It appears to be a sort of General Knowledge paper.]

THURSDAY, June 7th, 1894, 9—12.

1. A sporting reporter is describing a high jump of major axis 5 feet 8, and of eccentricity x , with a radial velocity of two feet over a freely poised bar. Prove by Jennings's system of convoluted curves that the certainty of inaccuracy in the reporter is greater than the chances of ultimate clearance, where the moments of inertia are greatest at an elevation of 5 feet 5.

2. A , a hundred yards blue and a member of the Athenæum, has dined at a given club, T .* Prove that his subsequent condition can be represented by the formula $\frac{1}{2} C's O + V + E + R = A - 6s. 8d. + B \& S$. If he runs up a smooth conical hill, show that he will make the ascent most quickly by adopting a spiral path, and that the angle of inclination of his body at any instant to the horizon is uncertain. Estimate accurately a force $P.J.$ (cuvée réservée), as expressed in tangential aberrations, where the attractive

* The dinners of the Athenæum Club (at Cambridge) are called T's.

force of the surface of the hill is to the resistance of the body as 3 to 1.

3. A is a small man. B is a large hammer. Apply A to B , and estimate the probabilities of A describing circles round B , B remaining fixed. If A is suddenly thrown by B through a parabola of eighty feet, what are the chances that A will become (1) $A + \text{blue}$, (2) $A + \text{black and blue}$?

4. A Rugby football blue breaks one bone every week in a term of two months. An Association football blue in the same period loses five front teeth and the exterior angle of his chin. State the effect on their mothers, and prove that a figure $S. M. J. W.$ * intercepting a man X running quickly will result in $X + \frac{\text{collar-bone}}{2} - \text{doctor's bill}^{\text{nth}}$.

5. Write short histories of (a) golf shop, (b) football shop. If three golfers and three football players meet A , a senior wrangler, at luncheon, what are the chances that A will insert a word edgewise? State carefully a correct system for the feeding of Association "forwards" on a penny a day paid in advance.

6. The animals A and B are supposed to be rowing freshmen placed in your hands for examination in tubs. Write a short account of their structure as revealed by your dissection of their remains, giving reasons for the curve of their spinal columns, and estimating the length of their stroke by the shortness of your temper.

7. If the diet of A , a man in training, is represented by π to infinity $+ O. D. V.$ (the wind, B , being neglected), prove that the probability of A becoming $A - B$ is greater than the probability that A will be happy at the Railway Bridge.

* Mr. S. M. J. Woods, of Jesus College.

8. A is an oarsman rowing in a Lent boat. B is another oarsman who is not rowing. Calculate the attractive power exercised by a movable female figure C on two points I, I , revolving in the head of A . Apply the two points I, I , constantly to the figure C , and prove that a force $D - N$, constantly applied by a coach to I, I , will, or will not, result in the substitution of B for A .

9. In a certain crew, X ,

A , a bald stroke, is round-backed,

B , a knock-kneed bow, is blind,

C is deaf,

D is dumb,

E has a stiff leg,

F has only two toes on his left foot,

G has a tennis-elbow,

H has only one arm, and the coxswain steers with his teeth.

In another crew, Y , which comes immediately after X , the bodies are normal. What probability is there that in a bumping race the order $X Y$ will be maintained, the time in X being variable and the initial velocity of stroke 22?

10. Prove that, if the feet of three rowing men be drawn from a fixed point after a bump-supper, the bodies will lie on a plane surface under a given table, and that, if C be taken to represent the visual power of each, any fixed point will appear as a double point.

11. State Muttletbury's formula for the covering of a six-inch blade. Is it lawful to shoot a bucketing* sugarer† sitting?

* To bucket (of an oarsman)—*i.e.*, to rush forward instead of swinging steadily.

† A sugarer—*i.e.*, an oarsman who does no work in a boat.

12. A perfectly rough sphere of any mass is rolling on the upper surface of a sliding seat ; the boat is rolling on the surface of the water, and the spectators are rolling with laughter on the surface of the bank. Express mathematically the language of the rest of the crew. State any theory you have formed as to the proper maintenance of the front stops of sliding seats with sufficient power to resist a thirteen-stone freshman, moving through space at the rate of one hundred miles to the minute.

SAVED BY A SIGN.

A STORY OF ALGEBRA.

WE live in a terribly utilitarian age. In the great question of education, theorists who ask "Will it be useful in after-life?" have come to the front, and the advocates of culture, for the sake of culture, are looked upon with suspicion as visionaries, who propose to impair the commercial supremacy of England by devoting the youth of the country to the perpetual grinding of gerunds, and the manufacture of inferior Greek iambics. Generally speaking, I cannot say I have much sympathy with these so-called reformers. I am not, I confess, called upon in the course of my professional duties to conjugate *malo*, or βλώσκω; but, on the whole, I look back with some satisfaction upon the long hand-to-hand struggle which I carried on for many years with these and similar words; and I should be very sorry to know that any boy of the present day would be forced to do without the mental and physical discipline which, I flatter myself, I acquired from the contest. Even algebra has been attacked. Indeed, my friend Harefield, a self-made pillar of the Stock Exchange, said to me, quite gravely, the other day, that the ignorance of his two sons was so great that he had felt himself compelled to forbid

them to add any more unknown quantities to their present stock ; and he had therefore written to the head-master of Harrow School, where the boys are pursuing their studies, requesting him to eliminate x and y from their curriculum.

Now, the simple story I propose to tell refers to algebra, and it shows conclusively—that is, if my authority, a blameless clergyman of the Church of England, may be believed—that a knowledge of the elementary rules of that science may prove of the highest practical value in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. At any rate it once saved the Rev. Henry Bull, the present vicar of Sand Craven, in Yorkshire, from the miserable consequences of his own youthful folly, reconciled him to his father, and enabled him to start in life, free from debt and with a clear conscience.

The Reverend Henry Bull and I were at Cambridge together a good many years ago. I purposely leave the date vague, in order that the characters of my story may not be identified. We were members of the same college, rowed three times together in our college boat, “kept” together during our last year in the same lodgings in Jesus Lane, and read with the same coach for the Mathematical Tripos ; in fact, we were as intimate as two men could possibly be. I was ambitious to be a wrangler ; but the examiners, to their eternal disgrace, preferred to place me amongst the senior optimes. Bull was also ambitious, but in a different way. He knew that by a course of steady reading he might manage to scrape through, and the one object of his desires was to secure the wooden spoon which an immemorial tradition has always assigned to the last man in the tripos. He succeeded, but not without a

tremendous struggle with a Downing man. Unfortunately for his prospects, the Downing man, in a fit of absence of mind, managed to do one problem correctly in the second part of the examination, whilst Bull was successful in giving incorrect solutions of all. The result was that the Downing man was last but one, and Bull secured the wooden spoon. Bull was a very popular man, and the scene of enthusiasm when he took his degree is still remembered. His friends bought an enormous wooden shovel, on one side of which they emblazoned—somewhat roughly, it must be admitted—the arms of his college. On the other was painted a massive bull elephant with his trunk in the air. This was a delicate allusion to his nickname. Owing to his great size and strength, he was always spoken of and addressed as “the Bullephant,” whilst the tones of his voice in coaching boats had procured for him the sub-title of “the trumpeter.” As Bull, blushing all over his jovial face, advanced to receive his degree from the Vice-Chancellor, a regular storm of cheers burst forth, and the shovel, in spite of a feeble protest from the Proctor, was dexterously lowered by a string from the galleries. The hero of the day, on his return journey, cut the string, shouldered the shovel, and marched with it triumphantly out of the Senate House. Since that time he and I had scarcely met. I was called to the Bar, and plunged head first into text-books and pleadings. Bull was ordained, became a naval chaplain, and for many years knocked about on one foreign station after another with Her Majesty’s ships. It was therefore with a sense of pleasant surprise that, about a year ago, I received from him a letter telling me that he had left the Royal Navy, had married, and had lately been presented

to the valuable living of Sand Craven. He added, that he wanted to renew his old friendship with me, and, in the kindest way, asked me to fix my own date for visiting him in his new home. "If you can come in September," the letter went on, "bring your gun, as the Squire here will give us a day at his partridges. I've got a capital lot of old Audit, and two pairs of boxing-gloves. I weigh over fifteen stone now, but I'm still game to have a round with you. Only you mustn't tell my parishioners. Now, mind you come."

I promptly accepted, and on the evening of a day early in last September duly arrived at Sand Craven station. The old Bullephant met me with his dog-cart, and our greeting was warm. His three stone of extra weight and a crisp brown beard made his appearance more massive and imposing than ever; and when he trumpeted his welcome and slapped me on the back, I was forced to tell him that a prolonged course of work at the Bar had rather impaired my muscular powers. Mrs. Bull, a small but lively Yorkshirewoman, received me cordially. The dinner was simple, but excellent; and when we adjourned afterwards to the Vicar's den to continue the discussion of ancient rowing shop, and to settle once and for all the question whether or not our old friend Bateson really used to pull his weight in our College Eight, I felt a good many years younger than I did when I left London.

This pleasant impression was increased by the aspect of the room. On all sides were objects which recalled my college days. How well I remembered the Homeric bear-fight which had ended in the temporary flattening out of that most comfortable of easy-chairs! I flatter myself that

on that occasion my activity prevailed over the weight of the Bullephant, and I ventured to tell him so; but he only laughed, and hinted that he was ready to begin the return match at once if I felt inclined. On the walls were hung photographs of rowing groups, an oar or two which a grateful boat club had presented to him as trophies of many bumps, whilst a corner cupboard with glass doors was filled with an array of cups of all kinds, the prizes of aquatic prowess. But the chief decorative object was the old wooden spoon, which hung over the fireplace. Round it were arranged some half-dozen engravings and photographs, and I was amused to see on a closer inspection that they were all portraits of mathematical celebrities. Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Routh, Dr. Colenso, Professor Cayley, and Mr. Isaac Todhunter were all there.

“That’s rather a curious setting for a wooden spoon,” I remarked. “Why, one would think you worshipped mathematics here, instead of writing your sermons.”

“That’s just it,” said the Vicar. “I do worship mathematics; they’ve been the best friend I ever had—at least, algebra has.”

“Best fiddlesticks!” I laughed irreverently. “To hear you talk a man might believe you had been senior wrangler, instead of wooden spoon.”

“That’s got nothing to do with it,” retorted Bull. “Now, look here, I’ll prove what I said. I’ve never told the story to any one since it happened; but I’ll tell it to you now, and you shall judge for yourself.”

“What story?” I asked.

“The story of how algebra got me out of one of the worst scrapes I ever was in. You won’t believe it, perhaps,

but it's true all the same. And look here," he added, "don't try to give any of your rationalistic explanations of it when you've heard it. I prefer to let it remain where it is."

"Right you are, Bullephant," I said; "fire away. I'm prepared to believe anything you say without question or explanation. Let's suppose for a moment or two you're speaking *ex cathedrâ*."

Whereupon the Vicar cleared his throat, and began thus:—

"Of course you remember our last October term at Cambridge. We were both supposed to be reading particularly hard for the tripos in January. I don't know so much about the reading. I know we rowed in the Fours, and a precious hard race we had of it too. If the other chaps had only steered as badly as we did, we might have beaten them. Well, what I'm going to tell you occurred in the week after the race. I never was a good hand at reading at night; in fact, after 8 p.m., mathematics used always to send me to sleep, and I had made up my mind that, although the beastly tripos was so near, I wouldn't refuse any invitations to dinner if I got them. You worked harder and sat tighter, I know; but then you had a good chance of a first, and I hadn't, which made all the difference. There was a fellow called Lewthwaite in the year below us. Do you remember him?"

"What, the Lewthwaite who came such a frightful cropper soon afterwards on the turf?" I asked.

"That's the man. I had been at school with him, and although he rather professed to be a 'blood' at Cambridge, chucked his money about, and did a good deal of silly gambling, I never could help liking the chap. Of course

he was weak ; but we're none of us as strong-minded as we might be, and there was something very attractive about Lewthwaite—a pleasant kind of devil-may-care, reckless way of looking at things that made him one of the best companions going. I never saw very much of him, but we were always friends to the last. Well, on this particular occasion Lewthwaite was giving a big dinner, and asked me to come. I knew they'd play cards afterwards ; so I stipulated that I should be allowed to go shortly after dinner, as I didn't want to gamble. A few days before I had had to write to my father, enclosing a statement of my financial position, which showed an excess of liabilities over assets to the tune of about £80. The governor had written back a pretty stiff letter (he generally did) ; but he was as good an old fellow as ever walked, and he enclosed a cheque for the amount, and asked me to settle all my bills directly, and send him the receipts. I had intended to do it that very morning, and had cashed the cheque. Something, however, prevented me, and the consequence was I had got £80 in notes in my breast pocket. Rather like drying a keg of gunpowder by the fire, you'll say, my going to a gambling party in such a condition. Perhaps it was. But in any case I went, and I don't think I ever enjoyed a dinner more in my life. Poor old Lew knew how to order just the right dishes ; his champagne was first class, and his cigars excellent. I was just out of hard training, and I can tell you I didn't stint myself——”

“You never did, old chap,” I interposed. “Do you remember our bump-supper after our first May races ?”

“I remember somebody who had to be put to bed ; but I was one of those who carried the corpse on that occasion,

so perhaps you'd better shut up. Any way, I enjoyed myself thoroughly at Lewthwaite's dinner; and when the cloth was cleared and the cards were produced, I wasn't at all in a humour for going away. For some time I sat smoking, and watched the rest playing. They played a game we used to call "Bank" (I fancy it's much the same as *trente et quarante*), and at first the stakes were small. Soon, however, they grew reckless, and large sums of money and I.O.U.'s passed rapidly from hand to hand. I don't know how it was, but I got excited, my good resolutions vanished, and almost before I knew what I was up to I found myself at the table staking away with the best of them. I won, I lost, and won again; but in the end, to make a long story short, I lost every penny of the £80 with which I ought to have paid my bills. After that, I had the good sense to stop, and pretty miserable I felt too. Lewthwaite chaffed, and tried to cheer me up. 'What does it matter?' he said; 'after all, it's only a question of mathematics. When you came here you were Bullephant; now you're Bullephant minus eighty. You'll soon get used to it.' However, I wasn't in a mood for chaff, and directly afterwards I went away. I didn't feel very lively the next morning. I daresay you remember how we quarrelled about the buttered eggs. I still think you had more than your fair share; but let that pass. The bills had to be paid somehow, but how the thing was to be done was more than I could imagine.

"I called myself a blockhead, a fool, an idiot, all the abusive names I could think of; but that didn't seem to help matters. I swore I'd never touch another card—which was salutary, but failed to bring back my £80. At last, after thinking it over in every way, I made up my mind to

write home and make a clean breast of it. I did so, and waited miserably for the answer. In two days it came. I scarcely like to think of that letter even now. You know my father could lay the lash on pretty severely when he liked. Well, on this occasion he surpassed himself. I was a disgrace, he said, to the family—a weak-minded fool, without any purpose in life. I had committed an act which did not fall far short of the kind of dishonesty that brought unfortunate clerks to prison. For his part, he didn't intend to let me go on in a career of reckless extravagance that could only end in my ruin and his; and he intended, therefore, to take me away from Cambridge at once, before I had gone any farther. And so forth; you know the kind of thing. He ended by announcing his intention of coming up to Cambridge on the following day to tell me in person what he thought about my conduct.

“Next morning, sure enough, he turned up. The interview was the most unpleasant one I ever had with the dear old man. He sat down in that armchair you're sitting in now, and for about half an hour he let me have it straight from the shoulder. I had very little to say for myself. I knew I had played the fool, and deserved everything he said of me; but I couldn't help remonstrating, and trying to make him believe I was not so black as he painted me. But it was all useless. I pleaded to be allowed, at least, to stop and go in for the Tripos, so as to get my degree. It was hopeless. At last something I said irritated him beyond endurance; he thumped his fist on the table, raved like a father in a play, and told me to get myself ready to go down with him that very day. In fact, he had lost his temper just as completely as I had lost my £80. I sat

silent for some time, and I needn't tell you that my reflections were none of the most cheerful. 'Henry Bull minus £80,' I thought to myself, 'is evidently no match for father minus temper,' and I made some feeble joke to that effect aloud as I rose to go upstairs and pack up. As I did so, my eyes were curiously attracted to the old wooden brackets that were fixed upon my wall; there were four of them carved with the College and University arms. The next moment I nearly startled my father out of his wits by a loud yell of triumph; I dashed at him, wrung his hands, and literally danced for joy. *I had discovered a way out of all my difficulties.* This was it: The sight of those brackets, coupled with the making of that poor little joke, had brought to my mind by some queer process of association, which I can explain only on the ground of a direct interposition of Providence, one of the simplest elementary rules of algebra. Todhunter states it thus in his 'Algebra for Beginners':—

“ ‘When an expression within a pair of brackets is preceded by the sign —, the brackets may be removed if the sign of every term within the brackets is changed.’

“ Now, of course 'Henry Bull — £80' was an algebraical expression of two terms, and 'Father — temper' was another. I had the brackets ready to my hand; but where were the two minus signs to put in front of them? Fortunately, my genius was equal to the emergency. There were in the fireplace two beautifully straight pokers, evidently designed by nature to be minus signs. Here, then, I had all the apparatus for a marvellous experiment. It remained only to act. 'Pater,' I said, 'I know I've been a fool. Let me implore you nevertheless to grant me

one last request.' The old man was evidently moved by my tremendous earnestness.

"'Well, yes,' he said, 'I will, if it doesn't take long. What is it?'

"'Do exactly as I ask you for the next five minutes. I sha'n't beg you to let me stop here or anything of that sort. All I want you to do is to stand absolutely still where I place you on this floor.'

"My father sneered, hinted I had gone mad, and added that such folly could have the effect only of making him more angry. Eventually, however, he consented, with a bad enough grace, and stood stock still, fuming and fretting, where I posted him. What do you think was my next move? I first took down two brackets, placed them on the floor, one on each side of my father, got a poker from the fireplace, and laid it longitudinally in front of one of the brackets. Next I placed the other two brackets on the floor about a yard apart, laid the second poker in a similar position, and placed myself inside the brackets. The result may be represented in this way——"

Here the Vicar stopped, wrote something on a piece of paper, and handed it to me. This was what I read :—

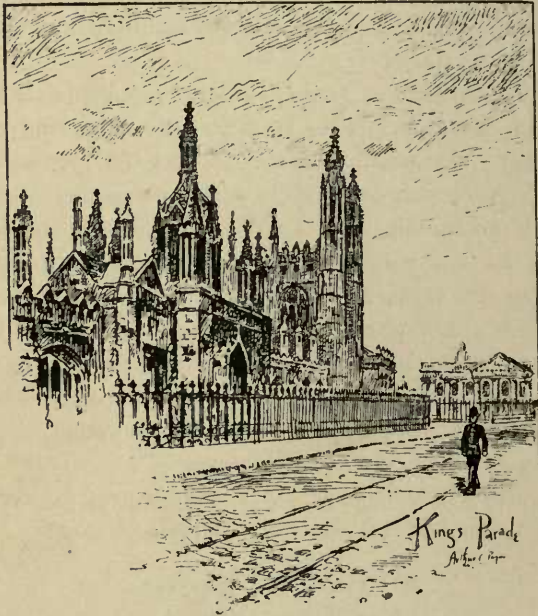
— (*Henry Bull — £80*)

— (*Father — temper*).

"Well," I said, "what next?"

"What next?" shouted the Vicar scornfully. "Can't you see? From where I stood I reached to the bell and rang it. When the landlady came into the room, she gave a start of astonishment at seeing my father and me in this curious position. She evidently thought we had been

fighting with the pokers. I reassured her, and asked her to be good enough to remove the brackets from my father. After some hesitation she did so. The effect was magical. The thunder-cloud vanished from the dear old fellow's face, and a celestial smile took its place. *By the removal of the*



brackets the minus sign, which had been inside the brackets, was converted into a plus sign, and he had become, according to the rule, Father + temper. I was overjoyed at the brilliant success of the first part of my experiment. 'Don't stir, pater,' I cried, as the old man, beaming with happiness, prepared to embrace me; 'it's not finished yet. Now,' I continued, addressing the amazed landlady, 'oblige me by

taking away these other brackets too.' As she did so I saw my father's hand travel quickly to his breast pocket. The moment the removal was completed the hand travelled down to mine, and, as I'm a living vicar, pressed into it eight crisp £10 Bank of England notes. *By the removal of the brackets the necessary algebraical consequence had followed in my case too, and I had become*

Henry Bull + £80."

Here the Vicar paused, and looked at me curiously.

"Well," he said, "have you anything to say?"

"Only this," I answered, not without some show of triumph, "that both your father and yourself would be absolutely useless, unless you went through life preceded by pokers or minus signs of some sort,—you must see that yourself."

"I had foreseen that," replied Bull. "My father and I seized our pokers, and, holding them out in front of us, walked straight off to the jeweller's in the market-place, where we purchased two tiny bars of gold. Here is mine," he went on, pulling out a long gold chain which he wore round his neck. Sure enough, there was attached to it a little bar of gold, which imagination might interpret into a minus sign.

"I wear it night and day. My dear father, who maintained his angelic temper to the last, ordered his to be buried with him. Strangely enough, since that eventful day I have never had less than £80 on deposit at my bank."

* * * * *

There is the story. I have told it as nearly as I could remember in the Vicar's own words. Cynics may scoff; but I, who know the simple, guileless character of the Reverend Henry Bull, can only believe implicitly every word he said.

SOME MODERN VERSE.

AN ESSAY IN POETICAL CRITICISM.

ENGLISH poetry is entering upon a new epoch. The verse that delighted our fathers, and their fathers before them, has lost its savour; and the bewildered public, beset by a howling mob of poetasters, asks in vain, "Where-with shall it be salted?" In order to endure for all time, poetry must present the hopes and fears, the sympathies and the passions, the hatreds—aye, and even the prejudices—of the particular age in which it is produced. All that is fair, and precious, and unutterable in the inarticulate yearnings of the great heart of man, must find its voice in the burning words of the poet. To him a higher than human insight reveals the glowing realms of Passion, the enchanted haunts of Desire, and the deep-hued regions of Eternal Truth. With him wanders the handmaid Imagination; his steps are on the clouds; his eye outshines the sun in his splendour; the chains of earth fall from his soaring limbs; and thus he passes, girt round with celestial glory, from height to height, until at the last he is joined to Homer and Milton, to Alfred Austin and Robert Buchanan, and all the immortal throng who wait his coming.

We have offered these remarks in order to make our position with regard to poetry and the poets quite clear. We have said that a new epoch is opening before us; the

poets of the past appeal to us no longer. We believe that Mr. Swinburne still has his admirers in the nurseries, from which his later muse has drawn much of her inspiration; echoes of Lord Tennyson are still heard in seminaries for young ladies, or in the effete verse of occasional lyricists; Mr. Browning is much discussed (we dare not say read) by the society named after him; and Mr. Ignatius Donnelly lives to prove that all interest in Shakespeare has not died out amongst a certain academic clique. But for the dawning epoch we must have a fresh race of poets. Be it ours to perform the true function of the critic, the vicegerent in the present both of fame and of posterity, and to introduce to the world some of those whose voices shall make sweet and musical the years that are to come.

“A MASQUE OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS.”

BY ALURED CARDEW.

Mr. Cardew is the laureate of despair. He dwells in a gloomy abyss of passionate despondency. To him life presents itself as a series of mournfully hopeless struggles against the decrees of a relentless *ἀνάγκη*. Man is but a wretched simulacrum, beaten down and crushed by the encompassing hosts of his destiny. Vain is his ambition, vain his every effort. Torn by unfulfilled yearnings, buffeted by the storms of his own desires, he is driven helpless through a realm of terror to his fate. As Mr. Cardew finely says in the poem which gives its title to his volume:—

What are thousands of years (though the sound be sublime)
 On the fathomless, limitless ocean of time?
 They are drops, and no more, and so puny and small
 That they fret not the placid expanse as they fall.

And how vain are their storms, and their glitter how vain,
 Once absorbed into darkness and silence again !
 And we, giddy atoms, who flit in a day
 Out of naught into life, and from life to decay ;
 Who beat, soaring upward and up in the void,
 Feeble wings for a moment, and then are destroyed ;
 Who are aimlessly tossed, as in vain we aspire,
 Out of hope to despair, from despair to desire—

And so forth, in a grand strain of unconsolated pessimism. Mr. Cardew develops his philosophy further in his series of sonnets on "Life." Take this for example :—

To live ! yea, what is life ? A sleep, a dream—
 A bubble, rainbow-hued, a passing smile ;
 A vision, a forgetting, and a gleam
 As of a clouded sun, that strikes awhile
 Bright shafts from out the darkness on an isle
 Of golden shadows, scattered by the breath
 Of merciless tempests o'er the ocean, Death.

Our readers will no doubt remark that Wordsworth has, by a process of proleptic imitation, embodied some of Mr. Cardew's ideas in his much overrated "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood." But Mr. Cardew has his lighter moments. We cannot refrain from quoting in full another of Mr. Cardew's sonnets, though in this also he strikes a note of bitter regret and unavailing struggle :—

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH.

Stay as thou art ; be ever sweet and fair,
 Must the grim harrow of the cruel years
 Mark the clear brow I gaze at ? Sordid care
 And the pale shadow of the world's despair
 Surely can never claim thee, nor the tears

Dim the pure light of those entrancing eyes!
 Yea, but as summer ends the flower shall fade,
 The flush of passionate beauty wanes and dies:
 Vainly we murmur, and in vain upbraid
 The Fates, who slay the puppets they have made.
 Hour follows hour; we think to reach the prize;
 Darkness enfolds us ere the goal is won.
 Lovely thou art; yet, ah! the moment flies,
 The vision passes swiftly: day is done!

There is a pathetic sense of incompleteness about this for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. We have said enough, however, to show that Mr. Cardew is no ordinary poet.

“EROS AND OTHER ODES.”

BY HARRIET FANSHAWE.

We regret that space does not permit us to give many extracts from Miss Fanshawe's stirring odes. They display an extraordinary power and unconventionality. There is no mawkish prudery about Miss Fanshawe. Her “Ode to a Soiled Dove” and her “Invocation to Aphrodite” are perhaps the most striking examples of her genius. There is also much that is precious in the weird “Song of the Unchained Passions,” with which she concludes this charming volume. Miss Fanshawe is perhaps too much influenced by Mr. Swinburne,—the Mr. Swinburne, that is, of many years ago, before he had been weaned from the roses and raptures to a poetic contemplation of babies and a passionate denunciation of the Irish. Indeed, she dedicates to Mr. Swinburne the first-fruits of her muse in the following impressive sonnet:—

TO ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The Sundawn breaks towards a kindling star
 Eastward with laughter and tempestuous spears,
 Where shadows are not shadows ; orient tears
 In music break the barren twilight's bar,
 Defiant of the dusk and glad, but far
 A man's word bids them vanish. Years on years
 Tremble, but all the heaven yearning hears
 Cloud splendour from the rain where shadows are,
 And fires the mist and slays it. Hand in hand,
 Keen as the sea's thrill, lo ! they smile and stand
 In triumph, and the heaven is all one rose,
 Whence laughing love dissolves our twilight land.
 Westward the sun sinks ; all the orient glows,
 And hearkens eastward to the frost and snows.

Miss Fanshawe occasionally rises to a sublime height of rhythmic passion. Take, for example, the following wonderful lines from her "Invocation to Aphrodite" :—

But the haggard-eyed Horror has reft thee and cleft thee in
 twain with the fire
 Of the passionate pith of her pulse, and thy bosom grew great
 with desire.
 Storm tossings and tempests were on thee ; thy breath was the
 blast of the wind,
 And the shock of the ocean was round thee to shiver and shatter
 and bind.
 Thou art ravished and ruled by the Thunder ; thy voice is the
 seed of the air,
 And the night of thy coming is light on the famishing face of
 despair.
 Thine eye is the luminous lightning ; thine hair is the mountainous
 mist,
 Made fair by the fury of love in their hearts who were clasped
 not nor kissed.

And there falls from the wings of thy glory nor shadow nor help
 from on high,
 But a terror that smites us and bites us with fear and desire of
 thine eye.

Such power as these lines display is given to few. Yet we would warn Miss Fanshawe not to let her Pegasus bear her too far or too fast.

“THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY: A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.”

BY OTHO FITZURSE.

Mr. Fitzurse is cast in a different mould from the poets we have hitherto mentioned. His drama, *The Spirit of Democracy*, is an embodiment of fervent strivings after an equality and a perfection which seem to us (we say it with all respect for Mr. Fitzurse's evident sincerity and remarkable gift of expression) to be absolutely unattainable. Mr. Fitzurse disdains the ordinary fetters of the acting drama. Clouds, Spirits, and Symbols are the characters of his play. They declaim in rhymed odes. Blank verse is the exception. We must suppose, of course, that the author never intended his play to be presented on the stage. We quote some parts of the opening, supposed to be chanted by a Chorus of Mountain Spirits:—

Oh, awake, and arouse you from sleeping,
 All ye that have vowed to be free,
 For a roar like a whirlwind is sweeping
 The measureless tracts of the sea.
 Enthroned on the pinions of morning,
 O'er the earth that its clangour has stirred,
 It is whirled, and the voice of its warning
 In Tempest and Tumult is heard.

O ye for whom life was a playtime,
 A season of endless delight,
 Whom the labourless hours of the daytime
 Led on to the sleep of the night ;
 Whom the children of earth, with their sorrow,
 Passed by to be mixed with the dead ;
 But " perchance we can heed them to-morrow,"
 Ye murmured, and turned not your head.

In a perfume of drowsy caresses,
 'Mid the echoes of laughter and song,
 In a network of odorous tresses
 Immeshed ye have dallied too long ;
 In vain in the nethermost places
 Of earth shall ye shelter your fears ;
 Pale terror shall reign in your faces,
 And life shall grow salt with your tears.

We draw particular attention to the sixth line of the second stanza. "To be mixed with the dead" is not perhaps an elegant expression, but it is bold and successful. Boldness and ingenuity, too, characterise the last line of the third stanza. The drama closes with a striking scene, in which the Spirit of Democracy challenges to deadly combat the assembled Monarchs of the Earth, and in the conflict that ensues slays them. The hypercritical might note it as a defect that the chief part on the side of the Monarchs should be assigned to the King of Spain, who is, after all, only a tender infant in real life ; but the lapse of time will remove this slight blemish. We have space only for a few lines from the Spirit's stirring challenge :—

Come forth, come forth in your mailèd might,
 Banded bandits, who wear a crown ;
 Too long in your pride have ye trampled down
 The wretched millions who toil in night.

Your doom is uttered, your fate decreed,
 Robbers and murderers, one and all:
 Cowards and skulkers, you hear me call,
 While you slink away and you pay no heed.

And so on for thirty stanzas, at the end of which the insults of the Spirit succeed in luring the Kings, headed by him of Spain, from their fastness to their death. The concluding line is tremendous in its concentrated force. We quote it:—

KING OF SPAIN. My wealth, my wealth! the night comes on;
 I die! (*Dies.*)

“SPRING ZEPHYRS.”

A COLLECTION OF LYRICAL PIECES.

BY ALFRED WORDSWORTH SMITH.

The “Spring Zephyrs” of Mr. A. W. Smith are instinct with grace and culture and fire. Mr. Smith is catholic in his choice of subjects. The function of the poet, as he conceives it, is to point out beauty where the dull eye of the world sees none. We select, as a remarkable example of Mr. Smith’s curious felicity, the opening verses of the poem entitled—

TO A FLEA.

Boundless bounder, sleepless leaper,
 Cunning crawler, crafty creeper,
 Force concentrated in a speck;
 Dauntless darter, busy biter,
 Unappeased, relentless fighter,—
 Who can stay thee, who can check?

Vainly man doth strive to pin thee,
Vainly try from blood to win thee,
Sure a human soul is in thee—
 Sinful soul of one long dead.
With unresting iteration,
Prisoned thus in expiation,
Torturing in desperation
 As itself was torturèd.

The whole poem is a noble example of the power of true genius to pierce the veil, and to overcome the barriers of a defective sympathy. Men are, after all, only grovellers, whose eyes are fixed on sordid earth. Mr. Smith has assigned to himself the glorious duty of raising his fellows to higher things, and right nobly he fulfils it.

Here this most inadequate notice must end. Enough, however, has, we trust, been said to show "those whose hearts" (if we may borrow a happy phrase from Miss Fanshawe) "are fain for music," where they can find it in rich abundance.

CAMBRIDGE VERSE.

REDEUNTIBUS.

(JANUARY.)

CAMBRIDGE again ! and once again
The spacious courts, the ancient halls,
The daily tramp of eager men,
The nightly hush of hoary walls ;

The sacred lawns of shaven grass,
The echoes of the narrow street,
The shout, the laugh, the clinking glass,
The haunts where youth and pleasure meet ;

The hazy commons filled with life,
The crawling river thick with boats,
The ceaseless, ardent, friendly strife,
The coloured flash of scarves and coats ;

The youths too careless of their fate,
The Dean's reproach, the Proctor's frown,
The Porter prowling at the gate,
The sober suits of cap and gown ;

The talk of books, of sport, of wine,
 While hearts are warm, though winds be cold,
 The friends whose life is part of mine,
 The loyal hands I love to hold ;—

All this is Cambridge ; and I hear
 The cheerful frolic and the din
 Of those who sped the parting year,
 And brought the new with laughter in.

* * * * *

Yet, O you third-year man, beware ;
 Read while you can ; turn night to day ;
 A brooding blackness fills the air,
 For you the Tripos waits in May.

And, O ye freshmen, safely past
 The terrors of the Little-Go,
 The changing terms will fly too fast,
 Though here and there the days be slow.

Like you I smiled and quaffed my ale,
 And scorned like you the far exam. ;
 Yet here I tremble and grow pale,
 And ghost-like haunt the winding Cam.

* * * * *

Beshrew the writing on the wall !
 I know the hateful words by heart—
 “The smile must fade, the light must fall ;
 Too soon the best of friends must part.”

So, Jones, my gyp, bestir thyself—
One glowing night from work I steal—
Go fetch me from my gyp-room shelf
The bottles with the yellow seal ;

And lay my cloth for five or six ;
To-night we meet once more and dine,
And sink the Tripes and its tricks
And all our cares beneath the wine.

A BALLAD OF CAMBRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

“Cambridge undergraduates have many privileges.”—*London Paper.*

WELL, yes, we have many diversions ;
We manage things well on the Cam ;
We have picnics and balls and excursions,
Tittle-tattle and tea-cakes and jam.
We can ask pretty cousins to dinner,
And our visitors cannot but choose
To admire (though our purses grow thinner)
Our size and our taste in “menoos.”—
But stay, I am asked to remember
Such jaunts are more fit for the May ;
So I'll sing you in dreary November
The song of our labour and play.

When we've risen and finished adorning
Our persons, and broken our fast,
In lectures the whole of the morning
Of course is religiously passed.
There are learnèd discourses by Cayley
(Much too clever, dear reader, for you) ;
There are dismal discussions on Paley,
Designed as a help to Part II. ;
And though *some* keep their lectures by sleeping,
The cunning ones, wakefully wise,

Use the time to advantage by peeping
At the girl with the pretty blue eyes.

Behold, in a tub or a funny,
With a back that is shaped like a D,
An oarsman—it's fifty to one he
First learnt how to row on the sea ;
And he sighs, as he lugs, for the ocean,
And stirs up the Cam to its dregs,
And he opens his eyes at the notion
Of propelling a boat with his legs.
Yet such is the stuff of our oarsmen,
Who train on a chicken or chop,
And indulge—though they know that it bores men—
In a technical chatter called "shop."

But for those who see no joy in bumping,
And who promptly and flatly refuse
To row, but take pride in their jumping,
We have Fenner's to give them their blues.
They may vie with each other in skying
The hammer or putting the weight ;
They can get disappointed in trying
To run at a marvellous rate ;
And the time is so carefully reckoned
That even so little as less
Than the poor little fifth of a second
May make or may mar a success.

When the evenings grow darker and darker
In the season of lamp-light at six,

On the Piece that is named after Parker
 The footballer dribbles and kicks ;
 But his comrade who yearns for the tougher,
 More play-as-you-please sort of game
 (And the scrummage *is* certainly rougher)
 At Corpus must look for the same,
 Where, whilst he is striving to run in,
 Or succeeds in a beautiful "hoof,"
 The ladies of Newnham see fun in
 The play, as they watch from the roof.

We have youths who by tailor and hatter
 Are dressed and adorned to the nines—
 Here is one who is rash in the matter
 Of grass-plots and lectures and fines.
 He dines, and at times he gets mellow ;
 He has wonderful waistcoats, and suits,
 Checked with green or with red or with yellow,
 Which is likewise the hue of his boots.
 Then he "drags" and jumps fences unheeding,
 And returns all bespattered with mud ;
 For he much prefers riding to reading,
 Our pride and our envy—the "blood."

Just observe our loquacious debates-men
 (Will their eloquence never run dry ?) ;
 'They are all of them embryo statesmen,
 Or bishops in dittoes and tie.

There are fiery young spouters from Ulster—
 The land that no foe shall enslave ;
 How they make the blood boil and the pulse stir
 With their praises of Balfour the brave !

And they all wander far from the motion ;
While an ardent but limited band
Spend their time in expressing devotion
To the Old Parliamentary Hand.

We have freshmen—good gracious, how many !—
To console us for those who are down ;
They have little experience, if any,
As they swagger in cap and in gown ;
And their notions are really the oddest
And the most incorrect as a rule,
But they are not too shrinkingly modest,
For each man was a genius—at school !
Yet whether he's dull or he's clever,
There isn't a freshman but can
Teach his grandmother tricks, as for ever
The boy disappears in the man.

So here you have Cambridge summed up, sir—
Our mirror of manners and men,
Our beehive of coaches and pups, sir,
Where the gates are all locked after ten ;
Where we read, or we row, or we revel,
Cut chapels and visit the Dean,
Devote our exams. to the d——l,
And think only freshmen are green ;
Where every man swears by his college,
And we all hope—with patience—to be
Possessed of those hall-marks of knowledge,
Hood, bands, and a B.A. degree.

AVE VIR(IDIS) IMPERATOR !

TO THE FRESHMEN.

O YOU who come freshly, while autumn is turning
The leaves that were green into scraps that are
brown,

To the fountain of wisdom, the temple of learning,
The haunt, in a word, of the cap and the gown,—
How the weary old grey-beards must note with surprise
The ring of your laughter, the light in your eyes !

Advance without fear, for these courts are your Mother's,
For the sons who have left her our Cambridge is sad ;
Yet shall we who remain give you greeting as brothers ;
You are come to replace them—advance and be glad.
And forget not, O men, in the freedom and joy
Of your newly-made manhood the hopes of the boy.

We have much to delight you—the field and the river
(Though the scoffers say Camus foots slow* in a drain) ;
We have books for the thinker and feasts for the liver,
Who is coloured (with scarves), while the thinker is
plain.

We have tutors to guard us, and deans who can gate,
And the price of a proctor is still six-and-eight.

* *Cf.* Lycidas.

We have clubs where the lad who but lately sucked toffee
 May recline if he likes at the close of the day,
 While he sips his *Chartreuse* as a *chasse* to his coffee,
 And attempts, greatly daring, to colour a clay ;
 And it's oh for that lad when he staggers to bed
 With a clay-coloured face and a pain in his head !

We have halls where they feed us and halls for debating ;
 We have bedmakers robed in a bonnet and shawl ;
 We have chapels—and here let me help you by stating
 That a chapel, when “cut,” often ends in a “haul.”
 And I beg you will master, since learning is cheap,
 The mystical, manifold meanings of “keep.”

We have coaches galore to rebuke us for “bucket” ;
 We have smugs, we have bloods *Trinitatis e Coll.* ;
 And the man who of tripos grows weary can “chuck it,”
 To be coached—which is usual—and ploughed for the
 poll.

Yet we mostly succeed, and on paying a fee
 Wear the skin of a rabbit and take our degree.

We have “grinds” for our wranglers, and “funnies” for
 scullers ;

We've a drag for our horsemen, and Claspers for
 crews ;

And for those who love lightning and dote upon colours

We have blazers, five hundred, from which they may
 choose.

But we robe after dark, lest the best of the game
 Be the proctor's who asks us our college and name

We have problems, alas ! that are stiff as our collars,
With a flavour of π to the n^{th} minus one ;
And to those who would emulate Pindar our scholars—
Dr. Jebb is a sample—can show how it's done.
But at times the high gods who o'er papers preside
Send a lady from Newnham to chasten our pride.

So advance and be welcome ; we greet you delighted ;
And oh ! be not tired of your freshness too soon ;
The age that you ask for will come uninvited,
Like the thief in the night or the tripos in June.
And we envy, who pause and regret and grow grey,
The joy of mere living that stirs you to-day.

IN JESUS LANE.

BY A VETERAN.

DEAR Lane, thou art not passing fair,
Thou art not always passable,
Yet to be with thee I could spare
Much else ; dear Lane, I love thee well.

I see thy well-known sights again,
And stray as once I used to stray
Amid the ceaseless stream of men
Who fill thy pavement every day.

The dogs of every sort and size,
Still masterless I see them sit
And contemplate with anxious eyes
The stucco temple of the Pitt.

And though I strive I may not miss
That tout who still saluteth me ;
O venal smirker, tell me this—
Were it not better not to be ?

Thou art so mean and void of sense,
And all the day thou lingerest
Unsnubbable in hope of pence—
For thee some easy death were best.

Close by the cabmen jest or swear,
 A rough, untutored, jovial throng ;
 Their noisy laughter fills the air ;
 They like their jests both broad and long.

And while the drivers gaily laugh,
 The bony horses, bent and worn,
 Stand heedless of their masters' chaff,
 And droop their heads and munch their corn.

I see the linen-suited cooks,
 A balanced box on every head—
 Men cannot live alone on books ;
 With chops and steaks they must be fed.

The Lane hath all its ancient stir—
 Dogs, dog-carts, undergraduates,
 The polo-men with boot and spur,
 The rowing-men who talk of weights.

O long and quite unlovely Lane
 Of lodging-houses, row on row,
 What though thy face of things be plain,
 A world of beauty dwells below !

Again I see thy common bricks,
 And scan each well-remembered door
 Of 25 and 26,
 Of 37 and 34.

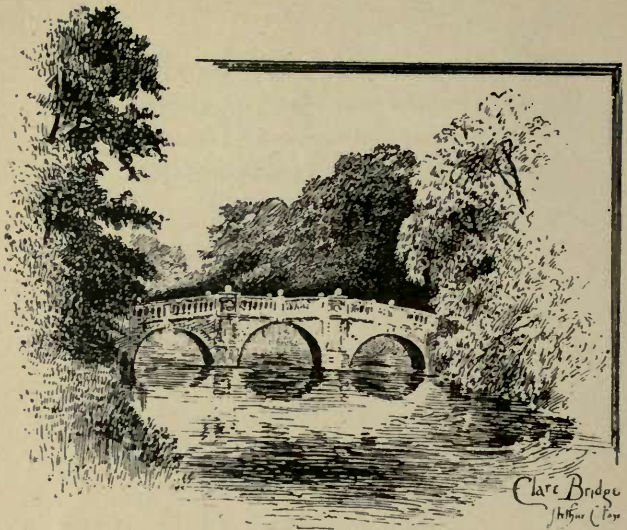
The doors dissolve ; I seem to hear
 The voice of friends ; unaged I trace,
 Behind the bricks that disappear,
 Some young and unforgotten face.

Such scenes doth memory enact
For those whose hair is turning grey ;
Then ruthless brings them back to fact,
Rings down the curtain, ends the play.

Yet oft I tempt her to repeat
Her part, and make the present fair,
By changing all the busy street,
Its sights and sounds, to what they were,

When twice twelve years had yet to go
Ere the slow century had its fill,
And I was like the rest who row
Or ride or read in Cambridge still.

Yea, if some god restored the past,
And bade me live my life again,
I would not change from first to last
The hours I lived in Jesus Lane.



THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

I KNEW a Trinity scholar once,
A Trinity scholar of high repute ;
With a conical head, and thin, straight hair,
And a face that was foolish beyond compare—
A face, in fact, like the face of a dunce,
And a stare like the stare of a senseless brute ;
— And when I beheld him, I thought, “ It’s plain
He’s a hulking lout with an idiot’s brain.”

I was doubly wrong, for the man had two—
Two brains joined by a bridge between ;
One he used as a threshing-floor,
The other he kept as a sort of store.

And every fact that he stored was true,
Cleared of its husk and bright and clean ;
And he labelled and packed and arranged them all
Ready for use at a moment's call.

And whenever he wrote his pen ran fast,
Like a ship with a favouring wind behind ;
And he finished his papers and went away
With a sneer for the rest who were forced to stay.
And many an envious look we cast
At the wonderful man with the matchless mind,
Who, whatever the subject, beat the lot,
And romped in first in a common trot.

Then a medical congress came by train,
Armed with cephalo-microscopes ;
And they prodded him here and tapped him there,
And shaved his occiput bald and bare ;
And wrote of his singular double brain
In dogmas as certain as any pope's.
And they each described (in an interview)
How little the rest of the congress knew.

So matters progressed, till one May-week,
When the double-brained man was reading hard
He came on a problem of arc and line,
And he threshed it out and he sifted fine,
And loaded it up, and, so to speak,
Started his truck for the further yard,
And it rumbled along, till suddenly, hey
Presto ! *the bridge between gave way.*

* * * * *

And except for his bridge, the man's the same—
Just what he was ere the bridge went crash ;
 And one of his brains is as full of tips
 As the Docks in London are crammed with ships.
But *now* he's a fool, and he puts the blame
On the ponderous problem that caused the smash ;
 For the bridge being shattered beyond a doubt,
 There's no way of getting his knowledge out.

System on system and plan on plan,
Packed and docketed, there they lie ;
 All the philosophies, A to Z,
 That split the commonplace, one-brained head ;
Schemes to explain the descent of man,
Or fit him to scale the starry sky.
 And no ray pierces the brooding gloom,
 Where the dust lies thick in the silent room.

So there's the story ; it's true, I know—
True and clear as the noonday sun ;
 And it's quite a respectable story too,
 Which is more than most are, however true.
And the moral is this :—Though your work be slow,
And your brain, like mine, be the usual one,
 You have much more chance of a double first
 Than a two-brained marvel whose bridge is burst.

THE NARROWING CAGE.

THIS is the tale of an ancient Don ;
I remember him well some years ago,
So well that I seem to see him now,
With his drooping head and his furrowed brow,
As he paced in the shadows where no ray shone
With a dragging step that was dull and slow,
And eyes that looked not to left or right,
But were fixed on the ground and shunned the light.

His back was bent and his beard was grey,
And the hair on his head was sparse and long ;
His boots were worn and his coat was frayed,
And his bones seemed thin as a razor-blade ;
And wherever he went on his dismal way
He froze the hearts of our youthful throng,
And after he passed the very air
Seemed choked and dead with a dead despair.

And often at night, when the lights shone out
From many a room in the dim old Court,
Hither and thither, from wall to wall,
From Hall to Chapel, from Chapel to Hall,

The bent, gaunt figure would move about,
While the Dons, his fellows, were drinking port ;
And he muttered and sighed, and sighed again,
Like a spirit of woe in a world of pain.

The man was learned, had written books,
And a German professor had come from Bonn
With a huge brown beard and a small black box,
Containing a brush and a few odd socks ;
And he skilfully baited his Teuton hooks,
And angled for notes from the ancient Don ;
But he failed, and just as he came he went
With his temper gone and his money spent.

Now this is the tale : he had once been young—
Young, God save us, as you or I ;
And his crisp, close curls had a golden hue,
And his laugh was light and his eyes were blue ;
And he moved with a jest on his careless tongue
Through a crowd of adorers, his head raised high,
In the chorus of praise that his friends would sing :
“ You are strong and beautiful ; reign as king.”

Wisdom's precipice high and sheer
Firm with unfaltering feet he scaled ;
Prizes and triumphs, great and small,
Honours and wreaths—he grasped them all :
What should he have but a great career,
The man who could reach where others failed,
Destined to soar on the wings of fame
To a summit crowned with a deathless name ?

He felt, he knew that the world was his—
 His, if he willed, to the farthest strand :
 The earth beneath and the sky above,
 Eloquence, learning, statecraft, love—
 All that has been and all that is,
 He held it all in his hollow hand ;
 The limitless spaces deep and still,
 All were his for his soul to fill.

The blood coursed fast through his throbbing veins
 In a fever of high exultant mirth ;
 And he cried in his joy, "I can rise as far
 As the glittering peaks of the morning star ;
 I can reach deep under the wind-swept plains,
 And pluck at the heart of the patient earth ;
 Courage, beauty and youth divine,
 And the strength of a host in arms are mine."

* * * *

The world wagged on and the years rolled by ;
 Others struggled from day to day ;
 And he who had flashed for a moment, bright
 As a star that falls on a winter night,
 Fading fast as it cleaves the sky,
 Wore in darkness his life away ;
 And of all the crowd who had hailed him great
 Few had a thought for his dreary fate.

And he?—Well, this is the tale they tell :
 He rose one day, and the world seemed dim,
 And he paced through the busy Cambridge street
 With slow, dull, faltering, weary feet ;

And all at once—for he saw it well—
There in the distance in front of him,
 Dark and frowning, and steep and tall,
 Some one had raised a barrier-wall.

And he turned in horror and hurried back ;
And, horror of horrors ! a wall stood there,
 At the point where his walk had been begun
 Hiding the face of the friendly sun.
And the sky at the noontide hour was black,
And faster he hurried, and grew aware
 That men had vanished, and all alone
 He was caught and caged in a square of stone.

You laugh, for the walls, you say, were dreams,
Bodiless phantoms born to fade :
 Yes, but dreams that a mind could feel,
 Built of granite and bound with steel ;
And truth was gone, like the last faint gleams
Of a day that wanes and is lost in shade ;
 And the desolate square became a den
 Filled with the cries of hopeless men.

And day followed day : like a ghost distraught
He moved in his rusty, tattered gown ;
 And his eyes grew dull and his body thin,
 As the walls crept closer and closer in—
Closer in on the victim caught
In a narrowing cage that pressed him down ;
 Till at last they gripped him on every side
 In the shape of a coffin—and so he died.

This is the tale that was told to me ;
And carefully, just as I heard it told,
 This tale of the ancient Don I knew,
 Just as I heard it, I tell to you.
You and I took a low degree ;
The flights we attempt are rarely bold.
 So I hope we may reach a humdrum age,
 Nor perish at last in a closing cage.

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED.

A FOGEY'S EXPERIENCE IN 1889.

A MAN is as old as he feels, no doubt ;
I thought so at least till yesterday,
Forgetting that time and a wife and gout
Turn smooth to wrinkled and black to grey,—

Till yesterday, when I went to dine
With Harry, the son of Dick, my friend ;
We were freshmen together in '59,
And supposed that our youth could never end.

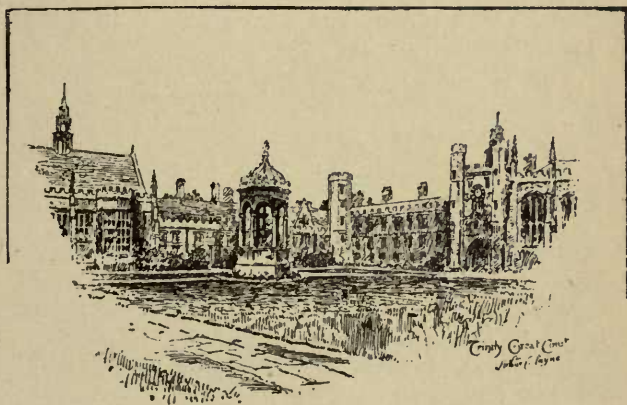
We both wore gloves with our cap and gown,
And umbrellas, too, in showery weather,
And on Guy Fawkes day we challenged the town,
And gave and received black eyes together.

We both cut chapels and stayed out late :
I wonder if Dick can still play loo ?
Could he climb, I wonder, the New Court gate,
As—I blush to confess it—we used to do ?

We both bought wine and cigars (on tick),
And both with our money were far too free ;
And the Dean was often "at home" to Dick—
He was just as often "at home" to me.

And one great evening, I call to mind,
 When Proctor and bull-dogs gave us chase,
 Dick was noisy (we both had dined),
 And they ran us down in the Market Place.

But oh, what a race we had of it first !
 Petty Cury, Parade, and forrard again,
 Through Senate House Passage, and then with a burst
 Into Trinity Street through Trinity Lane.



How gay were our songs in the days gone by !
 Chorus on chorus,—“The Hunting Day,”
 And “The Whiskered Captain” whose glance was sly,
 And “Auld Lang Syne” and “The Vicar of Bray.”

And Phyllis was always “our only joy,”
 The maiden who never failed to please ;
 And we sang to her often, wanton or coy,
 In a charming assortment of varied keys.

And some of us sang of a bob-tailed mare,
 With a curious chorus of "doooh dah day,"
 And some of the maiden with golden hair,
 And old John Peel with his coat so gay.

And some sent "Bowling" up to the sky,
 Poor Tom Bowling whose heart was soft ;
 I would that our voices had reached as high
 As the soul of Tom when it went aloft.

We trifled a little with x and y ,
 And we dabbled in Greek, and with shame I own
 That Dick wrote dates on his cuff, whilst I
 Took some pages in from our old friend Bohn.

But Dick's a Lancashire rector now,
 And he lives a sober and solemn life,
 With a face as grave as a Proctor's bow,
 And a barren glebe and a fruitful wife.

And I—well, I am the fool who thought
 That the years could vanish and leave no sign
 On the veteran Master of Arts who bought
 His cap and his gown in '59.

For yesterday, as I paced again
 Through the grey old Court where the fountain plays,
 I felt that the decades had passed in vain,
 And had left me as young as in other days.

Then I dined with Harry (I love that boy,
 For his face, God bless him ! is just like Dick's),
 And I did my best to seem to enjoy
 His brut champagne and his courses six.

And the raw young jokes of his five young friends—
They laughed quite heartily too at mine ;
What a fund of laughter an old joke lends !
And mine were older than Harry's wine.

But at last, when the lads were growing mellow,
I opened the door and prepared to go,
And (I heard it plainly), "A good old fellow,"
Said one to the other ; "but, Lord, how slow !"

And all in a moment the vision vanished,
And I, who was young when I climbed the stair,
Crept dismally down with my fancies banished,
A wrinkled fogley with grizzling hair.

And I said to myself, as I passed the gate,
"What boots it to show to these careless boys
That a man can be young at forty-eight,
When he steps less briskly and makes no noise ?"

Yet time will avenge me, my young disdainer ;
You will know why I cling to my youthful past,
When the pitiless years that make all things plainer
Shall have placed you too on the shelf at last.

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY.

A CONGRATULATORY ODE ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON

(1889).

DR. BUTLER, may I venture without seeming too officious

To congratulate you warmly on a birthday so auspicious?

The event is surely worthy that I, too, should raise my voice at it,

And proclaim as best I may that, like all others, I rejoice at it.

I am late—I own it humbly,—but from censure crave immunity;

I should have wished you joy before, but lacked the opportunity.

And you, too, fair young mistress of our ancient Lodge at Trinity,*

Though to the usual natal ode my rhymes have small affinity,

Though good wishes from an unknown friend may savour of temerity,

Yet accept both them and my excuse for wishing them—sincerity.

* Mrs. Butler (then Miss Agneta Ramsay) was Senior Classic in 1887.

And the son! with two such parents this small member of
 our college
 Must be, unlike the ruck of us, a paragon of knowledge ;
 Armed cap-à-pie with wisdom like the goddess in the
 stories ;
 A human sort of letters which we term *humaniores* ;
 A kind of tiny scholiast who'll startle his relations
 With his luminous suggestions, and his subtle emendations ;
 A lexicon in arms, with all the syntax grafted in on him ;
 A Gradus ad Parnassum, full of epithet and synonym ;
 A Corpus Poetarum, such as classics love to edit, he
 Will furnish, let me hope, a bright example of heredity.
 Though no doubt he'll be a stoic or a modern Pocahontas
 (This allusion is *τι βάρβαρον*) when cutting his *δόντας* ;
 Yet *if* he when his teething time approaches should to cry
 elect,
 He will cry, I am persuaded, in the purest Attic dialect.
 If a keen desire for nourishment his baby face should
 mottle,
 He will *think* "nunc est bibendum"—not, like others, "pass
 the bottle."
 Before he doffs his long-clothes, and while scarcely fit to
 wean, he
 Will be game to tackle Schliemann on the treasures of
 Mycenæ ;
 And although his conversation must be chiefly esoteric,
 Yet I warrant, if the truth were known, he often talks
 Homeric ;
 Then, whilst others merely babble, he will whet his infant
 senses
 On a new and striking theory of Greek and Latin tenses.

He'll eschew his india-rubber ring, vote picture-books
immoral,

And prefer an hour with Tacitus to rattle or to coral.

He will subjugate hexameters and conquer elegiacs,

As easily as Rajah Brooke made mincemeat of the Dyaks ;

And in struggles with alcaics and iambics, and the rest
of it,

I will lay a thousand drachmæ Master Butler gets the best
of it.

And whatever Dr. Jebb may think, he'll look a small potato

Should he dare to take this infant on in Æschylus or Plato.

Then (forgive me if I mention but a few amongst his many
tricks)

He will call his father "genitor," his mother "alma
genetrix,"

At an age when other babies stutter "Pa" or "Ma" or
"Gra'ma" ;

He will solve—oh, joy!—the mystery and sense of the
digamma ;

He'll discover by an instinct, though the point is somewhat
knotty,

That in certain cases *πρός* is used, in other cases *πρός*.

He will know the proper case for every little preposition,

Will correctly state a certainty or hint at a condition.

Latin prose will be a game to him ; at two he'll take a prize
in it,

With no end of Ciceronian turns and lots of *quippe qui-s*
in it.

With the ablatives so absolute they awe you into silence,

And such indirect narrations that they wind away a mile
hence ;

With the sentences so polished that they shine like house-
maids' faces,

All the words both big and little fixed like features in their
places ;

With the moods all strictly accurate, the tenses in their
sequences,

And a taste so truly classical it shudders at infrequencies ;

With some cunning bits of *tam-s* and *quam-s*, and all the
little wily sets

Of *donec-s* and of *quamvis-es*, of *dum-s* and *quin-s* and *scilicet-s*.

All the imperfections rubbed away, the roughness nicely
levelled off,

Like a sheet of burnished copper with the edges neatly
bevelled off.

In short, go search all Europe through, you'll find that in
Latinity

Not a soul can hold a candle to our Master's son in Trinity.

Then he'll write Greek plays by dozens—not such models of
insipid ease

(Robert Browning, grant me pardon) as the dramas of
Euripides ;

But lines that roll like thunder, Æschylean and Titanic,

With a saving touch of Sophocles, a dash Aristophanic.

Not an accent will be wanting, no false quantity will kill a
line ;

There'll be no superfluous particles like $\gamma\epsilon$ to merely fill a
line.

Then if asked to choose a story-book this prodigy will nod
at us,

And demand the Polyhymnia or the Clio of Herodotus.

At three he'll take a tripos class in Aryan mythology,

And at four confute all Germany in Roman archæology ;
 And if Teuton rivals should indite huge quartos to suppress him, oh !

I'll back this cyclopædic child, this English duodecimo.
 And, bless me ! how his cheeks will glow with infantine elation,

Should he catch his parents tripping in a classical quotation !

He'll be, in fact, before he's done with pap-boat and with ladle,

The critic's last variety—the critic in the cradle.

So a health to you, good Master ; may the day that brought this boy to you

Be through the years a constant source of happiness and joy to you.

May he have his father's eloquence, be charming as his mother,

And when he grows to wield a bat play cricket like his brother.

I looks towards you, Dr. B., and Mrs. Butler too, sir ;

The infant prodigy as well,—let's drink it in a "brew," sir.

Take of champagne a magnum, drop some Borage (*that's* the stuff) in it,

With a dash of Cognac, lots of ice and seltzer, *quantum suff.*, in it ;

And we'll drain this simple mixture ("simple mixture" sounds Hibernian),

And in honour of the classic babe we'll fancy it's Falernian.

AN INTER-UNIVERSITY INCIDENT.

[In 1890 there arose a dispute between the Presidents of the Cambridge and Oxford University Boat Clubs (Messrs. Muttlebury and Nickalls) with reference to the date of the boatrace. Mr. Nickalls was (not, perhaps, quite accurately) understood to have declared in an official letter that Cambridge wanted to get the best of everything, because they were this year "a poorer lot than usual." The quarrel raged for a few days ; but ultimately a date was fixed, and shortly afterwards Mr. Nickalls and Mr. Rowe, of the O. U. B. C., visited Cambridge. The formal reconciliation was celebrated at a banquet (see No. 2).]

I.

THE QUARREL: "A POORER LOT THAN USUAL."

(WITH ALL PROPER APOLOGIES TO MR. NICKALLS.)

STREW your heads with dust and ashes, O ye sons of
sedgy Cam ;
Let your speech be meek and humble as the baa of bleating
lamb ;
Let your bloods go robed in sackcloth and be careless of
their boots,—
You're "a poorer lot than usual,"—rather lower than the
brutes.

Fiery Nickalls wrote the letter,—fiery Nickalls, fine and
large,—
And his frenzied eye flashed fury as he sat within his barge.

“ Long enough have we submitted ; now the time has come
to strike ;

Shall ‘ a poorer lot than usual ’ settle *all* things as they
like ?

“ I, the winner of the Wingfields, of the Diamonds winner
too,

Who at stroke, or six, or seven am the mainstay of the
crew ;

I, whom friends call Guy or Luney,”—it was thus the chieftain
spoke,—

“ Of ‘ a poorer lot than usual ’ will not tamely bear the
yoke.

‘ Nay, my brothers of the Isis, let us write to them and say
They shall trample us no longer in the old familiar way ;
And the banner of our Boat Club, as it flutters in its pride,
By ‘ a poorer lot than usual ’ shall no longer be defied.”

So he wrote it, and he signed it in the Presidential chair,
And he folded and addressed it, and he posted it with care ;
And the heedless postman bore it, little recking of the
frown

Of “ a poorer lot than usual ” who reside in Cambridge
town.

Then the captains all were summoned, those who study
“ stinks ” at Caius,

Those who wear the blue of Pembroke, or in Magdalene
loll at ease,

Those from Trinity and Downing, John’s and Christ’s and
eke the Hall,

Came, “ a poorer lot than usual,” at the Secretary’s call,

From Emmanuel of the Lion, from St. Catherine's of the
Wheel,
From Sidney and St. Peter's with the Crosskeys for a seal,
And from Jesus trooped the captains, where they own the
Dean of deans
(*Not* "a poorer lot than usual"), and from Corpus and
from Queen's.

Came the pious youths of Selwyn and the brawny men of
Clare,
And the Kingsmen trimmed with violet, who had heard of
the affair ;
And the baby boys of Cavendish came riding in their
"pram,"
With "a poorer lot than usual" both of lollipops and jam.

And they sat in solemn conclave, there within the panelled
hall,
Where the golden names of oarsmen gleam and glitter on
the wall ;
Mighty Muttie read the letter, lord and master of the
crews,
In "a poorer lot than usual" of socks and shorts and shoes.

Then they looked at one another as they heard it with
dismay,
And one said, "This is awful," and another, "Let us pray";
Till at last rose one and murmured, and his fingers, as he
rose,
Were—"a poorer lot than usual"—extended from his
nose.

“ Thus,” he said, “ I answer Nickalls of the boast so loud
and big ;

Let him mount, and, if he likes it, ride to Putney on a pig.
Let him go to Bath or blazes, go to Jericho and back,
Or—‘ a poorer lot than usual ’—place his head within a sack.

“ But when next he writes to Cambridge let him try another
plan ;

Manners cost no more than twopence, and ’tis manners
makyth man.

And, O Muttie ! if you meet him, tell him plainly face to face
That ‘ a poorer lot than usual ’ mean to beat him in the race.” *

II.

THE RECONCILIATION: OXFORD IN CAMBRIDGE.

[*Ode written in celebration of the visit of Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. Reginald Rowe to the banks of the Cam. At the date of the visit which is here celebrated the two University Eights were manned by the following crews:—OXFORD: bow, W. F. C. Holland; No. 2, H. E. L. Puxley; No. 3, R. P. P. Rowe; No. 4, C. St. J. Hornby; No. 5, Lord Amptill; No. 6, C. F. Drake; No. 7, G. Nickalls; stroke, W. A. L. Fletcher.—CAMBRIDGE: bow, C. S. Storrs; No. 2, J. M. Sladen; No. 3, E. T. Fison; No. 4, J. F. Rowlatt; No. 5, A. S. Duffield; No. 6, S. D. Muttiebury; No. 7, G. Francklyn; stroke, G. Elin.*]

O H! sadly flows the Isis, full sadly go the crews,
And the Blue-aspiring oarsmen all have yielded to
the blues.

Through hall and quad and college sweeps the universal
moan,—

“ Give Guy and Reggie back to us ; we cannot row alone.”

* Which, however, they failed to do, by a length.

To Iffley drift the "toggers," as slow as any hearse ;
 For while the men forget their form the coach forgets to
 curse ;

And bow, who screws most painfully, forgets to murmur
 " Blank,"

As the cox forgets his rudder-strings and runs into the
 bank.

Tom Timms, the genial boatman, sits droning mournfully ;
 Sadly he hums the hymn " For those in peril on the sea."
 (Yet—think not that I mock his grief—that faithful servant
 Timms
 Is better with his boathooks than he is at chanting
 hymns.)

Black Holland of the elbows, who was never known to fail
 With tea and buttered muffins, or with Phoenix cakes and
 ale,—

Unfed he sits in Vincent's, and o'er his brooding brow
 Hangs sorrow like a thunder-cloud—that tough and tidy
 bow.

And Puxley droops in Corpus, the Janus of the oar,
 With one face fixed to look behind, another fixed before ;
 Drake and our Lord of Ampthill, too, a proud columnar
 pair,
 Like Stylites on his pillar, stand abandoned to despair.

And St. John Hornby mopes with them ; and Fletcher of
 the House,
 Who strokes the crew, is silent as the quiet, proverbial
 mouse.

Yea, all the crew are sorrowful, like dogs bereft of bone,
And sigh for Guy and Reggie, for they cannot row alone.

* * * * *

But Guy has hastened Camward ; he leaves them to their
sighs,

And Reggie Rowe goes with him, curly Reggie of the eyes—
Reggie the slim and supple, the pride of all the Eight,
Who never left his bed too soon, and never yet rowed
late.

See how our Muttie greets them ; his childlike smile is
bland,—

That heathen Cantab, Muttie,—as he shakes them by the
hand :

“ Now, welcome both to Cambridge ; first lunch, and then
away

To watch ‘ the poorer——’ Hem ! I mean the crew at work
to-day.”

And soon, their luncheon ended, they issue forth again,
Speed past the gates of Sidney, and turn down Jesus Lane ;
Then, ploughing through the common, leave Cambridge
streets behind,

And come—oh, marvel !—to the Cam, and cross it in a grind.

Then swift is launched the Clasper ; young Elin sits at
stroke—

Young Elin, who treats chemical explosions as a joke ;
And Francklyn swings behind him—swing, swings, until
you feel

He means to knock his freshman’s face full tilt against the
keel.

Muttie at six is "stylish," so at least the *Field* reports ;
No man has ever worn, I trow, so short a pair of shorts.
His blade sweeps through the water, as he swings his
14'10,
And pulls it all, and more than all, that brawny king of
men.

Duffield in spectacles comes next, who hides his lip in
hair ;
And Rowlatt, fair and square at four—that is, in fact, four
square ;
Next Fison, skilled in sculling, stout Sladen plugs at two,
And Storrs sits gracefully at bow ; and there you have the
crew.

But oh ! what thinks Guy Nickalls, who at Oxford doth
preside,
The while he rides his tow-path steed with Reggie at his
side ?
What thinks he of our river ? And what, do you suppose—
What means that hasty handkerchief he presses to his
nose ?

Nay, Barnwell Pool is bright and clear, and Camus, flowing
free,
Sweeps drainage, dogs, cats, tallow, soap, full swiftly to
the sea.
Guy cannot curse our stream ; yet, ah ! what means that
muttered d—n ?
Perchance a blessing lurks therein ; he cannot curse the
Cam !

What thinks he of the rowing? What thinks he of the
strength?

Thinks he his crew is smarter, or that ours prevails in
length?

Thinks he that odds on him are right, and odds on us
absurd?

Whate'er he thinks, he keeps it dark, and utters not a
word.

So sit up, and row your smartest, who fain would wear the
Blue;

Grip hard the clean beginning, then squarely row it
through;

Out with your hands like lightning, and let the finish ring
Sharp as a church clock striking one; then slowly, slowly
swing.

No need, O gallant Hutchinson, to rate your crew to-day;
Oxford rides watching on the bank; they know it and obey;
And even Muttie, scant of praise, is forced to say, "Well
done!"

While eight oars strike the Cam at once, eight bodies move
as one.

And, now the work is over, the rival chieftains sit
And talk of friendly nothings in their armchairs at the
Pitt;

And yet methought I marked a shade of sadness on the face
Of Nickalls, as he thought upon the coming Putney race.

* * * * *

But oh! that merry evening—the clash of knives and forks,
The sparkle of the wineglass, and the popping of the corks;

And the walls and rafters echoed and re-echoed to our cry,
As we drained our brimming bumpers to Reggie and to
Guy.

So here's a health to Oxford men ; there came a storm of
late,

But our sturdy friendship weathered it, nor foundered on a
date ;

And, when the furious race is past, again we'll meet and
dine,

And drink a cup of kindness yet for days of auld lang syne.

WELSHED.

A REMINISCENCE OF NEWMARKET.

THERE were once three merry freshmen who to Newmarket would go ;

So they went and hired a dog-cart, since they meant to cut a dash ;

And they all looked very knowing, while the ostler said,
“ So ho ! ”

And they thought, “ We’ll drive the beast ourselves, ”—for freshmen are so rash.

And they packed a luncheon-basket, which might well have fed a troop ;

There was lobster, there was chicken, there was salad,
there was ham,

And some shapes of cream and jelly, which got melted into soup,

And a mayonnaise of salmon, and some little ribs of
lamb.

And a cake as full of currants as is Callaby’s of dogs,

As brown as leaves in autumn, or a fashionable hat,

And as large as *some one’s* swagger, or the hills they call the
Gogs,

Which are mountainous in Cambridgeshire, since Cambridgeshire is flat.

They took glasses, plates and dishes, mustard, pepper,
knives and forks ;

But they took (and, very strangely, it was "no one's bally
fault ")

Not a single screw or lever that might serve for drawing
corks,

Which sometimes stick like leeches ; and they quite forgot
the salt.

And they took, besides some soda, just a dozen of "the
boy,"

Neatly packed in straw and labelled, and some cognac
"very old" ;

For, without a dash of brandy, cream and cake are apt to
cloy ;

And the winds that blow at Newmarket are often very cold.

And they started in the morning with a clatter down the
Lane :

There was Tom to hold the ribbons ; there was Dick to
wave the whip ;

And Harry held a posthorn, which he puffed into in vain,
So he cursed it very handsomely, and wiped his bleeding
lip.

There were lots of others going : there were some who went
in flys ;

There were two who drove a tandem, which was voted
very grand ;

And some dozen tooled their dog-carts, and I noted with
surprise

A very cheerful party on a spanking four-in-hand.

But Tom and Dick and Harry were the very, very pick,
In the most extensive overcoats that ever yet were
worn.

“This is something like,” said Tommy; “I believe you,”
answered Dick;

But Harry answered nothing, being busy with the horn.

And they reached the classic Heath at last, and stopped
beside the course,

Taking tickets here and tickets there, and shelling out no
end;

And a ragged, dirty gentleman attended to their horse,—

“Which,” he said, “I’ll do for yer jest as if I was yer
friend.”

Then they saw a knowing party in a striking yellow hat,

Who said, “I’m the only tipster; come and bet with
Uncle Ike;

Here you are—the field a pony.” Whispered Tommy, “What
is that?”

“Well, my lord, I’ll go a monkey, or I’ll bet you what
you like.”

But they all declared for Surefoot—“Good old Surefoot
takes the cake!”

Posthorn Harry went a fiver, Dick and Tommy put in
ten,

And their Uncle Ike assured them, as he pocketed the
stake,

That when the race was over they would find him there
again.

Then they watched a lot of races, and they drank a deal of
fizz,

Which is bound to make you happier with every glass
you drain ;

And Dick said, " This is rippin' ; " and Tommy, " This is
biz ; "

But Harry blew that posthorn—he had posthorns on the
brain.

And now the gallant racers came tearing by the stand,

And " Surefoot, for a million ! " was the universal roar.

And up went Surefoot's number, and Dick grasped Tommy's
hand ;

But Harry, smiling feebly, said he wished he'd backed
Le Nord.

But Dick and Tommy left him, and they ran a merry
race

To find their Uncle Ikey ; and they ran it " on the flat. "

But Ike was *non inventus* ; he had vanished from the place,

With the freshmen's golden sovereigns, and his striking
yellow hat.

* * * * *

I should scarcely dare to mention all the words the couple
used

To express their indignation on the green and classic
Heath.

And they told the tale to Harry ; but he merely seemed
amused,

As he tried to drink a bumper with the posthorn in his
teeth.

Alas for all their merriment, their laughter, and their
glee !

Oh, how gloomy and ferocious were these freshmen, and
how blue !

“ We’ve been welshed,” said Dick to Tommy ; “ I told you
we should be.”

“ No,” said Tom, “ that observation was addressed by me
to you.”

At eve they started homeward, and underneath the seat

Lay Harry, with the posthorn, and dreamed he still was
rich ;

And they took the road in angles,—they had drunk their
brandy neat,—

And at last they spilt the dog-cart, horse and all, into a
ditch.

Then Dick and Tommy trudged it, with Harry propped
between ;

The horse, with half a shaft attached, raced homeward to
his stall ;

And they staggered into college, but were spotted by the
Dean,

And as sure as fate next morning there arrived the fatal
haul.

* * * * *

Thus they lost their ready money, got three headaches,
smashed a trap,

Which was charged for, I am certain, at a most tremen-
dous rate ;

And although they boasted loudly that they didn't care a rap,

They were crushed by being gated, all the three of them,
at eight.

So that's what comes of racing. O ye who read this tale!

Though Newmarket be tempting, take my warning and refrain.

You are better here in Cambridge with your bread and bottled ale

Than with yellow-hatted uncles there and dozens of champagne.

A BREAKFAST EMBARRASSMENT.

*An UNDERGRADUATE addresses HERBERT JIGGINS, his gyp,
son to BELLA JIGGINS, his bedmaker.*

O H! Jiggins, Herbert Jiggins, why tarry you so late?
Come, set my clothes in order, for the clock is
striking eight.

The pious, matutinal crowd has left the chapel door
A quarter of an hour ago; you should have come before.

What shall I have for breakfast, O gentle Jiggins, say;
Suggest, I beg of you, a dish untried before to-day.
Let it be simple; what care I, so it be tasty too?
But, Jiggins, look you well to this: it *must* be something
new.

Last night I had a great idea—nay, Jiggins, do not frown;
With pencil unprovided, how could I jot it down?
This morning I have lain awake and racked my weary
brain

To summon back that lost idea, but racked it all in vain.

What boots it, Herbert Jiggins, with aspect all too bland,
To come to me with pencil and with paper in your hand?
At dinner thoughts of dishes fit for breakfast come in
troops,

But when ordering my breakfast I can only think of soups.

The time is passing quickly—say, say, what shall it be?
 I cannot bear to write again the name of Kedgaree.
 I would not pain you, Jiggins; but fish, and eggs, and rice
 Compounded into one are far too filling at the price.

Prate not to me of kidneys; I solemnly have vowed
 That never on my table more shall kidneys be allowed;
 And never more, I trust, shall my digestion be upset
 By kidneys, plain or devilled, or beskewered *en brochette*.

Once on a time, when life was fair, when youth with hope
 was bright,

The plump and comely sausage was a vision of delight;
 But now a senior soph am I; though it be split and brown,
 The sausage of my early love can only raise a frown.

In curries I have steeped myself—I'll steep myself no more;
 My soul detests the very thought of eggs fried "*à l'aurore*."
 With whiting I will toy no more; though other food should
 fail,

He may devour, for I will not, his own insipid tail.

Now, by St. George, no longer may our breakfast be delayed;
 So, Jiggins, let your mother be summoned to our aid.

Her fairy foot is on the stair; I hear her liquid voice;
 Go, Jiggins, call your mother to assist us in our choice.

Come hither, pretty Bella—nay, do not start away;
 You must ere this have finished with "them other men"
 to-day.

A murrain on "them other men"; I wish them to the
 deuce;

Whenever you would leave me, they are always the excuse.

* * * * *

But stay—yes, yes, I have it! For your kitchens what
care I,
Whilst Bella's fork and Bella's spoon can all my wants
supply?
For Bella will not frown upon the youth who humbly
begs—
He never begged in vain before—for toast and buttered
eggs.

ION FILINGS ; OR, THE WRECK OF THE FAST CREUSA.

A TOTALLY, VERRALLY,* NEW VERSION.

[The "Ion" of Euripides was performed at Cambridge in November 1890. The scheme of the following burlesque was suggested by Mr. T. A. Bertram, of Caius College, who played the part of the Therapon in the original.]

Characters.

HERMES	A god-brother.
ION	A god-son, JUNIOR DEAN.
CREUSA	Married to XUTHUS.
XUTHUS	Married to CREUSA.
PAIDAGOGMAGOG	Not in the Lexicon.
THERAPON	A Reporter.
ATHENA	An Ex-machinist.
CHORUS OF BEDMAKERS.	

SCENE.—*The Chapel Court of a college at the University of Delphi.*

[The eminently pleasing plot of the *Ion* may be thus stated :—Xuthus and Creusa, King and Queen of Athens, distressed at their long continued childlessness, determine to make a journey to Delphi to consult the oracle of Apollo. It happened that, eighteen years before her marriage with Xuthus, Creusa had borne a child to Apollo. The child she had abandoned, trusting to the god to take care of his offspring. Thinking the visit to Delphi a good opportunity for learning the fate of the child, she comes in advance of her husband, intending to inquire of the oracle.

* In a preface to the acting edition, Dr. Verrall propounded a new and almost revolutionary theory of the inner meaning of the *Ion*.

As a matter of fact, Apollo had deputed Hermes to take the babe to his own shrine at Delphi, where he had been reared by the Pythian priestess as a priest of the temple, under the name of Ion. Creusa applies to Ion on her arrival, unconscious that he is her own son ; but he refuses to put the question, considering it an insult to his patron deity. Shortly after Xuthus arrives ; on inquiring of the oracle, he is told that the first person he should meet on leaving the temple would be his son. The first person he meets is the young priest Ion. After some doubt and hesitation the pair decide to submit themselves to the declaration of the oracle. Xuthus, conjecturing that Ion is the result of one of the *amours* of his youth, warns him against divulging anything to Creusa, and proposes to take him to Athens, ostensibly as his adopted son. What had passed is, however, revealed to Creusa by one of the servants standing by. Incited by the *Paidagogos*, an old family servant, she lays a plot to poison Ion at a banquet. The plot is providentially foiled, and the poisoning of the wine is detected by the sudden death of one of the temple doves who had supped it. The *Paidagogos* is seized, and betrays the plot. These incidents are announced by the Therapon, a slave, to the servant of Creusa. Creusa herself rushes wildly upon the scene, pursued immediately by a furious mob, with Ion at their head, demanding her death. At this point the Pythian priestess appears, and produces a cradle and swaddling clothes, in which Ion was originally brought to Delphi by Hermes, from which it appears that Ion is really the son of Creusa. This being the *dignus vindice nodus*, Athena appears *ex machina*, explains the mystery, and directs Ion to proceed to Athens with Xuthus and Creusa as their son.]

ACT I.

Enter HERMES hurriedly. Finding no one present to stop him, he sings.

HERMES.

I BROUGHT the baby upon the scene,
 Here in the Temple hollow,
 To a priestess, who promised the boy to wean,
 To brush him, and wash him and keep him clean,
 And teach him the trade of a Junior Dean
 At the shrine of his pa, Apollo.

Now his mother's conduct in laying him out
 Was, considering all things, clever ;
 Of that there is no manner of doubt,
 No probable, possible shadow of doubt,
 No possible doubt whatever.

Of course you know, since your wits are keen,
 That Xuthus wasn't his father,
 Though he married his mother and made her queen
 (Of his heart), and was gulled like a freshman green,
 And the Oracle's conduct is rather mean ;

You agree with me, don't you? rather!
 Her pledge of affection was up the spout,
 But he couldn't remain for ever—

And now that I've told you the plot, no doubt
 You'll stay and express no manner of doubt,

No possible doubt whatever. [HERMES *exit whistling.*

*Enter on the prompt-side Ion, the JUNIOR DEAN.
 He proceeds to prepare the steps of the Chapel for
 Morning Service.*

JUNIOR DEAN (*sings*).

There are many gay professions,—some there are who
 wear a sword

And a uniform of scarlet and no end of pretty lace ;

There are others who make money out of nitrates, and afford
 To keep a stud of horses and (at times) to win a race.

There are some who join the multitude of literary prigs,
 And the logs they roll are larger than ever yet were seen,
 Whilst some millions read in chambers or haunt the
 Courts in wigs ;

But give *me* the gay profession of a jolly Junior Dean.

Hauls and notices, gates at nine,
 Tricks that the freshmen try on ;
 But they never escape this eye of mine—
 So they call me the cold grey Ion.

Step-dance by JUNIOR DEAN, who is suddenly interrupted by the entrance on the O. P. side of CREUSA, closely veiled and fashionably dressed. He hurriedly resumes his sweeping.

CREUSA. Ahem !

JUNIOR DEAN (*with affected surprise*). Have you been here long, madam ? What can I do for you ? You want to inquire of the Oracle, I presume ?

CREUSA (*nervously*). Well—yes—that was the idea.

JUNIOR DEAN. Will you kindly come this way, madam, to the office ? Mind the step, please. All applications have to be entered in the book.

CREUSA (*aside*). O Earth and Gods ! How terrible !

JUNIOR DEAN (*writing in the book*). Here is the form, madam. (1) *Nature of application.*

CREUSA (*hesitates*). Er—er—it was about a child—

JUNIOR DEAN (*quickly*). Quite so, quite so. No marriage lines, of course (*writes*). (2) *Name of applicant.*

CREUSA. Perhaps I ought to explain. I am applying on behalf of a friend—a dear friend.

JUNIOR DEAN. That is usually the case.

CREUSA (*sighs deeply*). The name is Creusa.

JUNIOR DEAN. Creusa ! Hum ! the name seems familiar. (3) *Name and profession of father, if any.*

CREUSA (*with an effort*). Name—Apollo ; profession—god.

JUNIOR DEAN (*horror-struck*). Madam, madam, surely you are distraught! It would be as much as my place is worth to make that entry. (*Rises from his place*.) I am afraid we must close this very painful interview. (*As he bows CREUSA off R. XUTHUS enters L.*)

XUTHUS. Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
Dean

Got all his fathers so uncommon mixed?
Whether at Barnwell or at Chesterton,
Or where the oozy Cam laves Magdalene bridge,
I know not; yet I know the dreadful tale,
My shame, my son, my tardy recompense.
Read it in Bohn—no, Verrall, he's the last.
But soft, he comes.

ION. What can I do for you?

XUTHUS. Come to my arms, my boy, my beamish
boy!

ION. Pray let me tell you, sir, you're on the grass.

*Comic business between XUTHUS and ION, who is,
however, eventually induced to accept XUTHUS as
his father.*

Song—XUTHUS.

Now let us to the banquet go—I've ordered lots of boy;
We'll drink to our relationships with bumpers and with joy,
For I have found my offspring, and you have found your pa;
But one point I insist on is—you mustn't tell your ma.

We'll have fifty dozen oysters plucked from out their native
dells,

And I will eat the inward parts, while you can suck the
shells.

The epicures consider shells more succulent by far ;
 You can use them for a grotto, but you mustn't tell your
 ma(r).

We'll have ortolans and lobsters too, and cream and water
 ice,

Some salmon and asparagus and anything that's nice,
 Some bananas and some mangoes too, which always taste
 of tar ;

You'll find you can't digest them, but you mustn't tell your
 ma(r).

Exeunt dancing.

ACT II.

SCENE *as before.* CHORUS OF BEDMAKERS, *all talking together.* Enter suddenly THERAPON, *his notebook and pencil in his hand.*

Song—THERAPON.

O ladies, here's a pretty go as will run to more than a
 column,

And set the inspectors at Scotland Yard all looking remark-
 ably solemn ;

As good a brutal murder 'tis as ever I set eyes on,
 The victim being a Junior Dean, while the instrument was
 pison.

CHORUS OF BEDMAKERS.

We've got cold shudders all down the back,
 And hope the detectives are on the track,
 And pine for the cap and the gallows black,
 And the block what the murderer dies on.

THERAPON.

It's all very well for you to talk ; but how can the headsman
 foller
 When the victim's a-sittin' and cockin' snooks on the altar
 of Apoller ?
 But I've wired my copy to the *Evening Star*, with details
 most distressing,
 And a small excursus on the chance of the criminal con-
 fessing.

CHORUS OF BEDMAKERS.

Be sure to put in plenty of gore,
 And huming hair by the pound or more,
 Found on the poker or stuck in the door,
 And you shall receive our blessing.

THERAPON.

But the Dean escaped without losing a hair, or of horrors
 you should be soon full ;
 But what can you do without no blood, and here there was
 never a spoonful ?
 The pisoned cup got spilt, you see, and a highly trained
 tom-tabby
 Lapped for a second, and then expired with a smile on its
 face like a babby.

CHORUS OF BEDMAKERS.

There's instinc' for yer in the cat ;
 Our Persian's just such another as that,
 And the pore thing oughter be buried at
 St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey.

Enter CREUSA hurriedly, pursued by ION, pursued by XUTHUS, pursued by PAIDAGOGMAGOG, pursued by ATHENA. They run three laps, ATHENA coming through her men at the Orchard corner, and winning by a middle-sized head and neck.

ATHENA. Now stay your impious hands and sort yourselves.
I am Athena ; I will put you right.
Sons, pick your fathers ; fathers, choose your sons ;
Creusa shall be mother to the lot,
And every man shall be the other's aunt,
And every mother's son his father's pride.
So, you are settled ; prompter, quick, ring down.
(*To the audience*) And if you're bored and meditate revilings,
Blame Waldstein and not me for " Ion Filings."

CURTAIN.

* Dr. Waldstein stage-managed the production of the " Ion."



THE END OF TERM.

FRAGMENT OF A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

Characters.

AN UNDERGRADUATE,

A BEDMAKER.

TWO GHOSTS OF DUNS.

SCENE.—*A college room; time, 11 a.m. The UNDERGRADUATÈ is seated at a table littered with documents of a bilious nature.*

UNDERGRADUATE. Eight pounds for boots, and
 two pound ten for ties,
 Wine fourteen pounds, twelve more my tailor's bill,
 Five pounds for sporting prints, and for cigars
 Six pounds, and four pound ten for cigarettes.
 Great Scott! they total up to fifty-two.
 The problem is to make that total fit
 With three pound three, my balance at the bank.
 It can't be done; well, who the dickens cares?
 I don't, that's flat; they'll have to wait again.

Enter BEDMAKER. *She strikes an attitude and sings.*

BEDMAKER. I know what 'e's after, I've seen 'im before,
 And I very much fear 'e's bound for the dogs.
 There's a line of duns comin' up to 'is door
 As lōng as from 'ere to the Gogmagogs.
 When a gent is broke 'e must sport 'is oak
 (It may be sport, but it isn't fun),
 Through the slit they come popping like water that's
 dropping,
 The 'orrible bills of the 'eartless dun.

But I must say this—'e's never been near,
 And when 'e's got money 'e makes it spin.
 But what can you do at the end of the year
 For a gent as doesn't know 'ow to win?
 'E's bound to 'ave debts if he goes and bets,
 For you can't back 'orses for nothing, that's plain ;
 And the coin leaves your pocket as fast as a rocket,
 If you drive a tandem and drink champagne.

UNDERGRADUATE (*to the* BEDMAKER.) Say, have you done
 as I commanded you?
 Is my oak sported? Hush, what sound is that? (*A
 murmur without*).

BEDMAKER. 'They're usin' awful language ; can't you hear?

UNDERGRADUATE. I hear a word that seems to rhyme
 with Cam.

Give me my bread-knife ; let the mongrels in.

BEDMAKER (*falling on her knees*). No, no, sir! let me
 beg you, not again ;

Last term you murdered two ; let that suffice.
 Their mouldering bodies lie beneath the grass—
 There, where the Junior Dean is wont to cross
 In coming from the gateway to his rooms.
 I buried them myself at dead of night,
 Since when they haunt me, and their ghostly forms
 Come to me crying “ Vengeance ! ” Woe is me !
 Dead duns seem worse than living creditors.

UNDERGRADUATE. Out on you for a coward, Mrs. Perks !
 To think that two dead duns should crush you so.
 I, that am made of sterner stuff than you,
 Am not affrighted by such children’s tales,
 For, being duns, the two deserved to die.

*Blue fire. Ghosts of two DUNS enter to slow music.
 They point menacing hands at the UNDERGRADU-
 ATE and BEDMAKER, who seek the shelter of the
 table.*

DUNS. We are the ghosts of two who foully died ;
 We come for vengeance on our murderer,
 And on the false and bonnet-wearing dame
 Who lured us to our doom, and buried us.

They sing mournfully.

It’s very hard to die so young, and go away and dwell
 In a meadow, though they tell us it is made of asphodel.
 We were always firm, but gentle ; we had gained a wondrous
 skill
 In extracting tardy payment for a tradesman’s little bill,
 With an air which told our victim that we wouldn’t go
 away
 And return, as he requested us, upon another day.

We could wait upon a staircase ; we could hang about the
gate ;

We knew all the artful dodges of the undergraduate.

But in spite of all our ardour we are dead and doomed and
done,

Wretched dwellers in a meadow where we never see the
sun.

In the country we inhabit we are treated with disdain ;

Duns are rather at a discount on the fair Elysian plain.

For a ghost has no expenses, wears no patent-leather
boots,

Never smokes a fine Havannah, drinks no wine and buys
no suits.

Dress is sadly out of keeping with a ghost composed of
air ;

Such a body needs no money to maintain it in repair.

And our thoughts are like our language, very sad and very
strong,

As we move without employment through that inexpensive
throng.

We have come to you for vengeance, you who doomed us
to the post

Of a bill-less, never-dunning, unappreciated ghost.

*The GHOSTS seize the UNDERGRADUATE and the
BEDMAKER, execute a wild dance, and disappear
in red fire.*

CÆTERA DESUNT.

BETTY.

Fragment of an Agricultural Play, not to be performed in the grounds of Downing College, circa A.D. 1925. For explanation see the Agricultural Tripos paper on page 127.]

Characters.

DR. GEORGOS . . .	<i>The Vice-Chancellor.</i>
GILES	<i>Senior Bucolic in the last Tripos.</i>
HODGE	<i>An Undergraduate Ploughboy.</i>
THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF AGRICULTURE.	
BETTY	<i>A Milkmaid, beloved by DR. GEORGOS.</i>
KATE	<i>A Cow.</i>

Chorus of Heads of Houses, Dairy-maids, Farmers (B.A. and M.A.), and Undergraduate Farm-hands.

SCENE.—*A Farm in Cambridge, on the site of the Old Court of Trinity. On the right a Dairy (formerly the Chapel); on the left a Silo. Background of fields, barns, hay-stacks, etc. Horses and cattle munch peacefully. The Chorus are dressed in smock-frocks, of course.*

Song—HEADS OF HOUSES.

Air—“A-hunting we will go.”

THE sheep are safely in the pen,
The pigs are in the sty;
The grey goose and the Dorking hen (*bis*)
Are feeding in the rye.

Chorus.

Then a-milking we will go,
A-milking we will go, etc.

“The wind,” says Jill, “is in the east ;
Good Jack, I pray you stay :
’Tis neither fit for man nor beast ;
You cannot milk to-day.”

Chorus.

But a-milking we will go, etc.

Jack merely answers, “Hold your row !
Such fears I laugh to scorn ;
’Tis mine to milk the old dun cow,
Who shakes her crumpled horn.”

Chorus.

So a-milking we will go, etc.

“Old cow,” says Jack, “I know your tricks”—
A Proctor bold is Jack ;
Then down he sits ; the old cow kicks,
And Jack lies on his back.

Chorus.

But a-laughing we will go, etc.

Song—THIRD YEAR UNDERGRADUATE FARM-HAND.

I’m a jolly agriculturist ; I leave my bed at five ;
I’m as busy as the busy bee who buzzes in a hive.
No chapels now have terrors ; no Proctors grimly frown
If I drive the cattle home at eve without a cap and
gown.

Those Proctors checked our fathers, but they only stand
and smile

If they see me kiss a milkmaid as she sits upon a stile.

I walk the grassplots boldly, for no porter ever stops

A man who knows the ins and outs of rotatory crops.

GIRTON GIRL. In me behold a dairy-maid who makes
you whey and curds.

FRESHMAN. In me behold a freshman who is good at
scaring birds.

THE PROFESSOR. And, lo, in me a doctor, who provides
for all your needs

By a practical analysis of feeding-stuffs and seeds.

I can talk of entomology, and throw a subtle charm

O'er the insects and the other pests that plague you on
a farm ;

Any ailment in your heifers I can diagnose and cure,

And I always keep varieties of every good manure.

All the useful information on diseases I impart ;

Geology and chemistry, I know them both by heart.

I am famed for physiology and shine in hygiene ;

For nutrition and digestion I've invented a machine

If for systematic botany a farmer comes to me,

I can teach him all the dodges of the great *agramine* ;

Which is much as though a tutor, when his pupils want
to pass,

Should dismiss them from his presence, saying grandly,

“Go to grass.”

I've two hundred sturdy students, wearing hob-nails in
their boots,

Who know all the little differences in all the kinds of
roots,

Who tell one sheep from another by the patter of his
feet,
By the noise he makes in munching, by his plaintiveness
of bleat ;
And if they don't behave themselves I smile a cunning
smile, oh !
And since flesh is nothing more than grass I gate them
in the silo.

1ST BLUE. I got my blue for ploughing,

2ND BLUE. And I got mine for sowing ;

Chorus.

Which is better than our fathers, who got their blues for
rowing.

3RD BLUE. My father got his blue for golf,

4TH BLUE. For running mine, and leaping ;

But we, the gods be praised ! got ours for ploughing fields
and reaping.

*Enter slowly the Vice-Chancellor, DR. GEORGOS, lean-
ing upon the arm of GILES, the Senior Bucolic.
The DOCTOR is plucking the petals of a daisy.**

D. G. Yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, yes, no, yes, no.

(Sighs deeply, throws away daisy.)

'Twas ever thus—she loves me not at all ;
Sweet Betty loves me not ; ah ! woe is me.
What boots it to be learnèd and to know
The changes of the seasons, or to learn
The lore of soils, the meaning of the roots,
The ways of oxen and the wiles of sheep ?

* A manifest imitation of Goethe's *Faust*.—ED. W. L.

To drive the team afield, to speed the plough ?
 Sure ignorance were best, like theirs who lived
 By reading Greek or solving x and y
 In the dim past. What say you, friendly Giles ?

Song—GILES.

Air—“ I’m off to Philadelphia.”

I was born in Cherryhinton,
 Where the roses have a tint on,
 Which is like the hue that suits our Betty’s cheek well !
 But I left that little village,
 Came to Cambridge, took to tillage,
 And was senior in the Tripos with no equal.

Chorus.

With my hoe upon my shoulder
 Sure there’s no man could be bolder,
 When I leave my bed so early in the mornin’ ;
 With the fruit from my allotment,
 And potatoes for the pot meant,
 And the fields I get my turnips and my corn in.

Enter BETTY. The V.-C. gasps convulsively.

BETTY (*aside*). ’Tis the Vice-Chancellor ; I’ll speak him
 fair.

(*To DR. G.*) Oh, Doctor, I am weary ; tell me why.
 I find no comfort in the lowing kine,
 No comfort in the frisky little lambs,
 No comfort in the sainfoin or the swedes.
 Say, is this love, good Doctor, is it love ?

Enter HODGE. BETTY blushes.

Strange that my heart should always go pit-pat
 When Hodge appears ; but Hodge is passing fair.
 He is a blood ; his friends have told me so.
 And blood will tell ; mine tells upon my cheeks.
 Oh, fickle blood, and far too fickle Hodge !

Song—THE V.-C.

Oh, gentlemen, all give ear to me,
 The Chief of the University !
 By toiling hard with the spade and hoe
 I got a degree some years ago.
 They promoted me first to be Junior Dean ;
 I minded the dairy and kept it clean.
 I soon became tutor and milked the cow ;
 As examiner next I worked the plough.
 And now that I'm Master and live in a lodge,
 I dote upon Betty, who dotes on Hodge.

ALL. Master, we pity much thy mournful fate.

DR. G. I thank you ; leave me, friends ; the hour
 grows late.

Each in your happy homes eat beans and bacon,
 Drink quarts of cider—I stay here forsaken.

*All go. The MASTER ponders. To him approaches
 KATE, the old cow. She rests her head on his
 shoulder.*

DR. G. (*starting, visibly affected*). What, Kate? Thy
 moist but sympathetic nose
 Assures me that thou lov'st thy master well.
 (*He patsher*) Weep not for me, though I am sore of
 heart,

Thy tears are vain ; can they bring Betty back ?
Yet do I thank thee, Kate, that thou dost grieve.
Now seek thy stall ; the night is falling fast.

KATE *departs sadly.* DR. G. *resolves on suicide. He
mounts upon the edge of the silo, and prepares to
plunge.*

Ye green and slimy depths, I come, I come ;
Since Fate has willed it so, Georgos comes.

He plunges. Curtain.

[*For the rest of this play consult future numbers of the
“ Cambridge University Reporter.”*]

LITTLE BEN IVANHOE.

The only acting version of the opera of "Ivanhoe," music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, libretto by Mr. Julian Sturgis, produced at the Royal English Opera House in 1890.]

Characters.

SIR W. S. BRIAN GILBERT. }
DE BRACY } . *Knights Templars.*
CEDRIC DAVIES. }
WILFRED BEN DAVIES, of Ivanhoe *His son, alias "Little Thirty-foot Round."*

REBECCA MACINTYRE.
ROWENA PALLISER.

PROLOGUE.

The curtain is down. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. D'OYLY CARTE advance to the footlights singing.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. D'OYLY CARTE
(together).

GOOD public, pray attend to us ; we've summoned you
to see

An opera performed as every opera should be ;
An opera from Walter Scott, with many coats of mail,
Where the caitiff knights go under, and the virtuous
prevail ;

With trumpets and with challengers who blow until they
 "bust,"
 With massive piles of masonry that crumble into dust ;
 With a Saxon maid of high degree, a Jewish maid of
 low,
 And a dauntless Desdichado, hight Sir Wilfrid Ivanhoe ;
 With a king in sable armour, and a sturdy Friar Tuck,
 And a heavy father, Cedric, who is down upon his luck ;
 With a band of Saxon outlaws, who come skipping through
 the trees—

In fact, an English opera, as English as you please.
 And as for Mr. Gilbert, who has left us in a huff,
 Why, we've had to do without him, and we've done it well
 enough.

And, just to show our scorn of him, we've called the beggar
 Brian,

And we've put him in the playbill as a Templar Knight of
 Zion.

Oh, in spite of all his bluster, he shall catch it very hot,
 Far hotter than he caught it at the hands of Walter
 Scott ;

He shall die in dreadful torments, while we chuckle in our
 sleeves,

When we see him overwhelmed at last by slow recitatives.

MR. JULIAN STURGIS, *suddenly advancing and in-*
terrupting.

One word about this opera,—you never would have heard
 of it,

Unless these two had asked my help,—I wrote it, every word
 of it.

In rhymes of every sort and size no man could well be
patter ;

I merely thought I'd tell you, but——

SIR ARTHUR (*testily*). It really doesn't matter.

MR. J. S. I say the words are very good.

SIR ARTHUR (*conciliatory*). Well, well, they might be worse ;
But in right-down English opera who cares about the verse ?
And now, my gallant orchestra, we'll make the public glow
With a true-born British fervour to the strains of *Ivanhoe*.

SIR ARTHUR *sits down in conductor's seat* ; MR.
STURGIS *and* MR. D'OYLY CARTE *withdraw*.
The curtain rises.

ACT I.

The Hall of Rotherwood. Saxons carousing.

CEDRIC. Oh, I am regular Saxon thane,
With a flowing bowl and a flowing mane !
I banished my son some years ago,
Little Ben Davies, of *Ivanhoe*.
But the Normans thieve and the Normans thrive
And there's scarcely a Saxon left alive ;
So I often pray I may see him again,
Robin-a-bobbin a bouncing Ben.
And I wish I had never remarked "outside"
When he asked Rowena to be his bride ;
But praying's in vain, and wishing's worse,
When a father has once pronounced his curse.

Knocking without. Enter GILBERT and DE BRACY.

How now, my Saxons ? Cry "was hael" and "skoal,"
And bring me local colour in a bowl.

Chorus of Saxons.

Skoal, was hael,
 Normans in mail,
 We'll give you a taste of our quality :
 Who's afraid
 Of a Saxon maid
 In a dress that is not *décolleté* ?

GILBERT (*to DE BRACY*). The meaning's dark ; but oh, the
 maid is fair,
 And rich, I warrant me, beyond compare.
 We'll capture them, this slavish Saxon crew :
 What say you, Bracy ?

DE BRACY. I say, " Done with you."

IVANHOE (*disguised as a palmer*). I'm a holy, hooded
 palmer ; but those who use their eyes
 Will very quickly prove me an impostor.
 Though tradition seems to force a man to don a slight dis-
 guise
 When he loves a lady madly and has lost her.

I'm as stout a little warrior as ever spilt his gore
 At the taking of a fosse or palisado ;
 But an unforgiving father showed me sternly to the door,
 And I'm consequently dubbed, *The Desdichado*.

I am come to claim Rowena, and to melt that parent's heart,
 And for Norman knights I do not care a filbert.
 By the eyeglass of Sir Arthur, and the beard of D'Oyly Carte,
 I'm the very man to take it out of Gilbert.

*Defies GILBERT, who defies him. Sensation, recitative,
 and curtain.*

ACT II.

*Ashby-de-la-Zouch. A tourney. PRINCE JOHN in the chair.
Enter IVANHOE on horseback in full armour. The horse
jibs and backs.*

IVANHOE (*in tones of annoyance, plainly heard through his
helmet*). Gee-woa, and stop your backing; you must
fully understand

If you back me any farther we shall spifflicate the band.
And I rather think the orchestra would play another tune,
If we flattened out the flautist, or abolished the bassoon.
Just imagine Gilbert's triumph, if by any dire mishap
He should see us flounder backward into poor Sir Arthur's
lap.

Why, the Prince and all are laughing; I shall ride no more
to-day.

Quick, varlets, job him in the mouth, and take the brute
away.

*Dismounts. Fights GILBERT on foot. Defeats him.
Triumph, fainting-fit, and curtain.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in Torquilstone. IVANHOE asleep on sofa.
Enter REBECCA.*

REBECCA. Why has my loved one laid him down
In a green-silk Liberty dressing-gown?
It fits like a glove to his fair round form,
And I trust that it keeps my loved one warm.

He is "pale and weak," but he isn't thinner,
 Which says a lot for the dungeon-dinner.
 Who wouldn't sleep, if he had the choice,
 To the echoing notes of a maiden's voice?
 So I'll sing him a song of a fount that springs,
 A curious song, which is sung with wings.
 For my love is just like a slender roe,
 As swift, as wild, and as good to go.
 And oh! if you doubt what I say, just look
 At Sturgis's words in the printed book.

IVANHOE awakes. *He rubs his eyes, starts up, gasps,
 presses his hand to his side, and falls back again,
 and so on da capo.*

IVANHOE. Oh! I quiver and I tremble,
 And I very much resemble
 An agitated jelly or a salmon on a slab.
 And I hear a sound of battle
 Which is rather like the rattle
 Of an army of policemen, or an ancient four-wheel cab.
 I would rather go to Mecca,
 Part for ever from Rebecca,—
 Who is quite the neatest, sweetest little Jewess I have seen,—
 Wear a formidable bustle,
 Or be worsted in a tussle,
 Than be crushed by falling towers in my dressing-gown of
 green.

*Starts up, gasps, and falls backward, an example
 imitated by the walls. Enter KING RICHARD
 and Saxons. Flames. Triumph.*

SCENE II.—*The Preceptory.* REBECCA *at the stake.*

Templars.

BRIAN GILBERT. Friends, I am weary, weary of the world,
 Weary of wickedness that doesn't pay,
 Weary of raging when no mortal cares,
 Wear of scowling while Ben Davies smiles.
 Fate and Sir Walter fashioned me for sport
 And foil to Ben, and I have played my part.
 And now I know my time is come to die,
 Where can I fall? A good front-fall were best,
 Prone, like a shattered chimney on the boards.
 I see the place—— But soft! Ben Davies comes.

Enter suddenly BEN DAVIES, armed cap-à-pie.

BEN. Villain, defend thyself! Thine hour is come!

BRIAN. Ha! say'st thou so, most massive warrior?

Yet, ere I fight, be this my last request:

When I am dead, oh! fall not thou upon me;

I would not be a pancake when I die!

They fight. BRIAN falls as per agreement. Triumph.

Enter KING and followers.

Chorus. Now hail to King Richard the Lion!

And hail to brave Ben and his sword!

Brave Ben, who has beaten bold Brian,

And made him as stiff as a board.

Rebecca fades out of the story,

Rowena must marry our Ben;

So give glory to Arthur, and glory
To Sturgis, the Knight of the Pen.
Give glory to those who have played it ;
And, last but not least, ere we part,
Praise the house and the man who has made it
And paid it—— Your health, Mr. Carte !

CURTAIN.

THE RUNAWAY RHYME.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO ALL WOULD-BE LAUREATES.

I ONCE sat astride on a runaway rhyme ;
He was bitted and bridled and saddled with care ;
I had tightened the girths and had ventured to climb,
Heart in mouth, to the saddle, determined to dare.
Then, his eyes flashing fire and his nostrils all blood,
He was off with a rush like a river in flood.

I spoke to him softly, I tugged at the rein,
Lay back, braced my shoulders to master his mouth ;
But he forced his head down, and went scouring the plain
With the speed of a swallow that flies to the south.
And behind, far behind, echoed faintly the sounds,
Where the quarry lay hiding, of horn and of hounds.

I had tracked it at eve, all intent to rehearse
The delights of the morrow, through brushwood and brake ;
I had thought never quarry was fitter for verse,
Made my plans for its capture, all night lain awake.
And at break of the day, with my crop going crack,
Spurred and booted I went and unkennelled the pack.

Then I mounted old "Hack-rhyme" and ambled along—
I knew all his tricks and his paces by heart—
Till we came to the covert, and there 'mid the throng
One steed topped the others; the sight made me start.
For a voice seemed to whisper, "If manhood endures,
That's the horse you must hunt on; be bold, he is yours."

I was down in a moment; I stood by his side
While he tossed his thin head in desire of the run.
"That horse," said the voice, "is the horse you must ride;
He could carry you straight from the earth to the sun.
He was fashioned of fury and fire in a day——"
Then I lingered no more, but was up and away.

The forests, the rivers, the fields, that I knew,
Rushing forth like a tempest, he left them behind;
Took the fences and brooks in his stride as he flew,
Unabashed and unchecked in the heart of the wind.
And he crashed and he thundered regardless of me,
Till I heard as we galloped the roar of the sea.

Yes, the sea was in front, and again and again
I fought with the devil whose back I bestrode.
My strength was as water; I struggled in vain;
On, on, ever onward we rattled and rode;
Till at last, on a sudden, he stopped and stood stiff
As a statue of stone on the edge of the cliff.

And I? Like an arrow I sped through the air,
And the waves as I fell seemed to rise with a leap,
Till they claimed me and clasped me, and down in despair,
With a curse on all riding, I sank in the deep.

Then I knew nothing more till I woke on the sand,
Where the purposeless ocean had flung me to land.

* * * * *

So now I am cautious ; one ride is enough

On a rhyme which, thank goodness, I never saw since.

They may jeer me and flout me and dub me a muff ;

Though my withers be wrung, I contrive not to wince.

For I fain would ride safely, and vowed that next time

I would rather ride prose than a runaway rhyme.

EXEUNTIBUS.

CAMBRIDGE: DECEMBER.

FAREWELL! for already the fly and the hansom
Are chartered to whirl you rejoicing away ;
And Dewberry, Warwicker, Matthew, and Ransom
Have asked you politely (in writing) to pay.
And you see with surprise the increasing amounts
Of those frequently rendered, forgotten accounts.

And your gyp, as he packs your portmanteaus and boxes,
Suggests that the soles of your boots are "wore
through" ;
And he hints that the state of your trousers and socks is—
"Well, scarcely the thing for a gent, sir, like you."
But rather than put them for good on the shelf
He will sacrifice pride and will wear them himself.

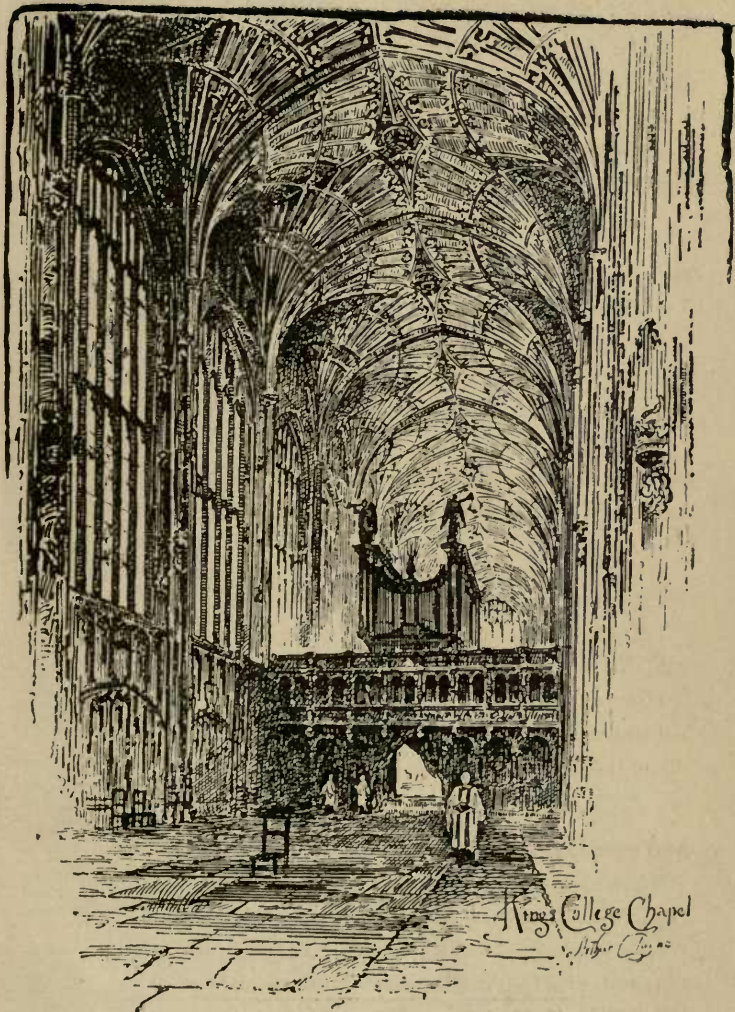
And your bedmaker tells you the marvellous story
How her masters of old were so wonderful free,
That they finished each term and departed in glory
"With a pound, which I never 'ad arst 'em, for me."
And she adds, which is plain, that by common consent
"A gent up at Cambridge is allus a gent."

Old Cerberus smiles with a mildness quite foreign
 On the bold ones who venture to walk on the grass ;
 While he stands at the gateway and pockets his florin,
 And allows even jokes against porters to pass.
 For porters, I note, though their natures be firm,
 Relax like the rest at the end of the term.

There are tips for the bootblack, the cook from the
 kitchen,
 The boy who runs errands, the tout from the Lane,
 Till you wish yourself safely at Stortford or Hitchin,
 And address them in language less polished than
 plain.
 But, bless their kind hearts ! they object not a jot,
 And you'll find in the end that you *must* tip the lot.

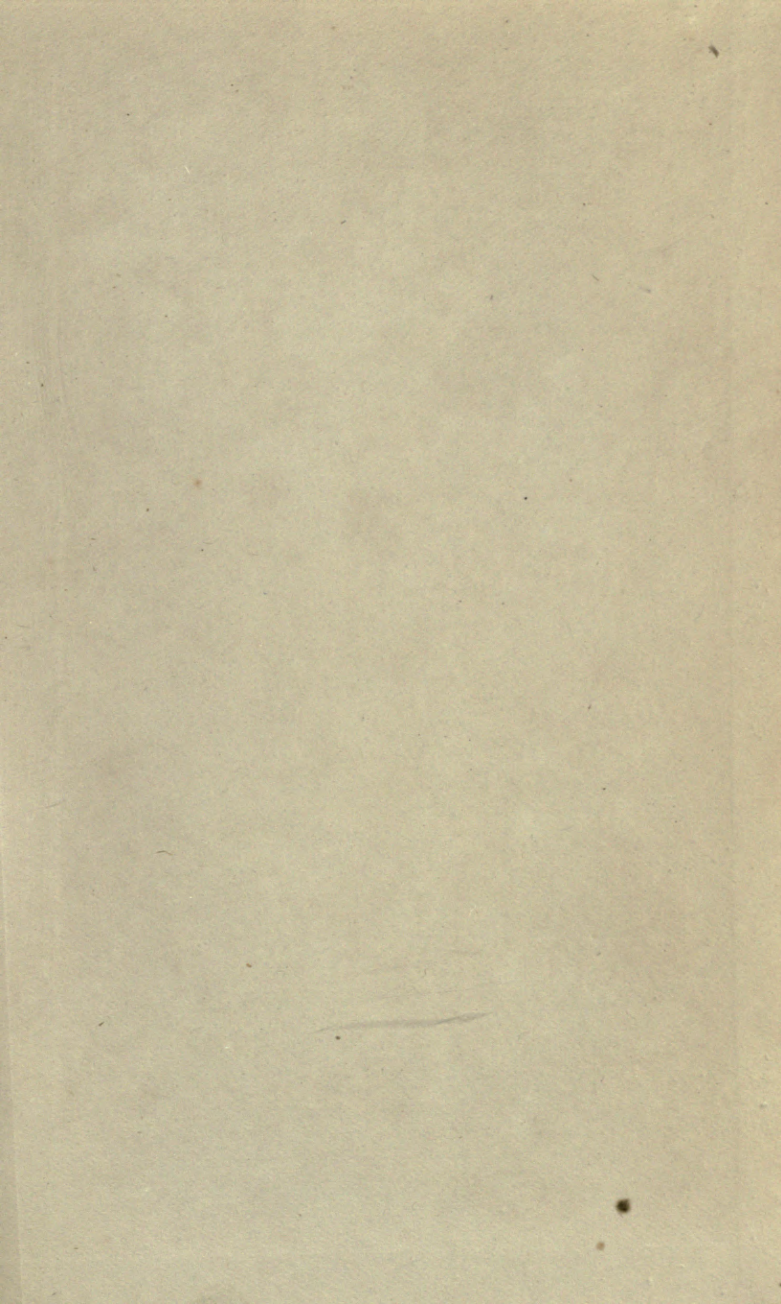
Then your tutor bestows his tutorial blessing,
 Though he begs you to read on a regular plan ;
 And, his voice growing cordial, he ends by expressing
 His regards to your father, "that excellent man."
 Yet somehow that excellent father looks black
 When the tutor encloses his bill in the vac.

And your Dean, the grim tyrant, the truculent gater,
 Refrains, smiling gently, from useless advice ;
 And avoids, like a skilled conversational skater,
 Such subjects as hauls, which are very thin ice.
 For, your *exeat* signed, he may whistle in vain
 When you've taken your ticket and left by the train.



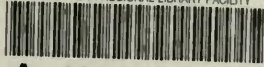
King's College Chapel
Arthur Cope 82

And it's hey for our homes, for our fathers, our mothers,
For the sisters who drag us to concerts or balls,
For the horse and the gun that suit some, while the others
Spend their time in a club and their money on stalls.
Farewell ! when the time and the money are spent,
May we all meet at Cambridge again in the Lent.





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