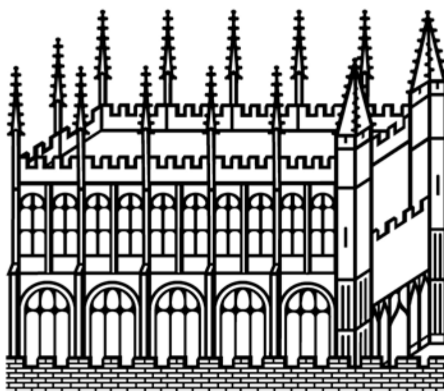

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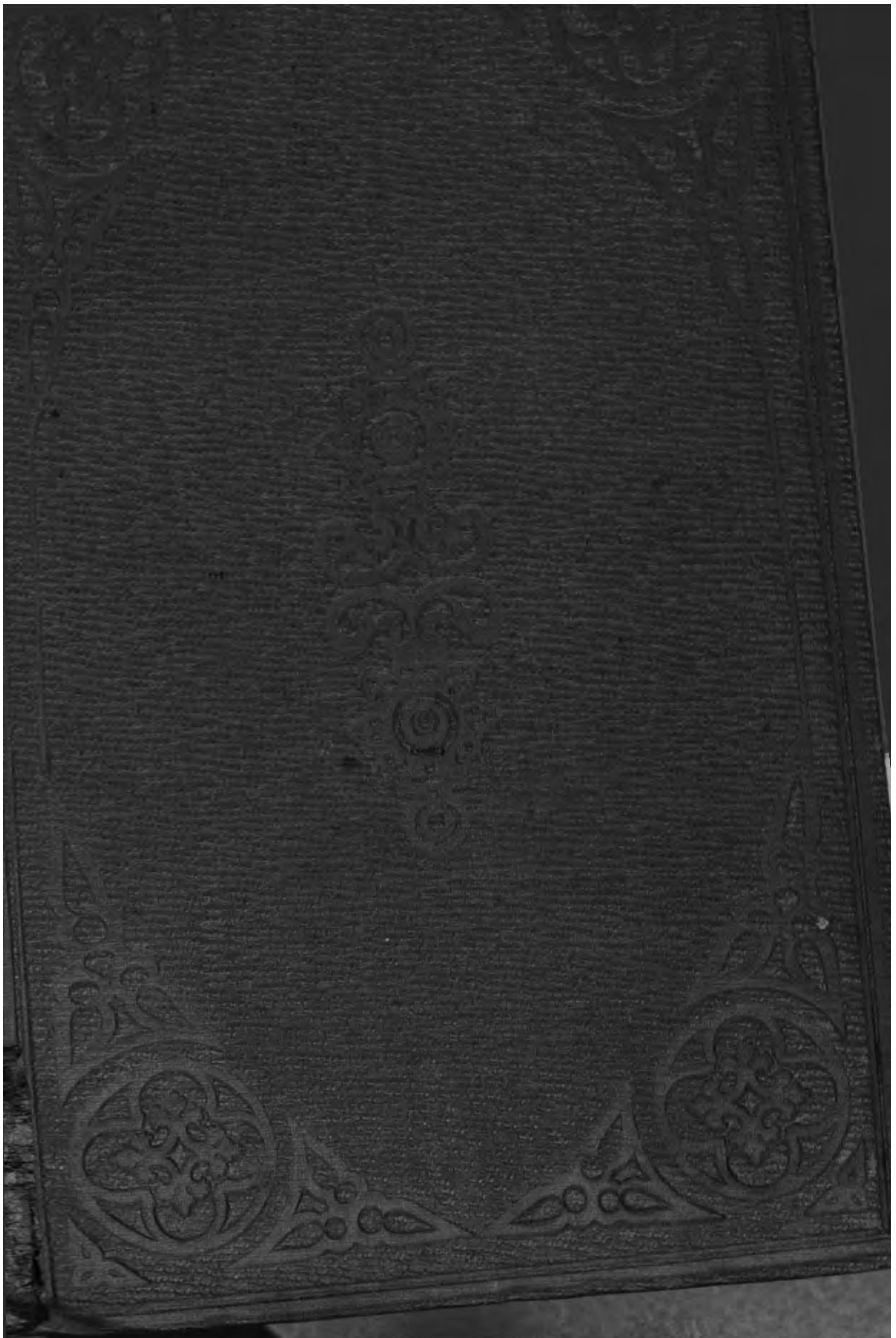

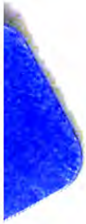

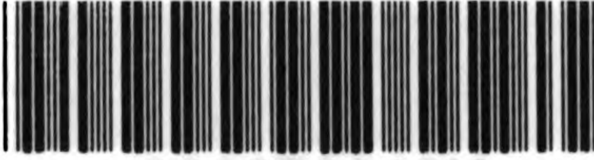
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EUPHRANOR

A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1851

270. c. 387.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

EUPHRANOR,

A Dialogue on Youth.

DURING the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one running up my staircase, three or four steps at a time; then, directly, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and, coming up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him—"it was such a day—sun shining—breeze blowing—hedges and trees all in leaf. He had been to Chesterton, (he said,) and had rowed back with a man who had now left him in the lurch; and I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole eight-oar to himself once in a way. He laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace" was the thing. However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go out with him, whether to row, or for a walk in the fields, or a game of billiards

at Chesterton, whatever I liked, only go I must. After a little more banter, about my possible patients, I got up, closed a very heavy treatise on Magnesia I was reading, put on coat and hat, and in three minutes we had run down-stairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out together what a glorious day it was, we struck out briskly for the old wooden bridge, where Euphranor said he had left his boat.

"By the bye," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought—Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. But I declared that was the very reason he ought to be drawn abroad; and Euphranor, who was quite good-humoured, and wished Lexilogus all well, (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder,) easily consented. So, without more ado, we turned into Trinity great gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the attic in which Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, but I knew he must be at home; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and some one advancing, and Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appeared at the half-opened door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturbed him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than returned its pressure.

The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

"O—long ago—directly after morning chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the river with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he said; "not so early, at least."

"Why, you walk every day regularly, I hope, do you not?" I asked him.

"Almost every day; but not now—the yearly examination was coming on."

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason you are to go, the doctor says; he will have it so. So make haste."

I then told him (what I then suddenly remembered) that, besides other reasons for going with us, his old aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom poor Lexilogus helped to support out of his own little funds, wanted to see him directly on business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I played a game of billiards at the inn; and that afterwards we would all three take a good walk in the fields.

He supposed we should be back by Hall time, of course; about which I would make no conditions; and he then resigned himself to his destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walked somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now out of the window at some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear blue sky, went up to the mantel-piece and called out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus had got! the present, doubtless, of some fair lady."

Lexilogus said his sister had sent them to him on his

birth-day; and coming up to me brush in hand, asked if I recognised the views painted on them?

"Quite well, quite well," I said, and told him to finish his toilet—"the old church, the yew tree, your father's house, one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?" he wanted to know; and I answered without hesitation, they were; for I knew the girl who had painted them, and (whatever they might be in point of art) an affection above all art had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear cap and gown, (which I decided he should *not*, for this time only,) Lexilogus was ready; and calling out on the staircase to his bed-maker not to meddle with his books, we ran down-stairs, crossed the great court, through the Screens, thronged with Gyps and bed-makers, and redolent of ten thousand dinners; where we stopped a moment to read the names of the preachers appointed at St. Mary's; then through the cloisters of Neville's Court, and out upon the open space before the library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while holiday-looking folks sauntered along the river-side, and under the trees of the walks, now flourishing in freshest green—the chesnuts especially in full leaf, and bending down their white cones over the sluggish current, which seemed indeed more fitted for the merchandise of coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now considered we had not come quite right for the wooden bridge; but this was easily amended at a small expense of college propriety. Going along to the Breweries, Euphranor called out to a man who had

his boat in charge with many others close by. We descended the grassy slope, stepped into the boat, and settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to row, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) was to steer. But seeing he was averse from meddling with the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my awkward rowing on myself.

"And just take care of this for me," said Euphranor, handing him a book which fell out of his pocket as he took his coat off.

"O, books, books!" I exclaimed, "I thought we were to steer clear of them at all events. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way. What is it, Latin, Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

It was none of these, however, Euphranor said, but only Digby's Godefridus; and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars splashed in the water. Threading the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the library, I exerting myself so strenuously, (as bad rowers sometimes do,) that I almost drove the nose of the boat against an office of this college as much visited by the students as avoided by visitors. This danger past, however, we got on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his strong oar any misdirection from mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew Digby's books?

"Some of them," I told him, "the Broad Stone of Honour for one; indeed I had got the first edition of it, the Protestant one, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic edition," said Euphranor, "of which this Godefridus is part; at least so Hare says."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but then, on the other hand, not so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is a great advantage."

This I said slyly, Euphranor being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him his Popery," said he.

"Nay, nay," said I, "I can forgive a true man any thing. Digby is a noble writer; and his quotations too —nobody except old Burton beats him in that."

"O, but so much finer than Burton," exclaimed Euphranor, "as much as Æschylus, Dante, Plato, the Fathers, and the old Romancers, are finer than Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Cardan, and such like."

I admitted this, though Burton quoted from Plato, Cicero, and Seneca too. After a little pause, Euphranor asked me "if I did not remember Digby himself at College; if I did not know him?"

"Not *know* him," I answered, "but I remember him very well."

"What sort of man?"

"Tall, big-boned, high-featured, and of a sad complexion," I said, "like some old Digby stepped down from the canvass."

"And, Hare says, really himself the knight he drew."

"At least," answered I, "he rowed very vigorously on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

Thus talking of Digby and his books, and constantly interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the barges congregated at Magdalen bridge; through the locks, and so to Cross's boat-house; where we surrendered our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding twelve

o'clock. Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I looked in for a moment at the old lady, and left Lexilogus with her, desiring him privately to stay but a short time, and then to join us at the Three Tuns Inn; the Three Tuns, which I preferred to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own college days.

When we got there, we found that all the tables were occupied; but that one, as usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light ale after us, we went into the bowling-green, with its lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found Lycion sitting alone upon a bench, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I exclaimed.

He nodded to us both, and said he was waiting till some men had finished a pool of billiards up-stairs— "A great bore—for it was only just begun; and one of the fellows is a man I particularly detest, so I am obliged to wait here till he is off."

"Come and share our ale then," said I. "Are you ever foolish enough to go rowing on the river, as we have been doing?"

"Not often," he said; "he did not see the use of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I. "But here comes our liquor; sweet is pleasure after pain, at all events."

We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the lilac bushes round the bowling-green, and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of home-brewed, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one who would teach you to like a longer row on the river than we have had."

"Chivalry," said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the book; "I thought people had done talking about that sort of thing."

Euphranor asked him "what sort of thing."

"Why, dragons, tournaments, old armour, and so on."

"You judge of the book on rather a hasty acquaintance," said Euphranor.

Lycion said he had heard of it before, and heard it laughed at.

"Possibly," replied Euphranor, who began to look a little angry. "Nevertheless, I can assure you this book is *not* about tournaments, dragons, and 'that sort of thing;' that is, not about them only."

"Don't you remember," Lycion said, addressing me, "what an absurd thing the Eglinton tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne, and the heralds, and the knights in full armour on their horses—they had been practising for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of onset, the rain began, and the knights threw down their lances and put up umbrellas."

I laughed at this account, and said, I remembered something like it had occurred, though not to the extent of the umbrellas, which I thought was a playhouse burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor what he had to say in defence of the tournament.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It was a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* only an affair of old armour, with little of the essence of chivalry about it—As Digby himself emphatically

tells us," he went on, rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read—"'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that tournaments, steel panoply, and coat arms, and aristocratic institutions, are essential to chivalry; whereas, these are, in fact, only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of time, which changes all such things.'"

"I am told the old knights were really great blackguards," said Lycion, turning his cigar in his mouth, and glancing at his antagonist, "with all their pretences of fighting for religion, distressed damsels, and so on."

"Come, Lycion," said I, "you must not abuse them, you, whose pedigree links you through Agincourt and Crecy, almost up to the times of King Arthur."

"O yes, King Arthur, and his round table, and the seven champions; and pray do not forget Don Quixote. He is one of your heroes, is he not, Euphranor?"

Euphranor declared that Don Quixote was a man of truly chivalric soul—only—

"Only that he was mad," interrupted Lycion, "and mistook windmills for giants. And I doubt if King Arthur's giants, ogres, and dragons were half so substantial as windmills."

"Perhaps Digby would tell us," said I, who saw Euphranor's wrath rising, "that there can be no want of dragons and ogres while oppression and misery are to be found in the world."

"To be sure," said Euphranor, "these old romances

are the symbols of the truth, if not the truth itself: nay, they do record the truth itself, inasmuch as they record the warfare which all heroic men must wage for ever with the evil of the world, under whatsoever shape it may appear."

"Does not Carlyle some where tell us," said I, "that chivalry must now seek and fulfil its mission in the campaigns, not of war, but of peace; which need no less energy, endurance, and self-devotion. He talks of a 'chivalry of labour,' I think; that the proper conquests for heroes now to make are the victories of the loom and the steam engine; and that in future not '*arms* and the man,' but '*tools* and the man,' must be the Epic of the world."

"O well," said Lycion, "if your King Arthurs and Sir Lancelots are to soften down into peaceable spinners, stokers, and tailors, I shall never object to them. Let them go on conquering and to conquer in that vocation, by all means; and let short bills, especially among the tailors, be the tokens of their prowess."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I, "but then you must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it all; but, as your ancestors led on mailed troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself at the head of these spinners and tailors, and be what Carlyle calls 'a captain of industry;' a master-tailor, leading on a host of journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like dropping chivalry so low from its ancient imaginary splendour, "surely chivalry will ever find enough to do with the laws, the religion, the welfare and glory of a country, the defence of the poor, the education of the people. As Tennyson says so nobly, King Arthur,

who was carried away to the island valley of Avilion, to be tended and nursed by queens, will, and does, return to us in the shape of a modern gentleman of stateliest port. And whatever Carlyle or any one else may say, war is not yet out of the world; there are people still ready to strike in a bad cause, and it would be hard if there were none to resist in a good."

"Well," said Lycion, who often, seeming not to attend to what was making against him, caught quickly at any favourable turn—"we have a paid army to do all that for us."

"A paid army!" repeated Euphranor with great disgust. "And do you pretend to say, Lycion, that you, for one, would sit there smoking your eternal cigar, if England were to be invaded, for instance?"

Lycion, however, only turned that eternal cigar in his mouth, and glanced rather superciliously at his antagonist. And I, who had been all this while reading in the Godefridus at the open page where Euphranor left off, said, "Here we are, as usual, disputing about we know not what; we have not yet agreed upon the meaning of the terms we are using. Here, Euphranor, will you read this passage to us, as to what Digby understands by the word *chivalry*, and then we shall see our way clearer perhaps."

I gave him the book, and he read—

"Chivalry is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind, which disposes men to generous and heroic actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in the later periods of men's life: and, as

the heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age of each separate man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. The Anglo-Saxons distinguished the period between childhood and manhood by the term "cnithade," knighthood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between youth and chivalry, when knights were styled "children," as in the historic song beginning

> Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came,—

an excellent expression, no doubt;—for every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity; and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever; so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry. To understand therefore this first, and, as it were, natural chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the youthful age, of which examples surround us. For, as Demopho says of young men;

> Ecce autem similia omnia: omnes congruunt:
> Unum cognoris, omnes noris.

Mark the courage of him who is green and fresh in the old world. Amyntas beheld and dreaded the inso-

lence of the Persians; but not so Alexander, the son of Amyntas, *ἅτε νέος, τε ἐὼν, καὶ κακῶν ἀπαθὴς* (says Herodotus) *οὐδαμῶς ἔτι κατέχειν οἷος τε ἦν.* When Jason had related to his companions the conditions imposed by the king, the first impression was that of horror and despondency; till Peleus rose up boldly, and said,

> *Ὥρη μητιάασθαι ὅ κ' ἔρξομεν· οὐ μὲν ἔολπα*
> *Βουλῆς εἶναι ὄνειαρ, ὅσον τ' ἐπι κάρτει χειρῶν.*

'If Jason be unwilling to attempt it, I and the rest will undertake the enterprise; for what more can we suffer than death?' And then instantly rose up Telamon and Idas, and the sons of Tyndarus, and Cnidus, although

> *——ὀυδε περ ὅσσον ἐπανθιόωντας ἰούλους*
> *'Αντέλλων.*

But Argus, the Nestor of the party, restrained their impetuous valour."

"Scarce the down upon their lips you see," (said I,) "Freshmen;—so that you, Euphranor, who are now Bachelor of Arts, and whose upper lip at least begins to show the stubble of repeated harvests, are, alas, fast slipping away from that golden prime of knighthood, while Lycion here, whose shavings might almost be counted—"

"Pshaw," interrupted Lycion, "I have no ambition to be one of his heroes."

"But you can't help it, it appears," said I, "and you must not, like a bad bird, foul your own nest. And see here again," I continued, having taken the book from Euphranor's hands, "after telling us that Chivalry is only Youth, he goes on to define what Youth is."

"It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that 'for the moral part, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic;' and this has always been the opinion which is allied to that other belief, that the Heroic (the Homeric age) was the most virtuous age of Greece. When Demosthenes was desirous of expressing any great and generous sentiment, he uses the term *νεανικὸν φρόνημα*, and it is the saying of Plautus when surprise is evinced at the benevolence of an old man, "Benignitas hujus ut adolescentuli est.' There is no difference, says the philosopher, between youthful age and youthful character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle. 'The young are ardent in desire, and what they do is from affection; they are tractable and delicate, they earnestly desire and are easily appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for being ambitious of honour, they cannot endure to be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice: they love honour, but still more victory; for youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them the least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom deceived; and sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of fortune. And they live by hope, for hope is of the future, but memory is of the past, and to youth the future is every thing. the past but little; they hope all things, and re-

member nothing: and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and thus are easily put to shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned: and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low; and they are unacquainted with necessity; they prefer honour to advantage, virtue to expediency; for they live by affection rather than by reason, and reason is concerned with expediency, but affection with honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in fellowship, and judge of nothing by utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much, and they dislike much, and so in every thing, and this arises from their idea that they know every thing. And their faults consist more in insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully.' So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book, "is a knight of nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed energy, generosity, and devotion."

"If one can't help it then," said Lycion rather sulkily, "what is the use of writing books about it?"

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I, "it is like giving you an inventory of your goods, which else you are apt to lose in your march to manhood—which you young people are always straining after. Only to repent of it when you have got there; for I see that Digby goes on—'what is termed *entering the world*, assuming its principles and maxims, is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric heroes went sorrowing—

ὃν πότμον γοόωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἥβην.' "

"And do you remember," said Euphranor, "what Lamb's friend said of the Eton boys in their cricket ground?—'What a pity these fine lads should so soon turn into frivolous members of parliament!'"

"Why must they be frivolous?" said Lycion.

Euphranor did not answer this directly, but went on in a musing way. "No doubt what is called *entering the world* is a degradation from chivalrous youth; but I suppose Digby would admit the best Youth is only a preparation for a better Manhood."

I said, "Perhaps so"—"And yet," said he, "in the passage you have read, you see he compares the youth of man to the heroic age of a nation."

"Which, however, may not be its *best* age," answered I, "though a very necessary and a very beautiful one. Lycion and I may not agree that Argonautic expeditions, Trojan, or holy wars, mark the best epochs of a nation, whatever you heroic gentlemen think."

"Well, but if what Digby says be true, that it is this spirit which keeps men and nations most conversant with what is beautiful and sublime in the moral and intellectual world—And here is Bacon declaring

that Youth excels in the Moral, and Age in the Politic only—poor ignoble Politic."

I asked, smiling, "if by *Age* Bacon might mean *old age*—as much a descent from perfect Manhood on one side as Youth was an ascent to it on the other. Or if '*Politic* was used in that better sense by which Jeremy Bentham securely proves the expediency of virtue?"

Euphranor, however, rejected all such base notions of virtue, and would have nothing whatever to do with Jeremy Bentham. "And what mighty virtues Aristotle attributes to Youth!" said he.

"And mighty faults too, for that matter," I returned.—"Does he not say it is rash, ambitious, overbearing—insolent even?—faults, which manhood with its experience may correct, perhaps?"

"Well then," said Euphranor, "Lycion may say, the sooner these Eton boys get into the world and learn that experience the better."

"Yes," said I, "if their stomachs were strong enough to digest it. And even then they might lose more than they gained—for you see how much of this youthful virtue Aristotle draws from *in*experience of the world; as he says it is innocent from not having beheld much wickedness, hopeful from not having been disappointed, trustful from not having been deceived, lofty of soul and despising riches from never having been brought low; and so forth. Your friend Plato, if I remember, will not allow even those who are destined to be judges in his republic to make acquaintance with crime till near middle life, for fear they should harden into a distrust of human nature; will he?"

Euphranor nodded; and I said that on the same principle he and Lamb's friend might think there

was danger of the Eton boys hardening into an ignoble policy, by too early acquaintance with St. Stephen's, before they were established in the good Affection, good fellowship, and generous energy, of which Aristotle's catalogue was so much made up.

"Especially," said Euphranor, "as Plato will not have a man meddle with the laws till he is past thirty."

"Well," said Lycion, "whatever your ancients—or moderns—may say, the law of England settles it otherwise."

"You mean," said I, "in fixing on twenty-one as the age of discretion?"

He nodded; and I said—"Discretion enough to pocket rents, make your will, and so on."

"Yes, and sit in parliament," said he.

I was obliged to admit this—"There is no denying it—only perhaps the law contemplates that you are there not to advise, but only courageously to second, and carry out into vote, what some Nestor Russel or Ulysses Peel proposes—as the knights of Greece and England obeyed the highest wisdom of law or church in their days."

"Nay, nay," interposed Euphranor, "and to advise too, in order that the generous counsel, the *νεανικον φρονημα*, of Youth, may vivify and ennoble the cold Politic of Age."

"Ah," said I, "but if by a full apprenticeship of Youth, Age could be so fully stocked with its generous spirit and fine affections, that all experience of the world and politic of Age should serve only to direct, not to freeze the genial current of the soul—that boy's heart within the man's never ceasing to throb and tremble even to *old* age, so that

Ev'n while the vital heat retreats below,
Ev'n while the hoary head is lost in snow,
The *life* is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green—

then you know your senators would need no young men to vivify their counsel; having all their virtue in themselves, or could admit the Young without danger of contaminating them by ignoble policy."

"According to you, the virtue of youth consists in its good Affections," said Euphranor.

"Nay," I replied, "I am only following Aristotle's text, whose catalogue is made up of these Affections, you see; 'living by Affection rather than by Reason' he twice says, I think."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "and Bacon some where observes, I remember, that Youth doth profit in the Affections, and Age in the Reason, which may help one to the meaning of that other passage of his that puzzled me before, about the Moral and Politic."

"He too," said I, "would perhaps agree with Lamb's friend and Digby, that it would be well to give those Affections good time to develop in; that at all events it would be dangerous to forsake them until the Reason was far advanced, which this same Aristotle says, I think, does not reach its maturity till about forty years of age, though I say it who should not, having just past that notable era."

"Pythagoras, you know," said Euphranor, "had said much the same long before. Setting man's life at fourscore years, he devotes the first twenty to Childhood—the second to Youth—the third to Manhood—and the last to Old Age. A division of life which you and I shall not quarrel with at any rate, doctor."

"No indeed," cried I, "nor to any one else I should suppose. Think, my dear Lycion, what a privilege it is for you to have yet more than twenty years before you to enjoy in the Elysian cricket-field of Youth, spared from the contamination of representing your father's borough in parliament. And Euphranor too, whom we thought was leaving his prime of youth just as he got his beard, is, in fact, only just entering upon it; and (what is most wonderful of all) I, who have been these fifteen years past bringing people into the world, and regulating their bowels, am myself only just ceased to be a boy!"

Lycion now called up to his friends in the billiard room, one of whom appeared at the window, cue in hand, and shook his head, saying however, in a confidential way, that "all would be right in a few minutes," and so retired. On which Lycion had nothing to do for it, but light another cigar, and lying down on his back with his hat over his eyes, compose himself to inattention.

Euphranor, who had been musing during this little episode, now said, "To be sure these unreasonable Affections are no very high qualities. Plato would call them the virtues of dogs and horses."

"Let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes, 'ardent of desire,' 'tractable,' some of them at least—'without comprehending much'—'ambitious'—'despisers of riches'—except the famous dog and the shadow, but that is a fable—'warm friends and hearty companions'—really a great deal quite applicable to the better breeds of dogs and horses. And why not? The horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his asso-

ciation in the heroic enterprises of men. And as for dogs, Byron says he never had but one friend—'and—'"

"And there *he lies*," cried Euphranor. "Lord Byron!—But there are other affections—"

"Wife and children?" said I, as he paused. "Birds, you know, have both—and your knights are supposed as yet to know nothing of either."

"I hope you like it, Euphranor," said Lycion from under his hat.

"Pshaw! doctor," Euphranor called out rather impatiently—"Religious Affections, for instance, which all children feel, and dogs and horses never come to feel."

"My dear Euphranor," said I, more seriously, "is not *all* Affection, *quoad* Affection, unreasonable? If you speak of the *object* of Affection, that is another thing. Men only (as we suppose) comprehend the idea of God; and, by the way, does not Bacon say that man looks up to God, as a dog to his master?"

"But meaning that man looks up with a Reasonable Affection, as dog to man with unreasonable."

"Well," said I, "*man*, come to forty years of age—(humph!)—may comprehend the Divine idea; but do not the young accept it blindly, on authority, and so bend their Affections to it?"

"But to be able to accept it at all," urged Euphranor, "whether *comprehending* it or not, *is* Reason; and so of Truth, and Justice, and other abstract ideas, which are intuitive in children; remembered, Plato says, from some previous existence, and included by Bacon, I have no doubt, in what he calls the *Moral* of Youth."

"And Wordsworth too," added I, "does not he affirm this Intuition is the more active the younger we are, as being nearer to God, who is our home?"

Euphranor assented, and I said, "But, Euphranor, if this Intuition be ***reason***, we overrule Bacon and Aristotle, and say that it is not *Age* that excels in it, but Childhood."

"Unless," said he, "considering the ***intuitive*** Reason to be drawn out by the *dialectic*, as music from an instrument, into the full harmony of *complete reason*, as we see done in Plato's Dialogues with the Young."

"Hear these metaphysicians, Lycion!" said I, "the Reason drawn out by Reason into Reason!"

Lycion only answered with one long-drawn sigh of smoke that went the way of most metaphysics.

"Or," said Euphranor, laughing, "suppose I drop the *name* of Reason from my first term, substitute what I believe is an equivalent for the second, put all into a Coleridgean formula, (though not with Coleridge's use of terms,)—'The Intuition + the Understanding = the whole Reason.'"

We both laughed at this grand proposition, which Euphranor gave out in a mock-heroic way. And then I said, "This poor *reason* has run the gauntlet of definition harder than any word in the language, I believe. Some make it an Instinct, some a process of that Instinct, confounding Reas*on* with Reason*ing*, perhaps. Milton says it is nothing but *choice*. And, by the way, (what has escaped us before, Euphranor,) Aristotle, or his translator, seems to identify it with Bacon's *policy*. 'Concerned with expediency,' he defines it. Jeremy Bentham, after all!"

"Aristotle had rather a leaning that way," Euphranor said—"so unlike his glorious master."

"Well," I said, "I, for one, do not pretend to decide among such great authorities, all calling names. I stick

to the common phraseology of the country, and when I want to name the supreme faculty of human judgment, whensoever and howsoever begun and completed, give the idol its old name of REASON, and so leave it on its shrine. As for that Intuitive moral-material of it which you say is in us from birth, I should think your friend Plato would agree it should have full room to develope in—that the instrument, as you call it, should be well seasoned and strung before played on by that same sceptical agent you told us of, the dialectic Understanding."

"Only to be touched by so delicate a finger as his own Socrates," answered Euphranor, smiling.

"And even he was accused of doing it unskilfully, was he not? of turning the harmonious instincts of Youth into discord, and making sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"A great calumny," Euphranor declared.

"Well," said I, "at any rate he might think it dangerous for Youth to tune and question its own Intuitions by its own immature Understanding, which, whether the completion of Reason or not, is, I verily believe, the last growth of the brain, and really scarce mature till middle life. Still less would he let this precious Intuition be tampered with by the finger of worldly, and parliamentary, policy."

Euphranor laughed and nodded, and said that "Lamb's friend was really gathering a cloud of witnesses about him."

"And as to those *affections*," said I, "of which Aristotle's inventory is made up, and which are defined at large in it, Plato may say what he likes, but he would have been especially sorry if his sons, servants, or dogs,

could have been argued out of them, even by his own Dialogues."

"And why?" Euphranor asked.

"Because," I answered, "he probably wanted them to follow and *do* what he thought good for them, whether they understood it dialectically or not, as you will agree with me we want our children to do, and as those children of old, the knights, did."

"And as Plato would have *done* himself," said Euphranor.

"Perhaps, having a good stock of these *affections* at the back of his dialectic. Else, you know my old quotation about 'the native hue of resolution,' &c.," said I, smiling. "And by some of the more irreverent writers on humanity, Reason is said to be the weakest governing part about us; a sign-post, somebody says, which points the way, but by no means urges us along it. Whereas these blind Affections actually push us along the road, being allied in growth and energy to our *animal* affections, which are said to be the strongest governing part about us."

"To which, however, you are not going to draw down Chivalry, I hope," said Euphranor.

"I can't do without some of them for our knights, however," said I. "You and Plato must consider together, if indeed some part of the dog's, horse's, and knight's *a*dialectic affections we spoke of does not in fact result from good *bodily* condition in dogs, horses, and knights; as, for instance, what we are always talking of as *animal spirits, animal courage*, and so on—a kind of moral in which Youth proverbially surpasses Age, partly in virtue of its better animal condition."

He looked reproachfully.

"Why, you know," said I, laughing, "your starved horse won't run, and your starved soldier—*will.*"

"Chivalry an essence of beef-steaks!" ejaculated he.

"I hope you like it, Euphranor," said Lycion, from under his hat.

But I went on laughing—"No, no, not beef-steaks alone, else your alderman would be a Bayard—he must be well exercised as well as well fed; sent out hunting, for instance, or to cricket with those Eton lads, in order to convert the beef-steak and turtle into pure blood, muscle, sinew, and *pluck.*"

Too much brute strength, however, Euphranor would have it, (on Plato's authority again, I believe, for Plato was his great oracle,) brutalized the mind. To which I could only answer, I was not (as far as I knew) for too much of any thing. However, he would admit that Telamon, and Idas, and Œnides, and those other youthful knights we had read of, wanted a good share of bodily strength to work that very heavy ship, the Argo; as did also king Arthur's knights for their fights with giants and dragons; and even those of our own time, "the modern gentlemen," if they were to lead hosts of blacksmiths, for instance, or any other more vigorous trade than a tailor's, to conquest. And I asked him whether, apart from any influence such exercises, or the animal condition they helped to bring about, had upon the soul, Digby did not consider strength of body, and the accomplishments of riding, swimming, fighting with many weapons, and perhaps cricketing, as very necessary accomplishments for his young gentlemen of England?

Euphranor said, "No doubt;" and then, recurring to what I had before spoken of, remembered some observ-

ation of Sir Walter Scott, (another hero of his,) that strong men are usually good-humoured, Scott himself, as Euphranor remarked, being so good an instance of it. And I added Bacon's testimony as to anger being chiefly observable in weakness, old age, childhood, and sickness. "So that, on the whole," said I, tapping on the top of Lycion's hat, "what with the keeping out of knavery till one knows how to join in it properly; and avoiding bad air in more senses than one; and cultivating Good Affections, and Good Health, and perhaps (Euphranor says) Good Humour, and perhaps also some other Good things we cannot now think of, Lamb's friend might have been right after all in lamenting the departure of the Eton lads from the fields of their Youth for a premature Manhood in St. Stephen's; though as to deciding which is fairest, a good Youth or a good Manhood, Euphranor, that may be like deciding which is handsomest, the blossom or the flower."

Whether Lycion would have deigned to reply I know not; but at this very moment his friend put his head out of the billiard-room window, and called out to him that the coast was clear; on which Lycion, getting up, and carelessly nodding to us, went into the house.

"The other day," said Euphranor, when he was gone, "Skythrops was in my rooms, and opened Digby's book at the very passage we have been reading—he read it—with what relish you may imagine."

"What did he say of it?"

"O you can fancy—that Youth, so far from 'drawing clouds of glory from God who is its home,' draws clouds of sulphur from—*his* home. He ran over Aristotle's inventory, as you call it; the old talk, he said, of Honour, Glory, and so on—Pagan virtues—very well for a Pa-

gan to record and a Papist to quote; but he wondered I could keep such a book in my rooms. And he especially commented on the ὕβρις, which, as you observed, waits on the very virtues Aristotle records."

"Well," said I, "dead wood doubtless makes best posts, and that is what Skythrops wants. The living tree will sprout out in a manner incomprehensible to such naturalists. *He* would nip the flower of Youth as if it were flower of brimstone:—then Lycion would stifle it in St. Stephen's:—and how many force it to blow before its time, and so ruin it!"

"In the present rage for *intellect*," said Euphranor.

"Yes," I replied, "intellect, not for its own sake only, but for advancement in the peaceful professions, now so thronged since war has been quiet. Jack and Tom, you know, must not only shine at the literary tea-table, they must get fellowships, livings, silk gowns at the bar,—they cannot be crammed too fast,—and to this end the order of Nature is reversed, to get early at faculties which come last in the order of growth; the Understanding set to work almost before it is born, the Affections neglected or misdirected, the whole Body, without whose soundness the Soul it encloses cannot, *I* say, be sound, neglected in its hour of growth, or torn to pieces by premature energies within. But Nature has her revenge. We think the world is growing wiser; it may in the end; but, as some one said, we are now rearing a generation of fools."

After a little pause, during which we both applied to our glasses, Euphranor said—"Doctor, you may be right in the main, but I do not like your subjecting the Soul to the carcass as you do."

I laughed, and said, "We doctors were of old in-

famous for such doctrines—we spoke up for our craft, and would not let Plato and the soul-doctors carry off all the fees. We only wanted to divide the spoil, just as man was divided into body and spirit, and were quite ready to grant that mind acted on carcass as much as carcass on mind. You remember," said I, " Sterne's metaphor of Jerkin and Jerkin's lining,—'rumple one and you rumple the other.'"

"O base metaphor!" cried Euphranor, "just like Sterne, whom I wonder you do not hate as I do,—Soul and Body all of one texture!"

"No, no," said I laughing; "Jerkin, you know, is generally lined with other material than himself, often finer—silk, for instance."

"Often with coarser too," replied Euphranor, "with diaper, or serge, as I believe Sterne's own jerkin was, for his body was a very delicate one, and his soul one of the grossest upon earth. No, no, if you must have a metaphor, have one at least where soul and body are more essentially distinguished."

"What say you then," said I, "to the old and favourite one of the Body being a house, and the Soul its tenant—'the body's guest'—will that do for you?"

He nodded: and I said that if one were inclined to argue, one might say that the tenant, whether prince or peasant, must be affected according as his lodging is wholesome or not; would catch all manner of rheumatisms and colds and fevers, if it were dilapidated, dirty, and damp. But more especially so, if he were not only a tenant, but a prisoner, unable to get out, as was the case with the soul in this life; unless indeed, as some thought, she got abroad through the key-hole at night,

when the body was fast locked in sleep; making rather an odd use of her liberty in dreams—"

But here Euphranor called out that the lodger I spoke of, whether peasant or prince, *was* in some sort of the very same matter as his lodgings;—a body built of clay in a clay-built house,—as bad a metaphor, after all, as Jerkin and lining. "Besides," he went on eagerly, "it is well known that persons enfeebled to the last degree by long illnesses, extreme old age, and on the very verge of death, shine brighter than ever in piety, wisdom, and love." And he went on to repeat;

> "The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
> Lets in more light through chinks that time has made;
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
> As they draw near to their eternal home."

"Halloo!" I called out, "got back to the clay cottage again!"

"Only to prove," said he, "how it may fall in pieces while its inmate thrives upon its decay and ruin. And what instances we have of the greatest minds dwelling in the craziest and puniest bodies."

"Great *parts* of minds," I answered, "as great Wit in Pope, for instance."

"Mens curva in corpore curvo," quoted Euphranor. "No, Wit itself is said to be a kind of dishonesty of thought, so let it e'en be a disease—of the body, if you like. But look at Pascal now—"

"Well," said I, "great mathematical and reasoning faculty. But these do not make up a MAN. A bon-mot, a poem, a problem, are no more specimens of the whole MAN, than that celebrated brick was of the whole house. What is your author in his Affections and Temper, as well as his Understanding? What as

relative, friend, neighbour, and so forth? the 'whole, sound, round-about' man, as Locke says."

"But Pascal was a notoriously religious and good man," argued Euphranor.

"Notoriously ascetic," said I, "that is to say, of a diseased religion. He would not let his family be too much about him lest their mutual love should deprive God of his due. I should instance Pascal's religion as looking much like the refraction from a sickly body."

Euphranor was again silent a little, and I said, smiling, "Like some objects that will force themselves on one's eyes in a landscape for ever so far, this clay cottage will not be got out of sight. The poets are fond of it. It now occurs to me in that other relation with its tenant which we were speaking of—not where it affects, but is affected—by its lodger's incessant strugglings and batterings within. You remember Dryden's old lines about that soul,

> 'That o'er-inform'd its tenement of clay,
> Fretting the puny body to decay.'"

"Well," said Euphranor, "and the sooner the better; so she flies back to her proper element again."

"A great escape, doubtless," I said. "But yet it has pleased God to station her here on probation, to do some work for herself and others. And being certain of eternity—yes, and (as a good soul) of a happy eternity, she should be well content to be imprisoned for such a mere point of time as our threescore years and ten in this clumsy lantern of a body, the only means by which her rays can be so condensed as to lighten her more benighted mortal fellow-spirits. Else, the razor or the halter would furnish a speedy and satisfactory escape for her at any time."

"Well, perhaps so," said he.

"And then, if the body does not die at once, but lingers in long pain," said I, "this divine Soul, though quite independent of the Body she lodges in, and unaffected by its pains, does (out of a divine pity) sympathize greatly with its distresses, and loses much of her precious time in condolence, and contriving the means of alleviation: considering the merits of different doctors and medicines. Even in indigestions, which are said to be the plagues of thinking men, how much of her precious self she wastes daily, mourning over some little bit of cheese that will stick in the stomach of the most universal philanthropist!"

Euphranor laughed, and asked, "what could be done for her?" and I answered, that I supposed, according to that old prescription, (the curse of physicians,) that "prevention is better than cure," the best way was to build up for her, in the proper season, a tenement strong enough to resist the elements without, and her own batterings within; so that when she is called to her great vocations, she may go about them undisturbed by creaking doors and windows, falling timbers, and failing foundations, and by all the repairs they incessantly call for. "Besides," I added, "if for no particular *use*, surely one should in decency provide a handsome, spacious, and airy mansion for so divine a tenant?"

Euphranor, upon this, recalled to me what he called an old paradox of mine, (a corollary, however, from that I had just been maintaining,) that beauty of Body and of Mind went together, in spite of such in stances as Socrates, whom I always managed to square into my theory to my own satisfaction; citing many notable in-

stances, and, besides that, the instinct there was in all civilized nations to represent their gods and heroes in the most perfect human shape; that even in our religion, in spite of the silence of evangelists, and even in defiance of a prophecy that was supposed to apply to him, all the great painters had represented the Divine Author in a shape of godlike perfection, that we should not tolerate the contrary even were it possible, which I could scarcely believe.

"Come, doctor," said Euphranor, suddenly, "you, who find such fault with others' education, shall tell me how *you* would bring up a young knight, till you turned him out of your hands a Man."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "like other fault-finders, I have nothing better to propose. People know well enough how to manage these matters, if they will but use their common sense, and not be run away with by new fashions and mistaken interests. And what is become of Lexilogus?"

Euphranor thought there was nothing to be done but to wait for him; and I said, "Besides, you know, I am only a Body doctor, which, as we said, is only half the battle. And then, is your knight to be brought up to shoot partridges, and be *a gentleman*, or to carry his prowess out, as we were talking of, into some calling? Is he to be

> 'Soldier, sailor,
> Tinker, tailor,
> Gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy, thief,'

as boys count on their buttons."

"Nay," said he, "he must be fitted to lead in any calling of life. And as we have agreed that the spirit of Chivalry is only the spirit of Youth, all men, and all

trades, inherit it equally, and cannot, I suppose, afford to do without it—except, perhaps, the last."

"Nay," said I, "the proverb says, 'There is honour among thieves,' you know."

"At all events," said he, "if we decide the knight is now to become captain of tailors, we should also lift up the tailor half way to meet him. It would require, however, a complete recasting of society, to give all classes the advantages necessary for a complete development of our common nature—the tailor must have a turn at the bat and ball, while his young captain takes the shears for an hour or so. We must be content to pick up our hero in a rank of life where these advantages are at hand—an English country squire's, say."

"Well," said I, "such lads are in general very well cared for at home—well suckled, well fed, well clothed, admitted to the full privileges of the chase, protected by game-laws, and thriving so well in our larger and nobler schools, like Harrow and Eton, that I sometimes wish, with Lamb's friend, they were left longer there."

"Not forgetting my own dear old Westminster, if you please, doctor."

With which I had no quarrel, except its being in the bad air of London; and Euphranor told me I should send Sir Lancelot where I liked, in due time, but at present I must begin with him "ab ovo."

"Well," said I, "if I have any hand in the matter, it must certainly be 'ab ovo;' for it is part of my profession to herald Sir Lancelot into the world. But really, my dear Euphranor, after that process, (which, perhaps, you would not care to hear about,) I must repeat, I have nothing new to tell you, except, perhaps, some medical recipes."

"Never mind," said he, "tell me the common-sense of the matter—that will be new to me, any how. Come, let us suppose Sir Lancelot fairly launched into the world by your art."

"Here he is, then," said I, "a very queer-looking, squeaking lump of flesh as ever you saw, neither fitted for sword or toga. I protest, Euphranor, I think he must be given up to me and to the nurses only, to wash and do for. I think there is no use of any soul-doctor at all as yet—the creature appears to me all jerkin, and no lining."

"Ah, but the lining, as you call it, is there," said he, "the immortal soul."

"A little bit of a soul, then!" said I, "for her manifestations are scarcely so decided as a puppy's."

"No wonder," answered Euphranor; "how should she exert herself, the delicate Psyche, suddenly shut up in the foul grub again?"

"Cannot at all use her senses."

"It would be still more wonderful if she could," said he, "understand directly the use of the totally new set of fleshly tools she is doomed to work with for a time."

"Bravo," I exclaimed, "you have vindicated her handsomely. I only meant to say, that for some time Sir Lancelot is little else but a *body*, so far as *our* treatment of him goes—to be suckled, washed, and *done for.*"

"Very well," said Euphranor.

"By degrees he begins, as you hinted, to use his senses—to discriminate sounds with his ears, objects and distances with eyes and hands, and so forth, much like other animals."

"Well, go on."

"Well, then, will you say that those objects impressing themselves on the brain, memory wakes? 'The burned child dreads the fire;' remembers faces, voices, and persons; likes some, dislikes others, *physically* at first, and then from *custom*, and from some glimmer of moral affection, perhaps; but still much as the beasts that perish."

"O, but *speech*," said Euphranor.

"Well," I answered, "even speech at first is but an organic imitation, like a parrot's. But I have no desire to keep Sir Lancelot down among the beasts; he soon lifts his head above them; his words become, to himself, the sign of things, of thoughts; he begins to *reflect*, to reflect on the past, and to guess at the future, from it; a short future indeed, as a short past, scarce extending beyond yesterday's and to-morrow's dinner. By and by, too, he begins to collect the scattered images of memory, and re-cast them in new shapes, which you call *fancy*, I believe. And by and by, too, he is drawn up from the visible love and authority of parents and nurses, to the idea of a Father unseen—the Father of his father, Father of all, Maker of all, who, though we do not see him, sees us, and all we do, and even all we think; who has bid us obey, love, and honour our parents, tell the truth, keep our hands from picking and stealing, and who will one day reward or punish us according as we have done all this."

"Halloa, doctor," said Euphranor, smiling, "you have brought on your child at a fine rate, far faster than I should have dared; instilling religion when you were pretending to give him a dose."

"Not I," I answered, "nor Mr. or Miss Skythrops

either. Mamma and nurse have done it imperceptibly. It is through the mother's eyes, Fellenberg finely said, that heaven first beams upon a child. But, as you say, 'ne sutor ultra.' I return to my soothing syrups."

But Euphranor declared that, having once begun, I must go on, carrying Sir Lancelot's mind along with his body; especially since I had given out that any mismanagement of the mind would injure the body I was employed to protect. So I agreed to look after our young knight so long as he was in the women's apartments, "which was, according to Xenophon, (was it not?) for the first seven years of life?"

Euphranor thought Xenophon reported that as the ancient Persian usage: "But," said I, "I cannot be bound to your Aristotelian and Baconian terms of *affections*, *reason*, and so on, which I perhaps do not understand in the sense they do, after all."

He told me to use what terms I liked. "Well then," I went on, "I will give the women one general rule; that for those first seven years, Sir Lancelot shall only be put to do what he can do *easily*, without effort either of mind or body, whatever his faculties may be, or may be called. He shall only meddle with what Plato calls the *music of education*—does he?"—

"Part of it, at least, I dare say," Euphranor answered smiling. And I went on to say, that luckily for the first years of life, the bodily and mental music went together. Nurse finding nonsense songs the best accompaniment to dandling Sir Lancelot in her arms, or rocking him to sleep in the cradle: and that from the lyrical fragment of "Little Bo-peep," the progress was easy to the more dramatic and intellectual Death of Cock Robin; and after that, to stories in numerous

verse and prose about certain good dogs and cats, and little boys and girls, and even little hymns by sweet Jane Taylor and Watts, about the star, and the daisy, and Him who made them; all which, beside exercising speech and memory, sometimes under cover of fable, sometimes in pure plain-spoken affection, dispose the mind toward the Good, the Beautiful, and the Holy. "Then you know," said I, "there are pictures,—'that is the horse'—'that is the cat'—which easily lead to 'A was an Apple'—the alphabet itself—Newton's true Principia, after all, as Vincent Bourne said."

"Well, then, there he is instituted in letters," said Euphranor. "But what have you been doing for his bodily exercises all the while?"

"Ah, there I am more in my element," I returned, "and mamma and nurse want quite as much looking after in this as in the other matter. They are too apt in the pride of their hearts to make Sir Lancelot walk before he can stand; and when he *can* use his legs, will not give him verge enough to ply them in."

"What is to be done for him?"

"O, after the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in: he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as likes; and roar too—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (beside the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out of doors, they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands, by, 'Be quiet, child—Don't make such a noise, child,' et cætera."

"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how you used to play at hide-and-seek with us in the shrubbery, rather exciting us to rebellion, when my aunt ran out to warn us in, or reduce us to order."

"Or for fear your dresses should be dirtied," rejoined I, "for that is one of the fetters laid upon children's wholesome growth. They must early learn to look *respectable:* as also shouting is vulgar, you know. Then what screaming from the window if a little dew lay on the grass, or a summer cloud overcame the sky."

"I suppose you would have shoes with holes in them on purpose to let in water, as Locke does," said Euphranor, laughing.

"I wouldn't keep a child from exercise in the dirt because he has no whole shoes at home, at all events," answered I.

"He catches cold."

"I dose him instantly and effectually."

"But he dies."

"Then, as a sensible woman said, 'he is provided for.' Your own Plato, I think, says it is best the sickly and delicate should die off early at once."

"Rather a pagan doctrine, if he does," replied Euphranor. "However, we will suppose Sir Lancelot survives,—what else?"

"Where did we leave him?" said I,—"O yes,—I remember—in the mud—where, by the bye, (much better than if shut up in a school-room or parlour,) he makes acquaintance with external nature, sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones, so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter."

"Not forgetting animals," said Euphranor.

"By no means," said I, "and especially the horse and the dog, whose virtues we said he would do well to share."

"Horses and dogs, in the women's apartments!" said Euphranor, laughing. "O yes," I said, "his acquaintance with the dog begins in the cradle: and the horse, who, as we said, has given his very name to the spirit of Youth, Devotion, and Courage we began talking about—Sir Lancelot cannot too soon make his acquaintance—to pat him—to feed him—to be set upon his back, either in the stable, or during exercise up and down the avenue."

"And it is wonderful," Euphranor observed, "what forbearance the nobler animals show for children; how great dogs suffer themselves to be pulled about for hours by them: and horses will carry boys with a kind of proud docility, who would kick and plunge under a grown-up rider. Perhaps they like children's soft voices and light weights; for which very reason, I have heard, they are more manageable by women."

"Yes," said I, "and have they not also a sense of humour that is amused at being bestrid by urchins; ay, and real generosity too, that will not take advantage of weakness."

After a little pause, Euphranor said, "When you lay it down that children are scarcely to be compelled against the grain for their first seven years, I suppose you make some reservation as to *moral* restraint—the repression of passion, for instance."

"Not only that," answered I, "he must also learn to submit himself to order—to *some* daily in-door restraint—silence—and task-work—all when he would be

out of doors romping: only let there be but *a little* of such compulsion day by day."

"And if he be refractory, even against this gentle discipline?"

"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse, are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than of severity: you at least get at *truth*, if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly, are far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Any how, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood."

To this Euphranor willingly assented; and after a time said, "Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad."

"And what sort of chap do you find him?" said I.

"Nay, he is your child," answered Euphranor.

"The very reason," said I, "why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I am not his father, but only his doctor; and, moreover, I will not say what he *is*, but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times: passionate, perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults: rather rebellious against women's domination, and against all the wraps and gruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and a little hymn at their knees.

Decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little day by day from books which lead his mind toward hope, affection, generosity, and piety.

"So much for Sir Lancelot's first septenniad," said Euphranor. "And now for his second."

"That is your affair then," said I, taking the last draught from my tumbler. "I only engaged to see him through the first."

"Then," replied Euphranor laughing, "I must give him up to Skythrops, who is now coming down the avenue."

"In a white neck-cloth, and with a face of determined asperity! Yes, he has often condoled with me before on Sir Lancelot's backwardness and depravity, and now his hour is come."

"Hark, he knocks at the door," said Euphranor. "Will you give your boy up to him?"

"No, I will oppose my portly person in the doorway; thin as he is, he slips no further,—he cannot melt me with his vinegar. I stand firm while he proposes his plans;—twelve hours a day in-door work at Grammar, Latin, Greek, Modern Languages, Euclid, Geography, et cætera; and two hours recreation and exercise, videlicet, a walk with Skythrops himself."

"But you don't keep him standing in the passage all this time, doctor?"

"Well, that would not be polite,—I take him into the library, and as soon as possible propose lunch, of which Skythrops very largely partakes; and carrying him abroad to see an improvement in the lawn, escort him safely along the avenue, out of the gates."

"His scheme does not suit you?" said Euphranor.

"And if it did," I answered, "*he* would not suit me. There is magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the boy in him."

"Ah! I remember," said Euphranor, "how good Dr. Arnold insists on that;" and he quoted Arnold's beautiful image of the difference between drinking from a living spring and a stagnant pond. "And, no doubt," he continued, "Skythrop's division of play and work pleases you as little as he himself does?—his twelve hours work to two of recreation."

I answered, "it only wanted reversing."

Euphranor looked incredulous; and I told him of a table I had lately seen made by a German physiologist, who, proposing to begin education at seven years old (and not a whit earlier) with but *one* hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an hour every year, so as, by fourteen years old, the boy studies eight hours out of the twenty-four.

"Distinctions of age," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could not be made in schools."

"They *were* made, however, in one school," I replied —"Fellenberg's—the best school, on the whole, that I have read of."

"Ah, he agreed with you, I think," said Euphranor, "how much may be taught out of doors, and by wholesome experiment, in fresh air and exercise. Certainly, a child may learn to love and obey parents, pastors, and masters, as well in-doors as out; nay, better, while owing to them the freedom and happiness he enjoys."

"And God too," said I, "while enjoying his fields, streams, and breezes, quite as much as when listening

to Skythrops concerning the origin of evil, in a stived-up room. For Skythrops hates fresh air and open windows, I am sure."

Euphranor laughed. "And then," said I, "does not your Plato tell us, that drills, marches, and other rhythmical out-of-door exercises, beside the good they do the body, unconsciously instil a sense of order and harmonious obedience into the soul?"

"And now too," Euphranor went on, "we may suppose Sir Lancelot's acquaintance with nature, having begun in love will go on to knowledge, in the way of some of those *ologies* you talked about."

"Not forgetting that most necessary geology, agriculture," said I, "eldest, healthiest, and most necessary of sciences; so loved and practised by the Roman gentlemen in the most heroic days of Rome."

"And which Aristotle says rears up the best peasantry," said Euphranor, "'*βελτιστος δημος ὁ γεωργιχος*,' he says; whom, by the way, I suppose you would certainly have your English gentleman well acquainted with, especially if he be a land-owner."

"Ah! to be sure," said I, "we might have remembered before to bring him well acquainted with the poor, —a lesson which children cannot learn too soon, which they will always learn gladly when taught, not by dry discourse, but by living experiment; especially in the sweet fields, and clean country cottages."

Here, however, Euphranor broke in, declaring how often he had heard me declaim against Skythropical tutors, who would not leave their victims alone even during their scanty play-hours, but must pursue them with exhortations still, and soil even the fair page of nature with their running commentaries.

To which I answered, there was discretion in this as in other things: that no doubt children ought to have much time given up to the most unreasonable sport—to the most total rest of mind; that the real fault of the Skythropical sect was not so much combining instruction with recreation, but *unfit* instruction, which negatived all recreation,—dry theory, whether of science or morals. Any how, I would much rather carry the experiments of the fields into the school-room, than the theories of the school-room into the fields.

"We are agreed however to have *some* books, and *some* in-door study," said Euphranor smiling; "what shall they be?"

"O," said I, "the records of good and great men, following properly on those of great dogs and good horses we spoke of before; not theories of heroic virtue, but living examples of it, as found in our own histories, in translations from others, then in Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Cæsar, and so on to old Homer himself. For where is the school-boy who does not side with Hector or Achilles, Greek or Trojan? Then there is Virgil, with his seedy Æneas, but lovely vernal Georgics, welcome whether in school-room or field; and Ovid's stories of wonder."

"Which Plato says is the father of Philosophy," said Euphranor, "to which I suppose you will lead up Sir Lancelot in good time, though scarcely perhaps in his second septenniad. But, doctor, we have unawares got him into Latin and Greek, a thing only to be done by very hard work in Grammar, in itself about as difficult a theory as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a boy,

and only now in happy hour light upon the *reason* of the rules I repeated mechanically."

"True," said I, "but you were only expected, I hope, to *use* them mechanically; ascertaining the different parts of speech, and then how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which relations you are guided by certain terminations of *us, a, um*, and *do, das, dat*, and so on; till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a sentence. And the repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a proper exercise for your memory."

"We must not forget arithmetic also," said Euphranor, "where, by the bye, the rules are also used mechanically at the time, to be understood, perhaps, afterwards, just as those of grammar. Well, so much for Sir Lancelot's studies in his second septenniad; and now for his bodily exercises; I suppose they advance proportionably in labour and energy."

"No doubt," said I, "the horse he was taken to look at, feed, and be held on, he now bestrides—a pony at all events—trots, gallops, gets a peep at the hounds throwing off; in due time a run with them, fleshes his maiden courage at a leap, rises up Antæus-like from a tumble."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "we poorer fellows are cut out of this."

"Well, there are the ditches and rivers for you to fall into, and be drowned in, whether in leaping, skaiting, swimming, or boating; nay, in this dear old England of ours, the sea itself ready to embrace and strangle the whole youth of Britain in her arms."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "there again, if mamma was frightened at her boy dabbling in the dew, without his

hat too, what will she say now he is brought home half drowned in a ditch, or his arm broken by a fall from his pony?"

"I must console her as before," said I—

> "'If he fall in, good night!
> Send Danger from the east unto the west,
> So Honour cross it from the north to south.'

It is better to die well ever so young than to grow up a valetudinary and poltroon. He can only grow strong in body and soul by such exercises as carry danger along with them; and strong in body and soul our knight must be, must he not?"

"Nay, but," said Euphranor, "*I* have not yet agreed that his soul can only grow strong by being in a strong body; and mamma will not agree that the body can only be made strong by dangerous exercises."

"All strong exercise is more or less dangerous," I replied; "in digging, rowing, running, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break limbs. There is no end to finding out dangers if you look for them. Men have died of grape-stones sticking in the throat—are we never to eat grapes again, or are they to be carefully picked of their stones first? And as for Courage, which is the strength of soul I speak of, some men are born with it under a lucky star, and, the phrenologists say, under a good constellation of bumps. But even then it will require *exercise* to keep it in repair. But if men have it not naturally, how is it to be acquired except in the demand for it; that is to say, in danger? and to be laid in in youth, while the mind is growing, and capable of nerving, so as to become a *habit* of the soul, and to act with the force and readiness of instinct?"

"Mamma will say it is to be found in good books, good principles, religion, and so on," said Euphranor.

"And there may be found the long-concocted resolution, that, after all the struggles of natural fear, may nerve a man to be a martyr at last. But while it succeeds in one, it fails in a thousand. For here comes the ancient difference between *resolving* and *doing;* which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of resolving without acting (as we do necessarily in facing dangers and trials in books and in the closet) is worse for us than never resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connexion between thought and deed."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "you stole that from the Newman I lent you, doctor; how true and good it is!"

"Very true and very good," answered I, "and I dare say I stole it from him; though I had long before been familiar with an ancient proverb, (as old as the Fathers for any thing I know,) as to what Thought did as he lay in bed."

"What in fact some folks of weak nerves are said to do before a battle," said Euphranor, with a burst of laughter.

"Just that. And then if this closet courage could certainly brace us up to any long-foreseen emergency, would it help us at any sudden pinch of accident of which life is full, and for which our knight must assuredly be prepared. I mean, when there is no time to *make up our minds*, but the mind must act at once, ready made."

"What is called *presence of mind*," said Euphranor.

"A very wonderful thing," said I; "as, for instance, what a sudden resolution the mind is put upon in hunt-

ing, by which men, if their horses fall with them in all the violence and excitement of full cry, know how *to fall well*—to launch themselves out of their horse's way, for instance, which I remember even dear old Parson Adams knew how to do in the good old days."

"I have often thought," said Euphranor, "what a wonderful act of the soul it is in cricket, where the batter has to make up his mind what to do with the ball, whether to hit, tip, or block, all in the twinkling of an eye between the ball's being delivered from the bowler's hand and its arrival at his own wicket. How much is to be 'willed, done, and performed,' in that moment of time!"

"Yes," said I, "and the boxer, whose mind is to decide, and his fists to follow his mind so instantaneously, as to put in a blow upon his adversary at the very moment of guarding one off from him."

"But," said Euphranor, "mamma will perhaps protest that presence of mind may be learned in the harmless emergencies of battledore and shuttlecock."

"But not presence of mind *in danger*," said I, "which we are talking of, and which we must therefore include in the exercises fitted to meet it."

"But then," Euphranor went on, "will experience of one emergency avail us in another? For instance, will the power of falling well with our horse, help us to put a blow into our adversary's rib?"

"It will so far help us, that the mind, having learnt to abide unshaken in one trial, will be more likely to abide unshaken in another, and bring all the knowledge and art she has to bear upon it. It is like mathematics, you know. Euclid will not help you to the solution of a logical argument, but Euclid disposes you

to a logical disposition of all argument. However, Sir Lancelot, we have agreed, is to be practised in many resources,—swimming, sailing, rowing, boxing, fencing, riding,—time out of mind the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman, and from whose equal proportionable development of all the parts of the body, a gentleman is known by his carriage, whatever effect they may have on his soul."

Euphranor nodded, but said that, after all, there was less need for such preparation now in these days of peace and safe contrivance. Men were not called on to fight, it seemed; hunting was certainly not a duty *per se;* and all life was made a first-class carriage of well-padded security.

But I asked if he had forgotten his own assertion, that war was not dead, but only sleeping ; and Sir Walter's assertion, that the strong were good-humoured; and a yet older assertion, that only the brave could be truly merciful; so that even if courage were not wanted for war, was it not wanted for peace ?—life itself, the smoothest life, being all a battle, made up of perpetual little conflicts, harder to bear, many thought, than a few hard raps of fate; which if a man (naturally deficient in women's passive courage of non-resistance) did not meet with active courage, he was sure to fail under, and make himself and all about him miserable. "Depend upon it," I said, "your carpet knight will fight his battles *on* the carpet—over the tea-table—with wife, children, servants. Besides," I went on laughing, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families. The house will take fire, the coach will break down, the boat will upset;—is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others; no one who can do

more to save the maid or the child snoring in the garret, heedless of the flames, than merely to repeat, 'How *very* awful!' Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; can no gentleman put a saddle on the horse, much less get a collar over his head, or adjust the crupper without such awkwardness, as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey?"

Euphranor laughed at this picture of impotence, and I said, "'I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle *danger*, we pluck this flower *safety*.' Why the most timid valetudinarian is ordered by his doctor a gentle ride; the quietest pony is bought; but only he trots safely who has galloped hard: no one is so sure to come down in the road as your heavy sack of a sitter, with no seat in his saddle, nor hand on his bridle; and no one so sure to break his nose when he does come down. Besides," I continued, "what after all is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, &c., that a boy goes through? Half a dozen boys are drowned, half a dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half a dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully fitted for peace or war! If I have to do with Sir Lancelot he shall take his chance, either to grow up a man fit to live, or to die honourably in striving towards it. And so I leave him at the end of his second septenniad."

"Close upon the age of those young Argonauts," said Euphranor, "upon whose lips the down yet was not. Really closely upon the threshold of Chivalry."

"Yes," said I, "push him on three or four years,

and you may dub him a knight according to ancient practice, I believe."

"Fitted in body and mind to his calling?"

"Well, Euphranor," said I, "I cannot tell: my mind misgives me when I am about to send my pupil into the lists, whether Nature originally endowed him well enough, and whether I have helped to make the best of Nature's bounty. I doubt my ideas of knighthood may fall very far short of Digby's; short of what they ought to be, perhaps."

"Well, what sort of a fellow do you turn out, at any rate?" said Euphranor.

"I doubt I shall be content with him," said I, "if (at sixteen say) he shows me outwardly, as before, a glowing cheek, an open brow, copious locks, a clear eye, and looks me full in face withal; his body a little uncouth and angular perhaps, as compared to his earlier self, because now striking out into manly proportion, not yet filled up; flesh giving way to fibre and muscle; the blood running warm and quick through his veins, and easily discovering itself in his cheeks and forehead, at the mention of what is noble or shameful; his voice, 'sweet and tuneable,' as Margaret of Newcastle notices of her brothers,—she does not mean, she says, (nor do I,) an emasculate treble, but no 'husking or wharling in the throat,'—that is her word,—a clear, open, bell-like voice, telling of a roomy chest, and in some measure, I think, of a candid soul. However that may be," continued I, seeing Euphranor shake his head at me with a smile, "candid of soul I hope he is; for I have always sought his confidence, and never used it against himself; never arraigned him severely for the smaller outbreaks of youthful spirit;

never exacted sympathy where it was not in the nature of Youth to sympathize. He is still passionate perhaps, as in his first septenniad, but easily reconciled; subdued easily by affection and the appeal to old and kindly remembrance, but stubborn against force; generous, forgiving: still liking to ride rather than to read, and perhaps to settle a difference by the fist than by the tongue; but submitting to those who do not task him above Nature's due: apt to sleep under the sermon, but not ceasing to repeat morning and evening the prayers he learned at his mother's knee: ambitious of honour, perhaps, but of honour in action rather than in talk: somewhat awkwardly disposed to dancing, and the accomplishments of the drawing-room, which even now he shirks in order to go earth-stopping with Tom and Jack, who used to set him on Topsail's back in days gone by. In short, I shall be content to find him with all the faults of a vigorous constitution of soul and body, which time and good counsel may direct into a channel of action that will find room for all, and turn all to good. One must begin life with all the strength of life, subject to all danger of its abuse: strength itself, even of evil, is a kind of virtue; whereas weakness is the one radical and incurable evil, growing worse instead of better with every year of life."

"And this is your education," said Euphranor, "for all boys indiscriminately, without regard to any particular genius they may show."

"But without injury to it, I hope," said I; "for instance, should it lie toward any of those *ologies* which we thought Sir Lancelot's free intercourse with Nature especially opened to him, or even toward looking into Plato and Digby for qualities he already unconsciously

possesses. But," I continued, seeing no sign of self-consciousness in Euphranor's own earnest face, "if Sir Lancelot not only *has* a Genius, (as I suppose all men have some,) but *is* a Genius,—big with Epic, Lyrical, or Parliamentary inspiration,—I do not meddle with him—he will take his own course in spite of me. What I have to turn out is, not a Genius, but a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, qualified at least for the common professions, or trades, if you like it. Or if he have means and inclination to live independently on his estate, may, *in spite* of his genius, turn into a very good husband, father, neighbour, and magistrate. No mean vocation, in my opinion, who really believe that healthy, courageous good humour, and activity of soul, do radiate a more happy atmosphere throughout a little circle, and, through that, imperceptibly, to the whole world, than cart-loads of poems, sermons, and essays, by dyspeptic divines, authors, and universal philanthropists, whose fine feelings and bad stomachs generally make them tyrants in their own families, and whose books go to draw others into a like unhappy condition with themselves."

Euphranor mused a little within himself, and then observed, that all I had been saying applied to private education only, in a young man's home; or, at most, where only a few pupils were to be attended to. In a great school, boys must be lumped together in a rougher way.

"That lumping together had, however, its advantages," I said, "which compensated for the absence of others. Boys got knocked out of family delusions, and got to know themselves, by comparing themselves with others. Only let the schools be large and liberal enough—Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and some others."

"But what becomes of your horses?" said Euphranor; "Eton and Harrow could not supply them to their pupils."

"Fellenberg," I replied, "had a riding-school as part of his much poorer German institution."

"But our great schools," argued Euphranor, "do not make it part of their system to provide for the bodily instruction of their youth; it is supposed lads will find out their own play and exercise, and devote themselves too much to it without further assistance."

"That seems to me a mistake, however," said I, "in these days, when, beside the school duties, now so increased in quantity and quality, and the prospective claims of the peaceful professions, young people have so many sedentary accomplishments courting their own or their parents' fancy. If my theory of Body and Mind (which is every body's who chooses to think) is right, the one ought to be trained as much as the other. The Greeks, you know, made gymnastics a necessary part of their education. So do the German schools; that at Hofwyl, for instance, from which our greatest and noblest foundations might take many good hints, if they were not too proud to do so. At all events, our smaller schools might greatly profit by imitation. If they could not compass the riding-school, there was at least the swimming-bath, which Fellenberg found one of the best remedies for an indolent habit of body and mind—gardens to work in—not only the hours of exertion, whether bodily or mental, proportioned to the ages of the pupils, but even the hours of sleep—no lesson lasting longer than an hour at a time—and wholesome changes of subject, master, and school-rooms, to refresh the boy's mind. Fellenberg's first principle

seems a truism till people come to act upon it—that a child should never be employed in any exercise, physical, moral, or intellectual, beyond his powers."

"Ah, that is very good," said Euphranor. "And have not these Swiss and German schools military exercises also?"

"Yes," said I, "which you see is another advantage that a school may possess over home education. Milton expressly recommends military exercises, drills, and watches; good in peace as well as in war, I say; teaching order, submission, and endurance."

"Arnold," said Euphranor, "was all either for home education, or one of our large schools. He hated the little ones."

"Yet," said I, "the largest and best of them have other faults; as, for instance, exacting so huge a proficiency in Latin and Greek verse; a fault imputable, I am told, to these universities, which require a great amount of that rather useless accomplishment. They also do too little in the way of training boys to sympathy with the lower classes; not by moral essays, but by living contact with the poor; where Fellenberg again had the advantage, having a large school of agriculture and trade for the poorer boys joined to that of the rich, so that all classes should in some way mingle beneficially with each other."

"Where, as I was saying before," said Euphranor, "the young tailor might have a turn at the bat, and the young lord at the plough, now and then."

"And all the better, if the young lord were put to earn his bread there for a week or so every now and then," said I, "affording him light as to the condition of the poor, 'unquenchable by logic and statistics,' Carlyle

says, 'when he comes, as Duke of Logwood, to legislate for them in parliament.'"

"To hear you talk, doctor, any one would suppose you would send your son to Germany for his schooling; but I know your old dogmas about an Englishman being brought up in England, imbibing English air and English associations into his very nature from the first."

"Yes," said I, "I am for growing up by the Thames under Windsor Castle, rather than by the Rhine under Heidelberg."

"Not forgetting glorious Westminster Abbey!" cried he with exultation.

"No," said I, "we must not go abroad for Fellenberg, but bring a slip of him hither if we can. And yet even this I say with some hesitation, and not without awe of the old Genius of these noble schools. But as to the smaller ones, my dear Euphranor, you cannot imagine the pusillanimous, sordid, soul-and-body-stunting method of some of these, which, if English good sense did not explode just before it was too late, (as English good sense has somehow a knack of doing,) would ruin the middle-class Chivalry of England altogether. Nor are the poor masters only to blame—they are often one-sided, pedantic men, ignorant of the constitution of man; the boys' parents are quite as ignorant and mercenary as the master—they must have their full pennyworth. Then, you know, there are your Religious Establishments, where the *intellectual and moral culture* of the boys is incessantly attended to—not a moment spared for mischief; and then 'such care taken of their healths!' Ten hours a day hard study of the hardest stuff, most indigestible by the young—moral

essays; sermons; the little play-time cut up into little intercalary snips of time, not allowing of any generous and invigorating game, even if the few square yards of gravel, or the strict edict against all amusements that threaten the boys' limbs, or the master's window-panes, ever so remotely, should allow it. No cricket, no foot-ball—perhaps a little gymnastic gallows, where boys may climb, and turn over, and swing like monkeys, in perfect safety; no rowing, no sailing, no stolen ride on horseback or on the coach-box; no running and leaping over hedge and ditch, animated by the pursuit of some infuriated game-keeper; but a walk, two and two, in clean dresses, along the high road, dogged by the sallow usher—"

"Of course no fighting," said Euphranor, "and, I suppose, no flogging neither."

"And yet," said I, "the clenched fist so soon resolved into the open hand, when once the question of might and right was settled—how much better than the perpetual canker of a grudge never suffered to explode!—and the good flogging had its humour—soon passed away, shame and smart, from fore and aft—much better than the heart-pining, body-contracting confinements and impositions which double the already overloaded task-work, and revenge a temporary fault with lasting injury."

"You get quite excited about it, doctor," said Euphranor. "But it is enough to make one angry, if it be as you say."

"O, it succeeds well," I continued; "the boy who came to school with but *some* troublesome activity about him is soon tamed down, grows pale, cheerless, spiritless, hopeless, and *very good*—a credit to the school—

likely to be a blessing to his parents. It is only one of Nature's 'best earthly mould,' with the spirit of her chivalry strong in his blood, who kicks over the traces, throws the whole 'very eligible establishment' into disorder, and rouses the whole dastard soul of Skythrops into a meagre attitude of expulsion, however unwilling he may be to part with any victim who pays. But 'he must go—nothing can be done with him—' He goes: he is sent to sea—rolls and tosses over the world—comes back a good-humoured, active, lively, sun-burnt fellow, with tobacco and cheroots for his old Dad; some silks for mother and sisters; a parrot for old aunt Deborah; a bamboo, which he says he would give old Skythrops but for fear he should lick the boys with it. So he travels, and returns, and travels again: has at last scraped a little money together; marries a good-humoured girl who has even less world's wealth than himself; nay, I believe he had married her long before he was even as rich as he is;—has a large family of children healthy as himself—the more the merrier, he says; and so whistles through and over the ups and downs of life."

"And the *good* boy," said Euphranor, "what becomes of him?"

"I have no heart to follow him," said I. "Poor fellow! the last I heard of him was, that after a most unimpeachable progress through school and college, getting all the prizes, he was going off to some new German baths covered with boils and blotches; or, at the Old Bailey, laying his hand on that part of his coat under which the heart is supposed to beat, and calling God to witness the innocence of a murderer who had already confessed his crime to him."

"Do you remember," said Euphranor, "that fine passage in the Clouds of Aristophanes—whom in general I do not love, by the bye—where the *δικαιος* and *αδικος λογος* each solicit the young man who stands hesitating between them?"

I had forgotten, I said, my little Latin and less Greek; and Euphranor told me, I must positively read this play again—it was quite in my way—"it is, you see," he said, "Old Athens, who reared the *Μαραθωνομαχοι ανδρες* against Young Athens, who forsakes the simple rhythmical exercises of his ancestors for intricate and enervating measures—leaves the Gymnasium for the Law Courts and the Sophists. Young Athens pleads for his system, and then the old one replies, ending with those delicious lines, musical as the whisper of the trees they tell of:

'Αλλ' οὖν λιπάρος γε καὶ εὐανθὴς—"

"Come, my good fellow," said I, "you must interpret." And Euphranor, with a little sly smile, and looking down, recited—

"O listen to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted and fresh as a daisy:
Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over books till you're hazy:
No splitter of straws, no dab at the laws, making black seem white so cunning;
But wandering down outside the town, and over the green meadow running,
Ride, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, like so many birds of a feather,
All breathing of youth, good humour, and truth, in the time of the jolly spring weather,
In the jolly spring time, when the poplar and lime dishevel their tresses together."

"Well, but go on," said I, when he stopped, "I am sure there is something more of it, now you recall the passage to me—about broad shoulders and little."—

"O," said he, "only the outward signs of inward strength. I remember no more of it."

I then asked him who translated the passage, suspecting it was himself; to which he replied, it was more a paraphrase than a translation, and I might criticise it as I liked. To which I said I had not much to object—perhaps the trees "dishevelling their tresses" was a little Cockney, which he agreed it was—far inferior to the *psithurizing* together of the original. And then I observed to him how the degradation Aristophanes saw in the Athenian youth went on and on, so that, when Rome aided Greece against Philip of Macedon, Livy says the Athenians could only contribute to the common cause declamations and despatches—"quibus solum valent," he says; a sentence I could never forget.

"Ay," said Euphranor, "and to think that when Livy wrote so of Athens, his own Rome was just beginning to go down-hill in the same way and for the same causes:

Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet, ludere doctior
Græco seu jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:

how unlike those early times, when the heroic father begot and bred an heroic son: generation following generation through ages of national glory, crowned with laurel and with oak; reared by a system of education, the same Livy says, handed down, as it were an art,

from the very foundation of Rome, and filling her senate with generals, equal, he says, to Alexander."

"But come, my dear fellow," said I, jumping up, "here have I been discoursing away like a little Socrates, while the day is passing over our heads. We have forgotten poor Lexilogus, who (I should not wonder) may have stolen away to Cambridge. Let us go after him directly."

Euphranor, who seemed yet desirous to converse, nevertheless rose up. On looking at my watch I saw we could not take any thing like the walk we proposed and be at home by college dinner; so I said that as it was I who had wasted the day, I would stand the expense of mutton chops and ale at the inn: after which we could all return at our ease to Cambridge in the evening. As we were leaving the bowling-green, I called up to Lycion, who thereupon appeared at the billiard-room window with his coat off, and a rather gorgeous waistcoat revealed, and asked him if he had nearly finished his game? In reply, he asked us if we had finished our ogres and giants? On which I told him, laughing, "pretty nearly;"—that we were going into the fields for a walk—would he come with us? or, if he meant to go on playing billiards, would he dine with us on our return? "He could not walk with us, certainly," he said,—"was engaged to play some games more." And when I spoke of dinner again, seemed rather to hesitate about it; but at last said, "Very well;" and, nodding to us, retired with his cue and waistcoat back into the room.

Then Euphranor and I, leaving the necessary orders within, sallied out toward the church, observing, as we went, how much pains Lycion took to spoil the good

within him. For, at Harrow, he was (as Euphranor understood) a good-humoured, lively, and rather gallant boy. But dining with ambassadors and at clubs, and going to Almack's, was spoiling him. And Euphranor spoke of the affectation of indifference and apathy, now so fashionable,—so contrary to the spirit of youth,—especially ungraceful, he thought, (and so did I,) in women. In all of which we judged, both of us, rather from what we heard, and read, and saw of fine people in their carriages, than from any actual knowledge; for neither of us were much in great company. And he observed, I remember, that even if there were no other ill effects of London dissipation on women, yet the simply being present in so many crowds was a sort of prostitution, especially of the eye; and noticed the hackneyed look which even young and handsome women soon acquired. We were talking thus, when, on coming close to Chesterton church, we saw Lexilogus passing through a turn-stile on his way toward us. In half a minute we had met; and he had explained to us why he was so late: he had been delayed by one of aunt Martha's fits of asthma; and he did not like to leave the house till the fit was over. She had now fallen into a gentle sleep.

After expressing our sympathy, we turned back again; and I told Lexilogus how, after all, Euphranor and I had played no billiards, but had been arguing all the time about Digby and his books.

Lexilogus smiled, but made no remark, being naturally slow of speech, and perhaps of thought also. But the day was delightful, and we walked along the road briskly, conversing on many topics, till, a little further on, we got into the fields. These were now in

their prime; thick with grass, crowded with daisies and buttercups; and, as we went along, Euphranor quoted Chaucer's lines:

> "Embroidered was he as it were a mede,
> All full of fresh flowris, both white and rede."

and instantly added, "what a lovely picture that was of a young knight!"

I agreed, and asked Lexilogus if he knew it: but he had never read Chaucer: so I begged Euphranor to repeat it to us; which he did, with an occasional pause in his memory, and jog from mine.

> "With him there was his Sonn, a yongé Squire,
> A Lover, and a lusty Bachelire,
> With lockis curle, as they were leid in press;
> Of twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse;
> Of his stature he was of evin length,
> Wonderly deliver, and of grete Strength;
> And he had ben somtime in Chevauchie
> In Flandris, in Artois, and Picardie,
> And born him wel, as of so litil space,
> In hope to standin in his Lady's grace.
> Embroidered was he as it were a mede,
> All full of fresh flowris both white and rede;
> Singing he was or floyting all the day;
> He was as fresh as is the month of May:
> Short was his goun with slevis long and wide,
> Well couth he set an hors, and fair yride;
> And songis he couth make, and wel endyte,
> Just, and eke daunce, and well portraye and write.
> So hote he lovid that by nighter tale
> He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.
> Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
> And karft before his Fadir at the table."

"Chaucer, however," said Euphranor when he had finished the passage, "allows his young squire more

accomplishments than you would trust him with, doctor. See, he dances, draws, and even writes songs—quite a *petit-maitre.*

"But also," I added, "is of 'grete strength,' 'fair y-rides,' and had already 'born him well in Chivauchie.' Besides," continued I, (who had not yet recovered, I suppose, from my former sententiousness) "in those days, you know, there was scarce any reading, which usurps so much of knighthood now. Men left that to the clergy; contented, as we before agreed, to follow their bidding to pilgrimages and holy wars. Some gentler accomplishments were needed then to soften manners, just as we want rougher ones to fortify ours."

"One may see this exemplified," said Euphranor, "among us now. Music, you will say, only helps to *Mollyfy* the rich,—pardon the vile pun,—but all the education people say it is of excellent use among the poor."

"And who was it," said I, "who, when some one grumbled at a barrel-organ in the street, said prettily, that one should tolerate, and even respect, the instrument that carried Orpheus down into dark alleys and cellars. It has struck me strangely to hear in one of our Yorkshire scars a delicate air of Mozart all of a sudden.

Euphranor then observed, that in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, the lute and viol were common accomplishments of young gentlemen: so, to be sure, were all martial exercises.

"And more than exercises," added I; "young fellows going to serve as soldiers abroad as part of their education, if there were no wars in hand at home. Sir Philip Sidney might well be allowed a little sonneteering; and one would not quarrel with a midshipman practising his flute in the cock-pit now."

"Even Pepys, tailor as he was," Euphranor said, "takes horse and rides to Huntingdon from London and back without comment."

"And without a sore bottom, I dare say," rejoined I. "People could only travel so in those days; and could hardly help being hardily brought up in all respects. There is a delightful little horseback tour in Derbyshire, made and recorded by a son of Sir Thomas Browne's,—he, and one friend, I think; with all their wet jackets, tumbles, benightings, and weariness, so well compensated by the welcome inn at last, with its jovial host. Travelling has lost its proper relish for the young now,—there is no fun, no adventure, no endurance. And look at dear old Chaucer himself," said I, "how the fresh air of the Kent hills, over which he rode four hundred years ago, breathes in his verses still. They have a perfume like fine old hay, that will not lose its sweetness, having been cut and carried so fresh. All his poetry bespeaks a man of sound mind and body."

"As he really was, I think," said Euphranor. "I remember Lydgate speaks highly of his good humour, candour, and liberality. I cannot now recollect the lines," he added, after pausing a little.*

"A famous man of business too," said I, "employed by princes at home and abroad. And ready to fight as

* The verses Euphranor could not remember are these:

"For Chaucer that my master was, and knew
What did belong to writing verse and prose,
Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornful eyes the works and books of those
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to fear him or to daunt."

to write; having, he says, when some City people had accused him of untruth, 'prepared his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his saws.'"

"A poet after your own heart, doctor," said Euphranor. "In general, however, the poets are said to be a sickly, irritable, inactive, and solitary race."

"The great ones?" I asked, "who, I think, are the only ones worth naming—Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, for instance?"

"We don't know much of them—of the two first, at all events," said he.

I asked if Homer did not go about camp and court singing his verses? To which Euphranor answered, that the stories of his beggar-hood were quite exploded, by those omniscient critics the Germans, whom he knew how much I reverenced; and I said, "About as much a beggar, I suppose, as his own divine Demodocus at Alcinous' palace, or as the bards were to Irish and Scotch chieftains. Then as to Æschylus, pray is his service at Salamis only a *myth*, as you call it?"

Euphranor laughed, and believed we must admit this to be authentic, so clearly as the trumpet that woke the Greeks to battle on that morning still rung in his verse. I then asked about Shakspeare's poaching, which Euphranor said he was sure I should vindicate, however exploded by German and English critics too.

"Well," said I, "whether Shakspeare was a poacher or not, (and I firmly believe he *was*, in the days of his knighthood,) he, at least, was no dyspeptic solitary, but, like Chaucer, a good man of business, managing a theatre so unlike modern managers, who are not great poets, that he made a sufficient fortune by it; which, when he got, desiring no more, he retired from London

and all his glory, to dear old Stratford, the town of his birth—the fields of his knighthood and poaching—and there spent the rest of his life, an active burgess of the town, esteemed by all the neighbouring gentry, Aubrey tells us, for his pleasant conversation."

"He does not, however," said Euphranor, "quite bear out your old theory. His very sound mind appears to have dwelt in rather a heavy body, judging by the figure on his tomb. And he died young."

"The monument, which is a very clumsy one, however, only indicates that he grew plump at last," said I; "but the only probable pictures of him exhibit great beauty of face, and every appearance of its growing on a well-proportioned and well-developed body. Perhaps he drank a little too much sack latterly at the country dinner tables of the Cloptons and Lucys; for no doubt he took his glass with the rest."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "Ward's Journal says he died of a kind of fever, I think, resulting from a carousal with Ben Jonson, who came to see him from London."

"Very likely," said I; "he would, no doubt, pledge Ben stoutly, having no idea that his life was necessary to the world. And, after all, fifty-two (the age he died at) was not so young in those days when people drank sack and ale for breakfast, and were much less careful of their healths."

"And had, perhaps, not such good doctors as we have now," added Euphranor, slyly. "Well, who does not wish that *his* clay cottage had been built up so strong, or patched up so well, that he might have dictated from it some more imperial manifestos to posterity! However, doctor, if you have saved your theory one

way with him, (and I am not quite sure you have,) what will you say to two poets, whom I know you admit to be of the highest, and who, as far as we know, had well-conditioned bodies in active times, when you declare that men must have been hardily brought up, and yet were both, I believe, morose kind of men, Dante and Milton."

I said, supposing the fact were as he stated, both these men lived in bad times for the temper: civil war; neighbour set against neighbour, and, even after the dispute is settled, victor and vanquished settling down cheek by jowl. No wonder if Dante hated, and damned, those who had banished him—in verse, at least. I had not heard he was morose out of his poetry. As to Milton, when he had worn out his eyes "in Liberty's defence," and when the Restoration made that defence treason, he was obliged to live in seclusion, besides being compelled by poverty. Certainly, if his own word were to be believed, he never bated a jot of heart or hope to the last: and, in my turn, I asked Euphranor from what *myths* he drew his conclusion about the temper of these two men?

Euphranor did not like the acerbity of Milton's prose tracts, and fancied he was an awkward husband.

"Ah, Lexilogus," said I, "you know Euphranor cannot forgive the Republicans, and their treatment of those martyrs, Charles and Laud. Were, however, Shakspeare ever so fat, and Milton and Dante ever so surly, I should not abandon my theory. For who doubts that men, however nobly constituted in body and mind, may ruin both by misuse; as Burns his by intemperance of all kinds, and Walter Scott by striving too hard to redeem his own and his friend's fortune? The

poetic spirit in itself is a fiery one, apt to fret its body to decay, made up of some dangerous elements, which, as you say, and as Wordsworth has hinted, may lead to melancholy and madness, unless aired by perpetual contact with reality, action, and wholesome communion with men."

"I suppose," said Euphranor, "if you found a young Apollo, you would knock him about in his education like the rest of us coarser vessels."

"To be sure I would, and rather more, perhaps."

"And so break half the tribe in course of moulding."

"And live the better with the other half," I replied. "Yes, certainly, I would pass the young aspirants through such a fire of action as should do these two good things—only the true poetic stuff should abide the trial, and that should come all the purer and stronger from it. I would immediately set young Edwin on a rough colt, and pit your Cockneys and Lakers at a wrestling match, and see if some external bruises would not draw off some of that inner sensibility which is the main stock of most so-called poets."

"And which *is* a vital part of the poetic nature," said Euphranor. "Some one says the poet has more of the woman than the man in him."

"If that were true," answered I, "it would be a final argument for smothering the whole tribe as early as possible, small and great, if they are not only to be women themselves, but to make us so by their incantations. But I don't believe a syllable of this: I believe the poetic sensibility to be wholly different from that of women, resulting not from tenderness of nerves, but susceptibility of imagination, or some vital difference, which I, who am neither poet nor metaphysician, can-

not understand. I only believe the sensibility of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Scott must have been totally different from that of Laura Matilda, Shenstone, or those Minor Poets, whom I would very readily resign into the rank of female authors."

Euphranor said, I was always too tyrannical about what are called the Minor Poets; that there was a hand fitted for every thing under the Sun; that if Homer sung of the Atreidæ and Cadmus, we also wanted smaller men to sing of smaller matters, which common men can sympathize in.

"What, *Love*, for instance?" I asked—"which Anacreon could only sing of, he says?"

"Well, *Love*, if you please," replied Euphranor, "though not precisely Anacreon's."

"Thomas Little's, then? which nearly all common men sympathize in?"

He shook his head, and quoted Petrarch; to whose Sonnets I opposed some of Dante's on the same subject, but far grander; and then passing to other affections, which Minor Poets take a right to celebrate, asked which of them had equalled the parting of Hector and Andromache; or that close of evening that drew the pilgrim home, and marked by the bell that seems to mourn the dying day—the pictures and associations of Nature in the Allegro and Penseroso—such pastoral lyrics as "Under the Greenwood Tree," the very careless notes of the blackbird, it seemed to me—or the whole familiar tenderness of this very Shakspeare and Chaucer of ours? It was only these great poets, I contended, who did indeed respond to the common sympathies of men, but in a way that ennobled them.

"And then," said I, laughing, "consider how a strong

active body, capable of endurance and exposure, enables your Poet to be with Nature in all her humours, and to penetrate all her mysteries—of calm, of storm, land and sea, day and night, mountain or forest. Your Cockney can only get up Hampstead Hill with some labour, with an umbrella, cork soles, and a cold muffin in his pocket, having promised Miss Briggs by the sacred Moon to be at home in Bidborough Street before the dews fall. And even if the daisies and butter-cups there were, at this time of day, sufficient object for poetic meditation, yet cannot he make even *his* best of them: for has he not gone out *prepared* to be poetical? Whereas Poetry is said to be an Instinct—an Inspiration—or, in other words, a Madness, (as the Platonic Ion argues,) that will not come at call, like a Laureate's Odes, but must leap out of its own accord at the unpremeditated contact with Nature, (or, at least, the recollection of such a contact,) which alone dashes Reality into his words. Just as in those physical emergencies we were speaking of, which called out the Moral Instinct of Courage. In this way one fancies language itself began; so Adam named all things as each presented itself to him, appealing to the divine organ of speech within him. Let any scholar sit down in his study and try to invent *words* now; whereas one *does* see something of the faculty among more illiterate people, —Sportsmen for instance—and the Brethren of the Ring—where a new sudden occasion calls out a suitable word somehow from the unconscious Poet of the field—the very name 'slang,' we give all such vocabulary, being itself an instance of such felicitous invention, and doubtless owing its rise to some such occasion."

Euphranor then read to us as we walked a delightful passage from his Godefridus, to the effect that, if the Poet could not invent, neither could his reader understand him, when he told of Ulysses and Diomed listening to the crane clanging in the marsh by night, without having *experienced* something of the kind. And so we went on, partly in jest, partly in earnest, drawing Philosophers of all kinds into the same net in which we had entangled the Poet and his Critic—how the best Histories had been written by those who had been busy actors in them—how the moralist who worked alone and dyspeptic in his closet was most apt to mismeasure Humanity, and be very angry when his system would not fit; and so on a great deal more, till I, suddenly observing how the sun had declined from his meridian, looked at my watch, and asked my companions if they did not begin to feel hungry, as I did. They agreed with me; and we turned homeward: and as Lexilogus had hitherto borne so little part in the conversation, I began to question him about Herodotus and Strabo, (whose books I had seen lying open upon his table,) and drew from him some information about the courses of the Nile and the Danube, and the Geography of the Old World: till, all of a sudden, our conversation stepped from Hymettus to the hills of Yorkshire—our own old hills—and the old friends and neighbours who dwelt among them. And as we were talking of old places, and old people, and old times, we suddenly heard the galloping of horses behind us, (for we were now in the main road,) and, looking back just as they were coming up, I saw Phidippus was one of the riders, with two others whom I did not know. I held up my hand, and called

out to him as he was passing; and Phidippus, drawing up his horse all snorting and agitated with her arrested course, came back to us and held out his hand.

I asked him what he was about, galloping along the road; I thought scientific men were more tender of their horses' legs and feet. But the roads, he said, were quite soft with late rains; and they were only trying each other's speed for a mile.

By this time his two companions had pulled up some way forward, and were calling to him to come on; but he said, laughing, "they had quite enough of it," and addressed himself to pacify Miss Middleton, as he called her, who still curvetted about, and pulled at her bridle: while his friends shouted out to him louder—"why the devil he didn't come on."

He waved his hand, and shouted to them in return not to wait for him; and with a "confound" and "deuce take" the fellow, they set off helter-skelter toward the town. On which Miss Middleton began to caper afresh, plunging, and blowing out a peony-coloured nostril after her flying fellows, until, what with their dwindling in distance, and some expostulation addressed to her by her master as to a fractious child, she seemed to make up her mind to the indignity, and went pretty quietly beside us.

I then asked him if he did not remember Lexilogus, (Euphranor he had already recognised,) and Phidippus, who really had not hitherto seen who it was, (Lexilogus looking down all the while,) called out heartily to him, and, wheeling his mare suddenly behind us, took hold of his hand, and began to inquire about his family in Yorkshire.

"One would suppose," said I, "you two fellows had not met for years."

"It was true," Phidippus said, "they did not meet so often as he really wished; but Lexilogus would not come to his rooms, and he did not like to disturb Lexilogus in his reading."

I then asked him about his own reading, which, though not large, was not neglected, it seemed; and he said he had meant to ask Euphranor or Lexilogus to beat something into his stupid head this summer in Yorkshire.

Lexilogus, I knew, meant to stop at Cambridge all the long vacation: but Euphranor said he should be at home, for any thing he then knew; and they could talk the matter over when the time came. We then again fell to talking of our country: and among other things I asked Phidippus if his horse were Yorkshire,—a county of old famous for its breed,—and how long he had her, and so on?

Yorkshire she was, a present from his mother, "and a great pet," he said, bending down his head, which Miss Middleton answered by a dip of hers, and breaking into a little canter, which however was easily suppressed.

"Miss Middleton?" said I—"what, by Bay Middleton out of Coquette, by Tomboy out of High-Life Below-Stairs, et cætera, et cætera."

"Right," he answered laughing, "as far as Bay Middleton is concerned."

"But, Phidippus," said I, "she's as black as a coal!"

"And so was her dam, a Yorkshire mare," he answered; which, I said, saved the credit of all parties.

And then I began to ask him some questions as to his mode of making up his mind in some of those equestrian emergencies Euphranor and I had talked of: all which Phidippus thought was only my usual banter,—"he was no judge,—I must ask older hands,—he never made up his mind at all," and so on, till he declared he must be off directly to get marked in Hall. But I told him we were all going to dine at Chesterton, now close at hand; he must come too; all Yorkshiremen, except Lycion, whom he knew a little of. There was to be a boat race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if he did dine with us; for though not one of the rowers on the occasion, (not being one of the best,) yet he must see his boat (the Trinity) keep the head of the river. As to that, I said, we would all go to the boat race, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole thing was settled.

On reaching the inn, I begged Euphranor to order dinner directly, while I and Lexilogus accompanied Phidippus to the stable. There, after giving his mare in charge to the hostler with due directions as to her toilet and table, he took off her saddle and bridle himself, and adjusted the head-stall. Then pausing a moment on the threshold to ask me if she were not a beauty, (for he persisted always in the delusion that I knew more of horses than I chose to admit,) we left the stable and went into the house.

There, having first washed hands and faces, we went up into the billiard-room, where we found Euphranor and Lycion playing,—Lycion very lazily, like a man who had too much of it, but yet nothing better to do. After a short while, the girl came to tell us dinner was

ready: and, after that little hesitation as to precedence which Englishmen rarely fail in even on the most off-hand occasions,—Lexilogus, in particular, pausing timidly at the door, and Phidippus pushing him gently and kindly before him,—we got down to the little parlour, very airy and pleasant, with its window opening on the bowling green, and a table laid with a clean white cloth, and upon that a good dish of smoking beef-steaks, at which I, as host, sat down to officiate. For some time the clatter of knife and fork, and the pouring out of ale, went on, mixed with some conversation among the young men about college matters: till Lycion began to tell us of a gay ball he had lately been at, and of the families who were there, among whom he mentioned three young ladies from a neighbouring county, by far the handsomest women present, he said.

"And very accomplished too, I am told," said Euphranor.

"O, as for that," replied Lycion, "they *valse* very well, which is enough for me,—I hate your accomplished women."

"Well, there," said Euphranor, "I suppose the doctor will agree with you,—won't you, doctor?"

I said, certainly *valsing* would be no great use to me personally.

"One knows so exactly," said Lycion, "what accomplishments the doctor would choose,—a woman

> 'Well versed in the arts
> Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
> And the lucrative skill of the oven,'

as one used to read in some book, I remember."

"And do not forget," said I, "being able to help in compounding a pill or a plaister, which I dare say your

great-grandmother knew something about, Lycion, for in those days, you know, great ladies studied simples. Well, so I am fitted,—and Lycion wants a partner who can *valse* through life with him."

> "'And follow so the ever-rolling year
> With profitable labour to their graves,'"

added Euphranor laughing.

"I don't want to marry her," said Lycion testily.

"Then Euphranor," said I, "looks out for a 'strong-minded' woman, who will read Plato's Republic with him, and Wordsworth, and Digby, and become a mother of Heroes. As to Phidippus, there is no doubt—Diana Vernon—"

But Phidippus disclaimed any sympathy with sporting ladies.

"Well, come," said I, passing round a bottle of sherry I had just called for, "every man to his taste, only all of you take care at least to secure the accomplishments of health and good-humour."

"Ah! there it is, out at last!" cried Euphranor, clapping his hands; "I knew the doctor would choose as Frederic did for his grenadiers."

"Well," said I, "you wouldn't choose an ill-made, ill-conditioned mare to breed from, would you, Phidippus?"

He smiled, and asked me if I remembered Miss Prince, a governess his mother had for his sisters, and who really worked them so hard he was obliged to appeal against her in their behalf.

I did not remember Miss Prince; but I asked what effect his appeal had on his mother.

"O, I was a school-boy then,—she patted my head,

and said Miss Prince knew best; she had perfect confidence in her. And then, you know, if one of them did not get on with her music, there was no use suggesting she had perhaps no talent for it, and had better not learn it at all; the master's conclusion was, that she must practise double time at it."

"Yes, that is the way," I answered. "Well?"

Well, after a time, his mother herself, he said, took notice the girls began to look pale and dispirited. "Why, I assure you, doctor, Miss Prince would scarce let them run about alone, even in play-hours, but followed them with a book, so that if they plucked a daisy, they told me, out came a little Wordsworth from her reticule, to have something appropriate read. Not a moment, she said, was to be unimproved."

"Better for her if that Wordsworth had been tied about her neck, and she cast—Well," I went on, seeing Euphranor look grave, "I presume Miss Prince was not fitted to be the dam of heroes, or hunters."

"Poor thing," said Phidippus, "she was an excellent woman. I used to be vexed with myself for getting out of patience with her. She worked hard for her bread, and to do her duty, as she thought."

"And besides, your remonstrances had no effect," said I.

"I don't know," answered he, laughing; "though she accused me of making them romp, which I assure you I did not mean to do, they used to tell me I had more effect upon her than any one else, even my mother. I don't know how that was."

Poor governesses! so much to be pitied, and reverenced, as Phidippus said, but rarely, in these days, to be pleased. Early divorced from their own home and

its affections, and crammed themselves in order to cram others, they are very ignorant of the nature of children. I was almost going to be didactic about it all, but thinking I had preached quite enough for that day, I only filled up my glass, passed the bottle round, told them to drink Miss Prince's health, and then, unless they would have more wine, we might go and have a game of bowls, which Euphranor would tell us was the noble custom of our forefathers after dinner.

Phidippus instantly jumped up. He was for no more wine, he said. Lycion said he should have liked another glass, if the sherry had been tolerable. Euphranor and Lexilogus, I knew, were no topers; so we sallied forth upon the bowling-green.

Lycion, as a matter of course, pulled out his cigar-case, and offered it to us, telling Phidippus he could recommend his cigars as some of Pontet's best; but Phidippus did not smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the boat race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the green; and I bowled after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor, still better; then Lycion, with great indifference, and indifferent success; then Phidippus, who about equalled me; and, last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the bias with little side-rolls along the turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

Meanwhile, the shadows lengthened along the bowling-green, and, after several bouts of play, Phidippus said he must be off to see his friends start. I told him we should soon follow; and Euphranor begged him to

come to his rooms after the race, for some tea, but Phidippus was engaged to sup with his crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No, there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, doctor."

"Well, well," I said, "away, then, to your race, and your supper."

"'Μετα σωφρονος ἡλικιωτου,'" added Euphranor, smiling.

"'Μετα,' 'with,' or 'after,'" said Phidippus, putting on his gloves.

"Well, go on, sir," said I, "'Σωφρονος?'"

"A temperate—something or other—"

"'Ηλικιωτου?'"

"Supper?"—he hesitated, smiling—"'after a temperate supper?'"

"Go down, sir; go down this instant!" I roared out to him as he ran from the bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his horse's feet shuffling over the threshold of the stable, and directly afterwards breaking into a canter outside the gate.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the fields past the church, crossed the boat-house ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite bank. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the laced Fellow-commoner sprinkled among them here and there—reading men and sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective crews—all these, conversing on all topics, from the slang in Bell's Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the banks, where, at the farthest visible bend of the river, was a little knot of

ladies gathered up on a green knoll, faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun. Beyond which point was heard at length some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming," suspended other conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first boat turned the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third; the crews pulling with all their might, but in perfect rhythm and order; and the crowd upon the bank turning round to follow along with them, cheering, "Bravo, St. John's," "Go it, Trinity," and waving hats and caps—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the boat-house; where we arrived just in time to see the ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting awhile to hear how it was the winner had won, and the loser had lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus, one under each arm, (Lycion having strayed into better company elsewhere,) and walked home with them across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gownsmen were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 13, line 12, for "Cnidus" read "Œnides"
—— 74, line 16, for "country" read "county"
—— 78, last line, for "pleased" read "complied with"

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.