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SPRIT, SENTIMENT, AND SATIRE.

The Tripos.

“TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.”

No. I.]

MONDAY, DEC. 19.

[PRICE 4*d.*

TO OUR READERS.

THE conductors of the present publication have long entertained the intention of establishing a periodical, which, while it avoided on the one hand the gross personality and vulgar style of those which have hitherto alone made their appearance in this University, at the same time would, they trust, be found equally interesting, and perhaps instructive. Far be it from us to arrogate superior talent or superior brilliancy to the aforesaid publications ; but we may be excused for supposing, that a periodical, in which (however unequal the execution may be to the design,) it is intended to furnish food for all correct tastes, will be welcomed with at least as much attention as those which, talented as they are, are still merely the organs of a few individuals, and appeal merely to the tastes or prejudices of the set in which their authors are enrolled. It is true, we do not hold out inducements to the public, by offering to their notice “ Tales of a Blackguard,” or endeavouring to set our unfortunate readers to sleep by a parcel of nonsense concerning “ Philosophical Societies.” No, we leave such compositions as those to the brilliant luminaries, who have already condescended to illumine the world of Cambridge. We trust that those who honour us with their attention, of whatever class or disposition they may happen to be, will find something suited to their respective tastes in our pages.

Whatever may be our deficiencies, (and no doubt they are many), at least we can assert that our intentions are good, and that it shall not be the fault of our *will*, whatever it may be of our *power*, if the serious-minded, as well as the man of pleasure, do not meet with something congenial to their several dispositions in this our work.

From various causes, the first number of "The Tripos" has been delayed far beyond the time intended originally for its appearance. As the term is now drawing to a close, the second number will not appear till the ensuing term, from which period we purpose to make our appearance regularly every week; consequently, the present number must be merely considered as a sort of prospectus of our future labours, which (*Deo volente*) we trust will assume a more complete form, when a few weeks shall have again summoned our University friends to the resumption of their academical duties.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE TRIPOS.

"Gentle Sir,—did you ever dine on the road?"

MR. EDITOR,

Having heard that it was your intention to prepare the first number of "The Tripos" for publication this week, I beg leave to intrude upon your notice one of the miseries of human life, with the hope, that, by its publicity, those persons who labour under a superabundance of refinement, may avoid in future an unnecessary intrusion upon their civility, and obviate the necessity of overstraining the amiable courtesies of genteel society.

And perhaps the present is not a very improper season for my undertaking, when doubtless many of my readers have long and cold journeys before them, and will doubtless also feel, as I have, in common with the animal kind, after fasting many hours, desirous to recruit exhausted nature. On such occasions, then, I have with that sensible and feeling intention resorted to the hotel at which

the coaches usually stop, and have been immediately ushered into an apartment,

“ Where fish and fowl, with fine surloin,
“ Embraced th’ enraptured sight.”

Thus far, excellent. Now, Sir, mark the *denouement*,—not that I have any wish to agitate the fine sensibility of your lachrymal organs, but the painful truth must out. Possessing naturally (but unfortunately) what is called delicacy of sentiment, I could never look about for any particular seat, but waited patiently till every person had taken theirs: it has invariably happened, that I have found myself seated opposite a dish in general request; I therefore had ample scope to display my dexterity in carving, at a time too when I would have much preferred exhibiting the astonishing powers of my masticating qualifications. However, delicacy of sentiment always predominated, and after attending most punctiliously to my numerous applicants, I have helped myself; when, after having taken a *bit* or two, I have been saluted with the hoarse croaking of “*Coach ready, gemmen;*” at this inharmonious signal, a demand of three shillings and sixpence has been made; but what then? why—I was reputed a very *genteel* man. This is not all; in the hurry perhaps change for a sovereign is required; the change is brought, you have not time to look it over, pop it into your waistcoat pocket; when you get to your journey’s end, you examine it, and discover to your mortification that you are a shilling or two minus, thus having lost not only your dinner but also your money. This is another salute of a sledge-hammer upon the morally constituted soul. Such is travelling with inexperienced persons. “But experience makes fools wise,” and I hope that my readers will take warning, and always on such occasions, without any delicacy, immediately begin to animate their lax and half-famished jaws. As I have not yet recovered from the repeated sufferings of inanition on such occasions, I trust I shall be excused subscribing myself in natural (but woeful) terms, ejaculating as I do,

O!—O!

SUNDAY.

How sweet to trace the calm repose
Which marks the Sabbath morn,
Yields to the sad a truce from woes,
And comforts the forlorn ;
To countless numbers speeds the words
Destined to make them blest.
To man and brute alike affords
A respite and a rest.

How sweet to view the village scene,
On that all hallowed day,
And see the pious crowds drop in,
To worship and to pray ;
The tottering step of feeble age,
Is there sustained by youth ;
To hear the Saviour's sacred page
And drink the words of truth.

And, hark ! ascending to the skies,
In sweet, yet solemn lays,
The notes of adoration rise,
Of gratitude and praise ;
E'en Childhood lifts its tender voice,
Towards the blest abode,
And infant Christians there rejoice,
Before the Christian's God.

The world's distinctions now give place ;
 Together prostrate fall
 The lord and serf, before the face
 Of Him, the Lord of all.
 For high and low have equal need,
 His grace divine to share,
 For both alike did Jesus bleed,
 Both claim alike his care.

The Priest ascends the sacred stair,
 In sacred garb arrayed,
 With humble zeal the opening prayer,
 The holy man hath prayed ;
 Now wrapt attention all restrains
 That spacious aisle within ;
 While he the word of God explains,
 And tells the doom of sin.

First to their hearing sets he forth
 Salvation's blessed road,
 The refuge from the day of wrath,
 The pardon of their God ;
 The healing words fresh hopes impart
 To every guilty breast,
 Bind up the mourner's wounded heart,
 And make the wretched blest.

Changed is the theme to one of gloom,
 Fresh zeal his soul inspires ;
 Of guilt he paints the awful doom,
 And God's avenging fires.
 Fear blanches every sinner's face,
 As now they hear him tell
 Of sin and Satan's resting-place,
 The dark abode of Hell.

Each gay and thoughtless son of earth
Now trembles as he hears,
The Profligate's cold reckless mirth,
Is turned to coward tears :
Each votary of guilt and shame,
Now feels within him rise,
The inextinguishable flame,
The worm which never dies.

The task is done, his blessing given,
Forth from his presence go
His flock, and turn from things of Heaven,
To those of earth below:
Yet not in vain the good man's deed
For some there will be found,
Who have received the precious seed,
On good and fruitful ground.

G.



“GRANTA” AND “THE FELLOW.”

[WE have received the following article from the author of “Granta” for insertion. Having seen the attack upon that production in “The Fellow,” and deeming it at the time a most unfair as well as absurd one, we can have no hesitation in inserting the answer to it; but must beg leave to add that, as far as we are concerned, the controversy must here terminate, as our time is too precious to waste upon disputes between an author and his critics.—ED. TRIPOS.]

The author of “Granta” begs to return his most sincere and unfeigned thanks to the *talented* editor of “The Fellow,” for the abuse with which “Granta” was honoured in the last number of that elegant periodical. Abuse from a publication, the first numbers of which were so nauseating, from the blasphemy and obscenity (unalloyed by a single spark of wit) which polluted its pages, that the utmost difficulty was experienced in finding a publisher who would undertake the rubbish, must be honorable to any one of the slightest feeling. Self-interest too has some share in the gratitude of the author, for he has the pleasure of informing “The Fellow,” that a considerable increase in the sale of “Granta” has taken place since the appearance of the attack upon it.

The following observations are intended merely to point out a few inaccuracies in the review of “Granta,” and also to shew what this redoubted critic’s own ideas of *poetry* appear to be.

The first thing which occurs in this admirable critique (!!) to arrest our attention, is the following exquisite description of Byron. The beginning of the article is simply a low tirade of vulgar pot-house abuse; but the following we will cite as a piece of composition unequalled in the English language.

“Byron was a man of genius.” [Prodigious discovery! Did this new Archimedes exclaim “*ευρηκα*” when he made it?] “Byron was a man of rank.” [How much penetration is disclosed in ascertaining a fact which of course scarcely any one knew before!] “Byron was a profligate. The sneer upon the lips of his

heroes is but the reflection of the sneer upon his own. The wild laugh in the recklessness of crime peeling from their mouths, is but the desperate dash of despair, urged by pride when the victims are in the chains of vice." Fancy for a moment the "desperate *dash* of despair!" Just as if the fool was talking about a cockney at Epping hunt, *dashing* at a fence, upon a donkey; fancy too the "wild laugh," peeling from the mouths of victims in "the chains of vice!" like a loud guffau from the mouth of a drunken dustman. But enough of this disgusting nonsense. It is amusing to see a thing like this attempting to describe Byron. We can assure him of one thing, that though *he* may be a "*profligate*," perhaps "*a man of rank*" yet *he* at least will never be a "*man of genius*."

The first blunder we come to is the assertion, that "the very pleasant story of this production is only the seduction of the author's own sister." We shall dispose of this very simply, by declaring it at once to be a *lie*. Any one, a degree removed from a consummate ninny, may see that *Edward's* sister is the one seduced, consequently Edward, an imaginary character, must, according to this "second Daniel come to judgment," be the author of the book! We congratulate the young gentleman upon this ingenious discovery, which we conclude needs no further comment. A few lines farther we find it asserted, that "the brother of the seduced girl, son to her ill-treated father—[in discovering that a girl's brother is her father's son, we must again compliment Daniel upon his discernment]—minutely describes the revolting accomplishment of the deed of crime." We must apply the same definition to this as to the last, viz. that it is a *lie*. The brother is not mentioned in the part of the seduction (except we believe once incidentally by Isabel) and most certainly the description of the seduction is not given by the brother, but by a third person, viz. the author. Shortly afterwards, occurring before one of the stanzas quoted, we find,

"FOND AMIABLE, HONORABLE BROTHER."

We are sorry the young gentleman has wasted all his honest indignation (not to mention his capital letters) for nothing. We again repeat, for the information of this muddle-headed scribbling hack, that the seduction of Isabel is related, not by her brother Edward, but by a third person, viz. the author.

Really, a man who sets up for a critic, should not expose his ignorance and folly so lamentably. We here conclude our observations upon the review, as the rest only concerns the style and composition of "Granta," which of course must be mere matter of taste; but we shall proceed to shew, from some poetry (!!!) in his own publication, the claims Daniel himself has to a knowledge of poetical composition.

In the page following the review of Granta we find the following:—

" VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. CHARLES SIMEON."

Now it is really too bad that when a man like Simeon descends to the grave, laden with years and virtues, lamented by every one who could appreciate his rare merits, his memory should be suffered to become the theme for witless scribblers to vent their absurdities upon. These *verses* commence in the following manner; now let our readers, if they have any taste for poetry, admire with us the sublimity of the following:—

" The noblest spectacle on earth is love,
Shade of the noblest spectacle above!
In virgin brightness there, undimmed, it stands,
Betwixt Heaven's light,
Which paints its shadow on these lower lands."

If Domine Sampson had perused the above lines, he well might have exclaimed, "Prodigious!" Passing over the *original* idea of comparing love to a *spectacle* in one line, and to the shade of a *spectacle* in the next,—[why did not the man compare it to a pair of spectacles at once?]
—we should be glad to know how one thing can stand *betwixt* another. We have heard of a thing standing *betwixt two* other things; but we were not aware, till this clever youth informed us, that one thing could stand *betwixt* another. The next verse is as follows:—

" From sex to sex its rapture beams most keen:
But *there* a spot upon the fair is seen!
Dull lust!—But when, that marring touch away,
It joins *such* hearts,
No dark intrudes on pleasure's ceaseless day!"

The first line is indecent, at least as far as there is any sense in it ; in the second, we are informed that “ *there* a spot upon the *fair* is seen,” viz. dull lust. Now it would seem natural that lust, being a mutual passion, would be a spot equally upon both sexes ; but no, our sapient author gives all the credit of it to the poor devils of women, *the fair* only it seems are “ spotted,” the men of course are immaculate. We had believed, before perusing this invaluable composition, that lust, instead of being a *dull* passion, was quite the contrary. It is we believe generally considered a quick, restless, *ardent* emotion ; but Daniel it appears thinks differently—of course he is right. In the fourth line we have, “ It joins *such* hearts :” what does the *such* refer to ? (we must confess our penetration does not extend to discovering the business that one particular word has there). We have puzzled our heads long to find some connecting link for this unfortunate word, but we must resign the task as hopeless. Come we to verse III.

“ Twixt man and man, too, love is passing fair ;
 And more, where death appears to one. For there,
 She seems a beautiful and holy nun,
 In sorrow celled,
 Weeping for him whose sand of life has run.”

Just mentioning, incidentally, that our learned author appears to entertain a peculiar affection for the word *there*, since he introduces it in three verses consecutively, we must express our astonishment at poor “ love ” being metamorphosed (Ovid is nothing to this) all of a sudden into a nun ! Our worthy author must be a relation of Harlequin to convert, by his potent wand, one sex into the other. Cupid, we would venture to suggest, is generally described as of the male gender. See Pope’s *Eloisa to Abelard* :

“ Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads *his* light wings,” &c. &c.

But great geniuses of course cannot keep their brilliant ideas to the level of writers like Pope—

In the next verse we come to the following peculiarly beautiful, imaginative, and, above all, *harmonious* line,

“ *Round whose grave are those flocking numbers met ?* ”

Reader, did'st thou ever before peruse such a line? what melody breathes throughout it! were not *mediocris* too flattering a word for this wretched scribbler, he might apply to himself the words of Horace,

“ *Mediocribus esse poetis*
“ *Non homines, non Dî, non concessone columnæ!* ”

In verse V. Daniel has coined a word: we should like to know where he ever saw “bewail” as a substantive? Imaginative youth! The English language is not expansive enough for him: like Alexander, he sighs for fresh worlds of grammar to conquer. But our readers, perhaps, will think we waste our time in thus breaking a fly upon the wheel, so we will leave him “alone in his glory;” we merely notice this idiotic sniveller to show what *his* notion of poetry is; and we conclude with the advice, that he should henceforth confine his productions to the perusal of his grandmother, and not again annoy the public by his pitiful publications, lest his friends should issue a writ “*de lunatico inquirendo*,” and his imaginary niche in Parnassus, be exchanged for the less romantic but more suitable accommodation, of a private asylum for the deranged.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

WHY don't the ladies all say “Yes?”
 Why don't they all say so?
 They always come just to the point,
 And then away they go!
 The fault is not the *men's*, I'm sure,
That every body knows;
They'd always wish to hear the “*ayes*,”
 And never meet with “*noes*.”

I'm certain *I* have done my best
 To get a proper match;
 For beauties dark, and beauties fair,
 I'm ever on the watch.
 My hopes are up when pretty belles
 Their glances on me throw;
 But though they flirt—if *I* propose,
 I'm sure to meet with “No.”

I've tried to win by every art
 That Ovid recommends ;
 And when I fail or give offence,
 I always make amends.
 But what is all the " Art of Love "
 For hapless man to know ?
 When *I* propose, I'm sure to meet
 With nothing else but "No."

I study dress,—I read romance,
 And dream of future bliss ;
 And think perhaps I may persuade
 Some simple sort of Miss.
 I scribble rhyme—attend the balls,
 And make myself a beau ;
 But all my efforts are in vain,
 If *I* propose, 'tis "No."

This week I think myself, indeed,
 A happy, happy wight !
 For I attend sweet belles by day,
 And charming balls by night.
 But how to make the best of this,
 I'm at a loss to know ;
 If *I* propose, I'm sure to hear
 That ever sounding "No."

And what is to be done? oh, what !
 Oh what is to be done ?
 I really have no time to lose,
 I certainly have none !
Why don't the ladies all say "Yes,"
 To every sighing beau ?
To me they never will say "Yes,"
 To me they *all* say "No."

REJECTUS.

THE OFFENDED LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS, ON
PARTING.

WELL, be it so ; since vain caprice
Can thus dissolve the love of years,
Can calmly bid affection cease,
And turn thy smiles to angry tears ;
To me it is no painful task,
Such frail attachment to resign ;
And far too proud my lips to ask,
A pardon or excuse from thine.

It may be true, my girl, that now
Another's step, another's voice,
Will call the crimson to thy brow
And bid thy fickle heart rejoice.
It may be true, that slender form
Will shrink beneath a new caress ;
And that thy lip, so fond and warm,
Another lip than mine will press.

Yet do not, Fanny, deem the thought
A single pang of anguish brings ;
For what are woman's feelings ?—nought,
And what is love without his wings ?
His godship's made so long a stay,
'Twere strange if he had not his fill ;
And that we've neither been astray,
My pretty Fan, is stranger still.

I own you, Fanny, fond and fair,
Your charms a monarch might content,
But *novelty* is wanting there,
And I'm too old for *sentiment* ;
I dearly prize a change of scene,
Though fair the decorations be ;
And love's insipid, dull routine,
I vow, will never do for me.

Then let us part, and while we range,
Unchecked, our own respective ways,
Should we e'er meet, we will exchange
A cold and unimpassioned gaze.
And when old time's extended lapse
Wears out the mem'ry of our chain,
Who knows but we, my Fan, perhaps,
May love each other once again !

TO A YOUNG LADY,

DESIROUS OF KNOWING MY POLITICAL OPINIONS.

You ask what my politics are?
 I answer without hesitation,
 They are such as I really believe
 Will tend to the good of the nation.

I'm a Tory—because to your will
 I'll yield most implicit obedience,
 Conceding your absolute right
 As a Sov'reign to boundless allegiance.

I'm a Whig too—because I deny
 That Nature e'er had it in view,
 To admit any absolute power
 O'er beings so perfect as you.

I'm a Radical also—but not
 In favour of lawless Democracy;
 The change for which I would strive, is
 To establish some kind of Gynocracy.

Now you cannot accuse me, I ween,
 Of aiming at wild revolution,
 While, as Radical, Tory and Whig,
 In myself, I'm a mix'd Constitution"—

PARAPHRASE FROM TIBULLUS.

Non tibi sunt tristes curæ, nec luctus, Osiri,
 Sed chorus, et cantus, et levis aptus amor !
 Sed varii flores, et frons redimita corymbis ;
 Fusa sed ad teneras lutea palla pedes,
 Et Tyria vestes, et dulcis tibia cantu,
 Et levis occultis conscia cista sacris.
 Huc ades, et centum ludis Geniumque choreis
 Concelebra, et multo tempora funde mero,
 Illius e nitido stillent unguenta capillo,
 Et capite et collo mollia sarta gerat,
 Hic venias hodiernæ, tibi dem thuris honores,
 Liba et Mopsopio dulcia melle feram.

TIBULL. i. 7.

To thee, Osiris, honours rare
 The festive dance, the thrilling song,
 The fairest flowers, love light as air,
 And yellow-flowing robes belong.
 Thine is the ivy-circled brow
 Which grief or care can never know.
 Tyre's vest, the lute's sweet melody,
 And slender box is giv'n to thee,
 Conscious of innate sanctity.

Thy presence here, we longing wait,
 Oh, come propitious to our call,
 With sport and dance to celebrate
 Pleasure's entrancing festival,
 From whose resplendent locks we view,
 Sweetly distil the perfumed dew,
 And round whose neck the chaplets twine,
 Oh come, and in the purple wine,
 Hasten to immerse thy front divine.

Descend from heav'n to bless our sight,
 Without thee would our festal day,
 Which yet shines forth so glad and bright,
 Be shorn of its most brilliant ray.
 To honour thee, in sacred urn,
 The fragrant frankincense shall burn,
 For thee of mirth the smiling lord,
 Libations shall by me be poured,
 And honey deck my humble board.

PECULIAR WANTS.

'THE Individual' wants *a good character*, and something else more sterling, to boot ; having, at present, no other recommendation than *its fine livery*.

'The Fellow' wants a larger circulation, but, at the same time, begs and entreats of its purchasers not to peruse it ; as, in that case, its circulation would be most effectually injured.

 NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications addressed to the Editor of "The Tripos," at MR. SMITH'S, publisher, Rose Crescent, Cambridge, will receive immediate attention.

No. II. will be published on Thursday, February 9th. All communications to be addressed to the Publisher.



Now ready.—Price Three Shillings,

GRANTA ;

OR, A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF A CANTAB.

"These are the errors, and these the fruit, of mis-spending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities, as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly, as were better unlearned."