

HERBERT KYNASTON



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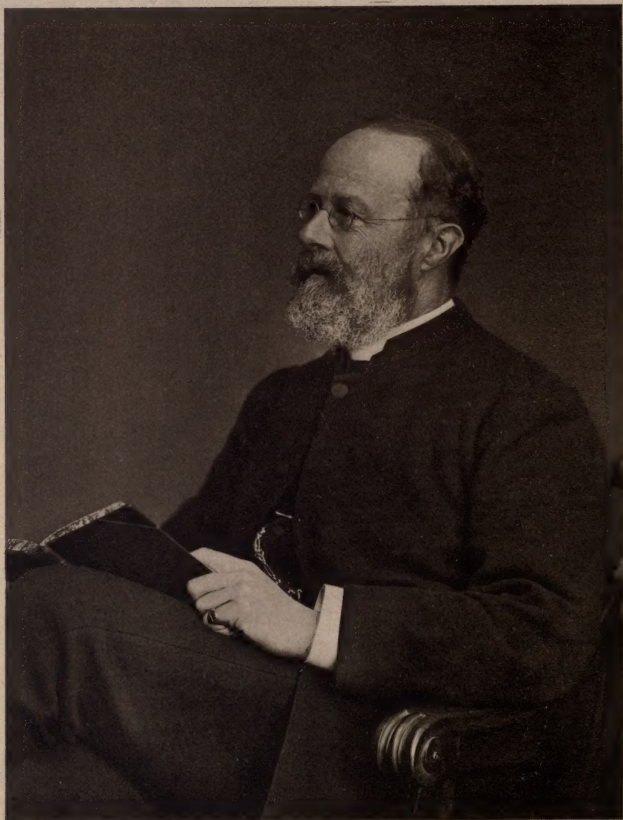
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HERBERT KYNASTON

A Short Memoir

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS
OCCASIONAL WRITINGS

BY

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FORMERLY ASSISTANT MASTER AT ETON COLLEGE

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PREFACE

THIS little work has been compiled chiefly from a MS. book written in Dr. Kynaston's exquisite hand, and from the lectures he delivered at Durham on Greek Poetry. I have also to thank Mr. Arthur Coleridge for extracts from his diary, and the publishers of the *Lyra Messianica* for permission to print hymns from that collection, Mr. Orby Shipley for the translation of Damien's *Gloria Paradisi*, which would otherwise have escaped me, and Dr. Lowe, of Durham, for useful suggestions and careful revising of proofs, by which errors and omissions have been mended. Perhaps some matter has been admitted which the fastidious taste of my old friend would have rejected as lacking that final polish which his best work shows, but there were always happy phrases which made rejection difficult. Old Etonians will be reminded of their past, and though perhaps the name of Califano has passed into oblivion, the Quarter Master will still be a living figure.

E. D. STONE.

RADLEY COLLEGE,

March 11, 1912.

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MEMOIR

HERBERT SNOW, the third son of Robert Snow and Georgina Kynaston, was born June 29, 1835. He took the name of Kynaston by deed-poll at the instance of his uncle, Dr. Herbert Kynaston, High Master of S. Paul's School in 1875, when that good family name seemed in danger of extinction.

His father was a sleeping partner in the private banking firm of Snow, Strahan, & Paul. At the age of eight he accompanied his father and grandmother in a foreign tour through France to the Riviera, thence to Florence and Naples, and came back through Lombardy, visited the S. Bernard's convent, and so to Chamonix and Geneva home. This tour made a lasting impression: it was made in the old-fashioned style in the grandmother's chariot with a courier in attendance. Little was then to be seen of ancient Rome, but he ascended Vesuvius, saw fragments of rock or lava shot from a conical

mound in the centre of the crater, and ran down the mountain through hot ashes. The result, as he says in his biography, was to rouse an interest in Classical Antiquity, and give him a fine object-lesson in Geography. He went to Eton in 1847, and gives a lively account of a time "which was, as it is for all, one of great enjoyment." He boarded at Miss Edgar's, and Yonge was his tutor. His chief debt to his tutor was the care he took in correcting his compositions, but inspiration was not to be drawn from that source. "The best teachers of the day were Carter, Goodford, and Cookesley ;" of Coleridge he had no experience.

In 1853 he left Eton, and in October, with a Scholarship and Exhibition to back him, entered at S. John's College, Cambridge. Though at once he took a leading part in his college boat, he won in 1855 the Porson scholarship, was *proxime accessit* for the Craven, and gained the Browne and Camden medals. There was a long severe frost, beginning in January and lasting six weeks : skating was universal. On one occasion he and others got across by dykes to the Ouse, and reached Bedford on the ice, took train to Oxford, where the undergraduates had a four-in-hand on the river. In the middle of the May Term a great change in his fortunes occurred. The Temple Bar Bank, which was his destination, collapsed, and

nothing was left for him but to work in earnest, and take such a degree as would qualify him for a fellowship. In 1856 he rowed No. 7 in the University eight. Cambridge won by half a length; the race was rowed in a gale of wind; both boats were half-full of water, and all men drenched. In 1857 Lady Margaret's crew were head of the river, and he was stroke of the University Eight at a time when he was in for the Classical Tripos, a great strain on his powers. He was bracketed Senior Classic, but Oxford won the race that year at Putney. In 1858 he was offered an Eton Mastership, and gave up the idea of being a college don. This encouraged him to propose to Miss Mary Bros, who had won his love, and "I entered on my career as a schoolmaster, contented and happy." Of the manners and customs of that day he writes: "Eton masters were very different from what they are now. They were not so familiar with the boys, but were more 'donnish,' and never laid aside their ordinary hats and coats, even when they went on rare occasions on the river; and I had strong hints given me that I was rather lax in this respect, because I wore a straw hat, and even descended to the undignified costume of flannel shirt and trousers. Hawtreay wrote to my uncle, Roger Kynaston, to ask him to persuade me to shave my whiskers up to the old-fashioned

regulation limit, the base of the ear. But I went my own way, and was backed up the next year by Warre." (Etonians of the forties will remember Roger Kynaston fielding long leg and cover point in the Marylebone match.) Among his pupils were Kennion, now Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Harmer, now Bishop of Rochester; Fletcher, the Oxford historian, was another, and George Macmillan.

In the summer holidays he went for a tour in Switzerland, and climbed Monte Rosa. He was ordained deacon at Christmas, and preached his first sermon in the river-side church at Boveney; and in the following year, 1860, he took priest's orders in June, and was married on the 8th of August; the honeymoon was spent in Wales. The small ménage was started in Mrs. Voysey's house; but in September, 1861, the young couple took up their abode in the small house in Keate's Lane, just above Evans's; and in the year following were able to move into the house opposite the Castle, now known as Baldwin's Bec. He was now the father of two sons, and a daughter was born April 6, 1864. But this happy prospect was soon overcast. At first all went favourably; then there was a sudden change, and the mother died on the 25th, and the daughter was very near death from whooping cough. The next year brought con-

solation, for on the very anniversary of his great sorrow, urged in spite of natural reluctance to go to a garden party, he met his future wife, Miss Charlotte Cordeaux, and they were married on the 8th of August.

A boating tour *à la* Stevenson on the Seine, with Sam Evans and Bros his brother-in-law, the following summer, was most enjoyable. In the high flood of March, 1867, he and Warre made use of an inflated india-rubber canoe to paddle about the fields, a very dangerous venture, as they confessed. In 1872 he moved to the house at the end of Keate's Lane; but he was not to be there long. The Head Mastership of Cheltenham College was vacated by the appointment of Dr. Jex Blake to Rugby; and he succeeded to the vacant post. He found it a most difficult one to fill. The school was in the hands of a company, not in any sense legally constituted, whose shareholders were only anxious that the value of their shares should not be impaired.

But before leaving Eton, always to all a subject of regret, a few reminiscences of his time there may be inserted. He was an enthusiastic member of the Volunteer corps, and at the end of the book will be found a poem describing a vision of Quartermaster Hale in camp. Once, too, on a field day, the train being filled with Volunteers,

and the guard crying "All right in front!" a voice from the other end of the platform was heard, "No; left behind!"

He was secretary to the Ascham Society, a sort of literary club, and his verses describing each campaign were a source of constant delight. They were signed "Sestertius," from his initials, H.S. Fragments will recall well-known figures to old Etonians, such as

"consanguineus Wayti sopor"
"porrigitur cani spatium admirabile Atlantis
quem sua vix retinet corpore sella minor."

or,

"nescio quid Bellum meditatur, tuque Cicatrix (O scar)";

or,

"cornix 'augur aquae,' ἢν Γαλέην καλέουσι θεοὶ ἄνδρες
δὲ Κορώνην";

or such a note attached to the "limen Eleusinium."

"nempe per quod tirones in ipsum geometriae adytum admittuntur. Notum omnibus arbitror inscriptum illud ex Plat. frag. in cog. οὐδείς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω Scite Schol. οἱ γὰρ μὴ εἰσιόντες οὐ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΕΥΝΤΑΙ. Citra limen restitisse videtur Horatius, qui dixerit 'Ad quartam iaceo'; Anglice, "I stick at the Fourth,"

which will recall Stephen Hawtrey's *μυσταί*, boys who could master the 4th Proposition.

If some of the allusions are unintelligible to all but old Etonians, there is such a fund of wit, and so many happy phrases, that it seems a pity they should be abridged. His wit cannot be better described than by these lines in *Aeneid*, ii. 682-4 :

ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molles
lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.

This, too, is worth rescuing. When there were great illuminations in Windsor and Eton on the occasion of the marriage of the late King, he suggested to his colleagues that he should set in large letters in front of his house, which faced the Castle, "Nolo Episcopari."

Here is the "menu" of an Eton dinner on the 4th of June :

Potage, Étang de Barnes.
Saumon à la Brocas, Sauce, Cascade de Boveney.
Agneau rôti. Pré salé de Montem.
Canetons, château de Surly.
Pommes de terre } au Savetier.
Petits pois }
Pouding à la Brozier.
Gelée à la Califano.
Fromage Suisse en Bloc.
Vins : Sherry, Hanoverian vintage, 1738.
Champagne, Premier crû de Christopher.
Burgundy, Château Botham.

To return to Cheltenham, and his entry on a new sphere of action, full of promise, as he felt ; but there were rocks in the way, of which he was little aware, and he was rather a daring mariner than a skilful pilot. The present Dean of Lincoln, Dr. Fry, was an assistant at the College when he was appointed. His testimony goes straight to the heart of the matter. His difficulties arose from the innate sincerity of the man. Had he been less scrupulous, and faced the situation from a more worldly point of view, he would have disarmed opposition. There were serious abuses to be corrected, and he threw himself vigorously into the task before him. But he expected support in such reform, and found only lukewarm adherence, and even opposition. A man of sensitive nature, he felt this most keenly.

And this temperament led to a shyness and reserve which caused misunderstandings. Yet his natural cheerfulness upheld him, and, after a vain struggle against opposing influences, he was finally forced to resign his post in 1888. He would have been the last man to sanction a recapitulation of his troubles ; suffice it to say that when he retired he received presents from boys who were or had been under him, and the College concert gave an opportunity for hearty demonstration of loyalty and goodwill. If the modern side had not

been so successful latterly, he was in no way responsible, as the head of it had been appointed by the Council. On the classical side, the success of the College at Oxford and Cambridge and the Indian Civil Service was most satisfactory. It would not be difficult to shew that he was unkindly, even unfairly, treated, and that while he was devoting time and labour to the true interests of the school, he was consistently opposed and thwarted. But silence is golden in such matters, and time and reflexion may be trusted to correct false judgments.

In 1880 he published an edition of the *Eton Poetae Graeci*, a collection to which Swinburne attributed his early interest in the Greek language, and attended the funeral of his uncle, Frederick Oakeley, who joined the Roman Church in consequence of the "Oxford Movement," and lived a very ascetic life in a poor parish of Islington. The verses he wrote on the occasion are published at the end.

A little property had been purchased by himself and some friends at Hallstatt, near Ischl, in the Tyrol, and here he spent the summer holidays.

In 1881 he was present at the Jubilee of the University Boat Race, at a dinner, in which the guests were arranged so that those who rowed at the same time were grouped together, Justice Chitty in the chair.

Prince Louis Napoleon brought his son to the school in 1883, and the young prince was often with Kynaston's family. In 1886 it was arranged that Prince Francis of Teck should come as a pupil to the College, and on prize day the Duke and Duchess, with their daughter, the present Queen, came down. The Duke made a speech and the Duchess gave the prizes.

In 1887 his daughter Marna was married to Howard Pease, son of J. W. Pease of Pendower, by the Bishop of Newcastle. His career at Cheltenham ended happily with a performance of the *Electra* of Sophocles in the original Greek, in which he was aided by George Hawtrey. It was performed three nights running with great success. The music for the chorus was written expressly by Dr. Dyer. That his work at Cheltenham was not unappreciated is shewn by a dedication to his memory of an edition of the *Phoenissae* by J. N. Powell, fellow of S. John's College, Oxford, to his old master.

On leaving Cheltenham he was offered by the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith the living of S. Luke's, New Kentish Town, and he accepted the offer. The post was a difficult one; the inhabitants were chiefly of the lower middle class, with one street of very poor neglected people. But he threw himself into the work with his accustomed energy,

organizing a girls' Bible class, considering site and plans for a convenient parish room, taking the three hours' service on Good Friday, and preparing for confirmation, assisted by his son Willie, who had taken orders. At the same time he was occupied with the Newcastle examination at Eton. But this episode did not last long. On the 18th of July, to his great surprise and the relief of all the household, for illness was now causing great anxiety, the Bishop of Durham offered him the Greek professorship with the canonry of Durham attached to it. He had never even heard of the death of Canon T. Evans, his predecessor, who was a most accomplished scholar, and no better man could have been chosen to succeed him. It is said that at the time of his appointment no fewer than five senior classics were under consideration. He was sorry to leave his parish, though the work so far had not produced great results, but an organization had been started and matters put in train. He read himself in at Durham on October 13, chanting the whole service at evensong, being the first canon who had done this since the Reformation.

His appointment was the last act of Bishop Lightfoot's episcopate. He had appointed the new canon to preach the ordination sermon on S. Thomas' Day, but on that day the news of the

bishop's death reached him. He preached again in the Cathedral on Christmas Day. The bishop's body was brought to the Cathedral and laid in the Nine Altars on the 26th. The first part of the funeral service was held next day in the Cathedral, and the interment took place in the afternoon at Bishop Auckland in the chapel of the Castle—the two archbishops and three hundred clergy being present.

In the early part of 1890 Prince Francis of Teck, his old pupil, came to see him and visit the Cathedral.

Bishop Westcott, who had been appointed to the see of Durham, was enthroned before an enormous crowd on May 15. In 1892 Kynaston was busy editing *Theocritus*, and in 1893 he delivered lectures at Durham on the "History of the Greek Drama." They were largely attended, and created great interest. He illustrated them by translations, some of which are given in the appendix.

He examined for the Newcastle Scholarships with the President of Magdalen in 1894. Later in the year, as sub-dean, he installed Dr. Kitchin in the deanery of Durham.

He travelled in Italy two years before his death with Mrs. Kynaston, and revisited places he had not seen since his boyhood, and his diary shows his intense interest in all he saw.

On his return from Italy the two attacks of giddiness occurred, which were really danger signals. After some rest, he again lectured, but was unable to complete the Easter Term's work of 1910, and on August 1st died at Eastbourne.

PROFESSOR ELLERSHAW.

He began lecturing at Durham in October, 1889, and in his new home resumed many of his old activities. For some time after his arrival he was frequently to be seen on the river forming one of a crew of ancient mariners, and when he gave up this arduous form of exercise he did not lose his interest in the sport: until the end of his life he constantly officiated on the banks as judge or referee at the boat-races, and it is worth recalling that after the Oxford and Cambridge Race in 1905 he presided at the dinner in the evening. Football also attracted him, and he was often an interested spectator of University or County matches.

A great Freemason he had always been, and in Durham he was one of the founders of Universities Lodge No. 2352, and with it he remained closely connected till his death. It was during his life in Durham that he became Grand Chaplain of England.

His interest in music remained unabated. The

musical evenings at his house in the College were a feature in Durham life for some years. A chant composed by him is among those in use at the Cathedral, and a hymn ("Father of Light"), of which the words are his, is in use at Cheltenham College, and was sung when he preached in the College Chapel in 1907. As a singer he occasionally appeared at the University concerts, and on Christmas Eve 1891 he with his children sang carols in the College and Bailey. It may safely be said that he was the first Canon of Durham to be so daring. Latterly he took part in launching a series of classical concerts at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

He regarded seriously his connexion with the Cathedral, and his sermons, besides the value attaching to their matter, gained an added interest from their delivery, for his voice was clear and melodious. In addition to the work entailed by the Cathedral, Dr. Kynaston did much for the Penitentiary in the city, and for years was secretary of Bede College—a training-college for schoolmasters. It might not be amiss to add here that he was a Unionist and a member of the Primrose League, and was always to the fore in the efforts made to advance the opinions which he had at heart.

His University work included some six or seven lectures a week in term time, besides the duty of

examining. He was an able teacher of those who were willing to learn, but idlers would gain slight benefit from his lectures. He was ever ready, however, to give help to such as had scholarly instincts. Sometimes a member of his class would try conclusions with the professor, and never failed to be worsted when it came to a contest of wits, just as he would have been grassed if it had been a contest in the fields of scholarship. On one occasion in lecture the word *bella* happened to be mentioned. At this a member of the class, whose manners were clearly not *sans reproche*, observed to his neighbour, in a voice intended to be heard, "My girl's name's Bella." At which came from the professor as quick as lightning, "Ah! Bella—*horrida bella*." Another story may be told here. One night after Cathedral, about five o'clock, the Professor of Hebrew, who lived near to Kynaston, was going into his house with some pupils in cap and gown. Kynaston, coming up, said, "What is all this?" To which his neighbour replied, "Men coming in who have an interest in Hebrew. You couldn't get them to take an interest in Greek at this hour." "Hebrew, it looks more like Teabrew," was Kynaston's comment.

Occasionally the professor lectured outside the University, and in 1894, and again in 1898, gave courses which were very successful. The first

was on the "History of the Greek Drama," with English readings from the dramatists concerned, and the second was on the "Greek Lyric Poets." In the first case most of the versions were from his own pen; in the second, while he gave some renderings of his own, specimens were also given of other scholars' translations—for instance, William Cory's Heracleitus. But Kynaston was himself a very ready and elegant translator; and on one occasion, at the request of Dr. Armes, the Professor of Music, translated an Italian song into metre, which corresponded exactly with the music to which the original was set, in an incredibly short space of time. Specimens of his skill will be found in the Appendix.

In University politics he took but slight interest, although he was in favour of the remodelling of the University, which took place in accordance with the provisions of the bill which came into force in 1909.

On the whole, Dr. Kynaston's life in Durham was uneventful. It had nothing to disturb its even flow: his diary, more often than anything else, gives accounts of the meetings of friends and of family gatherings, both of which were clearly a source of the keenest pleasure to him. Two events may be singled out for record, though for different reasons. The first is the dinner given in 1907 to

an old Eton master named Radcliffe on his resignation. Mr. Radcliffe had been Dr. Kynaston's own pupil, and it was a great happiness to him to preside, as pedagogic grandfather, at the farewell dinner given by his pupil's pupils to their master. In his own words, "the evening was delightful." In scenes like this Dr. Kynaston appeared at his best. The second is the tour in Italy which he took together with Mrs. Kynaston the year before his death. It was but the revisiting of old scenes in the light of more modern days; but nevertheless his diary shews how much it was to him, and how keenly he enjoyed his travels.

To those who got to know Dr. Kynaston after his arrival in Durham, the chief points which seemed to emerge were: first, a keen sense of humour, and a wit which at times could be trenchant; secondly, a shyness which almost hid the kindness at the back of it; and lastly, the fact that the family was the centre of his life, just as he was the centre of the family life. Never was he seen to greater advantage than when at home in the midst of those who cared for him and for whom he cared. There it was that the reserve was broken down, shyness seemed to disappear, and to be replaced by an easy manner very winning to all who came under its influence. Those who never saw him in this his element, surrounded by

wife and family, never knew the whole man, for they missed that side of him in which his real self shone forth most brightly.

THE DEAN OF DURHAM.

In Dr. Kynaston we had in Durham an example of Plato's pattern-man. He was strong, well-knit, good at athletic triumphs, while he had also an acute and vigorous mind, brightened by a nature that loved things beautiful, whether in music or in the other arts. His was a wonderful gift of languages; his classical mind was just like some high polished marble column, graceful and beautiful, in place only in a temple of the higher learning, rather than in the friendly bustle of the busy market-place.

To his prowess on the water, and his fine jewel of scholarship well-cut and bright, he added a delightful strain of pleasant and ready wit and a playful humour that was never sardonic, nor saturnine, nor even sarcastic, for these words have a bitter taste; his was a humour kindly and amusingly satiric: and he passed his life in peaceful harmonies of varying qualities; he had strength without roughness; his was a scholarship without pedantry.

In Dr. Kynaston's younger days at Cambridge

he was a graceful athlete, an admirable oarsman ; and to the end he felt a lively interest in the boating world of Durham.

His gifts of scholarship all now can admire in the graceful compositions he threw off, with an astonishing readiness and ease : they were the bright flowers of a sedulous cultivation of the fragrant garden of the Muses.

One is apt to think of a scholar as of one intent on digging in the field of things dead and dusty : men like Bentley or Dean Gaisford, who had a formidable way of saying and doing rough things, which stung the sufferers without amending their faults. This was never Dr. Kynaston's way : though he was, at least, the fellow of these great men in scholarship, he never shewed his contempt for weaker men : there was in him no neglect of the courtesies of daily life. Yet, in his Durham days, he had many temptations toward harsh utterances. He had a ready wit, and the most humorous sense of the woeful shortcomings of the lads he had in his lectures. On the contrary, he was patient and forbearing toward those who came up with next to no knowledge of the simplest rudiments of classical lore. It was wonderful to see his gentleness with the blundering lads. Their mistakes must have set his teeth on edge. False concords, wrong quantities, stupid, careless tramp-

ling on the plain rules of grammar, must have jarred daily on him ; yet he went on, teaching the very rudiments of scholarship to a set of indifferent or unwilling pupils. The contrast shewed itself to us when, from time to time, some young student displayed the makings of a scholar. These were not infrequently those women-students of the University, who could appreciate his fine classical teaching. The pleasure they gave him shewed what he had suffered from the contented ignorants. To these clever pupils he gave unusual care, and helped them to a bright success in the schools. He was always a staunch friend of woman's education ; for he knew (and his graceful daughters also shewed it to him) how eager women are at learning ; and how well they studied and made their books their own.

In matters of religion he was always a strong Churchman : a man, nevertheless, of a fair and cool judgment in matters of doubt and difficulty. This shewed itself in his sermons ; they were always practical, avoiding controversial subjects ; with an exquisite English style he pleased all his hearers ; the words were graceful always, and interesting. And we could discern in his utterances a deeper and more sacred piety ; a glimpse of which could be seen in the love of spiritual things shewn by him, as, for example, by his

rendering and publishing the *Gloria Paradisi* of Damien.

In all matters he shewed a good judgment, based on independent thought and fair consideration. He was not swept away by any temporary excitement ; and his opinion, as in the case of the late changes in the University of Durham, had great weight, and helped notably in carrying through in peace the reformation of the place. The volume which now appears will shew that Dr. Kynaston had in him the spirit and the beauty of the bright poets of the seventeenth century. His pieces are always graceful, blended too with a delightful half-acid humour ; he writes as one who saw many contrasts, and touched them with an understanding and friendly spirit.

Throughout all his time he held the happy midway of a consistent life, brightened always by the circle of a clever and engaging family, and cheered by the refined and intelligent practice of music, at home and abroad. In the work now placed before his friends, we can see the more playful side of a true scholar ; we see that he had charming interests in life, and bore himself well towards the noisy world around him, a world too often intent on greed and self-advancement, a world proud of the privilege of ignorance, and the neglect of all those beautiful things which

formed the happiness of our friend's long and useful life.

THE DEAN OF LINCOLN.

I will try to give you very simply my impressions of Canon Kynaston. He came to Cheltenham College in 1874, and in a few months I came to know him well. Few men who went through the experiences of a Cheltenham master in those days could fail to have his powers quickened in estimating character. The college had suffered from a quick succession of chiefs, and the chief whom he succeeded had suffered a good deal as a reformer. It is enough to say that there were some who did not sympathize with his reforming, while the division of the College into two departments, Modern and Classical, created a diversity of supposed interests, and even generated an atmosphere of intrigue.

Hence Kynaston's difficulties were very great; he was one of the least suspicious and the frankest of men. It was difficult for him to believe that this kind of thing existed. Had he been less considerate and less scrupulous, and more suspicious—had he, in fact, been less ethical—he would have disarmed the opposition, unearthed

the moles and slain them. The fact that he did not do so till much of their mischief was done, is the highest witness I can give to his being a true English gentleman from first to last. Anywhere else, at Marlborough or Winchester, he would have been a success; perhaps, indeed almost certainly, he would have been so at Cheltenham as it is. But then it was not possible to achieve a great success without a sacrifice of that belief in human sincerity that makes life worth living.

Yet up to the time I left Cheltenham in 1883 the discipline was greatly improved, and the entry of that year was one of the best I ever remember. For myself I can only say that I never dealt with a straighter or kinder mind.

But my memory goes back with greater gladness to Kynaston in his home. As a husband, a father, and a host he was delightful. As soon as you got past a certain shyness (how seldom one meets with it; how inestimable it is!), you found the purity, the charity of the man. Fortune had dealt him heavy blows: he never complained. In a sorrow of my own he wrote to me tenderly of his own experiences, revealing to my grief the depth of his own past feeling. And withal he was full of humour and chaff and lightness of touch, without the slightest element of malice or unkindness. He even forgave many who had

chosen to misrepresent him. At Durham he must have been a factor of peace.

I should sum up best, I think, by saying that not many outside his intimate circle really knew him: all who knew him loved him.

THE PALACE,
EXETER, April 29, 1911.

I always found in Dr. Kynaston a kind and cordial friend; he was not a very easy man to draw out into unreserved expressions of opinion; one of his colleagues in the Durham Chapter spoke of him to me as "inscrutable." But while slow to betray his opinions he was very conscientious in forming them, and when thoroughly formed they did not fail of expression or effect.

We knew him fairly intimately at Durham, and I was always struck by the evidently strong ties of family affection which bound the household together.

His powers of composition, humorously directed to current topics of University and social life, not only gave us all pleasure, but sometimes did real good by seasoning novel or trying "situations" with a touch of saving humour.

As a churchman, he struck me by his simple

devoutness. His general theological tone was that of a scholarly conservatism, rather than that of a keenly critical or speculative mind.

I hope the above notes may be of some use to you.

Very truly yours,

A. EXON.

2 BRANDLING PARK,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, May 6, 1911.

DEAR SIR,

Canon Kynaston was one of my kindest friends in the North. He called upon me almost immediately after my arrival, and gave me the pleasantest and most cordial welcome. His love of Music, which I share, made a bond of alliance between us; and I used often to meet him at the concerts of the two Chamber Societies in Newcastle. When the University of Durham was reconstituted (by the Act of 1909) he was one of its first elected members of Senate, and though he did not often speak he carried great weight in the discussions. He had a remarkable gift of seeing straight to the point of a question, and so helping us to keep clear of unimportant or accidental issues; and his ready sense of humour sometimes saved a situation that

might have been endangered by controversy. His death was a heavy loss not only to the University at large, but to all those of its members who were brought into any personal contact with him.

Yr. very truly,

W. H. HADOW.

TRANSLATIONS, VERSIONS,
ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS AND
ACROSTICS, Etc.



THEOCRITUS.

Idyll III.

AMARYLLIS while I court and sing,
O'er the hills my goats with Tityrus feed :
Tend them, Tityrus, lead them to the spring,
Well-beloved comrade ; but take heed,
Yon grey Libyan butts with spiteful horn.
Amaryllis, charmer, from thy cave
Why no longer peering? dost thou scorn
Him thou called'st darling? in thy sight
Seem I grown goat-featured? hapless wight,
Nought from hanging then this neck can save.
Apples ten I bring thee from that tree
Whence thou bad'st me pluck them, other ten
Shall be thine to-morrow : only see
How my heart is aching. To thy den
Like yon buzzing bee oh might I fly
Through thine ivy shroud and veil of fern!
Now I know Love's power : ah me ! how stern !
Certes in some copse he erst did lie
Lioness-suckled : now my inmost heart
Feels the fiery anguish of his dart.
Lovely vision, stony-hearted, kiss,
Black browed sweetheart, clasp thy goatherd
swain :

Sweet, however transient, were such bliss!

See, this ivy-wreath, I keep in vain,
Amaryllis, wilt thou bid me rend?

'Twas for thee I made these rosebuds blend
Odours sweet with fragrant parsley twined.

Well-a-day, no answer! luckless hind!

Doff thy cloak, and 'neath yon billows leap
Where the ancient fisherman doth keep

Watch for tunnies: so her wilful pride,
Though thou die not, may be gratified.

This I knew when naming thee I struck
Poppy leaves for omens of my luck,

Yet without a sign the sorry charm

Withered noiselessly upon my arm:

Truly too th' old fortune-teller spake,

She who gathered up the new-mown hay,
That thou scorn'st me, pining for thy sake.

Now my milk-white goat I'll give away,
Kept for thee, twin-suckling, (for the prize
Mermno's nut-brown maid is longing sore)

Since thou giv'st not thy coquetting o'er.

Ah! my right eye throbs! may I surmise

I shall see her? I will lie and sing

'Neath the pine-tree—haply then she'll fling
Just a glance, for she's not adamant.

Racing for a bride, Hippomenes
Won by aid of apples Atalant.

Deep in love she plunged: ah! fell disease!

The Othryan herd Melampus stole,

And Bias might entrance his soul

With Alphisiboea's mother fair:

Aye, Adonis too, a shepherd boy

Cytherea with such wild despair
 Frenzied, that e'en death's annoy
 Could not tear his mem'ry from her breast.
 Sleeps Endymion in unbroken rest ;
 Joys Iasion knew to ears profane
 Unrevealed ; ah ! happy, happy pair.
 Though my fevered brow be racked with pain,
 Little dost thou reck : I will forbear—
 Wolves shall tear me fainting here—'twill be
 Sweet as honey's taste, I trow, to thee.

Zermatt, Sept. 1868.

THEOCRITUS.

Idyll vi.

DAMOETAS once and Daphnis to one spot
 Their cattle drove : on one youth's earliest down
 Showed auburn, half the other's beard was grown :
 Here, as the summer's noontide sun was hot,
 They sat together by a bubbling spring,
 And Daphnis first as challenger 'gan sing—

“ See Galatea pelts thy flocks
 With apples, Polypheme, and mocks
 The coldness of the goatherd's heart :
 While thou unheeding sit'st apart
 Serenely piping. See again
 She pelts the dog that follows thee
 Watching thy sheep ; he barks amain
 And gazes fiercely tow'rd the sea,

Where, as he wildly scampers o'er
 The laughing pebbles of the shore,
 The glassy waves her form reveal,
 But, when she comes to land, beware
 Lest he rush on with angry zeal
 And ruthlessly her ankles tear.
 See how coquettishly she moves ;
 How like the wavering thistle-down
 By summer's sultry pantings blown
 Hither and thither : him who loves
 She flies, and who loves not, pursues,
 And fails no coy device to use :
 For oft to lovers, Polypheme,
 Unlovely things do lovely seem."

He ceased, and thus Damoetas answering sang :

"By Pan, I saw her pelt my sheep :
 She 'scaped not my dear single eye
 Whose sight I ever hope to keep
 Spite of that envious prophecy :
 (On him who uttered it may all
 Its bane, and on his children fall!)
 I too, to vex her, never deign
 To notice her soft glance, but feign
 I have some other love ; but she
 Pines at this news for jealousy,
 And starting frenzied from the waves
 Peeps stealthily through folds and caves.
 As for the dog, with hiss and sign
 I set him on to growl and snap ;
 For when I wooed her, he would whine
 And nuzzle fondly in her lap.

So, seeing oft how I'm inclined,
 Maybe she'll send a message kind ;
 But I'll keep close, until she swear
 To wed me in this very isle.
 Whate'er men say, I'm passing fair,
 For lately when the sea did smile
 I saw by that clear mirror's aid
 How handsome was my flowing beard,
 How handsome my one eye appeared,
 As I the estimation made ;
 And for my teeth, they whiter shone
 Than glistening blocks of Parian stone.
 But that no evil might betide
 Self-admiration's foolish pride,
 Into my smock three times I spat :
 Old dame Cotyttaris taught me that!"

Damoetas kissed his rival, as this stave
 He ended, and his pipe to Daphnis gave,
 Took in exchange a flute : each straightway lipped
 His welcome gift and breathed sweet melodies,
 While on the velvet sward the heifers skipped :
 So neither won and neither lost the prize.

Zermatt, Sept. 1868.

THEOCRITUS.

Idyll xi.

"IF right my judgment, Nicias, there's no cure
 For Love—nor salve nor sprinkled drug so sure

As Music : light's the remedy and kind
 In man's employ, but somewhat hard to find.
 So did at least the Cyclops of our isle,
 Old Polypheme, at ease his hours beguile,
 When Galatea's love he sought to win,
 The down just blooming on his cheek and chin.
 His was no apple-courtship, with a rose
 Or ringlet fostered, but with passionate throes
 Of furious frenzy : all was set aside
 For this : his sheep came oft at eventide
 Unshepherded from pasture to the fold,
 While on the reedy strand he, unconsolated,
 Sat singing Galatea from the morn.

By such a cruel wound his heart was torn
 Of mighty Venus, where her shaft struck home.
 And yet he found the cure ; and o'er the foam
 Of Ocean gazing, from his rock thus sang :

' Why, Galatea, flout a lover's pang ?
 Thy cheek is creamier than cheese of kine :
 No fleecy lamb so tender ;
 No sprightly heifer's frolics rival thine,
 Early grapes have no such splendour.
 Com'st thou now as ever, only while I sleep,
 Fleest at my waking, as a sheep
 Flees the grey wolf's eye ? ah maid, I love thee still,
 As I loved, when thou wast wont to fill
 Maunds with lilies from the hill,
 Tripping at my mother's side—
 Following me thy trusty guide.

Since that hour on thee I cannot cease to gaze ;
 But thou heedest not my misery.
 Well I know, fair maiden, why

Thou dost shun me : for my face displays
One long straggling eyebrow's bristly ridge,
Linking ear with ear : shrouding one eye ;
And above my lip a nose's bridge
Broadly flattened and upturned doth lie.
Such my portrait—yet withal,
Herds a thousand mine I call,
Milk the richest thence I drain :
Summer's heat nor winter's rain
Hinders e'er my cheeses' store,
Brimming baskets o'er and o'er.
None can pipe so skilfully
'Mong the Cyclops race as I,
When I, in the gloom of night,
Thee, my sweetest heart's delight,
With myself in song unite.
Fawns eleven I rear for thee,
Collars wearing daintily :
Bear-cubs four thy pets shall be.
Come then where I wait thee—come :
Share the pleasures of my home :
Let the grey sea all alone
Landward fling its dreary moan :
Seek within my cave a sweeter resting-place
Where are bays and cypress foliage fine,
Ivy dark and luscious vine ;
Where my icy stream comes trickling down
apace,
Wooded Etna's gift ambrosial, fed
By his glistening glacier-bed.
Who would such content refuse,
And a billowy Ocean choose ?

Think'st thou then my face too bristly rough
doth shew?

Still my oak logs 'neath their embers glow :
Singe me—nay, I e'en desire

With thy love to set my very soul on fire,
And my single eye, than which to me
Nought more loveable may be.

Woe is me!

Had I but been amphibious born,
I'd have dived and kissed thy hand, if pride
Still thy coral lips denied.

Snowdrops I'd have brought thee that thou
should'st not scorn,

Poppies too, whose leaves of scarlet hue,
Tell if love be false or true.

Come then, Galatea, come :

And, as I am fain to do,
Sitting here forget thy home,
By thy comrade kind and true.

Lead with me my flocks afield.
Take what their full udders yield—

Shape the cheeses deftly made
With the curdling rennet's aid.

'Tis my mother wrongs me : she's alone to blame
That she cares no kindly plea in my cause to frame,
Yet she sure hath seen me day by day,
Pining hopelessly away.

I must speak and tell her how
Throb my feet and aching brow,
That she too may feel the grief
Which in me is past relief.

Out upon such silly grieving!

Cyclops, why thy senses leaving?

Weave thy baskets as of yore,
 Feed thy lambs with new-mown hay :
 This will prove thy wisdom more.
 Heed not love that flies away,
 But the ewes which wait thy care :
 Galateas just as fair
 May be courted everywhere.
 Many maids at eventide
 Bid me frolic by their side—
 Merrily laugh when I complied :
 Plain it is that here on earth
 I am reckoned something worth.'

'Twas thus in song for love the Cyclops sought
 A readier cure than golden fee had bought."

SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS.

" MY son, the sole disposal of all things
 Rests with the thund'rer Zeus, the King of kings :
 No reason dwells with mortals, but we spend
 Our lives like animals from day to day,
 Not knowing the divinely-purposed end.
 Trusting vain hope we go our reckless way
 With wasted effort : for the morrow some
 Impatient wait—others for years to come.
 Of mortals there is none who reckons not
 Next year to win a richer, happier lot :
 But some, ere yet the envied goal they reach,
 Old age prevents ; or to untimely bier

Disease drags down : some in the deadly breach
 And storm of battle fall in mid career ;
 Or cast away upon the storm-tost wave
 Where whirlwinds bluster, find a wat'ry grave :
 Others with suicidal hand are fain
 To tie the noose that cuts the life in twain.
 So no mishap is lacking—countless woes
 Hang o'er us, and misfortune's crushing blows.
 Good were it not to count them—better 'twere
 With spirit undaunted the assault to bear."

ALCMAN.

" Now sleep the mountain peaks and gullies deep :
 Ravines and headlands sleep :
 The creeping things of earth, and leafy trees—
 The beasts that range the hills—the work-worn
 bees—
 The monsters of the deep are all at rest,
 And weary wings are folded on the nest."

EMPEDOCLES.

" It is the settled doom. The God's decree
 Eternal, sealed of old by mighty oaths,
 That whatsoever soul of mortal man
 With life immortal gifted, shall consume

The flesh of life, and stain its host with blood,
For thrice ten thousand years shall be exiled
To pass through divers forms of living things.
Thus have I too been driven an exile forth,
A soul rebellious, from the God's domain.
The realms of air must chase me to the sea,
The sea upon the land will cast me up,
The land will toss me to the flaming Sun,
The Sun again into the eddying air—
From one to th' other hurled and spurned by all."

"THEY knew no God of War nor Prince of Strife,
No Zeus nor Kronos nor Poseidon reigned :

Only the Cyprian Queen.

Her they appeased with votive offerings,
Life-like designs, scents cunningly distilled,
Incense, and unadulterated myrrh,
And honey's gold libation poured on earth.
But with no blood of bulls her altar streamed ;
For then 'twas held abomination vile
To spill a life and feed on solid flesh."

ARION.

"MIGHTY God Poseidon, thee I sing,
Girder of the Earth, of Ocean King,
Golden trident brandishing.

Round thee sport in joyous rout,
 Lightly leaping, gleaming, glancing,
 Tossing in their finny dancing
 Bristly mane and flattened snout,
 Dolphins, whom the Muse enthrals—
 Playmates 'neath the briny waters
 Chasing Amphitrite's daughters
 In the Nereids' Halls.

These bore me to the coast of Pelops' isle
 On their curvèd backs uplifted,
 Cleaving the furrows of a pathless plain,
 On perilous voyage I drifted,
 Cast by treacherous seamen's guile
 Into the darkling main."

PARMENIDES.

"THE steeds that bore me far as soul can reach,
 Bore me along the far famed road which leads
 To her who holds the keys of all th' unknown.
 Such was my course, as the wise horses drew
 My chariot: but those Maidens guided me,
 The Sun's fair daughters, from the halls of gloom
 Into the Light, their faces all unveiled.
 Shrill screamed the glowing axle in the nave
 As the twin wheels on either side revolved
 With speed of progress. Then we neared the gates
 Which close the opposite ways of Night and Day,
 Twofold, on marble threshold resting each
 Aloft in air, and blocked with massy doors

Of which stern Justice holds the double key.
 The Maidens spake her softly, with intent
 That she might draw the bolted barrier back,
 And set the entrance free. Then opened wide
 The yawning passage, as th' obedient gates
 Within their sockets knit with welded bolts
 On brazen pivots wheeled. Straight through the

gap

The Maidens led my steeds along the track :
 And the great Goddess greeted me, and clasped
 My hand in hers, and thus in welcome spake :
 'Fair youth, whose steeds have borne thee to our
 home,

To charioteers immortal thou'rt allied :
 Welcome ! since no ill fate escorted thee
 Upon this track, so far from haunts of men,
 But Right and Justice : 'tis thy task to learn
 The genuine essence of convincing Truth,
 And all the spurious theories of men.
 This twofold lesson shalt thou learn, and shew
 Thyself approved and tested through the world.' ”

“ WHEN o'er the grey sea gently breathes the wind,
 My drooping spirits keen allurements find
 In that calm flood, more pleasing than the shore.
 But when white-crested waves begin to roar,
 And curling breakers race with scattered foam,
 Then turn I shudd'ring tow'ards my inland home,
 Where welcome shades of sheltering woodland
 please,
 And pine-trees sing, voiced by the rising breeze.

How hard, methinks, the fisherman's employ,
 Housed in his lonely bark, in hourly toil
 Seafaring, for a hard earned finny spoil.
 Nay, better far sweet slumber to enjoy,
 Beneath the plane-tree's clustering cool leaves to
 doze,
 Hearing the stream hard by that babbling flows,
 Troubles me not, but hushes to repose."

XENOPHANES.

"SWEPT is the floor: clean cups meet washen
 hands,
 And garlands deftly turned are bright:
 Flanked by rich boxes of sweet unguent stands
 The jovial bowl of mixed delight.
 A mellow wine in jars, that never fail,
 Around its rare aroma flings,
 While odours of sweet frankincense we hail,
 And water drawn from icy springs.
 At hand are yellow loaves and table spread
 With cheese and honey from the comb:
 The altar's thick with flowers garlanded,
 And music fills the festive home.

"But man's first duty 'tis to offer praise
 To God with reverent address,
 With due libation praying that their ways
 Be paths of justice, not excess.
 Who needs an escort home, has drunk too deep,
 So he be not infirm and old;

He's within bounds who can his memory keep
And set his speech in serious mould—
Who will not of old threadbare fables prate
Of Giants' war or Titans' flight,
Or savage riot: such themes all good men hate,
Who reverence the Gods aright."

BACCHYLIDES.

"WITH Peace comes wealth to mortals, and rare
themes
Of sweet voiced song ;
And all along
The row of decorated altars steams
Odour of offered victims, bulls and sheep,
While braves in verse
Their feats rehearse,
And to the sound of flutes their revels keep.
Across the handles of our iron-bound shields
The 'long-legged spinners' weave :
Our swords and spears we leave
To rust and tarnish : o'er the quiet fields
No brazen trumpet's pealing
From weary eyes is stealing
The heart's consoler, sleep ;
But holiday we keep
In happy festive throng,
And kindle love with song."

“How strong the force and yet how sweet, that in
the goblet dancing
Warms all the soul and stirs the mind with hopes
and thoughts entrancing!
The Queen of Love and King of Wine their gifts
together mingle,
And dreams exhilarate the blood and make it glow
and tingle :
For one in fancy breaches walls of cities he besieges—
Another wears a monarch’s crown and makes all
men his lieges :
With glittering ivory and gold the walls are thickly
plated,
And argosies come sailing up with rich abundance
freighted,
With corn from Egypt’s fertile plains, white winged
in stately leisure :
Ah ! flushed with wine the toper’s heart is steeped
in dreams of pleasure.”

ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

“HEALTH, of all th’ Immortals best,
Would that I with thee might live,
Entertain thee as my guest,
All the years the Fates may give !
All the blessings Wealth can shower,
Or the pomp of regal power,
Rivalling the Gods above—
All the wedded bliss of Love

Aphrodite's captives know—
 All that children's smiles bestow
 Every joy or well-earned rest,
 Which from Heav'n hath mortals blessed,
 Health, with thee they all abound,
 Bright'ning in thy Graces' Spring :
 Only 'neath thine angel wing,
 Can true joy be found !”

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

“YE shepherds, who along these ridgy banks
 Your goats and fleecy flocks to pasture guide,
 To please the Shadow-Queen some gift of thanks
 In tribute to Cleitagoras provide.
 To me, in answer to the bleating flock,
 Pipe softly, shepherd, seated on the rock :
 Let rustic maids, to deck my tombstone, bring
 A garland of the first wild-flowers of spring ;
 And some kind hand the ewe's full udder press,
 A rich libation from that source to shed
 Over my resting place : such tenderness
 Earns grateful thanks, aye earns them from
 the dead.”

“HIS lengths of rod, and hooks of bended steel,
 The baskets where he packed his finny prey,
 His fisherman's device, the osier creel,
 That leads the scaly wanderers astray—

His three-pronged gaff like to Poseidon's spear—
 His pair of oars, from rowlocks now removed—
 Old Diophantus offers of his gear
 These to the patron of the art he loved."

PLATO.

"HUSHED be on Dryads' wooded rock the rills,
 And hushed the bleatings on the meads,
 Now Pan his pipe with breath melodious fills
 And kisses with moist lip the reeds ;
 While, treading nimble dances all around,
 Dryads and Hamadryads beat the ground."

"WITHIN the shady grove we chanced to peep,
 And caught Cythera's rosy boy asleep :
 None of his brave artillery had he,
 But bow and quiver hung upon a tree ;
 While he on rosebuds smiling lay, in warm
 Slumber fast bound ; and o'er his lips a swarm
 Of honey bees laid sweets and wrought no
 harm."

MELEAGER.

"STILL my tears for thee unceasing flow :
 Still, though thou art laid below,
 These affection's ling'ring drops I pour,
 Heliodore !

Bitter tears: which shed, while yet they lave
This thy lamentable grave,
Wild regrets that love's fond mem'ries store,
Heliodore!

Piteously for love among the dead
Meleager's heart hath bled,
Heaping sighs on Acheron's thankless shore,
Heliodore!

Well-a-day! my darling blossom's stem
Death hath snapped and plucked the gem:
Dust hath marred a bud that blooms no more,
Heliodore!

Lightly under thine enriching mould
To a mother's breast enfold,
Earth, I pray thee, her whom all deplore,
Heliodore!"

"LOVE's a rascal, I say: and I'll say it again,
And again—Love's a rascal: it helps not my pain:
He but laughs when in scolding my tongue I
unloose,
And chuckles with pleasure and thrives on abuse.
I marvel how, Venus, just sprung from the wave,
From that element birth to a firebrand you gave."

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

"THE pencil that once freely traced the line
 Along the ruler's straight and even side—
 The blade that shaped the reed-pen's edges fine—
 The ruler too, the hand's unswerving guide—
 The rugged pumice-stone, whose rasping kiss
 Sharpened the blunted reed-pen's double lip—
 The sponge, uptorn from Neptune's deep abyss,
 To cleanse the text from accidental slip—
 The desk of many cells, that did contain
 His ink, and all materials of his trade—
 The scribe to Hermes gives. After long strain,
 Palsied by age, his hand to rest is laid."

ANON.

"SHE'S come—she's here—the swallow, whom
 lovely seasons follow,
 And many a lovely year :
 Her breast is gleaming white, her back as dark as
 night.
 So open without fear,
 Turn out the cake and cheese and wine,
 Nor barley cake nor oatmeal she'll decline.

We'll take what you give, or off we go,
 Say you 'yes,' or say you 'no'?
 If it's 'no,' your door or your lintel we'll harry
 Or the good wife sitting within,
 For she's so slender and thin
 Her weight we shall lightly carry.
 But if you grant our modest prayer,
 May you some richer guerdon share!
 So open locks—the swallow knocks;
 It is not old men grey, but children sing this lay."

"THE crooked bow and arrow-spending case
 Promachus hangs in this most holy place,
 Phoebus, to thee. The shafts remain apart,
 For each is buried in a foeman's heart."

"AVERT the share, restrain the steer,
 Oh husbandman, that ploughest here:
 The ground where warriors rest 'tis meet
 To sow with tears, in place of wheat."

"SAY, eagle, wherefore from this tomb upspringing
 Thou cleavest tow'rd some starry home thy way?"
 "I am the soul of Plato, heav'nward winging—
 Though Attic soil yet holds his lifeless clay."

“ A SNAKE once on a Cappadocian
 Its deadliest venom tried :
 Was the man killed? Dismiss the notion :
 The snake it was that died ! ”

HERONDAS.

Scene—THE SCHOOL (*Enter Metrotime, hauling Kottalus*).

GOOD luck befall you at the Muses' hands, Lampriscus, and a good spell of happy life, if you'll just take this vagabond and score him down the back within an inch of his rascally life. He's just about ruined me with his gambling at pitch and toss : for he's not satisfied with plain knuckle-bones, but goes in for something bigger in the way of mischief. He couldn't tell me where the door of the Clerk's office is (where I have to go when the hateful month's at an end to pay the fees, though I may cry my eyes out)—but as for the gambling-place, where all the cadgers and tramps resort, he can shew any stranger the way there. Then his unfortunate tablets, which I have the bother of waxing every month, lie neglected behind the bed-post against the wall, save when occasionally he takes them, looks at them with murderous eyes and, you may be sure, writes nothing proper on them, but scrapes them all bare. Yet his knuckle-bones, as they lie about among our nets and bladders, are kept shinier than our oil flask, which is in constant use. He

does not even know the name of the vowel *a*, unless one shouts it at him five times. Why, only the other day his father was teaching him to read the name *Maron*, and this beauty would call it *Simon*: so that I call myself a fool for not having brought him up as a donkey-boy, instead of putting him to school in hopes of having help from him in bad times. And whenever I and his dad (poor old man, he's half blind and deaf!) try to get him to recite a piece, he lets it dribble out word by word, like water out of a leaky jug—(to *Kot.*) I tell you, even your Grannie could say it for you, and she's not had much of an education: aye, or just an ordinary slave. Yes, and if we try to go further than that with him, he'll either stay away from home for three days and be the death of his poor old widowed Grannie, or he'll sit and dangle his legs on top of the roof, peering down just like a monkey, and that does just give me the spasms, I can tell you: not that that's the worst of it, but all the tiles are broken up like so much biscuit, and when winter comes, there goes $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. for every tile; for there's a general outcry from the whole lodging-house. "Ah! that's the work of *Metrotime's* young *Kot-talus*." True enough—so that I can't wag my tongue against it. As for the 7th and 20th days of the month, he knows them better than the almanac makers, and he doesn't lie abed when he remembers that it's holiday time. So, may the Muses give you all blessings, *Lampriscus*, and may no less—

LAMP. That's enough, *Metrotime*, never mind

your invocation : he shall get all you wish. Hallo there—Euthies—you fellows—Kokkalus—Phillos, look sharp and hoist him up—are you you waiting for the full moon, like Akesaeus? A pretty lot of mischief you've been at, master Kottalus, so you're not satisfied, eh? with playing at knuckle-bones like the rest, but must go pitch and tossing with the cadgers. I'll make you as quiet as a good little girl, so that you won't stir a feather. You there! where's my stinger—the bull's tail, as you call it—with which I touch up the special cases? Give it here, some one, before I choke with rage!

KOTT. Oh! please, Lampriscus, I pray you by the Muses, by your beard, by your own dear life, don't tan me with the stinger, but with the other one!

LAMP. You are a good-for-nothing scamp, Kottalus. No one who wanted to sell you could recommend you even in that country where rats gnaw iron.

KOTT. Say, how many are you going to give me?

LAMP. Don't ask me, ask her.

KOTT. Mammie, how many am I to have?

MET. As I hope to live, you shall have as many as your rascally hide can bear.

KOTT. Oh! stop—that's enough, master!

LAMP. Well, then, do you stop playing pranks?

KOTT. I'll not do it again, I swear by the dear Muses!

LAMP. What a tongue the boy's got! I'll put the gag on you if you say a word more.

KOTT. There, I've done : oh! don't kill me!

LAMP. Let him go now, Kokkalus.

MET. No, no, Lampriscus, you ought to go on hiding him till sunset.

LAMP. But he is already as striped as a water-snake.

MET. Nay, he wants a good twenty more, the good-for-nothing.

KOTT. (*released*) Yah! yah!

“ABIDE WITH ME.”

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the even-tide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? Where, Grave, thy
 victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

CHRISTE, mecum commorare,
vesper cadens obumbrare
 diem coepit tenebris :
ope qui iuvas egentes,
unus qui levas dolentes,
inopes precamur, flentes,
 commorare—praesto sis !

brevis ad occasum lucis
cito gaudiis caducis
 transit vitae gloria :
pereunt, marcent terrena—
in dies mutatur scena—
hospitem te posco, plena
 quem non mutant saecula.

tua in horas nisi datur
praesens gratia, grassatur
 totus in me Satanas :
tua cunctis praestat cura
ad Salutem perductura :
per aprica, per obscura
 hospes mecum maneas.

nusquam hostis, te adstante ;
rident damna, te levante ;
 nullus angor lacrimis.
mortis acies retusa,
victrix Orci vis est fusa,
porta gloriae reclusa,
 dum tu hospes praesto sis.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. LYTE.

“IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.”

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold :
“Peace on the earth, good will to men
 From heaven's all-gracious King : ”
The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

oculis praetende Crucem
 moribundis. Caeli lucem
 per tenebras exhibe :
 terra solvitur—vanescit
 umbra fugax—illucescit
 vera dies, en! repente—
 cum vivo, cum moriente
 commorare, Domine !

1882.

“IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.”

Caelitus quondam defluxit,
 media quo nox illuxit,
 melos illud inclutum
 solito propinquiorum
 terrae lyris Angelorum
 aureis psalterium.
 “Regis en benigni dona—
 pax in terris regnet—bona
 sit voluntas homini !”
 haec, dum secum verecundus
 per silentium audit mundus,
 concinebant Angeli.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd :
And still their heavenly music floats,
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The words of peace they bring :
Oh, listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;

quin et hodie pacatis
 per cedentem explicatis
 aethera alis devolant ;
 unde cantus numerosi
 defluentes aerumnosi
 curam mundi recreant :
 alites casti terrenis
 campis et dolore plenis
 incubant aetherii,
 dum strepentium immitem
 temperant linguarum litem
 concinentes Angeli.

attamen diu peccatis
 iurgiisque provocatis
 aegrotavit saeculum :
 annos fere iam bis mille
 per iniquos cantus ille
 resonavit caelitum ;
 at rixantur secum gentes
 improbae, non audientes
 caritatis numeros.

O tandem composta lite
 male rixantes audite
 concinentes Angelos.

vosque, vitae iam defessi
 onere, taediis oppressi,
 queis solvuntur genua,
 ardua dum laboratis
 et gradu lento cessatis
 per dolores in via,

TRANSLATIONS

Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back their song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

expectate potiora
aureis quae pennis hora
tempora fert gaudii :
licet hic fessis morari
et melos audire, cari
concinunt quod Angeli.

nam dies festinant vere
quos Prophetæ cecinere,
instat aetas aurea,
quam restituent felices
ævi revolventis vices,
et per terram pristina
Pax effundet renovatum
iubar, ut per orbem latum
melos sonet iteratum
concinunt quod Angeli !

XMAS. 1882.

AD PERENNIS VITAE FONTEM MENS
SITIVIT ARIDA.

Gloria Paradisi. Damien.

I.

FOR the Fount of living waters panting, like the
weary hart,
Prison'd beats my soul its barriers, madly striving
to depart ;
Walks about, and frets, and struggles homes for-
saken to regain,
Drags at each remove untravell'd, pilgrim still, a
lengthen'd chain :
Pines the blessing by transgressing lost to earth,
in dreary mood,
Bitter makes a present sorrow thinking of departed
good.

II.

Who can count the rays of glory, jewell'd on the
Priestly vest,
Where, with living pearls uplifted, soar the man-
sions of the blest ?
Roofs all gold, and golden couches for the saintly
presence meet,
Gold, like crystal seas pellucid, shining pathways
for their feet ;

Only gems the star-light fabric "fitly join'd
together" hold,
Nought that staineth now remaineth in the un-
polluted fold.

III.

Winters horrid, summers torrid, vex no more the
stilly clime,
But the purple bloom of roses sheds an everlasting
prime ;
Pales the lily, glows the crocus, balms their drowsy
sweets distil,
Smile the meadows, sing the corn-fields, honied
dew-drops swell the rill ;
Odorous clouds of fragrant incense spice the aro-
matic breeze,
Autumn's fruits, and spring's first promise, bend
the ever-blossom'd trees.

IV.

Pale-sick moons no more are waning, stars be-
spangle not the night,
God is now that City's sunshine and the Lamb its
living light ;
Eve and morn divide no longer, noons dispense a
deepening ray,
For each Saint is now in glory, shining to the
perfect day :
Crown'd they shout their Jubilates, joyous now
the fight is done,
Safely, now the foe is prostrate, boast them how
the field was won.

V.

Purified of inwrought leaven, warring sin they
 know no more,
 Spirit now is flesh, and spirit what was only flesh
 before ;
 Peace, intensest peace, enjoying, stumbling ways
 no more to scan,
 Changed from every shift of changing, mount
 they where their life began ;
 Present, not through glasses darkly, see the Glory,
 face to face,
 Lift their pitchers to the fountain welling with
 eternal grace.

VI.

Bathed anew in heavenly lavers, hence they keep
 their first estate,
 Vivid, jocund, brightly sitting o'er the water-floods
 of fate :
 Sickness comes not to the healthy, lovely youth
 fears no decay,
 Hence they grasp eternal essence, for to pass hath
 pass'd away ;
 Thus, decay itself declining, in celestial vigour
 rife,
 Mortal with immortal blending, death they swallow
 up in life.

VII.

Knowing Him who knoweth all things, what to
 them shall not be known ?
 Heart to heart unbars its secrets lock'd within the
 fleshly zone,

One thing choosing, one refusing, one way all
their currents fall ;
Divers though the crowns of glory, meted at the
Judgment Throne,
What she loves in other's brightness, charity hath
made her own,
So the gifts of one excelling are the common joy
of all.

VIII.

Where the body, there the eagles thick their
broad-wing'd pinions thrust,
Serried throngs of Angels mingle with the Spirits
of the Just ;
Banquet on one Heavenly Manna, Citizens of
either State,
Ever fill'd, and ever longing, satisfied, insa-
tiate ;
Filling hath for them no fulness, hung'ring still
they know no pain,
Part their holy lips for feasting, feast and part
them yet again.

IX.

Heavenly strains melodious voices echo each to
other's notes,
With the pent-up roar of organs, swelling in a
thousand throats ;
Now they chant the Song of Moses, now the
Lamb is all their praise—
“God, Thy works how great, how wondrous,
King of Saints, how just Thy ways !”

Happy while they see the Glory, yet beneath the
Throne sublime
Watch the sun and planets whirling earthward, on
the grooves of time.

x.

Only might in them that conquer, only blessing
of the blest,
Girt no more for battle lead me, Jesu, to thy
City's rest !
Make me sharer of thy bounty with those
Heavenly legions bright ;
Lend me strength or e'er I perish in this never-
ending fight ;
Finish now my course with gladness, loose the
helmet from my brow ;
All things to Thyself subduing, Saviour, let me
win Thee now !

[The following Hymns are from *Lyra Messianica*, published by Longmans, Green & Co.]

THE LORD'S KNOCKING.

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand,
There are signs in the heaven, and signs on the
land,
In the wavering earth, and the drouth of the sea—
But He stands and He knocks, Sinner, nearer to
thee.

His night-winds but whisper until the day break
To the Bride, for in slumber her heart is awake :
He must knock at the sleep where the revellers
toss,
With the dint of the nails and the shock of the
Cross.

Look out at the casement : see how He appears ;
Still weeping for thee all Gethsemane's tears ;
Ere they plait Him earth's thorns, in its solitude
crowned
With the drops of the night and the dews of the
ground.

Will you wait? Will you slumber until He is
gone,
Till the beam of the timber cry out to the stone ;
Till He shout at thy sepulchre, tear it apart,
And knock at thy dust, who would speak to thy
heart?

THE MORNING WATCH.

WHERE watchers nightly rounding
 Pace Sion's rampart walls,
 Or e'er the trumpet sounding
 Awake the battle calls ;
 While hidden foes beleaguer
 Before the morning light,
 Hark, hark, the cry how eager !
 Watchman, what of the night ?

The work is large, the keepers
 Are few and far between ;
 And drowned in sloth the sleepers
 Dream on though day is seen :
 The first faint streaks of dawning
 The watchers scarce descry ;
 The night comes with the morning,
 Dark in the eastern sky.

To Ishmaelitish Dumah
 They call from Pharpar's rills ;
 A terror shakes from Cuma
 Rome's everlasting hills :
 He is not there : His shining
 Is as the lightning blast,
 The east and west entwining
 Yet in a moment past.

Though nation lift with nation
 A thousand flags unfurled,
 Thy King with observation
 Comes not to judge the world :

His dawning is within thee
Ere yet the shadows part,
Arising still to win thee,
The day star of the heart.

HYMN OF MAUBURN.

SWATHED and feebly wailing,
Wherefore art Thou laid,
All Thy glory veiling,
In the manger's shade?
King, and yet no royal
Purple decks Thy breast:
Courtiers mute and loyal
Bend not o'er Thy rest.

Sinner, here I sought thee,
Here I made My home,
All My wealth I brought thee,
Vile am I become;
All thy loss redressing
On My birthday morn,
Give My Godhead's Blessing
In a stable born.

Thousand, thousand praises,
Jesu, for Thy love,
While my spirit gazes
With the hosts above;
Glory in the highest
For Thy wondrous birth,
Lowly where Thou liest,
Peace and love on earth.

PROSE OF ADAM OF S. VICTOR.

ONLY stay of man's salvation,
 Tree of life and tree of good ;
 Altar of the one Oblation,
 Red with all its cleansing flood ;
 Ages' first and last lustration
 Of the spotless Firstling's Blood.

Bethel's stair to Heaven ascending,
 Drawing all the nations nigh,
 Earth's four regions comprehending
 Ere they set it deep and high,
 Breadth and height to all extending
 High and broad against the sky.

Not of earth nor man's revealing,
 Cross, thy lengthened shadows fell ;
 Thine the wood the waters healing
 Cast on Marah's bitter well ;
 Thine the staff the streams unsealing
 Pent within the rocky cell.

Thou the life-mark from the dwelling
 Where the Paschal lintels bled,
 All the deathful sword repelling
 As the Angel onward fled ;
 Thine the only life-drops welling
 'Twixt the living and the dead.

SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

COME, Holy Ghost ; the Lamb has broke
The hidden Scripture's seals ;
Yet from the throne no thunders woke,
No golden trumpet peals :
Mysterious rest of light repest,
As when the day was won,
The sun stood still on Gibeon's hill,
The moon in Ajalon.

'Tis silence still in all the Heaven,
Above, below, around :
The Angels with the trumpets seven,
Who stand prepared to sound ;
The Saint before the golden shrine,
The river by the tree ;
And where the pictured harps recline
Upon the glassy sea.

Hold fast the rock, thou little Flock,
So fainting and so few ;
Lift ! lift your hands—the Angel stands
With incense lit for you :
Those prayers shall be a cloudy sea,
From myriad censers hurled ;
Earth's utmost space your meeting-place,
Your Upper-room the world.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON.

MAUD, xvii.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SOLIS in occasu nitet Hesperus : omine certo
semel vocatus audio !
claustra velim ne triste gemant vocalia ponti
solvente me funem ratis,
sed fremitum spumamque premens, similisque
sopori,
labatur aestus amplior,
cum maris immensi quae pleno e gurgite fluxit
vis refluet in sedem suam.
contrahet umbra diem : resonabunt aera : tenebris
tunc vesperem nox occulet !
iamque, "Vale" dicto, reprimat querimonia vocem
infausta, dum scando ratem ;
trans finemque licet, loca qui terrestria claudit
et tempora, auferar procul,
adfore Te coram spero : mihi, Christe, solutae
Tu navis hinc clavum regas !

MAUD, xvii.

O NITENTIA qui beas
prata, siste fugam, dies
laete, ne properaveris :
siste, donec amabilis
virgo cedat amori.

TRANSLATIONS

Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships ;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West ;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

TENNYSON.

Occidens roseum rubet,
 concolorque Meridies ;
 et rosas superat genis
 illa floridulis nitens
 et rubente labello.
 quae simul dederit manus
 voce vix trepida favens,
 perge velivolae super
 nuntiare rates procul
 sera luce corusca :
 hinc super mare concitum
 perge, vel placidi super
 marmoris requiem, ultimos
 usque in Occidui poli
 nuntiare rubores ;
 dum cedrum prope russeam
 rufus Hesperiae plagae,
 prole cum rutila, choris
 incola insolitis ovans
 ter solum pede pellat.
 hinc rubrae redeant faces,
 ora queis Oriens flagret,
 dum refulgeat Occidens ;
 urat alter ut alterum
 mutua vice flammae.
 par rosae rubet Occidens,
 splendidusque Meridies—
 illa floridulis gena
 praenitet rosea rosis
 et rubente labello.

LINES BY O. W. HOLMES,

Sent to me for translation by E. Lyttelton.

OH dear departed cherished days,
 Could Mem'ry's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays
 From Time's grey urn once more,
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 These straining eyes might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in Ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam :
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wider rolls the sea :
 The shadows fall : the sun descends :
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

IONICUS.

Lines on the late W. Cory (Johnson),
 by H. Newbolt.

WITH failing feet and shoulders bowed
 Beneath the weight of happier days,
 He lagged among the heedless crowd,
 Or crept along suburban ways :

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

O si praeteritos possit carasque peractos
inter delicias mens revocare dies :
si iubar Eoi referat, si Vesperis aurum,
quae cinis annorum nocte sepulta tegit ;
hac ope sollicitos componi pectoris aestus
et requie liceat lumina sicca premi :
hac ope languentes ultro Spes colligat alas,
eximias species dum rediisse videt.

sed velut in gremium Neptuni traditus infans,
nitimur adverso corripimurque salo,
longius a noto sublato litore in horas,
qua vitreo nascens fonte iuventa salit.
vanescunt sensim Zephyris undantia prata,
et spatium immensi panditur usque maris :
umbra ruit pelago—pronam Sol lampada
mersit :
quis scit an et nobis luceat orta dies ?

Oct. 1892.

IONICUS.

PASSIBUS infirmis, flexa cervice, dierum
laetius actorum triste ferebat onus,
seu cessaret iners turba stipatus inani,
sive suburbana reperet ille via :

But still through all his heart was young—
 His mood a joy that nought could mar—
 A courage, a pride, a rapture sprung
 Of the strength and splendour of England's war.

From ill-requited toil he turned
 To ride with Picton and with Pack :
 Among his grammars inly burned
 To storm the Afghan mountain track :
 When midnight chimed, before Quebec
 He crouched with Wolfe till the morning star :
 At noon he saw from Victory's deck
 The sweep and splendour of England's war.

Beyond the book his teaching sped :
 He left on whom he taught the trace
 Of kinship with the deathless dead
 And faith in all the island race.
 He passed : his life a tangle seemed :
 His age from fame and pow'r was far ;
 But his heart was high to the end, and dreamed
 Of the sound and splendour of England's war.

THE SCHOOL-FELLOW.

By H. Newbolt.

OUR game was his but yester-year :
 We wished him back—we could not know
 The self-same hour we missed him here
 He led the line that broke the foe.

viva tamen vegeta servabat corda iuventa,
 nescia dum labis gaudia mente fovet,
 elatus virtute pia fastuque decoro
 queis valido praestans Anglia Marte nitet.

ingratum quoties certus mutare laborem
 Belgica cum ducibus proelia obibat eques !
 Musarum quoties cultu fervebat omisso
 armatus Scythicum vi superare iugum !
 nocte vigil media Laurenti ad fluminis oram
 lucem exspectanti visus adesse Lupo ;
 sole idem medio e puppi spectare tonante
 quali verrat ovans Anglia Marte salum.

transiluit dictata libris, docuitque magister
 discipulos norma liberiore regi,
 fidere cognato generi quos Insula nutrit,
 funere maiores qui periere viri.
 ille fuit : sociis fallentis semita vitae
 ancipites visa est implicuisse vias ;
 somnia sed penitus sibi mens sublimia finxit :—
 quale ferat resonans Anglia Marte decus !

1896.

THE SCHOOL-FELLOW.

INTERERAT ludis anni puer ille prioris
 quo doluit solitum tum caruisse locum :
 at socium ignari qua nos quaesivimus hora,
 non alio fracta est vis inimica duce.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts
 Sank, as of old, the dying day :
 The battle ceased—the mingled hosts
 Weary and cheery went their way :

“To-morrow well may bring,” we said,
 “As fair a fight, as clear a sun.”
 Dear lad, before the word was sped,
 For evermore thy goal was won.

LAST POST.

By W. E. Henley.

THE day's high work is over and done,
 And these no more will need the sun :
 Blow, you bugles of England, blow !
 These are gone whither all must go,
 Mightily gone from the field they won ;
 So in the work-a-day wear of battle,
 Touched to glory with God's own red,
 Bear we His chosen to their bed !
 Settle them lovingly where they fell,
 In that good lap they loved so well ;
 And so, their envoy to the dear Lord said,
 And the last desperate volleys loosed and sped—
 Blow, you bugles of England, blow !—
 Over the camps of her beaten foe,
 Stern in the thought of the victor Mother,
 Sad, O sad, in her dear and beautiful dead !

sanguinei metas—nostri certaminis arcem—
 luminis occiduum tinxit, ut ante, iubar :
 proelia concordēs acies decisa relinquunt ;
 laeta redit quamvis languida turba domum.

“cras” aliquis dixit “similem fors viderit aequo
 omine Mars pugnam, nec minus alba dies.”
 dum loquitur, virtus cari spectata sodalis
 contigerat metam, quo semel ire datur.

Nov. 1899.

LAST POST.

EGREGIUM claudit Vesper cum luce laborem,
 nec superest caesis Solem iam cura videndi :
 (aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia,
 Martem !)

cesserunt, calcantque viam quo cogimur omnes
 fortiter abrepti fausto certamine fortes :
 nos igitur, quos Martis adhuc labor improbus urget,
 occiduo tacti divinitus ora rubore,
 sanctos ad requiem sanctam gremiumque feramus
 dilectae Matris : sic componamus amanter
 quo cecidere solo, et missis suprema precati
 ignea supremo iaculemur vulnera nisu

(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia,
 Martem !)

castra super fusasque acies inimicaque terga,
 victricem torvo referentes pectore Matrem,
 dum subolis carae raptum maeremus honorem !

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
 They gave their part in this kindly earth—
 Blow, you bugles of England, blow!—
 That her Name like a sun among stars might glow
 Till the dusk of time, with honour and worth :
 That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
 The One Race ever might starkly spread,
 And the One Flag eagle it overhead !
 In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
 Thus they felt it, and thus they died :
 So to the maker of homes, to the Giver of bread
 For whom they rushed their dearest drops to shed—
 Blow, you bugles of England, blow—
 Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
 Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother !
 Glory and peace to her triumphing dead !

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE FOR LATIN
 HEXAMETER PRIZE.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine—
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.

Inter amorem et opus, risusque et iurgia, agebant
quisque suas partes, dulcis dum vita iuvabat—

(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia,
Martem !)

ut patriae illustri, velut inter sidera Phoebus,
saeclorum ad tenebras splenderet nomine virtus ;

ut, pugnae lymphata siti, lymphata dolore,
Gens Una imperium valide proferret, et Unum
more aquilae Signum sublimes panderet alas !

Mens fuit haec nostris, rapuit quos fastus et ira,
afflavitque fides : petiere hoc omine mortem.

Excipit hos pro qua raptim fudere cruorem,
quae stabilit pietate domos panemque ministrat—

(aere cavo patrium tua vox sonet, Anglia,
Martem !)

Quid si fracta iacet virtus hostilis et exspes,
sit decus altrici, sit laus per saecula Matri !
sit decus occisis, sit pax, qui morte triumphant !

Oct. 1900.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Hic iacet Aesopus—ponat qui ponere possit—
quicquid habent homines lepidi contraxerat in se :
praenituisse aliis omnes cessere tragoedis—
intererat primis, si non prior ipse, facietis :
sed tali ingenio praestantem et corde benigno
ars sua delusit vitio graviore carentem.
hinc, veluti formosa excors matrona, solutis
ampullis proprium studuit fucare colorem.
in scena simplex, sincerus, corda movebat,
nec nisi deposita persona prodiit actor :

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day ;
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle
 them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.

GOLDSMITH.

EXTRACT FROM IDYLL,

Written by A. C. Benson for Eton Ascham Society.

WE are fit

For nothing : wheresoever we aspire,
 "A pedagogue," they cry, "in buckram clad,
 He cannot talk nor argue : he would still
 Be lecturing : he grows so arrogant
 With petty triumphs over infant wits,
 He cannot even brook a different view ;
 He deems that contradiction is a crime
 Deserves the block ; he cannot deal with men ;
 He must explain, infected with the vice,
 The academic vice of giving all
 Where half were better " ; Oh, I seem to grow
 Impatient : 'tis a noble trade enough
 While still we are efficient ; laid aside
 It leaves the Dominie not half a man,

immutare viam nulla ratione coactus
 ambages vicibus crebris flectebat in horas,
 naturaeque potens nostrae fastidia sensit
 si quem forte dolo illectum captare requiret :
 dimittebat, uti catulos venator, amicos
 in sua mox tenui revocandos iura susurro.
 quicquid adulantes iecere vorabat avarus,
 pro fama accipiens flatum baronis inepti,
 dum tandem callens gula tamquam languida morbo
 gratis absorpsit conditas acrius escas.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

AT brutum genus, et nullis sumus usibus apti ;
 sive quid audemus, “ Proh flecti nescia corda,
 Orbilios (clamant), nec disceptare paratos
 nec sermone frui : mutis dictanda cathedris
 sola crepant, tantumque fovent sub pectore fastum
 maiores quia sint puerorum mentibus, ut non
 aequis accipiant animis diversa probantes,
 sed ferula ducant si quis dissentiat ultro
 caedendum : tractare viros male convenit illis,
 scilicet hoc vitium est, Academiae proprius mos,
 ut minimis instent pergantque evolvere totum,
 quamvis dimidium praestet.”

me talia taedet
 audire : officium dignum est quo fungimur, acrem
 dum navare operam sinit aetas atque animi vis ;
 sed rude donati, fuimus ; simulacra virorum
 qualia aves terrent, faeno et lanugine facta,

A padded scarecrow waving fatuous arms ;—
 And thus it is we linger, like the shell
 That plants a wrinkled tent with viscid foot
 On rocks that push above the shifting sand :
 But should the rash intruder speak a word
 Or wave a hand to strike him from his place,
 Instant he clings with some ethereal glue
 That frets and blunts the insulted pocket-knife.

LINES SENT TO ME FOR TRANSLATION
 BY THE BISHOP OF RICHMOND.

A LITTLE boy will grapple
 With an early summer apple,
 And prevaileth, and prevaileth—for an hour.
 Then that early summer apple
 With the little boy will grapple,
 And it nips him, and it grips him—for it's sour.

AN OLD EPITAPH ON A MAID OF ALL
 WORK.

THE ORIGINAL.

Hic iacet ancilla
 quae omnia egit :
 nil tetigit illa
 nisi quod fregit.

bracchia iactamus ventis—haeremus in isdem
 sic igitur studiis, qualis tentoria testae
 scrupea viscoso figit pede conchula nitens
 lubrica harenarum rupes qua dividit aestus,
 quam si forte manu vel voce audacius instans
 advena deturbare loco conatur, ab ipso
 colligit avelli metuens magis aere gluten,
 cultellique aciem admotam terit atque retundit.

1893.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

ANTE diem aestiva lapsum puer arbore malum
 rodet, ovans carpto—dum brevis hora sinit :
 ipsius at pueri malum mox ilia carpet,
 inque vicem rodet—tam nimis acre sapit.

1904.

REARRANGED IN ELEGIACS.

HIC ancilla iacet : fregit labor improbus illam :
 sed quicquid tetigit fregerat illa prius.

ONE, DEIGHTON, calling himself Doctor, a hanger-on of Durham City and University, undertakes to walk from John o' Groats to Land's End as an advertisement to Bovril.

᾽Οδοιπορία θαυμαστή.

- A. τίς οὗτός ἐστιν, ὃς βάσιν δολιχοσκελῆ
νωμᾶ, ποδώκης καίπερ ὦν γεραίτερος ;
- B. Δείτων ὃδ' ἐστίν, ὃς Διδάσκαλος κλύει
δόλιος ἀλάζων σπερμολόγος, φιλάργυρος
ὀδοιπορήσων γῆς ἀπ' ἐσχάτων ὄρων
Γρώτου 'ς βόρειον οἶκον, ἐσθίων μόνον
ἀθλητικόν τι βρῶμα, βοῦν ἐν ληκίθῳ.
- A. ἐν ληκίθῳ βοῦν ; τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἔγραψ' ὁ ζωγράφος
γοῶντ' ἐλείνῳ βοῦν μέγαν μυκῆματι
"οἴμ' ὡς ὄλωλας, ὦ κασιγνήτου κἀρα,"
ἢ κωφὸς ἔσται βοῦν ἐπὶ γλώσση λαβῶν ;
- B. ἤκιστ', ἐπὶ γλώσση γὰρ οὐ δαρὸν μενεῖ,
ΜΙΚΡΑΙ¹ δ' ἐκείθεν ἐπὶ ΜΑΡΕΙΑΙ¹ κείσεται.
- A. καλὴν ἄρ' εὐΜΑΡΕΙΑΝ εὔρηκεν βορᾶς—
- B. βουφριλλοφαγεῖν ἔοικεν ὡς μισθὸν λάβῃ
μεῖζόν τε τοῖς πωλοῦσι κέρδος αὐξάνῃ.

¹ Cf. Barrie's Play, "Little Mary."

DISCUSSION in Durham University Senate whether
metal or leather fire-buckets should be provided.

HEPHAESTOSBESTICS.

I.

Γαυλοῦς τῇ Βουλῇ δις δώδεκ' ἔδοξε πρίασθαι
μὴ μένος Ἡφαίστου δώματα σεμνὰ φλέγοι,
στήσαι τ' ἐμπλείους ὕδατος πρὸς πᾶσαν ἀνάγκην
εἴτ' οὖν χαλκείους εἴτ' ἄρα δερματίους.
ἦνεσε δερματίους Πρώκτωρ, φρονιμώτατος ἀνδρῶν,
οὐκ ἂν φθειρομένους ποσσὶν ἄθυρμα νέων.
Ψυχρὸν ὅμως καὶ δερματίνοις ἀποκείσεται ὕδωρ
ὅσσον ἀποσβέσσαι Πρώκτορα χωόμενον.

II.

VULCAN-SLAYER Merryweather
Buckets recommends of leather
To protect from fire our Keep :
Hence discussion merry, whether
Price is not beyond our tether—
“ Leather’s dear, but tin is cheap.”
But our Senior Proctor prudent
Knows the mood of Durham student,
That he loves metallic din :
Metal will from kicks impudent
Be deformed by many a rude dent,
So he votes against the tin.

CANON FOWLER harangues the Senate of Durham on the impropriety of Doctors wearing as full dress in Convocation the gown of any other than a Durham degree, and recommends that in undress all Doctors should wear the Red Convocation Robe with Palatinate buttons.

From an old Comedy *Ἰξευτής*.

κλύτ', ὦ φαεινὴν κοκκίνων ἐσθημάτων
 χλιδὴν φοροῦντες, αἰσχροὺς ἐν τῇ κκλησίᾳ
 οὕτως ἐπεισάκτοισιν ἀγάλλεσθαι βαφαῖς
 Γράντης ἐν αὐλαῖς ἢ παλαιοῦ Βοσπόρου
 πάλαι μαθητεύσαντες, οἷς Δυνελμίων
 κάλλος Παλατινοβαφῆς ἐνδεδυκέναι
 πρέπει μάλισθ'· ὅταν δὲ μὴ πέπλων δέη
 φοινικοβάπτων, κύριος κείται νόμος
 ἐντὸς μελάνων ἐρυθρὸν εἰμάτων φορεῖν
 χιτῶνα πάντας σχήματος ξυγκλητικῶ
 πάντως ἰόεσιν ὀμφάλοις ἡσκημένον
 μέλανάς τ' ἐφάπτειν οὐ θέμις· τοῦτον νόμον
 ὁ Πρύτανις αὐτὸς παραβεβηκῶς φαίνεται
 ἀδικῶν τέ πως λέληθεν· εἴρηται, φίλοι,
 ὅσ' ἐμοὶ προσῆκεν, ἀξιώ δ' ὑμᾶς αἰεὶ
 τρόποις ὁμοίοις ζῆν, χροαῖς τ' εὐσχημόνως.

FROM THE Ἄσπις Κολλιγγιέσσης.
(On Shield of Jesse Collings—Fragment.)

Βοῦς ἐπὶ Γλ

ἐν δ' ἐτίθει Γῶμον, φοβερὸν δένδρεσσι γέροντα
ἐχθοδοπὸν Λαβίῳ, μέσσης Λοθιανίδος ἀλκὴν,
ὑπτιον ἐν ποιῆ· ὁ δ' ἐπὶ τρία κείμε πέλεθρα·
βοῦς δὲ παρισταμένη πλῆξαι κυρτοῖσιν ἀνακτα
ἠπείλει κεράεσσι, λιλαιομένη χροὸς ἄσαι
αἰμάξαι τε κόμην γενύων τε λινορραφὲς ἔρκος,

κείμε δ' ὄγ' ἀσθμαίνων, πέλεκυς δέ οἱ ἔκφυγε χειρός.

(On the occasion of the G.O.M. being knocked
down by a cow.)

REPLY to the Congratulations of my former Class
at Cheltenham on my Appointment to the Pro-
fessorship of Greek at Durham University.

ὦ παῖδες, ἀσμενέσταθ' ὦν ἐδεξάμην
χωρεῖ πρὸς ἦτορ δελτὸς ἦν ἐγράψατε
χαίροντι συγχαίροντες· εὖ γὰρ ἴσθ' ὅτι
ἐμοὶ μενεῖ δύσνιπτος ἐκ φρενῶν γραφή·
εἰ γὰρ τιν' οἶδε τῷ διδασκάλῳ χάριν
ἀγαθὸς μαθητῆς, μείζον' αὐτὸν τούτῳ πάλιν
χάριτος ἀμοιβὴν εἴσεται διδάσκαλος.

July 1889.

ON THE APPOINTMENT of the Dean of S. Asaph
to succeed me as Principal of Cheltenham
College.

Ἐξ Ἀσάφης ὁ Δεκᾶνος ὄρα μὴ χειροτονηθεῖς,
ὦ Βουλὴ, θήσει πράγματα πάντ' Ἀ Σ Α Φ Η.

Xmas 1888.

ON THE APPOINTMENT of the Rev. W. Hobhouse
of Christ Church, Oxon, as Headmaster of
Durham Grammar School.

Τίς Βοὸς οὐκ ἤκουσε Πόρον, καὶ ἐπώνυμον ἄστνυ;
συμφέρει οὐχ ἰκανῶς τοῦνομα· φροῦδος Ὁ ΒΟΥΣ.

TO DR. W. MERRY,

Suffering from the Effects of Vaccination.

Ὅστις ἐπὶ γλώσση βούν δέξατο λάξ βεβανίαν
γίγνεται ἐξαπίνης οὔτος ἄφωνος ἀνὴρ.
εἰ δὲ βέβηκεν βούς ἐπὶ πήχει, μακρὸν αὐτῇ
οὐκέτι δ' ἐσθ' ἸΛΑΡΟΣ, σχέτλιον ἄλγος ἔχων.

SHEEP'S BRIDGE.

Written for Eton Fourth Form Trials.

LAUDABUNT alii pontes ubi molibus altis
 et trabe marmorea despiciuntur aquae :
 tu mihi, Pons Ovium, iam tum puerilibus annis
 carus eras—omni tempore carus eris.
 sis licet exiguus, proprio non vate carebis,
 dilecti latices nec sine laude fluent.
 hic tenuis tenui delabitur unda susurro,
 nec properat trepido linquere prata pede.
 tristior huc quoties Asinorum a Ponte revertor,
 quam iuvat immunes ludere propter aquas !
 reddita seu speculo ramorum tegmina miror,
 collaque cygnorum candidiora nive,
 seu requiem modo carpentes modo gramina, solis
 qua radios arcet densior ulmus, oves.
 te tamen interdum pluviis maioribus auctus
 vi nimia Tamesis diluvieque premit :
 quamquam torqueris, superari gurgite nescis,
 ne solitum pueris impediatur iter.
 sic ventura tuis iungas per saecula ripas,
 et memori servet nomen Etona fide !

1897.

RHINOKATHARTIKON.

(Advertisement for the Carbohc Smoke Ball.)

LENTA si tibi forte pituita
 nares clauserit et premat cerebrum,

languenti dabit ocius levamen
 spargens carbolicos globus vapores :
 quos raptim simul hauseris, κατ' ἄκρας
 ῥίνας δριμύτατον μένος προτύψει,
 et clare resonantis aura nasi
 crebram sternuet approbationem.

IN REPLY to an Invitation to a Dinner in Celebration
 of the 200th Meeting of the Eton Ascham
 Society, of which I was formerly Secretary.

SALVERE Aschamios iubet sodales
 queis lautae licet accubare mensae,
 invitus tamen hic procul sub Arcto :
 heu ! scriba emeritus tenetur absens,
 nec cena potiore nec puella,
 sed Dunelmia quas colit cathedris.
 O fata improba ! ter quater beati
 conventus celebrasse queis ducentos
 contingit, sitientibusque labris
 Ficti ducere poculum Doloris !
 sic vobis faveat Magister ille
 Rogerus, faveantque multitudo
 omnis Psychologum recens vetusque,
 et Collegia Paedagogicorum—
 Obeius,¹ Vicia,² atque Pestalozzi !

June 1901

¹ O. B.

² Sir Joshua Fitch.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NOCTE sonans media quatiet vox aerea turrim,
 nec mora, Ianus adest :
 praeteriti claudit sollenni clave sepulcrum,
 qua reseratur ope
 ianua mors vitae, nascentemque evocat annum.
 nec secus alterius,
 Christe, iubes aevi renovari in saecula quicquid
 in cineres abiit.

1904.

TO A. D. C.

On receiving Tickets for "Macbeth" at the Lyceum.

ARTURE, salve ! te, bone, tesseras
 par filiarum dante, tragoediam
 hastile vibrantis poetae
 et scelus, et magicas sororum
 spectabit artes : fallor an improbi
 audire vocem iam videor ducis
 quem fingit Henricus,¹ strepenti
 dum lacerat rabiem loquela,
 sicaeque inanem captat imaginem ?
 frustra lavantis iam stupeo manus
 uxoris incassum rubentes
 hospitis innocui cruore.

¹ Henry Irving.

hoc grande tecum vatis opus lego,
 Gervine, claudum dum foveo pedem :
 quis illigatum me scelesta
 Pegasus expediet podagra ?

1889.

IN COMMEMORATION OF A. D. C.

Singing at the Jubilee Service outside St. Paul's.

POSCIMUR. Priscum revocat Tenorem
 guttur Arturi, mediaeque Terrae
 deserit gyrum et strepitum forensem
 scriba Coronae.¹

inter arguta prece iubilantes
 flamines Pauli canit ante templum,
 veste candescens, Academicoque
 colla cucullo
 cinctus exsultat. Chorus ille Magni
 suscitatur Manes Ducis, inclitique
 commovet sancta cineres Horati
 sede repostos.

audit Arturum populus triumphans :
 audit et Regina, pio Britannos
 iure quae regni moderata, bis sex
 lustra peregit.

concinant ergo tuba tympanumque !
 concinant turbae fremitus ovantis !
 fratribus plaudant alio calentes
 aere fratres !

1897

¹ Clerk to the Crown on Midland Circuit.

SAEVUS ARTURI CANENTIS IMPETUS.

Written to order, and in adulation of A. D. C.

Carbonis ille *Dux* vocatus et *Lirae*
 Arturus (ipsum si rogamus) Arturo
 cognominem se Ferreo Duci iactat,
 Marti togatus, cantor Imperatori!
 neque ullius canentis imparem voci
 suam fuisse, concinente quo primae
 Dominae,¹ Philomela Suedica, et Novellorum
 spes Clara, primo ceu Tenore gauderent.
 non blandius lenire calluit cantu
 Tusci *Casella*² corda vatis, amplecti
 conantis umbram—scilicet cutem morti
 conceperat nervosque, voce non captus.
 Arture, sic vox ista nesciat solvi
 Sebastiani dedita orgiis Bachi!

TO F. WHITTING,

Vice Provost of King's, in answer to Invitation to
 Founder's Day.

O QUI Praepositi vicem per aulas
 regales geris, hospitumque turbae
 sollennes epulas struis Decembres,
 heu! quantum piget hic procul sub Arcto
 dicta quod teneor die, priore

¹ Sang duets with Jenny Lind and Clara Novello.

² See Dante, *Purg.* Canto 2.

non cena, potiore nec puella,
 verum Examine Baccalaureorum,
 tristi scilicet atque inhospitali!
 O fata improba! ter quater beati
 queis lautae licet accubare mensae
 Augusti, sitientibusque labris
 Ficti ducere poculum Doloris.
 "Da nobis memorem pii lagenam
 Fundatoris, et alteram domorum
 quos lentus Tamesis lavatque Camus!"
 haec gaudent resonare feriantes
 regales socii: sed hic retentus
 Dunelmi iuvenes arare cogor.

1892.

WOMEN AGITATE FOR B.A. DEGREE.

Propria quae maribus mulier sibi munera poscit—
 ut simili incedat, iure B.A.-ta, gradu!

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON

To the Rev. H. Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity
 College, Cambridge.

QUA iacet Agnetae suboles et Montis Acuti,
 Musarum in cunas turba benigna coit.
 ter felix opera non praeceptoris egebit,
 quem tali ingenio ditat uterque parens:
 lac puer esuriens poscet clamore Latino,
 seu dolet, infanti vagiet ore "παπαί".

STEPHEN COLERIDGE FINED FOR
LIBELLING DOCTORS.

INSIMULAT Stephanus medicos sermone maligno
viscera vivorum qui secuere canum.
ergo in ius rapitur, testes adhibetque puellas—
quid non audebit docta puella loqui!—
Victor ovat medicus: Stephanus, plaudente corona,
bis mille Edwardos solvere iussus abit.

EPIGRAM ON THE NUMEROUS DEGREES
TAKEN BY THE REV. T. RANDELL.

Celsius esuriens Academias vorat omnes :
scilicet omnigenos esurit ille Gradus.¹
barbatus leves inter numeratur ephebos,
pondere dum cathedras iam graviore premit.
Londini saturum mensis Oxonia pavit
ditibus—hinc Vedrae flumen alendus adit ;
uberaque admovit postquam Dunelmia nutrix,
exsilit e gremio Doctor, Eblana, tuo !
sacra fames Graduum, quid non mortalia cogis
pectora ! an et cunctas induet ille togas ?
Celsi, collectos umeris suspende cucullos—
praestringens oculos—decolor Iris erit !

1891

¹ Schol. in loc. :

iv B.A. + iii M.A. + iii B.D. + D² = TR.

CARMEN PRIDIE FERIAS CANENDUM.

Nox suprema poscit chorum
 finem qui canat laborum ;
 turbam hospitem sedentem,
 nostrum carmen audientem,
 dum sono respondent muri,
 salutamus abituri.

Chorus.

O sodales gaudeamus !
 voce hilari fremamus !
 dum canentes iteramus.
 cras redibimus domum !

nocte festa quis dolebit,
 qui parentes mox videbit ;
 Lexicon Grammaticamque
 qui relinquit Algebramque,
 nec magistro dabit poenas
 lineasque bis centenas ?

O sodales, etc.

hac in aula cum silebit,
 mus araneas docebit :
 dormient Homerus, Maro,
 et Euclides, noti raro ;
 neque Chemicis peritis
 nauseam dabit mephitis.

O sodales, etc.

satis egimus citatum
 pede corium inflatum ;
 paullulum cessabunt crura
 vulnera passorum dura,
 et, curante matre, abrasus
 cutem reparabit nasus.

O sodales, etc.

libri, socii, valete !
 teque, Praeses o facete,
 haec iubet valere pubes.
 ipse quos valere iubes.
 intermissos post labores
 redeamus graviores !

O sodales, etc.

DEVONSHIRE IDYLLS.

THERE was an old woman of Brixham
 Who said " There be sloes, and I'll pick some ;
 For they make a good syrup,
 If with sugar you stir up
 And in brandy sufficiently mix 'em."

THERE was an old woman of Churston
 Who thought her Third husband the worst 'un ;
 For he justly was reckoned
 Far worse than the Second,
 And the Second was worse than the First 'un.

A CREAK FROM THE BOARDS.¹

STUDIES, or Faculties—which meet to-day ?

This weight of Dons our mind confuses :
They too are “flooded” by us. We humbly pray,
Preserve us from dry rot, ye Muses !

We’re hard to sit upon ; yet after all
Professors’ aged bones may thank us ;
For though we’re new, we cannot but recall
The good old Consulship of *Plancus* !

1893.

IN EPULUM a remigibus lectis utriusque academiae
decimo confecto lustro celebratum a.d. vii Id.
Apriles A.S. MDCCCLXXXI.

Dic mihi, Musa, dapes festas quas struxit in aula
annus Eleusina iam quinquagesimus ex quo
decertare Academiam conspexit utramque
remigibus lectis Tamesis. Coiere frequentes
quos et Camus iners et quos velocior Isis
sustulerat gremio heroas, iuveniliter olim
ut certare pares, ita nunc cenare parati.
O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuere !
adsunt causidici, praetores, clericus ordo,
curia quos audit, quos ditat Ianus, et acrem
qui Mavortis agunt rem, ludorumque magistri :

¹ Boards of Studies and Faculties.

miscentur cani flavis, calvisque comati,
 longaevis iuvenes, barbati imberbibus, omnes
 viribus integris vegeti memoresque iuventae.
 grandior hic¹ alios primi certaminis heros
 arduus exsuperat recta cervice humerisque,
 pondere quo nemo invasit graviore phaselon,
 iam senior, sed cruda viro et rubicunda senectus.
 convenere omnes : discumbitur ordine iusso,
 aequales nempe ut coeant aequalibus et se
 acta iuvent variis memorantes tempora ludis :
 praesidet his et quondam et nunc fortissimus ICtus²
 murice bis tinctus, salicis palmaeque abiegnae
 rex pariter, toties certaminis arbiter aequus.
 arbiter hunc alius³ resonabilis ore rotundo
 pone premit, qui plaudentes nimis atque loquentes
 intempestive iubet auscultare, regitque
 undantis dextrae moderamine propinantes.
 ius testudineum sorptum est, et rhombus, et albi
 pisciculi incerti generis—poppysmate crebro
 exsilit explosus cortex spumante lagena—
 solvuntur linguae—memorantur pristina, qua vi
 hic vir *principium*, qua *cancros* ceperit ille,
 quaque gubernator cursum, et qua torserit undas
 nauta manu : quoties fauste pecus egerit *Aegon*,⁴
 et *Morison* quoties : quam multa comederit alter
 terga boum, quot lactucas consumpserit alter.

talia iactantur, dum fundunt aere canoro
 cornicines musaea mele, lautasque ministri

¹ Toogood, a great heavyweight.

² J. Chitty, double blue, O.U.B.C., O.U.C.C., judge of the boatrace ; chairman of the Jubilee Banquet.

³ Harker, toastmaster.

⁴ Tom Egan.

permutant lances, et amor pacatur edendi.
 postquam exemta fames glacieque astricta quiescit
 ventris inops rabies, assurgit praeses amatae
 Reginae in laudem, mox Principis atque nepotum :
 hoc propinarchi gravius devolvitur ore
 votum—exoptamus matri natoque salutem
 et natis natorum et qui nascentur ab illis ;
 et vocem et proprios numeros chorus aereus addit.
 nec mora—non alio poscente adhibemus honorem
 quos Fora quos Cathedrae quoscumque Ecclesia
 iactat

remigio insignes : hac scilicet arte doceri
 quid ius, quid valeat sancti reverentia et aequi.
 ipse viros numerat laudatque, et fortia narrat
 dum facta, in medium mirantibus omnibus effert
 qua tunica indutus sudavit Episcopus¹ olim.
 respondet primus triplici qui² robore et aere
 pectus habet munitum, ut equi labentis in ipsum
 pondere contritus tamen assurrexerit atque his
 intersit dapibus, durus durique laboris
 Clericus officio per longos deditus annos.
 proximus huic Iudex,³ quo nec servantior aequi
 nec magis humanus quo quivis provocet, alter :
 blanda viro species—mens recta in corpore recto—
 et pariter studio remisque exercita virtus.
 hunc sequitur crebra natus⁴ de gente *Fabrorum*
 Consultus iuris, quem mersum flumine quondam
 ignarum nandi eripuit sors invida, fatum

¹ Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews.

² Rogers, Queen's chaplain.

³ Lord Justice Brett.

⁴ A. L. Smith, Q.C.

quis scit an ut sublime magis servatus obiret ?
 poscitur et terra pridem spectata marique,
 et sua quae tantum meditatur proelia virtus :
 terni respondent Etonae matris alumni,—
 Reginaldus ¹ atrox quem sensit Taurica tellus
 robore *Taurino* invictum, cui Sarmata cessit :
 excipit hunc, quamvis rebus non ipse ² marinis
 deditus, at saltem nauarchis acribus acer
 cognatus, crebra metuit quem *classe* iuventus
 divisa, Henrici fasces et scepra gerentem :
 et tu, ³ militiam senserunt quo duce primam
⁴ *Apes*, ⁵ *Apes*, pueri innocuam, patriamque tueri
 assuescunt, positis Tamesino in margine castris.

tum demum auctores primi certaminis ipsos
 excitat et salvere iubet Denmanius : ⁴ omnes
 infremuere viri, et numerosi adduntur honores.
 tres ⁵ aderant venerandi, et pro se quisque
 loquuntur

proque suis, quos distinuere negotia longe,
 aut quibus Elysium remus iam verberat amnem :
 et tempus laudant (quam dignum laude !) peractum,
 cum magis extentis spatiis certare solerent
 et breviori ictu graviolem urgere phaselon,
 necdum libratis tereti fulcimine maior
 vis accessisset remis et forma rotunda,
 nec natibus motum labentia ⁶ transtra dedissent.

¹ Lt.-Col. Buller.

² Dr. Hornby, Headmaster of Eton. ³ Major Warre.

⁴ G. Denman, Senior Classic, and from his powerful rowing known as 'the Steam Engine of the Cam.'

⁵ Rev. T. Staniforth. The Dean of Ely. Rev. J. J. Toogood.

⁶ Sliding seats.

haec inter senibus sermo producitur—hora
 sera iubet festis convivas cedere mensis,
 nec tamen immemores quam sint bene munere
 functi

auctores epuli : datur his laus iusta, tuamque,
 Praeses, opem agnoscunt laetis clamoribus omnes :
 tum dormitum abeunt. O terque quaterque
 beati :

gaudia quis novit sociis maiora receptis ?
 aemula sic virtus uno per saecula utramque
 corde Academiam et fraterno foedere iungat !

CUTHBERTUS EXHUMATUS.

SED non in tuto requiescunt ossa sepulcro
 Cuthberti, quamvis tangere triste nefas.
 namque Culina¹ iubet cum vectibus ire ministros
 detrahere et saxum quod super ossa iacet.
 adsunt intenti studiis Euchlorus² et Auceps³
 Archaeologicis,⁴ Fuscus⁵ et ipse Pater.
 hi veteris thecae sub humo fragmenta requirunt,
 et fit cribrato pulvere foeda manus.
 mox lapidem tollunt fodientes altius in quo
 Ricardi⁶ inscriptum nomen erat Monachi :
 tunc putri (horresco referens !) dat lampas in arca
 ipsius Sancti cernere reliquias !

¹ Dean Kitchin.

² Canon Greenwell.

³ Canon Fowler.

⁴ Metr. grat.

⁵ Father Brown.

⁶ "Ricardus heswell monachus," inscribed on the tombstone.

O insigne nefas ! etiam haec penetralia Mortis
 ausi sacrilega sunt violare manu !
 quicquid erat Cuthberti in lucem tollitur, atque
 Osvaldi fissum tollitur ense caput.
 reddite, sacrilegi, Sancti venerabilis ossa,
 reddite non rursus sic violanda solo !

MY UMBRELLA disappeared from the Hall in the
 Athenaeum—having been taken in mistake by
 the late Dean of Durham (Dr. Lake).

IN Athenaeum's Hall a sleek divine
 Left his umbrella, walking off with mine :
 So some Q.C. takes silk, and casts away
 The frayed alpaca that has seen its day.
 "Excuse me, friend," said he, "a *mere* mistake."
 "A *mere*, indeed ! you surely mean a LAKE !"

THE LATE DEAN OF DURHAM (Dr. Lake), in a letter
 to the *Times*, said of the late C. S. Calverley that
 "he was nursed at Oxford and went to Cam-
 bridge rather reluctantly, and his early wit may
 have suffered for the time by his transference
 from the genial warmth of Oxford to the colder
 wisdom of her scientific sister."

POOR Blayds ! by Oxford *whet*-nursed till you cut,
 Her whetstone, blunt itself, too sharp did make you:

You were indeed a "lamina candens"—but
Tempered (we learn) by contact "gelido *LACU*."

1890.

[See Ovid, *Met.* ix. 170.]

FRAGMENT WRITTEN IN STOWE CAMP.

THE night grows on—the riotous canteen
Has sent its boozy stragglers one by one
To end their fragments of spasmodic song
And incoherent melody's refrain
Within the shadow of their darken'd cones,
Till sleep the diaphragm's convulsion calm.
The picket's work is done—on yonder tent,
Where yet the privilege of rank allows
Longer consumption of the serv'd-out dip,
Phantasmagoric shadows shape themselves,
Eccentric but familiar. See that form
Portentous: mark the struggling arms outstretched
And arched back, as, with a last resolve,
And fitful heaving of the cabined limbs,
Day's manifold robes dragged off, the inmate dons
The simple comprehensive garb of night,
And lost in Octopus-contortions he
Collapses into darkness.

In that view

The cloak-enveloped "captain of the day,"
Now rather restless prowler of the night,
Stands rapt; while from his laughter-parted lips
Sensuously oozes the Nicotic fume.

* * * *

But hark! what sound was that? meseemed the
earth

Trembled, or through the dank mysterious air
Thrilled the low soughing of a coming storm :
Now louder and more loud, now right, now left,
As with some organ's bourdon throbs the air ;
And in responsive echoes undulant,
Reverberating diapasons roll.

It is—the nasal organ's pedal bass—

It is—the Quarter-master's opening snore !

1872.

MISS — TO HER 'FAMILIAR' PIG.

(A Mascot-charm used at Examinations.)

O SWEET companion, soother of my cares,
How undeserved the scorn thy species bears !
Thy nature is by all misunderstood,
Who, thinking only of their knife and fork,
Regard thee greedily as future pork,
And turn thy shapely form to vulgar food.
Facing th' impending terrors of Exam.,
How could I bear to think of thee as Ham,
Or, when my coveted Degree I've taken,
To see thee in a dish of Eggs and Bacon !
Rash I may be to think that I shall pass,
Or gain—with luck—a first or second class ;
Yet of my joy 'twould be a cruel smasher,
If Fate should ever make of thee a *Rasher*.

Perish the thought ! thou art my constant guide ;
 And when there's anything I can't make out,
 On thy fond aid I always have relied
 To chase away the ugly mists of doubt,
 Thy reassuring smile alloys all fear,
 And leaves my obfuscated brain quite clear :
 If for a word or phrase I vainly hunt,
 'Tis prompted by thy sweet suggestive grunt.

When I am through, we'll dance a merry jig,
 O partner mine, O sympathetic PIG !

1904.

ON A SUCKING-PIG AT HATFIELD HALL.

OH, snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no pond'rous tomb,
 No marble slab shall hold thee tight,
 But waistcoats silk or shirt fronts white,
 Which crackle as thy crackling speeds
 Adown the depths of him who feeds.

Thy mother's milk hath made thee sweet
 And for Dons' appetites a treat.
 Such honour she can scarce regret,
 Or at thy swift interment fret.
 Rest where thou liest, give no pain,
 And struggle not to rise again.

DEBORAH v. DEBORAH.

OUR J. T. F.¹ pronounces it Debórah,
 For those who call her Déborah a floorer ;
 And, to regard the Hebrew points as he doth,
 Should not her husband's name be called Lapídoth ?

? ODE OF ANACREON.

ἡ πρὶν λέγουσ' Ἀτρείδας
 λύρη βίην τε Κάδμον,
 χαίρειν ἄνωγε πάντας
 ἥρωας, οὐδ' ἔτ' αὐτοὺς
 Ἔρωτας ἀντιφωνεῖ.
 τὰ γὰρ γελοῖα Δόττης²
 μαθοῦσ' ἅπαξ, τὸ λοιπὸν
 ταραραβουμιδιάδει.

June 1892.

PSEUDO ANACREON.

No suit of gleaming armour,
 For I've no thought of battles ;
 But a capacious goblet,
 As deep as art can mould it ;
 And chase upon its surface
 No starry constellation,
 No Wain or sad Orion ;

¹ Lecturer in Hebrew.

² Lottie Collins.

Nought care I for the Pleiads
 Or glittering Boötes,
 But chase thereon rich vineyards
 Heavy with ripened clusters
 And Maenads at the vintage.
 Beside them set a winepress
 With men the ripe fruit treading,
 And Satyrs gaily laughing,
 And Loves with shining pinions,
 With Venus smiling o'er them :
 So Bacchus shall be tended
 By Love and Aphrodite.

MY PARROT writes to Sir F. J. Bridge on receiving
 from him a certificate of musical ability.

ON expectation's tip-claw long I've stood,
 And now am certified as passing good :
 Wood-wind and vocal tone I can surpass,
 And round my cage are bars of ringing brass :
 No melody beyond my compass lies—
 My notes through octaves five or six can rise—
 Divine Cecilia would herself rejoice
 If she could hear my cultivated voice ;
 And mortal critics swear they've never heard
 A more enchanting Polly-phonic bird !

P.S.

Accept enclosed this off'ring fair,
 A lock of my admired back hair.

P. PARROT, 1905.

ACROSTIC.

THE REV. R. H. WHITE, of Braintree, makes a high art of cooking, and educates young women in the aesthetics of the kitchen.

BESPEAK, oh epicure, thy daintiest fare—
Ragouts, entrées, creams, pastry, or the rare
Aspic-embedded prawn : whate'er thy wish,
In joyful hope await th' artistic dish.
No sensual appetite I serve ; my plan's
To shew mankind sermons in pots and pans.
Respect the cassock and the apron too :
Enjoy, admire, digest : the art that's true
Ennobles e'en the ordinary stew.

1894.

ACROSTIC.

Written for the Programme of a Bazaar in aid of
the Friendless Girls' Home.

FRAMWELLGATE this humble lay
Recommends to you to-day :
Interest in our appeal
Every kindly heart should feel.
Novel knacks our mart supplies,
Do not scorn the merchandise.
Look around ! see everywhere
Entertainment cheap and rare :
See what maidens fair attend
Smiling on you while you spend !

Gaily therefore at each stall
Indiscriminately call—
Rare the bargains you will make,
Lighter hearts, too, home you'll take,
Spending all for friendship's sake.

Busy hands and active brains,
All intent on useful gains,
Zealously have here combined.
Aid us then : your hearts are kind :
And, encouraged by these verses,
Readers, empty all your purses !

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

THIS was weary work not long ago ;
 Work that paled the wasted cheek,
 Work that bowed the sick'ning head with woe,
 Weary work from week to week :
 While beneath the dimly dawning day
 Waned the lamp's expiring glow,
 Scanty bread to earn with scanty pay
 Fingers passed it to and fro.

1, 2, 3.

She sang—I stood entranced, and far away
 Wandered in thought upon a lonely sea,
 Where from recesses of a distant bay
 Sounded a weird enchanting melody.
 I yielded : now the victim of her vice
 I mourn with empty purse my fortunes lost ;
 Oh, bliss of wedded life ! too dear a price
 Thy charms and witching melodies have cost.

4. If the Gods of Olympus had lived in these days,
 They'd have taken a lesson from us ;
 And whenever Apollo made much of a blaze,
 Have taken their nectar-draughts thus.
5. Sing, brother minstrels ; hail the happy morn !
 To Christian ears be the glad tidings borne !
 And as we crunch the snow, and march along
 Be this the burden of our Christmas song.

6. Above the glens
 On mighty pens
 Ah ! whither do I soar ?
 The forest sinks—
 The mountain shrinks—
 Hushed is the torrent's roar :
 The clouds descend and hide
 The blue Aegean tide :
 The vaulted aether bows to meet me,
 Immortal Spirits stoop to greet me !

II.

- Two ornaments of fashionable belles
 Whom, weaned from nature, tyrant art enthral,
 One towering high extravagantly swells,
 The other wantonly depending falls :
 We scatter fragrance to the winds that woo,
 And in the eyes of eager followers gleam ;
 We seem so fair and innocent and true,—
 But, oh, ! we are not always what we seem.
1. Ere the dawn I'm out of bed,
 And my comb is at my head :
 Ye who wish your hearts to cheer
 With the sight of dew-drop pearly,
 Trouble not your mothers dear,
 Trust to me to call you early.
2. The tidings of his evil deeds received
 Unceasingly his aged father grieved :

He lost his sacred charge, and fought in vain,
In rout disastrous with his brother slain.

3. I'm a dangerous thing (says a poet) to hold
If you carelessly meddle with me when I'm cold ;
But when heated I lend indispensable aid
Where attention to personal neatness is paid.
4. My name is suggestive of Matador's risk,
But past it 'twixt London and Didcot you whisk.
5. A frugal shepherd's speechifying son
Gives you this hint ere yet his tale's begun.
6. You might fairly suppose no one ever had found
Such a treacherous snarling wild beast in a
pound ;
Yet a Bishop, and others well versed in such lore,
Say in each there are always a dozen or more.
7. Have you advanced thus far ? one word remains
Ere yet the author mourns his wasted pains :
Forbear to aim your last unerring shot—
It will be wiser far to guess it not.

III.

Both on the turf : *this* slow, but *that* more fast,
Yet *this* for hours, while *that* for days may last :
This may cement the union of the sexes ;
That, like a maze, the weaker one perplexes :
Here, rovers after heedless maidens stray ;
There, legs are watching for their soaring prey :

The one by fashionable Lords is borne ;
 The other, though no Bishop, wears the lawn.

- 1, 2. Snarl and snap and yelp and whine,
 Human dog and man canine :
 Thus of old you shewed your spite
 When the King stood in your light.
 This within your breast was latent,
 Made you poisonous and blatant,
 Made you, reft of social grace,
 Hateful to the human race.
3. The people were divided in their choice :
 Half for his rival raised an adverse voice ;
 Yet he succeeded to the throne of one
 Whose brief reign ended when a week was done.
4. The name is French : from France the settlers
 came—
 A street in London also bears the name :
 A mighty river here its stream divides
 And sweeps an island with alternate tides,
 Whose shores oft tremble with the fierce impact
 Of crystal blocks from ice-bound basins cracked.
5. My waters all murky with iron and coal
 To be cleansed in a mightier channel I roll :
 They were cleaner of old when the woodlands
 around
 With the baying of deep-mouthed Cavall did
 resound.
6. I leave my card, I doff my hat,
 To Lady This, for Mrs. That :

I dance in simulated glee
 Where scarce there's room for fairies rout
 In magic ring to go about :
 I drink obsequious Bohea :—
 And why ? 'tis this the season rules,
 One law for wise men and for fools :
 The same bids hair be frizzed or curled,
 And holds the balance of the world.

7. Would you see me in my pride,
 Seek the glassy river's side
 Where the circling eddies play ;
 Come not (I'm so very shy !)
 Nearer. You must send a fly,
 Would you fetch me hence away.

IV.

Oh desperate crime, that could these names unite
 In startled Britons' placard-reading sight !
 Fruitless be every plot, as this has been,
 To wreck the peace of England's widowed
 Queen !

1. In depth and hue, although it's called a sea,
 This is more like a saucerful of tea.
2. Brooding o'er her untimely loss, with awe
 The poet heard a tapping at his door.
3. Too near approach to such plebeian clothes
 Offends a nice aristocratic nose.

4. "'Tis time—th' horizon glows!" we hear the
shout,
And, spite of notice, take our blankets out.
5. Some nightly interviews, but not for love,
She grants the peaceful King in sacred grove.
6. England and Hanover a triumph claim :
Handel and History record its fame.

CHARADES.

I.

ONE evening, as with heat opprest,
Lucinda sat her down to rest
Upon a soft and grassy mound,
And all so neatly spread around
Her gauzy robe with fold on fold
That nought might harm it ;—then, behold,
My FIRST, which in its nest had slept,
Upon my SECOND softly crept.
The maiden shrieked when she espied,
And strove to crush it ; but I cried
“ Stay, ruthless maid !—yon harmless beast,
Though in our eyes well nigh the least
On Nature’s scale it seem to be,
Yet strikes one note, however small,
Of those rich chords which perfect all
Creation’s matchless harmony,
And as in one full WHOLE declare
The Maker’s boundless love and care !”

II.

Lord Goose surveys from hustings high
The clam’ring crowd, perplex ;

Ill-omened name ! “ my FIRST ! ” they cry :
 Their conduct is my NEXT.

And still my SECONDS lend their aid
 To th' opposition Poll :
 His golden eggs in vain were laid
 To help him to my WHOLE.

III.

My FIRST is my SECOND : we merrily speed
 By its help down the hill without danger :
 My SECOND ! my SECOND ! each high-mettled steed
 Seems proud to be quit of his manger.

Through village we rattle, through valley we roll,
 Ev'ry field our attention engages :
 Bright red on the panels is painted my WHOLE,
 We fly through a dozen of stages.

So we said in old days ; but those days are no more,
 Superseded are horses and stable ;
 For a fiery thing, with a scream and a roar,
 Whirls us on, like my WHOLE in the fable.

SOLUTIONS OF DOUBLE ACROSTICS
AND CHARADES.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.

S	ire	N
E	as	E
W	if	E
I	ce	D
N	oe	L
G	any	med E

II.

C	hanticlee	R
H	ophn	I
I	ro	N
G	orin	G
N	orva	L
O	unc	E
N	o	T

SOLUTIONS

III.

C yni C
 R ancou R
 O mr I
 Q uebe C
 U s K
 E tiquett E
 T rou T

IV.

A zof F
 L enor E
 F ustia N
 R ig I
 E geri A
 D ettinge N

CHARADES.

I.

Ant-hem

II.

Bo-rough

III.

Drag-on

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