



THE SPIRIT LAMP.

An Oxford Magazine without News.

No. VI. FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1892. PRICE 6D.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
THE GATES OF GAZA.—IV.	77
FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—Cruel Laughter.	
The Gift of Scent.	79
MR. FROUDE'S NEW NOVELETTE	80
CATULLUS XCVI.	82
QUATRAIN	82
CAUSERIES DU VENDREDI.—No. V. ...	82
DE PROFUNDIS	86
TRIOLETS.	87
OF SHOPS	87
MARTIAL III. 65	90
IN MEMORIAM	90
AMALTHEA	90
EDITORIAL	91

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
JAMES THORNTON, HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

HOCKS, CLARETS, CHAMPAGNES,

SODA, SELTZER, LEMONADE, &c.

SUMMER TERM.

THE OXFORD WINE COMPANY,

3, ST. ALDATE'S,

Have a very large and well-matured Stock of the above light Wines, at very moderate prices, suitable for Boating Picnics, Dances, &c., of which they will be pleased to show Samples.

CUPS MADE AND SENT OUT TO ORDER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Central Toilet Saloon and Baths,

No. 111, ST. ALDAE'S,

(Opposite the Town Hall),

OXFORD.

Gentlemen can rely upon getting a good Shave, and Hair carefully Cut, Singed, or Shampooed, at the above address.

HOT BATHS, always ready daily (Sundays excepted) from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. Upwards of 30,000 persons have used these Baths since their advent—a fact which speaks for itself.

In connection with the above will be found a well-stocked Shop of Toilet Articles and Tobacconist Goods, consisting of Razors and Strops, Sponges; Hair, Cloth, Nail, Shaving, Tooth, and Hat Brushes; Eau de Cologne, Hair Restorers, Bay Rum and Sweet Scents of fine quality. Meerschaum, Briar, Cherry, and Clay Pipes and Cigar Holders. Havanna and British Cigars in Boxes of 25, 50 and 100, from 5/- to 100/- per box. Turkish, Egyptian and American Cigarettes, of which a speciality is recommended, viz., Laertes and Ulysses, in 25, 50 and 100 boxes. A very large Selection of Walking Sticks.

A Trial is solicited by the Proprietor,

W. J. G. ROBINSON.



The Spirit Lamp.

No. VI.

JUNE 10, 1892.

THE GATES OF GAZA.

IV.

WILLIAM CONGREVE'S biographers tell us he was very much ashamed of being a great man of letters ; and (indulging an affectation shared by many wits of the time) would pretend every one of his masterpieces was thrown off for his own distraction, in an hour of idleness or during a day's indisposition. For worlds he would not be known as an author ; he was merely an ordinary gentleman. In spite of this whim, to the last there were many who valued him least of all for his gentility, and would not be persuaded but that he was a mighty fine writer of comedy, and nothing else.

Mr. Thomas Rudiment, with not a few of his brethren, has a similar reluctance to be known for what he is—a professional instructor, namely, of academic youth. Not that the occupation is not to his taste, any more than play-writing was against Congreve's. He believes himself a born teacher, and would gladly have the fame of it, but for one thing, which he calls his method. This method simply consists in preventing his pupils from having the least suspicion that he is instructing them. When Thomas Rudiment was an undergraduate (he was twice in the First Class, and passed for a very promising Grecian), he discovered a great secret—he discovered why so many of the young men who attended the same lectures with him seemed to have no

notion of listening to what was told them, and still less of putting it down on paper. "Ah!" he would say, "that is because the lectures are not made interesting enough. Rigg of Corpus is a good man; but you feel at once he is teaching you. Once let a fellow get an inkling that you are teaching him, and you may as well stop lecturing. No one, in the first instance, likes lessons. What you have to do is to make a fellow learn without knowing it." Since Thomas Rudiment got his fellowship, he has devoted himself to putting his theories into practice—so successfully that at the present day no one would ever suspect his lectures of being in the least instructive.

To start with, he puts himself in the position of the average undergraduate. He lectures in slang and white flannel trousers; he "scores off" Herodotus, and affects to think Roby a bore; he treats George Grote and the Master of Balliol with cheap allusive impertinence; he enlivens a piece of textual criticism by sly references to University politics, and interrupts a valuable explanation to tell a personal anecdote. He is full of modern instances, and delights in anachronism—talks of Gamaliel as "that great Divinity Professor," and makes Demosthenes say "Gentlemen of Athens," and Cicero "My lords"; he is fond of improvising topical premisses in logic, like "Most undergraduates know a great deal more than dons"; "Some scholars keep too many chapels." When private pupils have done him no work, he contrives to fill up the hour with amiable digressions and a pipe of tobacco; and when you make a plain false quantity in your Sapphics, he looks the word out with a solemn and unprejudiced eye, and "finds no authority" for your *howler*.

Outside the Schools, he has the most ingenious plans for ingratiating himself with junior Oxford. He dresses fashionably and youthfully. He mimics other "dons" to the life, just to show he has no absurd class feeling. He gets up reading parties in Switzerland and tells you beforehand he does not expect any work will be done. He prides himself on being the general confidant and undergraduate's friend.

For my part, I look upon Mr. Thomas Rudiment as a production of the Kindergarten system. Don't suppose that great German invention, the labyrinthine "parlour" of that spider competition, which aims at providing delusive recreation for the book-worm in embryo, and succeeds in teaching grown-up people how to lisp, is confined to the education of weanlings and the care of the nursery-governess, "firm but kind." It has forgotten the allegory, the Ollendorffian method, the *conte moral*, and more than one historical novel. It has trained many of the most athletic ushers of our public schools; it has developed the University all-round-man; it has been the making of many a conscientious curate who can play cricket just well enough for Sundays.

And now the superstition has infected our "dons." None of them is so ignorant but he is afraid his class will be thinking him a prig. Hence springs up a new class of tutors who waste their time and ours; and hence springs that worthy and kindly man, that abominable Philistine, Mr. Thomas Rudiment.

Y.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

The Gift of Scent.—Anonymous.

SCENT to my mistress sweet I send,
But favour more than her
The gift of scented myrrh;
For to the scent herself can lend
The perfume I prefer.

Cruel Laughter.

FOR ever laughing, but for ever dumb,
You answer nothing, tho' I coax and flatter;
I ask again; the smiling dimples come;
I weep; you laugh.—Is this a laughing matter?

P. L. O.

MR. FROUDE'S NEW NOVELETTE.

WE learn many things from Mr. Froude's new book which are surely worth knowing. For when a man has made people believe him to be that which he is not, his slightest word cannot fail to possess a peculiar value of its own. How interesting it is, for example, to learn that our new professor dislikes Balzac, and that after reading *Le Père Goriot* he had "a desire to plunge into the sea and wash himself." We realise how morally superior he is to other men since he finds Balzac's characters such "abominable company"; and we feel that the devoted panegyrist of Henry VIII. has a right to be particular in the choosing of his companions. How satisfactory it is, also, to hear that he does not suffer from sea-sickness, and that he can read Xenophon without the aid of Kelly. Nay, by this time he must be able to measure his daily "constitutional" by parasangs. How pleasing it is, again, to discover that he feels a certain gratitude towards his benefactors, and considers that there should be no higher title than Marquis among the nobility. "I think we could do without dukes."

But these are only a few examples of the "wisdom of James." His book is full of sentences weighty and original; for there is no subject either in heaven or on earth upon which our Professor is not ready to inform us. He will even condescend to instruct in the matter of sport, for here too, as usual he has his positive opinions. The shooting of grouse and partridge he considers a poor thing; he would attack the wild beasts of the desert and the jungle even as did the ancient Templars. He quotes with approval St. Bernard's orders to the knights prohibiting mere frivolous amusement, and concludes with a fine burst of eloquence: "Some modern St Bernard seems to me desperately needed." But the essay was written seven years ago, and doubtless Mr. Froude has now found comfort in the contemplation of Lord Randolph Churchill's "deeds of derring-do."

But though, as I have tried to prove, Mr. Froude's book possesses incidental qualities of an unique kind, it is quite

impossible to place the volume under any known classification. It is certainly not history, for accuracy is a necessity in a serious historical work. But Mr. Froude, for example, talks of a fourteenth century pontiff as "poor *infallible* pope." And yet it is not fiction, for there is too much history and elementary theology strewn over its pages. It is of course not easy to judge a cause or an epoch soberly and without bias, but it is the duty of a man who seeks a responsible post as professor of history to endeavour to hold the balance fairly. And further, if to write history be beyond Mr. Froude's power, and the making of historical novelettes is the work he feels most competent to undertake, he should try and build his plots more amusingly, and he should not clog the actions of his stories by paragraphs of senile platitudes and trite reflections on human life. But it is almost as difficult to label this gentleman's *Moralia* as to read it.

For Mr. Froude is unfortunately (and this we discover with pain, for is he not beloved as a stylist by every penny-a-liner in these States?) not one of those writers who atone for their want of knowledge or constructive ability by the elegance and purity of their diction. On the contrary it would be hard to find a book written in worse English. It has no pretensions to style. Here are two examples taken at random and neither better nor worse than other passages. They represent Mr. Froude's two main faults as a writer, the aggressively simple and irritating jog-trot, and the criminally careless and blundering paragraph—

"Christ was all which gave the world and their own lives in it any real significance. It was not a ridiculous feeling on their part, but a very beautiful one. Some philosopher after reading the Iliad is said to have asked, 'But what does it prove?' A good many people have asked of what *use* pilgrimages were. It depends on whether we have souls or not."

Here is the second—

"You note your position on the chart; you scan it with the sense that the world of Norway is all before you to go where you like; you choose your next anchoring place;

you point it out to the pilot; you know your speed—there is no night in the summer months—you dine; you smoke your evening cigar; you go to your berth; you find yourself at breakfast in your new surroundings.”

There is nothing more to be said about the “Spanish story of the Armada,” a book which is only interesting to us in Oxford owing to a recent startling and unlooked-for event. “Moral institutions can only be kept alive while they answer the purposes for which they were created:” is one of Mr. Froude’s own dicta, and few of us will care to dispute the wisdom and the truth of it.

Why then has Mr. Froude accepted the chair of Modern History?

W. P. A.

FROM CATULLUS.—XCVI.

CALVUS, if aught expressive of our woe
Find place or welcome in the voiceless tomb,
When we recall the loves of long ago,
And weep lost friendships of a bygone day;
Joy for thy love must surely then outweigh
Quintilia’s sorrow for her early doom.

QUATRAIN.

IT may be we shall know in the hereafter
Why we, begetting hopes, give birth to fears,
And why the world’s too beautiful for laughter,
Too gross for tears. W. P. A.

CAUSERIES DU VENDREDI.

No. IV.—Bret Harte.

“THOUGH not flush in filthy lucre, yet I often think on euchre
Or a sequence hand at poker with, for pardner, Tennessee—
And my footsteps often linger by that sultry “*Gin and Ginger
Wood*,” just where Los Gatos leaves the trail and where you
catch the sea.

And while the stage is slowly swinging I can hear the bells are ringing

From the Mission at Dolores, and the fresher breezes blow—

For the air is close and gritty in the Silver Crescent City

When there's steamer-night at 'Frisco and the lights are on St.

Jo."

W. K. L.

(Poems and Ballads.)

A new country America yet is, in the sense that she has not yet passed the purely mechanical stage of her growth and civilization, and that she is still content to import the ready-made European writer rather than to encourage the productions of home growth. Her best writers seem to find their best sphere out of her; for she either expatriates them to this country, or neglects them in her importation of such flimsy wares as Mrs. Humphrey Ward and H. R. Haggard—perhaps to their advantage, unless, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, they have the subsidy of a profession, or, like Longfellow, of a chair in a University.

But America, though not the home of original thinkers, is at least the land of omnivorous readers, and Charles Lamb, who thanked his stars for a taste so wide that the Bible was not too high, nor *Jonathan Wild* too low, would have been satisfied with the literary voracity of a public for whom the supply, through defiance of copyright and international piracy, is often inadequate. Thus the absence of a really national American literature is hardly to be wondered at in the stage of development at which the inventor of Hop Bitters or a wringing-machine bulks large in the mind of the public. Chesterfield said that when he wrote his best he was quoting Horace, and though in a few writers like Poe, Hawthorne, Ticknor, Prescott and others, America has asserted a claim to recognition, it is yet only in her humorists that she has produced anything racy and redolent of the soil. Artemus Ward created a school, but the school mistook Browne's humour for mere eccentricity, and wit for profanity. Mark Twain too often writes things that are quite incapable of a second reading: he grins through a horse collar, and his

school shines forth in *Texas Siftings* and the *Detroit Free Press*. The laugh becomes a mere guffaw.

Bret Harte is nothing if not artistic. There is no greater master of the art of narrative—the art that suggests the firm lines without undue obtrusion of details. The French soldier that in the Crimea served up to his tent a dinner *à la russe* of the usual ragoût, etc., from the remains of a saddle-girth and a cut from the old charger, has an admirer in Bret Harte. It is easier to write a three-volume novel than a *conte*—a story where there is no padding, but where every line has been etched firmly, and every stroke is in its right place. Easy writing is hard reading, and a writer of this nature will not be prolific in the number of his volumes. Though every line is calculated, yet the *labor limæ* is not seen: there is no inartistic and cumbrous psychological parade of motives. Our latter-day novel is cursed by the phantom of the *arrière-pensée*, and its crude addition of the moralist's *haec fabula docet*. Victorious analysis and the study of motive were ignored by the old masters, and happily they are not to be found in the pages of this writer.

San Francisco is emphatically the city of Bret Harte—but it is the city as the Argonauts of '49 and he knew it,—the last effort of the colonial genius of old Spain that lives again in his story of *The Right Eye of the Commander*, and before the modern city of millionaires had passed the streets he describes in the opening pages of *A Ward of the Golden Gate*. The glamour of the old days is yielding to the modern spirit. The top-hat may be seen now on the head of the Chinaman—and the Mexican, like the Moorish king, will soon have to ascend the Mission Hills to take his last look on the city of his youth. The railway has brought the loafer and the shanty near the chapel of the Dolores he has made so famous in his pages, and the cutty-pipe has supplanted the cigarillo in the *posada*.

But Scott was just in time to save the Minstrelsy of the Border, and the old days of California live on again in the work of this by far the most distinctively American writer.

The breath of life is in all his creations, and the rustle of the pines in all his pages, like the song of the Tweed through

all the work of Sir Walter. Like Thackeray he has a galaxy of characters that again and again are made to reappear in his pages. The reader welcomes them as he would an old friend, for the men are real, live men, and not mere puppets. Indeed, to most of us he has made the red clay at Sandy Bar, the scenery of Red Dog and Poker Flat, as familiar as the Gala Water and the Torwoodlee of the great magician. We seem to see the dim sierras as clear as Ben Lomond or the Eildon Hills, and to have known personally the motley group that figure in his volumes. The forms are clear and distinct. We seem to be at the door of the saloon when the Wingdam Coach comes in with Yuba Bill on the box, and Jack Hamlin and Colonel Starbottle inside. We see Miggles, M'liss, the Duchess, John Oakhurst, the Luck—"no bigger than a derringer,"—Tennessee, "Sober and his face a-shinin'," and when we reach North Fork and Bill draws up at Independence House, we lounge up to the bar with the gravity of an old stager on the road who had known them all since '49.

Andrew Lang has said there are few writers who reach so high a standard that you can unhesitatingly recommend them to a friend. To our mind Bret Harte is up to that standard, and we never knew him fall below it. It is nearly twenty-four years ago that the kindred eye of Dickens detected the coming of a new writer in the *Overland Monthly*. Within the last five years we have seen the rise and the fall of many a star that, if the Press were to be believed, was following in the wake of this writer and rendering his name and fame less secure. Time has not endorsed the belief. Great writers found no schools—they have no tricks of mesmerism, no sleight of hand to be merely caught. They have no following but stand alone, for they keep their secret to themselves, and the crop of second-rate writers and imitators soon dies a natural death.

To those who have once read him no line of commendation is necessary. All those who have read him once will always read what he has written, and those who have tired of the belauded literary demigods of the day will do well, if they have not already done so, to commence their acquaintance

with a writer whose best pieces can be read twenty times, and yet seem fresh as ever. His last volume—the seventh of his collected works*—contains some of his best writing; in his *Sappho of Green Springs* the old subtle art of sustained interest to the close is seen in its perfection, and *Colonel Starbottle's Client* has the marks seen in *Flip* and *Maruja*, which in their effect, and artistic lightness of touch, are found only in this writer.

Addison—or the paper may be Steele's—remarks that we never read a book with interest but we think of the face of the author: some subtle link of personal connection is awakened. The value of the volume to all admirers of Bret Harte is much enhanced by the fine portrait from the original by John Pettie, R.A.

PAUL MELDRUM.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You gave your lips, your eyes,
 You played your part,
 Kisses and tears and sighs;
 I gave my heart.

I had no song to sing,
 No golden art,
 No grace of form to bring;
 Only my heart.

I kissed your eyes and face,
 Bought in love's smart,
 Bright smiles and sweet disgrace;
 You broke my heart.

O broken heart, be still;
 Love's dreams depart,
 Life's hope shall death fulfil,
 O broken heart.

G.

* The Complete Works of Bret Harte, vol. vii., Chatto & Windus, 1892.

TRIOLETS.

I.

I really could not help that sneeze ;
'Twas frightful—like a clap o' thunder !
I felt it coming by degrees.
(A handkerchief, quick, if you please !)
Is this another one, I wonder ?
I really could not help that sneeze ;
'Twas frightful—like a clap of thunder !

2.

I wonder if you will
Be plough'd in the Schools ?
Please don't think me cruel :
You know your books *too* well.
(Most pass-men are fools !)
I wonder if you will
Be plough'd in the Schools ?

Tymo.

OF SHOPS.

How immeasurably and miserably modern is the world become. Every branch of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil must nowadays bear fruit ; which, unless its wrapping-tissue be of the rosiest, and its packing-box bear the genuine Mesopotamian label, is only fresh matter for our avoiding.

Even the Shop has given up setting the fashion, and only approximates to self satisfaction if its bonnets or its bananas be a mail in front of Chicago. For the only apple of distinction that Paris is now permitted to bestow is reserved for the headgear of middle class Venuses, like their husbands ever behind the Times, deploring the eclecticism of Battersea and bending astonished suburban eyes on the deserted Temple of the Mode—whose solitary porter hath already been be-

knighted, and her marble columns converted into paper capitals.

The old days of tailors adequate and adept, who (so to speak) offered you a cigar over your Smalls, and fet you a glass of sherry over your summer suitings, are now but an old man's memory. And then the old manner of those older tailors! How severely, yet how paternally, would he waist you for a wedding! How slyly would he slip you a lounge-coat, or turn you out a Turkey trouser! Now the only thing he slips you is his "small account demanding immediate attention"; and the only thing he turns you out is a sadder and a wider man. And then the real fatherly interest in those peculiar buttonings to your kerseymeres; the demi-deferential dogmatism of his "Nay, dear sir, it will not do—a man of your figure!—Ebenezer—the especial Scots tweedings."

All this, or something very like it is passed away—with the Art of Conversation. Now-a-days when we want conversation we have to make it; in the old times there remained still a few good things to say, and people had still the sense to prepare their impromptus.

* * * * *

But in our disgust with our grandsons we have forgotten our garrulity; and we must needs get back presumedly to our starting-point. Yes, another vice of this century. Everybody now-a-whiles must write good English, and stick a point in each of his paragraphs. Shade of ambling, shambling, rambling Charles Lamb! Bothered with no conventions, worried by no Murray, simply and delightfully bent on button holing his public, and treating it with no "sincerity and reality," with no "muffins," and no "not the promise of muffins"—here was a man who had understood that Grace must be taught only to children, and that Chesterfield was the sort of man to say his prayers (if he ever said any) on his stilts.

But what the deuce have we to do with Charles Lamb? Revenons à nos moutons.

We began with something about a shop. They are pestered with new ideas, these shopmen—they are inclined to dress you where you would feel inclined to dress them, and soundly: they must needs put their foot into your broadcloth, quarrel with your calves if they are at all episcopal, and advise padding if you happen to have a neat leg for a boot. I should like to trounce them all—with their miserable malaprop coats, their Turkey-carpet waistcoats, their “beautiful things in brown,” their “Perhaps you might fancy something a little smarter, sir?”

There used to be—but I have said all this before—there used to be . . . almost a *friendship* between oneself and Snip. He would prattle you of politics if you were politically minded, tell you of the reigning toast if you lived in the Midlands, recommend you a sound wine (from one of his friends) if he thought he could credit you with taste enough to buy it.

Now every Duchess has retired from a shop; every waiting-woman has a reputation. Egad, sirs, it was different in my day! One of the first proverbs every young dog learned from his spelling-book, was “A place for everybody and everybody in his place;” but now every chambermaid is “nicely situated,” and only manages to find her place in church. The governess too of my time used to wear a black gown and never came down to dinner, and the curate used to go away before the cheesecakes; the governess of to-day refers to her “dear little charges”—(and demme they are dear!)—and the curate is no more afraid of contradicting you than he is of contradicting the Thirty-nine Articles.

And talking of Articles . . . (Mark you, I used to write for Mr. Steele.) . . .

But where . . . the California have they put my slippers?

* * * * *

What does the dog mean by not bringing me my negus?

MR. B.

MARTIAL iii. 65.

As breath of apples set to maiden lips,
 As breeze that the Corycian crocus sips,
 As vineyard with its first white buds ablow,
 As grass where late the browsing sheep did go,
 As myrtle or the mower in Arab fields,
 As the faint scent that bruised amber yields,
 As the wan flames from Eastern incense flare,
 As grass-field wet with summer raindrops rare,
 As dew of nard upon a tumbled coronal,
 Such, love unkind, the perfumes of thy kiss recall:
 What were their scent if without stint thou gav'st them all?

L. C.

IN MEMORIAM GREVILLE CHESTER, EGYPTOLOGIST.

Χαῖρε θανόν· σὺ μὲν 'Αἴγυπτόν τ' 'Αἰγύπτια τ' ἔργα
 ἔρμηνεὺς σοφίᾳ ὥπασας ἡμετέρᾳ·
 'Αἴγυπτος δὲ θανόντα σ' ἐν ἀλλοδάπῃ χθονὶ τηρεῖ,
 μνημοσύνην δὲ σέθεν δέῦρο χάριν τε φέρει.

J.

AMALTHEA.

She cometh from the violet beds,
 from the throb of the purple flowers;
 her head is pleasure garlanded,
 her hands are lovers' hours.
 She treadeth on the daisie stalks
 that smile to her and die :
 in the yellow light of the dying sun
 their petal'd souls go by.
 She touched me with her dewy breath
 and the wave of her golden hair—
 the strong stars trembled at our love :
 Death came and found her fair.

Φ.

EDITORIAL.

EDITORIAL self-gratulation comes with the second number, or never. But though it may be too late to say "so far, so good," the end of Term seems to us a legitimate occasion for a few words on ourselves and our critics.

The number of questions that have been asked about the *Spirit Lamp* has been an encouraging sign, but at the same time it has been a little tiresome. First, a great many persons have been concerned to know what is the object of the paper? It does not seem to have occurred to them that one could do far better without an object than without subscriptions. But since they will not take "none" for an answer, let us fall back upon a pretext (the simplest form of truth), and say that our object was merely to give ourselves pleasure, and one more interest in life. If this will not do for them, let us add that we have not altogether been without a certain modest willingness to add to our incomes.

Others are for ever inquiring Whether the Editors are serious or no? Now this, we protest, is a very great impertinence. If you see a man trifling, you have a right to suppose him not to be in earnest; if you see the *Spirit Lamp* with one foot always in the Grave and the other in the Gay, you have simply no right to hazard a judgment. We would be supposed in earnest wherever the reader can find it in his heart to agree with our views and our sentiments; and where we have the misfortune to run counter to his mind, he is very heartily welcome to write us down a trifler. Read the Editorial in our first number, and be very sure you have then fathomed us as deeply as we mean to be fathomed, and that further inquiry would be trespass.

Then almost everyone who has seen the *Spirit Lamp* is agreed that it ought to be cheaper. We confess we cannot understand this notion. Are those who object serious? Is it said in sober earnest?

Intrinsically, as so much print and paper, as so many minutes reading for a leisured and voracious public, there

may perhaps not be sixpence' worth between our covers. But that is not enough. Suppose the paper worth reading then, it is very certain, for twice the money you will never get elsewhere what it gives you. However this piece of advice has been so generally given, that we are resolved to bow before the tyrannical unanimity of the critics, and instead of once a week, to appear fortnightly next term, at the same price, and in greater bulk.

As for thoroughly hostile criticism, we shall see most of that blown over by next term ; it may readily be believed that the class of persons who cannot rightly appreciate the *Spirit Lamp*, is of the sort to whom Schools (Pass) are a standing danger, a present terror, a possible *casus banniendi*.

In conclusion we would wish to thank all to whom our gratitude is due for contributions or suggestions, and politely suggest to the *Isis* that its mission is now at an end ; our name is made, we need no further puffing ; the delicate thing for it to do is to die.

NOTICES.

THIS is the last number this Term of the *Spirit Lamp*. We shall appear next Term once a fortnight on Fridays.

All contributions should be sent to—

THE EDITORS,
c/o MR. JAMES THORNTON,
33, HIGH STREET.

JAMES THORNTON,

New and Second-Hand Bookseller,

33 & 41, HIGH STREET,

Offers a few copies of the following books for sale at exceptionally low prices.

CORNHILL MAGAZINE, Vols

i.—xiv. New Series. Containing some of the finest Novels of the present day by JAMES PAYN, RIDER HAGGARD, F. ANSTEY, CHRISTIE MURRAY, and others, with numerous illustrations. Neatly and uniformly bound in red cloth, making a very choice set. 30s. *cash*.

THE SURPRISING ADVEN-

TURES OF DON QUIXOTE, Translated from the Spanish by ORMSBY. Library Edition, 4 vols, 8vo, cloth. *Offered for cash only at 18s.*

CRUIKSHANK'S (G.) TABLE

BOOK, Edited by GILBERT A BECKETT. Illustrated with 12 steel plates and 116 engravings on wood by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. India paper impressions. New Edition, royal 8vo, half-morocco, 21s.

CRUIKSHANK'S (G.) OMNI-

BUS, Edited by LAMAN BLANCHARD. Illustrated with 100 engravings on wood. India paper impressions. New Edition, royal 8vo, half-morocco, 21s.

TURNER. THE SEINE AND

THE LOIRE. Sixty-one engravings in pure line, after drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, with introduction and description by M. B. HUISS, LL.B., folio, in cloth case, *price* £2.

TEMPLE'S (SIR RICHARD)

PALESTINE. With 32 full-page coloured illustrations and many maps, imp. 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

PRÉVOST (ABBE) HISTORY

OF MANON LESCAUT, Edition de luxe. Illustrated with 225 vignettes and 12 full-page etchings by MAURICE LELOIR, 4to, cloth, 15s.

LESAGE. THE ADVENTURES

OF GIL BLAS, Rendered into English by HENRI VAN LAUN. Illustrated with full-page etchings. Large Paper Edition, 3 vols, 4to, cloth, 30s.

WAVERLEY NOVELS, 25 Vols.

12mo, green cloth, gilt top, very neat set. *Only* 35s.

MIDDLETON (T.), THE DRA-

MATIC WORKS OF, Edited by A. H. BULLEN. Large Paper Edition, 8 vols, 8vo, cloth, £4 15s.

HOGARTH (W.), THE COM-

plete Works OF, in a series of 150 steel engravings from the originals. With an Introductory Essay by HANNAY, and letterpress by Rev. J. TRUSLER and E. ROBERTS, 6 vols, 4to, cloth, 21s.

LODGINGS FOR COMMEMORATION.

LONGWALL STREET.

No. 1.—Mrs. Clarke. One Bedroom and one Sitting Room, for Commem. or at once.

No. 20.—Mrs. Davis. One Sitting Room and one Bedroom.

HOLYWELL STREET.

No. 25.—Mrs. Walker. Four Bedrooms and two Sitting Rooms, for Commemoration Week.

No. 38.—Mrs. Miles. Two Sets of Rooms, or one Set and three Bedrooms, for Commemoration or Extension.

GEORGE GARE & SON,
ANATOMICAL BOOT MAKERS,
98 & 98a, St. Aldate's Street, Oxford.
(Opposite Christ Church).

ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF A CENTURY.

G. G. & S. invite the attention of Gentlemen to their Hunting, Shooting, and Walking Boots and Shoes, which are made from the Best Materials, and of the most approved Shapes. Boots made upon Anatomical principles, adapting them to the natural shape and proper action of the foot.

Manufacturers of Parisian Polish.

REGULATION AND HUNTING SPURS.

BOOT-TOP POWDERS, ETC.

Boot Trees and Lasts of any shape made to order.

Customers may rely upon all Goods that are supplied being of such quality as shall maintain the reputation this Establishment has enjoyed for so many years.

THE ORIENTAL ART CO.,
101, HIGH STREET,
(Corner of Oriel Street),
OXFORD.

WE most respectfully call attention to our new and well-assorted Stock of Japanese and other Oriental Goods.

We would specially ask inspection of quite New Goods just received from India, which include some beautiful Embroideries in Silks, &c.; New Shapes in Benares and Mooradabad Ware, etc., etc.; also a large selection of Wax Curtains, Prints, &c., for draping rooms.

ROOMS DRAPED IN EASTERN STYLE AND ESTIMATES GIVEN.

HALL BROS.,
96, HIGH STREET,
(Opposite St. Mary's Church)

Beg respectfully to call attention to their

SPECIALITES

IN

HOMESPUNS, LOVAT MIXTURES & CHEVIOTS,

Procured from the first Woollen Houses in the Country, and are specially selected from large, choice and varied Stocks. The following quotations represent the prices charged for these first-class Goods:—

Per Suit from £3 10s., £3 15s., £4, £4 5s., to £4 10s.

First-class Fit, Style & Workmanship strictly guaranteed.

A. RICHARDSON,

BAGPIPES.

GUITARS.

BANJOS.



COACH HORNS.

MANDOLINES.

BIGOTPHONES.

LESSONS GIVEN AT ANY HOUR.

96, HIGH ST., OXFORD.