

as pleasant as any in the world. The railway brings down politicians and men of business as well as men of letters, to pass the Sunday, and the pedantic seclusion of Oxford and Cambridge from the world is now a thing of the past. There is no use in transcribing the guide book. Cambridge, in the chapel of King's College, has a single glory which Oxford cannot match, and certainly nothing at Oxford can charm more than the walk along the Cam at the backs of the Cambridge Colleges. But Oxford is a more academic city. It will be noted that the Gothic style lingered there with other traces of the Middle Ages, to the time of Charles I. The local stone, of which some of the colleges are built, soon changes colour under the action of the weather. An American visitor, pointing to a black-looking pile, asked his host whether that building was not very old. "Oh, no!" was the reply, "its colour deceives you; it has not been built much more than two hundred years." With this may be coupled the story of a Fellow of a college, who, being asked how they managed to get such perfect sward in those Oxford lawns, replied, "It is the simplest thing in the world; you have only to mow and roll regularly for about four hundred years." The recent revival of the universities has caused large modern additions to the buildings, of the taste of which the visitor will judge. At Oxford, unfortunately, some of the new buildings are too large for the general scale of the city, which is small. Let not the visitor to Oxford omit to get a general view from the top of the Sheldonian Theatre or of the Radcliffe Library. Let him not omit to get a distant view from Hinksey (after reading Matthew Arnold's poem), Bagley, Whytham, or Stowe Wood. Oxford should be visited in May or early in June, when the place is at once in its full beauty and thoroughly academical. At Commemoration time, which people are apt to choose, Oxford is not a university, but a vast banqueting hall and ball room, full of revellers brought together under pretence of seeing honorary degrees conferred and hearing prize poems recited. A guest at Commemoration time may well fancy that student life at Oxford and Cambridge is fully portrayed by descriptions of the fast student, such as *Verdant Green*, or by the first plate of Frith's series, "The Road to Ruin." There is too much of this sort of thing in universities which are the result of wealth and aristocracy; but there are also hard study, high aspirations, ardent friendships, and all the romance which, especially among the cultured and active-minded, hovers about the portals of life. Of late student tastes, like those of society in general, seem to have grown softer and more refined. At many of the windows in the dark old quadrangle there are boxes of flowers, and from many rooms the sound of the piano is heard.

It is perhaps at Oxford or Cambridge in the summer term, when the boat races and the cricket matches are going on, that English athleticism can best be seen. A gay and animating sight is a boat race, while a cricket match is apt to be tedious to the uninitiated. Athleticism, in its present prominence, not to say its present extravagance, is a recent development, and finds a philosophical justification in the recently recognized importance of the physical basis of humanity. We have yet to see whether it will develop health as well as muscle, and force of character as well as force of body. Instead of increased force of character there has been of late in public life rather an ominous exhibition of levity and fatalism. After all, games and exercises carried beyond a certain measure, though they may not injure the body like some other indulgences, are but dissipations to the mind.

Not to be omitted in taking even a birds'-eye view of England are the Public Schools. To define a Public School would perhaps be difficult. If you make size or importance the test, you cannot exclude Rugby or Cheltenham. If you make antiquity the test, you can hardly include Harrow. But the three schools which play in the Public School cricket matches are, Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. Harrow has practically taken the place of Westminster, which was long the most famous of the group, and in the last century sent forth a long line of worthies, but has recently been depressed by the disadvantage of a situation less healthy than historic. It is at the Public School matches that the singular feeling connected with these institutions is displayed in its utmost intensity, and to attend one of them should therefore, if possible, be a part of the programme. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can a great crowd of the governing classes be seen in a state of wild excitement over a boys' game. The chief claim of Winchester to be one of the privileged three is perhaps antiquity, in which it excels all the rest, having been the school founded by the great mediæval restorer of education, William of Wykeham, beneath the shadow of his own most venerable cathedral, to supply scholars to the college which he founded at Oxford. Eton and Harrow, but especially Eton, are the schools of the aristocracy, and their peculiar character is in fact that of the class to which the boys belong. They are the special training-places of the English "gentleman." The strong point of the English gentleman is not hard work, nor is hard work the strong point of Eton or Harrow, though the system of instruction has been greatly improved of late, and it can no longer be said, as it might have been said fifty years ago, that the only things to be learned at Eton are a little Latin and Greek and a great deal of cricket and rowing. The strong points are the union of freedom with discipline and the generous character of the social law which the boys uphold among themselves. Harrow is close to London, but there is nothing in the way of antiquities to see. Eton is within half-an-hour's run of London by rail, and may be taken in a day with Windsor; and at Eton there is a great deal in the way of antiquities, as well as in that of educational peculiarities, to be seen. The ancient quadrangle, with the great, gray chapel rising over it, and the statue of the Plantagenet founder in its centre, the green expanse of the playground shaded by stately elms stretching beside it, and the castle palace of the English kings looking down on it from the other side of the Thames, is of all places of education about the most historic; and history is worth something in a place of education.

The equipments of the great school room would hardly satisfy a school board in these days of progress; but on its rough panels are to be seen names carved by boyish hands which afterwards became illustrious in the annals of England. Those who think of education only will go to Rugby, and pay their devotions at the shrine of Dr. Arnold.

Of the British Monarchy the official and diplomatic seat is St. James', a dingy and shabby pile of brick, which by its meanness, compared with the Tuileries and Versailles, aptly symbolizes the relation of the power which built it to that of the Monarchy of Louis XIV. The power which built St. James' has however, by reason of its very feebleness, managed to prolong its existence; while the power which built the Tuileries and Versailles, having by its despotism provoked the revolutionary storm, has been laid with all its grandeurs in the dust. At St. James' are still held the Levees. But those rooms having been found too small for the prodigiously increasing crowd of ladies, foreign and colonial, who pant, by passing under the eye of Royalty, to obtain the baptism of fashion, the Drawing-Rooms are now held in Buckingham Palace. "Exclusiveness" was pronounced by a Canadian professor of etiquette to be the characteristic charm of the Queen's Drawing-Rooms. But instead of being exclusive, a Drawing-Room will soon become a mob. Though the political sceptre has departed from British Royalty the social sceptre has not. Conscious apparently of its loss of political power, Royalty has of late retired into private residences, where the enthusiastic worshipper or the enterprising reporter can only reconnoitre it through the telescope. Here it leads a domestic life, goes picnicking, and records its picnics together with family occurrences in its diary. Even in death it seems inclined to separate itself from the monarchs who wore a real crown. It has its private mausoleum at Frogmore, apart from the tombs of the Kings in St. George's Chapel and at Westminster. The Hanoverians, moreover, have always remained a German family, with German habits, tastes, and friendships, as well as German connections. The modern town residence of Royalty, Buckingham Palace, is large without being magnificent and devoid of interest of any kind, historical or architectural. The edifice belongs to the Regency, and the Regent liked low ceilings. He who wants to see State apartments without stateliness may see them here. It is to the ancient seats of the Monarchy that the interest belongs. First among these must be named the Tower, built originally by the Conqueror to curb London, afterwards the fortress-palace of his descendants, and in the end the State prison, from which a long procession of the ill-starred great went forth to lay their heads on the block on Tower Hill; while State murders, like those of Henry VI. and the two young sons of Edward IV., were done in the dark chambers of the Tower itself. Everybody knows Macaulay's passage on the graves in the chapel. The Bastille has been razed, the Tower has become a show, and in their respective fates they typify the contrast between French revolution and British progress. Of Westminster, the chief historic seat of the Monarchy in former days, nothing remains but that glorious hall, the name of which is more associated with justice than with Royalty, and the banqueting house at Whitehall, with its window of tragic memory. But of all the Royal palaces the noblest, the only one indeed worthy of the name, is Windsor, built in the times when the Kings of England were Kings indeed. It may well challenge comparison with Versailles, so far as a creation of the Plantagenets can be compared with a creation of Louis XIV. It is disappointing to find how much of Windsor is the work of the restorer, and of a restorer who wrought before a real knowledge of mediæval architecture had been recovered. Still nothing can spoil the effect of such a pile on such a site. The Round Tower has been raised, but still it is the Round Tower. The glory of St. George's Chapel is unimpaired, and above the stalls may be read the names of the first Knights of the Garter, the comrades in arms of Edward III. and the Black Prince. These heroic adventurers are now rather curiously represented by a set of elderly gentlemen in purple velvet cloaks and white satin tights, who chiefly prize the Garter, as one of them avowed, because it is the only thing nowadays that is not given by merit. In St. George's Hall, modernized though it is, imagination may assemble again the victors of Crecy and Poitiers, with their brave Queen and her ladies, holding festivals which were ennobled by the recollection of glorious toils. Long afterwards it was that the body of the illustrious successor of Edward was borne across the courts of Windsor amidst the falling snow, and beneath the fierce glances of a revolutionary soldiery, without funeral pomp or requiem, to its nameless grave. Around the Castle still stretches the great Park, and not many years ago a leafless trunk in it was shown as Herne the Hunter's Oak. Between Windsor and Staines lies Runnymede, where the camps of John and his Barons once faced each other, where it was decided that the British Monarchy should not be despotic but constitutional, and in the rude but vigorous form of the great Charter the first of European constitutions was framed. Eltham, not far from London, was another seat of the Plantagenets and retains traces of its grandeur. Its memories are sad, since it saw the degraded dotage of Edward III. Hampton Court claims a visit. One of its quadrangles and its magnificent hall are the monuments of Wolsey's soaring ambition; but with these is combined the little Versailles of Louis the Fourteenth's arch-enemy, William the Third, and the gardens laid out by Dutch William's taste, and now, in summer, gorgeous with such beds of flowers as Dutch William never beheld. Here Cromwell used to rest on the Sunday after his week of overwhelming care, and here, in quieter times, the last sovereign of Charles' house, "Great Anne," used "sometimes counsel to take and sometimes tea." The chestnuts in the neighbouring park of Bushey are the glory of English trees. Kensington and Kew, minor seats of Royalty, have their reminiscences and their anecdotes of the Court of George III. and Charlotte.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

(To be continued in our next.)