

tial agents in the formation of the character of the ruling classes in England. There are, indeed, other branches of education whose great importance may seem to give them claims, equal to those of Latin, to this pre-eminence, and there are other games and sports which help to make an Englishman what he is; but none, we think, can really vie with these, either in the intensity or the general diffusion of their operation. It is not intended, of course, to deny the superiority of the Greek literature to that of the Romans; but few Englishmen would prefer to see our national character moulded on the Athenian, rather than on the Roman model. Moreover, the number of those who have assimilated Greek enough to influence their mental constitution is small. Happy they who, in addition to the plain, wholesome, and strengthening fare which the Romans offer to their intellect, can quaff the rich nectar of the Grecian Muse!—but they are few.

And with regard to mathematics, it would not be easy to overrate their value, not merely as contributing to the progress of physical science and of the useful arts, but regarded simply as mental gymnastics. Yet few would maintain that mathematics could take the place of Latin as the basis of an educational system.

We should be glad to think that it was a well-founded conviction, on the part of our ancestors, of its superiority as a rock of foundation which has preserved for Latin that predominance in our schools which it still retains. Unfortunately, it was just the party which is least inclined to reflect or examine—the “*laudatores temporis acti*,” who insisted that boys ought to learn Latin, and little or nothing else, from seven years old to one-and-twenty, for no better reason than that their fathers before them had done so. They upheld Latin on the same ground as the Rotten Boroughs and the Corn Laws—all change was mischievous, and “whatever was was right.”

It is not, then, to be wondered at if their political opponents took it for granted that their conclusions were as false as their reasoning was illogical. As the Radicals of some forty years ago delighted in abusing the “British Constitution,” and the “British Lion” (without really examining into the merits of the system or the beast), because the Tories were for ever indiscriminately lauding them, they came to regard the study of the ancient classics with suspicion and dislike, because they were taught and prized in great Tory strongholds like Eton and Oxford. A considerable section of the great Liberal party in England were earnestly bent, at the period to which we refer, on effecting a radical change in our scholastic system, and substituting a vegetable diet of modern language and the rudiments of science for the strong meat of Greek and Latin grammar. The “broad view”—the “little of everything” system—was at one time gaining ground among us, and many an unfortunate boy, who knew no grammar or language under heaven, might be seen attending lectures at a modern university on “Comparative Grammar,” and the “Philosophy of Language.” The mental training of a considerable portion of the present generation of middle-aged men was sacrificed to the anti-Latin movement.

Happily for England, just at the time when the public schools and their scholarship were falling into disrepute with the Liberal party, a man rose (whom no one could suspect of a blind attachment to worn-out systems) to advocate this cause. One of the greatest services which Dr. Arnold rendered to his country was that of laying bare to the public eye the real strength of the foundations on which our academical system rests, while he gladly and wisely made some concessions to the just claims of modern languages and mathematics. He, no doubt, prevented a pernicious revolution by a timely reform, and rescued our youth from the cramping influence of the antiquated grammar-school, and from the still worse fate of falling under a system formed on “first principles,” and the “rights of boys!” The influence of Dr. Arnold, like that of all truly great men, is a permanent one. His pupils—we might now say his *grand-pupils*—are working on his lines with excellent effect. Rugby, Harrow, Marlborough, and the newly-founded schools of Clifton and Hailebury, are conducted by disciples of the Arnold school; and many other institutions are imbued with a similar spirit.

Under such auspices a strong reaction has taken place in favour of public schools and classical learning; and it is now a rare thing, even amongst “advanced” Liberals, to hear accurate scholarship spoken of as an idle and worthless accomplishment. The best of the public schools are full to overflowing, and the list of some contain the names of candidates for entrance for many years to come.

It is worthy of remark that the same experience was passed through, with the same results, in Germany. The rapid increase of the mercantile classes of Prussia, in numbers and wealth, has led to the establishment of Real-Schulen, in which the studies prescribed are those supposed to be most necessary to a merchant. In the first zeal of the reaction against the Gymnasia or Classical Schools, the ancient languages, even Latin, were excluded alto-

gether. But it was soon found that the new system of feeding the mind did not produce sufficient stamina, and Latin has by common consent been replaced in the curriculum of the Real-Schulen.

Parallel with the quickened intellectual life in our public schools has run the conscious, systematic culture of the physical powers, by means of games, and above all of cricket. We have muscular pædagog, as well as “muscular Christianity;” and the model schoolmaster of the present day is expected to take a deep interest in the games of his scholars, and it is well if he is a good “bat” as well as a good scholar. In this direction, also, the Arnold school has taken a decided lead. Dr. Arnold himself recognized the great importance of a game which establishes more perfectly than any other the mutual correspondence and simultaneous action of eye and hand; which calls upon the player for the exercise, in rapid succession, of the most varied physical and moral qualities—of courage and prudence, of skill in avoiding and hardness in enduring pain—of ever ready, watchful patience in inactivity, and the power of passing in a moment to the intensest and most rapid action—of hopeful energy in the midst of discouragement, and moderation in the prospect of victory.

It is no slight honour and no small blessing to us, as a nation, that such a game should be traditional in our schools. It is not, on the surface, an attractive game. Beginners get little from it that can well be called amusement. It is an earnest, serious game, which suits neither the powers nor the taste of the weakling or the trifler—a game of which none but English boys can ever feel the charms. It is no injustice, we think, to say that the majority even of English boys require to be “kept up” to their cricket by a certain amount of compulsion on the part of their seniors, and that many a now devoted cricketer has been forced through the rudiments of the game by a pressure almost as strong as that under which he learned his Latin syntax.

It would be sad indeed if the general esteem in which this incomparable game is held should be forfeited, or even lessened, by the extravagance of those who indulge in it to excess. There is a danger of this. Instead of the noblest of *pastimes*, many a boy is seduced, by the rapid and brilliant reputation to be gained by eminence in the cricket-field, into making it his sole *pursuit*. And the consequence is that not boys only, but men, once capable of better things, may be seen wandering from match to match, throughout the country, whose whole discourse is of “legs” and “byes,” of “smacking,” “leather hunting,” and “collaring of balls”—who are only in their proper place at “Lord’s,” or the Kennington Oval. The fashionable world in London have much to answer for under this head. We need only pass from a “speech day” at Eton and Harrow to the annual cricket match between these two schools at Lord’s—and compare the apathetic, listless commendations bestowed on the prizemen at the former with the rapturous applause and the delighted shouts of “well hit,” or “well bowled,” with which rank and beauty greet the foremost players at the latter—to understand the force with which the ambitious youth is dragged from the path of knowledge and led to spend the whole force of mind and body on a game.

Professional players may be necessary as well as dancing-masters, and these must make cricket the main business of their lives; but when this is done by those who have, or might have, the advantages of school and college education, they are only so much superior to dancing-masters as cricket is better than dancing.—*London Review*.

9. LORD DERBY'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Pope's translation has a wonderful beauty about it, but if faithfulness to the text is to be accounted a merit in a translator, then Pope has failed in a remarkable degree. Lord Derby's work is noticeable for its transparent honesty. Good faith with the original is discerned everywhere throughout his version. Ease, directness and felicity of diction are also its qualifications in a pre-eminent degree. His style of language is clear, forcible and intelligible, and loses none of that “nobleness” which is the peculiar attribute of the Greek bard. As a specimen of ease and grace, together with a strict adherence to the Greek, we might quote Antenor's description of Ulysses, side by side with Menelaus, taken from Book III., page 98:—

“When both were standing o'er his comrade high
With broad set shoulders Menelaus stood;
Seated, Ulysses was the nobler form;
Then, in the great assembly, when to all
Their public speech and argument they fram'd
In fluent language Menelaus spoke,
In words though few, yet clear; though young in years
No wordy babbler, wasteful of his speech;
But when the skilled Ulysses rose to speak
With downcast visage would he stand, his eyes