

these would naturally teach their children their native tongue. The same thing had happened before when the Scandinavian adventurers who settled in Normandy married in that country. The manners of the Anglo-Saxons previous to their conversion to Christianity, are shown in the romance of "Beowulf"—supposed to have been composed before they left the continent—and also in early graves, drinking cups and buckets are frequently found: the former are made so that they will not stand upright, so that they must be emptied at a draught; and the latter were used to carry the ale or mead into the hall. The hall generally consisted of one apartment (the retainers using it at night as a sleeping-room), but sometimes it had an upper room, approached by a *steiger*, or stair. The house and its belongings were nearly always of wood; the only Anglo-Saxon words for building are, in fact, *timbrian*, and *atimbrian*, to make of timber. *Ham* was not the only term for the dwelling; as a residence, it was called *hūs*, from its chief room, *heal*; or as an enclosure *tūn* (origin of town). A Saxon never dined in private—it was considered disgraceful to do so. Seated on the *heahsetl*, or high seat, he dispensed a lavish hospitality, every one being welcome. The rude walls were often covered with hangings, sometimes richly ornamented, on which arms and trophies of the chase were hung. The fire was made in the middle of the apartment, the smoke finding its way out of an aperture in the roof. Wood was generally burned, though it is believed the Saxons were acquainted with the use of coal. Breakfasting about nine o'clock, the Anglo-Saxon was ready for his dinner or principal repast at three, after which was the *æfen-mæc*, or evening meal, the time for partaking of which is uncertain. Mr. Wright thinks the last-named meal was not originally in use among our Saxon forefathers. If the food was deficient in quality, it made up in quantity. The great oak forests fed large droves of swine, and bacon was largely eaten. Boiling seems to have been the chief mode of cooking meat, which was eaten with a great deal of bread (so that a servant was called *haft-æten*, or loaf-eater) and vegetables. Many of our culinary terms are Saxon, such as kettle (*cytel*), cook (*coc*), kitchen (*cycene*), and broth (*brod*). Wine (*wiu*, from Latin *vinum*) was used by the Saxons, though only on state occasions, a few only of the monasteries appearing to have had vineyards. While indulging in their potations, the Saxons had various persons to afford them amusement, such as the *hearpere*, or harper; *pipere*, or piper; *gligman*, or gleeman. Minstrels were always welcomed to the hall, and for this reason spies generally came in this disguise. They had also the game of *tefel*, supposed to have been like hackgammon, to beguile weary hours either in the hall or the bowers of the ladies. The beds in the latter were of the rudest description, and generally consisted merely of a bench with a sack filled with straw placed upon it, hence the words for this article were *bene* (a bench) and *strow* (straw.) People went to bed perfectly naked, and the bed-clothes consisted of a sheet (*scyte*) and a coverlet (*bed-felt*.) It is surprising to find that hot baths were frequently used, derived probably from the Romans. Marriage was treated as a civil institution among the Anglo-Saxons; it is not, therefore, surprising that when a couple disagreed after marriage, they could readily separate and marry again. Nevertheless, Mr. Wright says, "The Saxon woman in every class of society possessed those characteristics which are still considered to be the best traits of the character of English women; she was the attentive housewife, the tender companion, the comforter and consoler of her husband and family, the virtuous and noble matron." It is a pity that ladies did not treat their servants better; there is little doubt that, as a rule, the fair sex used their slaves (for they were nothing else) very cruelly.—*Chambers's Journal*.

*Gossip about great writers and their Haunts.*—The writer of the "Piccadilly Papers" in London Society, discoursing of "Literary Nooks," contents that it is always an interesting point to determine the *habitat* of a great writer, to compare the writings with the surroundings, to see how the author has reproduced the scenery, and how the scenery has affected the writer.—And he adds: We like to think of our writers of pleasant fiction writing under pleasant circumstances. So Dickens wrote in his *Swiss chalet*, and Lord Lytton in the Summer-house on the margin of his lake. We can very well imagine how Thackeray's notes were made, if not written out; in lodgings, in cabs, in boarding-houses, in his bedroom after heavy dinner parties, in the writing rooms of clubs, and so on. The late Mr. Lever, whose loss we all sincerely deplore, left the track of his travels on all his writings. As an Irish surgeon he gave us rollicking Irish stories, and when he went abroad he took his readers abroad with him. His political friends sent him to Spezzia and Trieste, much as Shiel was sent to Florence,

or Mr. Hanny to Barcelona. Then he gave us the scenery of Northern Italy and of the shores of the Adriatic. So, too, Mr. Trollope utilized all his travels for the post-office in that long series of stories, which, on the whole, have quite a cosmopolitan character. Poor Lever was moving about London only a few months ago as blithe and fresh looking as ever, though we now know that for him health and happiness were both gone. He had lost his wife, and his doctors had told him that he was hopelessly diseased. From first to last how boyish was his nature! And what a patriotic nature was his, from first to last trying to make Ireland understood, and to render her such service as a novelist might render.

The public doubtless take a great interest in Mr. Tennyson. A friend of mine was once staying at a country inn where the great man was also putting up. As my friend reclined in an arbor, he was more surprised than gratified by observing that various surreptitious peeps were taken of him by the people of the place, and compliments were freely passed on his magnificent brow, his intellectual eyes, and his wildly poetic hair. My friend was doubtless gratified that his personal qualifications were so liberally recognized, but the feeling must have been modified on learning that such compliments were not intended for him but for the Laureate. I have frequently "made tracks" by accident upon Mr. Tennyson in pretty scenery, and I find that he always likes retiredness. And he must find it hard to get. He was driven by the tourists from his pretty house near Freshwater; and I remorsefully recollect that, when I had the Tennysonian fever in my youth, I persuaded the gardener to give us some of his flowers, but at the time he was far away in Portugal. And the public follow him to his new home, which I will not indicate.

The little Norman Isle of Jersey has memories—strangely parallel memories—after the lapse of two centuries. Here came Edward Hyde, Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of England, Chancellor of Human Nature, in want, neglect, and, I am afraid, some natural bad temper, that perverted his political views, to write his "History of the great Rebellion." I have examined his manuscripts at the Bodleian, written in a beautiful Italian hand, and so closely that one page of manuscript would include many of Mr. Combe's type. Two centuries later—and yet those days to me always seem so near—Victor Hugo came here, a literary exile, and playing a narrower part in politics, and a larger one over the imagination. Victor Hugo has a natural affinity, of the wisest kind, for human nature, especially Gallic nature. Clarendon affects only its loftier types. He is picturesque, he is even Dantesque. Strafford wears his imperial aspect, Falkland his melancholy smile. We see the frown on the corrugated brow of the Protector, and the laughter on the harsh lineaments of the younger Charles.

Then there are some spots of learned and religious retreat, which have a peculiar charm, as in the ancient cloisters and embowered shades of our Universities. What Oxonian has not lingered in the long avenue that takes its name from Addison? In the Broad Walk one chiefly thinks of Locke, perhaps the greatest man that Oxford ever produced, and for centuries accepted on the Continent as the only exponent of English philosophy. I suppose the Lime Avenue at Trinity College and the Broad Walk at Christ Church might be covered with the compositions dedicated to them. I am fond of that silent pictured solitude, the library of Christ Church; and there, I believe, the present Dean used to go and work at six o'clock in the morning, at the mighty Lexicon which he was basing upon Passow.

—*Narrow Teachers.*—The complaint is often heard that teachers become fussy, arbitrary and narrow in their views, and good for nothing else. And this statement is true, except the last clause, for if one has fallen into that condition, he is certainly unfit to teach. Such, doubtless, is the tendency in this profession; but it can be resisted, and that successfully. There is, however, but one way in which to do it, and that is by a persistent and liberal culture of the mind. I have, in my experience, met with many teachers whose society was as rich and genial as any I have ever found; but this has always come of constant mental activity and discipline. Believe me, teachers, by this means, and by this only, can you resist the narrowing influence of your work. You must learn to wield a free and intelligent judgment in various spheres. You may, for instance, even in the midst of your work, by a proper training of mind and heart, possess tastes that shall be so far consonant with the true principles of art as to catch the inspirations of nature. Sympathy with nature is one of the most potent preventives of the evils to which I have alluded. A teacher, further more, should be in constant communication with the great masters of thought, especially in our own language. To neglect this seems to me inexcusable. It argues a smallness of mind and perversion of taste that