

be unprepared altogether. It also gives one habits of self-culture,—this is the grand object of education, and nowhere are there greater facilities for it than in College. It is the object for which we come. And whilst here, it is the only thing that engages, or at least ought to engage our attention. I need not dwell, however, on the advantages of education, as in the present day it is conceded by all, and we need to go no further than our Latin grammar to learn “that to have faithfully studied the liberal arts softens the manners, and does not allow them to be rude.”

From personal experience I cannot say much. It has not been my good fortune to wander along the classic banks of the Isis or the Cam, to stroll across the meadows of Christ's church, or to flaunt my gown on the High, to join my voice on commemoration day with the crowds of lusty young Englishmen, who interrupt the sonorous Latin periods of the head of the University by giving “three cheers for the ladies in pink bonnets,” or, when some eminent man is introduced for a degree, to sing out “non placet,” and to bother the old gentleman by particular enquiries after his health, or to ask him why he carries an umbrella. But, in imagination I have been transported thither.

“In day dreams of the roving wish,
The Cherwell's bank I've trod,
Have pulled an oar on Isis tide,
Or strayed with gun and rod,
Have taken rooms, burglarious thought;
Called quiet Corpus mine;
And won a prize, Ye double first,
Forgive the bold design.”

Whilst I say it has not been my good fortune to mingle in such scenes as these, and to loiter about these places, hallowed as they are by old associations, as the fosterers of all that has been good and great in England's history—for, to the Church and Crown the Universities have been ever loyal; yet, whilst humbler scenes have been mine, perhaps they have been no less happy, for even here a shoot of the old tree has been planted; and although in our wintry climate the tree of learning may not be so luxuriant, still it will be hardier, and rude will be the blast that will uproot it from our soil.

College life in Windsor, in all that is peculiar to College life, cannot differ much from Oxford; for we, like them, have Hall and Chapel. The mode of living in rooms is somewhat similar, and the same field of study is open to us both. The first thing every day is Chapel at half-past six; even of a winter morning, our dreams are disturbed by the unwelcome sound of a bell, and whilst we are inwardly execrating it, in comes an ancient party, bearing in one hand a candle, and in the other a coal scuttle; he delivers his usual morning message—“The first bell's gone, Sir”; your first inclination is to ask him where it has gone to, but for this you are too sleepy, and you continue your dreams about bells; you fancy that you see it walking down the lane, then you think that perhaps somebody has taken it away, at any rate it is a matter of congratulation that you will not be again disturbed by it. You no sooner, however, think this, than you are again awakened by it, to find that the old man's information that the bell is gone, is only a metaphor he makes use of to signify that the bell has rung.

And now a feat takes place that would astonish the wizard of the north. In less time than it takes to describe, you finish your toilet, and are transported almost immediately from a warm bed to a cold Chapel. To perform this feat the clothes have to be specially prepared on retiring. And so practised do some become, that they have been known to take a nap after the bell begins, and still be in time. And this Chapel is one of the pleasant features of College life; for, like the Levites of old, we are able “to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.” Chapel over, so inconsistent a creature is man that he anxiously waits for the same bell to call him to break his fast, whose ringing a short time ago gave him such annoyance. We will not linger over the breakfast table. The rest of the day is occupied with study and lectures; and at four o'clock, if there is no cricket, we either start for a constitutional or a promenade on the Windsor Broad-