

coughing. . . . 5.15. The hardest lesson in the week—Cicero on the proofs of creative Providence. I had glanced at Whewell's Bridgewater treatise on astronomy, and had found the place in Bentley's lecture where he follows Cicero's argument against Lucretius . . . told them about Ptolemy, Copernicus, Newton, Laplace, etc. D. came to borrow a volume of Bentley. My pigeons go forth and bring back little sprays from the olive tree of truth, which it is so hard for an elderly man cumbered with vanity, mannerism and authority to approach. *Fiam lenior accedente senecta*. Ten hours work to-day, some of it fatiguing, but only because of the east wind."

One more day in part, February 9th, 12.40. "F. Wood (a pupil) and I went out, rife and tie, up the bank of the still cold river, taking it by turns to give Myrtle a canter, in which the dogs shared. . . . At Surley Corner was a regular picture—a barge laden with wood, with the slenderest thread of smoke at each end; one horse pulling it down stream, the poplars behind. Myrtle and her glowing young rider in the foreground. Galloped back in time to release the captive (a boy detained) who had done nine verses in Cassandra; alone for forty minutes, finished Latin prose work; then came S. Lyttleton with a bit of Greek prose done from Hooker, rather a good job. Then Hale for a gossip. Then I wrote a vicious letter to the Windsor paper about the unbearable filthiness of the college streets. 3.45. Small boys came for verses, etc. . . . and I read sundry bits of Greek and Latin and choice bits of Motley's Dutch Republic, though wishing to sleep." 7° (working with some boys on the history of Philip II.). "So they were introduced . . . to my favorite doctrine about chivalry—that it is a sentiment engendered by literature, and never fairly developed until the sixteenth century when men read the Bible and Plutarch. . . . 8°. . . . Then we got into a sublime passage, where Socrates says that Apollo has made him a philosopher, and quotes the story of Achilles telling his mother that he will avenge his friend even though she foretells that he must die. . . . I made them see that this was a wonderful thing for Socrates to say, that even then literature was a well-spring of noble thoughts; that the record of his words stirred Cicero, and he, through