

Notes and Queries.

NEW BOOKS.

PROF. TYNDALL AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

MR. GLADSTONE'S ECCLESIASTICAL LATIN.—Alluding to the paragraph in Notes and Queries of the 24th Inst., headed "Mr. Gladstone's Ecclesiastical Latin," I beg leave to say that a reference by your correspondent, stating where Mr. Gladstone's version of the hymn may be seen, would be most obliging. I have been in quest of it for years, in vain.

I am, sir,
Your most ob'dt. servant,
JAMES OGILVY.

OTTAWA, 27th May, 1873.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—In answer to an inquiry of a correspondent in your last number, I may mention that the above quotation is due to Nathaniel Lee, who flourished in 1692. The text, as he has it, is—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."
SIGMA.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—Your correspondent "I" will find the original of "When Greek Meets Greek" in Nathaniel Lee's "Alexander the Great," the correct reading of which is—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."
It was written about the year 1670.

A SUBSCRIBER.

QUEBEC, 26th May, 1873.

24. "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK," &c.—I believe that the quotation, "When Greek meets Greek," etc., is to be found in "The Rival Queens," a tragedy, if I am not mistaken, by Nathaniel Lee, who as already been mentioned by another correspondent.

M. S. M.

Kingston.

25. "HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY," &c.—"Query" is right in stating that these lines do not belong to Hudibras. They are to be found in a book published in 1655. The couplet in Hudibras is this:

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The same idea is expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek poet, which has been preserved, embodies the same thought in a single line.

Q. ASTOR.

ULTIMA RATIO REGUM.—This celebrated motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

L.

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY; OR, THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICETUS, AND CHRUSA EPE OF PYTHAGORAS.—Translated into English Prose and Verse. By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. Montreal: John Lovell.

The two Greek books which Mr. Talbot lays before his readers in a verse translation, are among the least known of their kind. They are seldom or never included in the course of classical education, and for this reason, if for no other, the translator who places them in a popular form before the student would deserve credit for a task of no inconsiderable magnitude. Mr. Talbot has, however, done something more than this. Not satisfied with giving merely the English text of the Precepts of the Philosophers, he supplements them with references to Scripture illustrating and sustaining their maxims in a manner which has the merit of comparative novelty, and which must signally aid the student in tracing the analogy between the doctrines of Epicetetus and Pythagoras and the teachings of Holy Writ. Each section of the Enchiridion is prefaced by a brief Analytical Illustration or resumé of contents, and the whole is supplemented with explanatory notes. The Chrusa Epe is treated much in the same manner. The author's poetry is not, perhaps, exactly of the first order, but this is after all a secondary matter. In his main object, viz.: "in rendering the Precepts of Epicetetus attractive to the English reader," his success is all that he can desire.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Overland is the only magazine that has come to hand this month. It contains a very readable class of literature, the greater part of which is in reference to Californian matters. Such articles are "The Comstock Lode," which gives the history of this large vein of silver ore from its discovery; an admirable paper on the Modoc Indians, in which we find much that is new and interesting at the present time, particularly the allusions made to the miserable reservation management which has been in existence for so many years past; an article on the "Commercial and Monetary interests of California"; the second part of "One of the Argonauts of '49," in which an affecting description is given of an execution in those early days. Other peculiarly western articles are "Overland in the Sixteenth Century," an account of the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca across the continent—"Margaret Hemming," "An Old Fool," and "The Padre's Ruse." "The House that Jack Built" is one of those quaint prose sketches in which Stoddart excels. "The Man-Fanciers," an ingenious paper on natural selection, is well worth perusing. The July number of the Overland commences the eleventh volume.

The Crystal Palace directors seem determined to make Sydenham the home of English opera, and to do everything in their power to foster the taste for lyrical performances amongst their numerous visitors. Quite lately an afternoon representation was given of Auber's "Crown Diamonds," supported by Miss Blanche Cole as La Catarina, Miss Thirlwall as Diana, Messrs. Nordom, Fox, Cotte, H. Corri and Rowella in their respective characters of Don Henrique, the Count, Don Sebastian, Rebollo, and Barbugo.

During his stay in America, Prof. Tyndall of course visited the Falls of Niagara, where he met with an adventure such as seldom falls to the lot of visitors to this fashionable and favourite place of resort. He thus describes the incident in question: "On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. 'Can you lead me there to-morrow?' I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with grey in his whiskers in such an undertaking. 'I wish,' I added, 'to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavour to follow.' His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, 'very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow.' On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair, I stripped wholly, and re-dressed according to instructions, drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oilcloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested. We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone edge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a most formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, 'This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe.' He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, 'Now come on.' I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom in places of difficulty to put the possibility of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself towards the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water. The oilcloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. 'No traveller,' he said, 'was ever here before.' Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock."—Macmillan's Magazine.

The worst kind of blackguard is, in our opinion, the man who cannot behave decently in church. On most minds—even on those of the rowdy class—there is something in the sanctity of a building devoted to the service of God which has a quieting and hallowing influence. Put your genuine rowdy in church—in a church of any denomination—while service is going on, he is instantly quieted. If he does not behave exactly *comme il faut*, his conduct is at least decorous. Put a man of the "gent" class—one of the fraternity who indulge in intensely loud neckties and impossible waistcoats—in the same place and he will behave like the cad he is. An illustration of the latter case occurred only last Sunday in the Jesuit Church in this city which terminated in what might have been, had the scene been laid anywhere else, a most ludicrous discomfiture of the "gent." It was Whitsunday and a large congregation were present at the evening service. A member of the genus "cad" who happened to be present indulged in some unseemly and altogether high-toned remarks respecting the decoration of the altar. His observations were made in so loud a key that they attracted the notice of a great part of the congregation. Finally the talking became so loud that an ecclesiastic came down and informed our cad that two policemen were in waiting on the steps of the church to convey into duance vile any blackguards who might happen to interrupt the service. Our cad subsided at once, and several of his confreres who had been during the service persistently staring at the choir at the back of the church assumed the position which gentlemen usually take during divine service. Perhaps it was the first time they ever took position as gentlemen. Who can say?

A TONGUELESS GIRL ENDOWED WITH SPEECH.—In the province of Alentigo (Portugal) there is a girl of twenty who, though deprived of her tongue, speaks and sings as well as if she possessed that organ. Medical men and savans flock from all parts to visit this curiosity. A witty and irreverent bachelor of Coimbra sees nothing very wonderful in that circumstance, contending that the marvel is not that a tongueless woman should speak, but rather that any woman with a tongue should keep silence. He has composed the following satirical distich:

"Non mirum elinguis mulier quod verba loquatur;
Mirum cum lingua quod taceat mulier."

WHO'S BORN TO BE HANGED, &c.—In the "Tempest," Act. 1, Scene 1, Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Gonzalo the words, "If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable," and further on, "I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell." Also, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act 1, Scene 1, occur the lines:

"Go, go, begone to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd for a drier death on shore."

Each of these is an unquestionable reference to the old adage, "Who's born to be hang'd will ne'er be drown'd." Can any of your contributors give me any information as to the authorship and antiquity of this adage?

I also find in the "Tempest," the words, "Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him." Perhaps some one may be able to tell what this drowning mark was.

B.