

Service, 10. Total—Oxford, 144; Cambridge, 114; India, 10 grand total, 268.—*Rugby Meteor*.

The assistant masters of Rugby School have commissioned Mr. Woolner to execute a bust of Dr. Temple, to be placed in the Arnold Library. The boys intend presenting him with a testimonial. Old Rugbeians have also signified their desire to testify their personal regard for Dr. Temple. He will also receive a congratulatory address from the friendly societies of the neighbourhood at a public dinner on the 1st, instant.

LITERATURE.

POETRY

CHRISTMAS.

A happy Christmas to every one !
Though from the festal board some guests are gone
And yet not gone, for to each vacant place
There cometh one who hath an angel's face !
And there is left a store of life and love—
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas tide ; and let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from every door
If in our heart there's strife with kith or friend
For Jesus' sake let the contention end—
So ere the year is hidden with its pall
Thank we the Lord to be at peace with all.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

GLOOMY night embrac'd the place
Where the noble Infant lay ;
The Babe look'd up and show'd His face—
In spite of darkness it was day.

We saw Thee in thy balmy nest
Bright dawn of our eternal day !
We saw Thine eyes break from the East,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we bless'd the sight,
We saw Thee by thine own sweet light.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye ;
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.

Yet when young April's husband-show'rs
Shall bless the faithful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flow'rs
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head :
To Thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed their sheep.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

The Philology of the English Language.

In an interesting review of Cleasby's Icelandic Dictionary, the *Times* remarks that if anything is certain in English philology it is this—that numberless forms and words and phrases come into our modern English from a Norse, and not from any Anglo-Saxon, influence. How in the name of Saints Priscian and Scholastica could it be otherwise ? Did the Danes, who conquered and owned half of Britain from the Firth of Forth into the heart of Mercia, who left their mark behind them in Rugby, and who had settlements all round the coast—at Tenby, for instance—strangely, enough, Cleasby in Yorkshire, owes its name to Scandinavian settlers—did the Danes, we say, forget their own tongue and learn that of the conquered race ? We know that they did not ; we know, on the contrary, that many forms of the

verb substantive, *are*, for instance, are Norse, and not Saxon terms ; that *egg* is not Saxon, but Norse ; that the termination *by* is no Saxon ending—*Whitby*, for instance, changed its name from Streoneshalch, and Derby did the same ; that the *or* in Upnor, and Bognor, and Walsingor, near Portsmouth, and the *er* in Walmer are Norse terminations, meaning a raised beach of shingle ; that “ait” is Norse with the final *t* which marks the neuter gender of the substantive added. It is needless to multiply examples. The fact is known to every true philologist, and this dictionary will still further establish it. What is *gowpen* in Scotch—that strange word for the hollow of the hand, or the hollow of both palms turned outward—but the Icelandic *gaupn*, which means the same thing, and is pronounced in the same way, and what is *glair* but the Icelandic *gler* ? What are all the adverbs in *a-* but remains of the Scandinavian *â*, a form which has been falsely ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon *on* ? Is it not more natural to suppose that such forms as *a-thwart*, *a-broad*, *a-long*, *a-ground* should be Scandinavian remains, as their Icelandic representatives still exist, than that they should be derived from Anglo-Saxon equivalents which have nothing to show for themselves either in the old or the modern language ? The fact is that even before the Norman conquest the Anglo-Saxon had yielded to the Scandinavian infusion in the north of England. As the races were governed by their own laws, so they had their own forms of speech, understanding one another, perhaps, as Swede and Dane partially understand one another at the present day, but still distinct and different. After the Conquest there was a general scramble of race and dialect, and in many cases, as there was no longer any court and official West Saxon dialect to coerce it, the Scandinavian forms and words got the better of pure Anglo-Saxon not only in the north, but all over England. It is because there is so large an infusion of Scandinavian into modern English that the appearance of this dictionary is so valuable to an English philologist.

Uncertain Distribution of Honours.

We have seen how extremely unequal and uncertain is the commemoration, or absence of commemoration, of our famous men. It is this which renders the interment or notice within our walls a dubious honour, and makes the Abbey, after all, but an imperfect monument of greatness. But it is this also which gives to it that perfectly natural character of which any artificial collection is entirely destitute. In the Valhalla of Bavaria every niche is carefully portioned out ; and if a single bust is wanting from the catalogue of German worthies, its absence becomes the subject of a literary conversation, and the vacant space is at last filled. Not so in the Abbey ; there, as in English institutions generally, no fixed rule has been followed. Graves have been opened or closed, monuments erected, from the most various feelings of the time. It is the general wave only that has borne in the chief celebrities. Viewed in this way, the absences of which we speak have a touching significance of their own. They are eloquent of the force of domestic and local affection over the desire for metropolitan or cosmopolitan distinction—eloquent of the force of the political and ecclesiastical prejudices at the moment—eloquent also of the strange caprices of the English public. Why are men so famous as *as* Burke and Peel amongst statesmen, as Pope and Gray, Wordsworth and Southey amongst poets, not in the Statesmen's or the Poets' Corner ? Because the patriarchal feeling in each of these men, so different each from the other, yet alike in this, drew them from the neighbourhood of the great, with whom they consorted in the tumult of life, to the graves of father and mother, or beloved child, far away to the country churchyards where they severally repose—in each, perhaps, not unmingled with a longing desire for a simple resting place which is expressed in Pope's epitaph on himself at Twickenham. Why is it that Montague, Earl of Sandwich, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, restorers of the monarchy, Archbishop Usher, the glory of the Irish Church, Clarendon, the historian of the Great Rebellion, rest here with no contemporary monument, three of them with none at all ? That blank void tells again in the bare stones the often-repeated story of the ingratitude of Charles II. towards those to whom he owed so much and gave so little. Why is it that poets like Coleridge, Scott, and Burns, astronomers like Herschel, discoverers like Harvey and Bell, have no memorial ? Because, for the moment, the fashion of public interment had drifted away from the Abbey, or lost heed of departing greatness in other absorbing interests, or ceased to regard proportion in the distribution of sepulchral honours. It is well that this should be so. Westminster Abbey is, as Dr. Johnson well said, the natural resting-place of those great men who have no bond elsewhere. Its metropolitan position has, in this respect, powerfully contributed to its fame. But even London is, or ought to be, insignificant compared with England. Even Westminster