

learnt, or that he hoped thereby to soften the feelings of his hearers towards himself, I know not; if it was the latter he signally failed, for it brought such ridicule and so many books upon his head that he was forced to jump down and make speedy escape from his tormentors.

Some popular song with a noisy chorus, which all knew, was what the

boys wanted, and if a new fellow could hit upon one of this description and sing it well, he would rise in the favour of the old boys and be "encored" again and again. The singing was invariably kept up by the boys when in bed until a late hour, or until the house-master could no longer put up with the noise.

(To be continued.)

THE HERO OF THE ÆNEID.

An Unfinished Sketch in Water-colours.

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THE circumstance that Virgil wrote nineteen hundred years ago does not exempt him from praise and should not relieve him from blame. It is luck enough for him to have escaped the reviewers for seventeen or eighteen centuries, and then for a century or two more to have his faults mainly charged to his translators. A mixed chorus of free and servile choristers has unceasingly chanted the beauty of his similes, the grace of his episodes, the music of his numbers. His shade—may it never grow less!—can well afford to condone a few irreverent observations upon one of his creations.

The First Book of the Æneid, it will be remembered, describes a storm at sea; the shipwreck of Æneas on the coast of Africa; the apparition of his mother, Venus, who leads him in a mist into the presence of Dido, Queen of Carthage; the hospitable reception of the Trojans by that lady, who, after dinner, requests Æneas to relate his past adventures. It was during the storm that the hero uttered his first recorded groan (verse 93) and,

stretching his hands to the stars, lamented that he had not fallen like a soldier beneath the high walls of Troy. He uttered this sentiment "*with his voice*," the poet states expressly, apparently for fear we should conceive that the pious hero with his outstretched hands was talking on his fingers to the constellations in that supreme moment. After the shipwreck (verse 221) he more unselfishly bemoaned his comrades, believed to have perished. In verse 459, he wept when he beheld his countrymen's deeds depicted on the frieze of a Carthaginian temple. On this occasion his emotion was violent: "he groaned many times and bedewed his face with a copious flood" (v. 465). He burst out afresh (v. 470) when he saw a picture of some tents. At the representation of Hector dragged round the walls of Troy his groaning, we are told, was "immense." It is not hard to guess why we have no portraits of distinguished Trojans—the tears of two or three pious heroes of this kind would have mildewed a myriad albums.