

seemed so dry at first. In this way, moreover, you will the sooner appreciate the superiority of the modern natural system to the Linnæan or artificial, helpful though you may for a time find the latter in determining unknown plants.

On the same enlightened principle, the old fashion of teaching the Greek and Roman tongues is being gradually superseded. Young beginners are no longer mystified and disgusted by being set to learn like parrots whole pages of Latin rules—dreary abstractions, which convey little or no idea to boyish minds, because they have never yet felt the need of them or seen their application. Let a boy begin to translate easy Latin as soon as possible, and then the subtleties of grammatical rules will dawn upon him one by one as he sees their practical working in the construction of sentences. So shall he escape headaches many, to say nothing of other and sharper pains and penalties. It will be a happy day for the rising generation when this truth becomes generally recognised.

But to return. A few weeks of this discursive botanical training gave us a tolerable insight into the science, and taught us to use our eyes to some purpose. A new zest was added to our rambles, and we were stimulated to get on by the novelty and innate attraction of the subject, by the pleasure of forming a self-made collection of dried plants, and by emulation—for in matters of this sort the charm is doubled by companionship. We made many pleasant excursions, when the more weighty claims of cricket did not stand in the way: sometimes in parties of two or three, and sometimes the whole class together, under the guidance of the head master, like the open-air lectures of the geological professor at Oxford.

I recollect particularly one whole holiday, a beautiful day in early autumn, spent in this way with a fellow enthusiast. We started early for London Bridge, and went down by S. E. R. to Redhill, spending an hour in examining the flora of that sandy district, which, in spite of its rubicund colouring, belongs geologically to the lower greensand formation. Re-entering what our American cousins call the "cars," we were deposited at Betchworth, and immediately proceeded to climb the long range of hills, selecting that on which stands Betchworth Clump. Here we feasted our eyes on the lovely view which stretches right across the Weald to the distant and parallel range of the South Downs on the Sussex coast, one of which—Chanctonbury Ring—is crowned with a corresponding clump. Being English school-boys, of course our first operation was to cut our initials on one of the beech trees. This ceremony being duly performed, we encountered and slew a great snake which had just swallowed a frog, and then began rolling stones down a most tempting declivity, where we could watch them descending with portentous leaps into the depths of the valley beneath; and which, I may observe *en passant*, is sometimes rather a dangerous amusement.

But it suddenly struck us that we had come out to botanize: so, keeping along the brow of the downs, we made our way to Box Hill, filling our cases as we went with plants, such, for instance, as

the delicate yellow wort (*Chlora perfoliata*), which on chalky hills most do congregate. This celebrated hill presents an almost faultless specimen of thoroughly English scenery. Fresh beauties are disclosed at every turn; and however familiar these Surrey hills may be, one never grows weary of them. The acres of over-arching indigenous box-trees are a sight entirely unique in this country.

After a fruitless hunt for wild strawberries and raspberries, which are often to be found hereabouts, we descended along the crest of a narrow ridge to the far-famed hostelry of Burford Bridge. This is one of the few surviving old-fashioned, rambling, quiet, roadside houses, where they make you feel quite at home, and where, in peaceful forgetfulness of railways, and bustle, and the nineteenth century, you can perfectly enter into the hackneyed saying of Falstaff, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" With many bows and smiles from the elderly and somewhat obese waiter, we were ushered into a cheerful room, whose creeper-covered windows opened into the pretty garden, and in a very short time were displaying our school-boy skill in knife and fork exercise. O, how hungry we were! Never did I taste such delicious chops. Never did cheese and home-brewed ale seem half so good as on that sunny afternoon at Burford Bridge. We reclined awhile on the shady lawn, and then resumed our march across the sluggish Mole, whose banks yielded us several water-loving flowers. A few minutes' walk brought us to Box Hill station, from which we were conveyed to Shalford, and then started afresh to walk to Guildford. In the narrow lanes and old chalkpits we obtained plants of a different character, and before long we found ourselves overlooking the picturesque old red brick county town and its well-watered vale, bathed in the glowing hues of the setting sun. After a parting foray on the grassy hills and among some ancient walls, we went down into the quaint High Street for a refreshing cup of tea, and then returned by the S. W. R., the Guildford branch of which runs over heaths and moors.

We were fairly tired out by the time we got back to school. But our holiday was well spent. Our trip had taken us through very varied scenery; the harmless excitement and fresh country air had done us good, both mentally and bodily; we had added considerably to our stock of botanical and topographical knowledge; and the spoils of that expedition are still preserved in my herbarium. If these lines should happen to meet the eye of my companion on that day (not our only raid together), I doubt not he will agree with me that it was one long to be remembered and to be marked with a white stone.

LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON.

THE truth as regards Lord Clarendon is, that just as there exist two Charles Stuarts in the popular mind, so there exist two Clarendons—one real and repulsive, one ideal and delightful. Every one is familiar with the ideal image of the Merrie Monarch. A bright young gentleman he is—a young Apollo, blithe and debonair—with a rosy cheek and a

laughing eye, a fall of loose brown curls round his gracelessly graceful brow—gay, roystering, reckless, generous. Another figure, somewhat more close to nature and the books, is that of a dark old man, bald and bewigged, eyes black with debauchery, face sallow, saturnine and pinched—a man hobbling to the grave in the midst of a rout of gamblers and courtezans, who wrangle with each other and play false to him—a king ready to sell his country to its enemies, and give up his religion for a bribe—a prince to whom no man was ever attached, and no woman ever true. So, in a less startling fashion, is it with the Merrie Monarch's illustrious Chancellor. There is the Clarendon that Mr. Ward has painted. An aged cavalier, in rich but sober garb, with a bearing singularly sweet and dignified, is seen in the act of passing from the palace-steps towards a dark, soft alley of evergreens—passing from storm into repose, from statesmanship to letters, from the rivalry of Buckingham to the rivalry of Raleigh—passing from the heights of power amidst the jeers of Castlemaine and of the harlots, mountebanks, and pages, all the riffraff of a court in which to be honest was to be undone. The aged Chancellor in the Whitehall Gardens, the pensive author in his Jersey exile, is one figure that starts up when the name of Clarendon is heard—a figure which, in its surroundings of lasciviousness and shame, stands out as eminently gracious, and indeed as eminently noble. Yet this is no more the true Clarendon than the theatrical Charles is the true Charles. It is an incident, not a character; it is a costume, not a man. A less attractive Clarendon makes his bow to us in the guise of sharp, shrewd lawyer Hyde; able, oratorical, unscrupulous; eager to do right when it serves his turn; willing to do wrong when that course serves him better; a patriot from conviction while the crown is blind to his great merits; a royalist more kingly than the king when his convictions are bought with place; a man bent on achieving a great success in life; thankful, as the more modern patriot was, but in ampler style, as behoves his ampler gifts and opportunities, that he has a cause, a country, and a conscience to vend; a man capable of virtue, but under every seduction to go right, free to make the best bargain in his power for himself and for his family; disposed for a consideration to do many things which he has not the courage to defend, to take pudding where he cannot accept praise; capable also, when he ceases to act and begins to write, of boldly mis-stating facts and words, of traducing character, of suppressing truth; in short, a man who, for his private gain, can propose to himself systematically and on deliberate calculation to live a lie and to write a lie.—*Athenæum*.

MY INDIAN BEDROOM AND VALET.

If any reader should harbour in his imagination the idea that in India we are accustomed to woo balmy slumber in a chamber in any way approximating to an English bedroom, let me at once divest him of the pleasing hallucination. Truly

charming and delightful is a well-favoured snuggery of that kind, with its thick carpet, with its gigantic Arabian or four-post bedstead, and its mountains of grateful bedding, perpetually under a "snowy range" of the whitest counterpane; its luxurious curtains, with their ample folds to ward off the intrusive admission of chilling blasts; then the windows carefully closed from obnoxious night air, and robed in with a superabundance of dimity. The mahogany wash-hand-stand, too, with marbled top, and its glittering array of classically designed porcelain; the toilet table with its stately mirror, and the incrustation of richly-tinted bottles, ivory-backed brushes, and other apparatus for the efficient administration of the *chevelure*; not to forget the snug fireplace, the easy chairs, and other ceteras for comfort. Charming, indeed, in old England are all these; but for India, such luxurious indulgences conduce rather to apoplexy and are suggestive of many horrors.

Our *chambres à coucher* are singularly devoid of any "figurative and ornamental furniture." Dire necessity, unless we would range with the native domestics, who slumber on the bare floor, compels a cot, which exhibits rare simplicity in its composition—four legs, four sides, on which are stretched broad tape to support the toughest and the thinnest of mattresses, filled with cocoa-nut fibres, most unfavourable to the human anatomy, save in its property of coolness. Sheets are banished, or rather, are covered with a fine thin smooth matting, on which we throw our wearied frames to court repose. A basket-chair, a tripod, and a small table, together with a mat on the floor, complete the furniture of our bedroom.

There, on that cot, we love to gaze upwards on the waving punkah as it floats to and fro. Its ample founce, generally supplemented by an auxiliary reef, which would touch the bed were it not kept in motion, engenders a pleasant breeze, and acts effectually as police against the molestations of mosquitoes. But oh! ugh! phew! and with other such startling exclamations, I awake. I find the founce quiescent on my face. I am boiling—simmering—with a legion of mosquitoes revelling on my emaciated frame, and singing in joyful harmony at my melting state. Ha, ha! the lazy punkah-puller, heedless of his duty, has resigned himself to sleep, and left me to simmer in utter helplessness. The careless cause of my ills lies in the verandah, and a thick wall (through an aperture in which the rope passes) renders him secure from the projection of any missile. A sally into the verandah, with the prospect of immolating a few cockroaches with my bare feet, or having my legs made climbing poles for ambulative scorpions and itinerant centipedes, is made in utter desperation, and the punkah-puller is resuscitated by external applications of a varied but most effective nature. This temporary adjournment having frequently to be repeated, forms a pleasing episode in an Indian night's entertainment.

At times we may rejoice in less somnolent punkah-pullers; but with all the waving of the founce, the heat is so intense, and nothing but a hot blast is poured upon one, that we are forced to cry, "Hold,