



THE  
SPIRIT LAMP.

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# The Spirit Lamp.

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No. I.

MAY 6, 1892.

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## EDITORIAL.

*To Members of the University.*

SIR OR MADAM,

A supply creates a demand; or the following pages might never have been written.

We offer to all, and sell to our readers only, a Periodical combining the advantages of good Print, good Grammar, and good Intentions.

Had these qualities been better appreciated, there can be no doubt that the want of such a periodical would have been more generally felt.

This want the *SPIRIT LAMP* will endeavour to supply. In a University like this a paper should not, we think, aim at Originality. Truthfulness, Modesty, and general Solidity, are the virtues it may be expected to realise. We shall therefore be sparing of News, Invective and Puffs Poetical.

To divulge an aim is to put a premium upon failure; otherwise we should hasten to add that to be Typical rather than Topical is our highest aspiration.

It cannot be understood too early, nor repeated too often, that the views of the Editor (who is not responsible for those

of his contributors) are profoundly Unpolitical, Unsocial, Illiterate, and Unathletic. He pledges his word not to open any charity subscription in these columns. He has no connection with any friendly society whatever. His one desire is to deal (as fairly as possible) with the public, and to establish a new paper on a sound financial basis.

An efficient staff has been engaged, and the conduct of the *Spirit Lamp* has been distributed in four departments, viz., (1) Mild Criticism, (2) Really Sensible Articles, (3) Philosophy, (4) Other Light Literature. The last department, which is infinitely the most important, has been entrusted to a number of gentlemen of varied and incalculable ability. Every shade of opinion will be represented, and it is safe to say that Realism, Idealism, Impressionism, and the Dissective method, will find worthy exposition in our columns.

In these days of sharp definition and cut and dried analysis the Editor is sure to be asked what vein of humour exactly he proposes to indulge. Will it be the broad, the subtle, the old, the new, the obvious, the dry, or the cynical?

It is rather early to give a decided answer; but there can be no harm in saying that the Editor is personally inclined to see what can be made of the unconscious humour of Shakespeare's Comedies and the Book of Common Prayer: as sources of laughter they appear to be still fairly fresh. It is hoped that the *Spirit Lamp* will be able to draw a clear line of demarcation between wit and vulgarity; but no doubt a certain number of really funny jokes will be set apart for those who cannot see the other sort.

It should be stated at the outset that the *Spirit Lamp* fears no kind of competition. When we have added that we appeal exclusively to the *enlightened*, the grounds of our self-confidence will be obvious to all.

In conclusion, we do not think we have anything more to say: a short preface is constantly asserted to be the truest economy of the journal.

Finally, we humbly give our readers leave to read on.

**THE GALLEY SLAVE.**

At my window I sit in October,  
And ask, as I sit there at ease,  
“Are these gentlemen sane? are they sober?  
Or what the G - y N - ck - lls are these?”  
I watch with contemptuous pity  
The multitudes passing before,  
And I say (the refrain of my ditty):  
“Poor galley slaves chained to the oar!”  
Have they rooms? have they pipes and tobacco?  
Do they know of these treasures the use?  
Don't they know what it is to be slack? O,  
Can anyone be so obtuse?  
Is digestion with them a mere cipher?  
And comfort a name, nothing more?  
As soon be a convict, a “lifer,”  
As a galley slave chained to the oar.  
Is it all for a little cheap glory,  
They stiffen, they sweat, and they freeze,  
When the meadows with frost are all hoary,  
And icicles hang from their knees?  
Perhaps win an oar for a trophy,  
Be a god for scouts' boys to adore!  
Why, when you might lounge and be loafy,  
Be a galley slave chained to the oar?  
By all means when summer is leafy,  
The air and the sunshine a feast,  
—Don't train till you're brawny and beefy:  
'Tis making a man but a beast—  
But have your canoe, your outrigger,  
Your punt, and go boating galore;  
But never, I counsel you, figure  
As a galley slave chained to the oar.

*\*Apos.*

---

**CABALE UND LIEBE.**

MANY a mad magenta minute  
Lights the lavender of life;  
Keran-Happuch at her spinet  
Psalms the scarlet song of strife:  
Keran-Happuch is my wife.

Spinet carving olive stanzas,  
 Orange fricassees of sound,  
 Nicotine extravaganzas,  
 Like a cheese at evening found,  
 Sitting primrose on the ground!

Spinet, squirt thy chiaroscuro  
 On the omelette of the past,  
 Bathe our elegiac bureau,  
 Bind thy nightshirt to the mast—  
 Chocolate with the lenten fast!

Never sing thy mauve November  
 O'er the treacle crest of Hope,  
 With a harsh, peagreen "Remember"  
 Baked in a kaleidoscope:  
 Buttercup—then Heliotrope.

Never—but my satin hookah  
 Swims to meet spring's blue decay,  
 Whispering to each green onlooker,  
 Like a curried castaway,  
 "Ah! the midnight of the Day!"

DOETHE.

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### THE SCOUT.

To those not yet fully conversant with the gamplike properties of the umbrella of the anonymous (a real *Fox's* paragon frame), our temerity must indeed appear amazing.

#### THE SCOUT!

Gods! Is this a subject for discussion? Is HE the princely, the delicately-treading, the inimitable, to be dismembered by the report of an ephemeral college magazine?

\* \* \* \* \*

Exquisite sir, a word with you. 'Tis with no carping desire to pick the pocket of propriety, to cast, so to speak, the mud of mediocrity on the linen of the immaculate, that we beg to approach the object (and what an object!) of our endeavouring.

No!

But at the same time we must be wary, very wary, and we are the first to acknowledge it, how we trifle with this conviction of our own insignificance. We must repress, and with no silken-cased fingers, that titillating sense of the illicit, that toying with the forbidden, that ever lurk, like some inveterate anaconda, in the vacant ground that separates the sunny lowlands of Deference from the grisly precipice of Depreciation.

To put it negligently in a nutshell:

Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati.

And what can better open our eyes to this reality than to close them in imagination for a few brief moments. We are in bed (we must here ask the reader to follow us carefully), waiting, with an approximation to an elegant nonchalance—the advent of the (nay, *our*) scout.

The first faint mutterings of the approaching convulsion, heralded perchance by nothing more significant (but after all what motion of the scout is without significance?) than the clashing of a breakfast-cup or the fall of a coalbox, annihilate once and for all our innocent conviction in the dignity of *déshabille*. We feel, though as yet we behold it not, his iron-eagle eye upon us, noting with the encyclopædic glance of a passionless and instantly-repressed criticism, the sleepers in our eyes, the hair-film on our faces, the very soda-water bottle lurking beneath our rumpled couch.

We feel all this . . . and with a strange leap from the future to the present our scout draws up an unoffending bedroom blind, with stern but perfect mastery over the instrument and a placid forgetfulness of its creak. But his abnegation (we forgot, by the way, to say that he first *knocked*; yes, knocked at our inanimate and unworthy door!) goes a step further—he informs us that it is half-past seven. But at this point we can no longer control our emotion, and we fling ourselves from our bed determined to allow the anomalous position no longer to continue.

\* \* \* \* \*

The terrible temptation to suppose ourselves the possessors of our own rooms has lost its ancient power; the revolting



My zealous action either curse or bless ;  
 Cursing or blessing—I have little care,  
 Obscurity's the one thing hard to bear.  
 Who is notorious now if I am not ?  
 My soporific sermons are forgot,  
 Now I am known (e'en out of Oxford), known  
 As one who dared defend almost alone  
 His Faith, his Country, and his Queen—God bless her !  
 —The one renowned Divinity Professor.  
 Gnash thy teeth M\*barly, and Dr\*v\*r, wince—  
 Ye are eclipsed by Doctor William Hintz.

(He leans against the Cabmen's Refuge and mops his brow.)

From the other side enter TWO UNDERGRADUATES disguised.

FIRST U. Are we alone? The moment, friend, is come  
 For heroism—I may say martyrdom :  
 Leaving the pipe, the fire, the easy chair,  
 Braving the chilly February air,  
 The vigilance of college porters cheating,  
 We come to hold our Indignation Meeting :  
 Privately—for we've no desire for fame,  
 And—ah, what modesty!—disguised we came.

SECOND U. 'Tis well: but still methinks 'twould be more  
 pleasant  
 Were our good friend and brother bigot present :  
 I long to speak, my speech to be repeating :  
 Two may be company, but three's a meeting.

FIRST U. Yes, Jones's lateness fills me with surprise :  
 Besides, I'm tired of carrying his disguise.

HINTZ (*recovering himself*). Give it to me—I feel an honest  
 shame ;  
 Where Conscience should have moved, I followed Fame :  
*Mea culpa*, I'm rebuked : (but what Latinity !)  
 You conquer the Professor of Divinity.  
 Your pure devotion fires my aged blood ;  
 Give me the duds—I'll be your third.

SECOND U. The dud—  
 There's only one.



We must begin the meeting, that'll rouse ye:—

(*Begins to speak.*)

It's gratifying, sirs, to see with us,  
Enthusiastic and unanimous,  
A meeting, which, except the one before,  
Excelled in size I think I never saw—

(*Voice from within, with a howl.*)

Ugh! he's done it again—what a horrible rhyme!  
I really can't stand it—I must speak this time:  
That gentleman can have no notion, it's clear,  
How he hurts the Professor of Poetry's ear.

HINTZ (*hearing sound*). Ha! Opposition? Boys, be up and doin'.

If not unanimous the meeting's ruin'd.

(PROF. PAUL GRAVE *enters in a nightshirt and a passion from the Refuge.*)

PAUL. D'you know, sir, a bad rhyme to me is pain?  
You've done it thrice, and you may do't again.

HINTZ. What were you up to there?

PAUL. I was in search  
Of new ideas—they've left me long i' th' lurch:  
I thought a night in this romantic station  
Might very possibly bring inspiration;  
But sleep—while you were making verse like prose?  
Why, no sir, I could not so much as doze:  
Your verses (on the top of a good supper)  
Would keep awake a second Martin Tupper!  
You must take lessons, sir; just come to me:  
Put down your name—of course there'll be a fee.

HINTZ (*with severity*). Hush, hush, Professor, quite enough of rhymes.

You wrote, I think, a letter to the *Times*  
So indistinct that nobody could tell  
At all which side you advocated?

PAUL. Well,  
I *did* say Newman was both good and gifted:  
But lest the-academic lute be rifted—  
(Sweet metaphor!) believe me, I recant;

*The Spirit Lamp.*

I am your true unbending Protestant.

I'm with you.

FIRST U. Good: but let the meeting start—  
I've half forgot the speech I had by heart.

HINTZ. Begin, before the other half go too,  
Begin at once and I will follow you.

(PROF. PAUL GRAVE *begins to fall asleep.*)

FIRST U. (*speaks*). Professors, gentlemen, and one from Jesus,  
I come to bury—

PAUL (*leaping up suddenly*). Why, the words are Cæsar's!  
I know—I've read it—no they're not—at least,  
They're Antony's of Cæsar when deceased!  
You don't catch Poetry Professors napping—

HINTZ. I've heard that something of the sort *did* happen,  
And not so long ago.

PAUL. Ugh! What a rhyme!

FIRST U. Oh dear, while you are wrangling all this time,  
I have forgotten all I meant to say,  
In fact the whole speech's simply oozed away;  
I felt it going, bit by bit, such pain—  
Oh dear, I wish I were in bed again.

BOTH U. Oh dear, O dear, I wish I were in bed.

HINTZ (*soothingly*). Don't be disheartened; I will speak  
instead,

And see if I can guess what you'd have said!

(*Begins to speak.*)

“I come to bury statues, not to raise 'em;  
The evil that men do lives after—”

FIRST U. Hear,  
Hear!

PAUL. Where's the rhyme in that? Blank verse? I fear  
We'd really better have heard Mr. Jones.

HINTZ (*continues unmoved*). “The good is oft interréd with  
their bones—”

PAUL. Stop, Sir! I feel an inspiration, quick!  
At least—I really feel a little sick:  
It cannot only be the lobster salad:  
'Tis a divine afflatus! 'Tis a ballad!

*(Sings.)*

Oh Newman was an Anglican who dared to leave the Church,  
Took all our best young men with him, and left us in the lurch,  
And some of us expect to see the same thing done by Gore,  
And as for young men, he would carry with him dozens more!  
So Newman is an enemy, and enemies, you know,  
If you do think they have merits, you must never tell 'em so!  
And Newman was the author, too, of one or even two  
Fine hymns in a collection where fine hymns are very few!  
The scholar-saint, the type of all that's holiest and that's best,  
But still he was the other side, and that must be the test:  
Of course his books are charming, and the man was charming  
too,

But it might provoke comparisons, were we to take that view!  
HINTZ. (And people might say such rude things—O, that  
would never do!)

PAUL. It's absurd to say "condemn the change but recognise  
the man":

One ought to be a Christian—but be first a partizan!

HINTZ. We should like to have burnt 'im, but couldn't do  
that you know!

So we take our revenge now, and won't 'ave 'is statue, no!

ALL (*dancing*). Then let bigotry prevail,  
Generosity turn tail!

We never, never, never, never, will put up his statue, no!

PAUL (*with a great sigh of relief*). Ah! I feel better now:  
beyond all question

That's been the saving of my poor digestion.

Now let us hold a meeting, if you will;

But I am terribly afraid of chill:

Let's go inside—'twill make a splendid Hall—

And overflow if it won't hold us all.

*(They all enter the Cabmen's Refuge).*

HINTZ (*rises to speak*). Once more I will appeal to you to-night,  
Gentlemen, on two grounds to work and fight  
Against the Papists—who (if you have seen  
Lord Salisbury's speech\*) are enemies of the Queen,

\* At Exeter, January 1892.

*The Spirit Lamp.*

The Country, Parliament, the Faith—and Me :  
 And, as I think you cannot fail to see,  
 If you have read the Duke of Norfolk's letters,  
 Are getting uppish just for want of fetters.  
 They ask us to put Newman's statue here  
 Just because he was good and great : it's clear  
 That it's absurd ! Well, we have struggled, lied,  
 (Lies in a cause so good are justified)  
 Said 'twas a site that was in actual view  
 Of the Martyrs' Monument—which I and you  
 And all good Christians think a precious mark  
 Of England's extrication from the dark  
 Of Papistry ; and further understand  
 That it is architecturally grand—  
 Which brings me to my second point : I say  
 This splendid building where we meet to-day  
 Must go if Newman's statue comes instead,  
 And of such Vandalism as that what need be said ?  
 All that we would most dearly wish to keep,  
 This statue threatens : (*breaks off suddenly*) Lord, they're  
 all asleep !  
 Ah ! I was ever thus : when *shall* I reach  
 The point when people'll listen when I preach ?

*(Curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT I.

*(The Second Act will follow in the next number.)***NOTICES.**

THE columns of the *Spirit Lamp* are open to all the talents. We shall be glad to receive contributions in Prose or in Verse. They should be written on *one* side of the paper only, and sent in not later than the *Wednesday before publication*, to

THE EDITOR,  
 c/o MR. JAMES THORNTON,  
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LODGINGS FOR EIGHTS' WEEK AND  
COMMÉM.

WE hope, next week, to reserve a page for advertisements of rooms to be let during Eights' Week and Commém. : and by offering such a list, to save undergraduates and others much unnecessary trouble in obtaining lodgings. Each insertion limited to three lines will be charged 1/6.

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