



## AN ASCENT OF THE GRIVOLA.

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AS the traveller rolls sleepily along the dusty road that—now between white vineyard walls and yellow fields of maize, now beside barren cliffs or under shady walnuts—leads from the old Roman city of Aosta to the Baths of Cormayeur, a valley, opening from the south, reveals a pyramidal peak, with two gleaming sides of snow divided by a keel-like curving arête, and supported by black frowning walls of precipitous rock. This is the Grivola, the highest summit but one in the Graian Alps; which those who had reached the peaks of the Pennine range and looked towards that unknown land of crag and glacier which barred from their view the plains of Italy, had invested with a kind of mysterious interest and had regarded as another Matterhorn. As at present no complete account has been given of the attempts to ascend this mountain, I may be excused for a brief orographical and historical digression.

The Graian Alps are divided by the most competent authorities into three districts; the eastern of which, beginning at the Col de la Croix de Nivolet, contains the peak of the Grivola. It does not however stand on the backbone (so to speak) of the range, but terminates a spur which runs northward, like an advanced work of a citadel, and divides the Val Savaranche from the Val de Cogne. In form it is a four-sided pyramid with the edges nearly towards the four points of the compass. The N.E. and N.W. faces are steep slopes of snow, the S.E. and S.W. still steeper walls of rock. The northern arête is that singular curved line of snow mentioned above.\*

The first person to introduce the Grivola to English readers was the Rev. S. W. King, who on September 17th, 1855, ascended to a ridge on the side of the mountain called Les Poussets, and published a most tempting account of the

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\* On the main range to the west of the Grivola is the highest summit of the Graians the Grand Paradis (13,300'), and to the east the ridge of the Rossa Viva (11,956'), the Tour du Grand St. Pierre (12,064'), and the Punta di Lavina (10,824').

excursion.\* On September 21st, 1858, M. Chamonin, the curé of Cogne, attempted the ascent of the actual peak without success.† On July 7th, my friend Mr. F. F. Tuckett attacked the southern arête from the Val Savaranche, and passed the night there at a height of 12,028'. The next morning he continued the attempt, but after reaching a height of about 12,600', found further progress impossible; so he retraced his steps for some distance and then descended to Cogne.‡ Warned by his failure, Messrs. Bruce and Ormsby, on Aug. 23rd, scaled the cliffs of the S.W. face, and arrived on the crest of the Grivola within a short distance of the summit.¶ There they halted, thinking that there was no true top to the mountain; but one of their guides A. Dayné climbed on, and was thus the first man to set foot on the highest point of this virgin peak. On Aug. 28th, M. Chamonin again attempted the Grivola from the side of Cogne without success; but on Sept. 5th, 1861, together with M. Jeantet, his companion on each of the former excursions, he assailed the S.E. face of the mountain and arrived at the summit; whither he was followed on June 27th, 1862, by Mr. Tuckett.

On Aug. 12th, 1862, Mr. W. Mathews,§ an old Johnian, accompanied by the writer of this paper, and the brothers Michel and Jean Baptiste Croz, two of the best guides of Chamouni, descended from Mont Emilius to the sequestered village of Cogne. There we found our friend Mr. E. Walton, a most accomplished artist, awaiting us, and were hospitably received by the veteran mountaineer, M. Chamonin, the curé of the village, who offered us the best accommodation his house could give, and exerted himself to entertain us. Not many spots in the Alps can vie with Cogne in beauty; situated on green meadows at the junction of a lateral comb with the main valley, it commands a magnificent view of the glaciers descending from the Grand Paradis and the Rossa Viva, while far away down the valley the mass of Mont Blanc may be seen gleaming in the mid-day sun or glowing with the rosy tints of evening.

\* Italian Vallies of the Alps, p. 330.

† A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa, p. 399.

‡ Peaks, Passes and Glaciers, (Second Series), Vol. II. p. 292.

¶ Ibid, p. 318.

§ Who already, in company with Mr. Jacomb, Aug. 19, 1861, had nearly reached the summit by the S.W. face, failing only through his guide being unable to retrace the road he had followed with Messrs. Bruce and Ormsby.

The morning of Aug. 13th was spent instrolling about Cogne and its vicinity, examining the heaps of iron ore for which its mines are famous, and making preparations for our attack on the Grivola. At 3.0 P.M. we quitted the village, accompanied by a young fellow whom Mathews had hired as porter to carry his theodolite. After retracing the path down the valley for a short distance towards the village of Cretaz, we turned up a track on the left, and before long entered the pleasant shade of the fir woods. These were at length quitted for an upland glen, bare indeed of trees, but not without interest; for on all sides the sculptured rocks bear traces of the action of glaciers, long since melted away. Whether it be the effect of the monotonous contours of the rounded bosses of rock, crusted indeed with variegated lichens, but without a tree, and almost without a herb on their smooth slopes, I cannot say, but these scenes, especially in the fading light of evening, produce a sense of solemnity, almost of awe, like that felt in wandering through some ancient ruin or druidic circle.

Passing over these, we came at 5.42 to the chalet of Poussets dessus, which we found tenanted by three civil *bergers*. As usual the furniture of their abode was of the simplest character, consisting of a large bed at one end, a bench or two, a fire in one corner with a huge caldron, and a quantity of cheese in various stages. After watching the rose tints of sunset, treacherously beautiful, gradually fade away from the cliffs of Mont Emilius, we betook ourselves within for the night. While we supped the cheese making process was carried on, and we gained a certain amount of insight into the manufacture of cheese and séracs (a kind of cheese made from the whey left in the pot after the best curd is extracted), until we began to think of going to rest; and I was casting about my eyes to discover the softest spot on the floor for a sleeping place, when to my horror the *bergers* insisted on our occupying their bed. My friend is pachydermatous and submitted to his fate with a good grace, but I shuddered at the prospect; vainly however did I resist, vainly did I announce that I had quite a *penchant* for sleeping anywhere but in a bed; they would not hear of my lying down in any other place, and I was obliged to yield and stretch myself by Mathews' side, with feelings closely resembling those of a peccant schoolboy, when invited to an interview with the head master. Jean Croz had already occupied the inner place and was snoring away. Where Michel and the others slept, or at what hour his pipe went out and the cheese-making ceased, I cannot say;

for, in spite of the wonted inmates of these Arcadian retreats, I slept.

Holes in the roof three or four feet above your face, though useful for ventilation in the earlier part of the night, become objectionable towards morning, and I was aroused from my light slumbers by the cold at an early hour. Presently Michel went out and returned growling something about '*brouillard*,' and in reply to my question informed me that starting was impossible at present. However, in a while some change for the better took place, and after a light breakfast we started at 3.45 A.M. with the best wishes of our hosts. We began at once to ascend the rough slopes of grass and rock behind the chalet, and in about an hour saw the ridge of the Poussets above us, from which we were to get our first view of the summit of the Grivola. Four chamois retreated before us as we advanced, and at 4.50 we stepped on the rocky crest and looked across the white snowfield of the glacier du Strajo to the grand peak for which we were bound. This is a vast mass of dark green chlorite schist thrust up between two beds of rusty-red mica slate, one of which runs for some distance along the left side of the glacier, the other gradually curves round towards us, and after forming the subordinate peaks of La Blanche and La Rossa, encloses the head of the glacier and terminates in the ridge on which we were standing.

We now see our day's work; the glacier is smooth and easy, but the dark crags beyond, seamed with long couloirs, look rather formidable; however for the present we turn away from them to the more distant view. To the right of the Grivola, Mont Blanc and the Pennine chain raise their familiar forms; but behind us a flat sea of clouds veils everything below 10,000 feet, and from it a few mountain peaks rise like rocky islands. A brightening glow in the east tells us that we have not arrived too soon; a golden gleam illuminates the summit of the Grivola, and creeps slowly downward; a flash of light darts across the fleecy ocean beneath us, and the sun rises slowly up, pouring a flood of dazzling radiance over the dead expanse of white mist below.

At 5.0 we again proceeded, and followed the ridge in the direction of La Rossa over piles of loose rock, until we came to a spot which offered an easy descent to the glacier; this we reached at 5.37, and after crossing it without difficulty, halted at the foot of the mountain at 6.20 for breakfast.

After spending 35' in an employment, which exercise had made both agreeable and profitable, we addressed ourselves to

the real work of the day. Some two thousand feet of steep rock\* had to be climbed before we could stand on the summit of the mountain. A few steps up a rapid snow slope brought us to the foot of one of the rock couloirs, and up this we scrambled. For the next two hours there was plenty to do, but little to describe: now we clambered on all fours up a steep smooth slab, now climbed with hands and feet up a gully or cliff, not disdaining once or twice a haul in front or a shove behind; now and then for a change finding a few yards up which we could walk upright as on a rude staircase, until at 8.35 we reached the E. arête and glanced down one of the smooth slopes of snow visible from the Val d'Aoste. This view, however, lasted but for a few minutes, and we again turned our faces to the rocks. I saw that we were approaching the top, but was beginning to feel somewhat tired of such severe and monotonous work; and was consoling myself with the thought that about another quarter of an hour would bring it to an end; when suddenly the clatter of the iron-shod poles, carried by Mathews and one of the guides, who were a few yards ahead of me, ceased. I supposed they had halted to rest, or to wait for me, and accordingly hauled myself up the great block which hid them from me, when to my surprise I looked down into the Val Savaranche. I glanced round; right and left of me was a stone man; we were on the top. This is an arête about 25 or 30 feet long and 3 or 4 wide; slightly crescent shaped, with the concavity towards the Val Savaranche, consisting of large loose blocks, and rocks split and shattered in every direction. These are a greyish green chlorite slate with large veins of quartz. At each end was a stone man about eight feet high; in a niche in the southern was a mercurial minimum thermometer, placed there by Tuckett, and a small plaster Madonna, deposited by the worthy curé; to the northern one, was attached a small metal crucifix, nailed there by the same hand, and a fragment of a broken alpen-stock.

We soon fitted ourselves into comfortable crannies; and as the clouds began to rise, the theodolite was set up,†

\* Observations taken with an aneroid barometer give the difference between this station and the summit of the mountain as 1,869'.

† The result of the observations made by Mr. Mathews on this occasion, and from Mt. Emilius, renders it highly probable that the true height of the Grivola is 13,028'. The height given by the Sardinian engineers is 13,005'; that obtained by Mr. Tuckett's merc. bar. and by my aneroid is 13,137'.

and while Mathews was at work with it, I employed myself in sketching the main chain of the Graians, of which, as may be supposed, we had a glorious view. The Pointe de Tersiva and the Punta di Lavina were soon blotted out by clouds, but the Tour S. Pierre, the Rossa Viva, the Grand Paradis, and its three subordinate summits, were as nearly as possible clear. Dense sheets of vapour concealed much of the Tarentaise, but we had over them a glimpse of the Viso, and the grand towerlike masses of my old friends the Pelvoux, the E'crins, and the other mountains of Dauphiné. Nearer to us were the Grande Motte, the Grande Casse, the Sassiére, and our late conquest, the Pourri; the whole of the Pennine chain was visible, and also one of the lower western summits of the Oberland, above the depression of the Great St. Bernard. I perhaps should apologize for this description, to many a mere list of names, but as our College now possesses so strong a band of Alpine climbers, I record them, in the hope that they may be useful to some who may follow my example.

Though the thermometer stood at about 34° (fht.) we did not feel cold, but our viands, supplemented by a cold duck and dish of huge pears, provided by that best of landlords, Jean Tairraz, of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc Aosta, disappeared with alarming rapidity, and we were none of us inclined to hasten away from so magnificent a scene. However, at 11.50, after affixing to the alpen-stock on the stone man "a banner with a strange device" in the shape of an empty bottle, we reluctantly began the descent. This was perhaps more trying to the nerves than the ascent; for it requires some practice to contemplate unmoved a glacier one or two thousand feet below, with a few yards of steep rock leading down invitingly straight from your feet to the edge of an apparent precipice. However, by great care we got down without trouble, except that once or twice stones from those behind would come rattling down in disagreeable proximity to those in front. Most haste is generally worst speed in descending rocks. At 1.25 P.M. we arrived at our breakfast place at the foot of the peak, where we halted for half an hour to finish a bottle of wine which had been left behind. Twenty-five minutes' walking took us across the glacier, and after halting for a short time to doff our gaiters we reached the arête of the Poussets at 2.45, where we found our artist friend hard at work upon a sketch of the Grivola. We waited till he had finished, and then descended quickly to the châteaux in 25'. Here we imbibed copious draughts of milk, and paid our hosts, who positively refused to accept

more than six francs for the party. There is great diversity in the race of châlet folk, some are grasping and hard to satisfy, others are very moderate in their expectations and can hardly be induced to accept more than they consider to be their due. We walked quickly from the châteaux until we drew near the fields, when quitting the path, we ran headlong down the steep pastures, the little porter, though burdened with the theodolite, keeping well up, and reached Cogne in an hour and ten minutes.

So ended our excursion, one of the most interesting that I have ever accomplished; but while I write, the familiar form of the mountain, painted by the master hand of my friend, hangs on my walls, and brings back all the pleasant memories of the days that I have spent in its neighbourhood; brings back too thoughts more enduring than the mere recollections of healthy exercise and harmless pleasure, for the everlasting hills have a voice very meet to be heard in hours of toil and anxiety, and most true are the poet's words—

Men in these crags a fastness find  
To fight corruption of the mind.

B.





## A LEGEND OF BARNWELL ABBEY.

*Ombre mostrommi, enominolle a dito,  
Ch' amor di nostra vita dispartille.*—DANTE.

'Twas in the good old times of yore,  
When Saxon monarchs held the sway;  
Ere William stept on Hastings' shore,  
And with his Norman rifling corps,  
Stole Harold's crown and life away.

Ere Barons, Counts, or Knights were known,  
But noble swells were Franklin'd, Thane'd,  
In fact when on the English throne  
King Edward the Confessor reigned.

In Cambridge dwelt a mighty Thane  
Who owned estates so vast and fine,  
Of vassals he'd the longest train  
Upon the Eastern Counties line.

His steward had a daughter fair,  
Words fail to paint that blooming maid,  
Her clear blue eyes, her golden hair,—  
Could you have seen those tresses rare,  
You'd say some sportive sunbeam there  
Had round her forehead played.

My "pretty bairn" her father cried,  
When first he held her on his knee;  
"A 'pretty bairn' indeed," replied  
Each neighbour with admiring e'e.

And ever from that hour her fame  
For beauty and for goodness grew,  
And "pretty bairnie" was the name  
By which the folk our maiden knew.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Thane upon his dais sat,  
His napkin tucked beneath his chin;  
A haunch of venison full fat  
Two serving men brought in, and that  
He tucked beneath his skin.

A boar's head, one himself had slain,  
Of all its flesh was deftly shorn;  
For being a stalwart brawny Thane,  
He had a natural taste for brawn.

"What, ho"! quoth he, "let wine be brought,  
Methéglin of the very best:"  
'Twas done, and at one draught a quart  
Went the same quarter as the rest.

"Come varlets, tell what may be done,  
My after dinner hours to while?"  
"My lord," quoth they, "your jester's fun"—  
"Pooh! stuff!" he cried, "such fools I shun,  
I can't digest their jests, not one  
Has ever won from me a smile."

"I feel just here a sort of void!"  
(A tap upon his thorax followed)  
Each to himself repeated, "void!"  
And after all he's been and swallowed!!"  
He saw their meaning, looked annoyed,  
And in a voice of thunder holla'd:  
"Ye saucy knaves, quick answer for your life,  
What is 't I want?" "my lord," said they, "a wife."

"A wife, that's not a bad idea,  
I've thought the same myself of late.  
Go bring my favorite palfrey here,  
And bring me too my riding gear,  
I'll start and look about me straight.  
Mayhap that in my large estate  
I'll chance to find a fitting mate."

His vassals soon did his behest,  
Across the palfrey's back he strode;  
And with a posy at his breast,  
Our dandy Thane a courting rode.

He too had seen the rustic maid,  
Her charms he in his mem'ry bore,  
And now the words his vassals said,  
Inflamed his bosom more and more.

"My wife," cried he, "this bairn shall be,  
I care not for her low estate,—  
A dame of ancient pedigree  
Would more a plague than comfort be—  
So zounds! I'll wed her straight."

Thus holding with himself discourse,  
The Thane rode on with heart elate;  
He held his course, until his horse  
Stopped at the "pretty bairnie's" gate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The steward sat at his door at ease  
Sipping his ale and humming a lay,  
When what doth he see thro' a vista of trees,  
But his master the Thane out riding that way.

"Quick hie thee, my daughter"! he lustily cried,  
"Put on thy goodliest garment of all,  
"For the Thane my master is out for a ride  
"And I fancy he's going to give us a call."

But the "pretty bairnie" just smoothed her hair  
Away from her forehead with childish grace,  
And turned her, to look up the roadway where  
The Thane on his palfrey was riding apace.

"Good morrow," quoth he with a courteous mien,  
"I ask your leaves to make my bow  
"To yonder little bonnie quean;  
"Hey baillie! she's passing fair I vow.

"I've mounted me on my favorite steed  
"E'er my dinner was fairly in my inside,  
"And hither I've come at the top of my speed,  
"To ask thee, fair maiden, to be my bride.

"High on the hill my castle stands,  
"I'll build a sweet bower within it for thee,  
"Full are my coffers and broad my lands,  
"Vassals shall serve thee on bended knee,  
"And as far as the prospect around us expands  
"All, all shall be thine if thou'lt marry with me."

She replied, as warm blushes her cheeks overspread,  
"I care not for wealth, sir, I told you so one day;  
Nought could ever induce me your honor to wed,  
For altho' you're a Thane, sir, your nose is so red—  
You're as ugly as sin on a Sunday.

"Even were you good looking and not such a fright  
I couldn't accept you, pray don't take it ill,  
For when we were children my troth I did plight  
To handsome young Egbert who lives at the mill."

The Thane he swore a fearful oath,  
A guttural Saxon oath he swore,  
To have revenge upon them both;  
And chafing sore  
He mounted on his steed once more  
And turned and left the cottage door.

\* \* \* \* \*

At eventide young Egbert walked,  
To the trysting tree to meet his fair,  
Four ruffian forms behind him stalked,  
Four upraised knives in the moonbeams glare.

Little he recked of the danger nigh  
Till he felt from his body the life-blood flow,  
Then with a wild unearthly cry  
He turned and faced his ruthless foe;  
And e'er he sank on the ground to die  
Four times he dealt a mighty blow,  
Four cowardly knaves were laid full low.

Young Egbert fell on the ground, and then  
One of his murderers raised his head;  
"All right," quoth he, "you may rise my men,  
I don't think the miller will hit us again,  
For I'm summat afeared he's dead."

The ruffians turn four bloodshot eyes,  
(Their four others were bunged up as close as wax)  
To where poor Egbert all gory lies,  
Then hoist up the body upon their backs  
And make, as they say in America, tracks.

To a well by the way side they carried the corse,  
And down it the villains determined to chuck it.  
They did so without the least tinge of remorse,  
And Egbert the second time kickéd the bucket.

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This well had been the trysting place,  
For many a day, of the loving pair;  
And the "bairnie" was watching with anxious face  
Expecting her lover to meet her there.

With an anxious look up the road she gazed  
But the form of her lover fell not on her view,  
"What can have delayed him," she muttered amazed,  
And an icy chillness upon her grew.

She heard a solemn and heavy tramp,  
 A raven uttered a dismal croak,  
 She trembled, her forehead with fear grew damp,  
 And she ran to hide her behind an oak.

She saw it all,—her lover's form  
 On the deep well's brink she saw them place,  
 The blood trickled over it ruddy and warm,  
 And the moon shone full on his pale, pale face.

A heavy splash on her senses fell,  
 One wild despairing shriek she gave;  
 A bound, a leap, and the dank cold well  
 Was two fond lovers' mutual grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those ruffians came to the Thane and told  
 How they'd murdered the youth, and seen the maid  
 Drown herself too, then they asked for the gold  
 Which was to have been for their guerdon paid.

He bade them tarry and told them all,  
 Their payment should be both prompt and fair.  
 —In less than an hour, from the castle wall  
 Their corpses swung in the midnight air.

Six quarts of methéglin he drank that night,  
 Six servitors carried him up to bed,  
 Six times he awoke in a terrible fright,  
 Six phantoms were grinning around his head.

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The eastern sky is tinged with red  
 As the morning over the castle breaks,  
 And rosy hues fall on his bed,  
 Whereat the Thane remorseful quakes.

For as ruddy streaks through the casement pour,  
 He recalls with horror the blood he's shed;  
 Each ray of sunlight seems like gore  
 That calls for vengeance on his head.

“Oh fetch a confessor, for Marie's sake  
 “Let a holy priest to my bedside hie,  
 “I would that he shrive me, before I take  
 “My leave of the world, for I sicken, I die!”

One hideous groan and the spirit has flown  
 From yon portly lump of lifeless clay;  
 Dead as a herring and cold as a stone  
 The Thane on his deathbed lay.

An Austin friar beside him stands,  
 And smiles as his eyes run over a scroll;  
 Bequeathing the whole of the Thane's broad lands  
 To that worthy order, to pray for his soul.

There's a clause which directs that an abbey be built  
 On the spot where the murdered lovers fell,  
 And in memory then of its founder's guilt,  
 They called it the Abbey of Bairnie's Well.

And 'Bairnie's Well' abbey full soon became  
 Barnwell, as we of the present day spell;  
 So, but for the "Eagle," you see, the name  
 Would have lost its tail and its tale as well.

HAJJI.





## THE PRINCIPLES OF PSALMSINGING.

DR. Isaac Watts complained that in his day the Art of Psalmsinging was beginning to degenerate. 'A hymn of four verses,' he says 'sung with the modern drawl now takes the time that one of six verses did before.' This was at the beginning of the eighteenth century. From that time Psalmsinging sank lower and lower till at the end of the last or beginning of this century it reached the profoundest depths of slovenliness. After grovelling at the bottom of this abyss for a quarter of a century or a little more, it at last raised its wings, and now after an interval of twenty-five or thirty years it is soaring aloft at a terribly giddy height. But haply its pinions may be like those which Dædalus fastened upon his too venturesome son: a little time and the art may be plunged again into the depths, hopelessly crushed and mangled. In such an age as this—enthusiastic beyond measure—it will scarcely be matter of surprise that when once a start was made, the art should rise quickly to the very summit of voluptuous luxuriance; its luxuriance is so exuberant that it has become perfectly rank. Blind prejudice has played a much greater part in thus raising the art than any reason could have done; and although there can be no question that immense improvement has lately taken place, few persons appear really to have thought out the subject, to have got at the *why* and *where* this deficiency that I now humbly endeavour to supply: to put forward the Sense and Reason of the matter, which in the end must invariably prove stronger than any amount of prejudice or enthusiasm.

There is a very common fault in all singing which cannot be sufficiently reprobated—the too little attention that is paid to rendering the words clearly and distinctly. However fine the voice may be, however great the execution of the singer, without attention to this one point there will always

appear to be something wanting. Perhaps no one ever charmed an audience more than Clara Novello: yet her power and quality of voice have not seldom been surpassed, and others have excelled her in what is called execution; but it was her manner of rendering the words of a song, so that they sounded clear and distinct over the entire music-hall, which won for her not only popularity but genuine admiration. Now inattention to this point becomes a most serious fault in Psalm and Hymn singing and indeed in all Church music of any kind. The *words* of the psalm not the *tune* demand the greatest attention, and if these are not rendered distinctly, the object in singing the psalm is entirely lost: the music is written for the words, not the words for the music. In all churches a great part of the congregation consists of the poorer class who do not possess the convenience of a hymn-book, some not that of a prayer-book. If then the words are not clearly pronounced, they can take no pleasure in the psalm beyond that of listening to the music in a stupid vacant way, wondering what it all means; keeping this constantly in our minds, it is not very difficult to decide what should be the pace at which the music ought to be sung, and what should be the exact character of the music itself.

Dr. Watts, we have seen, complained of the affected drawl which in his time was coming into fashion. This mawkish drawling is a very great error. It necessitates the dragging out of the words to a most unnatural length, thus rendering them unintelligible, or nearly so, to the listener: nor is this all. No person living could sing one line in the drawling manner without wanting a fresh supply of breath. What then must be the general effect to one trying to catch the words? He hears them pronounced as he never heard them before, and in the middle of a word comes a gasping sigh for breath, which at once obliterates any meaning he may have attached to the words before. This is without the least exaggeration a true statement of the manner in which the psalms are sung in many country churches, the performance tending rather to provoke laughter than to raise devotional feelings in the minds of the congregation. But the drawl which was modern in the days of Isaac Watts is now rapidly becoming a thing of the past, a more unaffected style of singing having taken its place. Many, however, disgusted with the slow droning style have flown off to the other extreme, and it is wonderful how in this case the extremes meet. The sense is quite as much lost and the listener perhaps more bewildered. When the words come out hurrying



over one another and tripping up each other's heels, as when they are drawled and droned. This very fast singing must be deemed more intolerable than the other, for while that has all the appearance of earnestness, this style carries with it a careless manner, as if the great object in singing the psalm were to reach the end as soon as possible.

It will be seen how both these styles militate against the great principle of rendering the words clearly and distinctly, and it does not require any great amount of thought to see that the only proper manner of singing a psalm is to follow the mean between these two styles. Let the psalm be sung at the pace at which the words can be pronounced clearly, distinctly, and sharply, neither dragging them out to an unnatural length, nor hurrying on to the next word before the first is properly pronounced. If this plan were carried out in our churches I am convinced that greater satisfaction would be given to the whole congregation, and an important point which is now left to the individual caprice of the organist or incumbent of the parish would be generally and universally settled.

Next, in considering what should be the exact character of the music of psalm-tunes, we must keep as much before our eyes the great principle of rendering the words clearly, as in determining the pace at which it should be sung. Out of the drawling manner proceeded all the flimsy flourishes and tawdry finery for which the tunes of the eighteenth century are so justly notorious. The voice could not hold one note for the length of time which was required by the drawl; it resorted to all manner of expedients to assist it—auxiliary notes, passing notes, appoggiaturas and bravuras—and so completely were many good old tunes enveloped by these abominations that almost all trace of their original melody was lost. Here is an instance of Tallis' Canon dressed up in all this finery. (See plate, No. 1.)

This version of that splendid old tune was heard by the writer in a country church a few years ago, and the effect on those who knew the solemn stateliness of the original can be better imagined than described. But with the majority these tunes are not now popular; if however the reason for their objecting to them were to be asked, few would be found who could give a reasonable answer. I have often fancied that it is this inability to give a reason, in this and also in other matters, which so often produces contempt and dislike between the High and Low Church parties. Most, I might say all, of the High Church party prefer syllabic tunes, or

tunes nearly syllabic; but when asked by a Low Churchman, why they should be better than all others, generally give as a reason that they are *correct* and *orthodox*, or some such cant word. No wonder that this produces contempt and dislike in the mind of the Low Churchman—he has humbly asked the reason why, but gets only a hint of his inferiority. We will now see if a good and substantial reason cannot be given why syllabic tunes should be preferred to all others. It is

valid and general objection. When the semibreve is divided into two minims and slurred, the tune ceases at once to be syllabic, as these two minims are sung to one syllable, and the syllable so sung stands a great chance of being drawled. This great abomination—dividing the semibreve—proceeded from the drawling manner; triple-time tunes before being purely syllabic, that is, their bars consisting of one semibreve and one minim. Bedford is a tune which has suffered much from the drawlers and almost as much from the opposite side, for they have caused it to be generally sung in common time. The melody as originally written stands thus, and thus it ought to be sung. (See plate, No. 2).

There are one or two more which have thus suffered, and

over one another and tripping up each other's heels, as when they are drawled and droned. This very fast singing must be deemed more intolerable than the other, for while that has all the appearance of earnestness, this style carries with it a careless manner, as if the great object in singing the psalm were to reach the end as soon as possible.

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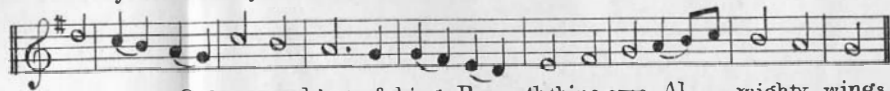
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There is another point, however, about which I have sometimes observed a curious prejudice. Many object to *any* tunes written in triple time, because, say they, they are jerky and monotonous. This may contain a little truth, but against a syllabic tune in triple time there can be no valid and general objection. When the semibreve is divided into two minims and slurred, the tune ceases at once to be syllabic, as these two minims are sung to one syllable, and the syllable so sung stands a great chance of being drawled. This great abomination—dividing the semibreve—proceeded from the drawling manner; triple-time tunes before being purely syllabic, that is, their bars consisting of one semibreve and one minim. Bedford is a tune which has suffered most from the drawlers and almost as much from the opposite side, for they have caused it to be generally sung in common time. The melody as originally written stands thus, and thus it ought to be sung. (See plate, No. 2).

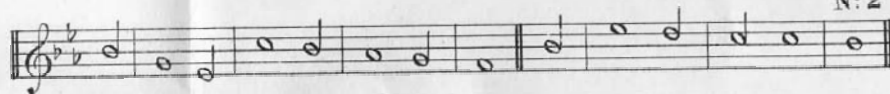
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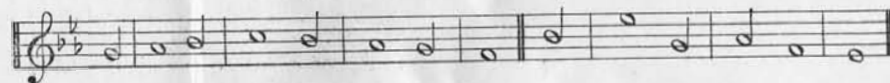
Glory to thee my God this night, For all the blessings of the light.



Keep me O keep me king of kings Beneath thine own Al - - - mighty wings.



O God our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come.



Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

among them is St. Mary, which is now usually sung in common time, thus utterly destroying the original character of the tune.

We have come then to this conclusion about Psalmsinging: that all tunes should be sung at that pace at which the words can be pronounced clearly and sharply, and that syllabic tunes are much to be preferred to all others. We have tried to put the matter in a reasonable light, laying aside all enthusiasm and prejudice, and we have arrived at the same conclusion as our ancestors did more than ten generations ago. But the subject ought not to be dismissed without a notice of some Tune-books which have lately made their appearance. These are three in number: the last in date being one edited by Sterndale Bennett and Otto Goldschmit; the next, that which has received the largest share of popular favour, having the musical portion edited by Dr. W. H. Monk; and the last by the Rev. W. H. Havergal. The first-mentioned of these is never likely to be extensively used in our churches, as the tunes have more the character of Chorales than Psalm-tunes. "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," has had singular success, an unheard of number of copies being sold in a very short time; but, in our opinion, the setting of most of the tunes is flimsy and light, and the harmony has a cloying and palling effect. The very convenient form and arrangement of the book has obtained for it greater popularity than "Old Church Psalmody," by Mr. Havergal; but in point of sterling worth "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," does not come near it. There is a character of solidity about the harmony of the tunes in "Old Church Psalmody," which is highly refreshing after the prettiness and elegance of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." There is all the difference between these two volumes that there is between Handel's "Messiah," and Spohr's "Last Judgment;" in point of style and real worth they cannot be compared. A fair trial will, we are sure, convince any one of the truth of this criticism, and as space cannot be given for more words on this subject we strongly recommend one.

I have been induced to send these remarks to the Editors of *The Eagle* in the hope that they may be serviceable in some degree to those readers who are intending soon to undertake the care of a parish, and have not the time, perhaps not the will, to give these matters close consideration. These thoughts occurred to me whilst I had the management of a small country church choir, so that they may be said to be based upon experience, and not to be the mere fancies of a dreamy theorist.

T. K.



## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

### III. FROM MONGHYR TO DARJEELING.

TO be gazetted to a Hill Station is the luck of but few officials in India, and they are most justly objects of envy who are thus distinguished as the favourites of fortune. The idea of the free mountain air, after that burning feverish atmosphere of the plains; the possibility of once more seeing and handling frost and snow, and feeling oneself to be in a more genial climate; the thought of the glorious scenery and still more glorious tropical vegetation, after that endless tract of level as far as the eye can reach; the delight of healthy active out-door exercise, inducing supple limbs and sturdy frame, after that daily morning ride before the sun is up, or that evening drive after sunset; perhaps too the anticipation of the pleasures of society, the life and gaiety of a fashionable season, after a solitary sojourn in a subdivision, or that dull plodding station, queened by a single member of the gentler sex; these and possibly other considerations crowd upon the mind, and cause the fortunate individual selected to bless the horoscope of his nativity. In such a position I found myself on the 5th of October last, when I was appointed to act as Assistant to the Superintendent of Darjeeling—the sanitarium of Bengal. My first thoughts concerned my good luck, and, on the whole, I do not think that my self-congratulation was lessened to any great extent by the overwhelming solicitude of those contemporaries in the service who most considerately volunteered to relieve me of the post. But my second thoughts were as to how I should get there, a question always attended with some anxiety in India; and, having now accomplished the journey, I imagine a brief account thereof may not be uninteresting to some of *Aquila's* readers, comprising as it does the three phases of modern travel—the Rail, the Road, and the River.

We left Monghyr on Friday morning, October 23rd, and after a four hours' ride on the East Indian Railway reached Sahebgurge, between which place and Caragolah Ghaut the government ferry plies. There is not much worthy of remark on this portion of the line. Running south for six miles on the Monghyr branch, we join the main line at Jumalpoore, the great half-way junction between Calcutta and Benares. The town has been created under the auspices of the Company, and as yet is occupied exclusively by railway officials. It is now beginning to wear an important aspect, a great portion of the foundries and engineering shops having been transferred hither from Howrah, and if the original intention is fully carried out, it may in the course of a few years be one of the most thriving commercial and manufacturing towns in India. Unfortunately however the site was not well selected; the town is built just at the foot of a range of hills, always a pestilential position in India, and consequently it is beginning to manifest signs calculated to cause apprehension in a sanitary point of view.

Leaving Jumalpoore we pass through the tunnel, no great work of engineering skill, but remarkable as being the first bored in India, and for the unspeakable wonder with which it is still regarded by the natives, many of them coming miles from beyond the river to inspect it, and then being haled before the magistrates for trespass.

The line being still in an unfinished state, it would hardly be fair to compare it at present with a first-class railway in England. An immense capital has been lavished on it, and as the interest is guaranteed by Government, a large portion has been wasted through mismanagement. It is said that the Company are now in want of additional funds, and the remark would seem to be borne out by the little progress that has been made during the last twelvemonths. Thus we enter a waiting-room, which has long been papered and painted in a style superior to that of any private residence out here, but we observe that it is still unfinished, without even a mat on the floor, and perhaps given up to the guard as a domicile. In some places the stations are not yet roofed—the four walls standing as monuments of the Company that began to build and was not able to finish. But there may be some excuse for deficiencies, which capital alone can supply—though there is no doubt the capital was originally ample, had it been husbanded with proper care. It is impossible however to restrain one's indignation at the

negligent manner in which the line is worked, *e.g. vide* the correspondence column of the "Englishman." Imagine, good reader, being asked for your ticket by a dirty ill-looking fellow in a slouched hat, without any badge whatever to shew he is in the Company's service. Your first impulse is to knock him down or hand him up as a sharper that wants to bamboozle you out of your ticket, but as you have probably heard of similar irregularities on the line, you simply summon the guard. He appears, equally destitute of uniform or badge, and smiles at your fears. It seems there is no one in uniform, so you may as well give your ticket to the first man who asks you for it. And now suppose you want your portmanteau moved into the other train, you are no little astonished to find there is not a single porter supplied by the Company. There are certainly a number of lazy fellows in yellow turbans on the platform, dignified by the name of policemen, but catch them touching a box with one of their fingers—Am I a dog that I should do this thing? They would lose caste, I suppose; it is a pity the Company does not employ those who have already lost it. You may have been led to suppose that the rail is the great leveller, but, however, you'll have to carry your own portmanteau. I wonder if any of my readers remember policeman Smith at the Leeds Wellington Station, a jovial, fat, good-tempered fellow, with a strong back and a willing hand. I always think of him on such occasions, and try to picture how he would shake his sides if he were set down at an E. I. R. Station. There is another point in which the railway was to be a great leveller, and that was in the introduction and spread of the English language. In this idea the tickets were all printed in English, and the consequence was that young Bengal in the booking-office was enabled to make a fortune out of his countrymen, by taking the fare for some hundreds of miles and issuing a ticket to the next station. The unfortunate traveller, unconscious of the fraud practised upon him, is not only made to pay the fare a second time, on arriving at his destination, but probably prosecuted and fined as well. Latterly, however, the magistrates comprehending the state of the case, have refused to prostitute justice to the whim of the Company, and thus obliged them to issue tickets in the vernacular. This may serve as an example of the mischief which would ensue from the introduction at present of the use of English in the law-courts, so strenuously advocated by many. The object

of the plan would seem to be, that, by relieving Indian judges of the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the vernacular, the appointment might be given away to young barristers fresh from their dinners in England, and a great blow thus struck at the root of the Indian Civil Service. But it must be obvious, that so long as the bulk of the people remain ignorant of English, if such a plan were introduced, an enormous power would be placed in the hands of the interpreters or go-betweens,—unscrupulous native Omlah, who would never hesitate to pervert the evidence to serve their own ends. For my own part, I confidently trust and believe that the English language may one day be spoken almost universally from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—and there is no doubt that both railways and courts of law will contribute wonderfully to such a result—but let us contemplate the present condition of Wales in our most sanguine moments, and hesitate to precipitate measures, which will only pervert justice and render our rule unpopular.

But here we are at Sahebgurge. So let us gather our traps together and make the best of our way to the steamer. There she lies moored to the bank, some four hundred yards off. And a precious ugly-looking craft she is, crowded with odds and ends, boxes, furniture, men, and horses. However we make our way forward and then find breathing room. In a few minutes we start and are soon stemming the rapid current of the Ganges. Wind and stream both dead against us, we make but slow progress, at times indeed with difficulty maintaining our ground, or rather our position I should say, for as regards the ground the difficulty was rather the other way, the number of hidden shoals and sand-banks surrounding our course requiring considerable experience and caution in the men at the helm. Caragolah Ghaut is situate about twenty miles above Sahebgurge on the opposite bank of the river. These are the only places in the neighbourhood where the steamer can approach the bank, though a small boat may cross in an hour or two from Colgong or Peerpointer. Thus our course lay directly up the river, and we looked forward to a voyage of six or seven hours. Naturally this tedious state of affairs soon grows wearisome, we look around us and endeavour to realize our situation, we begin to examine the boat and the appurtenances thereof. She is a small river steamer, probably, judging from her build and antiquity, one of the first the British imported. The "saloon" passengers are

confined to an area of about four yards square, surmounted with an awning, but with no further protection against the weather. There is no cabin, so Europeans must remain on the deck like the natives, and pay as many rupees as the latter pay arras for the privilege of sitting apart and enjoying the first of the breeze. Oh! the uncomfortableness of a short steamer trip. We settle down to a novel, but it is impossible to concentrate our ideas and we throw it aside; we try to get up an orthodox enthusiasm suitable to the occasion, as we float on holy Gunga's sacred bosom, but it is all in vain. Gunga is too matter-of-fact, with the grunt of the engine in our ears and a column of black smoke stretching away behind us. We consult the skipper as to the prospect of our being in before night-fall—an important little man, with a strong smell of brandy and an everlasting cigar—one feels a reluctance to dignify such a man with the title of captain. He volunteers to point out alligators on the chuss, but unfortunately alligators won't come at his bidding. He relates his experience of a few nor'-westers, and a real nor'-wester on the Ganges is no trifle, but the cigar is out at last, and his tale and our patience likewise, and he toddles off for a fresh supply and perhaps another glass of grog.

Our attention is thus left free to wander elsewhere, and ere long we find ourselves mechanically listening to the sonorous twang of the Lascar besides us, as he takes the sounding, determined to impress on the whole crew that "Dobam mila reay." I am not aware of the equivalent nautical phraseology, but the meaning of it is that at two fathoms' depth he could not find the bottom. So we still feel safe, and as Caragolah Ghaut is now pointed out to us, we begin to speculate on our chance of securing a room at the Dak Bungalow.

What a stumbling-block and offence to English ideas is that word '*dak*'; while they are hauling us in and making the boat fast to the bank, let us consider the word and trace its various meanings. Most people are aware that travelling in India is generally performed "by *dak*," that is, when not by rail or steamer. Yet many have a confused idea what this most comprehensive term implies. They know that letters were despatched by *dak* long before railroads were thought of in India. Did passengers also ride on the mail-cart? But next day comes a letter from cousin Kate, telling how she was going to Mofussilpore "by *dak*," when the bearers put down her palkee and bolted, the rascals!

and this upsets all their previously arranged ideas. They begin to wonder if the letters are really transmitted in palkees. And while in this dilemma, lo! there's a postal advertisement in the "Englishman" Kate has sent to the effect that the heavy portion of the mails will be despatched "by barghy dak," and thus they irresistibly come to the conclusion that passengers must be classed with books and newspapers—"booked by barghy dak," we might say.

In truth the word 'dak' has now a very wide signification. Originally of course it meant no more than the English "post" or "mail." The letters were, and in many places still are transmitted by dak-runners—couriers who, with the mail-bag slung on a stick over their shoulders, trot along at five or six miles an hour. The books and parcels are made up into larger packages, and one or more being attached to each end of a bamboo are carried by the bearer barghy-wise. But how was travelling managed in those days? roads being but few and far between, and the means of conveyance at a minimum. There was nothing for it but the indigenous palkee, and then you want bearers. And so, since generally a postal line was already established on every route of travelling and travellers in those days were always servants of the Government, the postal authorities were requested to provide the requisite bearers at the different stages along the road. And so the bearers were called dak-bearers and the passenger was said to travel "by dak." And then afterwards, when roads were made and gharries or cars came into use, the old phraseology extended its meaning to suit the progress of the age, and you had your choice of journeying by gharry-dak or palkee-dak.

It is almost a wonder that the word has not identified itself with travelling by rail, but when used in connection therewith, in speaking of the dak-gharry, or mail train, it has its original and legitimate signification. Thus, putting the locomotive power of steam out of our consideration, those only strictly travel by dak who ride on the mail-cart; but the term having being applied to those means of conveyance furnished by the postal authorities, has been since extended to others, howsoever supplied.

But we have not done yet, there is the "Dak Bungalow," the post-office of course you will say. Not a bit of it, the post-office is the Dak-ghur, and may be miles off the Bungalow. But just in the same way as a paternal Government laid 'daks' for its servants and the public generally, it felt itself bound to provide staying bungalows and proper

accommodation along the several lines of route. Now let us make our way there and see what sort of a place it is. It is built on the bank of the river, and has consequently suffered from the annual inundations. Part of it has been washed away, only one room and a half remain at the present day. A new Dak Bungalow is in course of erection, but not yet in a condition to receive visitors. The whole room was already occupied when we reached the ruined building, and there was some pretension to occupy the half as well (I call it the half because part of the roof was gone.) The Judge of — was said to be on his way to Calcutta, and expected to arrive in time for the steamer's return at dawn. However the Dak Bungalow rule is the good old one of "first come, first served," and so we felt secure in our possession. Each room generally contains bed, table, and chair, and a bath room attached with the requisite furniture. There are probably two servants, cook or butler or bearer, or whatever they like to call themselves. Each adult pays a rupee per diem to Government for the occupation of the house, and anyone who has been twenty-four hours in the same Bungalow is liable to be turned out by a fresh comer. The servants provide eatables, which however generally prove uneatable; they consist of fowls, rice, eggs, milk, chupatties, tea and sugar; but parties setting out on a long journey do well to provide themselves with a hamper of prog beforehand, potted meats and soups, &c., in tins, which can be warmed up at any stage on the road.

After a bath and a cup of tea we retire, but not to rest, for what with the buzzing of the mosquitoes inside and the arrival and departure of daks from without, in vain we court the drowsy god. Up at dawn with the first streak of light in the horizon, unrefreshed but supported by excitement and anticipating better things at Purneah, we issue forth to see if our dak is ready.

A Transit Company, unlimited at the time I speak of, conveys passengers and goods on the Ganges and Darjeeling road, and Government having now ceased to lay daks on this line, everyone is left to its tender mercies. They provide either cars or palkees, the former however, only as far as Punkobarry, usually called "the foot of the hills." We preferred the old, time-honoured palanquin, as safer, steadier and more comfortable, and paid down R. 450 for our three daks to Darjeeling, for self, wife, servant, and child.

A dak consists of eight bearers, a mussalchee, and one or two barghy-burdlars who will travel a stage of ten or fifteen miles at an average speed of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, when another

set will be in readiness to relieve them. And give them only time for their rice and tobacco, these same men will perform two or even three of such stages in a day. Indeed I have always found the bearers a very good race of fellows, and I think they are often unjustly abused. They will generally get you out of a dilemma, pay them only fairly and give them time, while their power of endurance is perfectly amazing. Ladies may travel all over India alone with them in perfect safety; they are always respectful, and if not punctual, it is generally owing to some misdirection. Our first anxiety is to see our traps start before us, they have been packed for the journey in a formidable array of *pettarahs*, a small square tin box having a pyramidal lid with the apex cut off, and a framework of wood to protect the exterior. One of these is slung to either end of a bamboo, which the barghy bearer suspends over his shoulder like the picture of Aquarius. Our things thus sent before, we snatch a hasty breakfast of eggs and tea, put away our wrappers and small articles in the palkees, settle our account at the Dak Bungalow and off we start. Four bearers take up our palkee, the whole four-and-twenty join in a cheer, "Long live Mother Kaler? Long live the Company Bahadoor," (though whether they refer to the deceased John, or the present Transit Company, I have not yet been able to ascertain), the wish would hardly benefit the former now he is dead and buried, while no one would second it with respect to the latter. Away we go, the fresh morning air deliciously cool and balmy; we pull up our rug and feel as jolly as possible. On we trot, only stopping every two or three hundred yards for the bearers to change. By and bye the sun's rays begin to beat powerfully and unpleasantly into the palkee, we are obliged to close one side and now our case bids fair to be desperate. We are nearly stifled with the heat, and suffocated with the dust raised by the extra bearers as they run along by our side. The first stage is passed and the old set of bearers dismissed with the usual tip of four arras each palkee and a few pice for the barghy-wallahs. We are now approaching the second stage and anxiously thrust our heads out of the palkee, if perchance we may see any signs of our *pettarahs*. We are set down "*patulæ sub tegmine fagi*" and learn to our dismay that only two sets of bearers, instead of three, are in waiting for us and no barghy-burdars at all! This relay is supplied from Purneah, and we cast wistful glances up the road, but there is not another soul to be seen. We hold a consultation. I endeavour to persuade my old bearers to take

me on another stage, promising to see them righted by the agent at Purneah, but they expressed doubts as to my power. "Am I not a hákim? Can the hákim speak falsely?" "We can't believe you are a hákim—for if you were, how would you be left here without bearers?" Standing utterly aghast at this unexpected reply, I mentally curse the day when Government relinquished the daks to a Company so badly managed. Is it not enough to be kept waiting an hour or two under a burning mid-day sun, but must I be insulted as well? Must I be told that I am nobody, or the Company would not have dared to keep me waiting? Surely an action will lie for *be-izzatee* or loss of dignity? Feeling considerably smaller and meditating revenge, I cast about how I may recover my injured position. It is a police chowky and I pounce upon the constable. I explain to him who I am, and that I am now going to the magistrates at Purneah, I take his number and make over my traps to him, strictly enjoining him to send them on before nightfall. The bearers, apparently satisfied by this act of authority, agree to take me on after their meal, when lo! a shout in the distance, and the truants appear at last.

How delicious that bath at Nat's, and the tiffin, and bottled Bass, and the quiet evening drive, after all the hurry and bustle of the two or three days previous! Nat himself was not at home, having gone to the south of the district after a tiger, but at that time he was chumming with another good fellow, whose kindness and hospitality I shall never forget. It was a large airy house, situated in the centre of an immense compound or enclosure, with the peculiarity of Indian compounds in being unvaried by a single hillock or tree. Indeed, the whole of the station at Purneah is exceedingly low and flat; in the rains it lies below the level of the swollen river, and is only kept water-tight by being encircled with five miles of burd. Last year the burd burst and part of the station was completely washed away. Purneah is generally considered the Eden of Bengal, but those who have lived there have always a word to speak in its behalf. The water is undoubtedly impure, which may account for the enormous consumption of beer at Purneah, but the place is pleasantly situated and not without its charms.

We remained the night there, and next morning, after laying in a store of the staff of life sufficient for the next three or four days, started on our way towards Kishengurge. We fared well this day as far as bearers were concerned, double the requisite number being ready for us at the second



stage; three sets having come as usual from Kishengurge and three others having been sent forward in haste from Purneah in consequence, as I presume, of a tender billet-doux I had favoured the agent with the previous night. Towards evening as the shades of darkness gathered round, the mussalchees lit their torches, running by the palkee's side and pouring oil on them from time to time, the barghy-wallahs drew in to the lights, and our procession must have presented somewhat of an infernal aspect. I can only speak to the smell myself, which is any thing but savoury, and, expostulate as I would, the rogues would invariably sneak round to the windward.

The Dak Bungalow at Kishengurge is certainly the best on the road, and thanks to the deputy magistrate, who is in charge of this sub-division, we found plenty of the necessaries of life awaiting us. Refreshed by a night's rest, we proceeded on our journey; and now, as the sun lights up the rosy dawn, are those clouds to our left, or—yes! they must be the hills, the snowy range of the Himalayas! the same form of fleecy sheen I saw one glorious evening at sun-set from Monghyr.

The road between Caragolah and Titalya is a vast burd, with fruitful plains of paddy on either hand. The road itself is simply kutchra, that is, composed of loose earth thrown on the top somewhat resembling a ploughed field. In places there are signs of its having been the intention of the Department of Public Works at one time to "metal" it, that is, make a solid foundation of bricks or kunkur, but they have evidently long since abandoned such virtuous resolutions.

Here and there the road is intersected by deep nullahs, the most formidable of which is the river Mahanuddy between Purneah and Kishengurge. The palanquin, its incumbent and all, is placed on a raft constructed of two "jongas," or canoes, made of hollowed trees, with a rough platform connecting them, and is thus punted across.

If the road ever should be rendered fit for any other vehicle except bullock carts to travel on, (and oh, how we congratulated ourselves on being in palkees on human springs of flesh and blood!) when the trees on either side shall have seen a few more summers, it might become really an extremely pleasant drive. Yet it seems strange in this age of progress why Government should expend so much money over the road, when a light tramway might be made at less cost and pay infinitely better. Possibly, as was the case some years ago in England, Sir Chas. Trevelyan will have cleansed the

Augean stable, and brought the Trunk Roads into capital order just when the railways are ready to supersede them.

At the last stage we were not so fortunate as on the previous day, only two sets of bearers waiting for us. As there positively was not one scrap of shade here, I hastily sent the other two palkees on, and then composed myself for an argument with the bearers. Where was the Sirdar? He had gone into the villages to levy more men. What were those bearers waiting for over yonder? Their dak was laid the other way and expected every minute. Would the old set go on another stage? Couldn't do it, two sets were engaged for daks the other way, and the third must return to the last stage to be in relay there.

There was no help for it then, I put my cause into their hands and calmly awaited the Sirdar's return, trying to be as patient as possible under the circumstances. I had just given up the attempt however as hopeless, when the bearers returned, having arranged it amongst themselves somehow. I think they had become rather sceptic on the subject of those other daks, and preferred a bird in the hand to two in the bush. At 8 P.M. I reached Titalya, and straightway bent my steps to the agent. Having explained the matter, I expressed a hope that my dak would be ready at six next morning as arranged, and that I should experience no further delay on the road. "Oh! arn't you going on to Punkobaree to-night," replied the amiable Welshman. "To-night!" exclaimed I in astonishment, "attempt the Terai at night! no thank you, I think my dak was laid for to-morrow morning." "Well! so it is, but if you don't go till then you'll spoil all our daks!" Now this *was* cool, considering that my dak had been laid for ten days before at least, and after all the previous excitement of the day, I could not be expected to think otherwise; so I told him so, and uttering various threats against the Company, which must have sounded perfectly awful in his ears, I returned to the Dak Bungalow. My threats however were not without effect, for he managed to find bearers who took us all the way through to Punkobaree next day, and well too.

The distance from Titalya to Punkobaree is but thirty miles, but a Dak Bungalow has been erected half-way at Siligoorie, to enable the busy traveller to avoid passing through the Terai at night. The Terai is the long narrow strip of jungle running along the foot of the Himalayas from Bhootan to Cashmere. Receiving the watershed of the hills, it is excessively fertile, and abounds with game of

all sorts. The malaria however is undoubtedly malignant, and few escape jungle-fever who attempt to pass through it by night. It was here that Lady Canning is supposed to have caught that fatal disease, which deprived this country of so favourite and queen-like a countess. We did not make a long stay at Siligoorie, but crossing the Mahanuddy again pushed on through the jungle of the Terai.

Before us lie the hills in solemn grandeur, rising almost perpendicular from the plains. We are so close under them now that the snow is lost to view, and we only see the darkening shade of the primæval forest, or the rusty clearance of the tea plantation. On either hand is dense foliage—tangled brake, eight or ten feet high—the lairs of tiger, wolf, and bear. Soon we reach clear brawling pebbly streams, which forcibly recall the “grappling” scenes of yore in the north of Yorkshire. We long to jump out of our palanquin and try under that stone, but alas! there are no trout in India. And now we are visibly ascending; the bearers, who have brought with them long bamboos for the purpose, sling them under the pole before and behind, the palkee thus being borne by eight men. And now cooler breezes begin to welcome us to heights fairer than the abode of the gods; and the roaring and laughter of the mountain brook makes music in our ears—music unheard in Cambridgeshire, while we feed our never-tiring eyesight on the exuberant and many-coloured foliage, which cheers and adorns our path upwards. And thus winding up the spurs, with many a glorious peep behind, and ever some new delight to excite our admiration, we reach Punkobaree, 1600 feet above the sea, and 1300 feet above the plains we have just left: the terminus for bullock-carts, and styled “the foot of the Hills.”

Once arrived at the Dak-Bungalow, the romantic is soon lost in the material, and admiration gives place to baser feelings. At the first glance one can imagine nothing more cheerless or disconsolate. Certainly it is the first boarded floor we have seen for some time, but then the planking is all rotten and out of repair. There is not a perfect chair in the room, either an arm, or a leg, or a back being wanting. And when we summon the butler, and ask what he has for dinner, our dismay is complete. Of course the invariable answer. “Sub cheez hai”—everything and anything you like to order—is ready on his tongue. But when we descend to details, we find it is more difficult to suite our palate.

“Have you any meat, beef or mutton?” we ask.

“Nay, Khudaward,” whines out mine host, clasping his hands together in an imploring attitude.

“Any bread?”

“How can bread be found in the midst of the jungle?”

“Well, any milk or butter?”

“Your slave had three cows once, but fate went against him (great is Allah!) and they are all dead.”

“Any beer?” we ask in our despair.

“There were six dozen, but it’s all been consumed.”—Fancy the pettiest inn-keeper at home having once got in six dozen of beer!

“What have you then?” we roar in desperation.

“Your slave kisses his master’s feet, and will serve up a fowl and chupatties. Will your highness have it boiled, or roast, or cutlets, or fricassee?”

Alas! Fowl and chupatties! Just what the “sub cheez” has been reduced to at every Dak-Bungalow along the road. And how to have it cooked! We have tried every way and never yet been able to masticate sufficient to appease the pangs of hunger. For consider! that bird, which is destined to play so conspicuous a part in your evening meal an hour hence, is still strutting about yonder among his fellows in the yard. Out of the water into the frying pan, may be a good rule for fish, but flesh is hardly adapted for so rapid a method of cuisine.

Having bathed and dressed, we issue forth to look about us pending the arrival of our unfortunate bird. In the square in front of the Bungalow are bivouacked some companies of Sikhs, going up to form the escort to the Bhootan Mission. We find the Jemadar in waiting to pay his respects. There is the Daroghah of Police too, who has been sent down to look after or cater for these fellows, as may be necessary. He has heard of the arrival of his new Hakim and comes forward with a profound salaam to signify his desire to do everything in his power for our comfort.

But what is this? Come, Daroghah, all your diplomatic skill is wanted now. Half-a-dozen Sikhs, ignorant of the principles of Political Economy, will not quietly consent to pay the enhanced price of rice, and are loudly threatening to chastise the insolent shop-keeper, who dare attempt to impose on them. “Two prices in the same ‘raj’! we never heard of such a thing.” Poor fellows! they thought the Viceroy fixed the same rate for the whole of British India! However all praise to the Daroghah, who succeeded in pacifying them for the nonce, and I could hear him expounding to them as

they walked off, the item of transportation in the cost of production.

At ten the next morning I was well-nigh desperate. I had been waiting two hours for my bearers, and they were still said to be eating their rice. Neither the Transit Company's agent nor the Daroghah, were of any avail. Forgetting all magisterial dignity, I seized a stick, and going to their hut, had to turn the men out by some show of force. Once on the road, everything gave way to a feeling of reverence and awe, at the grandeur of the scene. The distance from Punkobaree to Kursiong is only six miles, but the road is almost precipitously steep, corkscrewing up the spurs of the hill. At every turn the view is magnificent, the palkee now diving into the recess of some glorious gorge with its mountain torrent, roaring and rushing over the boulders; now emerging on some crest, whence the eye gazes down on the far-reaching panorama of the plains, watered by the meandering streams of the Balasun and Mahanuddy; while on every side rises the multiform and many-coloured foliage of the Himalayan flora: see! English ferns and flowers, missed for many a long month; aye! and a thousand others, now for the first time presented to the eye. The graceful Tree-fern, the brilliant Orchids; these and other curiosities, read of but never before seen in nature's garden, delight the eye, and relieve the tedium of the way. Here and there, perched on some eminence, or situated in the centre of some new clearance, where the primæval forest has yielded to the axe of the Anglo-Saxon, rises the neat white-washed bungalow of the resident tea-planter. The strangeness and picturesque beauty of the scene is only heightened by the various groups of men and women we meet along the road. Here a batch of coolies, wild, dirty, uncombed, semi-savage Bhooteas, with the Mongolian mien, bent nearly double with the weight of some ponderous package, fastened to the back by means of a bamboo frame. Here a drove of haggard bullocks or ponies, coming down for a fresh load of rice and flour. And now a group of Biparries, with a barghy of hen-coops slung over their shoulders, or a net-full of earthen vessels; all testifying to the wants of Darjeeling, and the trade carried on between that station and the plain.

Arrived at Kursiong, the scenery is even grander than below. We are now on the ridge or backbone of a hill, running north-east from the plains, and four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. On one side are extensive views of the plains, on the other the valley

of the Balasan, with the spur of Hope Town rising abruptly to the north, and the mountains of Nepal looming in the distance beyond. We lose however in the neighbourhood the magnificent forests, which is the great feature in the scenery below. In every direction the hills are being cleared for the cultivation of tea, and the dusky foliage is superseded for the time by the dull monotonous red clay. The temperature is now very considerably lower; we unpack warmer clothing and are glad and rejoice at the sight of a fire. We pass the night at the Dak Bungalow, congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a variation from fowl and chupatties on the morrow.

The chief requisite of Darjeeling being an easy and rapid communication with the foot of the hills, and the former road being nothing more than a bridle-path, and so steep in places as to render the carriage of large articles impossible, the Government is constructing a new cart road with an almost imperceptible elevation. The new road is now complete from Kursiong to Darjeeling, and according by this route we proceeded on our journey. It is a fine, broad level road, winding round the side of the hill, and has been made at a great expense. No mean work of engineering skill, its course here has been blasted through the solid rock, while in yon ravine a massive but rural bridge of solid masonry protects it from the inroads of the water-shed. Everywhere one passes through lovely wooded scenery, dipping into glens variegated with the richest foliage, and emerging on eminences, commanding extensive views of the surrounding forests. There is only wanting the appearance of the "Telegraph" or "Highflyer," spinning along the road, to make the traveller believe he is passing through the most enchanting scenes of Wales.

The distance into Darjeeling from Kursiong is about twenty miles by this road. About half-way lives one of the Engineers on the road, a man of unbounded hospitality, and whose larder is certainly the most English I have met with in India. About four miles from Darjeeling the traveller arrives at "the saddle," a narrow ridge at one end of the valley lying between the Senchal and Darjeeling hills. A steep road turns off to the right up to Senchal Barracks, which are two miles higher up, eight thousand six hundred feet above the sea. We cross the saddle and ascend the hill on the opposite side, now leaving the cart road and following up the old bridle-path. Soon we reach Julla Pahar, where stand the Barracks of the Convalescent Depot,

and having now attained the crest of the hill, we see below us, in a bend of the hill, facing southwest, the pretty station of Darjeeling. And having conducted the reader thus far, here we will leave him for the present, confident that he cannot be in a better place, or amidst more lovely scenes. Were we to pursue our subject, we fear lest we should render *The Eagle* as unpopular as an Indian debate. We therefore pause and furl our sails, promising that should the present voyage have been successful, we will continue our description in some future number, and introduce the reader to the history and topography of British Sikhism, and its chief station and sanitarium of Bengal.

H. B.



## THE LADY MARGARET SIXTH BOAT.

LENT, 1864.

“Eripite, o Socii, pariterque insurgite remis!”

Virgil's *Æn.* iii. 560.

“Pocis opem nervis corpusque fidele senectæ:

Esto, age; sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa

Annuerè his Camum vetuere, ratemque morantur.”

Cf. Persius, *Sat.* ii. 41.

It was the hour of twilight gray when solemn shades descend,  
And the labours of the oarsman and the ‘cox’en’ have an end:  
When Lady Margaret left her Hall, and to the river side,  
Like one who fears, in silence and in trepidation hid;  
And when she came to Cam’s slow stream, the slowly-flowing stream,  
She paused, and looked around her, as if wand’ring in a dream:  
But soon she whistled long and loud, as one whistleth to a dog,  
And an eight-oared barge came silently and swiftly through the fog.  
O but they were ancient mariners of the true Corinthian mould,  
With muscles hard as iron, and right vigorous though old!  
For each had been in former days a Master of St. John’s,  
Each was a noble specimen of the ancient race of Dons,  
Then Margaret sat within her boat upon the river weedy,  
*Ἐτοῖμοι ἐστὲ πάντες; ἐρέσσει’ ἄνδρες ἡδῆ.*  
Swift went the barge past Trinity, past Trinity Hall, and Clare,  
Past King’s, and Queens’, and Newnham, and thy meadows Granta  
fair.

They pass’d the spot where students bathe in May and fierce July,  
And bless’d the memory of him who built the shed hard by;  
And as they rowed a spectre form they saw from off the shore  
Take a header, and then disappear; that form was Henry Hoare!  
All night they rowed, till morning gray dawned on their dreary course,  
And they saw in all its beauty Father Cam’s primæval source.  
The River-god was drinking his matutinal dram  
From the ever-flowing fountains which feed the god-like Cam;  
And speedily he hastened from his bed, as he is wont,  
When he saw fair Margareta drawing near the sacred font:

' Now hail thee! hail thee Margaret !' he cried in glad surprise,  
 " By'r Logan but thy presence is a comfort for sore eyes.  
 But to what am I indebted for this early morning call?  
 What brings thee to old Camus from thine own beloved Hall?"  
 Then sighed fair Margareta: " A boon, a boon I ask!"  
 And the god in rapture answered: " Let me know what is the task,  
 And I'll do it if I'm able; for you know, my precious pearl,  
 Old Camus nought refuseth to his own beloved girl."  
 Then the maiden blushing answered, " Father Cam a perfect Eight  
 Many years have I endeavoured to train up and educate:  
 Yet in vain are all my efforts: oh! forgive the tears I shed,  
 For the red flag floats no longer proudly at the river's head!  
 Then help me, Father Camus, for to thee the Johnians pray,  
 Oh! teach me how to choose an Eight and to coach them the right  
 way."

Thus she spake in tears: he answered " That I rather think I will!  
 But first of meat and liquor it behoves to take our fill."  
 Then when with meat and liquor the two were satisfied,  
 The Cam rose from the table, and to the river hied.  
 Him followed Margareta, and they sat upon the bank,  
 Fringed with lilies, fringed with willows, fringed with osiers long  
 and dank.

Then old Camus kindly smiling, thus his speech in few began:  
 " I will tell thee, Margareta, how thine eight-oar'd boat to man.  
 The yew tree bough, that graves o'er shades, is a sturdy bow and true,  
 We'll have a bow more sturdy, more sepulchral than the yew:  
 When your crew next Tuesday morning in their eight-oar'd boat  
 you muster,  
 You'll find, dear Lady Margaret, your bow a regular 'buster':"  
 Then Modius Le Drymeasure, of courage tried and true,  
 Of unlimited capacity, shall preside at 'number Two,'  
 'Number Two' he leads to Victory upon the tented field,  
 At 'Number Two' shall Modius his oar in triumph wield:  
 He runneth at the double at the clashing bayonets' brunt;  
 He roweth at the double, left his pivot, right in front:  
 His upright back, his straight strong arms, his shoulders firm and free,  
 Seem to partake but little of the C. U. R. V. E.  
 Then the boat to steady, should there be a rough and stormy wind  
 on,  
 We'll place for ballast that sheer hulk, the nautical Cylindon:  
 Next, to cure the crew of 'rowing' fast, methinks there should be  
 seen  
 At 'number Four' the visage stern of a bonnie Junior Dean:

\* "Buster" hoc est qui remigando rumpitur, alii legunt  
 "Busta," quod nomen proprium esse volunt, virum gravem ac strenuum  
 significans. Judicet lector.

Then, uniting all the virtues of the Isis and the Cam,  
 The great Camford shall row faster than the fastest telegram:  
 Yet our Five, tho' fast he roweth, shall equal not in pace  
 The rowing of the sylph-like energetic Mr. Grace:  
 Then a man of iron muscles, and of philosophic mind,  
 Γυμναστική shall shew us with *ιατρική* combined:  
 Last of all a Stroke imported from across the Ocean blue  
 Shall lead to death or victory his never-failing crew:  
 But lest such stalwart heroes super-human powers display,  
 To moderate their ardour we will choose a man of clay,  
 Who shall steer them, who shall cheer them; but excessive zeal  
 repress,  
 And give them frequent 'easies' when he sees them in distress.  
 Not by rowing, not by tugging shall that wondrous ship be sped,  
 Long beards and long moustaches shall adorn each ancient head;  
 New-invented laws of motion shall supply the place of rowing,  
 By capillary attraction will we keep the vessel going."

Thus he spake, and Margareta having whistled for her crew,  
 Thanked him kindly for his lecture, and bade the God adieu.  
 Soon she returned to Granta, and tho' wintry was the weather,  
 She followed Cam's suggestions, and got her crew together:  
 Wild and wintry was the weather; wildly shrieked the dismal wind;  
 But those ancient men rowed swiftly, and left the blast behind:  
 Blue and red were nose and fingers, dark as winter was the flow  
 Of ice a rolling rapidly 'neath a canopy of snow.  
 Black as Styx, more foul than Thamesis, colder far than College  
 dinners,  
 The turbid river swiftly bore those dauntless would-be-winners.  
 O stranger would'st thou know their fate, if victors they came back?  
 Go, read it in the annals of the Cambridge Almanack!  
 There you'll read their deeds of daring; how 'mid hail and sleet  
 and snow,  
 Those bearded ancient mariners unflinchingly did row:  
 How to teach the young idea they consented to be bumped,  
 Rowed from 'First house' to the Willows, yet were not the least  
 bit pumped.  
 Grew of rowing so enamoured, that when forced their boat to quit  
 They scorned on chair of horse-hair, or on sofa soft to sit:  
 How at last they rowed to Logan's, crowned with laurels round  
 their brows,  
 With the snow-white flag of Victory flaunting proudly at their bows!

SOCIUS NAVALIS.



## LADY MARGARET.

“Accipe Fundatrix grati pia nota nepotis,  
 Æqua tuis meritis sors inimica negat.  
 O si! quas cupio, vires mihi fata dedissent,  
 Clarior elogiis Fœmina nulla foret.  
 At tua progenies vivet, nascentur alumni,  
 Hi tibi plaudentes carmina digna ferent.”

THO. BAKER.

THE name at the head of this article is perhaps suggestive to many of our readers of the river, rather than of the court or cloister, of the fifteenth century, and some may expect to find accounts or notices of the glorious achievements at Grassy or Henley, from the time of our great New Zealand Bishop, down to the day when the gallant four of last term finished their successful labours.

A history of the College boating would, doubtless, be joyfully received by all subscribers to *The Eagle*, and at the same time is a subject worthy of the pen of any aquatic contributor. Such however is not our present purpose. We wish to give a sketch of the life of her from whom the boat club derives its name, and the College its existence. To any student our subject is one of importance, as Lady Margaret was almost in every respect the first lady of her time,—the wealthiest and most accomplished, and at the same time the most devout and most ascetic,—the mother of kings,—the patroness of our earliest printers, being herself an authoress,—the most charitable benefactress of sound learning and religious education; but to us, the Master, Fellows, Scholars and Students of the college, who are the recipients of her last bequest and largest bounty, the life of Lady Margaret ought to be replete with interest, furnishing us material for the most important thoughts,—whether the college at present is in a state of which she would approve, whether we individually and collectively are living in such a manner,

that with clear consciences we can say we are being “brought up in lernyng, vertue, and connyng.”\*

Although the mother of Henry the Seventh played no unimportant part in the history of the latter half of the fifteenth century, yet the recorded incidents of her life are few, and those generally only incidentally mentioned in the chronicles of the period. These materials, however, have been carefully collected by Miss Halsted, in her *Life of Margaret Beaufort*, which obtained the honorary premium awarded by the directors of the Gresham commemoration, 1839, and it is to this work that the author of the following pages is indebted for most of his references. Besides this life of Lady Margaret, there is a brief memoir of her in Ballard’s *Celebrated British Ladies*, and a still shorter in Hartley Coleridge’s *Life of Bishop Fisher*.† Much valuable information has also been found in Dr. Hymers’ edition of her Funeral Sermon, preached by Bishop Fisher.

It will be as well to commence with an account of this noble lady’s descent, not only as a matter of curiosity, but for the purpose of explaining how all our kings derive their blood royal through her.

John of Gaunt, “time-honoured Lancaster,” the fourth son of king Edward the Third, was thrice married. His first wife was Blanch, heiress of Henry Duke of Lancaster, from whom he obtained the duchy. They had three children, two daughters, and a son afterwards king Henry the Fourth. His second wife was Dona Constantia, daughter and co-heiress of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon, by whom he had one daughter, who afterwards was married to the Prince of Asturias, eldest son of the king of Spain. Whilst Dona Constantia was still alive, the Duke had three sons and one daughter by a lady who was at the time governess to his daughters. This was Katharine the daughter of Sir Payne de Roet, a native of Hainault, and the widow of Sir Otes Swynford of Ketelthorpe in Lincolnshire. She had been in the service of the Duchess Blanch, and when she became a widow she again entered the household of John of Gaunt, and had the sole charge of his daughters.

After the death of Dona Constantia, the Duke married Katherine Swynford, and obtained the legitimation of her children, firstly in a bull granted by the pope, and then in a charter given by Richard the Second in 1397, and ratified

\* Lady Margaret’s Will.

† Worthies of Yorkshire.

and confirmed by Parliament. This act of legitimation said, that they were "to be raised, promoted, elected, assume, and be admitted to all honours, dignities, pre-eminencies, estates, degrees and offices, public and private whatsoever, as well perpetual as temporal, and fœdal and noble, &c.)\* It was afterwards confirmed by Henry the Fourth, and it seems that he added to the enrolment of the grant on the patent Rolls, the words "*Excepta dignitate regali*," as these words occur on it as an interlineation, and in different ink to the rest of the deed. This addition, however, could not affect the original grant, as it had become an Act of Parliament, and the three words given above do not occur in the Rolls of Parliament.†

Thus it appears, that the descendants of John of Gaunt and Katherine Swynford possessed all the rights of succession to the English throne, after the failure of issue of Henry the Fourth, that that monarch himself had.

The children thus made legitimate were surnamed Beaufort,‡ from the place of their birth, Beaufort Castle in Anjou. The eldest, Sir John de Beaufort, was created Earl of Somerset; the second, Henry, was the celebrated cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, whose death-bed is represented by Shakspeare (the second part of Henry the Sixth, Act III. Scene 3) in such an awful manner. He was the richest man of his day and had perhaps amassed more wealth than any Englishman before him. It is in allusion to this, that Shakspeare makes him say:

"If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain."

The third brother was Thomas, made Duke of Exeter. The sister, Joan, married Sir Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, and thus became grandmother of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third.

John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, married Margaret Holland, by whom he had six children, four sons and two daughters. His eldest son Henry succeeded to the title and estates, but dying in his minority, they devolved upon the

\* Vide Excerpta Historica, pp. 152--155.

† Excerpta Historica.

‡ From this circumstance they bore a portcullis of the cognizance of the family, which portcullis is an important feature in the insignia of our college.

second son John. This John greatly distinguished himself in the wars with France, and for his conduct especially at the siege of Harfleur, was advanced to the rank of Duke of Somerset, and various other dignities. He married Margaret, the widow of Sir Oliver St. John, only daughter and heiress of John, Lord Beauchamp of Powyke. The issue of this marriage was one daughter, Margaret, the subject of this Memoir, "so that," as Fuller says, "fair-port and fair-field met in this lady who was fair-body and fair-soul, being the exactest pattern of the best devotion those days afforded, taxed for no personal faults but the errors of the age she lived in."

Margaret Beaufort was born in the year 1441, at Bletsoe, a small village about six miles north-west of Bedford, on the road to Higham Ferrers, the principal residence of her mother, to whom the manor belonged. The house where she was born has been long ago pulled down, and the site was at the beginning of this century occupied by a farm house.\*

The Duke of Somerset died in 1444, within four years of his marriage, and was buried in Wimbourne church, leaving to his infant daughter the whole of his vast possessions, and making her the greatest heiress in England.

We know nothing about the education of the little Margaret, but her training was at least as good as that of any lady of her age. She could read and write,—no mean accomplishments in the fifteenth century,—was a proficient in French, and though she often lamented that she had not made herself mistress of Latin in her youth, "she was not" as Coleridge remarks, "so ignorant of that language, but that she could use it in the service of charity. When she was at Cambridge, superintending the foundation of Christ's College, a student detected in some irregularity, was driven past her window to the academic whipping post, on which she cried out *Lente, Lente*, as a Scotch lady would have rendered it *Canny, Canny, noo*."† She was besides a most accomplished needle-woman, and there is still preserved in the St. John's family of Bletsoe‡, a carpet with the arms and

\* Lyson's *Magna Britannica, Bedfordshire*, pp. 58, 59.

† Bishop Fisher also says in his Sermon, that she well understood the Latin Service Books.

‡ The family is descended from the mother of Lady Margaret and her first husband.

matches of the family, worked by her.\* It is related by Fuller, that James the First, whenever he was in the neighbourhood of Bletsoe, asked to see the specimens of embroidery by his ancestress which were kept in the family mansion.† The art of medicine was an important part of a lady's education in the fifteenth century, and this was not neglected in the case of Lady Margaret. The medicinal skill she thus acquired, she made good use of in after life by daily administering to the wounds and alleviating the sicknesses of the poor.

The custody of the lands of minors, used to be a profitable branch of the royal prerogative, their wardships being either sold or given by the Crown.‡ The guardianship of the only daughter of the Duke of Somerset, or rather the care of her property, would be coveted doubtless by numerous courtiers, and was conferred by Henry the Sixth on his favourite, Michael de la Pole, Earl and afterwards Duke of Suffolke.¶

While Lady Margaret was still a child, she was diligently sought in marriage by her guardian for his son and heir, and by king Henry for his half brother Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

The way she selected her husband from these two suitors is so remarkable, that the account must be given in full in Bishop Fisher's own words:§ "She which as then was not fully nine years old, doubtfull in her mynde what she were best to do, asked counsaile of an old Gentlewoman whom she moche loved and trusted, which dyde advyse her to commend her self to St. Nicholas the Patron and helper of all true maydens, and to beseche him to put in her mynde what she were best to do. This counsaile she follow'd, and made her Prayer so, full often; but specyally that nyghte when she sholde the morrowe after make answeere of her mynde determynately. A mervaylous thyng! that same nyght, as I have herde her tell many a tyme, as she lay in Prayer, calling upon St. Nycholas, whether slepyng or

\* Nicholl's Royal Wills, p. 366.

† Fuller's *Cambridge*, p. 94.

‡ *Excerpta Historica*, p. 3.

¶ *Ibid*, where a copy of this grant may be seen.

§ Hymer's Edition of *Bishop Fisher's Sermon*, p. 111. The story given in the text is alluded by Lord Bacon in his life of Henry the Seventh, who also confirms the early age at which her betrothal took place. The age seems less improbable, when we know that she was a mother at fourteen.

wakeyng she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the mornynge, one appered unto her arrayed like a Byshop, and naming unto her Edmondē, bad take hyme unto her Husbände. Andes by this meane she did enclyne her mynde unto Edmonde the Kyng's Broder, and Erle of Rychemonde."

Although her choice rested on Richmond, it is probable that Suffolk attempted to exercise his right,\* and compel her to marry his son, for he was soon after this impeached, and this was one of the principal accusations against him, he having the intention of putting her forward as a claimant to the throne, in case Henry died without issue.† He was however released, through the influence of the Queen, after a short imprisonment; but within a few weeks he was, at the instigation of the Commons, banished to Calais for five years. He however never reached the place of his banishment, but was cruelly murdered at sea.

Richmond was thus left without a rival, and four years after (1455) was married to the young heiress. We must therefore before proceeding any further in her history, give some account of the parentage of her future husband.

The father of Edmund Tudor was Owen Ap Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, of limited means, but unlimited pedigree, King Arthur being somewhere in the middle of it. He, going up to Court, managed to secure the affections of the widow of Henry the Fifth, thus causing a considerable amount of scandal and consternation among the English Aristocracy, who, like Mr. Daniel Pryce, thought a good deal—

"Of the Court Ball, at which by a lucky mishap,  
Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katharine's lap;  
And how Mr. Tudor successfully woo'd her,  
Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,  
And so made him Father-in-law to the King."

\* He not only had the custody of her lands, but possessed the sole right of providing her with a husband.

† In the impeachment of Suffolk, as given in Fenn's *Original Letters*, Vol. iii. p. 62-78, it is said that he had actually married Margaret to his son. This however is highly improbable, as the lady was hardly nine years old, and no mention of the fact is made by any historian of the period; besides, if this marriage did take place, it would make Henry the Seventh illegitimate, as John, Duke of Suffolk, (the person in question) did not die till 1491, and there is no allusion, or charge of the kind made by any writer in that age or in more modern times.



Queen Katherine was married to Owen Tudor in 1428, and they had four children, Edmund, of Hadham in Hertfordshire, the place of his birth; Jasper, Owen, and Katharine. Henry the Sixth had great affection for his maternal brothers, and bestowed on Edmund the Castle and County of Richmond, at the same time creating him Earl of Richmond, with precedence above all other Earls, and of Richmond, with precedence above all other Earls, and Jasper was in the same year, 1452, made Earl of Pembroke.

Edmund, Earl of Richmond, married Margaret Beaufort, in 1455, and on the 26th of July in the following year, a son was born to them at Pembroke Castle, the seat of their brother.

Everything seemed to go well with the young wife, but her happiness was of short duration. Her joy at the birth of a son was still fresh, when it was changed to mourning for her husband. Edmund of Hadham died in the beginning of November of the year that made him a father. He was buried\* in the church of the Grey Friars, Caermarthen, but his remains were afterwards removed to the cathedral of St. David's, and there the inscription on his monument may still be seen.

When it is remembered that we are entering on the most troubled period of English History, the wars of the Roses, when so many aspirants to the throne were using their best endeavours, by fair and foul means, by force of arms and by intrigue, to obtain the crown; it will be admitted that the young widow had no easy work to do, to bring up in safety her son, who, failing the issue of Henry the Sixth, was the head of the Lancastrian party, and consequently an object of suspicion to the house of York. Moreover the White Rose was in the ascendant, and Henry had little power to protect his brother's son; and besides the natural protector of Lady Margaret, her Uncle Edmund, Duke of Somerset, had just been slain in the battle of St. Alban's, while Jasper Tudor, uncle to the young Henry, as the child had been called, (doubtless after the King) was a bitter enemy of the Duke of York, who was then Protector of the Realm. Lady Margaret had therefore chiefly to trust to her own prudence, and she wisely kept aloof from the troubles of her country, and settled down in the castle where her child was born, where she would be surrounded by the dependants of her brother-in-law.

\* Sandford's Genealogy, p. 283.

She remained a widow three or four years, and then contracted a matrimonial alliance with her relative Sir Henry Stafford, third son of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham. So little is known of this son of the Duke, that Brooke in his Catalogue of Kings, Dukes, &c., denies his existence, and remarks that "they that are desirous to find this Henrie Stafford, and his marriage with Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother to King Henry the Seventh, must go into Purgatory for it; for in heaven nor upon the earth it is not to be found."

The date of the marriage is tolerably well fixed to the year 1459, as in the assignment of some lands to Lady Margaret in that year, she is called the wife of Henry Stafford\*; and in the will of the Duke of Buckingham, dated the following year, he leaves "to my son Henry four hundred marks, to him and to my daughter Margaret, Countess of Richmond, his wife."†

The battles of Mortimer's Cross and Towton, in 1461, put an end for a time to the struggles for the throne. Edward, Duke of York, was proclaimed King. Henry fled to Scotland, and most of his supporters were executed. The Earl of Pembroke however, managed to escape to the Continent, where he wandered about for several years. The young Earl of Richmond was attainted by Edward, and his possessions were bestowed upon the Duke of Clarence. The Lady Margaret and her husband were however treated more leniently, their lands being secured to them by Act of Parliament;‡ it does not appear why the mother and son were treated differently, but it was probably through the interest of the Stafford family that the property of the former was spared.

Pembroke was of course attainted and also deprived of his Earldom, which was conferred on Sir William Herbert. Richmond was placed under the surveillance of the new Earl, and lived for several years with the Herbert family, in Pembroke Castle. Although he was carefully brought up by Lady Herbert with her own children, his position was more that of a prisoner than anything else, and he afterwards declared that from the time he was five years old, he had been always a fugitive or a captive.¶ The same restraint

\* Vincent's *Corrections of Brooke*, p. 87.

† Sir Harris Nicolas' *Testamenta Vetusta*, p. 297.

‡ *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, v. 471 and 523.

¶ *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, by Denys Godefray, Bk. V. Chap. xviii.

does not seem to have been exercised on Lady Margaret as on her son, but she probably resided with him, and took part in his education.

There is nothing to relate of lives of our Foundress and her son, till the year 1470, when by the exertions of Warwick and Queen Margaret, Henry the Sixth was restored to his Kingdom. Jasper Tudor had returned to England with the King-maker, and visiting his old Castle, found there his nephew, "kept in manner like a captiye; but well and honorably educated, and in all kind of civilitie brought up by the Lady Herbert."\* He took him up to London, and presented him to the King, who then uttered the prophecy of his future greatness, which Shakespeare has made so well known.

"If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."†

It was not long before Edward again ascended the throne, and Jasper Tudor, thinking the country unsafe for him and his nephew, after retiring for a short time to Wales, embarked with the intention of going to France. In this, however, he was not successful. Being unfortunate enough to encounter a storm in his passage, he was driven out of his course, and was obliged to land in Brittany,‡ and he and Richmond were detained by the Duke of Brittany, and were kept as captives for several years.

We are however digressing, and must return to her who was now almost hopelessly separated from her only child. Naturally of a retiring disposition, her bereavement made her more than ever avoid the trouble and bustle of court life, and she probably resided in seclusion, in some of her quiet country castles. Collyweston, in Northamptonshire, was very possibly the place chosen, at least for a time, as she

\* Hall's *Chronicle*, Edward IV., fol. xxiv.

† *King Henry VI.*, Part III. Act iv. Scene vi.

‡ Buck's *Richard III.* Bk. I., p. 16-19, and Hollinshead's *Chronicles*.

built a mansion there,\* or completed one begun by Lord Cromwell, lord treasurer to Henry the Sixth.

We must pass on to the year 1481, when Lady Margaret had to endure another affliction, by the death of her husband, Sir Henry Stafford. Although they had been married twenty-two years, we know little of the life of either during this period, but it is evident that they were much attached to each other, from the fact that he made her his sole executrix.

In his will,† bearing date 2 October, 1481, he bequeathed his body to be buried in the college of Plessie, in Essex, and after leaving some small legacies, amongst them "a trappur and four new horse harness of blue velvet" to his son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond, he concludes,—“and the residue of all my goods, catalogues, and debts, wheresoever they be, after my debts that I owe paid, my funeral expenses done, and this my testament fulfilled; I give and bequeath to mine entirely beloved wife Margaret, Countess of Richmond, she thereof to dispose her own free will for evermore.”

Within a year after the death of her second husband, lady Margaret was again married. Her third husband, Sir Thomas Stanley, was one of the most distinguished men of his time; he had been a strenuous supporter of the house of York, and then held an important office in the King's household. Doubtless it was for the sake of her son that lady Margaret threw off her weeds so soon after the decease of Stafford. He had been in banishment for twelve years, and his mother thought that, by contracting an alliance with so powerful a supporter of the reigning faction, she would best promote his welfare. The result proved her wisdom, as it was in no small degree owing to the assistance of the Stanleys that Richmond became king.

Sir Thomas Stanley was a widower at the time of his marriage with the Countess of Richmond; his first wife was Eleanor, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had a large family. Three of his sons it may be worth while to mention; George, Lord Strange, who played no unimportant part in the history of his country, and will be alluded to again in this memoir; Edward, the hero of Flodden, who is immortalized in those oft quoted lines of Sir Walter Scott; and James, who was afterwards bishop of Ely.‡

\* Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. i. p. 23, 24, and vol. vi., p. 28.

† Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i., p. 167, and Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, App. C. p. 255.

‡ Collins' *Peerage*, pp. 62, 66.

This marriage must be considered as rather a singular alliance, the husband having given his allegiance so uniformly and consistently to Edward the Fourth, the wife being connected by all the ties of blood and feeling to the Lancastrian party. The feeling on the subject is perhaps correctly represented by Shakespeare in the following dialogue between Stanley and Edward's Queen:—

*Stan.*—God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

*Q. Eliz.*—The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.*—I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.\*

Edward the Fourth died in April, 1483, and Stanley transferred his allegiance to Edward the Fifth, and had little sympathy with the pretensions of Gloucester. The latter however, when he came to the throne, thought it expedient to conciliate Stanley, and created him Lord Steward of his household, and commanded the attendance of him and his wife at his coronation. The former was appointed to carry the staff of Constable before the king, and the latter had the honour of bearing the train of the Queen.†

Richard afterwards made Lord Stanley Constable of England for life, and conferred upon him the order of the Garter,‡ but notwithstanding these honours, and lady Margaret's re-introduction to the Court, she was wholly unable to serve her son. Richard instead of recalling him from banishment, sent an ambassador to the Duke of Brittany for the purpose of ensuring his safe custody.||

The misfortunes of Richmond were however nearly at an end, and we must shew what share his mother took in the transactions which elevated him to the crown.

The Duke of Buckingham, who had been the principal coadjutor of Richard in his steps to the throne, had become

\* *Richard III.* Act i. Scene 3.

† *Buck's Richard III.*, Bk. i. p. 26.

‡ *Miss Halsted's Margaret Beaufort*, p. 117.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 118.

suddenly estranged from that monarch, and not long after the coronation, left London for his castle of Brecknock, in Wales, where Bishop Morton, of Ely, was confined, having been committed to the custody of Buckingham, by Richard, on account of his objection to the disinheritance of Edward's children.

Bishop Morton and Buckingham had not been long together before they began plotting against Richard. The old Chroniclers relate the progress of the scheme, by giving long conversations between the two, from which it appears that the Duke at first thought that he was the heir of the house of Lancaster, and he is made to say to the Bishop\* that "I thereupon concluded to make my first foundation, and erect my new building. But whether God so ordained, or by fortune it so chanced while I was in a mase, either to conclude sodainely on this title, and to set it open amongst the common people, or to kepe it secret for a while, see the chance: as I rode between Worcester and Bridgenorth, I encountered with the Lady Margaret, Countesse of Richmond, now wife to Lorde Stanley, which is the verye daughter and sole heyre, to Lorde John, Duke of Sommerset my grandfather's eldest brother. Which was as cleane out of my minde as though I had never seen her, so that she and her sonne the Erle of Richmond be both bulwarcke and portcolice betwene mee, and the gate, to enter into the majestie royall and getting of the Crowne."

After this meeting the Duke saw it was useless to assert any claim to the throne, and consequently the result of the compact between him and the bishop was the formation of a conspiracy in favour of Richmond. The first thing that was done was to communicate with the Countess of Richmond, and for this purpose the bishop wrote a letter to Reginald Bray,†—a trustworthy and faithful servant of hers, who was then with his mistress and Lord Stanley in Lancashire, (probably at Knowsley),—requesting him to repair to Brecknock. When Bray came, the two conspirators made known to him their scheme, one of the chief points of which was, that Richmond was to marry the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth.

Lady Margaret received Bray's communication with great favour, and forthwith dispatched her physician Lewys, a

\* *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 817.

† Bray had been Receiver-general to Lady Margaret's second husband, and after his death was retained in her service.

Welshman, to Queen Elizabeth, who was then in the sanctuary at Westminster, with a proposal that Richmond should espouse her daughter. The Queen Dowager welcomed this proposal with eagerness, and Lady Margaret consequently sent Christopher Urswicke, a priest in her service, to her son in Brittany, apprizing him of the efforts that were being made in his favour. She also appointed Bray chief agent in the conspiracy, and he managed to obtain promises of assistance from several gentlemen of substance.

Richard was however on the alert, and in the parliament which he assembled, the Earl of Richmond, the Earl of Pembroke, the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of Ely, and the rest of the conspirators were attainted of high treason.\* Lady Margaret was not included in the list, on account of the services of her husband, but she was deprived of all her castles, manors, and lands, which were conferred on Lord Stanley for life, with the reversion, at his death, to the Crown.†

In the mean time Richmond himself had not been idle, but had obtained the support and countenance of several European monarchs, and having obtained his liberty from the Duke of Brittany,‡ and also some ships and arms, he set sail for England; but owing to a storm at sea, his enterprise failed; he narrowly escaped with life, and was cast almost alone on the coast of Normandy. The forces which were collected to assist him in England, shared a similar fate, and their leader, the Duke of Buckingham, was delivered up to the King, and soon after beheaded.

The fates seemed to be against Richmond, and his success now appeared hopeless; but as several of his supporters had fled from England to him, and as the King of France favoured him, he determined to prosecute his schemes. His mother was still making considerable exertions for him, and contrived to collect and send to him a considerable sum of money. These communications between mother and son did not altogether escape the watchful eye of Richard, who began now also to suspect Stanley, and commanded him to remove from Lady Margaret all her servants, and to keep a strict

\* *Parl. Rolls*, pp. 244-246.

† *Ibid.* pp. 250, 251.

‡ For an account of the life of Richmond in Brittany, see *Histoire de Bretagne*, by Sobineau, Vol. i. Bk. xv. p. 751.

watch over her, so that she should not be able to send any messages to her son.\*

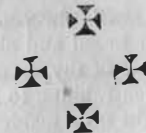
Lord Stanley had taken little or no part in the plot against Richard, but he had little feeling in favour of that monarch, whom he probably regarded rather as a regicide than a king; he was biding his time, thinking that prudence was the best policy for one in his position. He still openly served Richard, and requested leave to collect forces for him, but the latter refused, until Lord Strange, his eldest son, before mentioned, was given up as a hostage for his loyalty.†

This was the position of Richmond's mother and father-in-law, when he made his final stroke for the throne of England. He landed at Milford Haven, in the beginning of August, 1485, and one of his first acts was to send messages to Lady Margaret and Lord Stanley. The latter, who was surrounded by a large body of troops, durst not at once join Richmond, as it would have been the death-warrant of his son. When, however, Richard and Henry met at Bosworth, Stanley declared for the latter; and thereupon, the former ordered that Lord Strange should be executed; but before his command could be obeyed he was slain; his crown was placed on the head of his opponent by Lord Strange's father; and the shout went through the country—"Long live King Henry the Seventh."

\* *Polydore Vergil*, and Seacombe's *Memoirs of the house of Stanley*.

† Seacombe's *House of Stanley*.

(To be continued.)





## A VALENTINE.

---

It is the hour when the moon's soft power beams brightly on  
the sea,  
When day-light turns to evening, and my thoughts return to thee :  
Soft is the hour ; no tempests lower : on Earth's reposing breast,  
Like an infant in it's cradle, each flower lies lulled to rest.  
No sound is heard save Love's own bird in sad sweet notes  
complaining,  
While the stars, that weep, or seem to weep, their liquid light  
are raining.

On such a night, at such an hour, upon a mountain steep,  
The pale moon shone upon the young Endymion in his sleep :  
At such an hour did Venus spring from Ocean's snow-white foam,  
At such an hour I love in mood contemplative to roam.  
Then wand'ring sad and sleepless by the ever-flowing tide,  
In the dark breast of the silent night I long my woes to hide.  
Then thine eyes shine brightly on me 'mid a cloud of raven hair ;  
And thy voice steals softly o'er me, soothing sorrows and despair :  
And a soft white hand seems gleaming like a star upon the sea,  
And beckons me from misery to happiness and thee !  
Till I feel calm resignation springing up within my breast,  
And I long for wings to fly away and be with thee at rest :  
Till I listen with a melting heart to the lonely sea-bird's cry,  
And quite forget that ten o'clock the supper hour's gone by !  
Then home returning I can smile when I hear my parent scold,  
Because I'm "out so late at night, while the supper's growing  
cold :"  
But scold and frown and grumble, I'll always gladly let her :  
I'll bear it all and thrice as much, for you, dear Henrietta :  
For what is lobster salad, or bread and cheese and beer,  
To a soul that feels the magic of thy presence ever near ?  
What are oysters, what welch-rabbits, to a contemplative mind,  
That meditates by moon-light on a maiden left behind ?  
But enough ! I hear the moaning of the melancholy sea,  
So I'll listen to its music while I meditate on thee.

POLYPHLOISBOIO.



OUR CHRONICLE.

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LENT TERM, 1864.

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**T**HE Rev. Joseph Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of the college, has been elected to the head Mastership of Kensington Grammar School.

The office of Tutor, which was vacated by Mr. Mayor, has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson, B.D.

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The post of University Librarian, having been rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Joseph Power, M.A., Fellow of Clare College, the Rev. John Eyton Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., Fellow and principal Classical Lecturer of this College, has been unanimously elected Librarian.

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In the late examination for Mathematical Honours, Mr. J. J. Stuckey was 5th wrangler, Mr. Ewbank Smallpeice 25th, Mr. Baron 38th.

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We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Sandys has been elected First Bell's Scholar.

Mr. J. B. Pearson has been appointed College Lecturer in Moral Sciences. Mr. Pearson was head of the Moral Science Tripos in November last.

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The following gentlemen obtained a first-class in the College December Examination.

## First Year.

Arranged in order of the Boards.

Mr. Armitage	Souper	Green
Hope	Hoare	Robson
Taylor, J.	Thorpe, C. E.	Cox
Carpmael	Roe	Chabot
Hamond	Oldacres	Isherwood, J. N.
Cane	Cargill	Landon
Sandys	Watson, A. W.	Bray, E.
Humphreys	Poole, T. G. B.	Scaife
Charnley	Tunncliffe	Fiddian
Forbes	Laycock	Fisher
Blunn	Hart, W.	Groome
Gwatkin	Judson	Palmer
Brogden	Fitzgerald	Poole, F. S.
Maples	Scarlin	Thornley
Beaumont	Walker, J. M.	Radcliffe
Neish	Sharrock	Andrews
Chaplin		

## Second Year.

Hill, E.	}	Haslam, J. B.
Stevens, A. J.		Massie
Pryke		Hewitt
Marrack		Cotterill
Genge		Marsden, M. H.
Dewick		Burrow
Pulliblack		Brayshaw
Jamblin		Hart, H. G.
Warren		

## Third Year.

Marshall	Peachell
Wood	Vawdrey
Russell	Cope
Isherwood	Huntly
Blanch	Roach
Beebee	Smith, R. P. }
Levett	

We are happy to say that the St. John's Company of the C. U. R. V. still maintains its numbers and efficiency, twenty-five recruits having joined it since last October.

Ensign Clare, having resigned his commission Mr. G. F. Dashwood has been elected his successor without opposition.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Monday, March 14, and won by Corporal Richardson, L. Corporal Selby being second.

The Officers' Pewter was won by L. Corporal Selby.

Company Scratch Fours came off on Thursday, March 3; the winning four consisted of

Corporal Richardson  
L. Corporal Barnes  
Private Baynes  
Private Johns

## ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS

Held on Fenner's Cricket Ground, Feb. 25th.

*Two Mile Walking Race.*

1st W. Doig  
2nd A. D. Clarke  
Time, 18 min. 34 sec.

*Throwing the Cricket Ball.*

1st J. Fitzherbert  
2nd J. A. Whitaker  
Distance, 99 yards.

*Hundred Yards Race.*

1st A. J. Wilkinson  
2nd T. G. B. Poole  
Time, 11½ secs.

*Long Jump.*

1st A. E. Payton  
2nd A. D. Clarke  
Distance, 17ft. 4in.

*Quarter-mile Race.*

1st T. G. B. Poole  
 2nd C. F. Roe  
 Time, 62 secs.

*High Jump.*

1st C. Warren  
 2nd J. Fitzherbert  
 Height, 4ft. 6in.

*Putting the Weight.*

1st T. Knowles  
 2nd J. A. Whitaker  
 Distance, 29ft. 6in.

*Mile Race.*

1st A. Langdon  
 2nd T. G. B. Poole  
 Time, 5 min. 35 secs.

*Hurdle Race.*

1st A. Langdon  
 2nd A. D. Clarke

*Stranger's Race.*

1st A. Harrison, Trinity Coll.

*Sack Race.*

1st T. Knowles  
 2nd A. Forbes

*Consolation Race ( $\frac{1}{2}$  mile).*

1st A. Forbes.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the Term are:

*President*, E. W. Bowling.  
*Treasurer*, G. W. Hill.  
*Secretary*, S. W. Cope.  
*First Captain*, W. W. Hawkins.  
*Second Captain*, W. Mills.  
*Third Captain*, H. Watney.  
*Fourth Captain*, F. Young.  
*Fifth Captain*, R. H. Dockray.

The following were the crews of the College boats in the late races, of which a list will be found on another page.

*Third Boat*

1 H. G. Hart  
 2 J. W. Hodgson  
 3 E. Carpmael  
 4 F. G. Maples  
 5 A. D. Clarke  
 6 E. B. l'Anson  
 7 S. B. Barlow  
 F. Andrews, *Stroke*  
 A. Forbes, *Cox.*

*Fourth Boat*

1 R. Levett  
 2 A. Marshall  
 3 J. B. Haslam  
 4 C. F. Roe  
 5 C. Warren  
 6 R. H. Morgan  
 7 E. T. Luck  
 C. C. Cotterill, *Stroke*  
 F. Young, *Cox.*

*Fifth Boat*

1 S. Burgess  
 2 A. G. Cane  
 3 R. Trousdale  
 4 H. J. Wiseman  
 5 C. A. Hope  
 6 W. Covington  
 7 C. Taylor  
 H. H. Rowsell, *Stroke*  
 R. H. Dockray, *Cox.*

*Sixth Boat*

1 C. E. Graves  
 2 W. D. Bushell  
 3 E. W. Bowling  
 4 T. G. Bonney  
 5 C. Bamford  
 6 F. C. Wace  
 7 W. P. Hiern  
 F. Armitage, *Stroke*  
 E. K. Clay, *Cox.*

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Tuesday, Feb. 23.

Six boats entered. The time race was won by the following crew.

1 A. G. Cane  
 2 C. C. Cotterill  
 3 H. Watney  
 F. Andrews, *Stroke*  
 A. Forbes, *Cox.*

The Bateman Silver Pair Oars were rowed for on Saturday, March 12. Won by Messrs. Mills and Watney

The University Scratch Fours began on Monday, Feb. 29. Messrs. Andrews and Clay of the L. M. B. C. were in the winning boat.

Mr. W. W. Hawkins is now rowing in the University boat.



## LIST OF BOAT RACES.—LENT TERM, 1864.

*Thursday, February 18th. Second Division.*

20 1st Trinity 4	29 Lady Margaret 4 } }
21 Caius 2	30 Trinity Hall 3 } }
22 Sidney } }	31 3rd Trinity 2 } }
23 King's } }	32 Emmanuel 3 } }
24 Lady Margaret 3	33 Jesus 2 } }
25 Catharine 1	34 Clare 2 } }
26 Queen's 1 } }	35 Caius 3 } }
27 Christ's } }	36 2nd Trinity 3 } }
28 Corpus 2	37 3rd Trinity 3 } }
	38 1st Trinity 5

*Third Division.*

38 Lady Margaret 5 } }	47 Christ's 3 } }
39 1st Trinity 6 } }	48 Trinity Hall 4 } }
40 Magdalene 2	49 Downing
41 Peterhouse 2	50 Sidney 2 } }
42 Corpus 3	51 1st Trinity 7 } }
43 Catharine 2 } }	52 Catharine 3
44 Pembroke 2 } }	53 Lady Margaret 6 } }
45 Queens' 2 } }	54 Jesus 4 } }
46 Jesus 3 } }	55 Emmanuel 4
	56 Caius 4

*Friday, February 19th. Second Division.*

20 1st Trinity 4	30 Lady Margaret 4 } }
21 Caius 2	31 Emmanuel 3 } }
22 King's	32 2nd Trinity 2 } }
23 Sidney	33 Clare 2 } }
24 Lady Margaret 3 } }	34 Jesus 2
25 Catharine 1 } }	35 1st Trinity 5 } }
26 Christ's 2 } }	36 3rd Trinity 3 } }
27 Queens' 1 } }	37 2nd Trinity 3 } }
28 Corpus 2 } }	38 Caius 3 } }
29 Trinity Hall 3	

*Third Division.*

38 1st Trinity 6	48 Christ's 3 } }
39 Lady Margaret 5 } }	49 Downing } }
40 Magdalene 2 } }	50 1st Trinity 7 } }
41 Peterhouse 2	51 Sidney 2 } }
42 Corpus 3	52 Catharine 3 } }
43 Pembroke 2 } }	53 Jesus 4 } }
44 Catharine 2 } }	54 Lady Margaret 6 } }
45 Jesus 3 } }	55 Emmanuel 4 } }
46 Queens' 2 } }	56 Caius 4
47 Trinity Hall 4 } }	

*Saturday, February 20th. Second Division.*

20 1st Trinity 4	30 Emmanuel 3
21 Caius 2	31 Lady Margaret 4 } }
22 King's	32 Clare 2 } }
23 Lady Margaret 3	33 2nd Trinity 2 } }
24 Sidney	34 Jesus 2 } }
25 Christ's 2 } }	35 3rd Trinity 3
26 Catharine } }	36 1st Trinity 5
27 Corpus 2 } }	37 Caius 3
28 Queens' 1 } }	38 2nd Trinity 3 } }
29 Trinity Hall 3 } }	39 Magdalene 2 } }

*Third Division.*

39 1st Trinity 6	}	48 Queens' 2	}
40 Magdalene 2		49 Downing	
41 Lady Margaret 5	}	50 Christ's 3	}
42 Peterhouse 2		51 1st Trinity 7	
43 Pembroke 2	}	52 Sidney 2	}
44 Corpus 3		53 Jesus 4	
45 Jesus 3	}	54 Catharine 3	}
46 Catharine 2		55 Emmanuel 4	
47 Trinity Hall 4	}	56 Lady Margaret 6	}
		57 Caius 4	

