THE EAGLE.

THREE DAYS AMONG THE ALPS OF DAUPHINÈ.

THE summer of 1860 will not be soon forgotten by Alpine Tourists, and many successful seasons must pass by, before the dismal impressions of wet days and unsuccessful expeditions are effaced from their memory. As ill luck would have it, I had arranged to spend part of my summer Vacation in exploring the unfrequented districts of the Alps of Dauphinè, and I started with the hope of being the first to plant my foot upon more than one hitherto unscaled peak. All this was frustrated by the bad weather, which, bad enough in a frequented country, where the inns are good and the passes well known, is intolerable in a desolate and unexplored district like Dauphinè. The consequence was, that after a stay of about ten days I was driven out of the country by the weather, having only succeeded in one expedition during the whole time. Still though unsuccessful in the two great things I had hoped to effect, the ascents of Mont Pelvoux and Monte Viso, I had added largely to my stock of alpine experiences—and met with a few adventures, one of which will form the subject of the following Paper.

The country of which I have spoken, has already been introduced to the readers of *The Eagle* in a paper* entitled "Our

* Vol. I, page 241.

Tour." The mountain also which I am going to describe, is mentioned there, but by some accident the name Pelvoux is mis-spelt Petrous. However, as the country is very little known and the majority of maps are worthless for this part of the Alps, I may venture upon a few words to describe the general character of the district.

The great chain of the Southern Alps sweeps round at Mont Blanc, like a castle wall about a corner tower, so as to enclose the plains of Piedmont, into which the mass of the Graians is thrust, like an out-work to Mont Blanc. After this the great mass, no longer preserves its general plan of a single ridge, pierced by lateral vallies running at right angles to the line of the higher peaks, but breaks up into a confused mass of mountains which cover Savoy and the eastern side of France. Among these wind the vallies of the Isere and its tributaries, running in a north westerly direction, and of the Durance, running south. The line of the great watershed between the basins of the Po and the Rhone runs almost due south from Mont Blanc for a considerable distance till, near the pass of the Mont Cenis, it forms an angle, with the point towards France. The sides of this angle are nearly equal, so that, when it turns again to the south, it is nearly in the same line as it was before; therefore, on a common map, the rough tracing of the line of the watershed from the Matterhorn to the Col di Tenda is not unlike the plan of one of Vauban's fortifications. To the east of this watershed lie most of the great mountains of the Tarentaise district, some of which are at least twelve thousand feet high—and the Alps of Dauphinè. The former approach the northern side of the angle mentioned above, the latter the southern side, the two being separated by the valley of the Romanche. The Alps of Dauphinè therefore generally lie in an angle formed by the vallies of the Romanche and the Durance, the Col de Lautaret forming the watershed between them, and acting as a bridge to connect the district of the Pelvoux with the main chain. The Pelvoux, the highest mountain *in* France, is thirteen thousand four hundred and sixty-eight feet high, and there are several other peaks not very much lower near it. The mountains are extremely precipitous, and the snow does not lie so low as in Switzerland, consequently the glaciers are smaller, and to my mind the scenery is not so fine. Some of the rock scenery however is very grand, especially on the high road from Grenoble to Briançon. Two vallies lead up to the Pelvoux, the one the Val de St. Christophe, leaving the Romanche at Bourg

d'Oysans, the other the Val Louise, leaving the Durance at L'Abesse; this latter is divided into two branches, the northern called the Val de Verges, the southern the Val Sapeniere.

So much then for Dauphinè and the Pelvoux, and now for my story. Our party consisted of three; let my two companions be represented by the letters H. and M. H. and I were to be at La Berade in the Val de St. Christophe by Sunday, August 12th at the latest, and there await M., who had left England about a fortnight before us for a tour in the Tarentaise. Our plan was to explore the Pelvoux on that side, in order to discover if an ascent was practicable from the west flank—if it was not, we purposed crossing over a high glacier pass into the northern branch of the Val Louise, and seeing what could be done there. M., owing to the bad weather, did not arrive till Monday evening, so we spent that morning in an excursion to the Col de Sais, a fine glacier pass near the Pelvoux, and convinced ourselves that the huge crags overhanging the valley offered no chance to the climber. Arrangements were accordingly made for crossing next morning to the Val Louise; this the rain prevented, so that we were obliged to retrace our steps to Bourg d'Oysans, and go round to the Val Louise *via* Briançon. Accordingly, on the third morning we halted for breakfast at L'Abesse, a little village about twelve miles from Briançon, opposite the entrance to the Val Louise. We alight from our carriage at a most unpromising hotel; to us enters the hostess, large, dirty, and loud in voice, strong-minded, no doubt, and strong-fisted. "Madame," we cry, "we are hungry, bring us plenty of meat for breakfast." "Monsieur, there is but one poulet in the house." "Bring it then, Madame, directly and some eggs"; we enter the Salle à Manger. It is like all others in the country inns in Dauphinè—and as they differ somewhat from English inns, I may venture on a brief description. The Salle à Manger is a good sized room, with rude pine or walnut-wood tables and benches dirty and ricketty—on the walls a print or two of saints, and one or two lithographs of some of Napoleon I. victories; the walls and ceiling have been guiltless of whitewash for years; the floor, I suppose is boarded, but of that I cannot be sure, for a thick cake of dirt hides the original material. It is never swept, and, as the way of cleaning a dish or plate is to throw the contents on the floor, is soon covered with bones and debris of every kind. Up-stairs you will find things on a similar scale, bones again on the floor, cleanly polished by

the dog—and no jug or basin, or any of those luxuries which we over-civilized Englishmen demand. However, to return—while breakfast is preparing we take a short stroll, and on our return find it ready. The poulet is on the table—a dreadful sight, withered, black, and unpromising. Approaching for a nearer view of this singular specimen of the Barndoor Fowl, I find it considerably gnawed about the breast, and the impressions of a dog's paw on the not over clean cloth reveal the delinquent. The "poulet" is summarily banished, rather to my relief, for I could not have eaten such a disagreeable looking creature. The hostess retired, cursing the dog at the top of her voice. Breakfast was not a success. Eggs not too fresh, sour bread and sourer wine do not go down well, especially when one is rather out of sorts. M., especially, feeling the effects of his hard fare in the Tarentaise, was so unwell, that for some time we feared he could not proceed. In despair I invaded the sanctity of the kitchen, and seizing upon a vessel like a deep frying-pan made a brew of tea from some we had with us. This did him good, and in a short time we started up the valley for Ville de Val Louise, at which place we were informed that we should find guides. We were now five in number, our three selves, M.'s Chamounix guide, Michel Croz, one of the best and bravest fellows I have ever met, and a French gentleman, by profession an engineer, who was engaged on some works in the neighbourhood, and volunteered to accompany us. We found him a very pleasant companion and a capital walker. The entrance to the valley is guarded by an old wall, said to date from the time of the struggles between the Roman Catholics and Vaudois. About three hours walking up a tolerable road took us to Ville de Val Louise, a poor village, still bearing marks of the destructive inundations of 1856. Here, however, we managed to get something like a decent meal and, what we wanted quite as much, some information about guides. We were told that a man who had ascended the Pelvoux lived at the village of Au Clos, a little higher up the valley, and that we should have to pass the night at a "Cabane des Bergers de Provence" on the highest pastures. Supposing from this name that we should have to pass the night in a hay chalet, we packed up a few necessaries in one knapsack and left the rest of our things in the landlord's charge—a great mistake as it afterwards proved; we also got as large a store of bread, meat and wine as we could, and a porter to carry it till we got our guide. Passing through Au Clos we met the man

we were in search of driving a mule; he was not a bad looking fellow, and seemed fit for his work. We accosted him. Did he know the mountain? Yes, well. Had he ascended it? Yes, several times. To the highest* point of all? Yes, even there, but it was very difficult, there was a lower peak much easier to reach. That would not do—we must go to the highest; could he shew us the way? Yes, if we would let him bring his comrade. A bargain as to price, &c. was soon struck, and increased to eight, we walked on. From Au Clos to L'Alefred where the vallies divide is a pretty walk through a pine wood, up a steep winding path bordered in many places with wild yellow gooseberries. At the last Chalets of L'Alefred we parted with our porter, and halted for some black bread and milk. This black bread is a curiosity, it is made in flat round cakes about eighteen inches in diameter. They bake only once or at most twice a year, and keep their bread on shelves in the lofts exposed to the air. Consequently it is as hard as a board, and has to be cut either with an axe or a knife, made to act as a lever—when soaked in wine or milk it is not bad, when dry it eats rather like conglomerated sawdust. While we were refreshing, all the natives turned out of their chalets to have a stare. On the whole I think they were the ugliest folk I ever saw; short, squat, flat-nosed, and pig-eyed—in fact, rather like Esquimaux—they are reputed to be the most uncivilized people in Dauphinè, but I saw a good many others not much better in other mountain vallies. Refreshed, we now struck up the Val de Sapeniere, following a rough track by the side of the stream. It is a mere gorge with precipices to the right and steep slopes to the left. There is however a tragical story connected with it. In 1488, a number of Vaudois families sought refuge from persecution in a cavern among the precipices to the right. For some time they eluded their enemies, but at last were discovered by a soldier who climbed down from above; straw and faggots were piled at the mouth of the cave, and set on fire; of those within, some rushing out, were slain, others in despair leapt down the precipices and were dashed to pieces, the rest perished miserably in the smoke. It is said that four hundred infants† were found within the cave dead in their mothers' arms, and that three

* The highest point of the Pelvoux is called in the country the Point des Arcines, or des Ecrins.

† Gilly's Memoirs of Neff, p. 90.

thousand persons perished on this occasion. The cave is still called the Baume des Vaudois. After walking a mile or so we turned off short to the right and began to climb over the blocks of fallen rock in the direction of a narrow gorge, which must at times be occupied by a waterfall. As we drew near, the slope became steeper and steeper, till at last we took to the rocks themselves on the left-hand side of the gorge. A stiff climb now commenced up some very steep rocks, on which both skill and care were sometimes requisite; we however made rapid progress, till at the end of about an hour and-a-half we came to the end of the rocks and emerged upon a slope of turf, thickly spread with huge blocks, to one of the largest of which the guide pointed, saying "voilà le cabane." I confess to feeling disgusted—I had not hoped for much—but I had expected a hut and a truss of hay for a bed. Nothing of the kind was here. There was nothing but a huge mass of rock, that had in former times fallen down from the cliffs above, and had rested so as to form a shelter under one of its sides. This had been still farther enclosed with a rough wall of loose stones, and thus a sort of kennel was made about nine or ten feet by five or six, and about four feet high at the entrance, whence it sloped gradually down to about two feet at the other end. Our thoughts turned regretfully to some extra wraps left down below, but there was no help for it, and "what can't be cured, must be endured," is excellent philosophy for the Alps. Accordingly we put the best face on it, and set to work to make all comfortable for the night. Dead juniper boughs were collected for a fire, and the guides set to work to clean out the cave, which, being frequented by the sheep as well as the shepherds, was in a sufficiently filthy condition. The first who entered quickly emerged again holding at arm's length the mortal remains of a defunct mutton in a very lively condition, which he quickly sent over the precipice for the ravens to sup on, if they had any fancy for it. The floor was then swept and strewed with fern and dock leaves, and a fire lighted to sweeten the place. While this was going on we were occupied with taking Barometer and Thermometer observations* and with sketching. Evening drew on, and one by one my companions retired into the

* These observations gave a height of seven thousand three hundred and eighty-one feet above the level of the sea for our cabane.

cave, but not fancying the look of it, I stopped outside as long as possible. It was a strange wild scene—overhead hung the crags of the Pelvoux, splintered into flame-like points; from their feet sloped down vast banks of fallen blocks overgrown with serpent-like branches of old junipers, and broken here and there with slopes of turf—a few feet in front of me steep precipices, overhanging the fatal "Baume," led down into the valley below, beyond which rose another mass of rocks and pine covered slopes, surmounted with a ridge of cliffs somewhat overtopping us—a fine pyramid of snow-streaked rock closed the valley, from whose shoulders a large glacier descended.

Night however came on, the sky grew wild and stormy, and it became too cold to remain out longer, so mustering up my resolution I crawled into the cave, and almost instantly retreated much faster, more than half choked. A fire is a very comfortable thing on a cold night, but has its drawbacks when the house is without a chimney, and the smoke has to escape by the door. If, in addition to this, the house be about four feet high, and the fire of damp juniper wood, matters are still worse. However, human nature can adapt itself to a good deal, and so by lying down so as to avoid the thickest part of the smoke, I contrived to endure it after a time. Supper over, we prepared for the night. My attire was simple, but certainly not ornamental; a travelling cap, with the flaps tied over my ears, a huge woollen "comforter" about my neck, and a spare flannel shirt over my usual costume; my boots were taken off and placed in a safe corner, a second pair of socks drawn on, and my slippers worn during the night; then spreading my gaiters on the ground I lay down on them, having picked the softest stone I could find for a pillow. My companions did the same, and despite of the blasts of the storm, which howled round our cabane, we did not suffer from cold. It was a strange sight, when, stiff and cramped by my hard bed, I woke from time to time during the night. The fire, flickering with the wind, lit up the faces of the sleepers and the rocky walls of the cavern with a weird unearthly light, such as would have gladdened Salvator Rosa's heart. Croz alone was generally on the alert, smoking his pipe and feeding the fire. Now and then he would step outside to examine the state of the night and return with a hearty curse on the bad weather. So passed the night, wearily and drearily, to give birth to a drearier day. The dawn did but reveal thick banks of clouds and mist, above, below,

around, pouring down a steady, hopeless rain. One by one we roused up with a true British growl at our ill-luck. Then we held a council of war; the expedition was for that day evidently impossible—what then was to be done, should we give it up altogether, or await better weather? Angry at our last disappointment, we unanimously resolved that we would wait at least one day before retreating. This however would require a fresh stock of provisions. Accordingly, we sent the two local guides down to Ville de Val Louise to bring up what they could get, and composed ourselves to watch out the weary day. Sleep was tried again, but not much was done that way. Breakfast was spun out as long as possible, but that cannot be carried on long when the fare is bad. Happily I discovered that the lining of my coat had been much torn in climbing over the rocks, and that I had a needle and thread with me; so I set to work and spent an hour in tailoring. Presently the rain began to find its way through various cracks in the rock, and obliged us to set out the cups of our flasks to catch it. I don't envy the unfortunate shepherds who have to spend a month or two in that cave—they come from Provence with their flocks every year, and go gradually up to the higher pastures as the snow melts away. In about a couple of months' time they recommence their descent, and return home with their flocks in the autumn. They live in caves or wretched chalets often without seeing a human being for days together, so that nothing more miserable according to our notions, can well be imagined; but they, I am told, like it, nay, prefer it to living in the valley.

About mid-day snow fell at intervals, and the rain became less heavy. The Frenchman, who had a liking for botany, sallied forth occasionally for a few minutes and returned with a handful of weeds (I cannot dignify them with the name of flowers). Then would commence a botanical argument between him and M. The Frenchman, after diligently turning over two paper covered volumes, would affix a name to a plant. This was generally controverted by M., then after the manner of opposing "Savants" they recklessly flung about long names, till at last M., who was a good botanist, forced his antagonist to confess himself vanquished. These discussions helped to pass away the time till dinner. During the meal H. suddenly remembered that it was his birthday; we accordingly drank his health, and sincerely wished that he might never again spend so dull a day. Late in the afternoon it ceased raining, and we strolled about

the broken rocks near our cave, hunting for plants and minerals, with very little success. Dauphinè is, in general, very rich in plants, and those too of a kind that can gratify unbotanical persons like myself, but here there were very few, and those not pretty. However, we collected a good store of dead juniper boughs for fuel during the night, which I placed near the fire to dry, not caring to be choked with the smoke of wet wood. Soon after our return to the cave the guides came in with the provisions; they looked rather done up with their walk, though it was not a very long one. Night at last brought the day to an end, and we prepared for bed. This time we had to vary our proceedings, for the earth was too wet to lie upon; we therefore placed smooth stones upon the floor and lay or sat upon them. In consequence of this, we were more uncomfortable this night than before; we were crowded closer together, our legs, which all pointed to the fire, frequently getting in a hopeless tangle. I woke up once so stiffened with the pressure of my stony seat that for some time I could not identify my own legs. However, all things come to an end, and so did this night, morning dawned again—not indeed exactly "smiling morn," but still giving us some hopes; so about four we bid adieu to the Hotel du Mont Pelvoux, which we agreed had but one recommendation, that of having no bill to pay when we left it.

For some little time we walked along the pastures steering for the head of the valley, till we reached a wide open gorge that led down to the valley below. Here we halted and concealed all our baggage and some provisions under a stone, taking with us nothing but what was necessary for the day. It was now light, the sky was tolerably clear of clouds, and we ventured to hope for a fine day and successful excursion; at the same time the rocks, sprinkled with snow for a couple of thousand feet below the usual level, warned us that the labour of our work would be much increased. We now began to ascend, and soon exchanged the turf for a steep slope of fallen rocks, that separated us from the precipices of the mountain. Suddenly one of our guides stopped and pointed to a jagged ridge above, we looked up, and there in relief against the clear morning sky stood a chamois, calmly contemplating our proceedings: though I had many times been among their haunts, this was the first that I had ever seen, and I watched it for some time with much interest, till, after it had satisfied its curiosity,

it disappeared behind a crag. We soon reached the foot of the precipices and began our work. The rocks were steep and frequently difficult; and the quantity of loose fresh snow and slippery ice that covered them, compelled us at times to proceed with great caution. Our work was varied by occasional couloirs* of hard snow, across which we generally found it necessary to cut steps. These are awkward places for a novice. It requires a good head and sure foot to step from notch to notch, along a steep slope of frozen snow, which plainly terminates in a precipice some two or three hundred feet below. The rocks too were some times by no means easy: one place, I remember, was particularly disagreeable, where we had to climb round a buttress of splintered rock, just above an unusually steep couloir of snow: the chinks of the rock were filled with ice, so that it was very difficult to get a good foothold, and at one place the foot rested on a mere knob, not much more than an inch in height. I confess to feeling a "creep" as I took this step. The mountain, however, was less difficult than I had been led to expect, and as the view widened, our spirits rose, like ourselves, higher and higher, while we looked down on a wide expanse of serrated peaks, from among which the great pyramid of the Viso† rose like an island out of a stormy sea.

Our second local guide now began to look very unhappy. I had had my doubts of him from the very first, as he had a very miserable appearance and bad shoes, and as we went on he evidently became more and more fatigued. At last, when we halted for breakfast, he declared that he "could no more," so we left him to his meditations, bidding him go back and look after our things. Soon after this the clouds began to gather, and ere long a dense "brouillard" swept up to, and surrounded us. Our other local guide now began to complain. His tone, so confident two days before, was strangely changed, and he said that he was afraid to venture on the glacier. However, at last

* A couloir is a steep narrow gully frequently filled with snow; after a heavy fall of snow they are very difficult and dangerous to cross; sometimes also showers of stones are discharged down them.

† Twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-six feet. After the Matterhorn it is perhaps the most striking mountain in the Alps.

we persuaded him to take us up to it, that we might see what it was like. In about twenty minutes more its white cliffs gleamed through the mist, and we halted at the side of the ice, just where it poured in a cascade over the precipice. Here we consulted what to do. We were now reduced to five, for our French friend, despairing of success, had left us a little below. A parliament was accordingly held, in which the local guide found himself in a decided minority. "You promised to take us up to the top of the mountain," said we. "That was when it was fine," said he, "now I dare not, the 'crevasses' are all covered with snow, and we shall be lost." "Nonsense," said we, "here is a rope long enough and strong enough to bear the whole party, so what does it matter if one does break through, the others can hold him up." "No," said he, "I am tired, an old wound hurts me, and I will not go on." "You are a coward," said we, "if your general had told you to attack a place, would you have said—'My general, I am afraid'? We care for our lives as much as you do for your's, and we are not afraid of the danger—you shew us the way and we will do all the work." No, he would not; entreaties, promises, threats, were all in vain, and at last we were reluctantly obliged to agree that it was no use going on. The mist shewed no signs of clearing. We had not the least notion of the direction of the top of the mountain. If the day had only been clear we would have gone on with our Chamounix guide who would have found out the right way somehow. There was no help for it: we set up the barometer, took an observation,* and then descended with heavy hearts, scolding the scoundrel as we went down. Angry as I was, I could not help laughing at the variety of contemptuous epithets which Croz heaped on the country, its inhabitants in general, and its guides in particular. For my own part I do not believe that the guide had ever ascended the mountain. I doubt whether he had been much beyond the place where we halted, and suspect that he imagined we were like the usual tourists of his own nation, and would turn back as soon as we met with a bit of stiff climbing. We found that all the people about regarded the mountain as inaccessible. It was always the same story:—"You will get a little way up and then

* When worked out it gave ten thousand four hundred and thirty-five feet as the height of our position.

meet with inaccessible precipices." These I suspect we had conquered, and I fancy no great difficulties lay between us and the foot of the final peak. The next morning we got a view of the range some twenty miles off, from a point on the high road above Guillestre. If we were right in our identification of the mountains (as I believe we were) we saw the very point at which we turned back, and nothing but a long series of snow fields lay between us and the foot of the highest peak. Still I cannot be positive, for it is most difficult to find out the names of the mountains in this country; the inhabitants are either entirely ignorant of them or else have patois names, which differ in different vallies. I fancy also that General Bourcet's map is not quite correct in the immediate neighbourhood of the Pelvoux, and the bad weather prevented our having good views of the range with which to test our knowledge.

We descended carefully over our former route, and in due time reached the stone, where our baggage was deposited. There we found our friend and the other guide, together with several of the people from the chalets of L'Alefred. We rested two or three minutes, and then struck down the gorge into the valley; the descent was rough, but much easier than the path by which we had ascended to the cabane; so we came down as hard as we could, revenging ourselves upon our guides by giving them a good dose of quick walking, which we thought would act like Mr. Weller's recipe of a plank and barrow of earth, and shake the nonsense out of them. As soon as we arrived at the bottom of the valley we halted by the side of the stream. Here, though the clouds still hung about the top of the mountain, it was sunny and warm; so we enjoyed the luxury of a good wash, and then dined upon the provisions which we had hoped to have eaten up aloft. Dinner over, we stretched ourselves out in the sun and went to sleep for half-an-hour. After this we started quite fresh again for L'Abesse. At Ville de Val Louise we parted from our French friend with many expressions of mutual good will. He was a very agreeable companion and a capital mountaineer, a very rare accomplishment in men of his nation. We arrived at L'Abesse in about four hours, having walked at a great pace the whole way. After some trouble we got a carriage, for sleeping there was out of the question, when better q
about twelve miles; we arrived there soon after dark, found the inn, though not too clean, a palace as compared with

that of L'Abesse, and after some supper went straight to bed. May my reader never sleep worse than I did that night.

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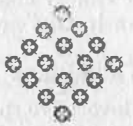
The Pelvoux was ascended this year by Messrs. Whymper and Macdonald, accompanied by Mons. Reynaud (our French companion). They had even more trouble with the guides than we had, but the weather was more propitious, so that they were enabled to take the matter into their own hands. The first attempt failed, owing to the lies the guide told them: on the second occasion they took only porters, and found their own way. Returning, they were benighted about two thousand feet above the tree limit, and suffered much from the cold. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Whymper for these and many other interesting particulars of their excursion.



OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

"Egli se n'ando dianzi in quel boschetto,
Che qualche fantasia ha per la mente;
Vorr à fantasticar forse un Sonnetto."—
(*Lorenzo de' Medici.*)

I. To the Lady Margaret.

Poets who moved the hearts of fellow-men,
Sharing their joys and sorrows through the years
Of pilgrimage; Philosophers and seers
Who sought for truths beyond the common ken;
Warriors who strove alike with sword and pen
For Liberty, despising selfish fears;
Martyrs of science, gazing on far spheres
Of knowledge, shackled in oppression's den;
Artists, who wove bright-tinted dreams among
The scenes of daily toil: Musicians blest
With rapturous melodies of holy song,—
These were the Friends we loved: On earth repressed,
Their souls outsoared the enmity and wrong,
And shine serenely now in God's eternal rest.

II. The Greek Poets.

Their very names are invocative spells,
Their ransomed beauties peer through the dim Past,
Like gleams through forest-branches that are cast
From stars at midnight to the sleeping dells;
When faintly heard is every rill that wells
'Mid autumn leaves, by years of old amassed,
And all the unseen heavens appear more vast
As Fancy re-illumes their darkened cells.
For still the burning words of Sappho flow,
And still Tyrtæus pours his patriot lay,
Anacreon binds the vine-wreath on his brow,
Alcæus bird-like trills, while o'er decay
Simonides enchants with tender woe;
And with Theocritus in pastoral dreams we stray.

III. Homer.

Aged he seemed, and travel-worn, and blind,
Yet through his sightless eyes a deeper glow
From visions and observant life would flow
Than fired his glance when youth with hope combined;
Thin silvery locks 'neath fillet-bondage 'twined,
Or fell upon his breast, that heaving wide
Attested manhood's bygone strength and pride;
Massive the brow, enthroned wherein his mind
Held solemn audience of each thought that cast
A stately presence in life's eventide,
Like those who fought for Ilium, panoplied,
Undying hosts; a wandering king the last,
Calmly heroic, fears and toils defied:—
Then knew I Homer, smiling through the Past.

IV. Æschylus.

Upon the sword he wore at Marathon,
That foremost struck at Salamis, and rose
Amid Platea's carnage when the foes
Of Athens perished, leans Euphorion's son;
And, whilst the fickle tributes of renown
Peal forth the Warrior-poet's name from those
Who on the morrow will that fame oppose,
He weighs the double triumph he hath won:
Dauntless as his own Titan on the rock,
And all unused to bend should Fortune frown,
Sternly prepared to meet each coming shock,
Whether a younger rival claim the crown,
Or the vile herd of changeful rabble mock,—
Heroic to the last in lonely pride looks down.

V. Sophocles.

The bloom of evening melted into night
While the gray head drooped silent on his breast,
Whose heaving some unmastered grief expressed;
But now he gazes from Colonos' height,
And as the walls of Athens greet his sight,
Pride in her fame all selfish tears repressed:
"No more," he cries, "I murmur, while thus blest
With visions that have turned my gloom to light.
Before mine eyes may still Cephisus wind!
Still hold th' Eumenides their sacred grove!—
And he who wanders on, discrowned and blind,
Guarded by his Antigone, shall prove
How yet unwrecked by ingrates is the mind
That can create this pledge of deathless love."

VI. Euripides.

A sadness born of earthly joys and woes,
Affections ill bestowed and known as vain,
Leaving a sense of emptiness and pain,
Doth that still patient face of thine disclose:
Not the rapt glance of genius, while the throes
Of some Titanic birth convulse the brain,
But solemn with a gentleness that fain
Would on affection's breast in Peace repose.
Thy lot, Euripides, to brook the taunt
Of mocking malice, and to feel mistrust
Of thine own soul, which spectral glories daunt;
But lowlier paths, amid the scorn and dust
Of poverty and grief, it loved to haunt:
Reviled or praised, the world to thee unjust.

VII. Aristophanes.

Not thine the laugh of happiness, or wand
Sportively smiting what it could not rear,
No trembler's thrust palsied by selfish fear;
Armed by chastising Furies fell thy hand
In vengeful scorn on a once-glorious land
That more polluted festered year by year,
Of good suspicious, in praise insincere:
What deathless bay strikes root in slime and sand?
Genius and courage thine! a wasted dower
For one whose voice inspired not, but amused
With cynic mockery and railings sour:
Calm is thy face, and cold; heroic power,
Curbed by some pride of caste, slumb'ring unused:
Distrustful of thy race and of the hour.

VIII. Plato.

Beneath the shade of Academic grove
He walks with waving garments and rapt gaze,
Communing with the spirit of past days
In its primeval majesty and love.
For him all Good seems beautiful, to move
In stately cadence to a choral praise;—
All Beauty, soul of goodness, in whose rays
As an exhaustless sun are virtues wove.
No trace of passion bears that mild clear eye;
Furrows of thought, not pain, are on his brow,
And age gives strength to pierce infinity:
Sportive with tender grace the accents flow
To noblest sons of Athens, yielding free
Those airy dreams that only sages know.

IX. Our College Friends.

We loved the music of the same sweet lyres,
We sought the same deep waters for our oars,
And plucked the same fair flowerets on the shores
By which we sped in giddy youth's desires.
And still our hearts are warmed by kindred fires
While from an earthly fane our worship soars
To God's calm heaven on high, and meekly pours
Commingled hymns where all we love aspires.
Thus far together have we trod, thus far
Across the moorland and the dreary marsh,
The tempting gardens and the plains of war;
Firm on the rock stand, brethren!—though the scar
On each brow tell of toil and conflict harsh;—
Yearning for heights beyond the brightest star.

J. W. E.

OUR EMIGRANT.

Part III.

NOTE.—To connect this paper with the preceding, it may be necessary to say, that shortly after I wrote last I purchased a run adjoining my previous one; subsequently to that I purchased another—also adjoining—and stocked with sheep. These purchases rendered a change necessary in my place of abode, and I moved on to a spot about ten miles nearer civilisation.

Here I am now likely to reside, and to this spot it was, that I was bringing up the dray which forms the principal subject of the succeeding pages.

I COMPLETED the loading of my dray on a Tuesday afternoon in the early part of October, 1860, and determined on making Main's accommodation house that night; of the contents of the dray I need hardly speak, though perhaps a full enumeration of them might afford no bad index to the requirements of a station; they are more numerous than might at first be supposed—rigidly useful and rarely if ever ornamental.

Flour, tea, sugar, tools, household utensils, few and rough, a plough and harrows, doors, windows, oats for seed, potatoes for seed, and all the usual denizens of a kitchen garden; these with a few private effects formed the main bulk of the contents amounting to about a ton and a-half in weight. I had only six bullocks, but these were good ones and worth many a team of eight. A team of eight will draw from two to three tons along a pretty good road; bullocks are very scarce here; one cannot get one under twenty pounds, while thirty pounds is no unusual price for a good harness bullock. They can do much more in harness than in bows and yokes, but the expence of harness and the constant disorder into which it gets, render it cheaper to use more bullocks in the simpler tackle. Many stations have a small mob of cattle from whence to draw their working

bullocks, so that a few more or a few less makes little or no difference; besides bullocks are not fed with corn at accommodation houses as horses are; when their work is done they are turned out to feed till dark, or till eight or nine o'clock; a bullock fills himself, if on pretty good feed, in about three or three and a-half hours; he then lies down till very early morning, at that hour the chances are ten to one, that awakening, refreshed, and strengthened he commences to stray back along the way he came, or in some other direction; accordingly it is the custom about eight or nine o'clock to yard one's team, and turn them out with the first daylight for another three or four hours feed. They do their day's work of from fifteen to twenty miles or sometimes more at one spell, and travel at the rate of from two and a-half to three miles an hour; yarding bullocks is however a bad plan.

The road from Christ Church to Main's is metalled for about four and a-half miles; there are fences and fields on both sides either laid down in English grass or sown with grain; the fences are chiefly low ditch and bank planted with gorse, rarely with quick, which detracts from the resemblance to English scenery which would otherwise prevail. The copy however is slatternly compared with the original; the scarcity of timber, the high price of labour, and the pressing urgency of more important claims upon the time of the small agriculturist, prevent him usually from attaining the spic and span neatness of an English homestead. Many makeshifts are necessary, a broken rail or gate is mended with a bundle of flax, so are the roads not unfrequently. I have seen the government roads themselves being repaired with no other material than stiff tussocks of grass flax and rushes; this is bad, but to a certain extent necessary, where there is so much to be done and so few hands and so little money to do it.

After getting off the completed portion of the road, the track commences along the plains unassisted by the hand of man; before one and behind one and on either hand, waves the yellow tussock upon the stony plain, interminably monotonous; on the left, as you go southward, lies Banks's peninsula, a system of submarine volcanos culminating in a flattened dome, a little more than three thousand feet high. Cook called it Banks's island, either because it was an island in his day, or because no one, to look at it, would imagine that it was anything else; either solution is highly probable, the first, because the highest land immediately at the foot of the peninsula is not twenty feet above the level of the sea,

and the earthquakes are continually raising these coasts (the harbour of Wellington has been raised several feet since the settlement of the province), so that in Cook's day the water may well have gone round the present peninsula; the second, because it presents exactly the appearance of an island lying a little way off the shore.

On the right, at a considerable distance, rise the long range of mountains, which the inhabitants of Christ Church suppose to be the back-bone of the island, and which they call the snowy range. The real axis of the island, however, lies much further back, and between it and the range now in sight, the land has no rest, but is continually steep up and steep down, as if nature had determined to try how much mountain she could place upon a given space; she had, however, still some regard for utility, for the mountains are rarely precipitous—very steep, often rocky and shingly when they have attained a great elevation, but rarely, if ever, until in immediate proximity to the west coast range, like the descent from the top of Snowdon towards Capel Curig, or the precipices of Clogwyn du 'r arddu. The great range is truly Alpine, and the front range is nearly seven thousand feet high in parts.

The result of this absence of precipice is, that there are no water-falls in the front ranges and few in the back, and these few very insignificant as regards the volume of the water. In Switzerland one has the falls of the Rhine, of the Aar, the Giesbach, the Staubach, and cataracts great and small innumerable; here there is nothing of the kind, quite as many big rivers, but few water-falls, to make up for which the rivers run with an almost incredible fall. Mount Peel is twenty-five miles from the sea, and the river-bed of the Rangitata underneath that mountain is eight hundred feet above the sea line, the river running in a straight course though winding about in its wasteful river-bed. To all appearance it is running through a level plain. Of the remarkable gorges through which each river finds its way out of the mountains into the plains, I must speak when I take my dray through the gorge of the Ashburton, though this is the least remarkable of them all; in the meantime I must return to the dray on its way to Main's, although I see another digression awaiting me as soon as I have got it two miles ahead of its present position.

It is tedious work keeping constant company with the bullocks, they travel so slowly. I will lie behind and sun myself upon a tussock or a flax bush, and let them travel on until I catch them up again.

They are now going down into an old river-bed formerly tenanted by the Waimakiriri, which then flowed down into Lake Ellesmere ten or a dozen miles south of Christ Church, and which now enters the sea at Kaiapoi twelve miles north of it; besides this old channel, it has numerous others which it has discarded with fickle caprice for the one in which it happens to be flowing at present, and which there appears great reason for thinking it is soon going to tire of. If it eats about a hundred yards more of its gravelly bank in one place, and the required amount is being eaten at an alarming rate, the river will find an old bed several feet lower than its present; this bed will conduct it only into Christ Church. Government had put up a wooden defence at a cost of something like two thousands pounds, but there was no getting any firm starting ground, and a few freshes carried embankment, piles and all away, and eat a large slice of the required amount into the bargain; there is nothing for it but to let the river have its own way—every fresh changes every ford, and to a certain extent alters every channel; after any fresh the river may shift its course directly on to the opposite side of its bed and leave Christ Church in undisturbed security for centuries, or again any fresh may render such a shift in the highest degree improbable, and seal the fate of our metropolis sooner or later; at present no one troubles his head much about it, although the thing is a fact as patent to observation and as acknowledged as any in the settlement.

These old river channels, or at any rate channels where portions of the rivers have at one time come down, are everywhere about the plains, but the nearer you get to a river the more you see of them; on either side the Rakaia, after it has got completely disembarrassed from its gorge, you find channel after channel now completely grassed over for five or six miles—nay more; betraying the action of river water as plainly as is possible. The rivers after leaving their several gorges lie as it were on the highest part of a huge fanlike delta, which radiates from the gorge down to the sea; the plains are almost entirely, for many miles on either side the rivers, composed of nothing but stones, all betraying the action of water; these stones are so closely packed, that at times one wonders how the tussocks and fine sweet undergrowth can force their way up through them, and even where the ground is free from stones at the surface, I am sure that at a little distance down, stones would be found packed in the same way. One cannot take one's horse out of a walk in many parts of the plains when off the track; I mean one

cannot without doing violence to old world notions concerning horses' feet.

I said the rivers lie on the highest part of the delta, not always the highest but seldom the lowest; I believe myself, that in the course of centuries they oscillate from side to side. For instance, four miles North of the Rakaia there is a terrace some twelve or fourteen feet high; the water in the river is nine feet above the top of this terrace; to the eye of the casual observer there is no perceptible difference between the levels, still the difference exists and has been measured. I am no geologist myself, but have been informed of this by one who is in the government survey office, and whose authority I can rely on.

Again, I think the rivers oscillate from side to side, because I have seen the river eat a large piece of its bank, and flow much more mainly on the north side since I have been in the settlement; a fresh comes down upon a crumbling bank of sand and loose shingle with incredible force, tearing it away hour by hour in ravenous bites. In fording the river one crosses now a good big stream on this side, where four months ago there was hardly any; while after one has done with the water part of the story, there remains a large extent of river-bed, in the process of gradually being covered with cabbage-trees, flax, tussock, Irishman, and other plants and evergreens; and for several miles after getting clear of what one may term the blankets of the river-bed, one sees what appear to me to be fresher tracks of the river than those on the north side; this may be all wrong, I merely write my own impressions.

From the mountains at the back of my run I look down upon the cross road as it were of four great river-beds, prodigal and capricious. Here I see the same thing in miniature. A large delta radiating from a gorge, indeed much too large for the water that now appears to have formed it. Above a gully and ravines, out of which the delta aforesaid has come; the delta and gorge looking like an egg-glass when the egg has been boiled. Here is the top glass empty with the sand out of it, and there the bottom glass full with the sand in it. Here I see palpably the river running down the delta on the highest part of it, or trending down to one side or another, and can watch the part that is being deserted slowly grassing itself over, and the gullies that have been long left, completely grassed; thus I conclude, seeing exactly the same phenomena on a large scale upon the plains, that these too, between one and two hunded miles in length

as they are, and upwards of forty miles across, have been deposited by the rivers that intersect it, their deltas gradually meeting and filling up together, or rather that the rivers have been the main agents in their composition But there must, one would think, have been far more water in them once than there is now, though how to prove this I don't know.

So we crossed the old river-bed of the Waimakiriri and crawled slowly on to Main's through the descending twilight; one sees Main's about six miles off, and it appears to be about six hours before one reaches it. A little hump for the house and a longer hump for the stables.

The tutu not yet having begun to spring, I yarded my bullocks at Main's. This demands explanation. Tutu is a plant which dies away in the winter, and springs up anew from the old roots in spring, growing from six inches to two or three feet in height, sometimes five or six. It is of a rich green colour, and presents something the appearance of myrtle if one does not examine it. I have seen three varieties of it, though I am not sure whether two of them may not be the same, only varied somewhat by soil and position; the third grows only in high situations, and is unknown upon the plains, it has leaves very minutely subdivided, the blossom and seed are nearly identical with the other varieties. The peculiar property of the plant is, that though highly nutritious both for sheep and cattle when eaten upon a tolerably full stomach, it is very fatal when eaten upon an empty one; sheep and cattle eat it to any extent and with perfect safety when running loose on their pasture, because they are always pretty full; but take the same sheep and yard them for some few hours, or drive them so that they cannot feed, then turn them into tutu and the result is, that they are immediately attacked with apoplectic symptoms, and die unless promptly bled, often then too. The worst of it is, that when empty they are keenest after it, and nab it in spite of one's most frantic appeals both verbal and flagellatory. I am sceptical about the bleeding being beneficial myself, but the general opinion is in favour of it. Some say that tutu acts like clover and blows the stomach out so that death ensues. The seed stones, however, contained in the dark pulpy berry, are poisonous to man and superinduce apoplectic symptoms; the berry (about the size of a small currant) is rather good though insipid, and is quite harmless if the stones are not swallowed. The poison, however, lies below the stone. Tutu grows chiefly on and in the neighbourhood of sandy river-beds, but occurs more or less all over the settlement,

and causes considerable damage every year. Horses won't touch it. As then my bullocks could not get tuted on being turned out empty I yarded them. The next day we made thirteen miles over the plains to the Waikitty (written Waikirikiri) or Selwyn; still the same monotonous plains, the same interminable tussock, dotted with the same cabbage-trees.

On the morrow, ten more monotonous miles to the banks of the great river Rakaia. This river is one of the largest in the province, second only to the Waitangi. It contains about as much water as the Rhone above Martigny, or more than that, but it rather resembles an Italian than a Swiss river. It is fordable in many places with due care, though very rarely so when occupying a single channel. It rarely is found in one stream, flowing like the rest of these rivers with alternate periods of rapid and comparatively smooth water every few yards. The place to look for a ford is just above a spit where the river forks into two or more branches; there is generally here a bar of shingle with shallow water, while immediately below in each stream there is a dangerous rapid. A very little practice and knowledge of each river will enable a man to detect a ford at a glance. These fords shift every fresh. In the Waimakiriri or Rangitata they occur every quarter of a mile or less, in the Rakaia one may go three or four miles for a good ford. On a fresh the Rakaia is not fordable; the two first named rivers, however, may be crossed with great care in pretty heavy freshes without the water going higher than the knees of the rider. It is always, however, an unpleasant task to cross a river in a fresh, unless one is thoroughly acquainted with it. Then a glance at the colour and consistency of the water will tell whether the fresh is coming down, at its height, or falling. If one is acquainted with the ordinary volume of the stream, the height of the water can be estimated at a spot one has never seen with wonderful correctness. The Rakaia sometimes comes down with a run; a wall of water two feet high rolling over and over, rushes down with irresistible force. I know a gentleman who had been looking at some sheep upon an island in the Rakaia, and after finishing his survey was riding leisurely to the bank on which his house was situated; suddenly he saw the river coming down upon him in the manner I have described, and not more than two or three hundred yards off; by a forcible application of the spur he was enabled to reach *terra-firma*, just in time to see the water sweeping with an awful roar over the spot that he had been traversing not a second previously. This is not frequent,

a fresh generally takes four or five hours to come down, and from two days to a week, ten days or a fortnight to subside again.

If I were to speak of the rise of the Rakaia, or rather of the numerous branches which form it; of their vast and wasteful beds; the glaciers that they spring from, one of them coming down half-way across the river-bed, of the wonderful gorge with its terraces, shelf upon shelf, fortification like and mysterious, rising eight hundred feet above the river; the crystals found there and the wild pigs, I should weary the reader too much and fill half a volume; the bullocks must again claim my attention, and I unwillingly revert to my subject.

On the night of our arrival at the Rakaia I did not yard my bullocks, as they seemed inclined to stay quietly with some others that were about the place, next morning they were gone. Were they up the river or down the river, across the river or gone back? You are at Cambridge and have lost your bullocks. They were bred in Yorkshire but have been used a good deal in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, and may have consequently made in either direction; they may however have worked down the Cam and be in full feed for Lynn, or again they may be snugly stowed away in a gully half-way between the Fitzwilliam Museum and Trumpington. You saw a mob of cattle feeding quietly about Madingley on the preceding evening, and they may have joined in with these, or were they attracted by the fine feed in the neighbourhood of Cherryhinton? Where shall you go to look for them?

Matters in reality, however, are not so bad as this. A bullock cannot walk without leaving a track, if the ground he travels on is capable of receiving one. Again, if he does not know the country in advance of him, the chances are strong that he has gone back the way he came; he will travel in a track if he can, he finds it easier going. Animals are cautious in proceeding onwards when they don't know the ground. They have ever a lion in the path until they know it, and have found it free from beasts of prey. If, however, they have been seen heading decidedly in any direction over-night, in that direction they will certainly be found sooner or later. Besides bullocks cannot go long without water. They will travel to a river, then they will eat, drink, and be merry, and during that period of fatal security they will be caught; ours had gone back to the Waikitty, ten miles, we soon obtained clues as to their whereabouts and had them back

again in time to proceed with our journey. The river being very low we did not unload the dray, and put the contents across in the boat, but drove the bullocks straight through. Eighteen weary monotonous miles over the same plains, covered with the same tussock grass and dotted with the same cabbage-tress. The mountains however get gradually nearer, and Banks's peninsula dwindles perceptibly. That night we made Mr. M——'s station and were thankful.

Again we did not yard the bullocks, and again we lost them. This time, though they were only five miles off, we did not find them till afternoon and lost a day. As they had travelled in all nearly forty miles, I had mercy upon them, intending that they should fill themselves well during the night and be ready for a long pull next day. Even the merciful man himself, however, would except a working bullock from the beasts who have any claim upon his good feeling. Let him go straining his eyes examining every dark spot in a circumference many long miles in extent. Let him gallop a couple of miles in this direction and the other, and discover that he has only been lessening the distance between himself and a group of cabbage-trees; let him feel the word "bullock" eating itself in indelible characters into his heart, and he will refrain from mercy to working bullocks as long as he lives. But as there are few positive pleasures equal in intensity to the negative one of release from pain, so it is when at last a group of six oblong objects, five dark and one white appears in remote distance, distinct and unmistakeable. Yes, they are our bullocks, a sigh of relief follows, and we burst them home, gloating over their distended tongues and slobbering mouths. If there is one thing a bullock hates worse than another, it is being burst, *i.e.* over-driven. His heavy lumbering carcase is mated with a no less lumbering soul. He is a good, slow, steady, patient slave if you let him take his own time about it, but don't hurry him. He has played a very important part in the advancement of civilisation and the development of the resources of the world, a part which the horse could not have played; let us then bear with his heavy trailing gait and uncouth movements, only next time we will keep him tight, even though he starve for it. If bullocks be invariably driven sharply back to the dray, whenever they have strayed from it, they soon learn not to go far off, and are cured even of the most inveterate habits of straying.

Now we follow up one branch of the Ashburton to Weaver's, making straight for the mountains; still, however,

we are on the same monotonous plains, and crawl our twenty miles with very few objects that could possibly serve as landmarks. It is wonderful how small an object gets a name in the great dearth of features. Cabbage-tree hill, half-way between Main's and the Waikitty, is an almost imperceptible rise some ten yards across and two or three feet high: the cabbage-trees have disappeared. Between the Rakaia and Mr. M—'s station is a place they call the half-way gully, but it is neither a gully nor half-way, being only a grip in the earth, causing no perceptible difference in the level of the track, and extending but a few yards on either side of it. So between Mr. M—'s and the next halting place (save two sheep stations) I remember nothing but a rather curiously shaped gowai-tree (with a square hatchet-like head, the trunk coming down from one side like a handle) and a dead bullock, that can form milestones as it were, to mark progress; for myself, however, I have made innumerable ones, such as where one peak in the mountain range goes behind another, and so on.

In the small river Ashburton, or rather one of its most trivial branches, we had a row with the bullocks; the leaders, for some reason best known to themselves, slewed sharply round, and tied themselves into an inextricable knot with the polars, while the body bullocks, by a manœuvre not unfrequent, shifted, or as it is technically termed, slipped the yoke under their necks, and the bows over; the off bullock turning upon the near side, and the near bullock on the off. By what means they do this I cannot explain, but believe it would make a conjuror's fortune in England. How they got the chains between their legs and how they kicked to liberate themselves, how we abused them, and finally, unchaining them, set them right, I need not here particularise: we finally triumphed, but this delay caused us not to reach our destination till after dark.

Here the good woman of the house took me into her confidence in the matter of her corns, from the irritated condition of which she argued that bad weather was about to ensue. The next morning, however, we started anew, and after about three or four miles entered the valley of the south and larger Ashburton, bidding adieu to the plains completely.

And now that I approach the description of the gorge, I feel utterly unequal to the task, not because the scene is awful or beautiful, for the gorge of the Ashburton is neither, unlike in this respect to the other gorges, though

its characteristics are the same, but because the subject is replete with difficulty and I have never heard a satisfactory account as to how the phenomena they exhibit can have come about. It is not, however, my province to attempt this. I must content myself with narrating what I see.

First I see the river, flowing very rapidly upon a bed of large shingle, with alternate rapids and smooth places, constantly forking and constantly reuniting itself. Tangled skeins of silver ribbon surrounding lozenge-shaped islets of sand and shingle; on either side is a long flat composed of shingle similar to the bed of the river itself, but covered with vegetation, tussock, and scrub: fine feed for sheep or cattle among the burnt Irishman thickets. The flat is some half-mile broad on either side the river, narrowing as the mountains draw in closer upon the stream; it is terminated by a steep terrace. Twenty or thirty feet high above this terrace is another flat, we will say semicircular, for I am generalising, which again is surrounded by a steeply sloping terrace like an amphitheatre; above this another flat receding still farther back, perhaps half-a-mile, in places; perhaps almost close above the other terrace; above this another flat receding farther, and so on, until the level of the plain proper, or highest flat, is several hundred feet above the river. I have not seen a single river in Canterbury which is not more or less terraced even below the gorge; the angle of the terrace is always very steep: I seldom see one less than 45°, one always has to get off and lead one's horse down, except an artificial cutting has been made, or advantage taken of some gully that descends into the flat below. Tributary streams are terraced in like manner on a small scale, while even the mountain creeks repeat the same phenomena in miniature: the terraces being always highest where the river emerges from its gorge and slowly dwindling down as it approaches the sea, till finally, instead of the river being many hundred feet below the level of the plains, as is the case at the foot of the mountains, the plains near the sea are considerably below the water in the river, as on the north side of the Rakaia before described.

At first sight one imagines that the river must have cut these terraces out of the plains; but that presupposes the existence of the plains before the rivers brought them down. I expect that the part played by upheaval in the physical geography of the island will ultimately afford a solution of the difficulties. I feel utterly unable to tackle the subject.

Our road lay up the Ashburton, which we had repeatedly to cross and recross.

A dray going through a river is a pretty sight enough when you are utterly unconcerned in the contents thereof, the rushing water stemmed by the bullocks and the dray, the energetic appeals of the driver to Tommy or Nobler to lift the dray over the large stones in the river; the creaking dray, the cracking whip, form a *tout ensemble* rather agreeable than otherwise. But when the bullocks having pulled the dray into the middle of the river refuse entirely to pull it out again—when the leaders turn sharp round and look at you or stick their heads under the bellies of the polars—when the gentle pats on the forehead with the stick of the whip prove unavailing, and you are obliged to have recourse to strong measures, it is less agreeable: especially if the animals turn just after having got your dray half-way up the bank, and twisting it round upon a steeply inclined surface, throw the centre of gravity far beyond the base: over goes the dray into the water; oh my sugar! oh my tea! oh my flour! Alas my crockery! It is all over—drop the curtain.

I beg to state my dray never upset this time, though the centre of gravity fell far without the base: what Newton says on that subject is erroneous; so are those charts containing illustrations of natural philosophy, in which a loaded dray is represented as necessarily about to fall, because a dotted line from the centre of gravity falls outside the wheels. When my dray was on one side I watched attentively to see this dotted line. I saw it not; dotted lines do not drop from the centres of loaded drays; had there been one, however, it would have fallen far outside the wheels; the English of all which is that it takes a great deal more to upset a well loaded dray than one would have imagined; at other times, however, the most unforeseen trifle will effect it. Possibly the value of the contents may have something to do with it; but my ideas are not fully formed yet upon the subject.

We made about seventeen miles and crossed the river ten times, so that the bullocks had become quite used to it, and manageable, and have continued so ever since.

We halted for the night, with one Jimmy Rawle, a shepherd: awakening out of slumber I heard the fitful gusts of violent wind come puff, puff, buffet, and die away again. nor-wester all over. I went out and saw the unmistakeable north-west clouds tearing away in front of the moon. I

remembered Mrs. W.'s corns, and anathematised them in my heart.

I must digress again. The reader may imagine that I turned out of a comfortable bed, slipped on my boots and then went out; no such thing: we were all lying on the floor with nothing but our clothes between it and our bodies; on these occasions I always sleep in full costume, using my saddle bags for a pillow, and folding up my great coat so as to save my hip-bone from the hard floor. In this way, especially if he have arranged himself so that his hip shall fit into one of the numerous hollows in a clay floor, a man may pass an excellent night.

The next day we made only three miles to Mr. Phillips's station. There we unloaded the dray, greased it, and restored half the load, intending to make another journey for the remainder, as the road was very bad.

One dray had been over the ground before us. That took four days to do the first ten miles, and then was delayed several weeks on the bank of the Rangitata, by a series of very heavy freshes, so we determined on trying a different route: we got farther on our first day than our predecessor had done in two, and then Possum, one of my bullocks, lay down (I am afraid he had had an awful hammering in a swampy creek where we had stuck for two hours), and would not stir an inch; so we turned the bullocks adrift with their yokes on, (had we taken them off we could not have yoked them up again) whereat Possum began feeding in a manner which plainly shewed that there had not been much amiss with him. But during the interval that elapsed between our getting into the swampy creek and getting out of it a great change had come over the weather. While poor Possum was being hammered I had been reclining on the bank hard by, and occasionally interceding for the unhappy animal, there were four of them at him (but what is one to do if one's dray is buried nearly to the axle in a bog, and Possum won't pull?); and I, considering that to be plenty, was taking it easy, without coat or waistcoat, and even then feeling as if no place could be too cool to please me, for the nor'-wester was still blowing strong and intensely hot; suddenly I felt a chill, and looking at the lake below I saw that the white headed waves had changed their direction, and that the wind had chopped round to sou'-west. It was blowing from the N.-E., but it was a sou'-wester for all that. The sou'-wester always blows from the N.-E. in that valley.

It comes from the S.-W. along the plains, turns up the valley of the Ashburton, and then turns round still further, so that it is a sou'-wester proper, for all its direction is from the north-east. Waistcoat, coat, great coat, became necessary at once, and then it was chilling cold still.

By the time that Possum had laid down, the thin cold clouds had enshrouded the higher mountains and were descending into the high valley in which we were, (it is two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there is not a single perceptible rise up to it). There was not a stick of wood about, and no shelter; so we determined on carrying our food, blankets, &c. &c. to a spot a little distance on, where Phillips had begun building a sod-hut when they had been detained on the banks of the Rangitata three months previously. The hut had no roof on yet, and was in fact nothing but four walls. It was, however, in a sheltered situation, and there was a great deal of burnt scrub about to serve for firewood. So we camped there, soon made the kettle boil, had tea, and turned into our blankets: waking once, however, in the middle of the night, I poked my nose out, and immediately drew it in again. It was snowing fast.

Next morning (Thursday) the snow began thawing, but it was the rawest, wettest thaw that can be conceived: in two hours or so it began to snow again steadily, and all we could do that day was to move the dray on to the top of the terrace above where the hut lay, perhaps half-a-mile from the hut. We got down a few more comforts, or rather necessaries, and rejoiced.

All that night it snowed, and we were very cold. Next day, Friday, still snow all day. By this time the highest tussocks were obliterated, and the snow was fully knee-deep everywhere, for it had fallen quietly and kindly, and had not drifted.

Friday night I determined that we would have a nobbler all round, and told the men who were coming up to build my hut, &c. &c., that if they chose to go to the dray and fetch a two-gallon cask of brandy which they would find there, they should have some of it. It was no light matter. The night was dark, the way was very difficult. The terrace was not less than a hundred and fifty feet high, and too steep, even when clear of snow, to ascend without frequent pauses; full too of small gullies and grips, now invisible; besides, there was some distance between the top of the terrace and the dray; but men will brave anything

for spirits, and in about an hour and-a-half they returned in triumph with the little cask. We have got the kettle to boil, and are ourselves all ready for a good stiff nightcap. The cork won't come out. At last it shakes a little, after repeated tugs. It is coming—don't break it—you'll push it in—out—hurrah! I put a little into a pannikin, and discovered it to be excellent——vinegar. The wretches had brought the vinegar cask instead of the brandy. It was too late to face a second journey, so we went comfortless to bed. That night it snowed as before.

And all next day it snowed too: then it cleared and froze intensely hard; next morning a hot nor'-wester sprung up, and the snow began disappearing before its furnace-like blasts. In the evening we moved the dray on over the last really difficult place, and on Monday morning crossed the river without adventure, and carried it triumphantly home: my own country, lying only one thousand four hundred feet above the sea, was entirely free of snow, while we learnt afterwards that it had never been deeper than four inches. There was a little hut upon my run built by another person, and tenanted by his shepherd; when he built he was under the impression that that piece of land would fall to him: when, however, the country was surveyed it fell to me. The survey having been completed before I started with my dray I was well aware of this, and therefore considered myself at full liberty to occupy it, as it was a mile and-a-half within my own boundary. We did so, and accordingly had a place to lay our heads in until we could put up our own buildings. Of course we did not turn out the shepherd. The person who had built this little hut had given orders that if we came up we were not to be allowed to enter it, and were to be excluded, it possible, *vi et armis*. We happened unfortunately to have more *vim* and *arma* on our own side, and had no occasion to contest the matter. He was wroth exceedingly, and started down to Christ Church to buy the freehold of the site, which is one of great beauty and convenience, and as he rode one hundred miles, night and day, in less than twenty-four hours upon one horse, in order to effect his purpose, he naturally expected to succeed. It would have been a very serious nuisance to me had he done so. I had offered him compensation to go quietly off to his own country, but he answered me with threats; and as I saw plainly that he meant buying the land, I did exactly the same thing that he did, and also rode down

to Christ Church, but borrowing a horse after the first fifty miles I left my tired one, and got to Christ Church before him. As, by a mere piece of luck for me, my name had been entered in the list of those who had business with the land commissioners, on the day previously: I settled the matter by purchasing the freehold, and with it the little hut. It would be uninteresting to the general reader were I to give full particulars of this, to me, decidedly exciting race, and I forbear. I mention it as shewing one of the incidents that colonists are occasionally liable to. A good many little things happened during that race which were decidedly amusing, but they would be out of place here. I will return to the Rangitata.

There is a large flat on either side the Rangitata sloping very gently down to the river-bed proper, which is from one to two miles across. The one flat belongs to me and the other on the north bank of the river to another. The river is very easily crossed, as it flows in a great many channels; in a fresh, therefore, it is still often fordable. We found it exceeding low, as the preceding cold had frozen up the sources, and the nor'-wester that followed was of short duration, and unaccompanied with the hot tropical rain, which causes the freshes. The nor'-westers are vulgarly supposed to cause freshes simply by melting the snow upon the back ranges. I, however, residing within sight of these, and seeing the nor'-wester while he is still among the snowy ranges, am in a position to assert definitely that the river does not rise more than two or three inches, nor lose its beautiful milky blue colour, unless the wind be accompanied with rain upon the great range—rain extending generally as low down as my own hut. These rains are warm and heavy, causing a growth of grass that I have no where seen excelled.

These nor'-westers are a very remarkable feature in the climate of this settlement. They are violent; sometimes shaking the very house; hot, dry, except among the mountains, and enervating. They blow from two to three hours to as many days, and if they last any length of time, are generally succeeded by a sudden change to sou'-west—the cold, rainy, or snow wind. We catch the nor'-west in full force, but are sheltered from the sou'-west, which, with us, is a quiet wind, accompanied with gentle drizzling but cold rain, and in the winter, snow.

The nor'-wester is first visible on the river-bed. Through the door of my hut at our early breakfast I see a lovely summer's morning, breathlessly quiet, and intensely hot.

Suddenly a little cloud of dust is driven down the river-bed a mile and-a-half off; it increases, till one would think the river was on fire, and that the opposite mountains were obscured by volumes of smoke. Still it is calm with me; by and by, as the day increases, the wind gathers strength, and extending beyond the river-bed gives the flats on either side a benefit: then it catches the downs, and generally blows hard till four or five o'clock, and then calms down, and is followed by a cool and tranquil night, delightful to every sense. If, however, the wind does not cease and it has been raining up the gorges, there will be a fresh; and if the rain has come down as far as my place, it will be a heavy fresh; while if there has been a clap or two of thunder (a very rare occurrence) it will be a fresh in which the river will not be fordable.

The sand on the river-bed is blinding during a nor'-wester, filling eyes, nose, and ears, and stinging sharply every exposed part. I lately had the felicity of getting a small mob of sheep into the river-bed, (with a view of crossing them on to my own country) during a nor'-wester. There were only between seven and eight hundred, and as we were three, with two dogs, we expected to be able to put them through ourselves. We did so through the two first considerable streams, and then could not get them to move on any further. As they paused, I will take the opportunity to digress and describe the process of putting sheep across a river.

The first thing is to carefully secure a spot fitted for the purpose, for which the principal requisites are: first, that the current set for the opposite bank, so that the sheep will be carried towards it: sheep cannot swim against a strong current, and if the stream be flowing evenly down mid channel they will be carried down a long way before they land; if, however, it sets at all towards the side from which they started, they will probably be landed by the stream on that same side. Therefore the current must flow towards the opposite bank. Secondly, there must be a good landing place for the sheep: a spot must not be selected where the current sweeps underneath a hollow bank of gravel or a perpendicular wall of shingle: the bank on to which the sheep are to land must shelve, no matter how steeply, provided it does not rise perpendicularly out of the water. Thirdly, a good place must be chosen for putting them in; the water must not become deep all at once, or the sheep won't face it. It must be shallow at the commencement, so that they may have got too far to recede before they find their mistake. Fourthly, there should be no tutu in the immediate vicinity of either the place where the sheep are put into the river or that on to which they are to come out; for, in spite of your most frantic endeavours, you are sure to get some sheep tuted (tutu is pronounced toot—the final u not being sounded). These requisites being secured, the depth of the water is, of course, a matter of no moment; the narrowness of the stream being a point of far greater importance. These rivers abound in places combining every requisite, and accordingly we soon suited ourselves satisfactorily.

The sheep being mobbed up together near the spot where they are intended to enter the water, the best plan is to split off a small number, say a hundred or hundred and fifty (a smaller mob would be less easily managed), dog them, bark at them yourself furiously, beat them, spread out arms and legs to prevent their escaping, and raise all the unpleasant din about their ears that you possibly can. Still they will very likely break through you and make back; if so, dog them again, and so on, and in about ten minutes a single sheep will be seen eying the opposite bank, and evidently meditating an attempt to gain it. Pause a moment that you interrupt not a consummation so devoutly to be wished, the sheep bounds forward with three or four jumps into mid-stream, is carried down, and thence on to the opposite bank; immediately that one sheep has entered, let one man get into the river below them, and splash water up at them to keep them from working lower and lower down the stream and getting into a bad place; let another be bringing up the remainder of the mob, so that they may have come up before the whole of the leading mob are over; if this be done they will cross in a string of their own accord, and there will be no more trouble from the moment when the first sheep entered.

If the sheep are obstinate and will not take the water, it is a good plan to haul one or two over first, pulling them through by the near hind leg, these will often entice the others on, or a few lambs will encourage their mothers to come over to them: this was the plan we adopted, and as I said, got the sheep across the first two streams without much difficulty. Then they became completely silly. The awful wind, so high that we could scarcely hear ourselves talk, the blinding sand, the cold glacier water, rendered more chilling by the strong wind,

which, contrary to custom, was very cold, all combined to make them quite stupid; the little lambs stuck up their backs and shut their eyes and looked very shaky on their legs, while the bigger ones and the ewes would do nothing but turn round and stare at us. Our dogs, knocked up completely, and we ourselves were somewhat tired and hungry, partly from night-watching, and partly from having fasted since early dawn, whereas it was now four o'clock. Still we must get the sheep over somehow, for a heavy fresh was evidently about to come down; the river was still low, and could we get them over before dark they would be at home. I galloped home to fetch assistance and food; these arriving, by our united efforts we got them over every stream, save the last, before eight o'clock, and then it became quite dark. The wind changed from very cold to very hot, it literally blew hot and cold in the same breath. Rain came down in torrents, six claps of thunder followed in succession about midnight, and very uneasy we all were (thunder is very rare here, I have never before heard more than two consecutive claps). Next morning, before daybreak, we were by the river side, and found the fresh down, crossed over to the sheep with difficulty, found them up to their bellies in water huddled up in a mob together, shifted them on to one of the numerous islands, where they were secure, and had plenty of feed, and with great difficulty recrossed, the river having greatly risen since we had got upon its bed. In two days' time it had gone down sufficiently to allow of our getting the sheep over, and we did so without the loss of a single one.

I hardly know why I have introduced this into an account of a trip with a bullock dray; it is, however, a colonial incident, such as might happen any day. In a life of continual excitement one thinks very little of these things, and when they are over one is no more impressed with the notion that there has been anything odd about them than a reading man is when he takes a constitutional between two and four, or goes to hear the University sermon. They may, however, serve to give English readers a glimpse of some of the numerous incidents which, constantly occurring, in one shape or other, render the life of a colonist not only endurable but actually pleasant.

CELLARIUS.

THETIS.

ALONE with her great sorrow,—in a cave
Clov'n in the mighty rocks,—a lonesome cave,
Haunt of the sullen blasts and wailing surge,
The queenly Thetis laid her down to mourn
Her desolation; and the tangled sedge
Trailed its chill fibres o'er her shining limbs,
And stained the silvery feet, torn with rough stones,
That once had sped in glad career, more bright
Than gleam of halcyon's wing, along the isles,
That crown the proud Ægean; and her cry
Disconsolate was as the cry of one
Whose hope is crushed for ever, and whose bane
Is immortality that only brings
An immortality of utter woe.—
"Ah mine own Son!" she cried, "mine own, whom Fate,
More pitiless than rudest storms, more hard
Than pointed rocks to bark in midmost sea,
Hath ravished from my love! Vainly, I say,
Oh vainly, did I boast that I had borne thee
Fairer than sons of men, yea, peer for him,
High Leto's ray-crowned scion; for the end
Hath come, as black as midnight thunder-cloud,
And wrapt thee in its shadow. All in vain
I watched the brightness of thy glory grow
When rough Scamander's tawny wave scarce stayed
Thy prowess, leaping on thy mailed knees
All purple with the slain, or when thy car
Dragged Troy's proud chieftain through the shameful dust,
'Neath Pergamos, and stained the waving curls
Andromache had loved to toy withal.
Now know I why, when Pelion's caverns shook
With loud acclaim of the assembled gods,
There crept about my heart a deadly cold,
And in mine ears an inarticulate wail
Rang ever, like the mournful whisperings
Prisoned in wreathen shells that deck the halls
Of Nereus' azure palaces.—Ah me!

They called me blest, they sang me fair, they deemed
'Twas better in Thessalian halls to reign
Than dwell a virgin daughter of the deep.
But ne'er was lonely maid so lone as I,
Ill-starred, whom neither the crisp morning waves,
Nor crystal grottoes silvered by the moon,
Nor dance of Nereids, nor the witching tones
Of ocean shell may ever glad again,
Weighed down with an eternal load of woe.
Oh Death, cold horror, that didst clasp my son,
And chill the bounding pulses of his life,
Would I could take thee to mine arms, and clasp thee
As a cold bridegroom till thy chillness stole
Into mine heart, that I might die with him!
Then would we wander o'er the solemn fields,
And drink of sluggish Lethe, and in shade
Of secret myrtle-groves lead calmest lives
And reck not of the glories that are past."—
So mourned she in the ocean solitudes,
Oft till the midnight stars peered coldly in
Through rifted chasms above her, but her plaint
Arose unpitied, for the iron Fates
Bar with stern hand the portals of the grave.

C. S.

AFTER-HALL REFLECTIONS.

ON coming out of hall one rainy afternoon at the beginning of my second year I was met by a freshman, an old school-friend, who thus addressed me: "My good fellow, what on earth is the matter with you? Where ever have you been? The clouds above are nothing to those that are now obscuring your usually beaming face." "Don't be such a fool," replied I, "cease your chaff and listen to my grievance. I changed my seat in hall to-day, and found myself in a nest of high mathematical men, who did nothing but talk of sines and cosines."

"There you are again, always crying down mathematics. If you had not sat there, you would have got among some classical men. Besides who asked you to sit there? Not they, I warrant. You really have a monomania on the subject of shop: you had better give us your wise criticisms on shop proper and shop improper, in the next Number of *The Eagle*."

"Very well, if you will read them." So here they are offered to the indulgent public, just as they came uppermost. I sat down in my arm-chair and tried to arrange my subject under heads, but finding that no hydra ever had more, I soon gave up that idea and burst forth into the following philosophical treatise.

"Le moi est haissable," said a garrulous Frenchman, and no more have I heard of his sayings. Did he never talk shop, think you?

Are we really to suppose that that wise man never alluded to any subject in which he felt personal concern? that he was silent altogether, or that he only conversed on matters of general interest? Ah, there it is again, that odious objection of my friend B—, that the amount of shop varies inversely as the amount of information your neighbour or neighbours have acquired, that shop is comparative and subjective. Confound him! he is always

taking away my grievances. Subjective indeed! that is his euphemism for a concoction of my brain; he shall not do me of this grievance. I will be more special, less philosophical. Well reader, I—that is—(as *The Eagle* sometimes reminds its readers), I, not personal, but legible, am not a boating-man. I go out to tea with an enthusiastic freshman. Enter a few second year men, one of whom comes up to my host, and says, "Now B—, you really must catch the beginning; you might as well have gone to Caius, if you don't attend to our coaches better. And there's that other man, who will not go forward, and keeps his back as round as a rifleman's; he'll never make an oar; I wonder what brings such a fellow up here." Then follows a discussion of the chances of the college four, a matter of wider interest, and so on up and down the river, till you go to bed, and do *not* dream of boating.

Again "I" am a classical man. I have been reading from nine till two, and some one, thinking to interest me in hall, talks of the readings of such and such a passage, the beauties of this or that author, or who will do what in the tripos. Let such a man know he is mistaken,—his charms come to deaf ears: I own I like my own shop in its place, but there are times and seasons for all kinds of conversation, and hall is not the place for such a kind; particularly when my two friends on the other side of the table are obliged to console themselves with the theory that, after all, hall is not the place for talking, but eating.

Of mathematical shop B— has advised me not to speak, as it excites me too much. I therefore refrain.

Rifle corps' shop has hardly obtained at all in the University, so I need not discuss that, save only to congratulate my readers on its absence, for of all shops it is the least generally interesting.

At this moment my pertinacious friend B— enters the room, and deliberately reads all I have written.

"So this is your first landing-place, is it?" says he, "you are a nice mass of contradictions. It is you and such as you who by a perpetual abuse of shop drive men to form sets, boating-tables, scholars'-tables, mathematical-corners, classical-corners; and yet you are always saying the College is not shaken up enough. It is merely because classics is in a minority, that you are so discontented. What would you ever have men talk about?"

I certainly was in a fix; so I contented myself with observing that of course in a big college there must be sets.

"Never mind about sets; we pretty well agree in wishing to mix them up; but how are we to do it? The College is large enough to divide into sets, but not large enough to mix them up again. Once divided, they are so closely packed that they cannot move about, and so they get welded closer and closer together, till you know nothing about your next door neighbour, because he happens to be in a different set."

"Well of course it is a great thing to have a man who associates with a great many sets, to throw out a connecting link, as our Captain would call it, between our skirmishers in the University society and our hard-reading or gate-keeping reserve."

"Ah, I have it! the University is the great mixing bowl, which ought to keep our sets together more than at present, by rubbing off their respective angles, and lodging them, like smooth pebbles, at the bottom of the stream."

"That is just what old S— was saying the other day when he was up from Oxford; he could not see any University here: there were two or three very jolly Colleges, but he did not believe in the existence of an University at all."

"Well, how did you try to prove that it does exist?"

"Oh, I took him to the Union, and set him down there; and the first thing he noticed was, that each College had a separate gown, and so I showed him the B.A. gown, and told him we had different nurses, but the same *alma mater*, and all wore her livery in the end. Then he asked me if our fellowships were open: I must confess I was stumped there: so I requested him not to wander from the first point of discussion, but to look on the Union as an emblem of University feeling."

"Did that convince him?"

"Unfortunately there was an election for some officer going on, so S— sidled up to the voting-table and watched the votes. To my disgust he discovered that the Trinity men, all but two, voted for the Trinity candidate, and the Johnians for the Johnian."

"Here," says he triumphantly, "I perceive a law." If it had not been for a debate on Lord Palmerston, in which the Johnians did not take the liberal side, I believe he would have thought that our political feelings were equally sectionalized."

"There is however a great work going on in places like the Union, where men of different Colleges meet and

debate and see one another, and read 'matters of general interest,' as you would say."

"Yes, I do believe in the Union, whatever people think: I wish I were a swell speaker, and I would convene the freshmen, and lecture them on its importance."

"I am afraid we shall have to wait till we have got a new building, before we attempt to bring about a general move Unionward. It really is a foul shame to have such a room for such an University."

"No, no, fill this room first, and then you will shew all the importance of the move."

"That argument did not answer with our chapel; we had to wait till it began to empty again, before there was a move to build another."

"Never mind; the move has been made, so feel grateful to those who have made it. Talking of chapel, I shall be late to-night, if I am not quick, so farewell."

"Good bye—all sets will meet there at least."

Reader of *The Eagle*, if you reach the end of this rambling discourse, do not be angry with me; it expresses my convictions; they may be different from yours; what if they are? Give them a thought, or refute them. They may be written in a chaffy strain. But more grain escapes with chaff than people think of. Again these remarks may be trite: but are there not seventy men who have just come up to educate themselves within our walls?

May these remarks find some response in their minds.

R.

HOPE.

THE white mist in the valley creeps,
And on the mountain's shoulder bare
Awhile the brooding tempest sleeps,
Then breaks in thunder there.

But far above, the snowy pikes
Are ever beautiful with light;
Before the dawn the sunlight strikes
Their ice caves sparkling bright.

They flash like lightning at day-break,
Like diamonds in the glowing noon;
At sunset burn like fire, and take
Pale splendours from the moon.

He watches them from vineyard gates,
Far off among the ripening grapes;
With him a band of spirits waits,
Sweet voices, heavenly shapes,

And joying, more than mortals glad;
Save only one, the fairest far,
Whose brow is clear and pale and sad,
As the sweet evening star.

Long lingered they beside the streams,
And long thro' winding pathways strayed;
By twisted branches quaint as dreams
With sun-gold overlaid.

But now beyond the land of vines,
They come—to where the upland heaves,
With golden corn in waving lines,
Or bound in nodding sheaves.

Now onward press the shining band,
And ever eager lead the way,
To where the western summits stand,
The limit of the day.

Onward, and past the land of corn,
And upward thro' the shadowing woods,
To where the pine trees crest the horn,
And fringe the mountain flood.

Still on they lead, but more and more
The wearied traveller halts below,
Till their white robes far on before,
Are lost against the snow.

But one remains, the fairest far;
She takes the traveller by the hand,
And points where near yon rising star
His bright companions stand.

Already have they reached the height,
They will not turn, but wait him there,
And Hope inspires him at the sight,
The upward way to dare.

The boundary line of ice is crossed,
The last dwarf pines are left below,
His wearied limbs are stiff with frost,
And sinking in the snow.

The sharp rocks pierce his bleeding feet,
Her shining robe with blood she soils,
Yet bends on him a smile so sweet,
As lightens all his toils.

On her supporting arm he rests,
With her the weary way is past;
Sweep Hope, of all our heavenly guests
The fairest, and the last!

JOHNIAN WORTHIES. No. I.

Roger Ascham.

[I purpose, should the plan and its execution meet with the approval of the Committee and the Subscribers at large, to contribute to the pages of *The Eagle* biographical sketches of a few of the most eminent men who have gone forth from St. John's, and whose influence has been felt in the world's history. I shall endeavour to select names which will be familiar to all, while at the same time the record of their lives is either not accessible to the general reader, or is in a form too bulky for ordinary perusal. The latter qualification will, to a certain extent, be interfered with by Mr. Cooper's excellent work, the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, now in course of publication, but the space which I shall have at my disposal, will enable me to enter into more detail than is possible within the limits of an article in such a work. Should my present effort meet with success, I shall possibly in another Number attempt a life of William Cecil, Lord Burghley.]

NEVER in modern times has there been so rapid a developement of intellectual power, as that which followed the revival of letters. If I may be allowed to apply, though more minutely, the analogy which Dr. Temple has drawn between the developement of the nation and of the individual, it was as the freshness which follows upon a long slumber. Awakened by the dawning of a new day from the long night's sleep of the dark ages, the minds of Europeans, of our countrymen in particular, showed an unwonted vigour; the delight of fulfilling the healthy functions of life seems to have filled them almost to intoxication, an intoxication which found its vent at times in the extravagances and quaint conceits of a Spenser or a Sidney. The pulse of mental life beat fast and warm, and no era of subsequent progressive developement is likely in its catalogue of lasting names to rival the sudden growth of the age of a Cecil, a Bacon, a Shakespeare.

The Revival of Letters and the Reformation mutually

influenced each other. As it was the diffusion of the knowledge of Greek which helped to clear the truths of the New Testament from the thick coat of error with which they were overlaid, so it was the crusade waged by some of the Reformers, with Melancthon at their head, against the attempts of Rome to shackle men's minds, that mainly contributed to support the cause of letters. Nowhere was this influence more prominent than in our own University, where many, by reading the New Testament in the original, were led to embrace the so-called new doctrines. Amongst them was Roger Ascham, the subject of the present article.

Roger the son of John and Margaret Ascham, was born at Kirkby Wiske, in Richmondshire, in or about the year 1515. His father was steward to Lord Scrope of Bolton; his mother appears to have satisfied Pericles' idea of woman's excellence, and to have been one whose name for praise or blame was little mentioned among men. After living together in the closest affection forty-seven years, they died in the same day, almost in the same hour.* Roger was educated in the house of Sir Humphrey Wingfield, who "ever loved and used to have many children brought up in learninge in his house"; his tutor being a Mr. R. Bond, who had charge of Sir Humphrey's sons. While here he showed a marked taste for English reading, and also laid the foundation of that skill in archery, which afterwards produced the "Toxophilus".† The advantages offered to him by this connexion would be seized on the more readily, seeing that, if we may believe his own account, the grammar-schools were at that time in a very unsatisfactory state. He remarks in the *Schoolmaster* (p. 31, verso) "I remember when I was yong, in the North, they went to the Grammer Schoole little children; they came from thence great lubbers; alwayes learning, and little profiting; learning without booke everything, understanding within the booke little or nothing."

Through the influence, probably, of Dr. Nicholas Medcalfe, then Master of St. John's, who was himself a native of Richmondshire, Ascham was entered in this College in 1530. We have but few details of his life as an undergraduate. His tutors were one Hugh Fitzherbert, of whom little else is known, and John Cheke, afterwards tutor and

* *Aschami Epist.* I. 5.

† Bennet's *Ascham*, 154, 5. The name, as given here and in the edition of 1571 is Humphrey. Grant, who is followed by subsequent biographers, calls him Anthony, (p. 5, Ed. 1703.)

Secretary of State to Edward VI. With the latter, he read during his residence in Cambridge all Homer, Sophocles and Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Isocrates and Plato, and was hoping to read Aristotle and Demosthenes, when Cheke was called away to take charge of the education of Prince Edward. Among his chief friends were Day, Redman, Grindal, Smith, Haddon and Pember. The last-named commends him for his practice of reading some author in Greek to a class of boys; telling him that he would learn more Greek by thus reading one of Æsop's fables, than if he were to hear the whole of the Iliad translated into Latin* by the most accomplished scholar.

The life of a scholar here was then no time of luxurious ease. Thomas Lever, afterwards Master of this College, preaching at St. Paul's Cross in 1550, and pleading the cause of the Universities, gives no alluring picture of it. He says, "A smalle number of poore godly dylygent studentes nowe remaynynge only in Colleges (*i.e.* not in Hostels), be not able to tary and continue their studye in y^e^ Universitye for lacke of exibicion and healpe. There be divers ther which rise dayly betwyxt foure and fyve in the mornynge, and from fyve untyll syxe of the clocke, use commen prayer wyth an exhortacyon of God's worde in a common chappell, and from syxe unto ten of the clocke use ever eyther private study or commune lectures. At ten of the clocke they go to dynner, where as they be contente with a penye piece of biefe amongest iiii., havinge a fewe potage made of the broth of the same biefe, wyth salte and otemel, and nothynge elles. After this slender dinner they be eyther teachynge or learnynge untyll v. of the clocke in the evening, when as they have a supper not much better than theyr dynner. Immediatelye after the whyche they go eyther to resonynge in problemes, or unto summe other studye, untyl it be nine or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng without fyre, are faine to walk or runne up and downe haulfe an houre, to gette a heate on theyr fete when they got to bed."†

Dr. Medcalfe appears to have shewn to Ascham considerable kindness, as was his wont to those who showed "either will to goodness, or wit to learning;" indeed, it may be from his own experience that he is speaking, when he

* *Enarratam Latine*, (Grant) which possibly conveys the idea of a lecture.

† Those who are curious about some University Customs of the time may consult Dr. Caius' book. *Hist. Acad. Cantab.* p. 91, Ed. 1574.

says, "I am witness myself that monie many times was brought into yong mens studies by strangers whom they knew not." The Master, though himself a strict Papist, showed all favour to those who pursued the "new learning," and, as Fuller says, "whetstone-like, though dull in himself, by his encouragement set an edge on most excellent wits in that foundation." Ascham was admitted B.A. on the 18th of February, 1534, and soon afterwards sat for a fellowship, to which he was elected under singular circumstances. His reading of the Greek Testament had made him dissatisfied with Romanism, nor had he made any secret of his views. At the same time that he "stood to be fellow," Dr. Heynes the President of Queens', and Dr. Skip, afterwards Master of Gonville Hall, were sent to Cambridge by the Court to preach in favour of the king's supremacy. For the rest Ascham shall tell his own tale. "I chanced amonges my companions to speake against the Pope; my taulke came to D. Medcalfe's eare: I was called before hym and the Seniours; and after greevous rebuke, and some punishment, open warning was geeven to all the felowes, none to be so hardie to geeve me hys voyce at that election. And yet for all these open threates, the good father hymselfe privilie procured, that I should even then be chosen felow. But, the election being done, he made countenance of great discontentation thereat."*

He was admitted fellow on the 26th of March, 1534, and proceeded to the degree of M.A. with some *eclat* on the Wednesday after St. Peter's day, 1537. For the next eleven years he appears to have been chiefly resident in Cambridge, reading in private with pupils, and delivering public lectures in Greek in the College, and in the University, previously to the appointment of a Regius Professor in 1540. In 1540-41, we find him also Mathematical Lecturer in the University. Somewhere about this time he must have been absent from Cambridge for two years, for we have an account of a visit home, during which he was laid aside for that time by an attack of quartan fever. In July, 1542, he applied to Oxford for incorporation, but we do not know with what success. In 1544 appeared his first English work, entitled *Toxophilus, the schole, or partitions of shooting.* This book which was dedicated to Henry VIII. and presented to him in the gallery at Greenwich, had a threefold object; 1st, to set the example of writing in English; 2ndly, to reply to those who blamed him for his devotion to Archery; 3rdly, to obtain such help

* *Schoolmaster*, p. 54.

from the king as should enable him to fulfil his wish for foreign travel. Through the recommendation of Sir W. Paget and Sir W. Petre, he obtained his third object in a pension of £10 per annum granted to him by the king.

The history of this pension is somewhat amusing. It was "revived by the goodness of King Edward VI., and confirmed by his authority." Ascham adds, that "he did increase it by his liberality;" but as he speaks in the same letter of the "old sume of tenn poundes," and makes no mention of any change in his application to Gardiner for its second renewal, I infer that the increase came only from the king's private purse. The patent was however renewed by Edward only "durante voluntate," and Ascham on his return from the continent in 1553, having "crept without care into debt, by the hope which he had bothe to be rewarded for his service, and also to receive his pension due at Michaelmas of that year," was somewhat surprised to find the payment of it stopped. At the close of that year, or the beginning of the next, he writes to Bishop Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor, urging his claims upon the Queen for some support. One is rather surprised at the way in which the court payments were managed in those days. "I was sent for," he says, "many times to teache the King to wryte, and brought him before a xi yeres old to wryte as fayre a hand, though I say yt, as any child in England, as a lettre of his owne hand dothe declare, which I kept as a treasure for a wytnes of my service, and will showe yt your L. whensoever you will. But what ill luck have I that can prove what paines I tooke with his highnes, and can showe noe profite that I had of his goodnes. Yea I came up dyvers times by commaundment to teach him, when each jorney for my man and horses would stand me in 4 or 5 marks, a great charge for a poore student. And yet they that were aboute his Grace were so nigh to themselves, and so farr from doing good to others, that not only my paines were unrewarded, but my verie coaste and charges were unrecompensed, which thing then I smallye regarded in his nonage, trusting that he himself should one daie reward me for all."*

There is another letter to Gardiner which is so amusing that I may be pardoned for quoting more fully.

"My singuler good lord, in writeing out my patent I have left a vacant place for your wisedome to value the

* Ascham to Gardiner. *Communications to the Camb. Antiq. Soc.* I. 100.

su'me, wherein I trust to find further favour; for I have both good cause to aske itt, and better hope to obtayne itt, partly in considerac'on of my unrewarded paines and undischardged costes, in teaching king Edward's person, partly for my three yeares service in the Emperor's cort, but cheifely of all when king Henry first gave itt me at Greenwiche; your lo'pp in the gallorye there asking me what the king had given me, and knoweing the truth, your lo'pp said it was too litle and gently offred to speake to the kinge for more. * * * * * * And I beseech your lo'pp see what good is offred me in writeing the patent, the space w'ch is left by chance doth seem to crave by good lucke some wordes of lengthe, as viginti or triginta, yea with the help of a litle dashe quadraginta wold serve best of all. But sure as for decem it is somewhat with the shortest; neverthelesse I for my parte shalbe noe less contented with the one then glad for the other, and for either of both more then bound to your lo'pp."*

His plan was so far successful that the word 'viginti' was written for 'decem.' In a letter to Queen Elizabeth, dated at Windsor, October 10, 1567, after relating with some glee the success of this trick, he prays the Queen's goodness to ask of the Queen's highness that as her three predecessors had each bettered the other, so she would make these benefactions, which were not so large as that he could out of them make any provision for his children, to be continued to his sons, by granting to one the farm of Salisbury Hall, near Walthamstow, of which he had a lease from Queen Mary, and to the other the living of Wicklyfourd (poss. Wichford, in the Isle of Ely) which had been left him by his mother-in-law.

But to return to the regular course of our history. On the removal of Cheke from Cambridge, in July, 1546, by his appointment as tutor to Prince Edward, Ascham was elected to succeed him as Public Orator. He had previously been employed to write letters for the University, for which he possessed an eminent qualification in his penmanship. Mention has been already made of his teaching Edward VI. to write: he also instructed Elizabeth and the two Brandons in the same accomplishment. On the fly-leaves of a copy of *Osorius de Nobilitate Civili* in the College Library is an

* Ascham to Gardiner. Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, Vol. I., p. 274.

autograph letter from him to Cardinal Pole, which is certainly a beautiful specimen of caligraphy.

In November or December, 1548,* a disputation was held in the Chapel of St. John's on the question of the identity of the Mass with the Lord's Supper, which was "handled with great learning by two learned fellows of the House, Thomas Lever and Roger Hutchinson." The sensation caused thereby was not confined to the College, and many took offence at the discussion, whereupon Ascham was prevailed upon by the rest of the Society to "bring this question out of the private walls of the College into the public Schools:" but Dr. Madew, the Vice-Chancellor, stopped the disputation.

Ascham's residence in Cambridge appears not to have agreed with his health. To sustain it he was obliged to give much time to archery. But even with this healthy exercise, his constitution, which was naturally weak, and had never recovered the effects of the quartan fever, found the damp of the fens very trying. We have a letter addressed by him to Archbishop Cranmer, asking for a dispensation to enable him to eat no fish, stating his inability to change his place of abode, and arguing the point both on its own merits and as a relic of Popery. A second letter informs us that Cranmer acceded to his request, and sent him the dispensation, free of all charge, through Dr. Taylor, then Master of the College.†

Of his means of support during his residence here we have but little account. Dr. Lee, the Archbishop of York, gave him a pension of 40*s.* per annum. One of the works on which Ascham was engaged while in Cambridge was a translation of Œcumenius' *Comment on the Epistle to Titus*, a copy of which he presented to Lee, through his brother, not being admitted himself to see him owing to his illness. The book was sent back "non sine munere," but the Archbishop took serious offence at a comment on the words, "the husband of one wife," which characterized as heretics those who condemned marriage. This was too much for Lee, who was a bigoted Romanist, but it is doubtful whether it seriously affected Ascham's interests, as the illness in

* *Epist.* III. 35, dated January 5, 1548. "Dr. Madew being mentioned as Vice-Chancellor in this letter, there must be a mistake in the date. He was Vice-Chancellor in 1546 and part of 1547, but in no part of 1548." *Note in Mr. Baker's hand.*

† Aschami *Epist.*, II., 51, 53.

question proved fatal; and Ascham, in a letter to Cheke, laments that by the *death* of His Grace of York he suffered a serious diminution of income.*

Early in his career he had to part with his old friend and patron, Dr. Medcalfe, who was compelled by a conspiracy amongst the junior fellows to resign his Mastership, and retire to his benefice of Woodham Ferrers, where he survived only a few months. The cause of dissatisfaction is not known, "only," says Fuller,† "let not his enemies boast, it being observed that none thrived ever after who had a hand in Medcalfe's ejection, but lived meanly and died miserably. This makes me more confident, that neither master Cheke, nor master Ascham, then Fellows of the College, had any hand against him; both of them being well known afterwards to have come to good grace in the commonwealth."

From Ascham's words quoted above, I think we may infer that while he acted as joint tutor to Edward, he still was in residence at Cambridge. But in the year 1548, upon the death of his former pupil, William Grindal, he was chosen by the Princess Elizabeth to be her tutor. Writing to Cheke on the 12th of February,‡ he states that the Princess was minded to bestow upon him all the heritage of her affection for Grindall, and in his perplexity, loth to leave his quiet life in St. John's, and loth to refuse so complimentary an offer, asks Cheke's counsel, as to what he shall do. We may assume that it was favourable to the proposal, for he accepted the post, and removed to Sir Anthony Denys' house at Cheshunt, where the Princess then lived. She was but sixteen, and yet in the couple of years that Ascham was with her, they read through nearly the whole of Cicero, a good part of Livy, some select Orations of Isocrates, the Tragedies of Sophocles, and, for divinity, the Greek Testament, Cyprian, and Melancthon's *Common Places*.§ The Princess every morning did a double translation from Demosthenes or Isocrates, and the afternoon from Tully.‖ I should infer from the tone of a letter addressed to W. Ireland, a Fellow of St. John's, and dated

* Aschami *Epist.*, II., 1, 5, 6, 15.
† *History of Cambridge*, VII., 1–3, (p. 168, ed. Tegg, 1840).
‡ Aschami *Epist.*, II., 40.
§ *Ibid*, I., 2.
‖ *Schoolmaster*, p. 35.

July 8, 1549, that the change was not congenial to him. He appears, whether from any fault of his own we do not know, to have made enemies in the Princess' household, who not only made him uncomfortable themselves, but poisoned Elizabeth's ears against him. About the beginning of 1550 he suddenly left his post, and returned to Cambridge. His own account is that he was driven to resign through no fault of his own, but by the ill-treatment he received not from the Lady Elizabeth herself, but from her Steward. That there is some secret involved appears from the fact that he will not entrust the matter to writing, but in two letters, one to Sir John Cheke, the other to Lady Jane Grey, says, "that if he should meet the former or Mr. Aylmer, the tutor of the latter, he would pour out his grief." On this point however he is clear, that no blame could be attributed to the Princess herself. Elizabeth, ever prompt to take offence, was piqued at this apparent slight. Ascham applied to Martin Bucer, who had lately come to England, and was then at Lambeth, to use his influence to reinstate him in the Princess' favour; but owing to the illness of Bucer, these good offices were delayed, and it was not till Ascham left England some nine months later that a reconciliation was effected. He then called on Elizabeth to bid her farewell, and she at once shewed her forgiveness by asking him why he had left her and made no effort to be restored to her favour.*

In April of the same year (1550) we find him again at St. John's, where he resumed his Greek Lecture and his work as Public Orator, which latter office must have been supplied meanwhile by a deputy. He was also at this time keeper of the king's library, but the date of his appointment does not appear. In the summer he visited his friends in Yorkshire, whence he was summoned, at the instance of Sir John Cheke, to take the office of Secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, who was proceeding on an embassy to the Emperor Charles V. It was on this journey to London that he called at Broadgate in Leicestershire, and found Lady Jane Grey reading Plato's *Phædo*, while the rest of the party were out hunting. He has told the story

* Aschami *Epist.*, II., 43, III., 5, 7. This I think the fairest account. Some persons believe that Ascham simply got tired of Court life. Miss Strickland states erroneously that his sudden removal was owing to some disturbances in his own family.

in *The Schoolmaster* (p. 12, verso). The number of learned ladies in that age is quite wonderful. Lady Jane is to my mind a standing protest against the notion, that a girl cannot be "blue" without losing her true womanliness.

Of the first part of Ascham's sojourn abroad we have a connected account in a series of letters addressed to his friends Edward Raven and William Ireland, fellows of St. John's. They are interesting as showing his powers of observation as well as for the facts which they relate, but were I to pretend to give their substance, I should trespass far beyond the necessary limits of this paper; I must therefore content myself with referring the more curious of my readers to the letters themselves. They will be found in *Aschami Epist.* III. 1—4. Bennet's *Ascham*, 369, sqq. Tytler's *History of England under Edward VI. and Mary*, Vol. II. pp. 124, sqq. Ascham also embodied the result of his observation of continental politics, &c. in a *Report and Discourse of the Affaires of Germany*, published in 1552.

He seems meanwhile to have been in great uncertainty as to his future plans in England. In a letter to Cecil (Spires, September 22, 1552) he makes a strong appeal for provision in one of three ways; either to be allowed to continue his Greek Lecture at St. John's without being bound by any statutes, (which would appear to be one of the shadows which coming events cast before them, for he was married within two years)—or to undertake some post at court,—or to remain abroad and serve his country at some foreign court. From a subsequent letter we gather that some court appointment was being found for him, (possibly the Latin Secretaryship, which he afterwards had) but impediments had been put in the way; so he presses still his first application, which does not seem to have succeeded.*

On his return to England in September, 1553, he found the state of affairs changed. Edward VI. was dead, Lady Jane Grey beheaded, protestantism already practically under ban. But he had a friend at court, who now stood him in good stead. On the death of Lee, he had attached himself to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who in the latter part of Henry's reign, and during that of Queen Mary, was Chancellor of this University. The Bishop was true to

* *European Magazine*, Vol. XXXII. 89, 157. In one of these letters, he asks permission to converse with the Pope's nuncio's men, which he had hitherto refrained from doing.

him through all the storms of the Marian persecution, and upheld his cause against some who were most anxious for his downfall.

During his residence in Germany, Ascham had been appointed to be the king's Secretary for the Latin tongue, which appointment seems to have been filled for a time by a Mr. Vanes, to whom Ascham acted as deputy, dividing the fees. His duties required him to leave Cambridge and come to live in London, a step which added seriously to his expenditure. He writes to Sir W. Petre preferring a request for some further provision, which was answered by a proposal to induct him to a prebend or some ecclesiastical office, and, on his declining that, by a lease of a farm called Salisbury Hall, near Walthamstow. To Gardiner he writes to ask for some deed in writing which shall secure him the Secretaryship when vacant, and be a guarantee for him in the incurring the expenses of court life. "It is my greate griefe," says he, "and some shame that I these tenn years, was not able to keepe a mann, being a scholler, and now am not able to keepe myselfe being a courtier." This application resulted in the issuing of the Queen's letters patent on the 7th of May, 1554, granting him the office of Secretary "a Latinis" with all the emoluments &c. thereto appertaining, at a stipend of forty marks, or a little over £20, a-year, and ratifying his old pension.

During this interval he still held the offices of Greek Lecturer at St. John's, and Orator in the University, the duties of which had been supplied during his absence by Raven and Ireland.* He resigned them, however, at Midsummer, 1554, having married on the 1st of June of the same year Margaret Howe, a lady considerably younger than himself, with whom he lived very happily. In 1555 he is at Greenwich enjoying literary leisure to the full; reading Æschines and Demosthenes with the Lady Elizabeth, and having frequent opportunities of intimate intercourse with the Queen.† It has been cause of great wonder to some, that, while professing protestant opinions, Ascham should have been left unscathed during the persecutions of Mary's reign. He tells us that some persons objected to his appointment as Latin Secretary, and we know that one Sir Francis Englefield proposed to cite him before the council, but was stopped from doing so by Gardiner.

* Bennet's *Ascham*, p. 395.
† *Aschami Epist.* I. 11.

His religious feelings may possibly have prevented him from accepting Petre's proposed prebend: but in spite of them he was in great favour not only with the Queen, but also with Cardinal Pole, and seems to have enjoyed a fair share of worldly prosperity.

October 9, 1559. Queen Elizabeth, unasked, granted to her old tutor the prebend of Wetwang in York Cathedral, to which he was admitted on the 11th of March, 1559-60. This involved him in a long course of litigation. Archbishop Young, by some further dispensation of his own, and probably objecting to the appointment of a layman, seems to have nullified the Queen's presentation. It is scarcely possible from Ascham's letter to Leicester, to make out the rights of the case: the letter was, however, effectual to its purpose, and the Queen's letters were addressed to the Archbishop, directing him to countermand his dispensation, and institute Ascham, at the same time making him amends for the expense he had incurred.*

Of the latter years of Ascham's life we have scarcely any information, save that we find him constantly struggling with debt. The lease of Salisbury Farm was pledged to one Anthony Hussey to relieve Mrs. Howe, who was left at her husband's death in Lent, 1559, in heavy debt,—subsequently released by a grant from the Queen,—then the lease gets into Sackville's hands, and Ascham still in difficulties, has to apply to Cecil for relief. In a letter dated the 18th of January, 1563, he made application to the Master, Fellows, and Scholars of St. John's for a lease of their farm of Bromehall near Windsor, which was granted November 7 of the same year, for forty years.†

This same year, 1563, is notable in our author's life for a meeting which gave birth to *The Schoolmaster*, the most lasting of his English works. On the 10th of December in that year, the plague being in London, the Queen was at Windsor, and there at a dinner party in Cecil's apartments a discussion arose about flogging in schools, and education in general, originating in the tidings that "divers scholars of Eton be run away from the school for fear of a beating." Sir R. Sackville, who was present, but took no part in the discussion, afterwards entreated Ascham to put into an extended form the views which he had advocated, to

* Whitaker's *Richmondshire*, I. 285, sqq.

† *Aschami Epist.* III. 34, and MS. note of Mr. Baker's.

the effect that "young children be sooner allured by love than driven by beating, to attain good learning." The treatise thus begun expanded into a general system of Classical Education, and is interesting, not only as one of the earliest specimens of decent English prose, but also for its sound common sense. It is a book which will fully repay the reader for the time spent on it.*

Ascham's constitution, naturally weak, was much broken by frequent attacks of ague, and a hectic fever, which visited him in the year in which he died. Imprudently sitting up late to finish some Latin verses which he was to present to the Queen as a New-Year's gift, and to write some letters to his friends, he fell into a lingering disease, which Grant calls "gravem morbum," and Whitaker a violent attack of ague, from which he never recovered. He died on the 30th of December, 1568, in the fifty-third year of his age. His last words were, "I desire to depart and to be with Christ." He was buried on the 4th of January, in St. Sepulchre's Church. Dr. Nowell, the Dean of St. Paul's, visited him during his illness, and preached his funeral sermon, in which he spoke of his character in the highest terms.

Camden says, "he died in poverty, which he had brought on himself by dicing and cock-fighting." It is to be feared that the accusation is true. In *The Schoolmaster* he says: "But of all kinde of pastimes fitte for a jentleman, I will, God willing, in fitter place more at large declare fullie in my 'book of the Cockpitte,' which I do write to satisfie some," &c. (p. 20)†. He displayed a want of firmness in the way in which he excused himself to Lee,‡ which does

* See Preface to *The Schoolmaster*. A new edition of this work is now going through the press under the supervision of the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor.

† Cp., also p. 51, where is a selection from the cock-fighting vocabulary. I doubt whether Mr. Cooper is warranted by this passage (p. 21) in putting this book of the cock-pit in his list of Ascham's writings, *The Schoolmaster* itself being posthumous.

‡ There is a strange and almost incredible statement in this apology, which altogether is so weak. He says, "So much has my mind always shrunk from reading any books, be they in English or in Latin, in which some new doctrine might be imported, that except the Psalter of David and the New Testament, and that in Greek, I have read no book on the Christian religion, small or great. *Aschami Epist.* II. 6.

not heighten our opinion of his character, but it is scarcely fair to attribute to a similar cause his freedom from persecution in the reign of Mary. It were better to say with Dr. Johnson, "Nothing is more vain than at a distant time to examine the motives of discrimination and partiality; for the inquirer having considered interest and policy is obliged at last to omit more frequent and more active motives of human conduct, caprice, accident, and private affections."

But with all his failings Ascham was one of the lights of his day, and did much to further the revival of learning in England: himself deeply attached to study, he seems to have had a power of imparting his enthusiasm to others. Were it only as tutor to Edward VI. and Elizabeth, every Englishman owes him a debt of gratitude, and our College in particular may well be proud to have numbered amongst its alumni a man like Roger Ascham.*

R. W. T.

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* I must not omit to acknowledge my obligation to Mr. Cooper's *Athenæ*, especially for the list of authorities at the end of his article, of which I have consulted all such as are accessible.

XLVI.

TO HIMSELF, AT SPRING'S COMING.

(*Catullus.*)

Now the Spring with a tepid sweetness hovers,
Now, a truce to the equinoctial fury,
Now, the lull of the easy pleasant Zephyrs.
Up, away, from the Phrygian land, Catullus,
Leave the bountiful meadows, leave Nicæa;
Hie away to the famous Asian cities.
Now the soul in a tremor beats to seek them,
Now the feet with an eager strength grow restless,
So, farewell, to the knot of dear companions,
Ye that each from a distant home come hither,
Back again with a lonely way to wander.

A.

LOST.

IT almost seems to be a law of nature that what looks interesting in theory should be disagreeable in practice. How delightful are romantic incidents and romantic situations on paper; but how distressing and cold-catching in actual fact! May-day; moonlight,—sentimental walk in the same. Next morning,—rheumatism and bronchitis. Evening party;—pathetic and confidential téte-a-têtes. Following day,—haunted by an unpleasant consciousness of having said something hopelessly ridiculous. And so the world wags. We pick up a novel, read glowing descriptions of wild luxuriant savagedom, and long for the life of a gay roving trapper on the prairie. "That's just the sort of thing that would suit me," think we, "the excitement of danger and the freedom of a trackless waste would be simply enchanting." Hair-breadth escapes and physical fatigue all assume a rosy hue, and we sigh for a taste of such romantic experiences. But softly, O Romancer; a well built house, a cheerful fireside, and a happy home, are far more enjoyable than any hunter's encampment or half-raw buffalo supper. My life has been almost as prosaic as Alison's *History of Europe*. Only one romantic incident has as yet crossed it, and this, though a small one, was decidedly "moist and unpleasant."

It was once my fortune (or rather, misfortune) to be lost.

"I see," says the sagacious reader, "in London; on Salisbury Plain; in the New Forest."

Nothing of the kind. I was lost in Greenwich Park.

On a chill November evening, a few years ago, business directed my steps to the picturesque town of Greenwich. I accordingly set out, and, having performed my mission, about a quarter before six I began to retrace my steps by entering the Park at the gate near the circus. Now I am not a coward by nature, for I take a cold bath every morning through the winter, and none but a brave man can do that. Still I must confess, when I entered that Park

in the dark, and, what was worse, in the midst of a thick London fog, I did feel a little hesitation, which an enemy might have called fear. The darkness I did not mind, for I had often crossed the Park in the dark; but the fog was entirely another matter, and I certainly did not like it. Let the reader recall the days of his babyhood, when he sat by the nursery fire, and watched the tea-kettle spouting away a fizzing column of white steam; let him fancy me walking, by some undiscovered method of aerial perambulation, in the aforesaid steam, and he will have some notion of the nature of my trip across the Park. Not a thing was visible. Simple darkness was daylight compared to that misty blankness. On the darkest night I could see paths and trunks of trees, the lights in the Observatory, and the direction of my walking. But, in that fog, all was blank, invisible, and confusing.

"Now," thought I, "the Park is but small, and I know it as well as I know my own garden. I have only to keep in the path, and 'twill be all right." So I valiantly pushed on.

I soon however began to find that I had entered on a very awkward business. Scarcely two consecutive steps could I take, without finding myself either on the wet grass, or affectionately hugging a tree. This latter difficulty was certainly no joke, unless indeed a black eye and a contused nose be supposed to be of a humourous character. Ships running on hidden shoals were quite voluntary agents compared with me. I invariably had the satisfaction of feeling a tree before I saw it; so that, after a piece of a broken branch had suddenly bored a little hole in my cheek, I could just ejaculate "Ah, to be sure, another tree," precisely in time to be too late. Sometimes my experiences would take another direction. I should all at once discover I was walking through a miniature lake, and that a little cataract was playing picturesquely down the side of each boot, and forming little basins within. The fact that all this was going on in a manner perfectly invisible to me rendered it all the more curious, for I certainly could not see anything that took place below the level of my chin. Indeed I am not very sure but the circle traced out by the apex of my nose was my horizon of vision for the time being. At another time I would walk innocently up to one of the rough wooden seats by the side of the path, and quietly tumble over it. Then, picking myself up, I found it a mental operation of some minutes to re-discover

my bearings. Now from the time that as a small boy I was under the autocratic dominion of a nurse-maid, I have felt the strongest aversion to that species of gymnastic evolution which consists of a sudden arrest of the lower extremities, while the head and other apparatus attached thereto travel, in a sort of parabolic curve, to the earth. Of all the various styles of tumbling, the face tumble, the back tumble, the side tumble, and so forth, there is not one to my mind half so irritating as a *bonâ fide* hip tumble. Such a luxury you can get, in its full perfection, by an attempt to walk through a backless seat; and if after accomplishing the feat thoroughly, the experimenter feels anything approaching to the amiable,—a blessing on his bruised pate for a regularly good-natured fellow! For my own part I am an ordinary mortal, and as I picked up my head and bleeding nose from under the seat, I most assuredly felt as though I could have annihilated every creature connected therewith, from the ranger of the Park down to the carpenter's apprentice who hammered the seat together.

This feeling of general benevolence was not diminished by the discovery that during my embrace of mother earth, my hat had quietly rolled away, and was at that moment trundling about somewhere, as happy and contented as a creature of so few enjoyments could be.

It was, I own, an imprudent thing for me to do, to start under such circumstances in pursuit of my hat. But does it not daily happen that a man faces any danger to recapture his hat? Some men will lose a horse, or a bank-note, or a case of wine, with tolerable ease and resignation; but who ever saw a man, worthy of the name, calmly relinquish a run-a-way hat? No, he leaves the wife of his bosom and the children of his love standing helpless on the pavement, while he dashes with concentrated recklessness after his best Lincoln and Bennet. Ye laughing crowd, ye jeering boys, ye sarcastic cabmen, avaunt! He cares not for your laughter, your ridicule, or your anathemas. Yonder he sees the glossy velvet one gamboling in the mud, and on that prize his every thought is fixed. And he regains it, and returns in triumph. Why then should I claim freedom from a weakness as extensive as my sex? But this is a digression. Thoughtless of fog, of path, of everything, I rushed wildly in pursuit. Whither I went, I know not. The next few minutes are a blank in my existence. This much I know, I lost the path, but (oh! joy) found the hat.

My congratulations on my own sagacity were scarcely ended, when other thoughts of a more practical description obtruded themselves on my mind. They came not in a mixed and thronging crowd, as thoughts are sometimes supposed to come; but packing themselves up in a most gentlemanly manner, they appeared in the modest form of a little question;—"where are you?" This was more than I could tell. How many times I had turned round in my mad chase, I could not remember; and as to guessing with any reasonable chance of correctness at the bearings of the place,—it was out of the question. All I knew was, that I stood on the grass somewhere, and that somewhere was in Greenwich Park. Suddenly all power of thought seemed to leave me, and I became as helpless as a child. The white floating steam of the fog was wreathing around me. Blankness, unutterable blankness, was on this side and that. I had no power of casting about for probabilities, or of seizing on any chance of help, supposing such had been offered. I felt then for the first time in my life what the peasants of the west of England mean by "pixing-led." I groped about like an idiot, without motive, object, or success. Meanwhile I was conscious of this feeling, and was amazed at it. I knew I was helpless, and,—paradoxical as it may appear,—I thought on how strangely I was deprived of the power of thinking. I was just in that state, that if any one had come to me and said, "Here you are, this way," I should not have been able to command the necessary mental effort to obey. I reflected on this, and at last determined by a vigorous wrench of reason to collect my thoughts, if possible, and try to do something. After a little time I succeeded sufficiently to make up my mind to advance steadily in one direction, till I reached a path. This however was a work of some trouble, for huge trees came constantly in the way, and every little deflection served to render my proceedings less systematic. Every now and then I stooped down and swept away the withered leaves to feel for the gravel path. But the grass seemed interminable, and I began to suspect the melancholy fact that I was meandering in a circle despite all my care. Still I persevered, now bouncing up against black gigantic trees; now losing them in a moment, and, crawling on hands and feet, in vain feeling for the path. I was first getting tired of this style of thing, and began seriously to entertain the project of climbing a tree, and making my bivouac for the night. I was busy considering ways and means, when a shout

attracted my attention. I shouted in reply; and a few seconds brought me right up against a fellow-wanderer.

"Oh, could you kindly tell me," asked the stranger, "my shortest way out of the Park?"

"I should only be too glad to do so," I replied, "but I have not the remotest idea where I am."

We immediately agreed to join company, and see what we could do together. My companion (none of whose features I could in the least see) told me that for nearly twenty years he had been in the habit of crossing the Park from the Railway Station to his house on Maire Hill, and that to him the idea of losing his way was too ridiculous to be annoying. So we wandered on together, and after tumbling over and upon each other several times, at last reached some by-path.

Well this was hopeful anyhow. It required very little logical acumen to conclude, that, being evidently a path, it must certainly lead somewhere; so we diligently prosecuted it, and finally emerged into one or other of the main avenues. Hereupon rose the question as to where the town lay, where the Heath. We stood a few minutes debating the point, when slowly and distinctly Greenwich parish church struck seven. With what delight we heard the sound! Face about; march. Straight a-head we went, and five minutes walking brought us to the Park wall. Then along the wall; and finally we passed out through the gate by the Naval school. Shortly afterwards my companion and myself parted. The fog was still too thick for us to have a look at each other; so we shook hands and separated. I kept close to the Park wall as long as my route lay that way, and then by dint of most careful navigation, gained the main road, and then got along without difficulty.

Such has been my worst experience of a London fog. It is not one of a very harrowing description; but still, when I reflect upon it, I invariably feel sorry that Fenimore Cooper never had the acuteness to place a Mohican or Delaware in a kindred position, for then I should consider myself as having, in at least this one microscopic particular, passed through a phase of the life heroic.

λαβυρίνθειός τις.

THE CLOUD.

Bathed in the glory of the west
One cloud o'erhangs the couch of day,—
Clinging, all wrinkled, grim and grey
Upon the sunset's golden vest.

Ghost-like it hangs. Methinks it grieves
Deserted of day's dying king;
Sad, as the song the breezes sing
To whirling dance of autumn leaves.

Pale spectre of a pleasure gone,
Pale emblem of our mortal state
Thou showest the sorrows that await
Man's age. To wander grey and lone

Through darkening halls, that once were rife
With clear-toned laugh and lofty song
And Heaven's bright chariot rolled along
From phase to phase of glowing life.

To tremble in a doubtful light
'Twixt day and darkness, on the brink,
To mark the last long beam, and sink
Into the bosom of the night.

M. B.

OUR CHRONICLE.

THE object of the Chronicle of *The Eagle* is to record as simply and briefly as possible any information on past events which is likely to possess peculiar interest for the members of our College. Without any apology therefore for the disjointed character of his narrative, or for a brevity which places side by side class-lists and boat-club officers, church preferments and rifle-corps promotions, and in a word combines in these pages at once arms the toga and the oar, the Chronicler, imitating the style of the ancient annals, will simply put down fact after fact, in the hope that out of so many facts and all so different, some one at least may strike each reader's fancy.

To begin then by enumerating the successes attained by past or present Johnians; we have to congratulate Exeter for its gain, and to condole with Cambridge for its loss. The particulars of the appointment of the late Hulsean Professor to the Deanery of Exeter, and the high compliment with which it was accompanied, are two well known to require repetition here. Mr. Ellicott is succeeded in the Professorship by the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College.

Dr. Atlay, Vicar of Leeds, late Fellow and Tutor of this College, has been appointed to a Residentiary Canonry at Ripon.

The Rev. John Rigg, B.D., has been appointed to the Second Mastership of Shrewsbury School, and the Rev. H. G. Day to the Head-Mastership of Sedbergh. The late Head Master, the Rev. J. H. Evans, late Fellow of this College, retires through ill health from the post which he has ably occupied for twenty-three years.

The present vacancies of the Registrary and the Professorship of Chemistry can scarcely be said to come under the head of Johnian intelligence, but as our College is not

unrepresented among the candidates* for these offices, they may possibly, let us as true Johnians say probably, affect the interests of our society, and therefore the Chronicler may perhaps be pardoned for their insertion.

The following gentlemen have vacated Fellowships since the issue of our last Number:

The Rev. B. Williams, B.D.	The Rev. C. Elsie, M.A.
The Rev. W. F. Woodward, M.A.	The Rev. T. B. Rowe, M.A.
The Rev. J. F. Bateman, M.A.	The Rev. A. Holmes, B.A.
Mr. H. J. Roby, M.A.	Mr. W. Baily, B.A.
The Rev. W. T. Brodribb, M.A.	

The subjoined lists contain the names of those gentlemen who in their respective years succeeded last June in obtaining a first-class in the College Examination:

Third Year.

Sephton.	Dinnis.	Williams.
Laing.	Whitworth.	Groves.
Main.	Taylor.	Fynes-Clinton.
Torry.	Jones.	Catton.

Second Year.

Hockin.	Pooley.	Rees.
Stevens.	Cotterill.	Rounthwaite.
Rudd.	Warmington.	Austen.
Snowdon.	Falkner.	Johnson.

First Year.

Stuckey.	Creeser.	Stobart.
Baron.	Clare.	La Mothe.
Archbold.	Meeres.	Lee-Warner.
Ewbank.	Tomkins.	Marsden, J. F.
Smallpeice.	Pearson.	Atherton.
Sutton.	Stuart.	Pharazyn.
Moss.	Tinling.	Reece.
Terry.	Hill.	Clay, E. K.
Horne.	Robinson.	Quayle.
Newton.	Wood.	

The following gentlemen were last June elected Scholars of the College:

Third Year.

Fynes-Clinton, O.	Whitworth, W. A.
Gwatkin, T.	Catton, A. R.
Williams, H. S.	Dinnis, F. H.
Laing, J. G.	Sephton, J.
Spencer, D. H.	Torry, A. F.

Second Year.

Hockin, C.	Falkner, T. T.

First Year.

Stuckey, J. J.

Messrs. Stevens, Rudd, Archbold, Sephton, Laing, Main, Jones, Bateman, Hockin, Stuckey, Burn, Groves, Ingram, Graves, J. D. Evans, Snowdon, Pooley, Cotterill, Ewbank, Sutton, Smallpeice, Moss, Cherrill, Warmington, and Berry were elected Exhibitioners.

Mr. J. C. Thompson has been elected to a legal Studentship on the Tancred Foundation.

The Minor Scholars were—

Mr. Cope, from Rugby School.
Mr. Roach, from Marlborough College.
Mr. K. Wilson, from Leeds Grammar School.
Mr. Wiseman, from Oakham Grammar School.

Messrs. Marshall, Cust, J. R. Wilson, Barlow and Watson were elected Exhibitioners.

Mr. H. C. Barstow and Mr. H. Beverley have passed their final examination for the Indian Civil Service; and Messrs. A. L. Clay, A. J. Stuart, F. W. J. Rees, and J. W. Best, the First Examination.

The total number of Freshmen hitherto entered on the College boards, amounts to about seventy.

In the year 1862 there will be open for competition four Minor Scholarships, two of the value of £70 per annum, and two of £50 per annum, besides the eight following Exhibitions:

Two of £50 per annum, tenable on the same terms as the Minor Scholarships.

One of £40 per annum, tenable for four years.
One of £50 per annum, tenable for three years.
One of £40 per annum, tenable for three years.
One of £33 6*s*. 8*d*. per annum, tenable for three years.
One of £40 and one of £20, tenable for one year only.

The Examination of Candidates for the above-mentioned Scholarships and Exhibitions will take place on *Tuesday*, the 29th of April, 1862, at 9 A.M.

* The Rev. S. Parkinson, Fellow and Prælector of this College, is a Candidate for the Registrary, and Mr. G. D. Liveing, late Fellow and present Superintendent of the Laboratory, for the Professorship of Chemistry.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club are :—

1st Captain, T. E. Ash. Secretary, J. R. W. Bros.
2nd Captain, C. C. Scholefield. Treasurer, D. S. Ingram.
3rd Captain, J. H. Branson.
4th Captain, F. W. J. Rees.

Those of the Lady Somerset Boat Club are :—

1st Captain, Mr. A. T. R. D. Kennedy.
2nd Captain, Mr. J. F. Rounthwaite.
3rd Captain, Mr. W. P. Meres. Secretary, Mr. C. J. E. Smith.

An account of this term's boat races will be found on the cover of this number.

An antiquarian may take pleasure in remembering that from a time as far back as seven years ago the Lady Margaret has invariably rowed in the time-race of the four-oars.

A spirited race was rowed on the thirtieth of November last between two University Trial Boats. Messrs. Gorst and Alderson of the L.M.B.C., and Messrs. La Mothe and Stephenson of the L.S.B.C. were in the winning boat; Mr. Branson of the L.M.B.C. was in the losing boat.

On the second of November last, the new rifle-butts of the University Corps were opened, and a rifle challenge-cup, presented by the honorary Colonel of the Corps, the Prince of Wales. We regret to say that hitherto the number of recruits among the freshmen of this College has been but barely sufficient to maintain the credit of the Johnian Company, or requite the zeal and energy of its captain and officers.

The Rifle-Corps and the College alike, have to regret the absence of Sergeant Potts, who has been succeeded by Corporal Liveing.

The Prince of Wales' Challenge-Cup was shot for on the second of this month, and was gained by Private Ross of the Sixth Company. The competition was confined to six members of the Corps selected at a trial match; amongst this number were Corporal Marsden and Private Guiness, both of the Second (St. John's) Company.

Another fifth of November is past and gone, and has left behind it no details worthy the pen of the historian—even the historian of St. John's College. A few good blows were given and taken, a few gowns torn and caps lost, a few opportunities afforded for proctorial fortitude, a few butchers achieved a transitory but brilliant triumph—beyond this there took place nothing worthy of record. May the recorder's labour be as light next year.