



## NOTES, BRIEF, BUT MULTIFARIOUS, OF A WINTER IN MADEIRA.

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“WINTER in Madeira! all about diseased lungs, cod-liver-oil, respirators and hæmoptysis, I suppose: probably the writer, with but one lung and a bit, will take a miserably low and depraved view of all enjoyments, and give us a discourse on the ultimate advantage of early temperance and regularity. Who is to read such a melancholy article? But possibly it may be about wine, and if so, I withdraw my disparaging remarks, and will read it. In either case, it smacks strongly of consumption.”

Entirely wrong, my dear reader, you jump to conclusions in a manner, unbecoming a ‘practical’ Cantab, and even unpardonable in a member of St. John’s, the most attentive and successful worshipper at the shrine of the exact Sciences. Did you never hear of what you ‘might call, if you was anyways inclined,’ a tutor? and might not one, sound in lungs, reasonably spend some months in the balmy South in such a capacity? Might not the prospect of a warmer climate, and affection for that

‘Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast,’

not to mention a more substantial inducement, naturally combine to cause a B.A. to flit swallow-like and enjoy perpetual summer?—Then as to the wine, in 1852 a disease appeared which has almost entirely destroyed the cultivation of the grape, so that where formerly the yearly produce reached 25,000 pipes, now not a single pipe of Madeira, Malmsey, Bûal, Sercial or Tinta, is made fit for drinking.

But we must be off without further preliminaries, or we shall never traverse our 1300 miles of ocean. My

pupil (W), his mother, her maid, and my dog Joe (a neat sprinkling of possessive pronouns) were my voyage-companions; W also took a dog with him, a very old spaniel, but I omit him as he was not a favourite, and, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, (if he is not dead it is quite time he was). I was in fear and trembling as to the effect of the warm climate on Joe, and was strongly recommended to leave him at home; but the event proved the groundlessness of my anxiety, as he flourished amazingly: this I mention for the benefit of others in a similar position regarding pets. I hope I shall be forgiven for alluding to my dog, my excuse being, that he is *almost* a Johnian, having often taken tea in various rooms in the New Court, without ever meeting with the cries that always greeted Crab of 'whip him out,' 'out with the dog,' 'whose cur is that?' or feeling the effects of a porter's wrath.

On Monday, October 8th, 1860, at 12 o'clock, we embarked on board the Sultan for Madeira, *viâ* Lisbon.

On first embarking, my nervous temperament received a severe shock, from which it took long to recover. A voice of authority was heard to call loudly, 'Give that dog to the butcher.' One look round was sufficient to prove the correctness of the agonizing thought that it was *my* dog who was to be treated in that barbarous manner. What cruelty! and what swindling! they had only just made me pay 15s for his passage and now were going to convert him into fresh provisions for the voyage. Imagine, if possible, my horror; there was no escape; the butcher persisted in having him, and all I could do was mentally to determine not to touch any meat pies till after we reached Lisbon. Fortunately however before my senses deserted me, I found that it was part of the butcher's duty to take charge of all live stock on board, and that I had no just cause for apprehension that Joe was about to meet with an untimely death. To Lisbon we had a very fast and prosperous voyage of three days twenty-one hours; the weather was fine, though rough in the Bay, and the 'Sultan,' a paddle wheel converted into a screw, famed for her rolling propensities, fully maintained her character. On Thursday morning we awoke in the lovely Bay of Vigo, having steamed in during the night for the purpose of landing mails; we took the opportunity of going on shore for an hour or so, and now talk of the time when we were in Spain. The same afternoon we touched at Oporto, and on Friday morning steamed up the Tagus. Here we paid our parting adieux to the 'Sultan,' and were introduced to a Portuguese Custom-House, badly managed

and extremely tiresome. On emerging from this place of torment, we were instantly surrounded by beggars, clamouring for alms, and insisting on calling us by the honorable title of Capitães (Captains.) Our commissionaire settled these for us, and guided us to an hotel, and during our stay proved most useful. Lisbon did not impress us favourably, it was intensely hot, dirty, and crammed with beggars; so we were glad to escape. I should recommend all visitors to follow our example: visit S. Roque Church and that at Belem, Don Pedro and the Black Horse Squares, the Aqueduct and a few other celebrities, stroll up and down Gold and Silver streets, and then away to Cintra. It is a most dusty disagreeable drive of fourteen miles, but the reward is well worth the trouble. At Cintra is the summer residence of the king, and thither the nobility betake themselves when the warm weather sets in; the scenery is charming; a short range of rocky hills springs suddenly up from the plain without any apparent reason, the highest point being crowned with the Peña Convent. The climate is very different

the baking streets to the cool luxuriant country is immense. Here we had an amusing excursion up the hills on donkeys, to see the Peña and Moorish Convents; we also visited the Palace, where the great joke is to induce visitors to enter a particular room, and then water them by touching a secret spring: 'at the magic touch of the guide,' small jets of water spurt out from numberless holes in the walls, and sprinkle the unwary to his intense astonishment. There is a capital hotel at Cintra, kept by a Mrs. Lawrence, who formerly was washerwoman to the English fleet at Lisbon; she chatters wonderfully, and will spin yarns for hours about any naval officer who was ever on the station. Our stay at Cintra lasted only from Monday to Wednesday: we had spent Sunday at Lisbon on account of the English Service; the Church is chiefly remarkable for its pretty cemetery thickly planted with cypresses, and for the dizzy height of its pulpit.

On Thursday, the 18th, we embarked on board the Portuguese sailing brig 'Galgo,' (Greyhound) of 248 tons. Our orders were to be ready for starting at 11 o'clock, A.M., and naturally we were not much behind time; but there was not a breath of wind, and we soon experienced the inconvenience of a sailing vessel: our only hope was to float down with the tide; this turned at 6, but as no ship is allowed to pass the bar at the mouth of the Tagus after sunset, it was

no use leaving our anchorage in the evening, and we were e'en obliged to wait until 6 o'clock the next morning for the second tide. The Custom-House officials having once seen us safely on board would not for a moment entertain the idea of letting us go on shore again, so we had the pleasure of passing eighteen hours in the little brig before we stirred. Even when we reached the open sea, matters did not much improve; we had nothing worthy of the name of breeze until we were very nearly at Madeira: at times we crept along at four or five knots, at other times we were quite still. Yet the weather being most delightful, we spent a very enjoyable time; and the sea being very smooth, we were not much troubled with sickness. The idiotic gambols of shoals of porpoises enlivened us, and the company of pretty little Mother Carey's chickens. We used to watch with great anxiety the catspaws coming across the sea, and hope they were the forerunners of the breeze, but were continually disappointed. However everything comes to an end, and so did our voyage; on the morning of Friday, the 26th, we sailed quietly into the Bay of Funchal; the weather was perfect, and our first view of our winter's home was charming; the lovely blue of the water, the light green of the young sugar-canes, the brilliant white of the houses, and the dark and lofty hills combined to produce a most favourable impression upon our minds, which a more familiar acquaintance did not destroy. We were soon on shore, and located at Miles' Boarding-house until we could meet with a private residence that would suit us; this we effected in a few days and then settled down comfortably for the winter.

Having now safely completed our voyage, and found ourselves once more on land, let us turn our thoughts to the position, history, &c., of our new home.

Madeira is situated between 30°. 37' and 32°. 47' North Latitude, and 16°. 39' and 17°. 16' West Longitude. It is about forty miles long, and thirteen broad, *i.e.*, about one-third larger than the Isle of Wight, and one-sixth less than the Isle of Man, but more thickly populated (population about 100,000) than either. The longer axis of the island lies almost due East and West, and is a ridge of mountains rising to 6062 feet, the highest point, Pico Ruivo, being nearly in the centre of the island; up to this central chain numerous deep ravines penetrate from both the North and South coasts. Funchal, the chief town, where all the English reside during the winter, faces the South; it con-

tains about 30,000 people of whom 600, equally divided between visitors and residents, are English.

For ordinary purposes, this account of the geography of Madeira will be sufficient; the ethnology will give us even less trouble. When it was first discovered by Zargo in 1419, the island was uninhabited, and we are thus saved the arduous inquiry as to the ancestral stock of the aborigines, whether their descent was from Hottentots, Patagonians, or Pelasgi (I place them alphabetically, not wishing to display any invidious partiality). There is a tradition which at first sight seems to contravene this fact of the island being uninhabited. Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet eloped in 1346, preferring to meet the storms of the ocean rather than the lady's irate parent; in attempting to cross from Bristol to France they were driven by a violent storm which eventually landed them in Madeira, and when Zargo arrived at Machico (called after Machim)

Beneath four clustering orange-trees,  
A stone's throw from the surf,  
There rose a Cross of cedar-wood,  
And two fair graves of turf.

The question naturally arises 'who was the Sexton?' and we are inclined rashly to conclude that the island could not have been without inhabitants. However it is now generally believed that in some way unknown to the present race of man, they contrived to give *each other* decent burial. After drifting 1300 miles in an open boat, probably with a very scanty stock of provisions, nothing which they did need surprise us: possibly too, they came originally from Kilkenny.

I shall pass over the geology, natural history, and botany of Madeira; not from want of materials; for although I am not intimately acquainted with old Red Sandstone, the Miocene tertiary epoch, or even trap (except as it is connected with horses, rats, portmanteaus, and bat and ball,) nor do I know any more lengthy names for daddylonglegs or daffydowndilly, yet have I not a Hand-book to Madeira, which gives every particular of this and every other kind, which tells me that there are forty-one species of ferns in the island, thirty breeding birds, and sixty-eight stragglers, &c., &c.? But I dread the wrath of the other contributors to, and all the readers of the King of Birds, if I do not hasten onwards, and so hurry on at once to our employments.

And now a difficulty meets me; if I omit all mention of

work, some frequenter of the Senior Wranglers' walk or the Trumpington and Grantchester grind, will exclaim 'a lively tutor this, of whose employments work did not form a part.' Consequently, I mention it sufficiently to say that such inquirers must imagine the work; the secrets of the shop will not be disclosed; no one will be admitted behind the counter. I shall not say whether we made up doses of Euclid and Algebra, or whether we ventured on the stronger narcotics of Differential and Integral, or even whether I instructed my apprentice in the properties of the Osculating Plane, which seem to have taken so strong a hold upon the vivid, not to say voluptuous, imagination of a contributor to a late number of *The Eagle*. Our work which was a reality, must now exist only in imagination.

'Os Cavallos estão promptos, Senhori.' 'The horses are ready; come then, let's be off, and exhibit ourselves on the New Road.' This may perhaps require some slight explanation: saddle-horses are in great request in Madeira, for riding is the principal amusement of the Visitors, and the New Road is the only part of the island where a comfortable canter can be obtained. All the other roads are paved with cobbles, and most of them are very steep, whereas the Caminho Novo, or New Road, has been lately made for the express purpose of affording a good place for horse exercise: it is very like an ordinary English Road, only more dusty, and is two miles and a-half long; in the afternoons it is very lively, for it is the Rotten Row of Funchal, and from four to six the fashion takes its airing. Horses are hired by the month for thirty dollars (about six guineas); this includes keep and an especial attendant to each horse: these attendants are known by the name of burriqueiros (lit: donkey-drivers): they are a fine, active and clean race, who mostly smatter English to a certain extent: they are always in attendance on their horses, accompanying them wherever they may be taken; they keep up wonderfully, and in going up-hill hold on by the horses' tails. It is very rarely that they are left behind, except by Middies, whose first amusement on reaching land is to get a horse and gallop off to the Curral; the burriqueiros are then at times obliged to give in, but no one to whom it is of any importance in what kind of condition his horse is on the following day, will ever find his burriqueiro far away. They are most useful for holding the horses, for guiding strangers in excursions, and more especially for shoeing the horses or putting in fresh nails, when requisite; they always carry with them up the hills a spare

horse-shoe, some nails, and other necessary implements. There are not many four-wheel carriages in Madeira, owing to the steepness of the roads; but besides riding, the other means of conveyance are bullock-cars, palanquins, and hammocks.

Almost our daily employment was riding on the New Road; this was varied by occasional excursions to Camacha. Cama de Lobos, Campanaria, or the Curral; by three cricket-matches, a boat-race, and other amusements, of some of which I will give a short account presently. A military band used to play once a week in the Praça, the public walks in the centre of the town, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of inducing it to perform on Tuesdays at the beginning of the New Road; this proved a great attraction, for numbers of people used to collect to hear the band, and take canters between the tunes.

Memories of the past crowd so thickly upon me, that I hardly know which is to have the precedence: suppose we give the signal for the boats. The origin of our boat-race was this: the residents challenged the visitors to row a four-oared race on the day of the Regatta; the course to be from the landing-stage round the buoy and back. We naturally accepted the challenge, though, owing to the fact that the majority of the visitors were at Madeira for the benefit of their health, and could not venture to row a race beneath a broiling sun, the difficulty of getting a crew together was almost insurmountable; we had numerous changes, from laziness, illness, &c., and even when I went down to row in the race, I actually did not know who was going to take the bow-oar. However the race did come off, and moreover, under the eyes of the whole *élite* of Funchal; the *natural* result was, that the boat in which I was rowing stroke was not triumphant. Our opponents were accustomed to row in the sea, and together; we were accustomed to neither; our boat was what the Captain of the Lady Margaret would very possibly call an Ark, and the oars. . . . ; then what is a man to do, when during the race he puts on a spurt, and No. 3 requests him not to row so fast, as he can't keep it up? Never mind, at my time of life one has long since got used to being beaten; besides, we had the fun of it, and the exercise of rowing over the course every morning for a fortnight at 7 o'clock, was something most charming. But the grand consolation was the way in which we took the change out of the residents at Cricket; here I for one, felt more at home, and as it was not so great an exertion, it was easier to induce men to take part in a cricket-match than in a boat-



race; the result was, visitors one hundred and twenty-two, residents, fifty-two and twenty-eight; and the revenge was sweet, the only drawback being, that the cricket-match did *not* take place under the eyes of the fair beauties of Madeira. Our other matches were (1) against the crews of the 'Gorgon and Firebrand,' which had lately steamed into the bay; and (2) against the crews of the 'Victoria and Albert,' and 'Osborne,' when they came to escort the Empress of Austria to Trieste; we were victors in both, as we expected, and as is usually the case where the enemy wear blue-jackets. The ground is good for the part of the world, and beautifully situated, about eight miles from Funchal, and three thousand feet above the sea; it is at Camacha where the English residents spend their summer, and although so far away, we used to get a fair sprinkling of spectators, the rides there and back being very attractive and amusing.

The second highest accessible peak in Madeira is Pico Ariero; I chose a fine day and ascended it without a guide, my only companions being Joe and W's dog; it is generally thought impossible to take long walks in the island, owing to the peculiar climate, and for my rashness I earned the reputation of being a lunatic; luckily I have no fortune, or this might be made a strong case before Mr. Commissioner Warren. I was well repaid for my trouble, and succeeded to the astonishment of all in reaching the right peak. I was closely cross-questioned on my descent as to the peculiar features of the mountain and the general style of the scenery, and convinced the most unbelieving that I had really accomplished the ascent.

Another variety in the monotony of our life, was a picnic to the Achada at Campanaria; all went on horseback, with the exception of two less youthful ladies who preferred hammocks. The ride occupied about four hours, as we made a slight *détour* to visit Cabo Girão, a cliff of nineteen hundred feet rising perpendicularly from the sea. We were saved the usual trouble of picnics, that of providing the refreshments and necessary *etceteras*; Mr. Payne, the *factotum* of the English, provision-dealer and everything-seller, took all this responsibility, and when we reached the Achada, we found that every requisite had been brought up on mules. I have not space to give any description of our ride through the chesnut woods, but possibly you may find something to suit in G. P. R. James, about prancing steeds, young cavaliers, and gaily-habited ladies. Omitting this and other particulars of our picnic, I must hasten on to give but a rapid

outline of two trips I made to the north of the island, each lasting three days; of the numbers of English who spend the winter in Madeira, few ever visit the north; it is too cold for invalids, the weather is too variable and the journey too fatiguing, so that not more than three or four parties are generally made up each season; my first trip was made with one lady and four gentlemen, and the weather was perfect; in the second I had only one companion, and we got twice wet through in three days. I shall do little more than just mention the names of the places we visited, for the benefit of those who have already been to Madeira, and those who intend to visit it. First day,—to Mount Church, the Poizo, Pico di Suma, Lamoçeiros, and Porta di Cruz; the view of the Penha d' Aguia as we descended the Lamoçeiros is never to be forgotten; this immense rock, called the Eagle's Wing, rises perpendicularly from the sea to a height of nearly two thousand feet, and extending inland for about a quarter of a mile, with its outline nearly horizontal, suddenly drops again almost as perpendicularly as it rose out of the sea. The effect of this huge wall facing you as you descend to Porta di Cruz is most grand and unique. Second day,—to Fayal, the Cortade, and St. Anna; as soon as we had passed the Cortade, we struck inland and walked into the very centre of the island, our object being to visit the entire length of the Fayal Levada. The Levadas are water-courses which bring supplies of water from the very heart of the mountains, and by them the whole system of irrigation is managed; water is very valuable, and each owner of land has his particular days or portions of days in the year, during which the Levada is turned on to his property, while it is stopped back from that of others. The right to a supply of water is strictly looked after, and each Levada is under the management of a committee; the Fayal Levada is the largest in the island, it commences under Pico Ruivo (the highest mountain), and is built along the face of the cliff for a distance of two or three miles, where it reaches the open country. The walk along it is magnificent, through the finest scenery of the island; the only footpath is the outer ledge of the Levada, sixteen inches wide, and at times there is a sheer precipice beneath of four hundred or five hundred feet; this is rather alarming at first, but the top of the wall being very smooth and level, the walking is easy, and one soon gets accustomed to the position. We slept at St. Anna, and here in the Visitors' Book we found these lines, with the signature of an eminent scholar:

Venimus huc, vernos cum spirans blanda per agros  
 Panderet aura tuas, Insula dives, opes :  
 Venimus, et scopulos requievimus inter et umbras,  
 Egimus et lætos non sine sole dies.  
 O fortunatos, quis sors hic degere vitam,  
 Inque tuo, felix terra, jacere sinu !  
 'Hic præsens Deus est' loquitur Natura : jugorum  
 Culmina respondent, 'Illic manifestus adest.'

A few pages farther on, in the same book, there were some lines in answer by a late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's, but they were much longer, and I was too tired to take the trouble to copy or even translate them. I say the trouble, not from any disparagement to the learned languages, but simply on account of my own ignorance. I never took kindly to foreign tongues, and I don't remember ever being an ancient Roman; probably Sir Cæsar would know, and if I should happen to meet him, I would make the inquiry; unfortunately, however, it may be difficult to discover him, for he may be anybody now; perhaps he may inhabit the frail humanity of the Prime Minister of Honolulu. Instead of reading Latin, we settled down to a sleepy game of Whist, in which we were joined by our host Accaioli, a very pleasant and lively little man, who chattered French most glibly, which was more than some, at least one, of our party did. Third day,—we started at 5 o'clock for the summit of the island, Pico Ruivo, where we left a bottle (having indulged in Bass), with the names of the pedestrians, including Joe, secreted in a cavity, (I ought to have mentioned that the lady and one of the gentlemen would not venture upon this long day's work, and went home in hammocks by the direct road); then on by a desperate path, which is impassable for horses or hammocks, and very seldom traversed by English, to the *Torinhas*, then down into the *Curral* and so to *Funchal*, this took us fourteen hours. The *Curral*, which is one of the principal lions of Madeira, is a narrow valley inclosed by walls of nearly two thousand feet, situated in the centre of the island. From the summit of Pico Ruivo we could discern the sea the whole way round, with the exception of two very small parts where the *Torres* and Pico Ariero hid it.

Our second trip was by boat to Calheta; second day to the falls of Rabaçal, over the desolate Paúl da Serra, to St. Vicente; third day along the north coast to Ponta Delgada, then inland over the pass of Boa Ventura, generally considered the grandest in the island, into the *Curral*, and so home.

I have long exceeded the space which I at first allotted myself, and must therefore leave out all mention of Ribeiro Frio, the Metade Valley, and other celebrities. I must omit to describe the manufactures of the island, such as inlaid wood, baskets and needlework; I must forbear to do more than hint at the extraordinary head-dress of the natives, like an inverted wine-strainer with a very long tube, which will never remain on an Englishman's head, and is probably only kept in its place by *capillary* attraction; I must leave to your imagination our very pleasant voyage home in the 'Derwent,' from the 16th to the 25th of May; our games at whist, chess, draughts, &c.; the jokes that were made, the riddles that were asked, and the happy good temper that seems to cling to everything and everybody connected with the sea; but yet before my dog and I bow our adieux, I must not omit strongly to advise any one in want of a pleasant tour to go to Madeira. I imagine you to be an incepting B.A., with enough spare cash for a six weeks' trip, and a need of some refreshing voyage after the Great Go; the mountains of Switzerland, the Fiords of Norway are closed to you by the time of year; then go to Madeira, take the packet of the 24th from Liverpool, this will reach the island by the 1st; a whole month will be well spent in seeing all that is to be seen, and the return packet from Africa will touch to take you home about the 1st or 2nd of the following month, landing you safely in England about six weeks after your departure. Perhaps you dread the sea-voyage, you would 'sicken o'er the heaving wave;' nothing more probable, although I don't mean in the least to imply that you are a 'luxurious slave;' but don't be alarmed, you will soon get over that, and then really enjoy the sea; a sound and healthy sleep, a fierce appetite will testify to the good the voyage is doing you after the trials of a hard Examination.

To those who have waded through these notes, I return my thanks for their patience, and hope they are not much fatigued; and feelingly drink to 'absent friends and I wish they were nearer,' the oft repeated but most hearty toast of

THE VERY OLD MAN OF MADEIRA.



## OUR COLLEGE FRIENDS.

(*Second Group.*)

“ — But you have climbed the mountain's top, there sit  
On the calm flourishing head of it;  
And whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go,  
See us and clouds below.”—(*Cowley*).

### I. CHAUCER.

QUIET in watch when all the board's astir  
With song and jest, when the wine freely flits  
From hand to hand, as combating in wits  
Each boon confrère unveils his character;  
Cheered by bright eyes that still demurely spur  
The flagging gallantries; he, as befits  
Some youthful vestal, there serenely sits,  
A guileless-hearted, silent listener:  
And, as the Pilgrimage of life wends on,  
Nor fails to read the soul, and prize the flower,  
Nor truckles to the proud, nor tramples down  
The bruised reed; but aye in court or bower,  
In field, or student's cell, or crowded town,  
Is unperturbed and true,—equal to every hour.

### II. SPENSER.

What on thy vision breaks, as thou dost peer  
Through the dark forest, where the gnarled trees  
Are intertwined with changeful phantasies,  
And sun-glints deck the turf and tangled brere?  
The saintly Una with her lion near  
Seest thou, O SPENSER!—with heart ill at ease,  
And golden tresses waving in the breeze,  
She moves, yet lingers—the lost voice to hear?  
There knightly forms crusading against wrong,  
And wanton fauns and donjon-walls arise,  
And dames of peerless charms thy visions throng;  
Dread spells of magic, bowers of Paradise,  
From faëry realms the gorgeous masque prolong:  
Nor scorns Religion's self to don the sweet disguise.

### III. SHAKSPERE.

Early I saw thee,—in my boyish dream,—  
Circled with friends, king of that glorious throng,  
Sportive with laughter, crowned by jest and song  
In Mermaid Tavern; saw thee 'neath the gleam  
Of moonlight, seeking Avon's hallowed stream,  
Where fairies dance and revelry prolong:—  
Again, in riper age, I view thee; strong  
And calm in wisdom thou dost ever seem;  
With thoughts that pierce the heavens, with deathless love  
And sympathy for all; the mild sad gaze  
That would with mercy even vice reprove;  
Prizing all threads of good with life enwove:  
Serene, unhurt by plaudits or dispraise,  
With healing touch the world's heart thou dost move.

### IV. MILTON.

A lonely student, rapt in antique dreams  
Of, heathen sages, loving cloistered aisles,  
O'er-lacing thickets, ivy-mantled piles  
And mystic haunts of fays by woodland streams;  
Pensive, pure-hearted, lovely, ere the schemes  
Of a harsh world banished his youthful smiles,  
Such MILTON was,—ere from unseen Greek isles  
And Poets' bliss recalled by Faction's screams.  
Yet lonelier, still unstained, when years of toil  
Have quenched those eyes; else neither adverse time  
Nor household grief could 'bate the midnight oil:  
The Patriot yields, but to a heavenly clime  
The Poet soars, viewing God's angels foil  
Satanic hosts—and Paradise becomes his theme sublime.

### V. BURNS.

True manhood speaking in that fearless eye—  
That foot pressed on his native sod, whose flower  
His verse embalms, with gentleness and power,  
He stood before us in his majesty,  
Simple and brave and loving; the free sky  
Of Scotland smiling through the summer shower  
Had sprinkled sun-lit tears on Doon-side bower,  
And wakened on his lip fresh melody.  
Nature's pure joys, that haunt the fields and hills  
Where lowly men have laboured, 'void of blame,  
He sang—and blithely, as a wild bird trills:  
While servile Greed, Hypocrisy, and Shame,  
Shrank from his scorn, and yet his voice instils  
Affection and Content, wherever rings his name.



## VI. BYRON.

Than few less noble, and than few less proud,  
 A sad, lone spirit on the shores of Time,  
 Gazing with dauntless eye on themes sublime,  
 Yet quailing at the murmurs of a crowd ;  
 Gifted with all to mortal race allowed,  
 Yet dragged to earth, fitter to soar than climb,—  
 To dwell with gods, than act the praise-bought mime,  
 Loathing the self-wrought chain 'neath which he bowed :  
 On the sea-shore he stands, the winds' caress  
 Lifting the curls from off his brow, the foam  
 Kissing his feet as the waves onward press ;  
 But far across the blue Greek isles doth roam  
 That wistful gaze of deep unhappiness :  
 One who had life-long sought, but ne'er had found, a Home.

## VII. SHELLEY.

With dreams and whispering of oracles,  
 Faces reflected round thine own within  
 The glassing lake, the Muses sought to win  
 Thy heart, O star-eyed SHELLEY, in their spells :  
 Like Hylas to the river-nymphs, up-wells  
 Thy love to ministrants so fair, no sin  
 Suspected in the beauties that begin  
 To lure thee from where manly duty dwells.  
 Yet, soon the wild-wood echoes cease to hymn  
 Contentment to thy soul, and though ye cling  
 To Virtue, grief and wrong thy visions dim ;  
 Nature is mute when thou wouldst worship bring,  
 Mistaking her for God ; while Seraphim  
 And saints would train thy voice HIS praise to sing.

## VIII. WALTER SCOTT.

Haunting the mouldering towers of feudal time,  
 Tracing their records, long obscured or lost ;  
 Decyphering quaintest legends, gravestones mossed  
 In lonely glen, old ballads where the rhyme  
 Of wandering minstrel told of love and crime,  
 Sere parchments that revealed how at the cost  
 Of peace and honour, by mischances crossed,  
 Ambitious men to power had dared to climb :  
 We see him !—mirth and shrewdness in his eye,  
 Warm human love and fellowship with all,  
 From courtliest knight to lowliest peasantry :  
 One whom misfortune's shocks could not appal,  
 Though they might shatter,—who in honesty  
 Toiled onward, brave and honoured in his fall.

“ J. W. E.”



## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIO MIND.

No. II. *Village Clubs.*

IN my last paper I spoke of Village Schools as the first means of influencing and improving the Bucolic Mind. Village *Clubs* of many different kinds, will, if judiciously managed, prove most useful agencies in following up that improvement, and I shall in the course of this paper mention one or two clubs that may attract those younger members of a country Parish, who have only just become too old to be under the humanizing influence of the National School. I of course allude to lads between the ages of thirteen and twenty.

The word “Club,” to begin in the approved style with an attempt at definition, has a different meaning in almost every class of English Society. The “man about town” talks of “his Club” meaning thereby “the United Service,” the “Carlton,” or the “Oxford and Cambridge.”—The country clergyman talks of his Clerical Society and Book Club.—The St. John’s man prides himself on belonging to the Lady Margaret Boat Club, and if he meets a fellow-undergraduate in the country, enquires if he is “in the Club.” The village labourer speaks of being “on his Club” when he is ill, and “off his Club” when restored to health. In fact there is something in the very idea of a *Club* that suits the English mind, and harmonizes with its notions. There is something very attractive to our countrymen in that uniting together for a common cause, that combination of free and independent persons to promote their own profit or pleasure, which makes sturdy plain-spoken merry England a country of clubs. Whether it be for pleasure, or profit,—and of course it will be “profit” in its best sense that this paper will chiefly deal with,—I think that the country clergyman or squire will do well to promote the formation of Village Clubs. And I think it will be universally admitted that if



any society of persons constantly remember the uncertainty of life, and the changeableness of men's characters and dispositions, common sense will suggest habits of self-reliance. Common sense will teach the inhabitants of an English village that they ought not to habituate themselves to lean upon any *one* person, whether it be the Squire or the Rector, but that they ought to encourage that feeling which leads men, after asking God's blessing on their own individual exertions, to strengthen their position still further, not by seeking the protection of any one person, but by combining, with those of their own rank, for mutual assistance and support. In entering into such combinations there is no sacrifice of independence. There is indeed an apparent sacrifice of freedom of action, for of course so long as a man is a member of a club he must obey its laws, but then it must be remembered that he has a voice in framing those laws, and moreover he can free himself at any time by leaving the society.

The first kind of club on which I will remark shall be the *Benefit Club*, the village society for mutual assistance. These clubs have many fantastic names, but whether they be "Odd Fellows;" "Ancient Druids;" "Foresters;" "Rechabites;" "Crimson Oaks," or the like, their professed object is, the relief of members or their relatives in times of sickness or old age, the payment of funeral expences for a member or his wife, the assistance of members when travelling in search of work, and various similar objects.

The "Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows" is the most extensive Friendly Society in the world, and I think the Clubs or Lodges connected with it, are the most sound and solvent of any Village Benefit Clubs, though there is no reason why other clubs should not be equally secure *if they are properly enrolled and certified*. These two terms "enrolled" and "certified" are often supposed to be identical, but there is an important difference between them. An enrolled *and* certified society is one registered so as to be under the protection of the law, and governed by rules which an Actuary has declared to be sound, *i.e.* that the payments into the club bear a proper proportion to the probable payments out.

A Society "enrolled" but not "certified" is under the protection of the law, but its rules may be so faulty as to ensure a certain break-up before long. A Society neither enrolled nor certified, places its funds at the mercy of any designing knave who may have the key of the strong box, or

if their funds are in the hands of any honest though unfortunate man who becomes bankrupt, they can only claim a *share* of his estate with the other creditors, instead of being entitled to have the whole of their money returned *first*. Mr. Hardwicke in his valuable work on Friendly Societies gives the five following conditions of security, which he considers to be essential:

1. The rates of contribution for the assurance of any specified benefit must be determined from a knowledge of average liability, and not by benevolent impulse, or capricious and fortuitous legislation.

2. If these institutions are to be founded upon equitable as well as upon secure principles, the rates of monthly or other payment for each benefit promised must be graduated in accordance with the ages of members at the time of entrance, or an equivalent initiation fee must be paid to compensate for equality of periodical contribution.

3. The number of members over which the joint liability extends must, not in name only, but *de facto*, be sufficiently large to ensure a reasonable approximation to a working average of liability.

4. Legislative protection to the funds, and their regular and judicious investment.

5. A quinquennial or other periodical revision or investigation of the state of the assets and liabilities, with a view to the adjustment of any irregularity which the preceding conditions may have failed to provide for.

Of course it is impossible within my present limits to prove by actual argument the necessity of these five points. I simply give my authority for them, and I hope this paper may have the practical effect of inducing those among my readers, who have the means and opportunity, to do what they can to support any well-ordered benefit-club not only with their money but with their advice.

One great evil to be spoken against is the prevalent habit of meeting every month at the public-house, especially where, instead of renting a room, the club pay the landlord by consuming a fixed amount of beer. For instance, in a village I am well acquainted with, it is the custom of an "Odd Women's" club to have a certain quantity of beer up every lodge-night: those present to divide it among themselves. Some of them indeed take jugs, and carry home their share to their husbands, but I am told that many, who have no husbands, drink it all themselves, and in consequence behave very *oddly*, to say the least of it. I think there is no doubt

that though the village publican may very properly be employed to provide the dinner at the Anniversary, the monthly meetings for payments, &c., ought to be held either in the school-room or in some public room or building. I should like to see in all large villages and small towns a neat "Odd Fellows' Hall" for this purpose, and it might be most useful for many other purposes, *e. g.*, a reading-room, adult school, or mechanics' institute. A room of this sort would be very useful for a club, such as we established last year in my late Parish, and which, for want of a better name, we called a "*Young Men's Evening Club*." Its object was, to provide "three evenings a-week the use of a well-warmed and well-lighted room, newspapers and periodicals of various kinds; fire-side games of skill, such as chess, draughts, &c., together with improvement in general knowledge, by means of classes and occasional Lectures." Chess soon took a decided lead among the games, and I think our three boards were always in use. We concluded our season early in March, with a sale amongst the members of the periodicals that had accumulated, and the other fragile property of the club. The competition was very spirited and amusing; and one of the chess-boards sold for a penny more than it cost when new. The proceeds of the sale, and some donations from honorary members, amounting to about two pounds, enabled us to wind up in a solvent state, though our ordinary members had only paid sixpence entrance and one penny a-week.

In the summer-time most of our members joined the village *Cricket Club*. This is an institution which the clergyman of a country parish may support, I am sure, with great advantage, and he may do much good by joining in the game and in a friendly match with a neighbouring village, *provided he can play sufficiently well to avoid making a fool of himself*. Take the hint, my undergraduate friend, and make good use of the advantages offered you by the St. John's Cricket Club!

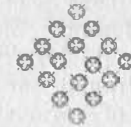
The principles on which we managed the cricket club were the same that we observed in keeping up our other "village clubs." We required a small subscription from each member; a Committee of management was elected annually; and no respectable person was excluded on any sectarian grounds. Our motto was "self-support, self-management, and freedom from party." On these principles we kept up our "*Rural Library*." A Committee of management—amongst whom were small farmers, shop-

keepers, and labouring men—were chosen annually at the Anniversary Festival; and the new books were from time to time decided on, at a committee meeting, out of a quantity obtained on approval by the Secretary. Our aim was to introduce standard works of every variety, religious and secular, avoiding only books of religious controversy, and any whose price exceeded five or six shillings. As a sample of our books, I may mention "Blunt's Reformation," "English Hearts and Hands," "Settlers in Canada," "The Power of Prayer," "Historical Sketches," "Pickwick Papers," and "Ten Thousand a Year."

At our Anniversary meeting in January, after the indispensable "Public Tea" (tickets 7d. each), we had a musical performance, vocal and instrumental, by village amateurs, and various addresses from friends of the institution.

The last kind of club I will mention is the village "*Clothing Club*," the object of which is to collect a small weekly payment from each member, and at the end of the year to provide clothing according to the amount received. The treasurer will, of course, add a small bonus to each deposit, if he is able, either from his own purse or by the assistance of charitable parishioners.

"J. F. B."





A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOME OF THE EARLIEST INHABITANTS OF EUROPE.

THERE appear to be four stages through which a nation would naturally pass, in its progress from a state of barbarism to one of civilization. In the first, its cutting tools and weapons would be formed from the stones lying about, without the aid of any metal. In the next, some metal would be used, probably copper, which occurs not rarely in its native state and the ores of which are conspicuous and readily smelted. After this the copper would be hardened by some amalgam, such as tin, and then bronze\* would come into general use; and finally the dull, unpromising ores of iron would be made to yield up their treasures, and supplant all the other materials. Through such a progression most of the European nations have passed. In many parts of Europe relics of two of the first three ages are abundant, and tell us somewhat of those ages of stone† and bronze on which history is silent. My object in the following paper is to give a brief account of the chief facts that have up to this time been discovered about these periods. I make, of course, no claim to originality; I have but put together the facts which have been collected by others—still I trust that the reader may feel some interest in the story of an age, unknown to history, and not be sorry to gratify it without the trouble of hunting through the volumes of Transactions of various Societies from which my information is mainly derived.

\* In the bronze found in Europe there are generally about nine parts of copper to one of tin. There is, however, considerable variation in the proportions of the metals.

† No distinct trace of an age of copper is found in Europe; the race that brought the bronze appear to have discovered it before their emigration (probably from the east). Instruments of copper have been found in Hindustan.

Three districts in Europe have especially supplied us with information upon the stone age—the north-west of France, Denmark, and Switzerland. I shall consider them separately, because there does not appear to have been any immediate connexion between the inhabitants of these three localities.

The history of the discovery of what are probably the earliest relics of man in Europe, affords a useful lesson to enquirers. From time to time, during the last twenty years, rude stone instruments have been found in caverns and other places, associated with the bones of animals, supposed to have become extinct long before the appearance of the human race. For some time these facts were very generally neglected or scouted, as being so little in accordance with the theories commonly received. At last, however, Mons. Boucher de Perthes announced that he had discovered instruments, wrought from flints, lying in strata apparently undisturbed, and associated with the bones of extinct animals. The most searching examination, conducted by the most competent persons, has fully confirmed the accuracy of his statement, and the following are some of the results that have been arrived at. The wrought flints have been discovered in several places along the valley of the Somme, in some cases twenty feet below the present surface of the ground, and covered by two distinct deposits.\* There is not the slightest evidence that the surrounding earth has been in any way disturbed since they were buried; the localities are in some cases ninety feet above the Somme, and one hundred and sixty feet above the sea; with the instruments are found the bones of *Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinocerus tichorhinus*, *Bos primigenius* and other extinct mammals. Several species of fresh-water shells are also found and a few marine. The in-

		<i>Average thickness.</i>
* Section (1)	Brown brick earth (many old tombs and some coins) no organic remains	} 10 to 15 ft.
(2)	Marl and sand with land and fresh-water shells, mammal bones and teeth occasionally	} 2 to 8 ft.
(3)	Coarse subangular flint gravel, remains of shells as above. Teeth and bones of elephants, &c. Flint instruments	} 6 to 12 ft.
(4)	Uneven surface of chalk strata.	



struments\* vary considerably in size, perhaps the commonest are about three or four inches long, two wide, and one thick;—there appears to be about three distinct types.—They are very rudely fashioned, but in some cases considerable pains have been taken in their manufacture. The surface is left chipped and rough, without any attempt at producing a level edge or surface, but even to do what has been done must have been no easy task when metals were unknown. There cannot be the slightest doubt that they are the work of man.

Besides the above named place they have also been found in various spots in the vallies of the Seine and Oise. France, however, is not the only country where they have occurred; they were discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk, so long ago as 1797, associated with large bones (probably of *E. primigenius*), but the discovery did not meet with the general attention it deserved. The place, however, has been recently visited and some more have been obtained.† Specimens were also found in 1858 in a cave at Brixham, Devonshire, mingled with the bones of extinct animals. In France also a human jaw and a separate tooth were met with in a similar position in a cave at Arcy;‡ and in a cave at Massah,|| three feet below the surface, on which lay a bed of cinders containing fragments of pottery, an iron dagger, and two Roman coins, was another bed of cinders and charcoal containing an arrowhead of bone and two human teeth, together with bones of the Tiger or Lion, *Hyæna* (*H. spelæa*), Bear (*Ursus spelæus*), &c. Marks have been noticed in bones of extinct animals collected in different parts of France, which appear to have been made by sawing them with a sharp stone.§

\* There are now a good number of specimens in England. Three (presented by the late Professor Henslow) in the possession of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Some very fine specimens are in Jermyn Street Museum, London; and there was a magnificent series exhibited at the Crystal Palace last summer.

† Since the above was written I have read an account of the discovery of some of these flint weapons in Bedfordshire, and seen one found near Burwell in Cambridgeshire.

‡ Between Chalons-sur-Maine and Troyes, Department de l'Aube.

|| In the department of Ariege, Pyrenees.

§ Since writing the above my attention has been called to a paper in the *Natural History Review*, No. V., giving an account of a cave at Aurignac, Haute Garonne, in which human skeletons were

These are the principal facts at present known about this early race of men. We have not as yet sufficient data to enable us to speculate on their history and antiquity. For the present we must be content to wait till more facts are accumulated. We are, however, I think justified in asserting that, either changes, far greater than have hitherto been imagined, have taken place in the configuration and fauna of Europe during the last six thousand years; or that the period during which man is popularly believed to have existed on the globe is much too short.

The race which I take next in order seems, so far as we can judge from its remains, to occupy an intermediate position in civilization (and possibly in antiquity) between the one I have just described and that which I shall mention last. Its chief haunt, so far as we at present know, was the coasts of Denmark; and our two great sources of information are the tumuli and *kjökkenmöddinger*. Their skeletons lie buried beneath the former in chambers formed of huge slabs. They are in a sitting posture with their hands crossed on their breasts; buried with them are found axes and other weapons of stone, but no trace of bronze or iron. The *kjökkenmöddinger* (*anglice*, kitchen middens) are heaps of shells, the refuse cast out from their huts, mixed with bones of fish, birds, and quadrupeds, among which are found stone axes and other weapons. There is some difference between the weapons that have as yet been found in these heaps and those from the tumuli. The former are rude and unpolished, the latter have been carefully finished off by polishing them on a whetstone. This difference, though remarkable, is susceptible of explanation, and indeed future exploration may shew that the law does not hold universally.

The Savants, who have examined these relics of a bygone age, have come to the conclusion that there once dwelt on the shores of the Danish Archipelago a race of men of short stature, round heads, and overhanging brows, resembling in appearance the Laps of the present day; that they lived on shell-fish, fish and such birds and quadrupeds as they could obtain by hunting; that they did not possess any of the metals, were ignorant of the cultivation of cereals, and had no domestic animal except the dog. Two

found with the bones of *Ursus spelæus*, *Felis spelæa*, *Hyæna spelæa*, *Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinoceros tichorinus*, *Megaceros hibernicus*, and other animals no longer existing in Europe.



of the birds whose bones have been found are worth special notice; one is the great Auk (*Alca impennis*) which is now extinct in Denmark, and so nearly so in the world that a specimen commands a very large price.\* The other is the capercailzie (*Tetrao urogallus*) still common in Norway. The occurrence of this bird is very interesting because it gives some slight clue to the antiquity of the remains; it feeds on the buds of the pine, consequently, during the stone age, Denmark must have been covered with pine forests. Now in the peat bogs are found hollows which have been filled up by the trunks of trees which once grew round them, and when dead fell into them. These trunks belong to three kinds of trees; the lowest are pines of great size, and tall in proportion to their diameter, shewing that the country was densely covered by them; above them lie oaks; and above them are beeches which flourish in Denmark in the present day. Stone instruments are found among the pines, bronze among the oaks, and iron among the beeches. Since the stone age the pines have been replaced by oaks and these again by beeches, which last were flourishing there at least eighteen hundred years ago; we, therefore, may fairly suppose that the stone age cannot have concluded much less than three thousand years ago, and possibly belongs to a still more remote period.

Lastly, we come to the stone age of Switzerland. This I consider last in order, not so much because I think it of necessity more modern than that last named, but because the links uniting it to the historic period are less broken here than elsewhere. The relics found in the Swiss lakes tell us of three distinct periods during which stone, bronze, and iron were respectively used by the occupants of the country. Before examining into the testimony of these remains I will briefly describe the manner of their discovery. In the winter of 1853-4 the waters of the lake of Zurich were much below their ordinary level; a number of black waterworn stumps were observed projecting out of the mud thus left exposed, among which lay hearthstones, calcined by fires long ago extinguished, fragments of charcoal, broken bones, weapons and other instruments.

\* The last specimens were killed at Eldey, a small island near the S.W. corner of Iceland, in 1844. Since then there has not been any well authenticated instance of its occurrence. See an interesting paper in the *Ibis*, Vol. III., p. 374.

The hint thus given was not neglected; search was made in other places; similar discoveries were made in the lakes of Neufchatel, Bienne, Geneva, and Constance; and a vast number of objects were amassed by dint of careful search, aided by the dredge. It was evident that the first inhabitants of the country had not occupied houses upon the shore, but had constructed their villages on piles driven into the mud, grouping them together on esplanades, and linking them to one another and to the land by light bridges, which in many cases, no doubt, were so constructed as to be easily removed.\* In this manner some of the tribes in Papua and New Guinea still pass their lives, and so in old times did some of the nations in Mexico and the Pæonians† on Lake Prusias. These villages were constructed in the following way: at some distance from the land, the exact distance depending on the average depth of the water and the nature of the bottom, strong piles were driven into the soft mud; on these an esplanade was formed of transverse beams fastened to the piles and to each other with withes, pegs, and interlacing boughs, constructed, of course, so as to be always about the level of the water. In some cases it consisted of two or three floors of wood separated by layers of clay, so as to be of considerable strength and thickness; on it were placed the cabins built of poles, interlaced with small branches, and plastered internally with clay; these were probably circular in form, since several masses of their inner coating have been found, hardened by the fire that destroyed the houses, which are arcs of circles from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. These villages must often have been of considerable size: their inhabitants supporting themselves by hunting, fishing, and agriculture. To procure wood or food, or as weapons of offence or defence, they had smooth wedge-shaped axes fixed in handles of stagshorn or wood, chisels, arrowheads, and knives of flint, and saws formed by teeth of flint fixed in a handle of bone. They sewed their garments, made of a rude tissue woven from some

\* These lake houses are not confined to Switzerland, though at present most that have been discovered are there. Recently similar remains have been found in Italy on the Lago Maggiore and in other places. Remains of piles have been found also in Holland, Denmark, and England. In Ireland the lake house seems to have been represented by the "crannoge," or small fort, built with timber and stones upon an islet or shoal.

† Herodotus, v. 16.

vegetable fibre, with needles of stags-horn, some of which closely resemble our packing needles; they manufactured a coarse kind of pottery, and wove osier baskets. Wheat and barley were their grain; apples, pears, cherries, plums, (perhaps only the wild varieties) their fruits, besides the nut, the beech, the blackberry, and others, which grow in the woods. A long list of animals, wild and domesticated, has been made out from the remains discovered. Space does not allow me to transcribe this catalogue, but we learn from it that the natives had domesticated the dog, the horse, the ox, the pig, the sheep, and the goat. In their age too the urus was not, as now, extinct; the bison not confined to the forests of Lithuania, nor the bouquetin to the lonely fastnesses of the Graian Alps.

From the occurrence of amber among the remains we may perhaps infer some kind of intercourse with nations on the shores of the Baltic, from that of coral, with the Mediterranean, from that of nephrite with the East, from that of flint with France.

Nothing certain can be ascertained about their religious belief. Like the inhabitants of Denmark they buried their dead in a sitting posture, the knees bent up to the chin and the arms crossed on the breast, in tombs about three feet long, and rather less in breadth and height, built of rude slabs.

From what has been said it will be evident that the civilization of the race inhabiting Switzerland was of a much higher order than that of the old inhabitants of Denmark. The identity in their mode of burying the dead certainly points to a common origin, in all probability in the East, possibly from the great Phrygian family, of which the Pæonians are considered a branch.\* In that case the northern family may, as did the Celts afterwards, have travelled in a north-west direction till they reached the shores of the North Sea, and there, meeting with a cold inhospitable climate, have degenerated and lost the arts of agriculture, which they had once practised, while the southern family, going westward and settling down on the sunny shores of the Swiss and Italian lakes, retained and perhaps pushed to a higher degree the arts of pastoral and agricultural life; or, which is perhaps more probable, the northern family migrated from the east at an earlier

\* Tombs have been discovered under the most ancient buildings of Babylon, in which the corpses are buried in the same position.

period than the southern, when civilization was less fully developed.\*

It remains only to say a few words on the probable antiquity of the remains of the lake-people. Although of course we can do little more than conjecture, yet we have a few data to guide us. For instance, the neighbourhood of Yverdun, on the lake of Neufchatel, supplies us with some useful facts. About two thousand five hundred feet from the present margin of the lake, on a little ridge of raised ground stand some Roman remains. Between this ridge and the shore is a tract of ground evidently deposited by the waters of the lake, and in this no Roman remains have been found. It has, therefore, in all probability, been formed since the commencement of the Christian era. Now, if the waters washed the foot of the ridge above mentioned in the fourth century, it has taken about one thousand five hundred years to form this tract, two thousand five hundred feet across; but beyond the ridge is another tract of flat alluvial land, and in this, some three thousand feet beyond the ridge, are piles and other remains of the stone period. If then we suppose, as we should naturally do, the rate of increase of the ground to be approximately uniform; we cannot refer these remains to a date later than 1500 B.C., and they may of course belong to a much earlier period than this.

Towards the conclusion of the stone age another race begin to make their appearance, bringing with them a new metal. In the later habitations of the stone age a few bronze weapons are found, which must have been brought in by another nation, for, had the art been home-born, the use of copper would have preceded bronze. The invaders, commonly called Celts, appear to have come from the east, and to have divided into two streams, one pressing towards the northern sea, the other passing by the Black and Mediterranean Seas, to the countries of central Europe. These races burned the bodies of their dead, and inurning the remains, buried them beneath a tumulus; they were armed with weapons of bronze, and the remains we find denote a state of civilization far above that of the old inhabitants, who were conquered by them, and their lake

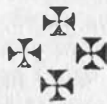
\* A tribe when migrating would naturally go back in civilization. Thus the art of working in metals might be lost, if the tribe rested during two or three generations in a country in which the necessary ores were not to be found.

villages stormed and burnt. The invaders, however, do not appear to have retained possession of the whole of Switzerland, for, while on the shores of the eastern lakes the ruined towns were never restored, but were left to the slow destructive action of the winds and waters, those on the western lakes were again rebuilt, but at a greater distance from the land than before, as though experience had taught the builders the need of greater precautions to guard against the more formidable weapons of the invading race.

Among the remains in these towns we find bronze weapons and ornaments mixed in large quantities with those of stone, shewing that the conquered race, partook in some degree of the civilization of their conquerors. But another age, that of iron, succeeded, and a new race and a new metal came in together, the towns that remained were again destroyed to be no more rebuilt, and the stone weapons of the first inhabitants and the bronze arms of the Celts were equally powerless against the iron swords of the Helvetii. With the invasion of this race the construction of lake dwellings entirely ceases, and we approach the period of written history.

*Note.* My principal authorities in compiling the above paper have been, for the first part, a paper by Mr. Prestwich, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, Vol. 150, Pt. 2; several papers and notices in the *Journal of the Geological Society*, and the *Geologist*: for the second, a paper by Mr. Lubbock, in the *Natural History Review*, No. 4: for the third, Mons. Troyon's admirable and interesting work, *Habitations Lacustres des temps Anciens et Modernes*. I should also state that the last part of my paper was written before I saw the article on the same subject in the *Saturday Review* of March 1st. The author of that paper has obtained all his information from the same source as myself, but has *unfortunately forgotten* to acknowledge the obligations he is under to Mons. Troyon.

“β.”



## ROME IN 1862.

ROME,  
January 28th, 1862.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It has been hinted to me that a letter from Rome would be of some interest to your readers; that the *Johnian Eagle* would rejoice to hear how fares the ancient bird out here.

In writing from a place like Rome, with such a crowd of interesting subjects around one, it is difficult to know what to select particularly, as a six weeks' residence can give but scanty information on any one. I shall not go into questions of art or archæology, as it might be but a poor repetition of Smith or Murray, or some other such book, which is to be seen in the hands of every excited 'Inglese' rushing madly about the ruins of this Eternal City, and their contents are I dare say well known to most of your readers.

There has been so much of interest written on the existing ruins of Rome, and their history through different ages so well traced and so well connected, that it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt, in so short a space, what has taken others much careful study to make at all explicit. In the course of a few months there will be a real fresh subject for all who delight in antiquities, but at present it is useless to say anything about it, as the work has as yet made so little progress. I allude to the excavations of the Palatine, which were commenced about six weeks ago under the directions of the French Emperor—the whole undertaking is put in the hands of St. Rosa, who has already distinguished himself by several interesting discoveries. I have visited the works with him by special leave (for the public are strictly prohibited from entering); what little they have found promises well, for instance, a road leading from the Arch of Titus to the summit of



the Palatine, a large hall belonging to some Baths, &c. &c. If the Emperor only carries out what his great namesake contemplated, he will lodge no little claim against many of our sightseeing fellow-countrymen. Since the Palatine always was, from the earliest days of Rome, adorned with the finest buildings, and art and money were expended there in the most unheard of and lavish manner, the expectations of an excavator you can imagine are naturally great, and I have no doubt they will be well gratified. Interesting as this work is, it is too much a matter of speculation to say any thing decided upon at present, and the purport of my letter will be more to acquaint you with any little particulars going on at Rome. A discussion about any debated ruin, or an attempt at reconciling any of the trite and hackneyed difficulties, would, on my part, be impertinent. I shall not attempt anything of the sort.

As far as political news is concerned it is no easy matter to get at the real truth; however, from conversation with the people here, and resident English, one can get a fair idea, certainly more to be depended on than the ever changing rumours of the papers.

There is, undoubtedly, much that pleasingly surprises one here, and many who have not visited the place have I fancy false ideas as to the general management and public order of Rome. The streets of a night instead of being the rendezvous of assassins and cut-throats, as one has heard, are far quieter than those of moderate sized towns in England, the cafés all close at a very early hour, and the standard of order and morality is certainly high. To an outward observer Rome presents the most peaceable appearance possible, and what contributes still more to this, is the general backwardness of the people to speak on the subject of politics; unless you draw them out, they never volunteer their opinions. There always was, and ever will be, a great love of the "dolce far niente" which forms a main ingredient in the essential character of an Italian; and it is this, coupled with the fear which an absolute government enforces, that makes them so silent even in a critical moment like the present. The battle really going on in their mind is between freedom with its requisite costs, and an ease undisturbed save by the fretting restrictions that must attend upon an absolute government, and these are no paltry ones. Of these two conflicting powers, there is no doubt which would get the mastery in

a moment of excitement, or some unusual crisis; and they would then hail a free government and Rome as their Capital with great glee—but there is a fear that this might be only the working of a sudden impulse. In the excitement of the moment and in the heat of revolution no one would fight with more spirit and patriotism than an Italian—but has this patriotism got any last in it? When the storm is over and the passion lulled, and a ministry settling upon a sober form of government, then there is a fear that the old feelings of Rienzi's time might spring up again to light, and they would shrug their shoulders with meaning disapprobation when asked to support with their money what they had but lately clamoured for so eagerly. Taxes are mysteries to an Italian; so short-sighted are they that unless they can see an *immediate* result, they will not open their purse in a hurry; let them have their quiet enjoyment, their hands in their pockets and cigar in their mouth, their Lung'Arno or Corso to stroll along in the afternoon, their opera and theatre in the evening, and it makes little odds to a great many whether 'Papa' is at the Vatican or Victor Emmanuel in the Capitol.

There is no doubt that in the last two years a very great advance has been made: the representatives of the Neapolitan states show up with far better grace in their Parliament, or rather, I would say, are not the *disgrace* to it that they were—but still, improved as they may be, has the time for their entire freedom yet arrived? The 'pro's' and 'con's' are very evenly balanced, even supposing the change of government could be upheld. Rome would become a finer, cleaner, and more open city, and we should not twist our ankles on such miserable pavement and through such wretched streets as we do now; we should not be left to the mercy of 'vetturini' and other like impostors without any tariff or possibility of redress, and that most ancient evil and nuisance, the beggars, who infest the streets and even the churches, might in some measure be done away with: but there would creep in other multitudinous evils, to counterbalance these improvements. And if the time is not come for Rome to be the Capitol, no more is the time come for Italy to be united—for Rome must be the Capitol, Turin is not central enough and Naples out of the question—it can be nowhere else than at Rome, and when the time comes here it will be.

Beneath the quiet surface there is a strong undercurrent, and this in time will make its way in spite of all obstacles,



but at present it flows too deep to carry the floating mass quickly with it. The secrecy and dissimulation of the people in some instances are very amusing—you go into their shop, and after a while they stealthily pull out of some drawer behind the counter a splendid mosaic likeness of Garibaldi, or a fine cameo of 'Il nostro Re.' The Pope drives by, and in the same breath they give him a cheer and tell you how they long to see the others fill the place of his Holiness. However they are rarely as open as this, there are too many spies at work to allow their confiding to you their real sentiments. This is the sort of spirit that works unseen, particularly among all who are engaged in trade, as they know well the benefits that would accrue to them, if the change were effected, for commerce now is perfectly at a stand still; however, there is no head of any importance to guide or concentrate this opposing power—there exists 'a committee,' but all is kept so quiet that I fear it is but of little influence. The change is therefore but a very gradual one, and, working in such an isolated manner it will take a long time before it has any general effect.

Whatever the French Emperor's motives may be in keeping his troops here, there is no doubt that the delay is of essential service to Italy, if ever it is to be united, provided that delay is not extended too far; had Rome fallen to Victor Emmanuel when Naples did, and a united kingdom been attempted then, a disastrous failure might have accrued; from trying a free government in other cities they have learnt the disposition of the people they have to deal with, the troubles, as well as the advantages—the experience has been of the utmost service. Thus Rome, hitherto, instead of being an obstacle, has in reality been the cause of making the work more perfect, and has let people into the secret that there is a mighty difference between the patriotism of an Italian in the heat of revolution and that of one sobered down under a steady government.

Their patience now has been sorely tried, and I know, for a positive fact, that the chief families in Rome feel the existing state of things most keenly; some young Italians are even leaving Rome at the expense of banishment; but will there not be good arise out of this, provided it is not prolonged too far—what they will earn by suffering they will appreciate the more, and when they *have* earned it, they will be more circumspect than they would have been had their wishes been gratified all in a moment. Again, many

of the more influential and educated have been drawn over from this delay to see the necessity of a change, and their weight thrown into the scale will be sure to give matters a better face. There are but two or three of the great Roman families who support the temporal power, such as the Borghese, Doria, and Colonna; and these chiefly from the reason that they have relations in close connexion with the Pope.

Again, if Rome is to be the centre of government, there is another enemy that she has to contend with, most unseen, and most mysterious—the malaria, no ideal or imaginary evil: but is this to baffle all human skill and energy? Surely the great remedies remain yet to be tried—if better inhabited and better cultivated, there might be a great difference. The population certainly is on the increase, but it is a very gradual increase. Rome in its original grandeur extended really from the Capitol to Ostia, but where are the millions to come from that peopled it then?

The railway is now open to the Neapolitan frontier, and will soon be complete to Naples; this is a great epoch in the history of modern Rome; but they are painfully and miserably slow about it; the Pope is to open it, but then if he is to turn out for such a job, we must wait until the warm spring weather comes, and when the warm weather comes we must wait for a particularly fine day, and when that very fine day arrives there will probably be some particular mass which will detain him; so whichever side we look to, the advancement in either direction is slow; the one is contributing however imperceptibly to the furtherance of the other, and the fear and caution of the one act as a corrective to any premature attempts on the part of the other.

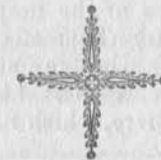
Our fellow countrymen abound here—in fact where do they not? Go where you will, the hotels and lodgings are always full of English—mamas with families of all dimensions, delicate daughters and desperate daughters and daughters of every degree, strong minded maiden ladies, elderly batchelors, worn out officers, etc...The majority of these people, especially the feminine portion, seem to come here for the 'season,' and the real interests of Rome take but a subordinate place in their minds—the showy ceremonies in St. Peter's and other churches have far greater charms, and they rush to *them* with frantic excitement, sit there for two or three hours before the time so as to secure a good place, and then when the Misses Smith go to the Misses Jones's 'at home' in the evening, these ceremonies afford

topics for delightful conversation. These 'at homes' form the chief society in Rome, and the only way that the English meet together; about half-past eight of an evening some select thirty or forty blunder up a Roman lodging staircase to a 'terzo piano'—tea, coffee, and small talk form the amusement—dancing in most houses being strictly prohibited, for being built so shockingly bad, there is reasonable fear that the vibration of some fifteen couple in motion would cause the 'terzo' to subside into the 'secondo piano' and so on. I know a lady who attempted it, but a couple of gendarmes appeared in the room after a very short time with drawn swords—accordingly we have recourse to small talk which is of a decidedly trifling description—some patronising mamma or simpering girl with an aim at a classical air will ask some vague question about Phocas or Gallienus, as they remember the 'brave Courier' having pointed out a fine Column erected to the one and an Arch to the other, as they were driving along in their carriage: and as about all that is known of these men is that "they were notorious for their profligacy, and debauchery, and their vices knew no bounds," it requires a stretch of the imagination to depict them in glowing colours—and so with a sonnet and then an ice, an ice and then a sonnet beautifully intermingled, the small talk goes on with redoubled vigour, a spell comes over our dear wanderers, Rome and its ruins fade away, and they really feel themselves once more, to their delight or—shall I say it—to their shame, transported to their own long regretted metropolis. Such then is the diversion for the evening, and for the day, something perhaps not so very dissimilar, and so they manage to eke out a couple of months, the Carnival always affording a bright prospect in the distance; when this is over, they hail the return of Lent with great glee, because they then *retire* to Naples, and spend the time of penitence in seclusion! returning to Rome for the Easter festivities.

However, to those who have any appreciation for Rome's interests, however long their stay may be, time never hangs heavy; after making an acquaintance with all that is known of the important ruins, there remains the still more interesting work of finding out something fresh, or at all events of giving the imagination the benefit of a good free range, and this is quite lawful where so much is veiled in uncertainty and doubtfulness. Those who take less delight in ruin hunting, find plenty of amusement in riding—the Campagna is a splendid place for such recreation—the gates are invariably locked,

but the fences are easy. The fashion is to ride out in parties, some twelve or fifteen together. These parties form the remnant of the old hunt which was kept up in great force here, until two years ago two 'faithful children' of the Pope met with accidents from their shamefully bad riding, and an order was issued by his Holiness forbidding this innocent amusement; the meets were very numerous attended, and hundreds of carriages belonging to the Roman aristocracy joined and formed a most interesting scene. Foxes abound round the city, and in the neighbouring woods the 'Laurens aper' must be as common as ever it was, for we get well supplied with it at table. Game generally is tolerably abundant; and the game market presents the most peculiar appearance; if any ornithologist wishes to increase his collection, I should recommend him to pay it a visit. Every miserable little bird of every description is caught and set out for sale, even robins tied up in bunches, plucked and ready for the spit; down by the sea coast snipe and woodcock shooting must be good, judging by the prices here, woodcocks being only 10*d.* a couple. There is considerable difficulty I believe attending shooting, a decent gun and a licence being no easy matters to obtain. I cannot speak from experience; my stay here is limited, and there is so much of interest within the walls and the immediate environs that at present I have not found time for anything else.

This letter will I fear be of but little interest. Naples and its neighbourhood may suggest something more manageable. Suffice it to add that the Old Bird is flapping his wings again and has good hopes for the future.



## STURBRIDGE FAIR.

"Expositas late Cami prope flumina merces,  
Divitiasque loci, vicosque, hominumque labores,  
Sparsaque per virides passim magalia campos  
Atlantis dic magne nepos."—

*Nundinæ Sturbrigenses.*

EVERY one who has taken the trouble to wade through Barnwell, must have noticed, on crossing the railway-bridge, an old building on his left, which, at some period or other, has evidently been used for religious purposes. It is a good specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, and deserves, even from the most incurious, something more than a mere passing glance; and I have no doubt it would receive more notice, were it not for the innumerable patches of every description of stone, slate, rubble, brick and mortar, which adorn its roof and walls, and give it a decided smack of the adjoining village. It is long since the building has been used for other than the most secular objects, but it once was the chapel of a hospital of lepers, and was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. It is not known when the hospital was founded, but as the chapel I believe belongs to the period of Henry I., we must at least date it back to the beginning of the twelfth century. The first mention I can find of the hospital is in the year 1199 A.D.\* Shortly after this, about the year 1211 A.D., king John granted to the lepers a fair in the close of the hospital, on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross† (September 14th). This is undoubtedly the origin of Sturbridge Fair, of which I purpose, in this article, to give a short history and description.

*Sturbridge*, or *Steresbrigg*, which has also been corrupted

\* Palgrave. Vide Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, Vol. I. 31. I am indebted to Mr. Cooper for most of my references, and sometimes, as in this case, where I have been unable to verify the reference, I have quoted directly from the *Annals*.

† Cooper's *Annals*, I. 34; *Rot. Hum.*, II. 360.

into *Sturbitch*, takes its name from the brook, which crosses the road near the chapel, and flows into the Cam near the railway-bridge. Blomefield, however, in his *Collectanea Cantabrigiensia*, says, that "*Sturbrige* Fair takes its name from the toll or custom that was paid at it for all steres and young cattle that passed here." Fuller gives the following legend as to the origin of the fair: "A clothier of Kendal casually wetting his cloth in that water in his passage to London, exposed it there to sale, on cheap terms, as the worse for wetting; and yet, it seems, saved by the bargain. Next year he returned again, with some other of his townsmen, proffering drier and dearer cloth to be sold; so that within few years hither came a confluence of *buyers*, *sellers*, and *lookers-on*, which are the three principles of a fair."\* He adds that Kendal-men, in memorial whereof, challenge some privilege in the fair.

As the hospital was at the disposal of the burgesses of Cambridge till about 1245, when the Bishop of Ely unjustly obtained the patronage, we may fairly assume that the fair from the very first was to a great extent in the hands of the Corporation. The University, however, about the reign of Richard II. was entrusted with the management of the weights and measures used in *Steresbrigg* Fair, a right that has been exercised from that time down to the present century.†

The earliest records of the fair have reference principally to dishonesties practised in it, and to disputes concerning the occupation and transfer of booths. We may, however, find proofs of the rising importance of this fair during the fourteenth century. For instance, in 1376, "The Bishop of Ely granted licence to the vicar and parishioners of the parish of the Holy Trinity to change the feast of the dedication of the Church to the 9th of October, on the ground that the then feast fell in the time of *Sterbrige* Fair, when the parishioners were much occupied with the business thereby occasioned."‡ Again a petition presented in the Parliament of Henry VI., 1423, stating that "diverse werkes of brauderie of insuffisaunt stuff, and undewly

\* *History of Cambridge University*.

† Dyer *Priv. Univ. Camb.*

‡ Vide *Hist. and Antiq. of Barnwell Abbey and Sturbridge Fair*, App. IV. in *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and Cooper's *Annals*, I. 113.



wrought" were offered for sale at *Steresbrugg*, and praying that such spurious works might be forfeited to the king, shews that this fair was then a celebrated mart for works of embroidery. In the same reign the monks of the priories of Maxtoke in Warwickshire, and of Bicester in Oxfordshire, laid in their stores of common necessaries, which consisted of nearly everything, from a horse-collar to a silk-cope, at this mart, which was at least one hundred miles distant, and notwithstanding that Oxford and Coventry were in their immediate neighbourhood.

I have already alluded to the connection between the fair and the town of Cambridge. In 1411 it was settled by the court of exchequer that the Custos of the chapel had the right to the stallage in the chapel-yard, and it appears that the bailiffs of the town received the rents for booths on the other lands.\* In 1497 Master John Fynne, Perpetual Chaplain and Incumbent of the Free Chapel of blessed Mary Magdalene of Barnwell, commonly called *Sterbrigge* Chapel, demised all lands, liberties, profits, rents, services, &c. to the said free chapel belonging, except the chapel itself, the oblations and fourteen feet of ground round it, to the mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses, for ninety-nine years, they rendering £12 yearly for the same.† Again on the 27th of September, 1544, the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter of Ely, and Christopher Fulnely, Incumbent of *Styrrebrige* Chapel, demised to the Corporation of Cambridge the aforesaid chapel with all lands, tenements, booths, &c. for sixty years, for £9 per annum.‡ It appears that in February, 1596-7, Elizabeth, in consideration of the surrender of the previous lease, granted *Styrbridge* Chapel, with all glebe lands, booths, rents, &c. to the Corporation for the same annual payment.¶ But in 1605, the sixty years lease having expired, the profits of the hospital were granted by James I. to John Shelbury and Philip Chewte, gentlemen.§ What became of the land and chapel after this I know not, but suppose it must have reverted to the Corporation.

The original grant to the Corporation to hold the fair does not appear, but in a controversy between the prior and convent of Barnwell and that body, concerning the

\* Cooper's *Annals*, i. 153.

† Ibid, i. 416.

§ Blomefield, *Coll. Cantab.*, 171, 172; *Hist. and Antiq. of Barnwell and Sturbridge*, p. 76.

† Ibid, i. 248.

¶ Ibid, iii. 148.

fair, it was ordered on the 20th of August, 8 Henry VIII.—“That the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses, for evermore shall hold, enjoy, and maintain the fair from the feast of St. Bartholomew unto the feast of St. Michael.”

In Hilary term, 1538, the attorney-general filed an information in the court of King's Bench against the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses, charging that they had misused their privileges and liberties in *Sturbrigg* Fair. The Mayor was required to answer this information, and in default, the liberties, &c. were seized into the king's hands. The Corporation then agreed to pay the king a fine of 1000 marks for the grant of the fair.\* During the last year of the reign of Edward VI. the Corporation tried to raise this sum, agreeing that the town and the possessors of the booths should each pay half, and they sue for a new charter. The charter, however, was not obtained, although 200 marks were paid that year. The Corporation seem to have been unable to raise the remaining 800 marks, and in the meanwhile the University are struggling to get the fair into their hands, and thus we are led into half a century of quarrelling; the legal part of the business being enlivened every now and then, especially during the fair time, by the most delightful town and gown rows, the authorities on both sides conniving at them. The sparring between the University and Town must have commenced at least as early as 1525, but we do not notice anything very decided till 1534, when the lords in council decreed that the Vice-Chancellor or his commissary might keep *courte cyvyll* in the fair for pleas where a scholar was the one party. At the same time it is mentioned that the University had “the oversight, correction, and punishment of all weights and measures, of all manner of vytayll, of all regraters† and fore-stallers.” The consequence of this was, that the Mayor would not allow the Vice-Chancellor to use the Tolbooth, (the prison which had previously been used by both): and we find in a letter from Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, and Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State, to the town, written in the following year, that a breach of the peace was expected at the fair; and they beseech the Mayor and Burgesses to settle their disputes with the University.

\* Cooper, i. 393; *Hist. of Barnwell Abbey, Sturbridge Fair*, p. 76, and App. No. V.

† A regrater is one who buys up any commodity for the purpose of charging an exorbitant price for it.



This letter kept things quiet for a while, but, in 1647, we find\* "the heads making application to their patron the Archbishop to befriend them at court against their old enemies the townsmen, who were wresting from them their ancient privileges." During Sturbridge Fair the Proctors going their rounds one night had taken "certain evil persons in houses of sin," and had brought them to the Tolbooth in order to commit them. Having sent to the Mayor for the keys, he refused to part with them, and they were compelled to take the prisoners to the Castle. Fortune, however, befriended the *evil persons*; as the Mayor's son-in-law, who was then under-sheriff, let them out. The University requested that this insolence might be punished, and as we might expect the Lords of the Council enjoined the retraction of the Mayor and his son, and "that the Mayor in the common hall shall openly among his brethren acknowledge his wilful proceeding."†

It is evident that about this time disturbances at the fair were very common, as in 1550 it was ordered that the Colleges were to send twenty watchmen nightly to the Proctors, and besides to have twenty-four others in readiness;‡ and, in 1555, Sir Edward North and Sir James Dyer addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor and Mayor, requesting their joint exertions for the preservation of the peace in "*Sturbridg fayre* wherto the resort and confluence ys from all parts of this realme." Allusion also is made in the letter to the differences between the University and Town with respect to the fair.¶ These differences, however, continued to exist, and again came to a head in 1559, when, one night during the fair time, the Vice-Chancellor would not permit the University night-watch to join that of the Town, and when the Mayor sent for it, the Vice-Chancellor informed him that he was not prepared with a watch that night. Consequently the Town-watch set out to the fair alone. And, when the watchmen were returning from the fair, between 11 and 12 o'clock, they were met by the Proctors with a body of sixty men, and deliberately attacked by them. An engagement of course ensued, but the Town-watch being much the weaker body,

\* Strype, *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, Bk. II., Chap. VI.

† Dr. Lamb's *Original Documents*, p. 78; *vide* Dyer's *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*, I., p. 112.

‡ Dr. Lamb's *Documents*, p. 151.

¶ Cooper, *Annals*, II., p. 98.

the Proctors obtained an easy victory. After this we are not surprised to find the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors winking at, if not encouraging, some very serious town and gown rows; rows, which in these degenerate days of policemen and active Proctors we can have but a faint notion of. It is satisfactory to find that on the whole the gown was victorious, as we read that the *scollers* nearly killed a man called John Dymmocke, a name, by the way, which is as well known to the *scollers* of the present day as it must have been three centuries ago. These little events not only elicited a letter from the Lord Chief Justice and Lord North, but brought those gentlemen to the spot.\* It is to be presumed they pacified the combatants for a time, as we find no mention of the disputes for fifteen or sixteen years, but they appear to have come to no decision with respect to the fair.

In 1574 the Vice-Chancellor in a letter to Lord Burghley, then Chancellor of the University, suggested that Sturbridge Fair should be granted to the University, they letting the booths to the townsmen at a reasonable rate. Lord Burghley appears to have done his utmost for the University, and Lord North on the other hand took the part of the town. The former at this time was more successful, as, according to Strype,† he procured, in 1576, the settlement of the benefit of the fair upon the University, and, moreover, obtained from the Queen a declaration that no petition from the Townsmen respecting the fair should be received to the prejudice of the University: so that in the following year when the Townsmen again petitioned for a grant of the fair, the Queen gave answer, "that she would not take away any privileges that she had granted the University, but would rather add to them." For this reply the University wrote her a letter of thanks.

After this the disputants negotiated between themselves respecting the charter for the fair, and, in 1584, they were agreed on all points but three. Two years later, however, the old jealousies again blazed forth, but fortunately only for a time, as, in 1589, the rights of both parties were settled. The tolls and government of the fair were given to the Corporation, while the University retained all their old privileges. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors were to hold

\* Cooper, *Annals*, II., p. 154.

† *Annals of the Reformation*, Vol. II., Bk. ii., Ch. V.; *vide* Cooper, *Annals*, II., pp. 349, 358.

a court in the fair, with the same power as the Mayor in his Court, the former having cognizance in suits between strangers and where a scholar is one party, the latter having the judgement connected with the townsmen. The Proctors were to have the inspection, searching, and trying of all victuals and gauging of all vessels, and the forfeitures, fines, and profits coming therefrom. Also a special grant of the clerkship of the market; the assize of bread, wine, and ale; the punishment of all forestallers, regraters; and several other similar privileges and rights were given to the University.\* It was also settled that the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars, and the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgesses should proclaim the fair in alternate years, the former commencing in the year 1589. The reason of this no doubt was that both parties had been in the habit of proclaiming it, and disturbances ensued from such a custom. The importance in the eyes of the University of the proclamation, and indeed the fair itself, appears from the following:—On the 17th of January, 1577-78, a grace was passed for the better observance of scarlet days, and a fine of 10s. was imposed on all Doctors who should not appear in red at Midsummer and Sturbridge Fairs.† And again on the 7th of September, 1586, the Heads made an order that yearly the Vice-Chancellor, with such Doctors as accompany him, shall upon their *foot-cloaths* ride to the fair and there make their solemn proclamation on horseback.‡ It is just as well that the University has relinquished these rights, as imagination fails to conceive a Vice-Chancellor of the present day riding through Barnwell in scarlet. The day of proclamation was changed from Holyrood day to the 7th of September,|| the birthday of Queen Elizabeth. The old form used by the University at the opening of the fair is very curious, but it is too long for insertion here.§ It issues injunctions to buyers, sellers, and visitors, and regulates the price of bread, &c. To brewers, for instance, we have the following: “that they sell no *longe Ale*, no red Ale, no ropye Ale, but good and holsome for man’s body under

\* *The Egerton Papers*, p. 127—130; Dr. Lamb’s *Original Documents*, p. 311; *Hist. and Antiq. of Sturbridge Fair*, App. X.

† *Stat. Acad. Cantab.*, p. 353. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 467.

|| At present it is the 18th on account of the alteration of style.

§ *Vide Cooper, Annals*, II., p. 18; and for a more modern and corrupted form of it, *Hist. and Antiq. of Sturbridge Fair*, p. 84.

ye payne of forfeiture.” A gallon of good ale was not to cost more than 4*d.*, nor a gallon of *Hostill Ale* more than 2*d.*

A fortnight before the proclamation, the fair is set out by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the rest of the Corporation, who formerly went to the fair on both occasions in procession, preceded by music, and followed by the boys of the Town on horseback, “who, as soon as the ceremony is read over, ride races about the place; when returning to Cambridge, each boy has a cake and some ale at the town-hall.”\* The procession of the Corporation was abolished in 1790, and the fair has since been set out and proclaimed by the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Town Clerk, alone.

Gunning, in his *Reminiscences*,† gives the following amusing account of the ceremony of proclaiming the fair in 1789: “At 11 A.M., the Vice-Chancellor, with the Bedells, and Registrary, the Commissary, the Proctors, and the Taxors, attended in the Senate-House, where a plentiful supply of mulled wine and sherry, in black bottles, with a great variety of cakes awaited their arrival. Strange as it may seem the company partook of these things as heartily as if they had come without their breakfasts, or were apprehensive of going without their dinners. This important business ended, the parties proceeded to the Fair, in carriages provided for the occasion. The proclamation was read by the Registrary in the carriage with the Vice-Chancellor, and repeated by the Yeoman Bedell on horseback, in three different places. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the carriages drew up to the *Tiled Booth*, where the company alighted for the dispatch of business—and of oysters.” They afterwards dined, and he informs us that the dishes and their order never varied. “Before the Vice-Chancellor was placed a large dish of herrings; then followed in order a neck of pork roasted, an enormous plum-pudding, a leg of pork boiled, a pease-pudding, a goose, a huge apple-pie, and a round of beef in the centre,” the same dishes recurring in inverse order, the whole being terminated by the Senior Proctor. The oysters and dinner were repeated on the day that the Court was held. In 1803, however, the Proctor transferred the first dinner to the Rose Tavern in Cambridge, and after a time both dinners

\* Carter’s *History of Cambridgeshire*, p. 23.

† Vol. I., p. 162.

were discontinued. On the 2nd of July, 1842, a grace passed dispensing with the entertainments theretofore given by the Proctors at Midsummer and *Stourbridge* Fairs.

I have as yet attempted no description of this Fair, which Camden calls "the most famous in the whole kingdom," and which Defoe says is the greatest in the world, and that the fairs at Leipsic, Frankfort, Nuremberg and Augsburg are not to be compared with it. Fuller also remarks,—“that it is at this day the most plentiful of wares in England; (most fairs in other places being but markets in comparison thereof;) being an amphibion as well going on ground as swimming by water, by the benefit of a navigable river.”

If any one has taken the trouble to read so far, he will perhaps be willing to follow me while I try to recall what *Stirebridge* Fair was like in its palmy days, (say the beginning of last century).\*

In wending our way towards it, our ears would no doubt be affected some time before our eyes, and I think to give due effect to the remainder of this article, it ought to be read with a gong or kettle-drum accompaniment. On leaving, Barnwell, attention would be first drawn to the shows on the left of the road, where no doubt, tame tigers and wild Indians would be found in perfection, where the lion would lie down with the lamb with two heads, and where infant prodigies would be on the closest terms with prodigious pigs. Besides these we very probably should find a good company of comedians, although divers acts have been passed prohibiting plays. The authorities however winked at them, and in Gunning's time, the Vice-Chancellor and heads after the proclamation and dinner, adjourned to the theatre. On the other side of the road is the cheese fair, where we should not only find dealers from Cottenham† and the other villages in the county, but also traders from Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Cheshire and Gloucestershire. The farmers also from the adjoining counties used to bring butter and cheese here for sale, and in return buy their clothes and other household necessaries.

\* There is a description of the Fair in De Foe's *Tour thro' the whole Island of Great Britain*, which seems to have been followed and in some parts, word for word, by most of the writers on the subject, for instance Carter's *History of Cambridgeshire*, and the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*. There is however an independent description given in Hone's *Year Book*, p. 1539-48, and a slight one in Gunning's *Reminiscences*.

† Cottenham cheeses are, or were celebrated.

“At Bartilmewtide, or at *Sturbruge* faire  
 buie that as is needful, thy house to reparaire;  
 Then sel to thy profit, both butter and cheese  
 who buieth it sooner the more he shall leese.”\*

“Cheese row” terminates opposite to where the road branches off that leads to Chesterton ferry. This road in fair-time is called Garlick row, and the Newmarket road is called Cheapside. Behind Garlick row on both sides, but more especially on the east are other rows or streets formed with the booths, devoted to different trades, for instance Cook row; Shoemaker's row; Ironmonger's row; which was in the neighbourhood of the chapel; and Bookseller's row, concerning which I may remark from Strype† “that *Styrbrydge*-fair time (in the reign of Elizabeth) was the chiefest time for selling books, at least prayer-books and Bibles.”

These rows are formed by the different booths being built so as to make a continuous line. The principal portion of each booth is the shop, a room about thirty feet by eighteen, with shelves containing the goods for sale, and counters for serving the customers; behind this is a smaller room used as a keeping-room and bed-room. In front of the booths is a colonnade, extending throughout the whole length of the row, and covered in with hair-cloth to secure passengers from sunshine and rain. The booths themselves are roofed with planks, and over that roofing is stretched a tarpaulin.

The west side of Garlick row is the Regent street of the Fair. Here are the silk-mercens, linen-drapers, furriers, stationers, silversmiths, and in fact most of the higher class of tradesmen, and moreover many of the booths are occupied by important London dealers, few of whom take less money during the fair than £1000, and several take more.

On the south of Cheapside is an important portion of the fair called the Duddery.‡ This is a large square, eighty or

\* Tusser's *Husbandrie*. Vide Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. 1. 215.

† *Annals*, vol. iv. No. LI.

‡ Duddle an old word signifying cloth. “Duds” in the north of England is the ordinary word for clothes. Some writers place the Duddery of the north of the road, and some describe Cheapside as being parallel to the main road and not coinciding with it. No doubt in early times the road was not so decidedly marked as now, and the rows might have been set out differently at different periods. The Duddery was however at the south east corner of the fair. Gunning remarks that in his time that portion of the fair was on the decline.



one hundred yards long, containing the largest booths in the fair, and set apart for the wholesale dealers in woollen goods. Many of the booths here are divided into several compartments, and Defoe says he saw one with six apartments in it, all belonging to a dealer in Norwich stuffs, who had there above twenty thousand pounds value in those goods alone. He also states that one hundred thousand pounds worth of woollen manufactures have been sold here in less than a week, exclusive of all orders for goods; and that more trade is transacted by orders than could be supplied by all the goods actually brought to the fair.

To the north of the Duddery and near the chapel are the hop and wool fairs, which at one time were perhaps the most important part of the whole fair. The price of hops in England was regulated by what they fetched at *Stirbitch*, and the northern and western counties were supplied with hops from that mart. The importance of the sale of hops may be learnt from the fact that the University and Town were for a long period quarrelling as to which had the right of weighing hops. In 1733 the Commissary of the University and recorder of the Town decided in the favour of the former, but in 1759 the Corporation ordered the collector of the tolls to provide weights and scales for weighing hops and other goods at Sturbridge Fair, and agreed to indemnify him against any suit in relation to the weighing of such goods. What was the result of this I know not. With respect to the wool-fair, I may notice that fifty or sixty thousand pounds worth has been sold during one fair.

Besides these manufacturers of every description are here represented, from Birmingham, from Manchester, from Sheffield, from Nottingham, and retail dealers of every trade that is known in London. The day of greatest hurry and confusion is the 14th (new style 25th), the day of the horse-fair, which is held on the common, and at present is best known by the name of "Charon's Common."

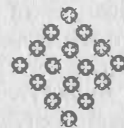
Space will not permit me to dilate on the eating and refreshment booths, in which the supplies consisted principally of hot and cold roast goose, pork and herrings, nor on the officers who preserved order in the fair, the *red coats* as they were called, nor yet on the "Lord of the Tap," another official who looked after the beer. I must content myself by remarking that nearly all these things have passed away; the fair had declined in importance in the middle of last century, and by the end of the century one street held all the

booths. Last year we were told\* that the proclamation of the Mayor was a mere farce, that the amusements were limited to a "few dancing booths, a swinging-boat, a shooting-gallery, and some cheap photographic establishments." The Horse Fair day is still an important one, and many good animals are shewn and sold, but it is about the only day on which much business is transacted. Two or three firms still sell hops; and there seems still a demand for onions and besoms; but the glory of the place has departed, and it is no doubt well that it is so. No one could possibly think of uttering a regret that Mac Adam and Stephenson have brought to our very doors the necessaries and luxuries which our forefathers could only purchase at such places as Sturbridge† Fair.

P.S.—A friend has drawn my attention to the fact, that Newton purchased the lenses with which he performed his experiments on light at Sturbridge Fair.—Vide Brewster's *Life of Newton*.

\* Cambridge Chronicle, September 7th, 21st and 28th.

† Every one must have noticed the number of different ways I have spelt this word. I have generally spelt it in the same manner as the authority I am then quoting. Besides the seventeen various spellings given above, the following may be noticed, viz. *Sturberige*, *Stirberch*, *Styrebridge*.





## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

I.—*Alexandria.—Cairo.—Aden.*

WE came in view of the lights at Alexandria soon after sunset on the fourth. As there is some danger in crossing the bar, we were compelled to stay out till daylight, when we took in our Arab pilot and entered the harbour. We were received by the Company's agent, from whom we learnt to our dismay that the Transit Railway having been destroyed a day or two previously by the inundation of the Nile, we should in consequence have to prosecute our journey to Cairo by steam-boat up the river. Pleasant news certainly! as we seemed to foresee all the delay and discomfort—the heat and the filth of the proposed trip. Now however, our dangers surmounted, our discomforts at an end, I am inclined to think we were singularly fortunate in arriving at that critical moment. For besides the fact of our thus seeing more of that noble river than we otherwise should have seen, and at a time too when it had overflowed its banks and inundated a larger tract of country than usual; besides all this, we were enabled to make some stay at Alexandria and Cairo, instead of being hurried through Egypt in less than thirty-six hours according to contract. There is the satisfaction too, such as it is, of having seen something worth writing home about, and of being able to send one's friends a true and veritable history of this lamentable catastrophe from the pen of an eye-witness.

What a stirring drive that is from the Port to the Hotel—the European's first glimpse of Oriental life! I should doubt if any one could give an exact description of their first impressions. The wonder and amazement excited by the grotesque pictures which assail his eye, national pride with a sublime contempt for the half-civilized beings which surround him, the idea that he is treading ground so famous in history, sacred as well as profane. Yes! his feelings are

certainly of a very mixed character. The streets are narrow, the widest not exceeding twelve feet, yet they are crowded to an extent which always astonishes the stranger. Every shop-keeper assumes a right to sit outside his shop, some even extend this right to their journeymen tailors or cobblers. Thus on either side stretches a long line of picturesque figures, arranged in every colour and smoking every variety of pipe or cigarette. Look! here is a string of camels, laden with firewood or merchandize; here again a native waggon drawn by a pair of stout oxen, and there goes some grandee or other, mounted on a magnificent Arab. Now we are stopped by a drove of donkeys, their owner quite unconscious of the fact, till aroused to a painful sense of his position by sundry hard words and harder blows from our excitable Jehu, when he proceeds to hoist his quadrupeds successively by their hinder quarters out of our path. But what are those odd figures so completely shrouded in drapery? Those are the Egyptian ladies. Stare as much as you like, you can see nothing but a pair of flashing eyes. A mantle of rich silk, black or white,—black is the prevailing fashion at present,—is thrown over the head and extended by the arms like wings, and thus Madame waddles along in her red or yellow slippers, a hideous spectacle. The lower classes are still more disgusting objects. Their only garment is of blue cloth, and as they cannot spare their hands to hold it, it is fastened by a piece of brass or a string of beads over the nose, so as to leave a gap for their killing eyes to pierce through. Now and then we meet one mounted à la Turque on a donkey, attended by her husband's servants.

At length we reach the Hotel d' Europe, where the crowd is even greater and the jabbering more confused than elsewhere. At the entrance are congregated innumerable carriages drawn by horses that would not disgrace Rotten Row, donkeys and donkey-boys, a crowd of filthy beggars, the lame, the blind, and the halt, supplicating for "Baksheesh," and wily dragomen looking out like vultures for their prey. A pretty set of fellows those dragomen are! Reader, if ever you go to Egypt, keep a tight rein on them; you can't possibly do without them, but beware, they will tell you lies as fast as they can. I was amused at the first specimen I had of this. Mustapha was a fine handsome fellow, and evidently thought no small-beer of himself. He coolly took himself off for some hours in the middle of the day, and when I rebuked him on his return for his desertion, the lying scoundrel stroked his beard with pious horror, laid his

hand on his heart and called Allah to witness he had been sent for to interfere in a domestic quarrel between his daughter and her husband. His brother had told me he had gone to dinner! At Cairo the ladies wished to see a real Turkish bath; our dragoman told the proprietress they were coming to bathe next day and wanted to inspect the baths first. "Why did you tell a lie, sir?" "Because I cannot do anything better," was his impudent reply, and I don't believe he could.

We drove past the Mussulman cemetery, a bare tract without enclosure of any kind, to inspect Pompey's Pillar. We were rather disappointed; the column is about one hundred feet high, and consists of four blocks of granite, brought from above the first Cataract, some seven hundred or eight hundred miles away. For further particulars, vide Murray. Hard by are some catacombs lately discovered, apparently as far as I could make out from the inscriptions late Greek. We drove on by the side of Mehemet Ali's famous canal to the Pasha's gardens; gardens never equal one's expectations in Egypt; these are no exceptions to the rule, but the drive is pleasant as affording almost the only shade in Alexandria. It is indeed a lamentably bare country, dazzling with its inches of white dust, with only here and there a group of palm trees or an avenue of sycamores. We saw Cleopatra's needles of course. Only one obelisk is standing at present, on the edge of the sea, a fine object from the harbour; the other is prostrate, covered with some feet of earth, a small aperture being dug to assure European visitors of its existence. The Pasha's Palace was the next object of our curiosity; it is situated at the west corner of the Port, of which it commands an exquisite view; with the exception however of the inlaid floors, which to some extent repay the trouble of a visit, the internal arrangements are tawdry and insignificant in the extreme. French paper and French gilt! that is all! Another peculiarity with all the Oriental "lions" is this—once erected, they are forgotten and utterly neglected, their pristine glory soon falls into decay. The grand Mosque at Cairo is the only exception to this rule, to be accounted for perhaps by the amount of English perquisites.

At nine P.M. we were at the railway station, a ride of ten or fifteen miles brought us within a few hundred yards of the canal. So away we had to scramble, nearly two hundred of us, for the ladies came in half-an-hour after us; away we scrambled, lighted by some scores of torches, held aloft by figures who seemed to have made a nocturnal trip from the

infernal regions for the purpose; away we scrambled with these imps of darkness yelling and jabbering, as if to impress us more fully with their origin. And what a scene on board the Nile boat! no larger than a Thames steamer, it was intended to accommodate us for two nights and a day: certainly they were rather taken by storm, but if the passengers by the next mail are not better treated, shame on the Transit Administration Company altogether! That night I slept or tried to sleep on deck, for vermin and cold are strong antidotes to repose; there was a saloon which might have held half the ladies, and a fore-cabin which might contain a fourth of the gentlemen, lie as thick as they could. The majority like myself had to brave it out on deck, though unlike myself they had mostly a good supply of rugs.

We reached Atfih at dawn, the point where the canal joins the Nile. This was our first view of the sacred river! Ah! honoured stream! worshipped as the fertilizing principle by thine ancient devotees, appearing to us rather as a mighty engine of destruction! Stretching away far as the eye could reach, thou had'st washed out nearly every trace of humanity! And what waters! surely the Naiads of thy stream must bear a striking resemblance to the swarthy people that crowd thy banks! Water in its natural state like pea-soup, when filtered a trifle better than ditch-water. But what of that? thy fertilizing properties consist in thy dregs. The current was so strong as to carry us half a mile out of our course on emerging from the locks, and we were able to make but little progress against it, our speed never exceeding from four to five miles an hour. As we proceeded, the scenes of the late devastations successively burst upon our view; fields of cotton and Indian corn hopelessly immersed, villages swept away, while the unfortunate population were collected on the embankments with their flocks of camels and buffaloes, a long line of misery on either side of Egypt's mighty river. To be sure the towns and villages spared by this Egyptian Vishnu, did not give us much cause to regret those which had fallen victims to his divine wrath. Half-a-dozen palm trees, a minaret, and some scores of square mud-houses, like so many unburnt brick-kilns, and you have the facsimile, they are all alike. But notwithstanding the scene of devastation which everywhere met our eyes, there was something inexpressibly grand in stemming the current that had wrought the woe, and casting a glance upon the vast expanse of water, darkened here and there with the sail of a native boat, or the carcass of a drowned buffalo. And this was



Sunday too! may I never spend such another! I don't know how the day passed, much of it I know was occupied in eating or in scrambling for something to eat, for the arrangements in the commissariat department were lamentably deficient. At one o'clock we reached Kafr Zayat, where the railway crosses this branch of the Nile. We stopped here to coal and take in water, while the shore was crowded with the wondering natives offering fruits for sale; the limes and pomegranates are good, but the melons inferior to our own. There lay the railway several feet under water, and there actually a train stopped in its progress by the waters. What a sketch for the Illustrated! The bridge was considerably damaged, only one point was considered navigable, so we were detained till the Pasha's boat had passed safely through. We left Kafr Zayat at five o'clock; another wretched night, with the same discomfort, but rather more sleep, for I managed by entering at half-past six to secure the last place on the floor of the cabin. Soon after dawn,—by the way, sunrise and sunset on the Nile as we saw it are very grand and impressive sights,—soon after dawn we were at Cairo. There lay the city on our left, with its citadel rising far behind, while the dome and minarets of the mosque towered to the skies; far away to the right stretch the plains of the Desert, bearing the mighty Pyramids. Now we feel we are in Egypt, in the land of History and Antiquities!

After a bath and a good breakfast at Shephard's Hotel, both of which the reader will imagine we thoroughly enjoyed, we drove to the Shoobra Gardens. The road leads down a long avenue of sycamores, shady as well as picturesque; the gardens are not much, but within them is a large quadrangular colonnade of marble, containing a huge basin of Nile water with a superb fountain in the centre. At each corner of the building is a small boudoir magnificently fitted up for the ladies of the Pasha's harem. We met a coach full of them on our way, with the requisite number of attendant eunuchs, riding magnificent horses.

After tiffin we paid a visit to the different bazaars, Frank, Turkish, and Egyptian. Here we were struck for the first time with the *reality* of the "Arabian Nights." What interesting scenes! Just the same barbers, just the same tailors, just the same dervishes as lived a thousand years ago! The long labyrinth of alleys, the houses nearly meeting overhead, the little square pigeon-holes, set out with scarfs and tarbooshes of the brightest colours; the rich merchant smoking his fragrant hookah in placid uncon-

sciousness of what is passing around him; the various groups as they throng the streets, all remind us forcibly of the good old times of Caliph Haroun al Rashid.

But if we linger too long we shall not see the sunset from the citadel. Allons! The ascent from the town is decidedly steep, but our horses pull us up famously, and here we are on the summit. What a view! Below us lies the fairest city of Egypt with its countless minarets, beyond flows the mighty stream of this great river, still further stretch the vast plains of the desert, and stay! we can count seven pyramids. On the other side lie the fertile fields of Goshen, recalling sacred memories—I do not think I ever gazed on a more extensive or a more magnificent landscape, revealing as it does the milk and honey as well as the nakedness of the land.

The Citadel contains the Pasha's Palace and the grand Mosque. As a fortress I believe it is considered of little practical use, except to command the town. The Palace we did not explore, the Mosque certainly did entice us; so, clothing our infidel feet in the consecrated shoes, we entered a spacious quadrangle containing a handsome fountain and surrounded by a marble colonnade. One side of the quadrangle is formed by the Mosque, and here we entered. The building consists of a large centre dome resting on four marble pillars, from which eight semi-domes branch out. The interior is not only well ornamented, but kept in good repair. Hard by, the scene of the "Mameluke's Leap" is pointed out. Every one knows the bloody tale—why should I repeat it?

We left Cairo on Wednesday morning; the rail took us across the desert to Suez in three hours and a-half—we dined at the Hotel there, and were on board the 'Bengal' at 6 P.M. Suez is a miserable little place—the Hotel being by far the finest building—there is nothing in the world there to see; there was, as I suppose there always is, considerable discussion as to the exact point where the Israelites crossed, but I believe according to the best authorities it is much higher up—the gulf formerly extending much farther than it does at present. The rocks at Suez are rather fine, of a dull reddish colour.

We weighed anchor at midnight, and the routine of the next few days contained little worth mentioning; the heat of course was intense, as long as we were in the Red Sea, the thermometer generally standing at 94°—97° in the afternoon. The 'Bengal' is a screw steamer of nearly

two thousand two hundred tons with four hundred and sixty-five horse power; we are quite full, one hundred and twelve first class passengers feeding every day together in the saloon. The crew is composed of upwards of one hundred Lascars, superintended by a few Jacktars. They are as weak as kittens, so we require a good many, but they are of little use, I believe, in a storm.

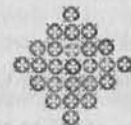
On Sunday we had Divine Service morning and evening on deck; some little diversion was caused by our meeting the 'Colombo' with the Calcutta mails. Next day we passed Perim and that other island so fatal to the 'Alma.' At 9 A.M. on Tuesday morning we anchored in Aden harbour.

Aden is the key of the Red Sea, and consequently a most important position for our trade with the East. It consists of a very mountainous peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow flat neck of land, and enclosing a magnificent harbour. The rocks are volcanic and contain a large amount of lava—the town itself is built in the crater of a volcano. The outline of the hills is very jagged; a flagstaff is erected on the highest peak, and a gun has been dragged up with immense exertion. The fortifications are chiefly on the land side and facing the straits; the cantonments being placed in two small bays connected with each other and with the town by tunnels through the rock. A long line of wall and scraped rock render the fortifications impregnable from the land side. The town and cantonments are two miles at least from Steam Point, the entrance to the harbour, where we landed. The entrance seemed to me hardly sufficiently protected, there being only one small battery commanding it; but other authorities have judged the place impregnable. Above the town some large tanks are being constructed for the maintenance of a supply of water during the dry season, for the heat is intolerable, and all the water at present has to be brought in skins on the backs of camels. We hardly saw a green plant there, the wants of the population being supplied either from Africa or the interior of Arabia. I understand there is a very fertile tract, about thirty miles broad, lying just underneath the range of mountains you see in the distance; for I should say, though Aden itself is so rocky, the mainland is a flat arid desert.

Many persons do not think Aden worth the trouble of exploring, the heat certainly is excessive, but I was well satisfied. The place may play an important part in the world's history one of these days.

We left Aden at six in the evening; on Thursday the 17th passed Cape Guarda Fui about 10 A.M., and are now fairly in the Indian Ocean. Reading and writing with an occasional rubber are our only amusements. But writing on shipboard has to be carried on under difficulties not experienced in the Old College. My readers then will charitably excuse my many deficiencies, if I have at all succeeded in interesting them; I write as much to amuse myself as them—unwilling to lose sight of old associations and *The Eagle*.

“H. B.”





## BRIDAL SONG.

(Catullus.)

## YOUTHS.

VESPER is rising, fair youths, my good youths: look, afar, on  
 Olympus,  
 Waited so long for, he comes, very pale, with a tremulous glimmer.  
 This is the time, the sweet time: leave the feasting: the maiden is  
 near us.  
 Sing we the song, as is meet, for the beautiful bride at her wedding.  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!

## VIRGINS.

See ye the youths, true girls, still unwedded? Up! hasten to  
 meet them!  
 That is the star of the night in the gold by the summit of *Œta*.  
 Yonder, indeed, is the star! See the youths! how they leap to  
 the contest!  
 Not to no end are they eager; they seek to win praise with their  
 singing.  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!

## YOUTHS.

Easily think ye, fair youths, ye shall carry the prize of this singing?  
 Look, how the virgins advance! how they whisper, they ponder  
 together!  
 Not to no end do they muse,—we shall find by the charm of their  
 music.  
 Well it may charm, when they give the best of their powers to the  
 making.  
 We have divided our ears to the song, and our minds to the answer:  
 E'en may they bear off the palm; for victory favours the striving.

Youths, have a care, and be ready!—why, shall the fair maidens  
 surpass us?  
 Hark, they begin, as is meet; when they cease, we shall answer  
 the challenge.  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!

## VIRGINS.

Hesperus, dull is thy star! what star, looks can gaze on, is sadder?  
 You, that so ruthlessly snatch a fair maid from the arms of her  
 mother!  
 Ruthlessly snatch her, reluctant, and loth, from a parent's em-  
 braces!  
 Yielding her, virgin, untainted, at once to the arms of a husband!  
 What could a victor do worse, in his rage, when he plunders a city?  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near, near us, good Hymen,  
 sweet Hymen!

## YOUTHS.

Hesperus, bright is thy star! what star, looks can gaze on, is  
 gladder?  
 Binding at last, with thy beams, the beautiful bond of the wedded!  
 Promises, vows, those sweet pledges of lovers and parents aforesaid,  
 Doubtfully waiting, not bound, are made strong in the dawn of thy  
 sweetness.  
 Is there an hour we would have, which the gods can allot us, more  
 happy?  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!

## VIRGINS.

Hesperus, maids, of the maidens another true maiden has taken.  
 Star, they set watch at your advent. Mad lovers, like robbers, lie  
 lurking!  
 They,—in such watch never tired! Till you mix with the morn-  
 ing they linger.  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!

## YOUTHS.

Hark, how the maids, those unwedded ones, love to be loud in  
 their chiding!  
 What! do they chide you, pale star? yet and how would they  
 grieve if you came not!  
 Hymen, good Hymen, O listen! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
 Hymen!



## VIRGINS.

When your new flower, from its birth, in a well-guarded garden  
grows hidden,  
Safe from the browsing of cattle, nor bent by the bruise of the  
harrow,  
Fed with the rain, and the sun, and the delicate air of the Zephyr,  
Gladly the youths gather round it, the maidens are proud of its  
beauty ;  
But if you pluck it,—but pluck it,—just sever the stem of your  
blossom,  
Little the youths will desire it, and little the maidens care for it.  
So will a virgin be loved, if she live still a virgin, unmarried.  
But if she give her sweet self to the resolute arms of a husband,  
None of the youths will take trouble to praise, nor the maidens  
to love her.  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen ! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen !

## YOUTHS.

As a wild vine that is set, by some chance, in the soil of the furrow,  
Never can lift up itself, nor be clad in the pride of its clusters ;  
Stooping its delicate length to the ground with the weight of its  
burden,  
Stooping its head to its root, and trailing the pride of its beauty,  
Cannot be dear to the hind, nor be dear to the hearts of the  
herdsmen ;  
But if it cling, by good hap, to the cherishing elm with its branches,  
Then it is dear to the hind, and the hearts of the herdsmen joy  
in it ;  
So will a virgin grow old, and be little desired, if unmarried :  
Who, if she wed in her youth, in the bud of her prime, as is fitting,  
Then is more dear to her lord, and less to her parents a trouble.  
Prithee, sweet maiden, no more ! why so timid ? so willing to dally ?  
Dally no more,—such a lord as your lord ! and your parents  
approving !  
Father and mother alike ! it is fit that a maiden obey them.  
Maidenhood is not your own : you may claim but a share in it only.  
Still to the mother a third is allotted, a third to the father :  
So to the maiden a third,—but a third. You, be willing ! obey,  
then !  
Have they not yielded their right to your lord, and a dowry  
beside it ?  
Hymen, good Hymen, O listen ! be near us, good Hymen, sweet  
Hymen !

“ T. ASHE.”



## OUR CHRONICLE.

LENT TERM, 1862.

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WE are glad to present to our readers this term an abundant answer to our appeal of last Lent Term. They will find in our pages communications from our friends in different parts of the globe,—letters from Rome, from Madeira, from the Pacific,—which we hope will not fail to keep up a feeling of mutual kindness between those of us who remain here, and those who are scattered over the face of the earth.

The year has opened upon us but mournfully. The loss which the nation has had to deplore in the death of the Prince Consort, has doubly affected us, who lose thereby our former Chancellor. It is not for us to add anything to the tribute of praise which has been paid on all sides to his memory : but as regards his work as Chancellor, we believe that his merits have been underrated, and that the interest which he took in University affairs was deeper and more frequently manifested than many imagined. The election of the Duke of Devonshire as his successor we need scarcely put on record here.

In some respects the chronicle of this term is cheering to us. Though our neighbour has again carried off the “blue riband” both in Mathematics and Classics, St. John’s is in both cases successful in claiming “proximos honores.” The Mathematical list shows the now almost usual six in the first ten, while of the thirty-two wranglers, St. John’s has thirteen ; of the remaining six candidates, four are senior optimes and two junior optimes. In the Classical Tripas also we have four in the First Class.

Other successes which we have to record are (1) the Craven University Scholarship awarded to Mr. H. W. Moss, (2) the Second Smith’s prize awarded to Ds Laing, and (3) the Chancellor’s Medal for Legal Studies adjudged to Ds Freeman.

Subjoined are the lists of the First Classes at the Christmas Examination:—

## First Year.

*Arranged in the order of the Boards.*

Watson	Vawdrey	Wood, A.
Sanders	Baynes	Whalley
Cope	Noble	Clarke
Kemphorne	Earnshaw	Huntly
Smith, R. P.	Selby	Peachell
Levett	Meyricke	Waterfield
Isherwood	Smythies	Yeld
Marshall	Beebee	Walker
Roach	Masefield	Keeling
Cust	Knowles	Russell
Robson	Cooper	Shackleton
Wilson, K.	Langdon	Geare
Wiseman	Blanch	Coutts

## Second Year.

Stuckey	Archbold	Newton
Baron	Moss	Pearson } Tinling }
Ewbank	Creeser	

## Third Year.

Hockin	Rudd	Pooley
Snowdon	Stephenson	Rounthwaite
Warmington	Cotterill	

It is our melancholy office to record the death of our late Senior Dean, the Rev. Basil Williams. Mr. Williams entered in June last upon the College living of Holme on Spalding Moor, and died on January 5th. The living is consequently again vacant. We believe Mr. Williams' successor will be the Rev. W. C. Sharpe, the present Senior Dean.

Since our last, Mr. G. D. Liveing has been elected to be Professor of Chemistry in the place of the late Professor Cumming. The post of Registry is filled by the Rev. H. R. Luard of Trinity College, who was nominated by the Council together with Mr. Power of Pembroke.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. G. G. Scott has been requested to submit to the Master and Seniors plans for a new Chapel.

The account of the Boat Races will be found as usual on our fly leaf. The Lady Margaret, it will be seen, has had considerable success.

The officers of the two Clubs are:—

## LADY MARGARET.

Rev. A. Holmes, *President*.  
E. A. Alderson, *Treasurer*.  
J. R. W. Bros, *Secretary*.  
T. E. Ash, *First Captain*.  
C. C. Scholefield, *Second Captain*.

## LADY SOMERSET.

Rev. J. R. Lunn, *President*.  
C. J. E. Smith, *Secretary*.  
J. F. Rounthwaite, *First Captain*.

One Member of our College, Mr. Gorst, is now pulling in the University Boat.

The Lady Margaret scratch-fours were rowed on Saturday, March 8th. There were nine boats entered, which rowed four races. The time race was won by Mr. W. J. Stobart's boat, Mr. S. B. Barlow's boat being second. The crews in the time race were:

1 A. Cust	1 A. M. Beamish
2 W. F. DeWend	2 F. C. Wace
3 J. Snowdon	3 T. E. Ash
4 C. C. Scholefield	4 H. S. Beadon
W. F. Meres (Cox.)	S. B. Barlow (Cox.)

1 A. Ll. Clay  
2 H. H. Allott  
3 E. A. Alderson  
4 P. F. Gorst  
W. J. Stobart (Cox.)



The College Rifle Company still maintains its numbers and efficiency (more than fifty having been present at the last parade) although the Recruits out of the Freshman's year have not been so numerous as might fairly have been expected. A match which took place on March 15th between the 2nd (St. John's) and 5th (Trinity) Companies resulted in a tie; on the tie being shot off the 5th Company won by four points.

Upwards of £50 has been subscribed during the present Term to provide a Challenge Cup, to be shot for by those members of the College who are also members of the C. U. R. V. A very handsome Cup has been procured from Messrs. Smith and Nicholson of London. The first competition took place on March 22nd, when Private Clare succeeded in making the highest number of points, viz. twenty, Drum-Major Bigwood making nineteen.

A Code of Rules has been drawn up to regulate the shooting, from which we extract those of most general interest:

**RULE 1.** That the Cup be competed for towards the end of every Term, on a day to be fixed by the Captain of the Company, by members of St. John's College being also members of the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers.

**RULE 3.** That the Cup be shot for with the Government pattern Long Enfield Rifle at the following ranges:—200, 300, 500, 600 yards, 5 shots at each range, minimum pull of trigger 6 lbs.

**RULE 8.** That on a day towards the end of the Easter Term in each year, to be fixed by the Captain of the Company, the winners of the three Terms in that year contend for a small silver cup, of uniform pattern, value £3.

We hear that the Cambridge University Volunteers intend meeting the Oxford Corps and the Inns of Court Corps in Hyde Park on Whit Monday. This is an important event for the Volunteers generally, as there will no doubt be a large concourse of foreigners drawn to London by the International Exhibition, who will form their estimate of the efficiency of the British Volunteers from the manner in which these three Corps acquit themselves. We have

no doubt that the University, and our own College, will be ably represented on this occasion.

### LIST OF BOAT RACES.

#### Second and Third Division.

On account of the increase in the number of boats this year it was found necessary to make a third division. The third division rowed down from the Railway Bridge.

#### February 26th. Third Division.

40 Caius 3	47 Jesus 2
41 Sidney 2	48 Peterhouse 2
42 Christ's 3	49 Caius 4
43 1st Trinity 6	50 Trinity Hall 4
44 2nd Trinity 4	51 Lady Margaret 6
45 Queens' 2	52 1st Trinity 7
46 Lady Margaret 5	

#### Second Division.

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

#### February 27th. Third Division.

40 Caius 3	46 Queens' 2
41 Sidney 2	47 Peterhouse 2
42 Christ's 3	48 Jesus 2
43 1st Trinity 6	49 Caius 4
44 2nd Trinity 4	50 Lady Margaret 6
45 Lady Margaret 5	51 Trinity Hall 4
	52 1st Trinity 7

*Second Division.*

20	Pembroke	}	31	Christ's 2	}
21	1st Trinity 4	}	32	Clare 2	}
22	Jesus 1	}	33	2nd Trinity 2	}
23	3rd Trinity 2	}	34	Lady Somerset 2	}
24	2nd Trinity 2	}	35	Trinity Hall 3	}
25	Catharine	}	36	Lady Margaret 4	}
26	Lady Margaret 3	}	37	Emmanuel 3	}
27	King's	}	38	Corpus 3	}
28	Emmanuel 2	}	39	1st Trinity 5	}
29	Corpus 2	}	40	Caius 3	}
30	Queens' 1	}			

*February 28th. Third Division.*

40	Emmanuel 3	}	47	Queens' 2	}
41	Sidney 2	}	48	Jesus 2	}
42	1st Trinity 6	}	49	Lady Margaret 6	}
43	Christ's 3	}	50	Caius 4	}
44	Lady Margaret 5	}	51	Trinity Hall 4	}
45	2nd Trinity 4	}	52	1st Trinity 7	}
46	Peterhouse 2	}			

*Second Division.*

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

## ERRATA IN No. XII.

Page 2, line 27,	for "east" read "west."
" 65, " 18,	" "two" " "too."
" 66, " 7,	" "Elsie" " "Elsee."
" 66, " 8,	" "W. F." " "E. H."
" 66, " 10,	" "W. T." " "W. J."
" 67, " 12,	" "Burn" " "Baron."
" 67, " 14,	" "Berry" " "Terry."