

Sagittulae, Random Verses eBook

Sagittulae, Random Verses

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THE BATTLE OF THE PONS TRIUM TROJANORUM:

A lay sung in the Temple of Minerva Girtanensis.

[*Note.*—On Thursday, February 24th, 1881, three Graces were submitted to the Senate of the University of Cambridge, confirming the Report of The Syndicate appointed June 3rd, 1880, to consider four memorials relating to the Higher Education of Women. The first two Graces were passed by majorities of 398 and 258 against 32 and 26 respectively; the third was unopposed. The allusions in the following lay will probably be understood only by those who reside in Cambridge; but it may be stated that Professor Kennedy, Professor Fawcett, and Sir C. Dilke gave their votes and influence in favour of The Graces, while Dr. Guillemard, Mr. Wace, Mr. Potts, Professor Lumby, Dr. Perowne, Mr. Horne and Mr. Hamblin Smith voted against The Graces.]

I

Aemilia Girtonensis,
By the Nine Muses swore
That the great house of Girton
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Muses Nine she swore it,
And named a voting day,
And bade her learned ladies write,
And summon to the impending fight
Their masters grave and gay.

II.

East and West and South and North
The learned ladies wrote,
And town and gown and country
Have read the martial note.
Shame on the Cambridge Senator
Who dares to lag behind,
When light-blue ladies call him
To join the march of mind.

III.

But by the yellow Camus
Was tumult and affright:
Straightway to Pater Varius
The Trojans take their flight—
'O Varius, Father Varius,



'To whom the Trojans pray,
'The ladies are upon us!
'We look to thee this day!'

IV.

There be thirty chosen Fellows,
The wisest of the land,
Who hard by Pater Varius
To bar all progress stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
On the Three Graces sit,
Traced from the left by fingers deft
In the great Press of Pitt.

V.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have uttered their decree—
'Go forth, go forth, great Varius,
'Oppose the Graces Three!
'The enemy already
'Are quartered in the town,
'And if they once the Tripos gain,
'What hope to save the gown?'

VI.

'To Hiz, [1] the town of Offa,
'Their classes first they led,
'Then onward to Girtonia
'And Nunamantium sped:
'And now a mighty army
'Of young and beardless girls
'Beneath our very citadel
'A banner proud unfurls.'

VII.

Then out spake Father Varius,
No craven heart was his:
'To Pollmen and to Wranglers
'Death comes but once, I wis.
'And how can man live better,
'Or die with more renown,
'Than fighting against Progress
'For the rights of cap and gown?'



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VIII.

'I, with two more to help me,
'Will face yon Graces Three;
'Will guard the Holy Tripod,
'And the M.A. Degree.
'We know that by obstruction
'Three may a thousand foil.
'Now who will stand on either hand
'To guard our Trojan soil?'

IX.

Then Parvue Mariensis,
Of Bearded Jove the Priest,
Spake out 'of Trojan warriors
'I am, perhaps, the least,
'Yet will I stand at thy right hand.'
Cried Pottius—'I likewise
'At thy left side will stem the tide
'Of myriad flashing eyes.

X.

Meanwhile the Ladies' Army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came clad in silks and satins bright,
With seal-skins and with furs bedight,
And gems and rings of gold.
Four hundred warriors shouted
'Placet' with fiendish glee,
As that fair host with fairy feet,
And smiles unutterably sweet,
Came tripping each towards her seat,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And frowned upon their foes,
As a great shout of laughter
From the four hundred rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before their ladies gay,



They faced the Three, they scowled and scoffed,
Their gowns they donned, their caps they doffed,
Then sped them to the fray.

XII.

Generalis Post-Magister,
Lord of the Letter-bags;
And Dilkius Radicalis,
Who ne'er in combat lags;
And Graecus Professorius,
Beloved of fair Sabrina,
From the grey Elms—beneath whose shade
A hospitable banquet laid,
Had heroes e'en of cowards made.—
Brought 'placets' thirty-nine.

XIII

Stout Varius hurled 'non placet'
At Post-Magister's head:
At the mere glance of Pottius
Fierce Radicalis fled:
And Parvus Mariensis—
So they who heard him tell—
Uttered but one false quantity,
And Professorius fell!

* * * *

XIV.

But fiercer still and fiercer
Fresh foemen sought the fray.
And fainter still and fainter
Stout Varius stood at bay.
'O that this too, too solid
Flesh would dissolve,' he sighed;
Yet still he stood undaunted,
And still the foe defied.

XV.

Then Pollia Nunamensis,
A student sweetly fair,
Famed for her smiles and dimples
Blue eyes and golden hair,
Of Cupid's arrows seized a pair,



One in each eye she took:
Cupid's best bow with all her might
She pulled—each arrow winged its flight,
And straightway reason, sense, and sight
Stout Varius forsook.

XVI.



Page 3

'He falls'—the Placets thundered,
And filled the yawning gap;
In vain his trusty comrades
Avenge their chief's mishap—
His last great fight is done.
'They charge! Brave Pottius prostrate lies,
No Rider helps him to arise:
They charge! Fierce Mariensis dies.
The Bridge, the Bridge is won!

XVII.

In vain did Bencornutus
Flash lightnings from his beard;
In vain Fabrorum Maximus
His massive form upreared;
And Lumbius Revisorius—
Diviner potent he!—
And Peronatus robed in state,
And fine old Fossilis sedate,
All vainly stemmed the tide of fate—
Triumphed the Graces Three!

XVIII.

But when in future ages
Women have won their rights,
And sweet girl-undergraduates
Read through the lamp-lit nights;
When some, now unborn, Pollia
Her head with science crams;
When the girls make Greek lambics,
And the boys black-currant jams;

XIX.

When the goodman's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,
And the good wife reads her Plato
In her own sequestered room;
With weeping and with laughter
Still shall the tale be told,
How pretty Pollia won the Bridge
In the brave days of old.



(1881).

[1] The ancient name of Hitchin.

Julia.

An Ode.

[*Note.*—The following imitation of Cowper's *Boadicea* was written in 1858; most of its predictions have since been fulfilled.]

When the Cambridge flower-show ended,
And the flowers and guests were gone,
And the evening shades descended,
Roamed a man forlorn alone.

Sage beside the River slow
Sat the Don renowned for lore
And in accents soft and low
To the elms his love did pour.

"Julia, if my learned eyes
Gaze upon thy matchless face:
'Tis because I feel there lies
Magic in thy lovely grace.

"I will marry! write that threat
In the ink I daily waste:
Marry—pay each College debt—
College Ale no more will taste.

"Granta, far and wide renowned,
Frowns upon the married state;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground
Hark! Reform is at the gate.

"Other Fellows shall arise,
Proud to own a husband's name:
Proud to own their infants' cries—
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From our ancient College walls,
Armed with trumpets, noisy things,
Shall astound us by their squalls.

"Sounds no wrangler yet has heard,
Our posterity shall fright:



E'en 'the Eagle,' [1] valiant bird,
Shall betake itself to flight."

Such the thoughts that through him whirl'd
Pensively reclining there:
Smiling, as his fingers curled
His divinely-glowing hair.



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He, with all a lover's pride,
Felt his manly bosom glow,
Sought the Bull, besought the Bride,
All she said was "No, Sir, No!"

Julia, pitiless as cold,
Lo the vengeance due from Heaven!
College Living he doth hold;
Single bliss to thee is given.

[1] "The Eagle" is the well-known Magazine of St. John's College, Cambridge.

CLIO FATIDICA.

[*Note.*—The following lines were written to celebrate the 'bump' by which the Lady Margaret 1st Boat became "Head of the River" in 1871. On the next evening Professor Selwyn delighted the eyes and the hearts of all Johnians by sculling down the river to salute the Head of the River. The title of *psychroloutes* [*] needs no explanation to those who know the Selwyns, who are no less renowned as swimmers than as oarsmen.]

"Tell me, Muse, what colour floateth round
the River's ancient head:
Is it white and black, or white and blue, is it
scarlet, blue, or red?"
Thus I prayed, and Clio answered, "Why, I thought
the whole world knew
That the red of Margareta had deposed the flag
of blue!
Babes unborn shall sing in rapture how, desiring
Close [1] affinity,
Goldie, rowing nearly fifty, overlapped, and bumped
First Trinity.
I myself was at the Willows, and beheld the victory won;
Saw the victor's final effort, and the deed of daring done.
I myself took off my bonnet, and forgetful of my years,
Patting Goldie on the shoulder, gave him three
times thrice three cheers.
Ne'er, oh! ne'er, shall be forgotten the excitement
of that night;
Aged Dons, deem'd stony-hearted, wept with
rapture at the sight:
E'en the Master of a College, as he saw them overlap,



Shouted 'Well rowed, Lady Margaret,' and took
off his College cap;
And a Doctor of Divinity, in his Academic garb,
Sang a solemn song of triumph, as he lashed his
gallant barb;
Strong men swooned, and small boys whistled,
sympathetic hounds did yell
Lovely maidens smiled their sweetest on the men
who'd rowed so well:
Goldie, Hibbert, Lang, and Bonsey, Sawyer,
Burnside, Harris, Brooke;
And the pride of knighthood, Bayard, who the
right course ne'er forsook,
But the sight which most rejoiced me was the
well-known form aquatic
Of a scholar famed for boating and for witticisms Attic.
Proud, I ween, was Lady Margaret her Professor
there to view,
As with words of wit and wisdom he regaled the
conquering crew.
Proud, I ween, were Cam and Granta, as they
saw once more afloat
Their Etonian *psychroloutes* [*], in his "Funny"
little boat.
Much, I ween, their watery spirits did



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within

 their heart's rejoice,
As they listened to the music of that deep and
 mellow voice.
Ah! 'tis well, to sing of boating, when before
 my swimming eyes
Baleful visions of the future, woes unutterable rise.
All our palmy days are over; for the fairer, feebler sex
Has determined every College in succession to annex;
And before another decade has elapsed, our eyes shall see
College Tutors wearing thimbles o'er convivial cups of tea.
For 'golden-haired girl-graduates,' with 'Dowagers
 for Dons,'
Shall tyrannize in Trinity, and domineer in 'John's.'
Then, instead of May Term races in the science grand
 of rowing,
There'll be constant competition in the subtle art
 of sewing.
Soon the modern undergraduate, with a feather in her hat,
Shall parade the streets of Cambridge, followed
 by her faithful cat.
From Parker's Piece and Former's shall be banished
 bat and wicket,
For crotchet work and knitting shall supplant the
 game of cricket,
Save when'er a match at croquet once a Term is
 played at Girton
By the Members of "the College" and the Moralists
 of Merton.
Then no tandems shall be driven, and no more
 athletic sports,
Save fancy balls and dances, shall appear in
 "Field" reports:
And instead of 'pots' and 'pewters' to promote
 the art of walking,
We shall have a silver medal for proficiency in talking.
Wranglers fair shall daily wrangle, who no
 Mathematics ken;
Lady preachers fill the pulpit, lady critics
 wield the pen.
O ye gallant, gallant heroes who the River's
 head have won,



Little know ye what an era of confusion hath begun.
I myself shall flee from Cambridge, sick at heart
and sorely vexed,
Ere I see my University disestablished and unsexed.”
Thus she spake, and I endeavoured to console the
weeping Muse:
“Dry your tears, beloved Clio, drive away this
fit of blues.
Cease your soul with gloomy fancies and forebodings
to perplex;
You are doing gross injustice to the merits of your sex.
Know you not that things are changing, that the
Earth regains her youth,
Since Philosophers have brought to light the one
primeval truth?
Long have all things been misgoverned by the
foolish race of men,
Who’ve monopolized sword, sceptre, mitre, ermine,
spade, and pen,
All the failures, all the follies, that the weary
world bewails,
Have arisen, trust me, simply from the government of males.
But a brighter age is dawning; in the circling of the years
Lordly woman sees before her new ‘ambitions,’ new careers;
For the world’s regeneration instantaneously began,
When Philosophers discovered the inferior



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claims of man.

With new honours Alma Mater shall eternally be crowned,
When the Ladies march in triumph, and her learned
seat surround;

Then a nobler race of students, and of athletes
shall arise,

Students fair who thirst for knowledge, athletes
true who 'pots' despise.

It is well for thee, sweet Clio, at their harmless
tastes to sneer,

At their love of cats and croquet, their antipathy
to beer;

But as soon as every College has surrendered to the fair,
Life up here will be perfection, we shall breathe
ambrosial air;

For the problem of past ages will be solved, and
we shall find

The superior powers of woman, both in body and in mind.

She shall teach us how to study, how to ride,
and run, and row;

How to box and play at cricket; how the heavy
weight to throw;

How to shoot the trembling pigeon; how the wily rat
to slay;

How at football and at racquets; how at whist and
chess to play;

How to drive the rapid tandem; how to jump, and how
to walk;

(For young women, trust me, Clio, can do something
more than talk)

How to climb the Alps in summer; how in winter time
to skate;

How to hold the deadly rifle; how a yacht to navigate;

How to make the winning hazard with an effort sure
and strong;

How to play the maddening comet, how to sing a comic song;

How to 'utilize' Professors; how to purify the Cam;

How to brew a sherry cobbler, and to make red-currant jam.

All the arts which now we practise in a desultory way

Shall be taught us to perfection, when we own the
Ladies' sway."

Thus I spake, and strove by speaking to assuage



sweet Clio's fears;
But she shook her head in sorrow, and departed drowned
in tears.

(1874).

[1] Mr. J. B. Close, a well-known oarsman, stroke of the First Trinity 1st Boat.

[*] [Transcriber's note: The word "psychroloutes" appears in the original book in Greek. It has been transliterated from the Greek letters psi, upsilon, chi, rho, omicron, lambda, omicron, upsilon, tau, eta, and sigma.]

ATHLETES AND AESTHESIS.

An Idyll of the Cam.

It was an Undergraduate, his years were scarce nineteen;
Discretion's years and wisdom's teeth he plainly ne'er had seen;
For his step was light and jaunty, and around him wide and far
He puffed the fragrant odours of a casual cigar.

It was a sweet girl-graduate, her years were thirty two;
Her brow was intellectual, her whole appearance blue;
Her dress was mediaeval, and, as if by way of charm,
Six volumes strapped together she was bearing 'neath her arm.

'My beautiful Aesthesis,' the young man rashly cried,
'I am the young Athletes, of Trinity the pride;
I have large estates in Ireland, which ere long
will pay me rent;
I have rooms in Piccadilly, and a farm (unlet) in Kent.



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'My achievements thou hast heard of, how I chalk the wily cue,
Pull an oar, and wield the willow, and have won my double-blue;
How I ride, and play lawn tennis; how I make a claret cup;
Own the sweetest of bull terriers, and a grand St. Bernard pup.

'But believe me, since I've seen thee, all these
pleasures are a bore;
Life has now one only object fit to love and to adore;
Long in silence have I worshipped, long in secret have I sighed:
Tell me, beautiful Aesthesis, wilt thou be my blooming bride?'

'Sir Student,' quoth the maiden, 'you are really quite intense,
And I ever of this honour shall retain the highest sense;
But forgive me, if I venture'—faintly blushing thus she spoke—
'Is not true love inconsistent with tobacco's mundane smoke?'

'Perish all that comes between us,' cried Athletes, as he threw
His weed full fifty paces in the stream of Camus blue:
The burning weed encountered the cold river with the hiss
Which ensues when fire and water, wranglers old, are forced to kiss.

'Sir Student, much I thank thee,' said the Lady, 'thou hast shown
The fragrance of a lily, or of petals freshly blown;
But before to thee I listen there are questions not a few
Which demand from thee an answer satisfactory and true.'

'Fire away,' exclaimed Athletes, 'I will do the best I can;
But remember, gentle Maiden, that I'm not a reading man;
So your humble servant begs you, put your questions pretty plain,
For my Tutors all assure me I'm not overstocked with brain.

'Sir Student' cried the Lady, and her glance was stern and high,
Hast thou felt the soft vibration of a summer sunset sky?
Art thou soulful? Art thou tuneful? Cans't thou
weep o'er nature's woes?
Art thou redolent of Ruskin? Dost thou love a yellow rose?

'Hast thou bathed in emanations from the canvass of Burne Jones?
As thou gazest at a Whistler, doth it whistle wistful tones?
Art thou sadly sympathetic with a symphony in blue?
Tell me, tell me, gentle Student, art thou really quite tootoo?'

'Pon my word,' replied the Student, 'this is coming
it too strong:



I can sketch a bit at Lecture, and can sing a comic song;
But my head with all these subjects 'tis impossible to cram;
So, my beautiful Aesthesis, you must take me as I am.'

'Wilt thou come into my parlour,' sweetly blushing
asked the Maid,
'To my little bower in Girton, where a table shall be laid?
Pen and paper I will bring thee, and whatever thou shalt ask,
That is lawful, shall be granted for performance of thy task.'

Lightly leapt the young Athletes from his seat beside the Cam:
'This is tempting me, by Jingo, to submit to an Exam!
So it's time, my learned Lady, you and I should say good-bye'—
And he stood with indignation and wild terror in his eye.



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They parted, and Athletes had not left her very far,
Ere again he puffed the odours of a casual cigar;
But he oftentimes lamented, as to manhood's years he grew,
'What a pity such a stunner was so spoilt by being blue!'

And Aesthesis, as she watched him with his swinging manly stride,
The 'double-blue' Athletes, of Trinity the pride,
Found it difficult entirely to eradicate love's dart,
As she listened to thy Lecture, Slade Professor of Fine Art.

And Ruskin, and the warblings of Whistler and Burne Jones,
And symphonies in colours, and sunset's silent tones,
Move her not as once they moved her, for she weeps in sorrow sore,
'O had I loved Athletes less, or he loved culture more!'

(1882).

A VISION.

As hard at work I trimmed the midnight lamp,
Yfilling of mine head with classic lore,
Mine hands firm clasped upon my temples damp,
Methought I heard a tapping at the door;
'Come in,' I cried, with most unearthly rore,
Fearing a horrid Dun or Don to see,
Or Tomkins, that unmitigated bore,
Whom I love not, but who alas! loves me,
And cometh oft unbid and drinketh of my tea.

'Come in,' I rored; when suddenly there rose
A magick form before my dazzled eyes:
'Or do I wake,' I asked myself 'or doze'?
Or hath an angel come in mortal guise'?
So wondered I; but nothing mote surmise;
Only I gazed upon that lovely face,
In reverence yblent with mute surprise:
Sure never yet was seen such wondrous grace,
Since Adam first began to run his earthlie race.

Her hands were folded on her bosom meek;
Her sweet blue eyes were lifted t'ward the skie;
Her lips were parted, yet she did not speak;
Only at times she sighed, or seemed to sigh:
In all her 'haviour was there nought of shy;



Yet well I wis no Son of Earth would dare,
To look with love upon that lofty eye;
For in her beauty there was somewhat rare,
A something that repell'd an ordinary stare.

Then did she straight a snowycloth disclose
Of samite, which she placed upon a chair:
Then, smiling like a freshly-budding rose,
She gazed upon me with a witching air,
As mote a Cynic anchorite ensnare.
Eftsoons, as though her thoughts she could not smother,
She hasted thus her mission to declare:—
'Please, these is your clean things I've brought instead of brother,
'And if you'll pay the bill you'll much oblige my mother.'

(1860).

A MAY TERM MEMORY.

She wore a sweet pink bonnet,
The sweetest ever known:
And as I gazed upon it,
My heart was not my own.
For—I know not why or wherefore—
A pink bonnet put on well,
Tho' few other things I care for,
Acts upon me like a spell.



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'Twas at the May Term Races
That first I met her eye:
Amid a thousand Graces
No form with her's could vie.
On Grassy's sward enamelled
She reigned fair Beauty's Queen;
And every heart entrammell'd
With the charms of sweet eighteen.

Once more I saw that Bonnet—
'Twas on the King's Parade—
Once more I gazed upon it,
And silent homage paid.
She knew not I was gazing;
She passed unheeding by;
While I, in trance amazing,
Stood staring at the sky.

The May Term now is over:
That Bonnet has 'gone down';
And I'm myself a rover,
Far from my Cap and Gown.
But I dread the Long Vacation,
And its work by night and day,
After all the dissipation
Energetic of the May.

For x and y will vanish,
When that Bonnet I recall;
And a vision fair will banish,
Newton, Euclid, and Snowball.
And a gleam of tresses golden,
And of eyes divinely blue,
Will interfere with Holden,
And my Verse and Prose imbue.

* * * *

These sweet girl graduate beauties,
With their bonnets and their roses,
Will mar ere long the duties
Which Granta wise imposes.
Who, when such eyes are shining,
Can quell his heart's sensations;



Or turn without repining
To Square Root and Equations?

And when conspicuous my name
By absence shall appear;
When I have lost all hopes of fame,
Which once I held so dear;
When 'plucked' I seek a vain relief
In plaintive dirge or sonnet;
Thou wilt have caused that bitter grief,
Thou beautiful Pink Bonnet!

(1866).

THE MAY TERM.

Mille venit variis florum Dea nexa coronis:
Scena ioci morem liberioris habet.

OV. *Fast.* IV. 945, 946.

I wish that the May Term were over,
That its wearisome pleasures were o'er,
And I were reclining in clover
On the downs by a wave-beaten shore:
For fathers and mothers by dozens,
And sisters, a host without end,
Are bringing up numberless cousins,
Who have each a particular friend.

I'm not yet confirmed in misogyny—
They are all very well in their way—
But my heart is as hard as mahogany,
When I think of the ladies in May.
I shudder at each railway-whistle,
Like a very much victimized lamb;
For I know that the carriages bristle
With ladies invading the Cam.

Last week, as in due preparation
For reading I sported my door,
With surprise and no small indignation,
I picked up this note on the floor—
'Dear E. we are coming to see you,
'So get us some lunch if you can;
'We shall take you to Grassy, as Jehu—
'Your affectionate friend, Mary Ann.'



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Affectionate friend! I'm disgusted
With proofs of affection like these,
I'm growing 'old, tawny and crusted,'
Tho' my nature is easy to please.
An Englishman's home is his castle,
So I think that my friend Mary Ann
Should respect, tho' she deem him her vassal,
The rooms of a reading young man.

In the days of our fathers how pleasant
The May Term up here must have been!
No chignons distracting were present,
And scarcely a bonnet was seen.
As the boats paddled round Grassy Corner
No ladies examined the crews,
Or exclaimed with the voice of the scorners—
'Look, *how* Mr. Arculus screws!!

But now there are ladies in College,
There are ladies in Chapels and Halls;
No doubt 'tis a pure love of knowledge
That brings them within our old walls;
For they talk about Goldie's 'beginning';
Know the meaning of 'finish' and 'scratch,'
And will bet even gloves on our winning
The Boat Race, Athletics, or Match.

There's nothing but music and dancing,
Bands playing on each College green;
And bright eyes are merrily glancing
Where nothing but books should be seen.
They tell of a grave Dean a fable,
That reproving an idle young man
He faltered, for on his own table
He detected in horror—a fan!

Through Libraries, Kitchens, Museums,
These Prussian-like Amazons rush,
Over manuscripts, joints, mausoleums,
With equal intensity gush.
Then making their due 'requisition,'
From 'the lions' awhile they refrain,
And repose in the perfect fruition
Of ices, cold fowl, and champagne.



Mr. Editor, answer my question—
When, O when, shall this tyranny cease?
Shall the process of mental digestion
Ne'er find from the enemy peace?
Above all if my name you should guess, Sir,
Keep it quite to yourself, if you can;
For I dread, more than words can express, Sir,
My affectionate friend Mary Ann.

(1871).

A TRAGEDY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

“Et potis es nigrum vitio praefigere Delta.”—PERSIUS.

It was a young Examiner, scarce thirty were his years,
His name our University loves, honours, and reveres:
He pondered o'er some papers, and a tear stood in his eye;
He split his quill upon the desk, and raised a bitter cry—
'O why has Fortune struck me down with this unearthly blow?
“Why doom'd me to examine in my lov'd one's Little-go?
“O Love and Duty, sisters twain, in diverse ways ye pull;
“I dare not 'pass,' I scarce can 'pluck:' my cup of woe
is full.
“O that I ever should have lived this dismal day to see”!
He knit his brow, and nerved his hand, and wrote the fatal D.



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* * * * *

It was a lovely maiden down in Hertford's lovely shire;
Before her on a reading-desk, lay many a well-filled quire:
The lamp of genius lit her eyes; her years were twenty-two;
Her brow was high, her cheek was pale,
 her bearing somewhat blue:
She pondered o'er a folio, and laboured to divine
The mysteries of "x" and "y," and many a magic sign:
Yet now and then she raised her eye, and ceased
 awhile to ponder,
And seem'd as though inclined to allow her thoughts
 elsewhere to wander,
A step was heard, she closed her book; her heart
 beat high and fast,
As through the court and up the stairs a manly figure passed.
One moment more, the opening door disclosed unto her view
Her own beloved Examiner, her friend and lover true.
"Tell me, my own Rixator, is it First or Second Class?"
His firm frame shook, he scarce could speak,
 he only sigh'd "Alas!"
She gazed upon him with an air serenely calm and proud—
"Nay, tell me all, I fear it not"—he murmured
 sadly "Ploughed."
She clasped her hands, she closed her eyes as fell
 the word of doom;
Full five times round in silence did she pace her little room;
Then calmly sat before her books, and sigh'd "Rixator dear,
"Give me the list of subjects to be studied for next year."

"My own brave Mathematica, my pupil and my pride,
"My persevering Student whom I destine for my bride;
"Love struggled hard with Duty, while the lover marked you B;
"In the end the stern Examiner prevailed and gave you D.
"Mine was the hand that dealt the blow! Alas, against my will
"I plucked you in Arithmetic—and can'st thou love me still?"
She gazed upon him and her eye was full of love and pride—
"Nay these are but the trials, Love, by which
 true love is tried.

"I never knew your value true, until you marked me D:
"D stands for dear, and dear to me you evermore shall be."

* * * * *



A year had passed, and she had passed, for morning,
noon, and night,
Her Euclid and her Barnard-Smith had been her sole delight.
Soon "Baccalaurea Artium" was added to her name,
And Hitchin's groves, and Granta's courts resounded
with her fame;
And when Rixator hurried down one day by the express,
And asked if she would have him, I believe she answered "Yes."
For now they live together, and a wiser, happier pair,
More learned and more loving, can scarce be found elsewhere;
And they teach their children Euclid, and
their babies all can speak
French and German in their cradles, and at five
can write good Greek;
And he is a Professor and she Professoress,
And they never cease the Little-go in gratitude to bless;
When love could not the Lover from the path of duty sway,
And no amount of plucking could his Student fair dismay.



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Moral.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, if in love you would
 have luck,
In wooing, as in warfare, trust in nothing else than pluck.

(1871).

“NUNC TE BACCHE CANAM.”

'Tis done! Henceforth nor joy nor woe
 Can make or mar my fate;
I gaze around, above, below,
 And all is desolate.
Go, bid the shattered pine to bloom;
 The mourner to be merry;
But bid no ray to cheer the tomb
 In which my hopes I bury!

I never thought the world was fair;
 That 'Truth must reign victorious';
I knew that Honesty was rare;
 Wealth only meritorious.
I knew that Women *might* deceive,
 And *sometimes* cared for money;
That Lovers who in Love believe
 Find gall as well as honey.

I knew that “wondrous Classic lore”
 Meant something most pedantic;
That Mathematics were a bore,
 And Morals un-romantic.
I knew my own beloved light-blue
 Might much improve their rowing:
In fact, I knew a thing or two
 Decidedly worth knowing.

But thou!—Fool, fool, I thought that thou
 At least wert something glorious;
I saw thy polished ivory brow,
 And could not feel censorious.
I thought I saw thee smile—but that
 Was all imagination;



Upon the garden seat I sat,
And gazed in adoration.

I plucked a newly-budding rose,
Our lips then met together;
We spoke not—but a lover knows
How lips two lives can tether.
We parted! I believed thee true;
I asked for no love-token;
But now thy form no more I view—
My Pipe, my Pipe, thou'rt broken!

Broken!—and when the Sun's warm rays
Illumine hill and heather,
I think of all the pleasant days
We might have had together.
When Lucifer's phosphoric beam
Shines e'er the Lake's dim water,
O then, my Beautiful, I dream
Of thee, the salt sea's daughter.

O why did Death thy beauty snatch
And leave me lone and blighted,
Before the Hymeneal match
Our young loves had united?
I knew thou wert not made of clay,
I loved thee with devotion,
Soft emanation of the spray!
Bright, foam-born child of Ocean!

One night I saw an unknown star,
Methought it gently nodded;
I saw, or seemed to see, afar
Thy spirit disembodied.
Cleansed from the stain of smoke and oil,
My tears it bade me wipe,
And there, relieved from earthly toil,
I saw my Meerschaum pipe.

Men offer me the noisome weed;
But nought can calm my sorrow;
Nor joy nor misery I heed;
I care not for the morrow.
Pipeless and friendless, tempest-tost
I fade, I faint, I languish;
He only who has loved and lost
Can measure all my anguish.



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A ROMANCE IN REAL (ACADEMIC) LIFE.

By the waters of Cam, as the shades were descending,
A Fellow sat moaning his desolate lot;
From his sad eyes were flowing salt rivulets, blending
Their tide with the river which heeded them not—

“O! why did I leave,”—thus he wearily muttered—
“The silent repose, and the shade of my books,
Where the voice of a woman no sound ever uttered,
And I ne’er felt the magic of feminine looks?”

“Then I rose when the east with Aurora was ruddy;
Took a plunge in my Pliny; collated a play;
No breakfast I ate, for I found in each study
A collation which lasted me all through the day.

“I know not what temptress first came to my garden
Of Eden, and lured me stern wisdom to leave;
But I rather believe that a sweet ‘Dolly Varden’
Came into my rooms on a soft summer eve.

“From that hour to this, dresses silken and satin
Seem to rustle around me, like wings in a dream;
And eyes of bright blue, as I lecture in Latin,
Fill my head with ideas quite remote from my theme.

“My life was once lonely, and almost ascetic;
But now, if I venture to walk in the street,
With her books in her hand, some fair Peripatetic
Is sure to address me with whisperings sweet.

“O, dear DR. OXYTONE, tell me the meaning
Of this terrible phrase, which I cannot make out;
And what is the Latin for “reaping” and “gleaning?”
Is “podagra” the Greek, or the Latin for “gout?”

“And what do you mean by “paroemiac bases?”
Did the ladies in Athens wear heels very high?
Do give me the rules for Greek accents, and Crasis?
Did CORNELIA drive out to dine in a fly?

“When were bonnets first worn? was the toga becoming?
Were woman’s rights duly respected in Rome?”



What tune was that horrible Emperor strumming,
When all was on fire—was it *Home, Sweet Home*?”

“Such questions as these (sweetest questions!) assail me,
When I walk on our Trumpington-Road-Rotten-Row;
The voice of the charmer ne’er ceases to hail me
(Is it *wisely* she charmeth?) wherever I go.

“Locked up in my rooms, I sigh wearily ‘*oh!*’
But cards, notes, and letters pour in by each post;
From PHYLLIS, EUPHROSYNE, PHIDYLE, CHLOE,
AMARYLLIS and JANE, and a numberless host.

“And now, I must take either poison or blue-pill,
For things cannot last very long as they are.”
He ceased, as the exquisite form of a pupil
Dawned upon him, serene as a beautiful star.

Much of syntax and “accidence moving” our Fellow
Discoursed as they sat by the murmuring stream,
Till, as young *Desdemona* was charmed by *Othello*,
She listened, as one who is dreaming a dream.



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* * * * *

Now he, who was once a confirmed woman-hater,
Sees faces around him far dearer than books;
And no longer a Coelebs, but husband and "pater,"
Lauds in Latin and Greek MRS. OXYTONE'S looks.

(1871)

THE SENIOR FELLOW.

When the shades of eve descending
Throw o'er cloistered courts their gloom,
Dimly with the twilight blending
Memories long forgotten loom.
From the bright fire's falling embers
Faces smile that smiled of yore;
Till my heart again remembers
Hopes and thoughts that live no more.

Then again does manhood's vigour
Nerve my arm with iron strength;
As of old when trained with rigour
We beat Oxford by a length.
Once again the willow wielding
Do I urge the flying ball;
Till "lost ball" the men who're fielding
Hot and weary faintly call.

Then I think of hours of study,
Study silent as the tomb,
Till the rays of morning ruddy
Shone within my lonely room.
Once again my heart is burning
With ambition's restless glow;
And long hidden founts of learning
O'er my thirsty spirit flow.

Soon fresh scenes my fancy people,
For I see a wooded hill;
See above the well-known steeple;
Hear below the well-known rill;
Joyous sounds each gale is bringing,
Wafted on its fragrant breath;



Hark! I hear young voices singing,
Voices silent now in death.

Brothers, sisters, loved and loving,
Hold me in their fond embrace;
Half forgiving, half reproving,
I can see my Mother's face,
Mid a night of raven tresses,
Through the gloom two sad eyes shine;
And my hand a soft hand presses,
And a heart beats close to mine.

In mine ears a voice is ringing,
Sweeter far than earthly strain,
Heavenly consolation bringing
From the land that knows no pain,
And when slowly from me stealing
Fades that vision into air,
Every pulse beats with the feeling
That a Spirit loved was there.

A VALENTINE.

O how shall I write a love-ditty
To my Alice on Valentine's day?
How win the affection or pity
Of a being so lively and gay?
For I'm an unpicturesque creature,
Fond of pipes and port wine and a doze
Without a respectable feature,
With a squint and a very queer nose.

But she is a being seraphic,
Full of fun, full of frolic and mirth;
Who can talk in a manner most graphic
Every possible language on earth.
When she's roaming in regions Italic,
You would think her a fair Florentine;
She speaks German like Schiller; and Gallic
Better far than Rousseau or Racine.



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She sings—sweeter far than a cymbal
 (A sound which I never have heard);
She plays—and her fingers most nimble
 Make music more soft than a bird.
She speaks—'tis like melody stealing
 O'er the Mediterranean sea;
She smiles—I am instantly kneeling
 On each gouty and corpulent knee.

'Tis night! the pale moon shines in heaven
 (Where else it should shine I don't know),
And like fire-flies the Pleiades seven
 Are winking at mortals below:
Let them wink, if they like it, for ever,
 My heart they will ne'er lead astray;
Nor the soft silken memories sever,
 Which bind me to Alice De Grey.

If I roam thro' the dim Coliseum,
 Her fairy form follows me there;
If I list to the solemn "Te Deum,"
 Her voice seems to join in the prayer.
"Sweet spirit" I seem to remember,
 O would she were near me to hum it;
As I heard her in sunny September,
 On the Rigi's aerial summit!

O Alice where art thou? No answer
 Comes to cheer my disconsolate heart;
Perhaps she has married a lancer,
 Or a bishop, or baronet smart;
Perhaps, as the Belle of the ball-room,
 She is dancing, nor thinking of me;
Or riding in front of a small groom;
 Or tossed in a tempest at sea;

Or listening to sweet Donizetti,
 In Venice, or Rome, or La Scala;
Or walking alone on a jetty;
 Or buttering bread in a parlour;
Perhaps, at our next merry meeting,
 She will find me dull, married, and gray;
So I'll send her this juvenile greeting
 On the Eve of St. Valentine's day.

**A CURATE'S COMPLAINT.**

Where are they all departed,
The loved ones of my youth,
Those emblems white of purity,
Sweet innocence and truth?
When day-light drives the darkness,
When evening melts to night,
When noon-day suns burn brightest,
They come not to my sight.

I miss their pure embraces
Around my neck and throat,
The thousand winning graces
Whereon I used to dote.
I know I may find markets
Where love is bought and sold,
But no such love can equal
The tender ties of old.

My gentle washer-woman,
I know that you are true;
The least shade of suspicion
Can never fall on you.
Then fear me not, as fiercely
I fix on thee stern eyes,
And ask in terms emphatic,
"Where are my lost white ties?"

Each year I buy a dozen,
Yet scarce a year is gone,
Ere, looking in my ward-robe,
I find that I have none.
I don't believe in magic,
I know that you are true,
Yet say, my washer-woman,
What can those white ties do?

Does each with her own collar
To regions far elope,
Regions by starch untainted,
And innocent of soap?
I know not; but in future
I'll buy no more white ties,
But wear the stiff 'all-rounder'
Of Ritualistic guise.



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TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

There once was a time when I revelled in
rhyme, with Valentines deluged my cousins,

Translated Tibullus and half of Catullus, and
poems produced by the dozens.

Now my tale is nigh told, for my blood's running
cold, all my laurels lie yellow and faded.

"We have come to the boss;" [1] like a weary old
hoss, poor Pegasus limps, and is jaded.

And yet Mr. Editor, like a stern creditor, duns
me for this or that article,

Though he very well knows that of Verse and of
prose I am stripped to the very last particle.

What shall I write of? What subject indite of?
All my *vis viva* is failing;

Emeritus sum; Mons Parnassus is dumb, and my
prayers to the Nine unavailing.—

Thus in vain have I often attempted to soften
the hard heart of Mr. Arenaë;

Like a sop, I must throw him some sort of a
poem, in spite of unwilling Camenæe.

* * * * *

No longer I roam in my Johnian home, no more
in the "wilderness" wander;

And absence we know, for the Poet says so,
makes the heart of the lover grow fonder.

I pine for the Cam, like a runaway lamb that
misses his woolly-backed mother;

I can find no relief for my passionate grief, nor
my groanings disconsolate smother.



Say, how are you all in our old College Hall?
Are the dinners more costly, or plainer?

How are Lecturers, Tutors, Tobacco and Pewters,
and how is my friend, the Complainer?

Are the pupils of Merton, and students of Girton,
increasing in numbers, or fewer?

Are they pretty, or plain? Humble-minded or
vain? Are they paler, or pinker, or bluer?

How's the party of stormers, our so-called
Reformers? Are Moral and Natural Sciences

Improving men's Minds? Who the money now
finds, for Museums, and all their appliances?

Is Philosophy thriving, or sound sense reviving?
Is high-table talk metaphysic?

Will dark blue or light have the best of the
fight, at Putney and Mortlake and Chiswick?

I often importune the favour of Fortune, that no
misadventure may cross us,

And Rhodes once again on the watery plain,
may prove an aquatic Colossus.

[N.B. since I wrote I must add a short note,
by means of new fangled devices,

Our "Three" was unseated, and we were
defeated, and robbed of our laurels by Isis.]—

O oft do I dream of the muddy old stream, the
Father of wisdom and knowledge,



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Where ages ago I delighted to row for the honour
and praise of my College.

I feel every muscle engaged in the tussle, I hear
the wild shouting and screaming;

And as we return I can see from the stern Lady
Margaret's red banner streaming;

Till I wake with a start, such as nightmares impart,
and find myself rapidly gliding,

And striving in vain at my ease to remain on a
seat that is constantly sliding.

Institutions are changed, men and manners
deranged, new systems of rowing and reading,

And writing and thinking, and eating and drinking,
each other are quickly succeeding.

Who knows to what end these new notions will
tend? No doubt all the world is progressing,

For Kenealy and Odgers, those wide-awake dodgers,
the wrongs of mankind are redressing.

No doubt we shall soon take a trip to the moon,
if we need recreation or frolic;

Or fly to the stars in the New Pullman Cars,
when we find the dull earth melancholic.

We shall know the delights of enjoying our
rights without any *duties* to vex us;

We shall know the unknown; the Philosopher's
stone shall be ours, and no problems perplex us;

For all shall be patent, no mysteries latent;
man's mind by intuitive notion,

The circle shall square, x and y shall declare,
and discover perpetual motion.



Meanwhile till the Earth has accomplished its
birth, mid visions of imminent glory,

I prefer to remain, as aforetime, a plain and
bloated and bigoted Tory.

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Editor, lately my creditor, now fully
paid and my debtor,

I wonder what you will be minded to do, when
you get this rhapsodical letter.

If you listen to me (I shall charge you no fee
for advice) do not keep or return it;

To its merits be kind, to its faults rather blind;
in a word, Mr. Editor, burn it!

(1875).

[1] '*iam fervenimus usque ad umbilicos.*' Martial iv. 91.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

(OR, WHAT SHOULD A MAIDEN BE?)

[NOTE.—The following lines were written by request,
to be read at a Meeting of the "Girls' Friendly Society."]

What should a maiden be? Pure as the rill,
Ere it has left its first home in the hill;
Thinking no evil, suspecting no guile,
Cherishing nought that can harm or defile.

What should a maiden be? Honest and true,
Giving to God and to neighbour their due;
Modest and merciful, simple and neat,
Clad in the white robe of innocence sweet.



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What should a maiden be? She should be loath
Lightly to give or receive loving troth;
But when her faith is once plighted, till breath
Leave her, her love should be stronger than death.

What should a maiden be? Merry, whene'er
Merriment comes with a natural air;
But let not mirth be an every-day guest,
Quietness sits on a maiden the best.

Like a fair lily, sequestered and meek,
She should be sought for, not others should seek;
But, when the wild winds of trouble arise,
She should be calm and courageous and wise,

What should her words be? Her words should be few,
Honest and genuine, tender and true;
Words that overflow from a pure heart within,
Guiltless of folly, untainted by sin.

What should her dress be? Not gaudy and vain,
But unaffectedly pretty and plain;
She should remember these few simple words—
“Fine feathers flourish on foolish young birds.”

Where should a maiden be? Home is the place
Which a fair maid is most fitted to grace;
There should she turn, like a bird to the nest,
There should a maiden be, blessing and blest.

There should she dwell as the handmaid of God,
And if He bid her ‘pass under the rod,’
Let her each murmur repining suppress,
Knowing He chasteneth that He may bless.

But if earth’s blessings each day He renew,
Let her give glory where glory is due;
Deem every blessing a gift from above,
Given, and designed for a purpose of love,

What will her future be? If she become
Matron and mother, may God bless her home!
God to the matron all blessings will give,
If as God’s maiden the young maiden live.



What will her future be? If she should die,
Lightly the earth on her ashes will lie;
Softly her body will sleep 'neath the sod,
While her pure spirit is safe with her God.

TURGIDUS ALPINUS.

My miserable countrymen, whose wont is once a-year
To lounge in watering-places, disagreeable and dear;
Who on pigmy Cambrian mountains, and in Scotch or Irish bogs
Imbibe incessant whisky, and inhale incessant fogs:
Ye know not with what transports the mad Alpine Clubman gushes,
When with rope and axe and knapsack to the realms of snow he rushes.
O can I e'er the hour forget—a voice within cries “Never!”—
From British beef and sherry *dear* which my young heart did sever?
My limbs were cased in flannel light, my frame in Norfolk jacket,
As jauntily I stepped upon the impatient Calais packet.
“Dark lowered the tempest overhead,” the waters wildly rolled,
Wildly the moon sailed thro’ the clouds, “and it grew wondrous cold;”
The good ship cleft the darkness, like an iron wedge, I trow,
As the steward whispered kindly, “you



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had better go below”—

Enough! I've viewed with dauntless eye the cattle's bloody tide;
Thy horse, proud Duke of Manchester, I've seen straight at me ride;
I've braved chance ram-rods from my friends, blank cartridges from foes;
The jeers of fair spectators, when I fell upon my nose;
I've laughed at toils and troubles, as a British Volunteer;
But the thought of that nigh's misery still makes me pale with fear.
Sweet the repose which cometh as the due reward of toil;
Sweet to the sea-worn traveller the French or British soil;
But a railway-carriage full of men, who smoke and drink and spit,
Who disgust you by their manners, and oppress you with their wit;
A carriage garlic-scented, full of uproar and of heat,
To a sleepy, jaded Briton is decidedly not sweet.
Then welcome, welcome Paris, peerless city of delights!
Welcome, Boulevards, fields Elysian, brilliant days and magic nights!
"Vive la gloire, et vive Napoleon! vive l'Empire (c'est la paix);
"Vive la France, the land of beauty! vive la Rue St. Honore!"
Wildly shouting thus in triumph, I arrived at my Hotel—
The exterior was palatial, and the dinner pretty well:
O'er the rest, ye muses draw a veil! 'Twas the Exhibition year—
And everything was nasty, and proportionately dear,
Why should ye sing how much I paid for one poor pint of claret—
The horrors of my bedroom in a flea-frequented garret—
Its non-Sabaeian odours—Liliputian devices
For washing in a tea-cup—all at "Exhibition prices?"
To the mountains, to the mountains, to their snowy peaks I fly!
For their pure, primeval freshness, for their solitude I sigh!
Past old Dijon and its Buffet, past fair Macon and its wine,
Thro' the lime-stone cliffs, of Jura, past Mont Cenis' wondrous line;
Till at 10 A.M., "Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,"
And I take outside the diligence for Chamonix my place.
Still my fond imagination views, in memory's mirror clear,
Purple rock, and snowy mountain, pine-wood black, and glassy mere;
Foaming torrents hoarsely raving; tinkling cowbells in the glade;
Meadows green, and maidens mowing in the pleasant twilight shade:
The crimson crown of sun-set on Mont Blanc's majestic head,
And each lesser peak beneath him pale and ghastly as the dead:
Eagle-nest-like mountain chalets, where the tourist for some sous
Can imbibe milk by the bucket, and on Nature's grandeur muse:
Mont Anvert, the "Pas" called "mauvais," which I thought
 was "pas mauvais,"
Where, in spite of all my boasting, I encountered some delay;



For, much to my amazement, at the steepest part I met
A matron who weighed twenty stones, and I think must be there yet:
The stupendous Col du Geant, with its chaos of seracs;
The procession into Cormayeur, with lantern,



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rope, and axe:

The sweet girl with golden ringlets—her dear name was Mary Ann—
Whom I helped to climb the Jardin, and who cut me at Lausanne:
On these, the charms of Chamonix, sweeter far than words can tell,
At the witching hour of twilight doth my memory love to dwell.
Ye, who ne'er have known the rapture, the unutterable bliss
Of Savoy's sequestered valleys, and the mountains of La Suisse;
The mosquitos of Martigny; the confusion of Sierre;
The dirt of Visp or Minister, and the odours everywhere:
Ye, who ne'er from Monte Rosa have surveyed Italia's plain,
Till you wonder if you ever will get safely down again;
Ye, who ne'er have stood on tip-toe on a 'knife-like snow-arete,'
Nor have started avalanches by the pressure of your weight;
Ye, who ne'er have *packed* your weary limbs in sleeping bags at night,
Some few inches from a berg-schrund, 'neath
 the pale moon's freezing light:
Who have ne'er stood on the snow-fields, when the sun in glory rose,
Nor returned again at sun-set with parched lips and skinless nose;
Ye, who love not masked crevasses, falling stones, and blistered feet,
Sudden changes from Siberia's cold to equatorial heat;
Ye, who love not the extortions of Padrone, Driver, Guide;
Ye, who love not o'er the Gemmi on a kicking mule to ride;
You miserable creatures, who will never know true bliss,
You're not the men for Chamonix; avoid, avoid La Suisse!

THE ALPINE CLUB MAN.

"Up the high Alps, perspiring madman, steam,
To please the school-boys, and become a theme."
Cf. Juv. Sat. x, v. 106.

We who know not the charms of a glass below Zero,
Come list to the lay of an Alpine Club hero;
For no mortal below, contradict it who can,
Lives a life half so blest as the Alpine Club man.

When men of low tastes snore serenely in bed,
He is up and abroad with a nose blue and red;
While the lark, who would peacefully sleep in her nest,
Wakes and blesses the stranger who murders her rest.



Now blowing their fingers, with frost-bitten toes,
The joyous procession exultingly goes;
Above them the glaciers spectral are shining,
But onward they march undismay'd, unrepining.

Now the glacier blue they approach with blue noses,
When a yawning crevasse further progress opposes;
Already their troubles begin—here's the rub!
So they halt, and *nem. con.* call aloud for their grub.

From the fountain of pleasure will bitterness spring,
Yet why should the Muse aught but happiness sing?
No! let me the terrible anguish conceal
Of the hero whose guide had forgotten the veal! [1]

Now "all full inside" on the ice they embark:
The moon has gone down, and the morning is dark,
Dreary drizzles the rain, O, deny it who can,
There's no one so blest as the Alpine Club man!



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But why should I dwell on their labours at length?
Why sing of their eyelids' astonishing strength?
How they ride up "aretes" with slow, steady advance,
One leg over Italy, one over France.

Now the summit is gained, the reward of their toil:
So they sit down contentedly water to boil:
Eat and drink, stamp their feet, and keep warm if they can—
O who is so blest as the Alpine Club man?

Now their lips and their hands are of wonderful hue,
And skinless their noses, that 'erst were so blue:
And they find to their cost that high regions agree
With that patient explorer and climber—the flea.

Then they slide down again in a manner not cozy,
(Descensus baud facilis est Montis Rosae)
Now spread on all fours, on their backs now descending,
Till broad-cloth and bellows call loudly for mending.

Now harnessed together like so many—horses,
By bridges of snow they cross awful crevasses;
So frail are these bridges that they who go o'er 'em
Indulge in a perilous "Pons Asinorum."

Lastly weary and Jaded, with hunger opprest,
In a hut they chew goat's flesh, and court gentle rest;
But entomological hosts have conspired
To drive sleep from their eyelids, with clambering tired.

O thou, who with banner of strangest device
Hast never yet stood on a summit of ice,
Where "lifeless but beautiful" nature doth show
An unvaried expanse of rock, rain, ice, and snow.

Perchance thou may'st ask what avails all their toil?
What avails it on mountain-tops water to boil?
What avails it to leave their snug beds in the dark?
Do they go for a view? do they go for a lark?

Know, presumptuous wretch, 'tis not science they prize,
The lark, and the view ('tis all mist) they despise;
Like the wise king of France with his ten thousand men,
They go up their mountain—to come down again.



[1] Cf. Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers, 1st Series, p. 296.

THE MODERN CLIMBER.

Year after year, as Summer suns come round,
Upon the Calais packet am I found:
Thence to Geneva hurried by express,
I halt for breakfast, bathe, and change my dress.
My well-worn knapsack to my back I strap;
My Alpine rope I neatly round me wrap;
Then, axe in hand, the diligence disdaining,
I walk to Chamonix, by way of training.
Arrived at Coutlet's Inn by eventide,
I interview my porter and my guide:
My guide, that Mentor who has dragg'd full off
These aching, shaking, quaking limbs aloft;
Braved falling stones, cut steps on ice-slopes steep,
That *I* the glory of *his* deeds might reap.
My porter, who with uncomplaining back
O'er passes, peaks, and glaciers bears my pack:



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Tho' now the good man looks a trifle sadder,
When I suggest the ill-omened name of "ladder."
O'er many a pipe our heads we put together;
Our first enquiry is of course "the weather."
With buoyant hearts the star-lit heaven we view;
Then our next point is "What are we to 'do'?"
My pipe I pocket, and with head up-tossed
My listening followers I thus accost:—
"Mont Blanc, we know, is stupid, stale, and slow,
A tiresome tramp o'er lumps of lifeless snow.
The Col du Geant is a trifle worse;
The Jardin's fit for babies with their nurse:
The Aiguille Verte is more the sort of thing,
But time has robbed it of its former sting;
Alone the Dent du Geant and the Dru [1]
Remain 'undone,' and therefore fit to 'do.'
Remember how I love, my comrades tried,
To linger on some rocky mountain's side,
"Where I can hear the crash of falling stones,
Threatening destruction to the tourist's bones!
No cadence falls so sweetly on my ear
As stones discharged from precipices sheer:
No sight is half so soothing to my nerves
As boulders bounding in eccentric curves.
If falling stones sufficient be not found,
Lead me where avalanches most abound.
Ye shake your heads; ye talk of home and wife,
Of babes dependent on the Father's life.
What! still reluctant? let me then make clear
The duties of the guide and mountaineer;
Mine is to order, yours is to obey—
For you are hirelings, and 'tis I who pay.
I've heard, indeed, that some old-fashioned Herren,
Who've walked with Almer, Melchior, and Perren,
Maintain that mountaineering is a pleasure,
A recreation for our hours of leisure:
'To be or not to be' perhaps may matter
To *them*, for they may have some brains to scatter;
But *we*, I trust, shall take a higher view,
And make our mountain motto 'die or do.'



“Nay, hear me out! your scruples well I know:
Trust me, not unrewarded shall ye go.
If ye succeed, much money will I give,
And mine unfaltering friendship, while ye live.
Nor only thus will I your deeds requite;
High testimonials in your books I’ll write.
Thee, trusty guide, will I much eulogize
As strong and cautious, diligent and wise,
Active, unhesitating, cheerful, sure—
Nay, *almost* equal to an Amateur!
And thou, my meekest of meek beasts of burden,
Thou too shalt have thine undisputed guerdon:
I’ll do for thee the very best I can,
And sound thy praise as ‘a good third-rate man.’
But if ye fail, if cannonading stones,
Or toppling ice-crag, pulverize your bones;
O happy stroke, that makes immortal heroes
Of men who, otherwise, would be but zeroes!
What tho’ no Alpine horn make music drear
O’er the lone snow which furnishes your bier;



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Nor Alpine maiden strew your grave with posies
Of gentian, edelweiss, and Alpine roses?
"The Alpine Muse her iciest tears shall shed,
And 'build a stone-man' o'er your honour'd head,
Chamois and bouquetins the spot shall haunt,
With eagles, choughs, and lammergeyers gaunt;
The mountain marmots, marching o'er the snow,
Their yearly pilgrimage shall ne'er forego;
Tyndall himself, in grand, prophetic tones,
Shall calculate the movement of your bones;
And your renown shall live serene, eternal,
Embalmed in pages of the Alpine Journal!"

* * * * *

By reasoning such as this, year after year,
I overcome my men's unreasoning fear:
Twice has my guide by falling stones been struck,
Yet still I trust his science and my luck.
A falling stone once cut my rope in twain;
We stopped to mend it, and marched on again.
Once a big boulder, with a sudden whack,
Severed my knapsack from my porter's back.
Twice on a sliding avalanche I've slid,
While my companions in its depths were hid.
Daring all dangers, no disaster fearing,
I carry out my plan of mountaineering.
Thus have I conquered glacier, peak, and pass,
Aiguilles du Midi, Cols des Grandes Jorasses.
Thus shall I onward march from peak to peak,
Till there are no new conquests left to seek.
O the wild joy, the unutterable bliss
To hear the coming avalanche's hiss!
Or place oneself in acrobatic pose,
While mountain missiles graze one's sun-burnt nose!
And if some future season I be doom'd
To be by boulders crushed, or snow entombed,
Still let me upward urge my mad career,
And risk my limbs and life for honour dear!



Sublimely acquiescent in my lot,
I'll die a martyr for—I know not what!

(1876)

[1] Written in 1876.

THE CLIMBER'S DREAM.

I made an ascent of the Eiger
Last year, which has ne'er been surpassed;
'Twas dangerous, long, and laborious,
But almost incredibly fast.
We started at twelve from the Faulberg;
Ascended the Monch by the way;
And were well at the base of our mountain,
As the peak caught the dawn of the day.

In front of me Almer and Perren
Cut steps, each as big as a bucket;
While behind me there followed, as Herren,
George, Stephen, and Freshfield, and Tuckett.
We got to the top without trouble;
There halted, of course, for the view;
When clouds, sailing fast from the southward,
Veiled over the vault of dark blue.

The lightning shone playfully round us;
The thunder ferociously growled;
The hail beat upon us in bullets;
And the wind everlastingly howled.
We turned to descend to the Scheideck,
Eyes blinded, ears deafened, we ran,
In our panic and hurry, forgetting
To add a new stone to the *man*.



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Palinurus himself—that is Almer—
No longer could make out the track;
'Twas folly, no doubt, to go onward;
'Twas madness, of course, to go back.
The snow slope grew steeper and steeper;
The lightning more vividly flared;
The thunder rolled deeper and deeper;
And the wind more offensively blared.

But at last a strong gust for a moment
Dispersed the thick cloud from our sight,
And revealed an astonishing prospect,
Which filled not our hearts with delight:
On our right was a precipice awful;
On the left chasms yawning and deep;
Glazed rocks and snow-slopes were before us,
At an angle alarmingly steep.

We all turned and looked back at Almer.
Who then was the last on the rope;
His face for a moment was clouded,
Then beamed with the dawn of a hope;
He came to the front, and thence forward
In wonderful fashion he led,
Over rocks, over snow-slopes glissading,
While he stood, bolt upright on his head!

We followed, in similar fashion;
Hurrah, what a moment is this!
What a moment of exquisite transport!
A realization of bliss!
To glissade is a pleasant sensation,
Of which all have written, or read;
But to taste it, *in perfect perfection*,
You should learn to glissade *on your head*.

Hurrah! with a wild scream of triumph,
Over snow, over boulders we fly,
Our heads firmly pressed to the surface,
Our heels pointing up to the sky!
We bound o'er the bergschrund uninjured,
We shoot o'er a precipice sheer;
Hurrah, for the modern glissader!
Hurrah, for the wild mountaineer!



* * * * *

But, alas! what is this? what a shaking!
What a jar! what a bump! what a thump!
Out of bed, in intense consternation,
I bound with a hop, skip, and jump.
For I hear the sweet voice of a "person"
Of whom I with justice am proud,
*"My dear, when you dream about mountains,
I wish you'd not jodel so loud!"*

THE BEACONSFIELD ALPHABET.

A's my new policy called Annexation;
B is the Bother it causes the nation.
C is Lord Chelmsford, engaged with Zulus;
D the Disasters which give me 'the blues.'
E is the Effort I make to look merry;
F is my Failure—deplorable very!
G is Sir Garnett, alas, not ubiquitous!
H stands for H——t, an M.P. iniquitous.
I stands for India, a source of vexation:
J are the Jews, a most excellent nation.
K is the Khedive, whose plan is to borrow
L L. s. d.—I'll annex him to-morrow!
M's the Majority, which I much prize;
N are the Non-contents whom I despise.
O's the Opposition, so often defeated;
P is P——ll, that Home-ruler



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conceited.

Q are the Questions put by noble Lords;
R my Responses, more cutting than swords.
S is the Sultan, my friend true and warm;
T are the Turks, whom I hope to reform.
U's my Utopia—Cyprus, I mean:
V is Victoria, my Empress and Queen.
W's the World, which ere long I shall own;
X is the sign of my power unknown.
Y is the Yacht I shall keep in the Red Sea:
Z the Zulus, whom I wish in the Dead Sea.

(1879).

THE GLADSTONE ALPHABET.

A's Aristides, or Gladstone the Good;
B is Lord B., whom I'd crush if I could.
C are Conservatives, full of mad pranks;
D are the Dunces who fill up their ranks.
E stands for Ewelme, of some notoriety;
F for the Fuss made in Oxford society.
G stands for Gladstone, a hewer of wood;
H is my Hatchet of merciless mood.
I is the Irish Church which I cut down:
J are the Jobs which I kill with a frown,
K are the Knocks which I give and I take:
L are the Liberals whom I forsake.
M are the Ministry whom I revile;
N are the Noodles my speeches beguile.
O is the Office I mean to refuse:
P is the Premier—I long for his shoes.
Q are the Qualms of my conscience refined;
R is the Rhetoric nothing can bind,
S is Herr Schliemann who loves much to walk about
T ancient Troy, which I love much to talk about.
U is the Union of Church and State;
V are my former Views, now out of date.
W is William, the People's 'True Bill,'
X is the Exit from power of that 'Will.'



Y is Young England, who soon will unite
Z in fresh Zeal for the 'People's Delight.'

(1879)

SOLITUDE IN SEPTEMBER.

O BEATA SOLITUDO; O SOLA BEATITUDO.

(Inscription in the Grounds of Burg Birseck, near Basel.)

Sweet Solitude where dost thou linger?
When and where shall I look in thy face?
Feel the soft magic touch of thy finger,
The glow of thy silent embrace?
Stern Civilization has banished
Thy charms to a region unknown;
The spell of thy beauty has vanished—
Sweet Solitude, where hast thou flown?

I have sought thee on pampas and prairie,
By blue lake and bluer crevasse,
On shores that are arid and airy,
Lone peak, and precipitous pass.
I have sought thee, sweet Solitude, ever
Regardless of peril and pain;
But in spite of my utmost endeavour
I have sought thee, fair charmer, in vain.

To the Alps, to the Alps in September,
Unconducted by Cook, did I rush;
Full well even now I remember
How my heart with emotion did gush.
Here at least in these lonely recesses
With thee I shall cast in my lot;
Shall feel thy endearing caresses,
Forgetting all else and forgot.



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But I met a young couple “proposing”
On the top of the sunny Languard;
I surprised an old gentleman dozing,
“Times” in hand, on the heights of Fort Bard.
In the fir woods of sweet Pontresina
Picnic papers polluted the walks;
On the top of the frosty Bernina
I found a young mountain of—corks.

I trod, by the falls of the Handeck,
On the end of a penny cigar;
As I roamed in the woods above Landeck
A hair-pin my pleasure did mar:
To the Riffel in vain I retreated,
Mr. Gaze and the Gazers were there;
On the top of the Matterhorn seated
I picked up a lady’s back hair!

From the Belle Vue in Thun I was hunted
By “Arry” who wished to play pool;
On the Col du Bonhomme I confronted
The whole of a young ladies’ school.
At Giacomo’s Inn in Chiesa
I was asked to take shares in a mine;
With an agent for “Mappin’s new Razor”
I sat down at Baveno to dine.

On the waves of Lake Lemman were floating
Old lemons (imagine my feelings!),
The fish in Lucerne were all gloating
On cast-away salads and peelings;
And egg-shells and old bones of chicken
On the shore of St. Moritz did lie:
My spirit within me did sicken—
Sweet Solitude, where shall I fly?

Disconsolate, gloomy, and undone
I take in the “Dilly” my place;
By Zurich and Basel to London
I rush, as if running a race.
My quest and my troubles are over;
As I drive through the desolate street
To my Club in Pall Mall, I discover
Sweet Solitude’s summer retreat.



MEDITATIONS OF A
CLASSICAL MAN ON A MATHEMATICAL PAPER
DURING A LATE FELLOWSHIP EXAMINATION.

Woe, woe is me! for whither can I fly?
Where hide me from Mathesis' fearful eye?
Where'er I turn the Goddess haunts my path,
Like grim Megoera in revengeful wrath:
In accents wild, that would awake the dead,
Bids me perplexing problems to unthread;
Bids me the laws of x and y to unfold,
And with "dry eyes" dread mysteries behold.
Not thus, when blood maternal he had shed,
The Furies' fangs Orestes wildly fled;
Not thus Ixion fears the falling stone,
Tisiphone's red lash, or dark Cocytus' moan.
Spare me, Mathesis, though thy foe I be,
Though at thy altar ne'er I bend the knee,
Though o'er thy "Asses' Bridge" I never pass,
And ne'er in this respect will prove an ass;
Still let mild mercy thy fierce anger quell! oh
Let, let me live to be a Johnian fellow!

* * * * *



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She hears me not! with heart as hard as lead,
She hurls a Rhombus at my luckless head.
Lo, where her myrmidons, a wrangling crew,
With howls and yells rise darkling to the view.
There Algebra, a maiden old and pale,
Drinks "double x," enough to drown a whale.
There Euclid, 'mid a troop of "Riders" passes,
Riding a Rhomboid o'er the Bridge of Asses;
And shouts to Newton, who seems rather deaf,
I've crossed the Bridge in safety Q.E.F.
There black Mechanics, innocent of soap,
Lift the long lever, pull the pulley's rope,
Coil the coy cylinder, explain the fear
Which makes the nurse lean slightly to her rear;
Else, equilibrium lost, to earth she'll fall,
Down will come child, nurse, crinoline and all!
But why describe the rest? a motley crew,
Of every figure, magnitude, and hue:
Now circles they describe; now form in square;
Now cut ellipses in the ambient air:
Then in my ear with one accord they bellow,
"Fly wretch! thou ne'er shalt be a Johnian Fellow!"

Must I then bid a long farewell to "John's,"
Its stately courts, its wisdom-wooing Dons,
Its antique towers, its labyrinthine maze,
Its nights of study, and its pleasant days?
O learned Synod, whose decree I wait,
Whose just decision makes, or mars my fate;
If in your gardens I have loved to roam,
And found within your courts a second home;
If I have loved the elm trees' quivering shade,
Since on your banks my freshman limbs I laid;
If rustling reeds make music unto me
More soft, more sweet than mortal melody;
If I have loved to "urge the flying ball"
Against your Racquet Court's re-echoing wall;
If, for the honour of the Johnian red,
I've gladly spurned the matutinal bed,
And though at rowing, woe is me! no dab,
I've rowed my best, and seldom caught a crab;
If classic Camus flow to me more dear
Than yellow Tiber, or Ilissus clear;



If fairer seem to me that fragrant stream
Than Cupid's kiss, or Poet's pictured dream;
If I have loved to linger o'er the page
Of Roman Bard, and Academian sage;
If all your grave pursuits, your pastimes gay,
Have been my care by night, my joy by day;
Still let me roam, unworthy tho' I be,
By Cam's slow stream, beneath the old elm tree;
Still let me lie in Alma Mater's arms,
Far from the wild world's troubles and alarms:
Hear me, nor in stern wrath my prayer repell! oh
Let, let me live to be a Johnian Fellow!

(1865).

THE LADY MARGARET 5TH BOAT,

May, 1863.

1. BOYCOTT, W. 5. PALEY, G. A.
2. FERGUSON, R. S. 6. GORST, P. F.
3. BOWLING, E. W. 7. SECKER, J. H.
4. SMITH, JASON. 8. FISHER, J.

Steerer—BUSHELL, W. D.



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Eight B.A.'s stout from town came out M.A. degrees to take,
And made a vow from stroke to bow a bump or two to make.
Weary were they and jaded with the din of London town,
And they felt a tender longing for their long-lost cap
and gown.

So they sought the old Loganus: well pleased, I trow, was he,
The manly forms he knew so well once more again to see:
And they cried—"O old Loganus, can'st thou
find us e'er a boat,

In which our heavy carcasses may o'er the waters float?"

Then laughed aloud Loganus—a bitter jest lov'd he—
And he cried "Such heavy mariners I ne'er before did see;
I have a fast commodious barge, drawn by a wellfed steed,
'Twill scarcely bear your weight, I fear: for never
have I see'd

Eight men so stout wish to go out a rowing in a 'height;
Why, gentlemen, a man of war would sink beneath your weight."

Thus spake the old Loganus, and he laughed both
long and loud,

And when the eight men heard his words, they
stood abashed and cowed;
For they knew not that he loved them, and that,
sharply tho' he spoke,

The old man loved them kindly, tho' he also loved his joke:
For Loganus is a Trojan, and tho' hoary be his head,
He loveth Margareta, and the ancient Johnian red.
So he brought them out an eight-oar'd tub, and
oars both light and strong,

And bade them be courageous, and row their ship along.
Then in jumped Casa Minor, the Captain of our crew,
And the gallant son-of-Fergus in a "blazer" bright and new;
And *Thomas o Kulindon* [*] full proudly grasped his oar,
And *Iason o Chalkourgos* [*], who weighs enough for "four;"
For if Jason and Medea had sailed with him for cargo,
To the bottom of the Euxine would have sunk the
good ship Argo.

Then Pallidulus Bargaeus, the mightiest of our crew,
Than whom no better oarsman ever wore the Cambridge blue.
And at number six sat Peter, whom Putney's waters know;
Number seven was young Josephus, the ever-sleepless Joe;
Number eight was John Piscator, at his oar a wondrous dab,
Who, tho' all his life a fisher, yet has never caught a crab;
Last of all the martial Modius, having laid his good sword by,



Seized the rudder-strings, and uttered an invigorating cry:
“Are you ready all? Row, Two, a stroke! Eyes
front, and sit at ease!
Quick March! I meant to say, Row on! and
mind the time all, please.”
Then sped the gallant vessel, like an arrow from a bow,
And the men stood wondering on the banks to
see the “Old’uns” row;
And Father Camus raised his head, and smiled upon the crew,
For their swing, and time, and feather, and their
forms, full well he knew.
They rowed past Barnwell’s silvery pool, past
Charon’s gloomy bark,
And nearly came to grief beneath the railway rafters dark:
But down the willow-fringed Long Reach so fearful
was their pace,



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That joyous was each Johnian, and pale each foeman's face.
They rowed round Ditton corner, and past the pleasant Plough,
Nor listened to the wild appeal for beer that came from bow;
They rowed round Grassy Corner, and its fairy forms divine,
But from the boat there wandered not an eye
of all the nine;
They rowed round First-Post Corner, the Little
Bridge they passed,
And calmly took their station two places from the last.
Off went the gun! with one accord the sluggish Cam they smote,
And were bumped in fifty seconds by the Second Jesus Boat.

(1863).

[* Transcriber's note: The names "Thomas o Kulindon" and "Iason o Chalkourgos" were transliterated from the Greek as follows:

Thomas: Theta, omega, mu, alpha, sigma.

o: omicron.

Kulindon: Kappa, upsilon, lambda, iota, nu, delta, omega, nu.

Iason (Jason?): Iota, alpha, sigma, omega, nu.

o: omicron.

Chalkourgos: Chi, alpha, lambda, kappa, omicron, upsilon,
rho, gamma, omicron, sigma.]

IN CAMUM.

Ridicula nuper cymba, sicut meus est mos,
Flumineas propter salices et murmura Cami,
Multa movens mecum, fumo inspirante, iacebam.
Illic forte mihi senis occurrebat imago
Squalida, torva tuens, longos incompta capillos;
Ipse manu cymbam prensans se littore in udo
Deposuit; Camique humeros agnoscere latos
Immanesque artus atque ora hirsuta videbar:
Mox lacrymas inter tales dedit ore querelas—
"Nate," inquit, "tu semper enim pius accola Cami,
Nate, patris miserere tui, miserere tuorum!



Quinque reportatis tumet Isidis unda triumphis:
Quinque anni videre meos sine laude secundo
Cymbam urgere loco cunctantem, et cedere victos.
Heu! quis erit finis? Quis me manet exitus olim?
Terga boum tergis vi non cedentia nostri
Exercent iuvenes; nuda atque immania crura,
Digna giganteas inter certare palaestras,
Quisque ferunt, latosque humeros et brachia longa,
Collaque Atlanteo non inferiora labore:
“Sed vis arte carens frustra per stagna laborat:
Fit brevis inque dies brevior (proh dedecus ingens!)
Ictus, et incerto tremulam movet impete cymbam,
Usque volaturae similem, tamen usque morantem.
Ah! Stanleius ubi est? ubi fortis et acer loenas
Et Virtus ingens, maiorque vel Hercule ludas?
Ah! ubi, laeva mei novit quem fluminis ora,
Ile ‘Ictus,’ vitreis longe spectandus ocellis,
Dulce decus Cami, quem plebs ignoblis ‘Aulam,’
Vulpicanem Superi grato cognomine dicunt?
Te quoque, magne Pales, et te mea flumina deflent
O formose puer, quibus alto in gurgite mersis
Mille dedit, rapuit mille oscula candida Naias?
Quid decus amissum repeto, aut iam laude perempta
Nomina Putnaeis annalibus eruta testor?



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“Granta ruit, periitque decus, periitque vetusta
Gloria remorum primaeque per aequora navis.
Sed vos, O juvenes, sanguis quibus integer aevi,
Spes ventura domus, Grantaeque novissima proles,
Antiquum revocate decus, revocate triumphos!
Continuo Palinurus ubi ‘iam pergite’ dixit
Erectum librate caput; nec pandere crura
Parcite, nec solidis firmi considerare transtris!
Ast ubi contactas iam palmula senserit undas,
Compressa incipiat iam tum mihi crura phaselus
Accipere, et faciles iter accelerare per undas.
“Incipiente ictu qui vim non prompserit omnem
Dique hominesque odere; hic, pondus inutile cymbae,
Tardat iter; comites necat; hunc tu, nauta, caveto!
Nec minus, incepto quoties ratis emicat ictu,
Cura sit ad finem justos perferre labores.
Vidi equidem multos—sileantur nomina—fluctus
Praecipites penetrasse, sed heu! brevis effluit ictus,
Immemor etremi mediique laboris in unda;
Nam tales nisus tolerare humana nequit vis;
Et quamvis primos jam jam victura carina
Evolet in cursus, primisque triumphet in undis,
Mox ubi finis adest atque ultima meta laborum,
Labitur exanimis, vi non virtute subacta.

“Tu quoque qui cymbae tendis Palinurus habenas
Ultrō hortare viros; fortes solare benignis
Vocibus; ignavos accende, suosque labores
Fac peragant, segnique veta torpere veterno.
Sed quid ego haec? priscae si iam pietatis imago
Ulla manet, si quid vobis mea gloria curae est,
Camigenae, misero tandem succurrite patri,
Ereptosque diu vincendo reddite honores!
Tunc ego arundinea redimitus tempora vitta
Antiquo fruar imperior iustisque triumphis:
Tum demum Cloacina meos foedissima fluctus
Desierit temerare, et puro flumine labens
Camus ad Oceanum volvetur amabilis amnis.”



Dixit, et in piceas Fluvius sese abdidit undas;
Sed me ridiculam solventem a littore cymbam
Nectaris ambrosii circumvolvuntur odores,
Decedente Deo; naresque impellit acutas
Confusi canis amnis et illaetabilis aura.

FATHER CAMUS.

Smoking lately in my "Funny," as I'm wont, beneath the bank,
Listening to Cam's rippling murmurs thro' the
weeds and willows dank,
As I chewed the Cud of fancy, from the water there appeared
An old man, fierce-eyed, and filthy, with a long
and tangled beard;
To the oozy shore he paddled, clinging to my Funny's nose,
Till, in all his mud majestic, Cam's gigantic form arose.
Brawny, broad of shoulders was he, hairy were
his face and head,
And amid loud lamentations tears incessantly he shed.
"Son," he cried, "the sorrows pity of thy melancholy sire!
Pity Camus! pity Cambridge! pity our disasters dire!
Five long years hath Isis triumphed, five long
years have seen my Eight



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Rowing second, vainly struggling 'gainst an unrelenting fate.
What will be the end, I know not! what will
 be the doom of Camus?
Shall I die disowned, dishonoured? Shall I live,
 and yet be famous?
Backs as strong as oxen have we, legs Herculean and bare,
Legs that in the ring with Titan wrestler might
 to wrestle dare.
Arms we have long, straight, and sinewy,
Shoulders broad, necks thick and strong,
Necks that to the earth-supporting Atlas might
 full well belong.
"But our strength un-scientific strives in vain
 thro' stagnant water,
Every day, I blush to own it, Cambridge strokes
 are rowing shorter.
With a short spasmodic impulse see the boats a moment leap,
Starting with a flying motion, soon they stop
 and sink to sleep.
Where are Stanley, Jones, and Courage? where
 is 'Judas' stout and tall,
Where the Stroke named "all' by Bargemen,
 known to Cambridge as 'Jack Hall'?"
'Twas a spectacle to see him in his gig-lamps row along,
And the good ship speeding onward swift as
 Poet's gushing song.
Where is Paley? Where is Fairbairn, from
 whose lips the Naiads dank
Snatched and gave their sweetest kisses when
 our Eight at Chiswick sank?
What avails it to remember brilliant days now lost in night?
What avails it Putney's annals, and past glories to recite?
"Lost is Granta, lost our glory, lost our former pride of place,
Gone are all my blushing honours, nought is
 left me but disgrace.
For regardless of all science, every oarsman now obeys
Wild, new fangled laws and notions, never
 dream'd of in old days.
But do you, my gentle Freshmen, who have youth in every vein,
Labour by your manly valour our lost laurels to regain!



When you hear the Cox'n's 'row on all,' then
keep erect your head;
Then be your arms and bodies with one motion for'ard sped:
Sit firm upon your cushions all; and, when the oar is in,
With one harmonious action let your work at once begin:
Press your feet against the stretcher, and your
legs with vigour ply,
Till the ship, as swift as lightning, thro' the
yielding water fly.
"He who 'misses the beginning' makes his comrades
all to suffer,
Spoils the swing, and is a nuisance; turn him
out, for he's a duffer!
Having made a good beginning you must carry on the work,
And until the stroke is finished not an atom must you shirk.
I have seen—no names I mention—certain oarsmen with a dash
Plunge their oars into the water, and produce
a sudden splash!
But the middle and the finish are all wasted in the air,
And no human constitution can such toil incessant bear;
For although the ship at starting may



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at once

its distance clear,
And victory seem certain, when the winning post is near,
The crew worn out and breathless have nothing in them left,
And though pluck may ne'er desert them, of
their vigour are bereft.

“And do you, my Palinuris, steering straight the gallant bark,
By voice and exhortation keep your heroes to the mark.
Cheer the plucky, chide the cowards who to do
their work are loth,
And forbid them to grow torpid by indulging selfish sloth.
Fool! I know my words are idle! yet if any love remain;
If my honour be your glory, my discredit be your pain;
If a spark of old affection in your hearts be still alive!
Rally round old Father Camus, and his glories past revive!
Then adorned with reedy garland shall I take my former throne,
And, victor of proud Isis, reign triumphant and alone.
Then no more shall Cloacina with my streams
her offerings blend,
And old Camus clear as crystal to the ocean shall descend!”

He spoke, and 'neath the surface, black as pitch,
he hid his head,
And, punting out my Funny, I my homeward journey sped.
But a strange ambrosial odour, as the God sank
'neath the flood,
Seem'd to float and hover round me, creeping
upward from the mud:
And for ever from the water's troubled face there
seem'd to rise
A melancholy fragrance of dead dogs unto the skies.

IN MEMORIAM G. A. P.

He has gone to his grave in the strength of youth,
While life shone bright before him;
And we, who remember his worth and truth,
Stand vainly grieving o'er him.



He has gone to his grave; that manly heart
No more with life is glowing;
And the tears to our eyes unbidden start,
Our sad hearts' overflowing.

I gaze on his rooms as beneath I pace,
And the past again comes o'er me,
For I feel his grasp, and I see his face,
And his voice has a welcome for me.

I gaze on the river, and see once more
His form in the race competing;
And I hear the time of his well-known oar,
And the shouts his triumph greeting.

Flow on, cold river! Our bitter grief
No tears from thy waves can waken:
Thy whisp'ring reed, and thy willow leaf
By no sad sighs are shaken.

Thy banks are thronged by the young and gay,
Who dream not of the morrow;
No ear hast thou for a mournful lay,
No sympathy with sorrow.

Flow on, dull river! Thy heedless wave,
As it echoes shouts of gladness,
Bears forms as stalwart, and hearts as brave,
As his whom we mourn in sadness.

But an arm more strong, and a heart more bold,
And with purer feelings glowing,
Thy flowing waters shall ne'er behold,
Till time has ceased from flowing.



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(1866).

GRANTA VICTRIX.

Let penny-a-liners columns pour
Of turgid efflorescence,
Describe in language that would floor
Our Cayleys, Rouths, and Besants,
How Oxford oars as levers move,
While Cambridge mathematics,
Though excellent in theory, prove
Unstable in aquatics.

Our muse, a maiden ne'er renowned
For pride, or self-reliance,
Knows little of the depths profound
Of "Telegraphic" science:
But now her peace she cannot hold
And like a true Camena,
With look half-blushing and half-bold,
Descends into the arena.

Sing who was he that steered to win,
In spite of nine disasters,
And proved that men who ne'er give in
Must in the end be masters?
No warrior stern by land or sea,
With spurs, cocked hat, and sword on,
Has weightier work than fell to thee,
Our gallant little Gordon.

Who when old Cam was almost dead,
His glory almost mouldy,
Replaced the laurels on his head?
Sweet Echo answers—"Goldie."
Who was our Seven of mighty brawn
As valiant as a lion?
Who could he be but strapping Strachan,
Australia's vigorous scion?

Who rowed more fierce than lioness,
Bereft of all her whelps?
A thousand light-blue voices bless
The magic name of Phelps.



Who was our Five? Herculean Lowe,
 (Not he of the Exchequer),
So strong, that he with ease could row
 A race in a three-decker.

Cam sighed—"When *shall* I win a race"?
 Fair Granta whispered—"When, Sir,
You see at Four, his proper place,
 My Faerie-queen-like Spencer."
'Tis distance robes the mountain pale
 In azure tints of bright hue,
'More than a distance' lends to Dale,
 His well earned double light-blue.

Proud Oxford burnt in days of old
 Ridley the Cambridge Martyr,
But this year in our Ridley bold
 Proud Oxford caught a Tartar.
And Randolph rowed as well beseemed
 His school renowned in story,
And like old Nelson only dreamed
 Of Westminster and glory.

These men of weight rowed strong and straight,
 And led from start to finish;
Their slow and steady thirty-eight
 No spurts could e'er diminish:
Till Darbyshire, not given to lose,
 Sees Cambridge rowing past him;
And Goldie steps into his shoes;
 Long may their leather last him!

Glory be theirs who've won full well
 The love of Alma Mater,
The smiles of every light-blue Belle,
 The shouts of every Pater!
Unlimited was each man's store
 Of courage, strength, and fettle,
From Goldie downwards every oar
 Was ore of precious metal.



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Then fare-ye-well till this time year,
Ye heroes stout and strapping,
And then beware, forgive my fear,
Lest Oxford find you napping;
And, oh! when o'er your work ye bend,
'Mid shouts of—"light-blue's winning,"
If ye would triumph in the end,
Remember the beginning!

P.S. The Muse true to her sex,
Less to be blamed than pitied,
A Post-script must of course annex
To state a point omitted.
When Granta glorying in success
With Camus pours her orisons;
One name she gratefully must bless,
That name is mighty Morrison's.

THE GREAT BOAT-RACE.

1. HAWKSHAW 3rd Trinity. 5. KINGLAKE 3rd Trinity.
2. PIGOTT Corpus. 6. BORTHWICK 1st Trinity.
3. WATSON Pembroke. 7. STEAVENSON Trinity Hall.
4. HAWKINS Lady Margaret. 8. SELWYN 3rd Trinity.
Steerer, ARCHER, Corpus.

BEFORE THE RACE.

Come, list to me, who wish to hear the glories of our crew,
I'll tell you all the names of those who wear the
Cambridge Blue.
First HAWKSHAW comes, a stalwart bow, as
tough as oak, nay tougher;
Look at him ye who wish to see the Antipodes to "duffer."
Swift as the Hawk in airy flight, strong as the guardsman SHAW,
We men of mortal muscles must contemplate him with awe.
Though I dwell by Cam's slow river, and I hope
am not a bigot,
I think that Isis cannot boast a better man than PIGOTT:
Active, and strong, and steady, and never known to shirk,
Of Corpus the quintessence, he is always fit for work.
The men of Thames will be amazed when they
see our "Three" so strong,
And doubt if such a mighty form to mortal mould belong.



"What son is this?" they, one and all, will ask
in awe and wonder;
The men of Cam will answer make, "A mighty son of thunder."
Next HAWKINS comes at "number 4," the sole surviving pet
Of the patroness of rowing, the Lady Margaret;
When they think of his broad shoulders, and
strong and sinewy arms,
Nor parents dear, nor brothers stern, need foster fond alarms.
O! a tear of love maternal in Etona's eye will quiver
When she sees her favourite KINGLAKE also
monarch of the river.
Oh! that I could honour fitly in this unassuming song
That wondrous combination of steady, long, and strong.
Then comes a true-blue mariner from the ever-glorious "First,"
In the golden arms of Glory and the lap of Victory nurst;
Though blue may be his colours, there are better oarsmen few,
And Oxford when it sees him will perhaps look still more blue.
Then comes the son of STEPHEN, as solid as a wall;
We need not add, who know his name, that he
hails from Trinity



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Hall.

Oh! in the race, when comes at last the struggle
close and dire,
May he have the wind and courage of his tutor and his sire;
May he think of all the glories of the ribbon black and white,
And add another jewel to the diadem so bright!
Then comes a name which Camus and Etona know full well
A name that's always sure to win and ne'er will prove a sell.
O what joy will fill a Bishop's heart oft a far
far distant shore,
When he sees our Stroke; reviving the memories of yore!
Then old Cam will he revisit in fancy's fairy dream,
And rouse once more with sounding oar the slow
and sluggish stream:
But who is this with voice so shrill, so resolute and ready?
Who cries so oft "too late!" "too soon!"
"quicker forward!" "Steady, steady!"
Why 'tis our young toxophilite, our ARCHER bold and true,
The lightest and the tightest who has ever
steered light-blue.
O when he pulls the yielding string may he
shoot both strong and straight,
And may the night be swift and sure of his mighty arrows eight!
May he add another victory to increase our Cambridge score;
May Father Thames again behold the light blue to the fore!
But ah! the name of Victory falls feebly on my ear—
Forgive me! 'tis not cowardice that bids me shed this tear,
I weep to think that three long years have
looked on our defeat;
For three long years we ne'er have known the
taste of triumph sweet;
O Father Cam! O Father Thames! O ye nymphs of Chiswick eyot!
O Triton! O Poseidon! Take some, pity on our fate!
What's the use of resolution, or of training, or of science,
If anxious friends and relatives to our efforts bid defiance?
If they take our strongest heroes from the middle of the boat,
Lest exposure to the weather should result in a sore throat?
We've rowed our boat when wave on wave o'er
ship and crew was dashing,
And little were we troubled by the steamers and the splashing.
O little do the light-blues care when tempests
round them gather,



We'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father!
For though our vessel sank, our hearts were
 buoyant as a feather,
Since we knew that we had done our best in
 spite of wind and weather.
Then all ye Gods and Goddesses who rule o'er lake and river,
O wipe away the trembling tear which in mine eye doth quiver!
O wipe away the dire defeats that now we often suffer;
Let not the name of Cambridge blue be
 breathed with that of "duffer!"
O melt the hearts of governors; for who can hope to thrive,
If, when we're just "together," they despoil us
 of our "Five?"
And lastly, when 'mid shouts and cheers and
 screams and deafening dins,
The two boats start upon their course—



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AFTER THE RACE.

Dei mihi, Oxford wins!

(1864).

LINES BY A CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT MARINER

ADDRESSED TO HIS UNIVERSITY.

Wish ye, sons of Alma Mater,
Long lost laurels to replace?
Listen to a stout old Pater,
Once renowned in many a race.
Now, alas! I'm fat and forty,
And my form grows round to view;
And my nose is rather "porty;"
But my heart is still light-blue.

'Tis as bad as an emetic,
E'en my 'baccy I refuse,
When I hear that sports athletic
Interfere with Cambridge crews.
Once a Grecian runner famous
Scorned to fight his country's foes;
And to Greece, as some to Camus,
Caused innumerable woes.

When I hear the voice parental
Cry, "my youngster shall not row!"
Then my wrath is transcendental,
Then my words with vigour flow.
Sires, with hearts of alabaster,
Your stern "vetos" yet you'll rue,
When ye see a sixth disaster,
Overwhelm your loved light-blue.

But whatever to Cambridge happen,
Sons of Cam behave like men!
Rally round your royal Cap'en,
King of Lake, and *King of Fen*!
Fortune helps the brave who court her,
Only to yourselves be true;



And perhaps, on Putney's water,
Victory will crown light-blue.

When your Cox'en cries "all ready,"
Be alert, dismiss all napping,
Get well forward, all sit steady,
Grasp the oar, avoid all "capping:"
Shoulders square, back straight, eyes ever
Fixed upon the back before;
Then all eight, with one endeavour,
Dip at once the bladed oar.

Catch your stroke at the beginning,
Then let legs with vigour work:
Little hope has he of winning,
Who his "stretcher" loves to shirk.
Let your rigid arms extended
Be as straight as pokers two;
And until the stroke is ended,
Pull it, without jerking, through!

Thus all disputations spurning,
Ye, ere many a year has past,
While old Fortune's wheel is turning,
Victory shall taste at last.
Only wait and work together;
Trust in discipline and pluck—
Soon bad luck will run his tether,
And good rowing bring good luck.

(1866).

THE SORROWS OF FATHER CAM.

1. WATNEY Lady Margaret. 5. STEAVENSON Trinity Hall
2. BEEBEE Lady Margaret. 6. BORTHWICK 1st Trinity.
3. PIGOTT Corpus 7. GRIFFITHS 3rd Trinity.
4. KINGLAKE 3rd Trinity. 8. LAWES 3rd Trinity.

Steerer, ARCHER, Corpus.

One night, as I silently wandered
By Cam's slow meandering stream,
And many things mentally pondered,
I saw, as it were in a dream,
A black head emerge from the billows,
A broad body swim through the flood,

Till, beneath the o'ershadowing willows,
It sank gently down in the mud.



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All alone—as a Scholar of Tyrwhitt
When examined in Hebrew he sits—
On a log that mysterious spirit
Smokes in silence, and silently spits.
And yet not alone sat the vision;
There came, as he sat on his log,
A wag of delight and submission
From the tail of each demi-drowned dog.

Black eels from his temples were hanging,
His teeth were like teeth of a jack;
His lips were inaudibly “slanging”;
His eyes were all muddy and black;
And water-snakes, round his neck twining,
Were hissing; and water-rats swam
At his feet; so without much divining
I recognised Old Father Cam.

“All hail to thee, Camus the reedy!”
I cried, in alarm and surprise;
“Say, why are thy garments so weedy?
And why are these tears in thine eyes?”
Then the River-god answered me sadly,
“My glory aquatic is gone!
My prospects, alas! look but badly;
Not a race for four years have I won.

“I have oarsmen as strong—even stronger—
Than when my first honours I bore;
Their arms are as long—perhaps longer;
Their shoulders as broad as of yore,
Yet the prospects of light-blue look bluer;
I am losing my swing, form and time;
For who can row well in a sewer;
Or pull through miasma and slime?”

Thus murmured the River-god moaning;
But I bade him to dry his old eye—
“In vain is this weeping and groaning;
Let your motto be, ‘Never say die!’
Though your waves be more foul than Cocytus,
Though your prospects, no doubt, are most blue;
Since Oxford is ready to fight us,
We will try to select a good crew.



My friend Lady Margaret tells me
She can lend me a Bow and a Two;
The Lady, I own, sometimes sells me,
But this time I am sure she'll be true.
For WATNEY is wiry and plucky,
And that BEEBEE'S A 1 all allow;
And our boat cannot fail to be lucky
With a double 1st Class in the bow.

"Then Corpus its PIGOTT shall lend us,
Young, healthy, and active, and strong;
And Etona her KINGLAKE shall send us,
To row our good vessel along;
And Five from the head of the river,
Like Pallas from Jove's head appearing,
Shall add to the weight of the quiver
Of the feather-weight Argonaut steering.

"Then BORTHWICK, the mighty and massive,
Shall row like a Briton at Six;
And GRIFFITHS, not prone to be passive,
Shall pull us to glory like bricks.
Our 'Stroke,' people say, on the feather
Is a trifle too fond of a pause;
But while some say, 'there's nothing like leather,'
I maintain there is nothing like LAWES.



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“Washerwomen, not over aquatic,
 Says he rows 'like a mangle'—what trash!
 That his swing and his time are erratic;
 That he puts in his oar with a splash.
 But these wonderful judges of rowing,
 If we win will be loud in applause;
 And declare 'the result was all owing
 To that excellent stroke, MR. LAWES.’

“Our Coach, on the bank briskly riding,
 Will keep his strong team well together,
 His Bucephalus gamely bestriding,
 In spite of the wind and the weather.
 For the laws of the land you may send me
 To Counsel from chambers in Town;
 For the laws of the river commend me
 To the CHAMBERS of Cambridge renown.

“Then cheer up, beloved Father Camus!
 Blow your nose! dry those tears that are falling;
 You will live once again to be famous,
 In spite of the prospects appalling.
 Though dead dogs down your fair stream are floating,
 Father Cam will their odours defy;
 Though Oxford may beat us in boating,
 Yet Cambridge will 'never say die!’”

(1865).

THE COMING BOAT RACE.

OXFORD. CAMBRIDGE.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. R. T. RAIKES. | 1. J. STILL. |
| 2. F. CROWDER. | 2. J. R. SELWYN. |
| 3. W. FREEMAN. | 3. J. A. BOURKE. |
| 4. F. WILLAN. | 4. J. FORTESCUE. |
| 5. E. F. HENLEY. | 5. D. F. STEVENSON. |
| 6. W. W. WOOD. | 6. R. A. KINGLAKE. |
| 7. H. P. SENHOUSE. | 7. H. WATNEY. |
| 8. M. BROWN. | 8. W. R. GRIFFITHS. |



Steerer—C. R. W. TOTTENHAM. Steerer—A. FORBES.

Attend, all ye who wish to see the names
of each stout crew,
Who've come to town from cap and gown to
fight for their favourite blue.

OXFORD.

First TOTTENHAM comes, a well-known name, that
cattle driving Cox'en.
Who oft to victory has steer'd his gallant team of Oxon.

O'er Putney's course so well can he that team in safety goad,
That we ought to call old Father Thames the
Oxford-Tottenham Road.

Then comes the Stroke, a mariner of merit and renown;
Since dark blue are his colours, he can never be dun-brown.
Ye who would at your leisure his heroic deeds peruse,
Go, read *Tom Brown at Oxford* by the other Tom—TOM HUGHES.

Next SENHOUSE, short for Senate-house, but long
enough for seven,

Shall to the *eight-oar'd* ship impart a *sen-at-orial* leaven.

Then Number Six (no truer word was ever said in joke)

In keeping with his name of WOOD, has heart and limbs of oak.

The voice of all aquatic men the praise of "Five" proclaims;

No finer sight can eye delight than "HENLEY-upon-Thames."

Then Number Four who is heaven far than a number of Macmillan,

Though WILLAN'S his name may well



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exclaim,

“Here I am, but I hain’t a willan.” [1]

Then FREEMAN rows at Number Three, in a freer and manly style;
No finer oar was e’er produced by the Tiber, Thames, or Nile.

Let politicians, if they please, rob freemen of their vote,
Provided they leave Oxford men a FREEMAN for their boat.

Among the crowd of oarsmen proud no name
will fame shout louder

Than his who sits at Number Two, the straight
and upright CROWDER.

Then RAIKES rows bow, and we must allow that
with all the weight that’s aft

The bow-oar gives a rakish air to the bows o’
the dark-blue craft.

This is the crew, who’ve donned dark blue, and
no stouter team of Oxon

Has ploughed the waves of old Father Thames,
or owned a better Cox’en.

CAMBRIDGE.

Now, don’t refuse, aquatic Muse, the glories to rehearse
Of the rival crew, who’ve donned light blue, to
row for better for worse.

They’ve lost their luck, but retain their pluck,
and whate’er their fate may be,

Light blue may meet one more defeat, but disgrace
they ne’er will see.

We’ve seen them row thro’ sleet and snow till
they sank—“*merses profundo*”

(HORACE, forgive me!) “*pulchrior Cami evenit arundo.*”

First little FORBES our praise absorbs, he comes
from a learned College,

So Cambridge hopes he will pull his ropes with
scientific knowledge.

May he shun the charge of swinging barge
more straight than an archer’s arrow,

May he steer his eight, as he sits sedate in the
stern of his vessel narrow!

Then comes the Stroke, with a heart of oak, who
has stood to his flag like twenty,

While some stood aloof, and were not proof



against *dolce far niente*.

So let us pray that GRIFFITHS may to the banks of Cam recall
The swing and style, lost for a while, since the
days of JONES and HALL.

Then WATNEY comes, and a pluckier seven ne'er
rowed in a Cambridge crew;
His long straight swing is just the thing which
an oarsman loves to view.

Then comes KINGLAKE, of a massive make, who
in spite of failures past,

Like a sailor true, has nailed light-blue as his
colours to the mast.

The Consul bold in days of old was thanked by
the Patres hoary,

When, in spite of luck, he displayed his pluck on
the field of Cannae gory;

So whate'er the fate of the Cambridge eight, let
Cambridge men agree,

Their voice to raise in their Captain's praise
with thrice and three times three.

Then Number Five is all alive, and for hard work always ready,
As to and fro his broad back doth go, like a
pendulum strong and steady.

Then FORTESCUE doth pull it through without



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delay or dawdlin’;

Right proud I trow as they see him row are the
merry men of Magdalen.

Then comes a name well known to fame, the
great and gallant BOURKE;

Who ne’er was known fatigue to own, or neglect
his share of work.

New zeal and life to each new stroke stout SELWYN doth impart,
And ever with fresh vigour, like Antaeus, forward start.

Then last, but not the least of all, to row the boat along,
They’ve got a bow whom all allow to be both STILL and strong.

No crew can quail, or ever fail to labour with a will,

When so much strength and spirits are supplied
them by their STILL.

We’ve done our task—to you who ask the probable result
We more will speak, if you next week our Prophet will consult.

(1866)

[1] Cf. *Pickwick*. “Here I am, but I hain’t a willan.”—FAT BOY.

A BALLAD.

I.

I cannot rest o’ the night, Mother,

For my heart is cold and wan:

I fear the return o’ light, Mother,

Since my own true love is gone.

O winsome aye was his face, Mother,

And tender his bright blue eye;

But his beauty and manly grace, Mother,

Beneath the dark earth do lie.

II.

They tell me that I am young, Mother,

That joy will return once more;

But sorrow my heart has wrung, Mother,

And I feel the wound full sore.

The tree at the root frost-bitten



Will flourish never again,
And the woe that my life hath smitten
Hath frozen each inmost vein.

III.

Whene'er the moon's shining clear, Mother,
I think o' my lover that's gone;
Heaven seem'd to draw very near, Mother,
As above us in glory it shone.
Ah! whither hath fled all my gladness?
Ah! would from life I could fly!
That laying me down in my sadness
I might kiss thee, my Mother, and die!

AN APRIL SQUALL.

Breathless is the deep blue sky;
Breathless doth the blue sea lie;
And scarcely can my heart believe,
'Neath such a sky, on such a wave,
That Heaven can frown and billows rave,
Or Beauty so divine deceive.

Softly sail we with the tide;
Silently our bark doth glide;
Above our heads no clouds appear:
Only in the West afar
A dark spot, like a baneful star,
Doth herald tempests dark and drear.

And now the wind is heard to sigh;
The waters heave unquietly;
The Heaven above is darkly scowling;
Down with the sail! They come, they come!
Loos'd from the depths of their wintry home,
The wild fiends of the storm are howling.

Hold tight, and tug at the straining oar,
For the wind is rising more and more:
Row like a man through the dashing brine!
Row on!—already the squall is past:
No more the sky is overcast;
Again the sun doth brightly shine.



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Oh! higher far is the well-earn'd bliss
Of quiet after a storm like this
Than all the joys of selfish ease:
'Tis thus I would row o'er the sea of Life,
Thus force my way through the roar and strife,
And win repose by toils like these.

BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—I.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

[The following Verses were written for a country Penny Reading].

Two Bedfordshire maidens in one village dwelt;
Side by side in their Church every Sunday they knelt;
They were not very pretty and not very plain;
And their names were Eliza and Emily Jane.

Now Carpenter Smith was young, steady and still,
And wherever he went, worked and played with a will:
To bed he went early, and early did rise;
So, of course, he was healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

But John he grew tired of a bachelor's life,
So he looked all around him in search of a wife;
And his eyes, as they wandered, again and again
Returned to Eliza and Emily Jane.

And whenever those maidens encountered his eye,
Their pulses beat quickly (perhaps you know *why*);
They each of them thought him a wonderful Don,
And wished to be married to Carpenter John.

But John, as you've heard, was a prudent young man;
And determined their faults and their merits to scan;
Says he, "If I marry, I'm tied for my life;
"So it's well to be cautious in choosing a wife."

Now I'm sorry to say that young Emily Jane
Was disposed to be rather conceited and vain;
In fact, for the truth I'm obliged to confess,
Was decidedly fond of extravagant dress.



So she thought the best way to the Carpenter's heart
Was to purchase gay dresses and finery smart;
In the carrier's van off to Bedford she went,
And many weeks' wages in finery spent.

Her dress it was blue, and her ribbons were green,
And her chignon the highest that ever was seen,
And perched on the top, heavy-laden with flowers,
Was a bonnet, embosomed in beautiful bowers.

So red, as she walked to the Church, was her shawl
That the bull in the farm-yard did bellow and bawl;
And so high were her heels that on entering the door
She slipped, and she stumbled, and fell on the floor.

Says Carpenter Smith, "It's decidedly plain
"That I'd better keep clear of that Emily Jane:"
So from Emily Jane he averted his eye,
And just at that moment Eliza passed by.

Now Eliza had thought, "If his heart I subdue,
"It shall not be by dresses and finery new:
"For a lover who's taken by ornaments gay
"Will love some one else ere a week pass away."

So her ribbons were lilac; white straw was her bonnet;
Her dress was light grey, with dark braiding upon it;
Her jacket was black; and her boots of stout leather
Were fitted for walking in all sorts of weather.



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She was not very pretty, and yet in her smile
There was something that charmed by its freedom from guile:
And tho' lowly her lot, yet her natural grace
Made her look like a lady in figure and face.

A rose from the garden she wore on her breast,
And John, as her fingers he tenderly press'd,
Seemed to feel a sharp arrow ('twas Cupid's first dart)
Come straight from the rosebud and enter his heart.

Now John and Eliza are husband and wife;
Their quarrels are few, and contented their life;
They eat and they drink and they dress in good taste,
For their money they spend on their wants, not in waste.

But I'm sorry to say that Miss Emily Jane
Has still an aversion to dress that is plain;
And the consequence is that she always has stayed,
And is likely to stay, a disconsolate maid.

MORAL.

Young ladies, I hope you'll attend to my moral,
When you hear it, I'm sure you and I shall not quarrel:
If you're pretty, fine dress is not needed to show it;
If you're ugly, fine dress will make all the world know it.

Young men, if you wish, as I trust you all do,
A partner for worse or for better to woo,
Don't marry a *peacock* dressed out in gay feathers,
But a *wife* guaranteed to wear well in all weathers.

BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—II.

“ONE GLASS OF BEER.”

Ne quid nimis.

Tom Smith was the son of a Bedfordshire man;
(The Smiths, we all know, are a numerous clan)
He was happy and healthy and handsome and strong,
And could sing on occasion a capital song.

His father had once been a labourer poor,
But had always contrived to keep want from the door;



And by work and by thrift had enough in his pocket
To rent a small farm from his landlord, and stock it.

He died: Tom succeeded: the ladies all said
It was high time he went to the Church to be wed;
And Sarah and Clara, and Fanny and Bess,
Confessed if he "offer'd" perhaps they'd say "Yes."

But Tom fixed his eyes on the Miller's young daughter,
And was only awaiting the right time to court her;
So one day as he saw her walk out from the mill,
He set off in pursuit with a very good will.

Now Tom, I must tell you, had one little fault,
He was rather too fond of a mixture of malt;
In fact, if my meaning is not very clear,
I'm afraid he was rather too "partial to Beer."

Says Tom to himself as he followed the maid,
"I should like just a glass, for I'm rather afraid"—
No doubt at such times men are nervous and queer,
So he stopped at the Public for *one glass of Beer*.

He had his one glass, and then two or three more,
And when he set out from the Public-house door
He saw a sad sight, and he saw it with groans—
Mary Anne on the arm of Theophilus Jones.



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Yes, Theophilus Jones was a steady young man,
Who enjoyed but was never too fond of his can;
And while Smith in the public was stopping to swill,
Jones had woo'd and had won the fair maid of the mill.

Tom homeward returned like a runaway pup,
When the lash of the whipper-in touches him up;
And he sighed to himself, "It's most painfully clear
That I've lost a *good wife* for a *bad glass of Beer*."

* * * * *

At length he was married to Emily Brown—
A tidier girl there was none in the town—
The church bells were ringing, the village was gay,
As Tom met his bride in her bridal array.

For a twelvemonth or more things went on pretty straight;
Tom went early to work, and was never home late;
But after that time a sad change, it would seem,
Came over the spirit of Emily's dream.

The Rector missed Tom from his place in the choir;
In the evening his wife sat alone by the fire;
When her husband came home he was never too early,
And his manner was dull, and at times even surly.

He was late in the autumn in sowing his wheat;
His bullocks and sheep had disease of the feet;
His sows had small litters; his taters went bad;
And he took *just a glass* when he felt rather sad.

The Rector's "good lady" was passing one day,
And looked in, her usual visit to pay—
"How dy'e do, Mrs. Smith? Is the baby quite well?
Have you got any eggs, or young chickens to sell?"

But Emily Smith couldn't answer a word;
At length her reply indistinctly was heard;
"I'm all of a mullock [1], it's no use denying—"
And with that the poor woman she burst out a crying.

Then after a time with her apron she dried
The tears from her eyes, and more calmly replied,



“I don’t mind confessing the truth, ma’am, to you,
For I’ve found in you always a comforter true.

Things are going to ruin; the land’s full o’ twitch;
There’s no one to clean out a drain or a ditch;
The gates are all broken, the fences all down;
And the state of our farm is the talk of the town.

We’ve lost a young horse, and another’s gone lame;
Our hay’s not worth carting; the wheat’s much the same;
Our pigs and our cattle are always astray;
Our milk’s good-for-nothing; our hens never lay.

Tom ain’t a bad husband, as husbands do go;
(That ain’t saying much, as I daresay you know)
But there’s one thing that puts him and me out o’ gear—
He’s always a craving for *one glass of Beer*.

He never gets drunk, but he’s always half-fuddled;
He wastes all his time, and his wits are all muddled;
“We’ve notice to quit for next Michaelmas year—
All owing to Tom and his *one glass of Beer!*”



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MORAL.

My friends, I believe we shall none of us quarrel
If I try from this story to draw out a moral;
Tom Smith, I am told, has now taken the pledge;
Let us hope he will keep the right side of the hedge.

But because men like Tom find it hard to *refrain*,
It's hard that we temperate folk should *abstain*;
Tea and coffee no doubt are most excellent cheer
But a hard-working man likes his *one glass of Beer*.

What with 'chining [2] and hoeing and ploughing and drill,
A glass of good beer will not make a man ill;
But one glass, like poison, you never must touch—
It's the glass which is commonly called *one too much!*

[1] Muddle.

[2] Machining, *i.e.* threshing by machinery.

BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—III.

FRED AND BILL.

Two twins were once born in a Bedfordshire home;
Such events in the best managed households may come;
Tho', as Tomkins remarked in a voice rather gruff,
"One child at a time for poor folks is enough."

But it couldn't be helped, so his wife did her best;
The children were always respectably drest;
Went early to school; were put early to bed;
And had plenty of taters and bacon and bread.

Now we all should suppose that the two, being twins,
Resembled each other as much as two pins:
But no—they as little resembled each other
As the man in the moon is "a man and a brother."

Fred's eyes were dark brown, and his hair was jet black;
He was supple in body, and straight in the back,
Learnt his lessons without any trouble at all;
And was lively, intelligent, comely, and tall.



But Willy was thick-set; and freckled and fair;
Had eyes of light blue, and short curly red hair;
And, as I should like you the whole truth to know,
The schoolmaster thought him “decidedly slow.”

But the Parson, who often came into the school,
Had discovered that Willy was far from a fool,
And that tho' he was not very quick in his pace,
In the end “slow and steady” would win in the race.

Years passed—Fred grew idle and peevish and queer;
Took to skittles, bad language, tobacco, and beer:
Grew tired of his work, when it scarce was begun;
Was Jack of all trades and the master of none.

He began as a labourer, then was a clerk;
Drove a hansom in London by way of a “lark;”
Enlisted, deserted, and finally fled
Abroad, and was thought by his friends to be dead.

But Willy meanwhile was content with his lot;
He was slow, but he always was found on the spot;
He wasted no money on skittles and ale,
But put by his pence, when he could, without fail.

To the Penny Bank weekly his savings he took,
And soon had a pretty round sum in his book:
No miser was he, but he thought it sound sense
In the days of his youth to put by a few pence.



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And so he got on; he was no millionaire,
But he always had money enough and to spare;
Could help a poor friend; pay his rent and his rate;
And always put silver at church in the plate.

His brother, meantime, who was thought to be dead,
Had across the Atlantic to Canada fled;
Then had gone to New York; then New Zealand had tried;
But always had failed thro' perverseness and pride.

He might have done well, but wherever he went,
As soon as his money came in, it was spent;
As of old he tried all trades, and prospered in none,
For he thought that hard work was "a poor sort of fun."

Then he heard of "the diggings," and there tried his luck;
He was never deficient in smartness and pluck;
And by means of some work, and more luck, in a year
He managed to make fifteen hundred pounds clear.

Then he thought of old England and Bedfordshire chums,
So back to his parish in triumph he comes;
And need I remark he found many a friend
Right willing to help him his nuggets to spend?

He turned up his nose at his poor brother Bill,
Who was always content to be plodding up hill;
Hard work he disliked, he despised peace and quiet,
So he spent all his time and his money in riot.

There was never a horse-race but Fred he was there;
He went to each meet, meeting, marker and fair;
In a few words, his candle he burnt to the socket,
Till he found one fine day not a rap in His pocket.

Then his poor brother Bill came and lent him a hand;
Gave him work and a share of his own bit of land;
If he means to keep steady I cannot surmise—
Let us hope that at length Fred has learnt to be wise.

But one thing is plain, if you mean to get on,
You will find that success must by patience be won;
In the battle of life do not trust to your luck,
But to honest hard work, perseverance, and pluck.



Don't turn up your nose at a hard-working chap,
For pride soon or later must meet with mishap;
And wherever your lot in the world may be cast,
"Slow and steady" goes safer than "foolish and fast."

Take warning by Fred, and avoid for a friend
The man who would tempt you your savings to spend;
Don't waste your spare money in riotous pranks,
But put it in Penny, or Post-office Banks.

BEDFORDSHIRE BALLAD.—IV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

I'm a Bedfordshire Chap, and Bill Stumps is my name,
And to tell it don't give me no manner of shame;
For a man as works honest and hard for his livin',
When he tells you his name, needn't feel no misgivin'.

And works's what I live by. At dawn o' the day,
While some folks is snorin', I'm up and away;
When I stops for my Bavor [1], 'twould dew your heart good,
To see how I relish the taste o' my food.



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I'm fond o' my hoein', and ploughin', and drill,
And my hosses all knows me and works with a will;
I'm fond o' my 'chinin', and thackin' and drainin',
For when work's to be done, 'taint no use a complainin.'

I whistles a tune if the mornins be dark;
When I goes home o' nights, I sings sweet as a lark;
And you'll travel some distance afore you can find
A chap more contented and happy in mind.

And I'll tell ye the reason, I've got a good wife,
The joy o' my heart, and the pride o' my life.
She ain't made o' gold, nor ain't much of a beauty,
But she's allers a tryin' to dew of her duty.

And a tidier home there ain't none in the town
Than mine and my Polly's—I'll lay you a crown!
If it ain't quite a palace, I'm sure 'tis as clean:
And I'm King o' my cottage, and Polly's the Queen.

But things wasn't allers as lively as now—
There's thirty good years since I fust went to plough;
I wor then but a lad, and a bad'un, I fear,
Just a trifle tew partial to baccy and beer.

So my maister he very soon gone me the sack,
And my faither he gone me the stick to my back;
But I cared for his bangins and blows not a rap;
I wor sich a queer onaccountable chap!

To make a long story as short as I can;
When I'd done as a boy, I became a young man;
And, as happens to most men at that time o' life,
I axed a young 'ooman if she'd be my wife.

And Poll she consented. O, how my heart beat,
When she gone me her hand, smilin' wonderful sweet!
I could hear my heart beatin', just like a Church bell,
Till I thought as my weskit 'ud bust pretty well.

But worn't I main happy, and well nigh a crazy,
When I heard her her say "Yes," blushin' sweet as a daisy!
We was axed in the church—no one dared to say nay;
So The Rector he spliced us, one fine soommer day.



My Poll wor a steady young gal, and a good 'un
For washin' and scrubbin', and makin' a pudden;
Not one o them gossiping gals, wot I hate,
But a quoietch 'ooman, wi' brains in her pate.

But soom how or other things didn't go right;
There wasn't atwixt us no manner o' spite;
But I stayed out o' Saturdays nights, and I fear
Spent more nor I'd ought on my baccy and beer.

And Poll she look'd sadly, but didn't say nought;
She was one as 'ud allers say less than she thought;
But I know'd what she thought—so a cloud kind o' come,
And darkened the sun as once shone in our home,

But it come to a pass—'twas the fifth o' November,
The day and the year I shall allers remember:
Twas midnight and past when I come to my door,
Scarce able to stan'—well, I won't say no more?

Next mornin' my head it wor well nigh a splitten,
And I stagger'd and stagger'd, as weak as a kitten;
But the wust of it all wor the dressin' I got
From Polly—oh, worn't it main spicy and hot?



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What she said I won't tell you; but you married men,
As knows wot it is to be pecked by a hen,
Wot I means yer to guess pretty plainish 'ull find,
When I tells you she gone me "a bit of her mind."

And now I'm as sober as sober can be,
And me and my Poll, as we sits down to tea,
Don't care very far of an evenin' to roam—
We're allers so jolly contented at home.

I wears no blue ribbon outside o' my coat,
For a pint o' good ale seems to freshen my throat;
But offer me more and I'm bound to refuse it—
For my Poll's got a tongue, and her knows how to use it.

So I takes just a pint, when there's coppers to spare—
A pint wi' your dinner ain't no great affair—
But the time' o' the day as suits Polly and me,
Is when we sits down of an evenin' to tea.

For the young 'uns sits round us all smilin' and clean;
And Sally knits stockings wot's fit for the Queen;
Little Bill reads a book, and Jemima she sews,
And how happy our home is the parish all knows.

* * * * *

Now young men and maids, if ye'll listen to me,
I'll give you some counsel all gratis and free—
Young men if you want to be happy in life,
Remember Bill Stumps, and look out for a wife.

Not one o' them husseys as gossips and chatters,
And is allers o' mindin' of other folk's matters,
But one as 'ull work, and be gentle and kind,
And as knows when to gi'e you "a bit of her mind."

Young maids who are willing young wives to become,
Remember, the sweetest of places is home;
But remember, no husband 'ull find his home sweet,
If it ain't bright and cheerful, and tidy and neat.

If all's of a mullock and dirty and dusty,
When he pops home to dinner, he'll turn rayther crusty;



But be tidy, and careful in cookin' his grub,
And, I'll bet what you like, he wont go to the Pub.

So send off the young'uns to school afore nine;
And when they and faither come home for to dine,
Don't gi'e 'em cold taters and bacon half-fried,
But a meal as 'ull cheer 'em and warm their inside.

And don't let the children go roamin' o' night,
But keep 'em at home for their faither's delight;
And I hope you may all be as happy and jolly,
In your Bedfordshire homes, as Bill Stumps and his Polly!

[1] Bedfordshire for Luncheon.

FINIS.