

PRINCIPALLY REMIGIAL

IT is the duty of a righteous editor, when May Term comes, to take his pen and spread it o'er the surface of his paper in indicting what we consider the best kind of writing, a leader to congratulate our crews or comment on their conduct should they lose, to mention how we won (or lost) the sports, and how we battled in the Raquet-Courts. Another column will refer to Fletcher, and technicalities of thwart and stretcher, and how the wind—I almost might have written this article within the groves of Ditton before the race was won (so easy as it scenes to describe without an actual visit to the stern waters of the Thames at Hammersmith or at Mortlake). In the noblest grammar, with hardly any words really misspelt at all, I could describe how neither coxswain felt at all nervous a quarter of an hour before the race ; how both the crews felt sure that they would score the race, how Oxford drew away at Chiswick Eyot amid a most extraordinary spate of pocket-handkerchiefs waved idly ; how Cambridge crept up with wave-dividing prow with even louder cheers ; my sex forbids I should describe how seven's stretcher skids ; but, generously giving up his briar, Bow (who sits next him) with unwonted fire holds it in place with his divine white ivories ; how stroke increased to 50, which is high—very ! Six (who's a villian) sees upon a steamer the woman he has wronged by some bad scheme ; her face makes him faint and fall into the water. But Oxford getting fortunately shorter they could not quite recover the lost yard, and Cambridge consequently wins a hard-fought contest by two inches and a half ; at which the people who had backed them laugh, and Bow gets his commission in the guards. Our authoress, who reels off yards and yards of fine romance, is far too serious to make the pun to her so obvious about his being still a Beau, undér the impression that we all pronounce the worthy who occupies the foremost thwart as if he were

archer's joy or a division whiffy in London East. The space at my disposal is getting, alas ! too small, and pretty Rosalys (the girl I saw the race with) must be slurred over. Conclude. A thousand kind words and a word over to those who won and those who gamely stuck to it though they were beaten. (Next time better luck to it !)¹

¹ As a direct result of these remarks the boat-race was indeed won by us the very next year but three or four.