



## LADY MARGARET.

(Continued from p. 115.)

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“My purpose is not vainly to extol or to magnify her above her merites, but to the edifyinge of other by the example of her.”—*Funeral Sermon of Lady Margaret.*

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UP to the period at which we have arrived, the life of our Foundress was one of considerable danger and difficulty. It must have required all her skill and prudence to steer clear of the shoals and rocks by which she was surrounded, and we ought to be very thankful that she not only possessed sufficient judgment to preserve her life and rank, but that she also was enabled to place herself in the elevated and secure position of the king's mother. The remainder of her life is devoted almost entirely to the service of her God, and the good of her fellow-creatures. Although she took a great interest in the affairs of the court, and in everything that affected her son who was her “derest and only desyred joy yn thys world,\*” she seldom took part in any of the state pageants or gaieties. Indeed in the accounts of many royal ceremonials, it is distinctly said that the arrangements were made by “the full noble Princess Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Mother of our Sovereign Lord the King,” while her name is not to be found in the list of those present, or perhaps she is mentioned as having viewed the solemnity from some hidden window. Her continual retirement from public life must have been very marked, and is suggestive to us of the present conduct of our own Queen.

Bishop Fisher, in the funeral sermon to which we have so often alluded, gives an account of the ordinary daily life of Lady Margaret. She righteously kept all the fasts of the church, and during the whole of Lent had only one meal a day, and only one fish to that meal. On certain days in

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\* The commencement of a letter from Lady Margaret to her Son.

every week she wore either a shirt or girdle of hair, which as she told her confessor, often wore through her skin. We give the account of her daily devotions in the Bishop's own words:—"First in Prayer every daye at her uprysynge, which comynly was not long after five of the clok, she began certain Devocions, and so after them with one of her Gentlewomen the Matynes of our Lady, which kept her to then she came into her Closet, where then with her Chaplayne she said also Matyns of the Daye; and after that, dayly herde four or fyve Masses upon her knees, so continuing in her Prayers and Devocions unto the hour of dyner, which of the etynge day was ten of the Clocke, and upon the fastynge day, Eleven. After dyner full truely she wolde goe her statyons to thre Aulters dayly; dayly her Ddryges and Commendacyons she wolde saye, and her Even Songs before souper, both of the day and of our Lady, besyde many other Prayers and Psalters of Davyde throughtout the yeare; and at nyghte before she went to bedde she fayled not to resort unto her Chappell, and there a large quarter of an houre to occupye her in Devocions. No mervayle, though all this long time her knelynge was to her paynful, and so paynful that many tymes it caused her backe payne and dysease. And yet nevertheless dayly, when she was in helthe she fayled not to say the Crowne of our Lady, which, after the maner of Rome, conteyneth sixty and thre Aves; and at every Ave to make a knelynge. As for Meditacyon, she had divers bokes in Frenshe, wherewith she wolde occupye her self when she was weary of Prayer. Wherefore dyvers she did translate out of Frenshe into English." . . . "Poore folkes to the nombre of twelve she dayly and nyghtly kepte in her House, gyvyng them lodgyng, mete and drynke and clothyng, vusyng theme as often as she conveniently myghte; and in their sykeness, vusyng theme and comforyng them, and mynstryng unto them with her owne hands: and when it pleased God to call ony of them out of this wretched worlde, she wolde be present to see them departe, and to lerne to deye."

These remarks of the good old Bishop give us very clear information concerning the severity of the discipline this pious Lady subjected herself to, and we consequently must not expect to find many details of her public life in the records of her son's reign. The facts that we have been able to collect, we shall as briefly as possible state.

It will be recollected that Lady Margaret was attainted by Richard the Third, deprived of her servants and kept

under strict surveillance. One of the first acts of Henry the Seventh was to reverse this attainder,\* and to restore his Mother to all her honours and possessions, likewise empowering her to sue and be sued as a single woman, a privilege ordinarily only possessed by the Queen Consort. Lord Stanley was elevated to the rank of Earl of Derby, and Jasper Tudor was created Duke of Bedford. The others whom we have mentioned in this memoir as helpers of Henry, were similarly rewarded. Bishop Morton was made Lord Chancellor, and afterwards advanced to the see of Canterbury; Christopher Urswicke, Lady Margaret's Confessor, was made Dean of York, and appointed private chaplain and almoner to the King†; while Reginald Bray was created a knight banneret, and a privy councillor.‡

Henry was not long in fulfilling the engagement he had made to the Yorkists, that he would marry the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth. They were married on the 18th of January, 1486,|| and in the following September, a son was born to them at Winchester. Lady Margaret regulated the preparations for the deliverance of the Queen, and for the christening of the child, and for this purpose drew up an elaborate scheme which was to serve on any similar occasion.

These ordinances of the Countess of Richmond and Derby are extremely interesting, as showing us how important the minutest ceremonials were considered by our countrymen of the fifteenth century, and moreover as they are only to be found in one book with which we are acquainted, and that a rare one, we think we are not over-burdening *The Eagle* if we give them in full.§

Her Highnes Pleasure beinge understoode in what Chamber she will be delivered in, the same must be hanged with riche Clothe of Arras, Sydes, rowffe, Windowes and all, excepte One Windowe, which must be hanged so as she may have Light when it pleaseth her. Then must there be set a Royall Bedde, and the Flore layed all over and over with Carpets, and a Cupboard covered with the same Suyte that the Chamber is hanged withall. Also there must

\* Parl. Rolls, VI. 285, a.

† Excerpta Hist., p. 107.

‡ Testamenta Vetusta, p. 446.

|| 1485, according to the old reckoning.

§ They are printed in Leland's Collectanea (Hearne), Vol. IV., p. 179—184, being copied from a manuscript in the Harleian Library, No. 6079.

be ordayned a faier Pallet, and all Things appertayninge therunto, and a riche Sparner hanginge over the same. And that Daye that the Queene (in good Tyme) will take her Chamber, the Chappell where her Highnes will receive and heare Devine Service, must be well and worshipfully arrayed. Also the greate Chamber must be hanged with riche Arrass, with a Clothe and Chaire of Estate, and Quishins thereto belonginge, the Place under and aboute the same beinge well encarpéd. Where the Queene (comminge from the Chappell with her Lords and Ladyes of Estate) may, either standinge or sittinge, at her Pleasure, receive Spices and Wyne. And the next Chamber betwixt the greate Chamber and the Queenes Chamber to be well and worshipfully hanged; which done, Two of the greatest Estats shall leade her to her Chamber, where they shall take their Leave of her. Then all the Ladyes and Gentilwomen to goe in with her, and none to come into the greate Chamber but Women; and Women to be made all Manner of Officers, as Butlers, Panters, Sewers, &c. and all Manner of Officers shall bringe them all needfull Things unto the greate Chamber Dore, and the Women Officers shall receive it there of them.

*The Furniture appertayninge to the Queenes Bedde.*

First ij Paire of Sheets of Reines, every of them 4 Yards broade, and 5 Yards longe, 2 Head Sheets of like Reines, 3 Yards broade, and 4 Yards longe, 2 longe and 2 square Pillows of Fustian, stuffed with fine Downe, every of them with 2 Beeres of Reines, a Pane of Skarlet furred with Ermyne, and embroudered with Crimson Velute upon Velute, or riche Clothe of Golde; and a Head Sheete of like Clothe of Golde furred with Ermyne, a Kevertoure of fine Lawne of v Breadthes, and 6 Yards longe, and an Head Sheete of 4 Breadthes, and 5 Yards longe; a Mattres stuffed with Wolle, a Fetherbed, with a Bolster of Downe, a Sparver of Crimson Sattin embroudered with Crownes of Golde, the Kinge and Queenes Arms, and other Devise. lyncd with double Tarteron, garnished with Frengs of Silke, blewe Ruffet, and Golde, with a rounde Bowlle of Golde, or Sylver and gylte, 4 Quishins of Crimson Damaske Clothe of Golde, a rownde Mantell of Crimson Velute plaine furred throughteout with Ermyne, Backe for the Queene to weare aboute her in her Pallet. The Pallet at the Beddes Feete must be arraied, accordinge as the Bedde is, with Sheets and Panes, &c. excepte the Clothe of Golde of the Panes that longe to the Pallet to be of another Coloure then that of the Bedde. It must be forscene, that suche Estats as shall please the Kinge to appoint to goe to the Christninge, be placed neere to the Place where the Queene is delivered, to the ende, that anon after the Deliveraunce they may geve their readys Attendaunce upon the Childe to the Church.

*How the Church shall be arraied againste the Christeninge.*

Note, that the whole Church where the Childe shall be christened must be hanged with riche Arras or Clothe of Golde in

the best Manner, and in like Sorte shall the Auter be arayed also, and well carpetted throughout the whole Chauncell under Foote; also there must be longe and large Carpets layde under Foote at the Church Dore, and the Porche must be hanged and seeled with riche Clothe of Golde of Arras Worke. And on the one Side of the Church neere unto the Fonte there must be hanged a Traves, with Carpetts and Quishins to the same, a faire Panne of Coles welle burnt before they come there for Smellinge, and sweete Perfumes to caste therein, Chafrons of Water, with Basons of Silver, and gilte, to washe the Childe, if Neade be; and to every of these Assaye must be made.

Then must the Fonte of Silver that is at Canterbury be sent for, or els a new Fonte made of Purpose, to be kepte in suche Place as shall please the Kinge, to serve to like Use hereafter. Or els his Highnes Pleasure wolde be knowne, whether he will have it done in a Fonte of Stone, as it hathe bene sometimes seene: but whereof soever the Fonte be, it must be covered all over the Bottome with soft Raynes laied in divers Folds. And the Fonte must be set of a greate Heighte, that the People may see the Christeninge withoute preasinge to nighe the Fonte; and the same must be hanged all aboute with Clothe of Golde. Over the Fonte there must be hanged a greate and large Canape of Damaske, Satten, or Reynes, the Bordure beneath the Clothe of Golde, or well embroudered; or els a riche See of Golde, with a large and rich Valence, and underneath the saide Canape there must be reserved a large Space for the Comminge to the Fonte of the Childe, and suche Ladyes and Estats as pleaseth the Kinge shall accompany the same therto. Also there must be ordained viii Peece of Bankelyns of Golde to hange aboute the Fonte. Also there must be provided a little Taper for the Childe to carye in his Hande up to the highe Auter after his Christendome. Note, that the Gossippes must be lodged nighe the Queenes Deliveraunce, that they (accompaignied with the Lordes abovesaide, bothe Spirituall and Temporall, and thother Estats) may be ready to attende upon the yonge Prince or Princesse to the Christeninge.

When the Childe goeth to Church to be christened, a Dutchesse must beare the Childe, and a Dutchesse must beare the Crisure before it upon her Shoulder, on a Kerchewe of smalle Raines; and if it be a Prince, an Erle shall beare the Trayne of the Mantell, which must be of riche Clothe of Golde, with a longe Traine furred throughteout with Ermyne; but if it be a Princesse, then a Countesse shall beare the Traine. There must be borne before it to the Church 200 Torches, of which 24 shal be borne aboute the Childe with Esquiers; and when they come to Church they shall all stande aboute the Fonte in Order, and as neere therunto as they may conveniently. Then shall the Sergeante of the Kings or Queenes Pantry be readye at the Church with a faire Towell of Reynes about his Necke, and a Salte Seller in his Hande, with Salte

therein, and that he be ready to take the Assaye of the Salte before it be hallowed, and the Treasurer of Howsholde to goe before him and present the Assaye. Also the Sergeant of the Ewery shal be ready in the Church, with Basonnes covered and uncovered, suche as the Case shall require, for the Byshoppes to washe in, and like Basonnes and Ewers for the Gossippes to washe in. Also the Sergeant of the Spicery and the Butler shall geve their Entendance at the Church with Spice and Wyne, for the Gossippes and other Estats to take when the Prince is christened. When the Prince or Princesse is brought to the utter Porche of the Church, the Bishoppe shal be there ready to receive it, and to doe such Solempnytes as therunto appertaineth. After which Solempnytes done and finished, there must be ready at the Church Dore a Canape, to be borne over the Childe by 4 Men of Worshippe, eyther Knights, or els Esquiers assigned therunto before. The Prince or Princesse being brought into the Church, it shal be forthwith borne into the Traves, where shal be Fire and Water (as aforesaid) ready for the Changinge of the Childe out of the Clothes, and makinge it ready unto Christendome. In the meane time the Gossippes (savage the Lady Godmother) and all suche Estats as shall please the Kinge, shal be neere therunto, shall place themselves within the Canape of the Fonte; so that when the Baptizor (which must be an Archbishoppe or a Bishoppe) with the Officers of the Church, doe come therunto, they may be there readye placed, and there must be assigned certaine worshipfull Knights and Esquiers to spreade and holde at large the saide Canape in good and seemely Order. And in the meane tyme, whilst the Childe is makinge ready, the Fonte must be hallowed by the Abbot of Westmester, or some one in his Steade; whiche done, the Childe shal be brought forthe of the Traves to be christened. As soone as the Christeninge is done, all thaforsaide Torches shal be lighted, and the Childes Taper abovesaide, which the saide Childe shall beare up to the highe Auter in his Hande, and there offer the same, with suche a Somme of Money as shall please the Kinge to appointe; and then shal it be confirmed in the same Place. All which Solempnytes accomplished, the Childe shal be brought downe from the highe Auter into the Traves againe, where it shal abide while the Gossippes and other Estats do take Spice and Wyne. Then shall the Gossippes geve their Giftes, which must be delivered to Erles, Barons, or Banneretts, which shall beare the same before the Childe to the Queenes Chamber Dore, and there shall delyver them to the Ladyes and Gentilwomen every Gifte before other, and the Gifte of greatest Estats hyndermoste. But herin the King's Pleasure must be knowne, whether he will have the Gifts caried prively or openly; and the hindermost Gifte aforesaid must be borne by the greatest Estate there present. But yf yt be a Princesse, the Gifts must in like Manner be borne of Ladyes, which shal beare them to the Queene. The Gifts given to the Erles in

Manner aforesaid, and all Things accomplished in the Church with requisite Solempnyte, the Childe shal be borne Home againe in suche Sorte as it was carried to the Church, savinge that the Torches must be lighted, and a Cloth of Estate borne over it; and the same Waye that it was brought to the Church shall it be carried Home againe. Note, that the Parliament Chamber must be richely hanged, and seeled with a riche and statelye Bed therin, with Staiers up to the saide Bed, which Staiers must be covered with blewe Worsted, garnished with Rybands, and gilte Nayles; the Bed covered with a goodly Emperiall, the Curtaynes and Traves of blewe Tarteron, Carpetts laied with the riche Araye for the Queene to be purified. The Cypborde and Wyndowes in her Chamber covered with blewe Worsted, Bankers of red Worsted, a Traves of blewe Sarcenett, and another of blewe Tartaron.

The Childe brought Home, and the Gifts presented and delivered to the Queene as aforesaide, the Childe must be borne into the Nurcery, where it shal be nourished with a Ladye Governesse of the Nowrce, and the drye Nowrce, and they shall have 3 Chambers, which shal be called the Rockesters, and they shall have thier Othes geven them by the Chamberlaine. It must be seene that there be bothe Yeomen and Gromes to wayte upon the Chamber, Sewers, Panters, and all other Officers for the Monthe, and that Othes be ministred to every of them in most straitest Maner. Furthermore it must be seene that the Nowrces Meate and Drinke be assayed duringe the Tyme that she geveth Suck to the Childe, and that a Physicion do oversee her at every Meale, which shall see that she geveth the Childe seasonnable Meate and Drinke.

As touchinge suche Necessaryes as belonge unto the Childe. First, he must have a riche Mantell of Clothe of Golde with a longe Traine, furred throughe out with Ermyn, to bear the Prince or Princesse in to the Christeninge, and for other Necessaryes 12 Yards of Skarlette, 24 Yards of fyne Blankette, and 24 Elles of fyne Reynes, a Elle of Bauldkin of Gold lyned with Buckeram, frenged by the Valence with Silke to hange over the Prynce by his Chimney, a Mantell of Skarlett furred with Mynivere, 2 Palletts of Canvas, 2 Mattresses, 2 Payr of Blanketts, 4 Payr of Sheets, 2 Tappets of red Worsted, 2 Quissins covered with Crymson Damaske, a Quissin of Lether, made like a carvinge Quissin for the Nowrce. a greate Potte of Lether for Water, a greate Chafer, and a Bason of Lattyn, 2 greate Basonnes of Pewter for the Lawndery in the Nowrcery, 8 large Carpetts to cover the Flores of the Chambers, &c. also a Traves of red double Tartaron, with a Celle to hange in the Chamber. It must be foreseene, that there be a little Cradell of Tree, of a Yarde and a Quarter longe, and 22 Inches broade, in a Frame faire set forthe by Painters Crafte; the Cradell shall have 4 Pomelles of Silver, and gilte, 2 like Pomells of the same Frame, fyve Buckells of Silver on eyther Side the Cradell without Tonges for the Swathing Band, whose Furniture of Beddinge and

Lynne is above written; 2 Panes of Skarlet, thone furred with Ermyrn, and thother with Grey, and bothe bordured with Clothe of Golde, the one Crimson, and the other Blewe; 2 Head Sheets of like Clothe of Golde, furred accordinge to the Panes, a Sparker of linnen Clothe for the same Cradell, a Baylle covered with Reynes, 2 Cradell Bandes of Crimson Velute. Also there must be ordained a greate Cradell of Estate, contayninge in Length 5 Foote and an Halfe, and in Breadthe 2 Foote and an Halfe, covered with Crimson Clothe of Golde, having a Case of Tree covered with Buckeram, a fayer riche Sparker of Crimson Clothe of Golde lyned with red double Tartaron, and garnished with Freneges of Silke and Golde to hange over the same Cradell, and the Cradell must have fyve Stulpes of Silver, and gilte, whereof the Cradell shall have 3, selz. one at the Heade, and 2 at the Feete, and the Cradell Case shall have other 2 like Pomells at the Head. The middelmost Stulpe that standeth at the Heade of the Cradell shal be graven with the Kings Armes, and all thother Stulpes with other Armes, and the Grownde all aboute the Cradell must be well carpetted. And the Cradell must have 8 Buckells of Silver without Tongs on either Side thereof, a Mattresse, 2 Pillowes, with 4 Beeres of Reynes, a Payer of Fustians, a *Paine* of Skarlette furred with Ermyrn, bordured with blewe Velute upon Velute, Clothe of Golde or Tyssue, an Head Sheete of lyke Clothe of Golde, furred with Ermyrn, a Bayle covered with Reynes for the same Cradell, a Boole of Silver, and gilte for the abovesayde Sparker, 2 Swadel Bands, thone blewe velute, and thother blewe Clothe of Golde, with all other necessary Furniture therunto appertayning, like as the Prince or Princesse herselfe were lyinge therein.

The Prince for whom these regulations were made came safely into the world, and was duly christened by the name of Arthur, there being only one slip in the programme, viz. that the Earl of Oxford, one of his godfathers, did not make his appearance in time, and the Earl of Derby was substituted for him. It is remarkable that the Countess of Richmond and Derby is not enumerated among the persons present at the ceremony, although she was at Winchester at the time in attendance on the Queen. In fact it appears that about this period she seldom left the Queen; for instance, when the King and Queen left Winchester, we find that she accompanied them to Greenwich and resided with them there.\* Again, in the following year, we find her living with the Queen at Kenilworth,† and in the same year when the King made a triumphal procession through London, after his

\* Leland's Collectanea, Vol. IV. p. 207.

† *Ibid.*, p. 210.

victory over Lambert Simnel at Stoke, the Queen and Lady Margaret viewed the procession from a house in Bishops-gate.\* When the Queen was crowned at Westminster, November 25, 1487, Lady Margaret was a spectator of the ceremony, although she took no part in it.† She spent the following Christmas with the King and Queen at Greenwich,‡ and likewise during the feasts of Easter, Saint George. And Whitsuntide, we find that "the high and myghty Princesse, the King's Moder" was with the Queen at Windsor.¶ And again the following Christmas we find these two royal ladies together at Shene,§ and the Easter after at Hertford.¶ In fact in these old manuscripts collected by Leland, Lady Margaret's name is never mentioned except in close connection with that of the Queen, and this is more remarkable when it is remembered that the Queen's Mother was still alive.

We have given enough to show the devotion of Lady Margaret to her daughter-in-law, but there is another interesting event we must mention, that is, the birth and christening of a Princess, who was called Margaret after her grandmother. It was from this Princess, who as Queen of Scotland bore an important part in the annals of this Island, that the Stuarts derived their claim to the English throne. She was born at Westminster, November the 29th, 1490, and the ceremonials of the birth and baptism were in accordance with the ordinances of our Foundress which we have given.\*\* The Countess of Richmond and Derby, and the Duchess of Norfolk were godmothers, and the former gave to the princess the handsome present of a "Chest of Silver and gilt, full of Gold."††

It is not our duty and we have no intention of giving a history of the reign of Henry the Seventh, but there is one event connected with the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck, which as it affected the domestic tranquillity of the Stanleys it will be necessary to mention. Chief among the supporters of the supposed representative of the house of York was Sir William Stanley, brother to the Earl of Derby.‡‡ He having been betrayed to Henry by Sir Robert Clifford, was brought to trial, and pleading guilty, was condemned. His

\* *Ibid.*, p. 218. † *Ibid.*, pp. 225, 227.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 234. ¶ *Ibid.*, pp. 238, 243. § *Ibid.*, p. 245.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 246.

\*\* *Ibid.*, pp. 249 and 253—257. †† *Ibid.*, p. 254.

‡‡ Vide Bacon's *Henry VII.*, p. 130—137.

execution was delayed for some time, the King apparently shrinking from signing the death warrant of one to whom he was so closely connected. No excuse could however be offered for his conduct, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 16th of February, 1495. In their distress the Earl of Derby and his wife retired to their seat in Lancashire; and, "the Summer following," to give Lord Bacon's own words "the King, to comfort his Mother (whom hee did alwaies tenderly love and revere) to make open Demonstration to the World, that the proceedings against Sir William Stanley (which was imposed upon him by necessitie of State) had not in any degree diminished the affection he bore to Thomas his Brother; went in Progresse to Latham, to make merrie with his Mother, and the Earle."\* Henry and his Queen arrived at Knowsley on the 24th of June, 1495, and their reception was such as would at once re-cement the friendship between the King and his powerful subject and relative.†

We must now bring on the scene, one to whom we have often alluded, in this memoir, as the recorder of the virtues of our Foundress. John Fisher was born at Beverley in Yorkshire, where he was educated during his boyhood; he was then sent to Cambridge and entered at Michael House,‡ of which foundation, after proceeding to the degree of M.A., he was chosen Fellow. In the year 1494, he was Senior Proctor of the University, and during his year of office, he was sent up to Court, which was then at Greenwich. It was on this occasion that he was first introduced to Lady Margaret,|| who at once took a great liking to him, and on the promotion of Dr. Richard Fitz-James three years after to the see of Rochester, made Fisher her confessor in his place.

Although as we have seen Lady Margaret was thrice married, she had only one son, "as though," in the words of an old Chronicler,§ "she had done her part sufficiently for to have borne one man-child, and the same to be a king." She was now advancing in years, and her life was being devoted

\* Bacon's *Henry VII.*, p. 139.

† Seacombe's *House of Stanley*, p. 43.

‡ Michael House was dissolved by Henry VIII. and made part of Trinity College.

|| In the Proctor's book the expenses of the journey are given in Fisher's own hand, and he adds the remark "Pransus eram apud Dominam Matrem Regis." Vide Lewis's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, Vol. I., p. 5.

§ Hall. *Edward IV.*, fol. 24.

more and more to the service of her God, and to those acts of piety, and works of charity which have made her name memorable. For the purpose therefore of still further carrying out that rigid discipline to which she subjected herself, she obtained permission from her husband to live for the remainder of her days in a state of celibacy, and accordingly took a solemn vow to that effect before Dr. Fitz-James, and afterwards renewed it before Fisher. She was likewise admitted a member of five if not more religious houses,\* Westminster, Crowland, Durham, Wynburne, and the Charter-house at London; and Baker supposes that for these reasons her portrait is usually taken and depicted with a veil, and in the habit of a Nun.†

The following is a copy of Lady Margaret's profession of chastity:‡

In the presence of my lorde god Jhu Christe and his blessed mother the glorious Virgin Sent Marie, and of all the hole companye of heven, and of you also my gostly father. I Margarete Richmonde, with full purpos and good deliberacion for the well of my synfull sowle, wyth all my hert promys frome hensforthe the chastite of my bodye. That is, never to use my bodye, having actual knowlege of man after the comon usage in matrimonye. The which thing I had before purpassed in my lorde my husband's dayes, then being my gostly father the bissope of Rochester, Mr. Richard Fitzjames, and now eftsence I fully conferme itt as far as in me lyeth, beseeching my lord God, that he will this my poor wyll accept, to the remedye of my wretched lyffe and releve of my synfull sowle. And that he will gyve me his grace to performe the same. And also, for my more meryte and quyetnesse of my sowle in dowtful thyngs pertenyng to the same, I avowe to you, my Lorde of Rochester, to whome I am and hath bene, sence the first tyme I see you, admytted, verely determined (as to my cheffe trustye counselloure) to owe myne obedyence in all thyngs concernyng the well and profite of my sowle.

\* Baker's *Preface to Funeral Sermon*, Hymer's Edition, p. 16.

† Her portrait which we present to the subscribers of *The Eagle* in this number, will be recognized as a copy of the picture in our hall. It was engraved for Miss Halstead's book, and we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., for the copies of the plate. The signature at the bottom is from one of her letters to her son.

‡ This has been preserved in our College Registers, and is printed in Lewis's *Life of Bishop Fisher*, Vol. II., p. 258.

The Earl of Derby died towards the end of the year 1504, and as the Countess speaks of herself as a widow in this vow, it must be dated after that year. It was probably about the year 1497, that she made her previous profession of chastity to Dr. Fitz-James.

Lady Margaret, as might be expected, took great interest in the training of her grandchildren. We have only mentioned the two eldest, but besides Arthur and Margaret, Henry the Seventh had two more sons, Henry and Edmond, and three more daughters. The youngest son was called Edmond in memory of his grandfather the Earl of Richmond, and his grandmother the Countess of Richmond was god-mother to him, and herself held him at the font.\* This Prince however, in whom Lady Margaret would naturally take a deep interest, for he not only was christened after her first husband, but was created Duke of Somerset, her father's title, died in his infancy, and she consequently chose Henry as her special care. This is known by means of an inscription in the parish church of Bletsoe, on a monument to the memory of Sir John St. John,† who it is there stated was educated by this lady, together with her Grandson Prince Henry.‡ We can thus account for Henry's having at so early an age imbibed a taste for letters; and if he was towards the end of his reign the villain that some historians would make him, we ought to have a very high appreciation of her who trained him so well, that it was not for years after, that his natural disposition was able to overcome the virtue and goodness with which in his childhood he had been embued.

\* Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England, Bk. 6, Ch. I., p. 447.

† Lyson's Magna Britannia Bedfordshire, pp. 58, 59.

‡ This Sir John St. John was eldest son of Sir Oliver St. John, half-brother to Lady Margaret, and son of her mother by her second husband Sir Oliver St. John. It is from this family that the Bolingbrokes are descended, the title being given from their connection with the Lady Margaret of Lancaster. Vide Camden's *Brit.*, Vol. I., p. 337. Miss Halsted's *Margaret Beaufort*, p. 197.

(To be continued.)



## A LESSON OF LIFE.

“ And the next dear thing I was fond to love  
Is tenderer far to tell :  
’Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye,  
That dazzled me with its spell.” (Coxe).

THE violet dark, when morning dews,  
Upon its petals lie,  
Calls to my mind the lovely hues  
Of a dark and gentle eye :  
The Sun hath ris’n, th’ unsheltered flower  
Is withered ’neath its ray,  
That eye too in life’s changeful hour  
Shall close and pass away.

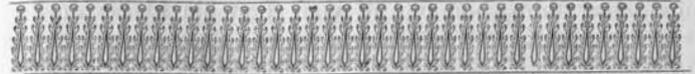
The rose in May doth bloom most fair,  
Then is its scent most sweet,  
When frequent showers refresh the air,  
Before the summer’s heat.  
So fairest is the maiden’s spring,  
When life is in its May :  
Ere older years their sorrows bring,  
And drive young joys away.

Joys, said I ! ah ! what joy for me ?  
Who, when my piteous prayer,  
“ O hear me, for I love but thee,  
My life, my only care ! ”  
Was uttered.—heard this sad reply,  
Tho’ kindly, firmly given :—  
“ I cannot love thee, ask not why,  
But turn thy thoughts to Heaven.

“ For there, and only there, thou’lt find  
A succour strong and sure :  
To brace thy heart, confirm thy mind :  
And teach thee to endure.

My spirit sorely grieves to see  
 The grief I'd fain allay :  
 Bear up, brave heart ! think not of me :  
 Forward on duty's way !”

Thus spoke she : and at first I thought  
 Her words were stern and cold :  
 But soon by trial was I taught  
 How true was all she told.  
 Yes, each man has a life to live :  
 Each has a world to brave :  
 In life with trouble thou must strive ;  
 Joy comes *beyond* the grave.



## LIBERTY, A DIALOGUE.

*Smith.* Come, it has struck two by the Trinity clock, and is striking two by Johnian time. Shut up that book and let's start.

*Jones.* I'm ready, where is it to be to-day? Shall we walk down the bank and see the boats?

*S.* Very well: by the way, before I forget it, drop in at my rooms this evening, and take a hand at whist; Brown of Jesus, and Jones of King's are coming. As soon as you like after chapel.

*J.* I can't come, worse luck. Sport the door please. I wish I could. I'm gated, eight o'clock gates for cutting two lectures: its rather too bad: I call it an infringement on the liberty of an undergraduate.

*S.* It's a nuisance certainly.

*J.* It's worse than a nuisance; it's unjust; it's against all reason; it's—

*S.* Stop a bit; there must be penalties: who's to decide the amount?

*J.* Well, but I suppose you'll grant that even an undergraduate has a right to liberty.

*S.* But who is to decide what that liberty is?

*J.* Do you mean to say liberty is a mere matter of convention?

*S.* I don't mean to say any thing. I want to hear what you say. I wish you could tell me what liberty is. Never mind the gates now, but think of liberty in the abstract, and tell me whether you can give me a definition of it, for though I have been turning the matter over in my mind for some time, I cannot define liberty.

*J.* Definitions are always perilous: but to oblige you I'll try. Liberty then, is the power of doing what one will: no, that won't do for a practical definition. I want to define

an existing thing, not one of your Platonic ideas: now no man, I suppose, ever could, or ever can do, exactly what he wills.

*S.* Unless his will be superhumanly or infra-humanly moderate.

*J.* And we are talking of human, not of superhuman or infra-human liberty. True, well I should say liberty, I mean true human liberty, is the power of doing whatever does not injure one's neighbour.

*S.* Every man then ought to have the power of doing everything that does not injure his neighbour. You will include surely "saying" as well as "doing"?

*J.* Of course, "the power of doing or saying."

*S.* What can a man say to injure his neighbours? What expressions of thought would you allow? what suppress? Where would you draw the line?

*J.* Surely that's not hard to determine. Suppress libels, insults, such utterances in short, as are by our present laws suppressed and punished.

*S.* Are you aware that an attack on Christianity is at present punishable by law?

*J.* I forgot. Do you remember any recent instance of the infliction of such a punishment.

*S.* Yes, you will find in the celebrated Essay on Liberty, by Mr. Mill, that "an unfortunate man, said to be of unexceptionable conduct in all relations of life was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for uttering, and writing on a gate, some offensive words concerning Christianity."

*J.* Well, for my part, I think every man has a right to his opinion.

*S.* And to the expression of that opinion?

*J.* The expression is practically inseparable from the right of holding an opinion.

*S.* And may a man express his opinion in any way, to any degree of publicity?

*J.* I think so.

*S.* I fancy you must have heard just now that Italian organ-grinder as we passed by the Round Church; at least I judged so from the expression of your countenance, and it seemed to me you would have been not ill pleased to have seen the poor fellow, organ and all, sent off about his business by a policeman. Was I right?

*J.* That you were. Those organ-grinders are nuisances.

*S.* Do you then actually confess that you would willingly curtail that musician's liberty of grinding?

*J.* I would.

*S.* And why? Because he injures you?

*J.* Yes. He's a nuisance. A man has no right to make himself a nuisance to his neighbours.

*S.* And yet you saw how the little children were dancing in the gutter to the sound of his music; they enjoyed 'Rosalie the Prairie-Flower,' if you did not.

*J.* May be: but he's thought a nuisance by the majority, therefore I say put him down.

*S.* But this, his being a nuisance, is a mere question of liking and disliking, a matter of opinion.

*J.* Granted, but the opinion and likings or dislikings of the majority must be consulted.

*S.* Are liking and disliking predicated only of that which is pleasant or unpleasant to the senses?

*J.* How do you mean?

*S.* Why the organ-grinder offends your ears as we call it much in the same way as the sun dazzles one's eyes; but an obscene picture or filthy phrase visible on a public wall, though seen by the eyes, cannot be said in the same way to offend the eyes, but rather the mind.

*J.* Well.

*S.* I presume you would dislike such sights.

*J.* I hope so, we should at least in England.

*S.* And would you put them down?

*J.* Certainly.

*S.* And punish the perpetrators of such obscenities?

*J.* That follows of course.

*S.* Now don't you think there are some, say rather a good many persons, so constituted that their minds would be as shocked and offended by an offensive placard about Christianity, as by the filthy representations we just now mentioned? You may be able to regard such placards with the eye or mind of a philosopher. You may style them, expressions of opinion, results of ethical conviction, and whatever else you please, welcoming them as new comers and combatants, of a somewhat boisterous and unknightly mien, in the wide lists where Truth sits sovereign holding in her hand the reward destined for him whom the *melée* shall prove her most faithful champion, while herald-like the centuries, each in his turn, trumpet forth the great grand proclamation, that "God will show the right," that all the defenders of falsehood will perish, all true men and all true things live for ever. But don't you think the majority, the men who work for their bread, who buy and sell, and eat

and drink and sleep, to whom life is not of the nature of a discussion, the men who cannot always be "verifying their Ready Reckoner," not having either skill or time enough for that purpose, but must rub through the problems of life with their Reckoner as it is, with all the faults that may arise from defects of education, or self-will, or circumstances; don't you think this majority, the majority (if you remember) you just now mentioned, will intensely dislike a statement that their Ready Reckoner is incorrect publicly presented to or rather forced on their notice. Still more, if the statement were not confined to Christianity itself, but ventured to touch on the character of the Founder of that religion, looking at the matter with the most dispassionate coldness, and separating yourself as far as possible from the feelings of a Christian, do you not suppose that assertions which would cause you some indignation if publicly issued concerning any friend of yours, would arouse indignation and more than indignation if obtruded on walls, and gates, and in the public streets, upon the eyes of people who regarded the person thus violently and publicly stigmatized as their friend, their king, and their God?

*J.* It must be so.

*S.* Do you not think these assertions would cause dislike, dislike I mean to the majority, and if so—

*J.* If so, they may be suppressed, you would say, I see where it ends, but I was wrong before.

*S.* How wrong?

*J.* Men must not be guided by likings and dislikings. Look at the history of the world and read there what mischief, what absurdities, these false guides have caused. In one country a man cannot eat pork publicly, in another he must not eat beef, in a third he dare not whistle on a Sunday; and all this from following likings and dislikings instead of reason.

*S.* I hail Reason then—she is to be our future guide. And now suppose her installed in her office, whither will she lead us in the dubious paths that involve the question of the organ-grinder? Will she allow you to suppress him?

*J.* Certainly, because of the real harm that results from his attempts at melody. To an invalid they are torture, and to every man with a pair of ears they are unpleasant to a degree that causes harm, in creating irritation or distracting thought. I would suppress the organ-grinder as I would suppress a man who fired off blank cartridge in the street, because the sound deafens and bewilders a man, causing to a certain extent real harm.

*S.* I don't know exactly what you mean by real harm; at present you seem to me to speak merely of physical harm. However what physical or real harm is caused by these pictures and representations, which we agreed, if publicly represented, ought to be suppressed?

*J.* No physical harm but still great and real harm. No amount of mere disgust or loathing should warrant us in suppressing them or anything else; our true warrant for their suppression is the immorality generated by such public exhibitions.

*S.* Then the state may suppress whatever has a tendency to generate immorality?

*J.* Yes.

*S.* Or in other words, (for the state must of course act upon its own conceptions) may suppress whatever it conceives to have an immoral tendency. You say nothing, for perhaps the vision of an old man in prison, a bowl of hemlock by his side, dying on the charge of corrupting the youth of his native country, makes you pause a little. I won't mention another instance, or weary you by dragging you through the long gallery of honest persecuting faces that history has treasured, for you know as well as I do that there was never a religious persecution set on foot but had this pretext—the suppression of immorality.

*J.* It has proved certainly a dangerous and misused weapon.

*S.* It has. And besides it is supposed by some, even in the nineteenth century, that religion and morality are in some way connected together. This supposition is possibly entertained by our present government, they may believe that, as a general rule, there is some connection between morality and Christianity, between immorality and the denunciation of Christianity, and, if such is their belief, they may, on your principle, rightfully suppress and punish an open attack on Christianity, whether made by word of mouth, or on a public wall, or in a printed book; will you admit that right?

*J.* Certainly not.

*S.* Then a government has not authority to suppress anything merely because it has immoral tendencies.

*J.* It has not. Do you think it has?

*S.* Pardon me—let's go on, for I have a way of expressing myself lengthily and mistily when I give my opinion, and can never satisfy myself or any one else; besides I shall take up every minute of our walk if you once set me going.

May I ask you then whether you still think public obscenities should be suppressed?

*J.* Yes, of that I am quite certain.

*S.* And suppressed, not because they *are* immoral?

*J.* I suppose not.

*S.* Then for what other reason?

*J.* I suppose we must come back again to our likings and dislikings, and yet what lesson can history be said to teach us, if it does not teach us to avoid such false 'will o' the wisps'?

*S.* Can you see away there over Midsummer Common a tall fellow in University-blue just leaping on to old Moses' ferry?

*J.* Yes, it's Gulielmides.

*S.* It is, Gulielmides of St. John's. He's over six feet, and weighs I don't know how many stone. This afternoon he'll pull five in the University Boat, and they will row down past the locks to Baitsbite and further, for anything I know. Don't you imagine that by the time he's come back and stripped and dressed again, he'll have a keener appetite than you will after your leisurely promenade along the bank.

*J.* Probably, but what of that?

*S.* And if you were set down to his dinner and obliged to consume the three, four, or more beefsteaks, which will rapidly disappear before Gulielmides, an imperious physician standing over you all the while, heedless of your remonstrances and forcing you to continue swallowing till you had swallowed the whole, would you not begin to think lightly of your medical adviser?

*J.* That I should.

*S.* For you would quote against him fairly enough the old proverb "what's food for the tinker's death to the tailor," or, in other words, "the dinner that's just enough for Gulielmides is too much for me."

*J.* I should.

*S.* If he still persisted, you would say you could not get it down, you loathed it, and your stomach rejected it.

*J.* I should be more likely to walk past him out of hall; however, what you say expresses the truth.

*S.* And suppose your doctor said to you "You most unreasonable of my patients, this comes of liking and disliking and listening to the dictates of such foolish fancies. I tell you Gulielmides will eat this dinner and thrive on it, and be four times as strong and hearty as you;" would you

not answer that these likings and dislikings represented the voice of nature bidding you desist from eating? "Find fault if you will," you would reply, "with my constitution, but don't find fault with my likings at least in this instance. Give me the strong frame and constitution of Gulielmides and I will row as far and eat as much and thrive on it as well, but as long as I am what I am, plain Jones of Trinity, and my constitution is what it is, I can't eat as much as he does. Alter my constitution, and then, when you have made a stronger man of me, you won't find me nice about a beefsteak or two; but at present these likings which you find so objectionable are part and parcel of my very being, and must be obeyed, or else I know by experience what will be the consequence. I shall be sleepy in the evening, unable to read a line, and bilious and out of sorts to-morrow. "Experientia docet." Would you say that?

*J.* A little more briefly perhaps.

*S.* I walk rebuked and admit the justice of your censure, only mind I forewarned you of my failing. However, when we turn to the Hindoos and laugh at them for not enduring to see a cow killed, or at the Mussulmans for loathing the very notion of a banquet on pork, might they not retort on us in the same way? "Don't find fault with this notion, this disliking of ours, it is the mere result of our religion, alter our religion if you can, find fault with our religion if you will, but as long as we hold that religion, the practices you mention must be as offensive to us as the spectacle of your sacred supper, publicly parodied or contemned, would be to you. At some future time we may view the slaughter of a cow or the eating of pork with impassive faces, but it will be when we have ceased to adore Brahma or revere the name of Mohammed."

*J.* I think that would be a sensible answer enough, but then,—then we are left again to the mercy of our unreasonable likings and dislikings. Will you answer me a question?

*S.* With pleasure.

*J.* Did you ever feel unwell after a grand dinner or supper?

*S.* I wish I could say no.

*J.* Were you made unwell by eating what you liked, or what you disliked?

*S.* With few exceptions, by the former, by what I liked.

*J.* And it was your liking that induced you to eat.

*S.* Yes.

*J.* To eat things unwholesome, hurtful to you?

*S.* Yes.

*J.* And I dare say often too prefer these hurtful things to others on the table less or in no ways hurtful?

*S.* I must admit it.

*J.* Therefore your liking, you see, your voice of nature often leads you astray it seems; and your imperious physician would have stood you in good stead at these entertainments had he contradicted the voice of nature.

*S.* I grant it.

*J.* By analogy will not this apply to nations? Must they not sometimes be forced by stern physicians, imperious Akbars, and imperious Charlemagnes, to contravene their likings?

*S.* They must.

*J.* I have no more questions to ask, for I wish to hear now what you say to this.

*S.* It seems agreed between us that our likings and dislikings sometimes lead us wrong. Did we not also agree that sometimes, as in the case of your dinner, they also lead us right?

*J.* We did.

*S.* Are we then always to obey, or always to disobey; or sometimes to obey, sometimes disobey our likings?

*J.* Sometimes obey, sometimes disobey,—but, pardon my interrupting you, and who's to apply this 'sometimes' to rational questions?

*S.* I don't know yet. Let us confine ourselves to individual questions. If you, in your own living and diet, sometimes obey and at others disobey your likings and dislikings, tell me, who will be your guide in your obedience or disobedience? for you resisted just now, if you remember, the voice of the imperious physician.

*J.* I should eat and drink whatever came before me, not troubling myself about it, unless it disagreed with me.

*S.* How would you know it disagreed with you?

*J.* By experience.

*S.* And from such meats and drinks as on repeated experience disagreed with you, you would, I presume, refrain, spite of the recommendation of the most able physician, even if they were the common food of ordinary people, so that if after repeated trials you found it disagreed with you, Hippocrates himself would not be able to persuade you to eat roast beef.

*J.* No, not even if Galen backed him.

*S.* For you would declare the physician outstepped his province in saying roast beef did not disagree with you: this question belonged to the sphere of your own experience.

*J.* Of course.

*S.* On the other hand if Hippocrates were to reply mildly, with a look of compassion; "my good young friend, I don't dispute your assertion: beef does not agree with you; I can well believe it from your personal appearance; you look wretchedly sallow, your shoulders stoop most painfully, the very whites of your eyes betray your miserable condition, for I should be the last doctor in the world to advise you in your present state to eat beef: but take my advice, walk a mile before breakfast, play at fives or rackets, or row in moderation between twelve and two, instead of peripateticizing on the bank, or along the Trumpington road, take a little quinine three times a day for a week, and never read later than ten, and I promise you in a month's time, you shall be able to eat beef with the best of them,—it would perhaps be worth considering whether we should take such advice as this.

*J.* Yes, it would.

*S.* Again before we rejected our physician's injunctions, would it not be necessary to have not only experience but continuous experience?

*J.* I should have thought a man could soon have told what disagreed with him.

*S.* Has it never entered into your head to imagine the feelings of the first man who ever took one of those powerful boluses which homœopathists discard, in plain English a blue pill and black draught,—the gradual transition from anguish and distrust and despair of life on the first day to gloomy acquiescence on the second, followed by calm complacency and perfect health on the third and fourth,—how, if he were absolute monarch of the district, the agonized patient would probably impale the wretched druggist on awaking in the morning, give him burial in the evening, and let fall a tear over his costly sepulchre on the following day?

*J.* Well certainly the poor physician would have received neither mercy nor justice.

*S.* But a continuous experience of four days would have rendered the ill-fated man independent of the former, and only anxious for the latter.

*J.* True.

*S.* And there are some medicines that require a far longer and more continuous experience.

*J.* There are.

*S.* We agree then that on the one hand we shall refuse to listen to a physician who says that this or that does not disagree with our constitution if we find the contrary in continued experience: on the other hand, if our physician attempts to alter our constitution for the better, we shall perhaps listen to him, and, if we adopt his prescription, shall follow it out long enough to give him a fair trial.

*J.* We agree so far.

*S.* Then, if the physicians of a nation, the political philosophers, find fault with the likings and dislikings of that nation, may not the nation, in some case, retort on the philosophers as you and I just now retorted on the physician?

*J.* But these national likings and dislikings are, nine cases out of ten, against all reason.

*S.* Why so are the likings and dislikings of individuals. Some people, as Shylock says, cannot endure a "wollen bag-pipe," some "a cheese," some "a gaping pig." I've heard of a man who could not bear to pass through any entrance, however broad, because he fancied himself too large for the passage. An energetic physician attempted to undeceive him by forcing him through a door, and whether he was undeceived or not I do not know, but I know he died of it. Or, to proceed to less uncommon instances, some people can't endure the presence of a cat, some can't eat sage and onion, some can't drink port wine. There's no reason in all these dislikings, they are unreasonable, and besides, exceedingly inconvenient, and a physician who should remove them would confer on his patient a benefit, but what would you say to the physician who should compel one valetudinarian to eat sage and onion, another to drink port daily, and a third to surround himself with a perpetual company of cats; and this by way of remedy?

*J.* You are not quite fair here. It is not an object with men that they should be able to eat onions or drink port: it is an object with all mankind that truth should be disseminated. If I saw a man pining to death because he disliked bread, and had no other food, I should advise him or, if I could, force him to eat bread. If I see a nation pining to death in a famine of truth, caused by a national dislike for the free expression of thought, shall not I advise, or if possible, force that nation to feed on the food of truth?

*S.* True, not however as a remedy of that dislike, but to prevent an evil greater than the offence done to that dislike,

to prevent the death, in the one case of the man, in the other of the nation.

*J.* Quite so.

*S.* Do you think you would be successful in forcing a man to eat bread?

*J.* Probably not.

*S.* Or in advising him to eat?

*J.* That would depend on the intensity of his dislike and the clearness with which he foresaw the consequences of his present conduct.

*S.* At all events you would, I imagine, unless death were imminent, employ first all the means of your art, such as exercise, medicine, change of scene, or what not, to remove the cause of the man's disliking.

*J.* I suppose so. But will you give me a straightforward answer to a straightforward question?

*S.* If I can.

*J.* If the likings and dislikings of nations are sometimes to be neglected and sometimes to be regarded, and the advice of the politician whom you call the nation's physician is also, when opposed to these feelings, sometimes to be adopted and at others rejected, when are the former to prevail and when the latter? Who or what is to be the arbitrator between the two? What's your principle, your theory on the matter?

*S.* Do you ask me? I have no principle but what the argument may teach us. Tell me when you reject your physician's advice, on what ground do you reject it?

*J.* I'm tired of that physician. But, supposing I place confidence in him I should never reject his advice unless it were contrary to my own experience.

*S.* Then if your own experience is the arbitrator between you and your physician, why may not experience, the experience of a nation be the arbitrator between a nation and the politician?

*J.* Because a nation cannot make experiments on itself as easily as an individual can.

*S.* You mean then that a politician has advantages over the body politic that a physician has not over his patient?

*J.* I do.

*S.* Does not an able physician derive his ability from experience, experience of the constitutions of individuals?

*J.* He does.

*S.* And so also an able politician from the experience of the constitutions of nations?

*J.* Yes.

*S.* Experience resulting from experiments whether designed or undesigned made by nations?

*J.* Yes.

*S.* And if these experiments are hard of execution the source of our politician's knowledge is to some extent dried up, and his knowledge will diminish equally with the knowledge of the nation itself.

*J.* Perhaps it will.

*S.* And when you consider that while a physician derives much of his knowledge from personal observation and comparison of different cases, a politician, in his scarcity of experiments, must rely mainly on musty books, containing facts that are sometimes not facts, and always dead dry facts; reading many supplementations and colourings before they can exhibit a living scene, so that from a single page for instance of a monkish chronicle two different historians will present their several readers with two distinct or opposite pictures: you may perhaps hesitate before attributing to the politician a superiority over the physician in the mastery of their respective sciences.

*J.* Well, perhaps so.

*S.* Further, if you bear in mind the full force of what you said just now, that it is easier to make experiments on an individual than on a nation; that you can alter the times and seasons of your family with greater impunity than the customs and institutions of a great people, that in the management of all large masses of men, law and order are so necessary, as almost to warrant us in preferring the certainty of bad to the uncertainty of good institutions, that although in attempting to remove the aches and pains of a single patient, you may often employ a medicine which, if it does little good, can at least do no harm; on the other hand, in the constitutions of nations, the change produced by every remedy (and every remedy of necessity produces change) unless so blended with the vital progress of the country as in reality to be no change, but rather the continuation of relative identity by means of positive change, is apart from all other considerations in itself an evil, so that the medicines of politicians are either medicines indeed or else poisons, but scarcely ever neutral: bearing all this in mind perhaps you will be less severe on the old conservative Locrians, whose law-givers could propose no new law but in a hempen neck-tie.

*J.* I'm not too sure about all this; but I'll grant that the

politician stands to the nation in no superior position than that occupied by the physician with respect to his patient. I grant that, if you like; but I'm not satisfied, we have skimmed round the subject somehow and not come to any definite conclusion. However, I have only one observation to make. According to your system, the suppression of thought, you and I would in all human probability not be Christians at this moment. At all events had you lived at the right time you would have persecuted Christianity, you would, for anything I know, have looked on approvingly at the flames that consumed the grey-haired Polycarp, you would have roared "Cyprian to the lions," you would have—

*S.* Stop a moment—why so?

*J.* Why, what would you have done if an enthusiastic neophyte had, like that man in Cornwall we spoke of, rushed out of a Corinthian meeting-house fresh from hearing St. Paul's letter, and, thinking himself authorised by the Apostle in believing that the sacrifices of his heathen friends and neighbours were offered not to Gods but to devils, had gone and written up on the principal entrance of the temple of Zeus—

“Zeus is a Devil.”—

what would you have done when the Corinthian mob, headed by the priest of the offended God, came dragging the man before you, if you had been sitting in Gallio's judgment seat?

*S.* I should have ordered my lictors to take off his clothes and give him a sound scourging.

*J.* You would?

*S.* Certainly.

*J.* Well I must say I admire you for your consistency, but I don't think every one would confess as much.

*S.* Surely you are mistaken.

*J.* Mistaken? Do you mean to say that one out of a hundred Christians would admit that had he been in Gallio's place he would have scourged the great Apostle of the Gentiles for writing what he wrote in his letter to the Corinthians?

*S.* I hope not. I would not for my part.

*J.* But just now you said you would.

*S.* Pardon me: let me repeat your words; you talked of an “enthusiastic neophyte writing on a gate.”

*J.* Well, on a gate or in a book, it's all the same.

*S.* There I differ from you. The two cases seem to me very different. In the one case an opinion is published, in the other obtruded.

*J.* And would you make a legal distinction between writing on a wall or in a book.

*S.* Yes certainly, just as prints that would be uncensurable and necessary in a treatise on medicine or anatomy, should be censurable and punishable if exhibited on a public wall. Perhaps I should go further and distinguish, as I have heard is the custom in France, between a pamphlet or book and a newspaper. Everybody reads and must read the newspapers, you need not read more than the title of a book or pamphlet.

*J.* Well, if I'm candid enough to admit there's something in what you say, will you give me your own idea about true liberty?

*S.* My dear fellow, I really hardly like to do so. I feel half afraid, lest like old Midas, I shall be overheard by those horse-chestnuts in the Jesus grounds on our right, and they will waft away my definition, and whisper it into the ears of some practical man.

*J.* Is then your definition so unpractical?

*S.* Nay, it shall not be my definition. We will fix it on our old friend the Argument, as the price for not deserting him. Answer me then, what is the true food for every man? Is it not that food which both in quantity or quality will develop his constitution?

*J.* Yes. And in the same way I suppose you'll say true liberty is the power of doing that which develops one's moral and mental nature. But why are you silent?

*S.* I am wondering whether you will admit that as our article phrases it, there is "a fault and corruption" in the nature of every man.

*J.* You don't mean I suppose that any part of the whole system, what is called for instance one of the animal passions, is in itself faulty, but that there is a derangement in the system, something unnatural in the nature of man, so that man is not corrupt by nature strictly speaking, but by the fault in his nature, just as a clock does not go wrong by nature but by the fault of its nature.

*S.* You exactly express my meaning, and provided you set this interpretation on the word 'nature' I adopt your definition. Liberty is the power of development according to nature, what some people call one's higher nature.

*J.* But this is unpractical indeed, and about as inconvenient and ridiculous an incumbrance as Midas' ears. If now liberty were "the power of doing what one wills" or "the power of doing what the majority wills, or whatever

does not offend the majority," or some definite tangible thing or other, then every plain man and every nation could tell whether they had it: but now if the French complain that the yoke galls them a little, or the Prussians would like their collar somewhat wider, or the English labouring classes are discontented enough to want a present if not a future admission to the franchise, there's one answer for all "you are being developed according to your respective natures," and what's likely to be the reply but a flat denial, and between positive assertion and positive denial what good shall we get?

*S.* My good friend have you ever read of the case of a miserable creature named Caspar, (I have forgotten his other name) who was penned up throughout his infancy, childhood, and early youth, in one small room scarcely large enough for the most trifling motion, taught neither to talk nor read nor even to walk, or use the ordinary motions of mankind. It is surely conceivable that the poor wretch might limit his desires to his world of six feet every way, and might prefer shambling on all fours to the artificial pain of walking on the extremities of only two of his limbs, and might be so contented with his inarticulate mumblings as to desire no more subtle vehicles of thought. He would on that supposition have "the power of doing what he willed;" but would he be free?

*J.* No. But what an exceptional case you are taking.

*S.* Would it be better for Caspar to know that he was not truly free or to have his jailers and feeders, as far as they could, encourage him by counter-shambling and counter-mumbling in the belief that his life of shambling and mumbling was the life of all beings like himself, and there was no higher, no freer life than his.

*J.* If the poor fellow had a chance of obtaining freedom, he should be told he was not free.

*S.* I agree with you, and for that reason, because I believe they have the chance of freedom or at least a higher freedom. I would rather have men and nations aim at a higher liberty than they possess, instead of deluding themselves into the belief that they already possess full liberty. You accuse me of taking an exceptional case, but though the case is an exaggerated one in degree, it seems to me in kind to represent the condition of all men. We are all to some extent undeveloped: you and I less developed than the author of the Essay on Liberty, more developed than the ploughboy whose whole vocabulary is comprised in some three hundred words; we are all slaves more or less to our

ignorance and the narrowness of our tastes and wishes. When you lay in bed yesterday morning and neglected your eight o'clock lecture, you woke up on the chapel bell's ringing and turned on your side and said to yourself, "No, I won't get up." You were in bed by eleven the night before, so that you had had plenty of sleep, you would have been the fresher for getting up and you would have kept your lecture, but "you did what you willed," you lay in bed, and were punished by a head-ache in the morning and by being gated in the evening. Now according to your practical definition you here used liberty, and the punishment was an infringement on your liberty; according to my unpractical definition the punishment was perfectly consistent with your true liberty.

*J.* Oh that's all very well for madmen or drunkards, or children or unfortunate people "in statu pupillari," but for full-grown men and nations it would not do.

*S.* But what if, as there are and always have been in the world barbarous nations that must be treated like children and require a paternal government, so in any particular nation, in England for example, the government or governing classes believe that there is and always has been a large number of men who must not be entrusted with the full liberty and rights of citizens; and what if, with rough and ready justice, they attempt to exclude all such persons by some standard of rejection dependent on land or property, or some similar qualification, is that fair or unfair?

*J.* Unfair certainly. You make the government or, in other words, the higher middle classes absolute arbitrators in the decision which excludes the lower class. In fact you have hit on the very blot of your definition. Who's to decide, I repeat, between the Prussians and their king, the French and their emperor, between—

*S.* Suppose you let the French and Prussians alone to settle their difficulties as they probably will. You know that if your physician orders you to eat or drink something which on repeated experience proves unwholesome to you, you refuse to touch it, and if he persists, you change your physician. As this is the common course with a private man, so is it generally in the history of nations, and perhaps the process may receive additional instances from the cases you mention. For either these two nations will find that what they have been considering unwholesome is a medicine, unpalatable indeed and bitter at present, but beneficial in its future consequences, or they will, however inconvenient and

difficult that change may be, eventually change their physicians. For I am not one of those who believe, whatever may be the fate of mortal men, that nations which have the advantage of semi-immortality, can for ever, to the end, be persuaded or forced by any means to follow the prescriptions or pay the fees of physicians who persist in giving them advice that is radically destructive of their constitution.

*J.* And in England?

*S.* In England it seems to me that if the brain and heart so claim the physician's attention as really to detract from the care that should be given to the industrious though despised stomach, the stomach will, by evident signs of distress and irritation, attract the physician's notice, and indeed inflict such inconvenience on the whole patient that the universal body will be eager that the stomach should receive additional advantages; but if, before the cravings of the stomach can be satisfied, it has need of toning up of improvement and education, then that useful member must wait a little longer. But I should hesitate if I were you before I used the words fair or unfair about such matters.

*J.* Why, don't you think these epithets applicable to forms of government?

*S.* To forms of government—no: to motives of government and methods of carrying into effect forms of government—yes. If a man or class is so biassed by selfishness as knowingly to govern ill for the governed, that government is unfair: but unless you can determine (and sometimes you can) the motives of the governing body, I should prefer to call a mistaken, or unsuitable form of government an error, because I have no absolute principle which will at once enable me to say, "this form of government," despotism for instance, "is wrong," or "that form," a republic, "is right," inasmuch as either may be right, and either wrong, according as it does or does not suit and develop the nation by which it is adopted. And so the exclusion of the poorer classes of Englishmen may be right now, and necessary now, but will, I hope, be both wrong and unnecessary in the England of fifty or a hundred years hence. But until I think worse of the governing classes of England than I do at present, I shall not call this exclusion unfair, nor should I even if I thought it inexpedient.

*J.* Then will you tell me, in the name of all that is clear, plain, definite and straightforward, and all else that is opposed to the obscurity of the Socratic dialectic, besides your most unpractical definition of Liberty, what other guide have

you to indicate, I won't say what is fair or unfair, but what is right or wrong?

*S.* Shortly then—experience; and as regards liberty the experience of unlearning.

*J.* I won't say another word, for we are scarcely fifty yards from the bank and then we shall have to leave off, if we are to look at the boats, but I'll give you till then to explain yourself, and I won't interrupt you.

*S.* Well then it seems to me that the whole history of government and liberty is a history of unlearning. For, to begin with the first governor and the first subject: when Seth grew up to man's estate, increasing in wisdom and stature, and began day by day to rival Adam in strength of body and mind, begetting sons and daughters and gathering round him a family and connexions and influence of his own, do you suppose the first father watched the first son without a half regretful feeling that he must unlearn something of his old paternal habit of governing? Would you blame Adam or call him unfair if he did not learn his lesson of unlearning as fast as nature would have taught it him, or would you be severe on Seth if he were inclined to unlearn somewhat too quickly? Would you ridicule the misgivings of the first father if, as the loving confidence of infancy gave place to the absolute obedience of childhood, and obedience to respect, and respect to deference, and deference in its turn, circling back again to the feelings of infancy, yielded to loving gratitude for one who now needed rather than afforded help—the old man looked back at each stage of his government as it passed away from him, unable to suppress a sigh for its departure, wondering what was to come next, bewildered by the repetition of change after change, and in each change foreseeing the destruction of all righteous relations and intercourse between himself and his son? I should not blame him for his doubts and hesitations, for all must doubt who go to experience for schooling, and what think you, was it but experience that taught the first father and the first son their complete lesson of repeated changes,—experience, the voice of God speaking to men through the events of their daily and hourly life?

Again, take a small state of antiquity in the very earliest times, and consider how in a community of some half-a-dozen families, surrounded perhaps by wild beasts or human enemies, each citizen must practise the use of arms; how each must guard by day, or take his turn of sentinel by night, and none can be exempt from the proscription that

must recruit their little army; further, how unseemly, not to say inconvenient, pernicious to all religion depending on something else than “evidences,” it would be that on their solemn holidays the infant state assembled within its one small temple, should find their worship disturbed by unknown names and rites, by uncouth movements and shapeless foreign images; how necessary for that village congregation the unity of thought which we call a national religion: lastly, where at any time an inadvertent action of a single citizen, even though directly it only affected himself, might bring down danger or destruction on the whole number, how strict must be the laws regulating the indirect influence of man upon man, and where the citizens of a state were an army, an army at any time liable to active service, how necessary must be habits of ready unflinching obedience to the appointed ruler.

And now when the six swelled into sixty thousand families, and the little village became a country with a capital, and the rough-hewn enclosure that sufficed for the worship of a score or two of worshippers had given place to a vast temple fit for a vast nation, can you wonder if the King still claimed as his due the absolute obedience once willingly and naturally rendered to the strong man, the wise counsellor, the valiant warrior, if the priest still hugged the memory of the old uniformity or rather identity of idolatry, if the elders looked with severe eyes on the gradual relaxation of regulations which their forefathers had found necessary for the welfare of their country, and which they themselves still regarded with a respect the more obstinate because now unreasonable? I should not wonder at their hesitation; for who was it that taught the King that he was no longer the one strong wise and valiant man, or the priest that he was no longer the sole trumpet of the breath of God, or the elders that their old order must change, and give place to new; who but the slow-speeched, stammering teacher, Experience? Remember also that it is from the small states, not from the large states of ancient times, that we have derived most of our experience of ancient government, and ask yourself whether our larger states may not unconsciously have adopted fetters that were then suitable, but are now unsuitable; whether we require now the same restraint of individual and accumulation of public power, the same laws either as regards military science, or participation in the national religion, or the indirect influence of citizen on citizen. Then remember on the other

hand that throughout its whole history the English nation has answered this question in the negative, and has steadily for centuries persisted in relaxing restraint after restraint, and unlearning the teachings of antiquity, and ask yourself whether we have gone far enough already, at least for the present, or must yet go further in unlearning: and if the governing classes of England seem to you unreasonably slow, let me remind you, once for all, that they too, like the first father and the first nation, are scholars in the school of experience, a teacher laden with the knowledge and books and parchments and monuments of six thousand years, but still to this day as slow of speech as ever.

But here we are off the common and on the bank, and men begin to look at us as though our conversation were a little out of place.

*J.* Well, let us leave off now, but mind, I by no means say I agree with your opinion, and indeed, I'm not certain I could exactly say what your opinion is: besides, you have done little more than just touch on one point of liberty—liberty of thought.—And, what with likings and dislikings, and physicians and politicians, I feel as confused as poor old Demea after he had consulted with his three wise lawyers, and am quite ready to cry with him, “fecisti probe: ego multo incertior sum quam dudum.”

*S.* At any rate I have had quite enough of it for the present if you have not; when we come back again, if you are not tired, we may perhaps have a word or two about Liberty of Action; for I agree with you that we have but touched on what is only a part of a vast subject; and, if you feel like old Demea, I can assure you I sympathize with his lawyer, and answer you, “ego censeo amplius deliberandum, res magna'st.” And now for the boats.



PSYCHE.\*

I.

BRIGHT Aphrodité, golden Queen of Love,  
 Fair as the drifted foam of that blue Sea  
 Which girds the strand of lone Cythera's isle,  
 Lay wrapt in sun-lit clouds, which, when with her,—  
 So bright, so fair,—compared, their splendour dusk'd.  
 One hand and arm, upraised, sustained her head,  
 Part hid amid the golden sea of hair  
 Which waved its ceaseless flow adown her neck  
 And bosom soft, then mingled with the clouds  
 That bathed her limbs transparent. Tender Loves,  
 Upborne on azure wings, around her plied  
 Their amorous flight: but she not heeding lay—  
 Watching with eye unmoved the crisping waves.  
 Long time then thus she lay:—at length between  
 Her rosy lips parted half displayed  
 A pearly row,—more fair than those bright gems,  
 Which, like a thread of silver glory, line  
 The sapphire parapets of heavenly homes,—  
 As though to speak: but yet her voice was stayed.  
 Nathless ere long the inner fire burst forth;  
 And in the stillness rang her voice divine:—  
 “Must I then yield to her, a mortal girl,—  
 A princess though she be,—of royal loves  
 The fairest fruit and offspring latest born?—  
 I, whose vast sway o'er men and gods and all  
 That feel a passion-pulse within their breasts,  
 Till now nor rival knew nor greater power!  
 Where are the thronging vot'ries round the gates  
 Of Cindus' fane? Why glows not—incense fed—  
 The flame on Cytherean altars now?—  
 Envail'd in which I loved to approach unseen  
 The kneeling suppliant, and to lend my ear

\* Vid. Apuleius *Metamorph.* IV., V., VI.

To catch the whispered vow or soft-breathed prayer!  
 Speeds there no boat for me, (with wings as white  
 As are the dove's that nestles on my breast),  
 While eager hands and hearts direct its course,  
 To Cyprus' isle; All faithless, all are gone!  
 Before her temple prostrate suppliants lie,  
 With hand on mouth; to her all prayers ascend;  
 All breathe her hateful name; all hymn her praise;  
 And faithless priests for her desert my shrines,  
 Forgetful of the dark mysterious vows,  
 Forgetful of their Goddess, worship, power,  
 And secret revelations of my will!  
 What boots it that th' Ideal shepherd-boy,  
 Whose judgment Father Zeus approvèd well,  
 Assigned to me the prize of excellence,  
 And placed the golden apple in my hand;  
 When angry Heré knit her queenly brow,  
 And the gray eyes of Pallas flashed with wrath?—  
 Goddess or mortal woman though she be,  
 Who claims my rightful honours for her own  
 Shall feel my vengeful power, and own me Queen!"—  
 —A rustling of soft wings,—delicious sense  
 Of life ethereal, presence all divine,—  
 And odours as from heavenly mansions drawn—  
 She turned her eyes love-languid. Sportive words  
 And silver music of a welcome tongue  
 Played on her senses. For a moment fled  
 All vengeful anger from her beauteous face.  
 For youthful Eros, youngest of the gods,  
 Stood by her; laughter-light upon his lips  
 Belied the wrath that darkened his fair brow.  
 She took him to her arms; and on her breast  
 Pillowed, in soft embrace, his rosy cheek.  
 While he:—"Why frowns my lady mother? What  
 Hath stirred the heated current of thy blood,  
 And tinged that cheek that ne'er should blush, but when  
 Enamoured gods extol its loveliness?"—  
 She blushing kissed his dimpled cheek well pleased:—  
 But sighed again and frownèd; as she thought—  
 "What profit brings my beauty, if despised?"  
 And answer made, in anger, to her son;  
 Telling the tale of her contempt and shame;  
 How all men honour Psyche fair, (for so  
 Her royal parents called their youngest child,  
 Their dearest as their fairest child of all).  
 "And now by all the pledges of my love,  
 By those most gently cruel darts of thine,  
 Which gladden while they wound th' enraptured soul;

And honey-sweet consuming flames\* of love,  
 O hear me! Work a work of bitter woe,  
 That I may find delight in deep revenge.  
 Give ear to my behest:—Inflame her heart  
 With most resistless love and strong desire  
 Of one, the vilest of the sons of men,  
 Whom fortune hath bereft of honour, wealth,  
 And all the gifts that bless the soul of man:  
 So abject that his equal be not found,  
 Tho' all the earth be searchèd through and through!"  
 Once more she pressed his lips; then to the shore  
 With light tho' queenly step she took her way.  
 A rosy foot she planted on the wave,  
 Which bowed its eager crest beneath her tread.  
 Forthwith the fifty daughters of the king,  
 Who keeps his court beneath the stormy sea,  
 Gathered around her, fairest of the fair:—  
 Neræe, Spio, and Cymodocée,  
 And blue-eyed Glaucé; and Cymothoé,  
 Swift as the storm-swept wave; and Halia  
 With eyes as soft as are the mountain roe's,  
 And Amalthea with her golden hair;  
 Apeudes too, with undefilèd lips;  
 And Galatea famed for rarest beauty,—  
 With their fair sisters,—all that lightly cleave  
 With glistening arm and bosom the deep waves  
 That flow around the mansions of their sire.  
 Then yoked the Tritons bold the snow-white steeds  
 Beneath her car; and o'er the waters sent  
 The music of their loud-resounding conchs.  
 Some raised above her head a silken shade;  
 Some held the polished surface of a shell,  
 That bore the reflex of her heavenly form:  
 While others played around the snorting steeds.—  
 She thus attended sought the watery main.

Within her chamber up the palace tower  
 Sat sorrowing Psyche; gazing fixedly  
 From out the window on the setting sun.  
 But though she gazed, yet saw she nothing there,  
 Though all the sky was bathed in brightest glow,  
 For saddest thoughts bereft her eyes of sight.  
 She yearned for love; her nature longed to throw  
 Itself upon another unreserved.—  
 "For how should woman walk alone through life,  
 Who lacks the strength to bear the brunt of ills?"—

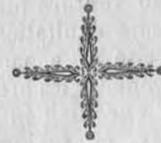
\* "Mellitas uredines," Apuleius *Metamorph.* iv.

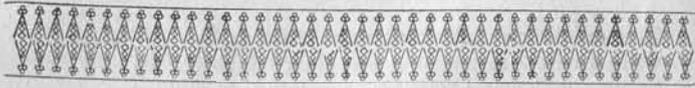
But when she feels the circling arm of one  
 Whose glory is to shield her from all harm,  
 And loves to feel her rest her all in him,  
 Then life is life indeed when lived with him!  
 And so she dares confiding in his strength  
 To face the troubles that before she feared,  
 And lightens all his cares with her sweet love.—  
 And tempering thus his coarser moods of mind  
 With all-persuasive gentleness, while he  
 Imparts his strength into her feebler breast,  
 So build they up a bulwark 'gainst life's ills.  
 Each all to each, forgetful each of self,  
 Save where that self-forgetfulness involves  
 The other's harm, nor sure advantage brings.  
 No fairer sight is there upon this earth  
 Than gentleness with manly virtue wedded!  
 But I—ah me!—must never know that joy;—  
 Though all men call me beautiful, more fair  
 Than golden Aphrodité, queen of Love,—  
 Yet must I lack a wedded husband still.—  
 Down to black Hades and the land of death  
 I sojourn friendless, childless, all alone;  
 And they will bear me to my deep-dug bed,  
 Who should, with sound of hymeneal hymn,  
 With gladsome dance and light of nuptial torch,  
 Have led me to the chamber where my spouse  
 Would take me proudly to his manly breast.—  
 No babes, the pledges of my dear lord's love,  
 Will on my happy bosom babble 'Mother!'—  
 Oh gods! a heavy penalty I pay  
 For all my beauty."

Thus from day to day  
 She mourned her fate; until thro' secret grief  
 She drooped and pined; like some neglected flower  
 Untended by the hand of man, by dews  
 Unvisited, withering 'neath the midday sun;  
 And health and beauty-bloom forsook her cheek;  
 And moving like a phantom through the house  
 She tended still her parents with fond care.  
 But when they saw her daily pine and sicken,  
 And her pale face grow paler day by day,  
 Fearing some envy of the immortal gods  
 Who aye exact a heavy penalty  
 For some great gift to men, surpassing wont,—  
 (Beauty, great talent, wealth, or luckiest turns  
 Of Fortune's wheel),—forthwith to the Delphian shrine  
 Sent trustiest servants, there to counsel ask:  
 If haply by some heavy ransom paid

They might avert the vengeance of the gods,  
 Or learn what man should wed their daughter fair.  
 So they with speed returning homeward brought  
 Such answer as the frenzied maiden gave:—  
 "Place the fair virgin on the mountain-crest,  
 As dark Death's bride in sable garments drest;  
 And hope not for a spouse of mortal blood,  
 But fierce and cruel of the dragon's brood.  
 Above the heavens his dire flight he wings:  
 War and destruction far and wide he flings:  
 To all things plague and saddest mischief brings.  
 E'en Zeus himself and all the gods most high  
 And eke the ocean he doth terrify."

(*To be continued.*)





## WALKING.

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NO Poet has ever reached the sublimity of Lord Byron in his address to the Ocean at the end of Childe Harold :

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea and music in its roar.....&c.

It was the result of his enthusiastic passion for the sea, a passion, the reason of which is easily explained. Debarred by his lameness from gratifying his pride by excelling in the more active sports of the land he threw his whole heart into swimming, and the success he attained and the wonderful feats he performed in it were the pride of his life. But it is not every one who cares to venture himself so freely on the world of waters. The same exultation and delight may be experienced in the exercise of a more laudable and safe ambition, itself not unattended with arduous toil and feelings of glory. I mean that of excelling in walking a good round number of miles in a day, or taking long tours on foot through the more interesting parts of a country. Grand old Christopher North\* has celebrated it over and over again in his own enchanting irresistible manner. To read his "Recreations" is to be carried away with the desire to set off at once as he used to do. And nothing can be more glorious than long journeys, summer's day after summer's day, past fields and woods or through the mountains. No wonder that now-a-days the ambition is so common or the attempt so often made.

Now it takes a good deal of courage to begin, and most men go the wrong way to work. Witness Earnest Enthusiast, roused to noble emulation by reading Jones' grand tour.

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\* The well-known pseudonym of Prof. Wilson.

See him start, a huge knapsack filled with all sorts of inconvenient conveniences on his back ; an immense straw to thatch his cranium : in his hand a staff like a weaver's beam ; boots on his feet that would strike terror into a ploughman, and stockings too thick for ordinary comprehension. With what bold steps do he and his similarly encumbered friend march along ! How steady their tramp ! But—five miles are gone : E. E. sweats like a horse, and feels a peculiar numblike stiffness in his knees : slowly and heavily does he drag the weight of several pounds on each foot : incipient blisters begin to tell : and at length our two heroes succumb at the next station ere a dozen of the proposed forty miles are done : they finish their journey by train sick-hearted, and feeling very small, vowing everlasting antipathy to pedestrian tours, and wishing their pedestrian accoutrements any where. But, gentle reader, do thou no such thing. First prepare by my advice. Do thou to-morrow with some merry friend start off down the Trumpington Road, in thin cotton merino or lamb's-wool, not in thy best patent leathers, but in thy stoutest, easiest, and most comfortable ordinary boots. Give free play to the liveliest humour, and out rival each other in the sparkling pun or merry jest, till the eighth mile be reached : if tired, turn back ; if not, go on. But suppose thy sixteen miles done\* and thyself, after the divinest delights Hall can give, lying outstretched on thy sofa, meerschaum in mouth, in glorious ease and calm enjoyment of the most delicious hour of life—feet bathed, fresh cased and slippered—thou mayest be conscious of a blister or two on each sole. Let them not perturb the happy tranquillity of thy mind : ere the couch of repose be sought, let them, slightly punctured at one end, be first gently squeezed dry, and a slight dose of salt given them—presto ! ere morning they are gone. Let the walk be repeated in a day or two, and kept up at frequent and regular intervals, the distance extended wherever time admits, and no loitering allowed. Always "treat" the blisters "as before." In a month's time, I safely prophesy, you will think as little of 30 or 40, as you did of your first day's amount of miles.

Experto crede. I have seen others as tender of foot as any transformed into foot-men (pedites of course) of good

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\* Exactness in distance and time is absolutely necessary. People talk very loosely of miles, which are much longer than they think. "I am sure I did 30 miles to day" generally comes to half that when inquired into.

mettle who boast of a 40 to be done presently and talk bigly of a 50 in the distance. Nay I tremble as glancing up the vista of future months. I see dread visions of an eclipse of mine own 65 dance before mine eyes! Here it seems fit, as a little wayside bye-talk, to hold a short discourse on the good of being able to do 30 or 40 miles without much fatigue. There is first, the usefulness, and second, the pleasure. Of the first I say but little: it is self-evident there are many occasions when it is imperatively necessary, though they are rarer now than formerly. To missionaries, settlers in distant countries, and travellers in out-of-the-way parts of the world, endurance and power are more required in the leg, than, we may say, any other part of the body. To Alpine climbers, tourists, et hoc genus omne, indispensable. A greater independence of railways would give a clearer head, and add more years to a man's life than the present degrading captivity people are held in. Of all exercises, walking, as it is the most natural and general, so also it is the most buoyant, invigorating, and in its effects on the body and its powers by far the most salutary—at least to most people. It works off all bad humours, and banishes dulness, spleen, and the effects of the "crapula" (listen ye nightcappers and jovial convivialists!) like magic. It is the ordinary recreation of both sexes, of all ages of life, all ranks, all professions. What is a soldier worth who cannot do a good day's march? And, by consequence, what are the civil soldiers, the volunteers into the various orders and species of military science worth, if they cannot do their good day's march of 30 or 40 miles, and more? How many could do this AS AN ORDINARY PART OF DRILL, and without incurring any more fatigue than on a show-off march round the town, to the joy of the

Stores of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence?

I suspect fewer by far than would be imagined, though it be one of the most important and fatiguing parts of real service.\* But the best good of all is, that uniting both usefulness and pleasure, a man would be able to gird up his loins, set to, and walk a country over, wandering everywhere at his own sweet will and getting a more deep and lasting impression of its beauties and peculiarities.

\* Witness the battle of Hastings. Harold's army came flushed with victory, but worn out by long and forced marches from the North.

So come, tourists would-be or otherwise, remember that you may be of the clergy some day. It would be no bad thing if you were then able to walk 15 or 20 miles away, and conduct the service for one of your brethren, besides having the pleasure of thereby adding to the Irish Church Mission funds, or Mrs. Hamper's little Dorcas\* in the country, by saving the Railway fare. You may be missionaries, and find your walking pay better than your boating or cricketing (though all due honour and glory to both)! You are or may some day be a volunteer; I have known men die from the effects of continued marching and counter-marching. Remember the feeling of satisfaction and independence of mind, the freedom and elasticity of spirits, as you push boldly along the road, like Bertram in *Guy Mannerling*, over the Border Moors. The process by which you may become a good walker is simple and pleasant; productive of a lasting effect on the powers of body and mind: requiring no superhuman exertions or desperate training: but giving rare opportunities for quiet talk on men, manners, and things in general, and inviting the mind to open itself freely, naturally, and unre-servedly on every subject. I do not deny that walking is largely practised in Cambridge; but this I say, that it is not used as it ought to be, with some proper aim in view. In nine cases out of ten it is simply the means of passing away an hour or two in the open air, from pure ennui or sheer weariness of the drudgery of reading. A long walk ought to be made with a view to endurance and practise; a shorter one with an eye to speed, facility, and style.† The remark, that one-fourth the men one meets do not know how to walk, is too true.‡

Ahem! after this last prolonged soar, I see all the roads about Cambridge blocked up with eager pedestrians! the Volunteers off to Huntingdon and back: tutors, deans, students, all eager to extend their powers and capacities of leg, and the small wayside inns in a fair way of making a fortune. But though this is in prospect, I still suppose my original disciple steadfastly at the old curriculum. Suppose he hath done all the Stantons and all the Draytons, New-

\* See *Christopher Tadpole*.

† Of course the Volunteer drill in this, as in most things, is far the best training. Military men are the "most proper" walkers by far in gait, style, and general bearing.

‡ In a rather loose and INACCURATE article on the inter-University Sports, in *London Society*.

market, St. Ives, Linton, Royston, Wimpole Park, nay Ely, and Barkway, and even with an absit Huntingdon: suppose too term over and himself and his merry friend discoursing as to where to go. If he will, let him boldly say London. Then he may, starting betimes, go along at his 4 miles an hour (neither more nor less) through Newton, Foulmire\* and Barkway to Ware. Here let him breakfast or dine, as the case may be, and relax the tightened muscles of his knees. Then let him buckle to and reduce the 21 miles between him and London to 15, 10, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1: at last reaching Hoxton Cross, from which the miles are measured, with the proud consciousness of having done 51 miles! O ye Gods! picture his delight as he luxuriates in the little parlour of the Asterisks Hotel; the tea steaming and fragrant; eggs and ham done to perfection: rolls and muffins looking bewitching: and the table set out by the fair round arms of mine host's black-eyed daughter, arch and talkative. It wants the pen of the Wizard of Abbotsford to describe such a scene of enchantment! But if he put up for the night at the Saracen's Head at Ware, the same delights await him save that a rusty elderly waiter ministers to his comforts instead of mine host's pretty daughter. Here will Mary show him the famous bed twenty-four-holding, no myth—though slightly foreshortened to fit the room. It, roof and all, is of curiously carved oak, and is dated (by the kindness of the present landlord or some former one no doubt!) 1460.† And be it at London or Ware, I “guess” he will not, like the Irishman in the old joke, lie awake to see if he snores. Here will we leave him save with a hint, that, before he sets out for Land's End or John o' Groat's House, Devonshire, the Lakes, The Trosachs, Ben Nevis or Snowdon, he may walk home to the paternal mansion. By all means if he live North-away let him do Newstead Abbey and Derbyshire, Matlock the beautiful with its hills, dales, caves, river, and

\* Humanity knoweth not the myriads of hopeless puns made on this place, all alas! wasted on the desert air.

Pepys in one of his two journeys on horseback from London to Cambridge baited at Puckridge and lay at Foulmer at the Chequer. He deplors the state of the roads from Ware thither. Another time it took him 16 hours (from 3 A.M. to 7 P.M.) to ride the whole distance, 51 miles to Cambridge, which is not extra good walking.

† Shakespeare. Twelfth night, Act III. Sc: 2. Ben Jonson's Silent Woman. Farquhar's Recruiting Officers. But see Halliwell's note to the passage of Shakespeare.

tors, Dovedale, Buxton, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, Palace of the Peak, the High Peak,\* and Castleton. Let him go in ordinary costume and not like some harlequinading Cockney out to the moors for his “little week.” Now will he be able to glory in his strength and behold the scenes his soul longs to throw itself into and be blended with—scenes handed down to all eternity by the sublime simplicity of the lofty imaginings born from contemplation of the mountain, the calm skies, the blue lakes or the torrent which Wordsworth has bequeathed us; or those, more famous, with which he has been enchanted in the romances of Sir Walter. A walker is always a deep thinker: there is so much to interest a man in the physical face of nature, so much in the variety of human nature, that he always finds ceaseless food for thought, endless exercise for his wit, wide scope for his fancy, and, says Keats—

Ever let the fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home.

Who cares to be a walking machine striding along without noticing anything save the milestones? I cannot fancy Ben Jonson walking so when he went on foot to Scotland and back from London to visit his friend Drummond of Hawthornden and saw Loch Lomond: with which he was so charmed that he would fain have made a book a play or a masque on it. To write *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* Milton must have walked far and wide, by night and by day, taking deep imprints in his memory of the beauties and realities of the visible world.† These two poems present a faithful portrayal of the sights seen in daily and nocturnal wanderings, set forth by such a skilled and beautiful hand as no man ever had yet; they are the results of long and earnest communings with the spirit of external nature, and ought

\* Of course the Peak is a range of hills running through most of Derbyshire divided into the high or the North (round Castleton), the low or South (round Matlock), and consisting of many branches called Edges.

† Whether Milton used to walk with old Hobson to Cambridge from the Bull in Bishopsgate, or whether the latter took charge of young scholars on their return to College, I do not know. They may have accompanied him on some of the horses of his famous stud or on foot. Neither Masson nor Cooper give any information on the subject. Certain it is that in those days many of them, especially those of the Threadbare cope, journeyed on foot to Cambridge from all parts of the country. Milton no doubt used to walk from

to guide the mind of the walker to deeper and higher imaginings than his own soul can attain unaided unto. Poor Goldsmith—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,

was not without his dreams and aspirations; though the thoughts of where he was to rest for the night made him rather seek to rehearse on his flute or rub up his rhetoric and dialectics for the philosophical disputations which were to serve him in good stead. Dolefully did old Richard Hooker lament the ride from Oxford to London\* which gave him a fever and a shrewish wife. Verily did he wish he had travelled on foot as was his wont! Quaint gossiping old Izaak Walton telleth the tale in his own old-fashioned way, dear to me. Alfred Tennyson too used to be a great Rambler over hill and dale, and to this would I fain ascribe in part the deep thought and habits of observation he shews: nay, in many places he plainly and unwittingly lets us see how much he owes to it.

One thing yet remains which I would by all means advise Viator to try. If he have the company of some friend, let him have a walking "do" by night. It is a memory for a lifetime. Wild thoughts gush up and find utterance in a thousand wild ways. The springs of life seem suddenly loosened: the mind is filled with an irresistible exhilaration unknown to-day, and the whole soul is yielded up to its influence. Be the talk of him of whom it was said—

He was not of an age, but for all time,

as Ben Jonson's line, always mis-quoted, really is;† or of any others of the stars of our literature: be it of the period in which, as in a constellated system, or like jewels in a royal crown, they were set: of whatever the talk is, a spontaneous and exuberant eloquence pours from the lips. To others he may seem desperately mad, but his companion is as far gone

Horton to London; the short distance of seventeen miles would give him plenty of time for soaring without much fatigue: and the prospect of books, music, and practise with Harry Lawes would urge him on. The best walker of the times immediately succeeding these was Charles II. both as prince and king. We have royal authority and example for walking.

\* When he came to preach at Paul's Cross for the first time.

† "Vir non Sæculi sui sed omnis ævi optimus:" as Velleius Paterculus says of Publius Rutilius Rufus.

in the lunacy as himself. Anon, their voices are sent in wild chorus down the rising wind, or they recite darling poems, choice anecdotes, or remembered jests, with a most rapid and emulous flow. Fancy, too, the freshness when morning breaks, ushered in by a chorus of hundreds of larks!

—civil suited morn—

Not tricked and flounced as she was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But 'kerchieft in a comely cloud  
While rocking winds are piping loud.

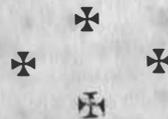
A night thus spent

In unproved pleasures free

will seem for weeks and months and years after to wear

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

To wind up, I dare say Viator would find 30 or 35 miles done regularly every day enough, if he be in for a month's walking. If for a week, he may extend it if he likes. But that just depends on his taste or how he feels. It is not always he may manage—what with sights, views, and hills—to climb over 20 in a day. But let that not vex him or spoil his reckoning. He will know best himself by then how to proceed.





“SUAVE MARE MAGNUM.”

'Tis the hour when softly stealing,  
Silence broods o'er land and sea ;  
And my heart with tender feeling,  
Dwells on memories of thee.

Scarce is heard the rippling ocean,  
Murmuring gently at my feet,  
Soothing every wild emotion  
With its music sad but sweet.

Such an hour I well remember,  
Five and thirty years ago,  
When I walked in soft September,  
By the restless ocean's flow.

Walked superbly and serenely,  
By the ever-flowing tide,  
While a maiden fair and queenly  
On my youthful arm relied.

Bright above the stars are shining,  
Weeping tears of dewy light,  
Weeping and with envy pining,  
When they see that vision bright.

Well they know their rays are dimmer  
Than that maiden's eyes divine :  
That their light is but a glimmer,  
When her eyes beneath them shine.

Shines pale Phœbe on her tresses,  
Tresses robed in golden light,  
And unwillingly confesses  
That her own are far less bright.

Thus I walked superb serenely  
By the ever-flowing tide,  
While that maiden fair and queenly  
On my youthful arm relied.

“*Suave Mare Magnum.*”

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And I felt the light hand trembling  
Near the heart which loved her well,  
And the truth no more dissembling,  
All our love we there did tell.

Whisp'ring 'Canst thou love me, Cousin?'  
Sighing 'You must ask Mamma';  
Snatching kisses by the dozen  
'Neath the light of Love's pale star.

Thus young love did I awaken  
In a tender heart and true ;  
Thus I woo'd and won Miss Bacon,  
When her years were twenty-two !

\* \* \* \* \*  
Still that maiden walks beside me  
By the restless ocean's foam,  
And whatever lot betide me,  
Still together will we roam.

Dear was once the maiden tender,  
Dear the blooming matron still :  
All good angels shield, defend her,  
Banish from her every ill !

Still the stars, with envy weeping,  
Pale before that bright blue eye ;  
Still the moon, thro' lattice creeping,  
Dares not with those tresses vie.

In my blue-eyed buxom Mary  
Not the slightest change I see,  
Save that as the seasons vary,  
Dearer she becomes to me.

And her light and airy figure  
Groweth rounder to the view,  
And we're each a trifle bigger  
Than we were at twenty-two.

For the elegant Miss Bacon,  
Now the portly Mrs. Jones,  
Weighs, unless I'm much mistaken,  
Something more than fourteen stones.

JOANNULUS.

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 THE SIXTH OF MAY, 1864.
 

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[The following lines were suggested by Professor Selwyn's Sermon delivered in the College Chapel on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the New Chapel. The intimate connexion of the points to which he so eloquently adverted with the past history of our College will perhaps be deemed a sufficient excuse for the introduction of thoughts of a somewhat graver character than usually find place in these pages.]

FATHER, behold, we build a house of prayer,  
 O! may it rise acceptable to Thee  
 Without whom nought is good, or strong, or wise,  
 And man's best efforts are but as the waves  
 Which fitful rise beneath the passing wind.  
 Our task is of the future,—but, as oft  
 Our eyes revisit yonder ancient fane,—  
 After a season brief, no more to be  
 Thy sanctuary here—our thoughts will turn  
 To those sweet memories which round it cling,  
 And hallow yet still more its sacred walls.  
 We think of days, dim with the mist of years,  
 When pious monks, with measured chant and hymn,  
 Did, for a sister house, perform a work  
 Kindred to our's this day;—of times of strife,  
 When, sheltered from the blasts that raged without,  
 The lamp of learning burned with tranquil flame  
 Within these precincts,—they who fed its fire  
 Did yonder oft assemble, and as grew  
 Rumours of wars, famine, and pestilence,  
 Found calm and hope and consolation there.  
 We think of those, who, in the flush of youth,  
 Nurtured within yon walls a high resolve,  
 Which, by Thy favor, led them to a life  
 Of highest self-devotion to Thy cause;  
 Thy holy servants, entered sainted rest,  
 Leaving a bright ensample to their time.  
 Lo! in these haunts, still echoing with their steps,  
 Their mantles fall! O! may there yet be found  
 Those who shall wear them! may these rising walls,  
 Completed, see, in days when far and wide  
 We shall be scattered, many an ardent heart  
 Conceiving holier thought and nobler aims!  
 Here may the throbbing pulse and burning hopes  
 Of early manhood learn to turn to Thee,

And make the crowning motive of its life  
 To do Thy will;—here may the fervid brain,  
 O'ertasked by emulation, oft be soothed;—  
 The exultation of successful toil  
 Be chastened by the thought that Thou alone  
 Givest the victory; and in the hour  
 Of failure may the earnest heart be cheered!  
 Another thought remains;—it casts a gloom  
 Athwart our path to-day, for there was one  
 Right loyal to this College and to Thee,  
 And zealous in this work, and we had thought,  
 As yesterday he laboured in our midst,  
 He had been *here*,—but Thou hast called him hence.  
 Stern lesson! e'en as thus we seek to rear  
 This temple to Thy glory, comes the proof  
 We and our works how frail, and that alone  
 Secure, which rests on Thee, the living Rock!  
 And now, to Thee the honor and the power,  
 As, Father, in Thy name, we lay this Stone.

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 NHNEMOZ AIA.
 

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“'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all.”—TENNYSON.

ALL other earthly feelings, as Autumn leaves, may fall;  
 All other earthly pleasures ere long I know must pall;  
 But 'mid all life's many sorrows there still shall live a joy,  
 Which nought but dark oblivion and death shall e'er destroy:  
 If I grieve, it sheds around me a holy cheering light;  
 If bliss be mine it maketh my happiness more bright:  
 For a face of heavenly beauty by my side is ever near,  
 And a voice of heavenly sweetness ever ringeth in my ear:  
 And I feel a calm contentment springing up within my breast,  
 Till peace serenely smiling is once more its welcome guest.  
 For the love wherewith I love thee is, I know, no earth-fed fire,  
 But a heaven-born aspiration and a heavenward desire:  
 Then blame me not if wandering I hail thy holy ray  
 As a star that points to realms above, and leads me on my way:  
 That tho' loved not, I yet love thee, and that still this prayer is mine  
 To follow and be mingled with thy radiance divine:  
 Where the wealthy and the sons of want are alike for ever blest;  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

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## OUR CHRONICLE.

MAY TERM, 1864.

IT is our mournful duty to record in this Number the death of Francis France, B.D. President of the College and Archdeacon of Ely, in the 48th year of his age. On the morning of Thursday, April 14th, he was found in bed insensible, having been seized during the night by a fit of apoplexy. Aid was immediately sought, but all efforts to restore consciousness were unavailing, and about noon he died. He was born at Meole Brace in Shropshire, and educated at Shrewsbury School; from which he came up to our College. In 1840 he took his degree of B.A. being 36th Senior Optime, and bracketed Senior Classic. He was elected Fellow of the College in the same year. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1843, and to that of B.D. in 1850. In the years 1847, 1848, 1852, and 1853, he was one of the Examiners for the Classical Tripos. In 1850 he was appointed one of the Tutors of the College, an office which he retained until 1860. In 1854 he was elected President. On the sudden death of the Rev. C. Hardwick in 1859, he was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Ely. At the time of his death he was a member of the Council of the Senate, of the Sex Viri, and of the Library Syndicate. The following works were published by him; (1) *The Example of Christ and the service of Christ; Three Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in February, 1861, to which are appended a few remarks upon the present state of Religious feeling, 1861*"; (2) "A charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, 1861."

His body was removed on Monday the 18th, and buried at Meole Brace the next day. It had been arranged that the hearse should leave

the gates at two in the afternoon, and should be accompanied for some distance by the members of the College; but the departure was afterwards unavoidably deferred until eleven o'clock at night; and the other intention was consequently abandoned. Notwithstanding, a very considerable number of the Fellows and other members of the College came down to the gates, being desirous of shewing some token of respect; so it was suggested that those present should still accompany the hearse for a short distance. A procession was accordingly formed, which followed it as far as S. Mary's Church. It was a sad and solemn sight, as, bareheaded and silent, in the calm stillness of a spring night, the mourners followed the hearse through the empty streets, while the bright moon shone out in the cloudless sky, a fit emblem of that life, free from change or decay, which lies beyond the mists of earth.

How great a loss he is to the College, only those who were fellow-workers with him can fully know. To many of those who waited in his rooms on that night, while all that was mortal of him was being carried forth from the College he so dearly loved, the memory of many a word of friendly counsel, and cheering encouragement, of many an act of thoughtful kindness, in years gone by, returned, and deepened the sorrow for the loss of one, whose voice was ever raised against all that was mean and underhand, whose cheerful hearty welcome ever greeted all who sought his advice, and whose clear good sense and upright heart ever suggested the most expedient mode of doing what was right. Our College has had to mourn the death of members more distinguished in the eyes of the world, but perhaps never the loss of a son, more ungrudging in his service or more loyal in his love.

The festival of S. John the Evangelist ante Portam Latinam was this year marked by an event of great interest in the annals of the College. Some time past we presented to our readers a copy of the design for a new Chapel; the work was begun in the summer of the past year, and it was resolved to mark one of the two great College festivals by laying a corner-stone of the rising building at the conclusion of the usual service in Commemoration of Benefactors. The day was fortunately fine and warm, though cloudy, and a large number of spectators were present, including among them many old members of the College, the latter, together with

the guests invited by the Society, were admitted to the present Chapel, the rest by ticket to the building yard.

The service in Chapel began at a quarter past three, in the following order :

The Communion Services read by the Deans :  
Sanctus and Kyrie Eleison—(Garrett in E)

After the Nicene Creed, an eloquent sermon was preached on Isai. xxviii. 16, by the Rev. W. Selwyn, B.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow of the College. As some thoughts suggested by it are placed before our readers on another page, we need not enlarge upon it.

The list of benefactors was then read :

Psalm cxlviii-ix (Chant No. 108) cl. (Chant No. 1.)

The Lesson, Ecclesiastes xlv. 1—8.

Te Deum, (Wesley in F).

Responses.

Commemoration prayer, followed by the Collects for 4th and 7th Sunday after Trinity, and for All Saints.

Commemoration Anthem, (O give thanks—Walmisley).

General Thanksgiving, the 4th and the last Collects subjoined to the Communion Service. The Blessing.

The choristers then left the Chapel, and a procession was formed.

The College choir was strengthened by four boys from that of Trinity, and by about thirty volunteers from the Fellows and other Members of the College. The following was the order of the procession :

The Choir, conducted by G. M. Garrett, Esq., Mus. B. Organist.

The Master of the College, accompanied by the Vice Chancellor, Heads of Colleges, Professors, the Architect, G. G. Scott, Esq., and a few of the Guests, Fellows of the College, Guests, Bachelors and Undergraduates of the College.

The following Hymn was sung by the Choir to a Chorale\* composed for the occasion by the Organist :

O LORD of Hosts, Whose Glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

Grant that all we, who here to day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

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\* We have to thank Mr. Garrett for the copy of the Chorale which we print, and for his kind permission to publish it.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The first four staves are arranged in a grand staff format, with the first two staves in treble clef and the last two in bass clef. The fifth staff is a separate bass clef line. The music is written in common time (C) and features a variety of rhythmic values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The notation includes stems, beams, and note heads.

*Accompagniment*  
(ad lib.)

The second system of the musical score consists of ten staves. The first five staves are arranged in a grand staff format, with the first two staves in treble clef and the last three in bass clef. The sixth staff is a separate bass clef line. The music is written in common time (C) and features a variety of rhythmic values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The notation includes stems, beams, and note heads. There are some markings above the staves, possibly indicating fingerings or articulation.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain ; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea ;  
And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

The heads that guide endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, LORD, protect  
The temple of thine own elect ;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever blessèd TRINITY! Amen.

On leaving the Chapel the Choir, followed by the rest of the procession, turned to the left and passed along the North and part of the East side of the First Court, until they came opposite to the Entrance Gate ; then turning to the right, they proceeded along the middle of the Court and through the Screens into the Second Court, they then walked along the North and West sides of this, up the Library staircase, through the Master's Lodge, and out by the (former) Town entrance to the site of the New Chapel. The singing was very well done, and the whole effect was most striking, especially when the procession was winding round the Second Court. The Choir were silent while passing through the Lodge, but recommenced the Hymn on entering the yard. On reaching the site of the Chapel they took their station on a platform just south of the west doorway. The spectators who had been admitted to the yard by ticket were placed in the body of the Chapel, those who had taken part in the procession occupied the transept. The corner stone is in the more western of two pilasters inside the south wall of the transept ; it bears the following inscription :

IN NOMINE  
PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI  
HUIUS SACELLI  
FUNDAMENTA POSITA SUNT  
PRIDIE NONAS MAIAS  
A. S. MDCCLXIV.

---

GEORGIO GILBERTO SCOTT, ARCHITECTO.

The following exhortation was then read by the Reverend the Master, with the responses :

Dearly beloved in the Lord, it is customary in the erection of all great edifices to lay with solemnity some principal stone, to represent the foundation or corner-stone. We are here assembled to lay the foundation-stone of a New Chapel, to be dedicated to God's service : let us remember, how it is written, Except the Lord build the House, their labour is but lost that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain : let us therefore implore the blessing of Almighty God on this our solemn undertaking.

*Minister.*—The Lord is in His holy temple ;

*People.*—Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

*Minister.*—Behold, saith the Lord, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious ;

*People.*—And he that believeth in Him shall not be confounded.

*Minister.*—The stone which the builders rejected,

*People.*—Is become the head-stone of the corner.

*Minister.*—This is the Lord's doing ;

*People.*—And it is marvellous in our eyes.

*Minister.*—Our help is in the name of the Lord,

*People.*—Who hath made heaven and earth.

*Minister.*—Blessed be the name of the Lord,

*People.*—Henceforth, world without end.

*Minister.*—Lord, hear our prayer.

*People.*—And let our cry come unto Thee.

Then the 4th Collect subjoined to the Communion Service and the Collect for S. Simon and S. Jude were read by the Deputy Senior Dean :

The lxxxivth Psalm was then chanted by the Choir.

The Deputy Senior Dean then continued :

*Minister.*—Let us pray,

Lord, have mercy upon us.

*People.*—Christ, have mercy upon us.

*Minister.*—Lord, have mercy upon us.

The Lord's Prayer.

*Minister.*—The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us : prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy-work.

The Architect then presented the trowel, square, and mallet to Henry Hoare, Esq., (late Fellow of the College) who used them in succession, laying the stone in the following form,

Thus, thus, and thus, I lay the foundation-stone of this Chapel of the College of Saint John the Evangelist, in the name of the

Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost ; and may God prosper the undertaking.

This Hymn was then sang by the Choir :

(*Angulare fundamentum.*)

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,

CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,

Chosen of the LORD and precious,

Binding all the Church in one,

Holy Sion's help for ever,

And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,

Dearly loved of GOD on high,

In exultant jubilation

Pours perpetual melody ;

GOD the One in Three adorning

In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,

Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day ;

With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy servants, as they pray ;

And Thy fullest benediction

Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants

What they ask of Thee to gain,

What they gain from Thee for ever

With the Blessed to retain,

And hereafter in Thy glory

Evermore with Thee to reign.

Praise and honour to the FATHER,

Praise and honour to the SON,

Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,

Ever Three, and ever One,

One in might, and One in glory,

While eternal ages run. Amen.

The Junior Dean then read these Collects :

*Minister.*—Let us pray.

O Lord God Almighty, Who art the High and Holy One that inhabitest eternity, and yet condescendest to dwell amongst the sons of men, grant that these walls may be built up an holy Temple unto Thee ; may they be kept from all profane and common uses ; may the prayers and praises of Thy Holy Church be here offered up to Thee and ascend to Thy throne, an incense of a sweet savour, accepted through the all-prevailing intercession of our Mediator and Redeemer Jesus Christ. Amen.

Grant that Thy true and lively Word may be here faithfully set

forth, and Thy Holy Sacraments rightly and duly administered, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grant that all those who may worship in this Thy House may be fulfilled with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grant that all those who may be nurtured within this College, being replenished with Thy Holy Spirit, may be duly qualified to serve God in Church and State, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After which the service was concluded by the Master reading the following prayer :

To Thy protection, Almighty Father, we commend all who shall be employed in building this Thy house. Let Thy good Providence defend them from all harm, and keep them both in body and soul from all evil, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

and pronouncing the benediction :

*Minister.*—The Lord bless us, and keep us ; the Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us ; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace, both now and for evermore. Amen.

The usual dinner party was held in the College Hall at 5.30, when a very numerous company sat down, four large tables being well filled with guests. A supper was also given at Swan's room to the workmen employed on the Chapel.

The Fellowships lately held by the following gentlemen are now vacant : Ven. Archdeacon France, B.D. ; Rev. R. B. Mayor, B.D. ; Rev. J. R. Lunn, B.D. ; Rev. T. Jephson, B.D. ; Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A.

The Rev. S. Parkinson, B.D., Senior Fellow and Tutor, has been appointed President of the College in the place of the late Ven. Archdeacon France.

The Porson Prize has been adjudged to Mr. T. W. Brogden.

Mr. C. Taylor, B.A., Naden Divinity Student, has been elected to First Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarship.

The following gentlemen were elected to Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions, April 15.

J. F. Moulton, T. Moss, Minor Scholarships of £70.  
F. Watson, G. J. Laidman, Exhibitions of £40 for 4 years.  
W. Griffith, A. S. Wilkins, C. W. Bourne, Exhibitions of £50 for three years.

S. Haslam, E. W. M. Lloyd, Minor Scholarships of £50.  
R. E. Verdon, H. Marshall, A. M. Watson, Exhibitions of £50 for two years.  
E. Fynes-Clinton, Exhibition of £30 for four years.

The following obtained a first class in the Voluntary Classical Examination : Beebee, Cust, Hart, Hewitt, Kempthorne, Massie, Smith, Warren, Wiseman.

The under-mentioned gentlemen were elected Foundation Scholars of the College on the 15th of June, 1864. *Third Year*—Blanch, Cope, Cust, Isherwood, Kempthorne, Roach, Sutton, Wood, A. *Second Year*—Genge, Hart, H. G., Haslam, J. B., Hewitt, Hill, E., Marrack, Massie, Pryke, Pulliblack, Stevens, A. J. *First Year*—Brogden, Fiddian.

The under-mentioned were appointed Proper Sizars : Jamblin, Barrow, Doig, Mullinger, Charnley, Green, Cox, Groome, Palmer.

Dr. Wood's Exhibitions were adjudged as follow : *Third Year*—Beebee, Blanch, Huntly, Isherwood, Peachell, Smith, R. P., Watson, J. T., Wood, A., Yeld. *Second Year*—Hill, E., Stevens, A. J. *First Year*—Charnley, Fiddian, Gwatkin.

Sir Ralph Hare's Exhibitions were awarded thus : *Second Year*—Cotterill, Dewick, Genge, Hart, Jamblin, Marsden, M. H., Rowsell. *First Year*—Blunn, Chaplin, Cox, Green, Groome, Landon, Palmer, Thornley.

The Officers of the L.M.B.C. for the present Term, are :  
*President*—E. W. Bowling. | *Second Captain*—A. Cust.  
*Treasurer*—M. H. Marsden. | *Third Captain*—H. D. Jones.  
*Secretary*—M. H. L. Beebee. | *Fourth Captain*—C. Yeld.  
*First Captain*—W. W. Hawkins. | *Fifth Captain*—C. Taylor.

The following were the crews :

<i>First Boat.</i>	<i>Second Boat.</i>
1 W. Mills	1 H. G. Hart
2 F. Young	2 J. W. Hodgson
3 A. Langdon	3 E. B. I'Anson
4 W. W. Hawkins	4 H. Newton
5 M. H. Marsden	5 A. D. Clarke
6 M. H. L. Beebee	6 F. Andrews
7 C. Yeld	7 E. Carpmael
H. Watney, ( <i>Stroke</i> )	A. Cust, ( <i>Stroke</i> )
M. H. Quayle, ( <i>Cox.</i> )	A. Forbes, ( <i>Cox.</i> )

*Third Boat.*

- 1 H. Radcliffe
  - 2 A. Marshall
  - 3 J. N. Isherwood
  - 4 F. C. Wace
  - 5 S. W. Cope
  - 6 C. F. Roe
  - 7 J. B. Haslam
- H. D. Jones, (*Stroke*)  
F. Lyman, (*Cox.*)

*Fifth Boat.*

- 1 W. F. Barrett
  - 2 E. Cargill
  - 3 R. S. Stephen
  - 4 T. Roach
  - 5 C. A. Hope
  - 6 W. Charnley
  - 7 C. Taylor
- B. Le Mesurier, (*Stroke*)  
R. G. Hurle, (*Cox.*)

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were rowed for on Monday, June 6. The entries were numerous. In the time race Mr. W. Mills defeated Mr. H. Watney by a few strokes.

The present term has been a long one for the Cambridge University Volunteers.

On Saturday, May 21st, the annual inspection of the corps by Colonel McMurdo took place on Parker's Piece, when the Oxford Corps was brigaded with our own, and we had the pleasure of returning in some degree the hospitality which we received last May from the sister University.

On Saturday, May 28th, the University Corps took part in the Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, by the special request of the Honorary Colonel, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who himself acted as Brigadier.

On Thursday, June 2, and Saturday, June 4, the corps acted as escort to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on their visit to Cambridge.

On the former day the successful competitors for the various shooting prizes of the C.U.R.V. had the honour of receiving their several prizes from the hands of the Princess in the great court of Trinity College.

The representative of the S. John's Company on their occasion was (as will be seen below) Corporal Richardson.

*Fourth Boat.*

- 1 W. R. Fisher
  - 2 C. E. Thorpe
  - 3 W. H. Hooper
  - 4 W. H. Chaplin
  - 5 H. M. Hewitt
  - 6 F. Armitage
  - 7 P. H. Kempthorne
- S. Burgess, (*Stroke*)  
S. B. Barlow, (*Cox.*)

*Sixth Boat.*

- 1 R. B. Steele
  - 2 C. E. Graves
  - 3 R. G. Marrack
  - 4 J. Toone
  - 5 W. P. H. Vaughan
  - 6 E. Miller
  - 7 K. Wilson
- W. P. Hiern, (*Stroke*)  
J. T. Watson, (*Cox.*)

The College Company we are happy to say has been strengthened by the accession of thirty recruits during the late academical year. The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Thursday, May 26, and was won for the second time by Corporal Richardson. The Officer's Pewter for the present term was won by Private Vaughan.

The Newberry Challenge Racquet Cup was won for the second time by Mr. W. D. Bushell, who played the concluding match with Mr. C. Hoare on Thursday, June 2.

## UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB—MAY RACES.

*Wednesday, May 11th.* SECOND DIVISION.

1 Pembroke	9 Catharine's	17 3rd Trinity 3 }
2 1st Trinity 4	10 Trinity Hall 3 }	18 1st Trinity 5 }
3 Caius 2 }	11 Queens' }	19 Caius 3 }
4 King's }	12 Emmanuel	20 Magdalene 2 }
5 Lady Margaret 3 }	13 Clare 2	21 2nd Trinity 3 }
6 Christ's 2 }	14 L. Margaret 4 }	
7 Sidney	15 Jesus 2 }	
8 Corpus 2	16 2nd Trinity 2	

## THIRD DIVISION.

1 2nd Trinity 3 }	7 Corpus 3	14 Sidney 2
2 1st Trinity 6 }	8 Trinity Hall 4 }	15 Emmanuel 4 }
3 Peterhouse 2	9 Catherine's 2 }	16 Caius 4 }
4 L. Margaret 5	10 Downing	17 L. Margaret 6
5 Pembroke 2	11 Queens' 2	
6 Jesus 3	12 Christ's 3 }	
	13 Jesus 4 }	

## FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity	7 Christ's }	15 Caius
2 Trinity Hall	8 1st Trinity 2 }	16 1st Trinity 3
3 1st Trinity	9 L. Margaret 2 }	17 Jesus
4 L. Margaret	10 Trinity Hall 2 }	18 Emmanuel
5 Emmanuel	11 2nd Trinity	19 Clare }
6 Corpus	12 3rd Trinity 2	20 Pembroke }
	13 Peterhouse }	
	14 Magdalene }	

## Thursday, May 12th. SECOND DIVISION.

1 Clare	8 Corpus 2	15 L. Margaret 4
2 1st Trinity 4	9 Catharine	16 2nd Trinity 2 }
3 King's	10 Queens'	17 1st Trinity 5 }
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 3rd Trinity 3
5 Christ's 2	12 Emmanuel 3 }	19 Magdalene 2
6 L. Margaret	13 Clare 2 }	20 Caius
7 Sidney }	14 Jesus 2	21 1st Trinity 6 }

## THIRD DIVISION.

1 1st Trinity 6	8 Catharine 2	15 Caius 4
2 2nd Trinity 3	9 Trinity Hall 4	16 Emmanuel 4
3 Peterhouse 2	10 Corpus 3	17 L. Margaret 6
4 L. Margaret 5 }	11 Queens' 2 }	
5 Pembroke 2 }	12 Jesus 4 }	
6 Jesus 3 }	13 Christ's 3 }	
7 Downing }	14 Sidney 2 }	

## FIRST DIVISION.

1 3rd Trinity }	8 Christ's }	14 Peterhouse }
2 Trinity H. 1 }	9 Trinity Hall }	15 Caius }
3 1st Trinity 1	10 L. Margaret	16 1st Trinity 3 }
4 L. Margaret	11 2nd Trinity	17 Jesus
5 Emmanuel	12 3rd Trinity 2 }	18 Emmanuel 2
6 Corpus }	13 Magdalene }	19 Pembroke
7 1st Trinity 2 }		20 Clare

## Friday, May 13th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 Peterhouse }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 1st Trinity 3 }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	17 Jesus
4 L. Margaret	11 2nd Trinity }	18 Pembroke }
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	19 Emmanuel 2 }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 3rd Trinity 2 }	20 Clare }
7 Corpus	14 Caius }	

## SECOND DIVISION.

1 Clare	8 Corpus 2 }	15 L. Margaret 4 }
2 1st Trinity 4 }	9 Catharine }	16 1st Trinity 5 }
3 King's }	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2 }
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 3rd Trinity 3 }
5 Christ's 2	12 Clare 2	19 Magdalene 2 }
6 Sidney	13 Emmanuel 3 }	20 1st Trinity 6 }
7 L. Margaret 3	14 Jesus 2 }	21 Caius 3

## THIRD DIVISION.

1 Caius 3 }	7 Jesus 3 }	13 Sidney 2
2 Peterhouse 2 }	8 Catharine 2 }	14 Christ's 3 }
3 2nd Trinity 3	9 Trinity Hall 4	15 Caius 4 }
4 Pembroke 2	10 Corpus 3	16 Emmanuel 4 }
5 L. Margaret 5 }	11 Jesus 4 }	17 L. Margaret 6 }
6 Downing }	12 Queens' 2 }	

## Saturday, May 14th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 3rd Trinity 2 }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 1st Trinity 3 }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	16 Peterhouse }
4 L. Margaret	11 Magdalene	17 Pembroke }
5 Emmanuel	12 2nd Trinity }	18 Jesus }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Caius }	19 Clare }
7 Corpus		20 Emmanuel

## SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2	9 Corpus 2	16 L. Margaret 4
2 King's	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2
3 1st Trinity 4	11 Trinity Hall 3	18 Magdalene 2 }
4 Caius 2	12 Clare 2 }	19 3rd Trinity 3 }
5 Christ's 2	13 Jesus 2 }	20 1st Trinity 6
6 Sidney	14 Emmanuel 3 }	21 Peterhouse 2
7 L. Margaret 3 }	15 1st Trinity 5 }	
8 Catharine		

## THIRD DIVISION.

1 Peterhouse 2	6 L. Margaret 5 }	12 Jesus 4
2 Caius 3 }	7 Catharine 2 }	13 Sidney 2
3 Pembroke 2 }	8 Jesus 3	14 Caius 4
4 2nd Trinity 3 }	9 Trinity Hall 4	15 Christ's 3 }
5 Downing }	10 Corpus 3 }	16 L. Margaret 6 }
	11 Queens' 2 }	17 Emmanuel 4

## Monday, May 15th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 3rd Trinity 2 }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 Pembroke }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2	17 Peterhouse }
4 L. Margaret	11 Magdalene }	18 Clare }
5 Emmanuel	12 Caius }	19 Jesus
6 1st Trinity 2	13 2nd Trinity }	20 Emmanuel 2
7 Corpus	14 1st Trinity 3 }	

## SECOND DIVISION.

1 Emmanuel 2	8 L. Margaret 3	15 Emmanuel 3
2 King's	9 Corpus	16 L. Margaret 4
3 1st Trinity 4	10 Queens'	17 2nd Trinity 2 } 18 3rd Trinity 3 } 19 Magdalene 2 } 20 1st Trinity 6 } 21 Pembroke 2 }
4 Caius 2	11 Trinity Hall 3 } 12 Jesus 2 }	
5 Christ's 2	13 Clare	
6 Sidney	14 1st Trinity 5 }	
7 Catharine		

## THIRD DIVISION.

1 Peterhouse 2 } 2 Pembroke 2 }	7 L. Margaret 5 } 8 Jesus 3 } 9 Trinity Hall 4 } 10 Queens' 2 } 11 Corpus 3 } 12 Jesus 4 }	13 Sidney 2 14 Caius 4 15 L. Margaret 6 } 16 Christ's 3 } 17 Emmanuel 4 }
3 Caius 3		
4 Downing		
5 2nd Trinity 3 }		
6 Catharine 2 }		

## Tuesday, May 16th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 2nd Trinity }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 Pembroke }
3 1st Trinity	10 L. Margaret 2 }	16 3rd Trinity 2 }
4 L. Margaret	11 Caius	17 Clare }
5 Emmanuel	12 Magdalene }	18 Peterhouse }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 1st Trinity 3 }	19 Jesus }
7 Corpus		20 Emmanuel 2 }

## Wednesday, May 17th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	15 2nd Trinity }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	16 Clare }
3 1st Trinity	10 Caius	17 Jesus }
4 L. Margaret	11 L. Margaret 2 }	18 Peterhouse }
5 Emmanuel	12 1st Trinity 3 }	19 Emmanuel 2 }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Magdalene }	20 King's }
7 Corpus	14 Pembroke }	

## Thursday, May 18th. FIRST DIVISION.

1 Trinity Hall	8 Trinity Hall 2	14 Magdalene }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Christ's	15 Clare }
3 1st Trinity	10 Caius	16 2nd Trinity }
4 L. Margaret	11 1st Trinity 3 }	17 Jesus }
5 Emmanuel	12 L. Margaret 2 }	18 Peterhouse }
6 1st Trinity 2	13 Pembroke }	19 Emmanuel 2 }
7 Corpus		20 King's }