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Ford, W. J.
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Foxwell, E., B.A.
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MEMOIR OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

By the late Charles Henry Cooper, F.S.A.

Edited for the Two Colleges of her Foundation, by Prof. John E. B. Mayor, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co., 1874.

IT was a grand old philosophic notion,—first enunciated, if I recollect right, in its full completeness by Berkeley,—that things not perceived are non-existent; that, in short, all entities exist only in the percipient mind, and *esse* is a mere *percipi*. There seems to be a kind of parallelism to this idea in the connexion between the human mind and the Past. Given only a certain adequate intellectual insight into that Past, and it acquires for some minds a reality equalling or exceeding that of the Present. Its characters walk our streets, meet us

'In sainted fane or mythic glade,'

pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. But to most the Past is literally dead; 'dead,' as Mr. Ruskin says, 'to some purpose; all equally far away; Queen Elizabeth as old as Queen Boadicea; and both incredible.' The faculty of comprehending bygone times and sympathising with them is, indeed, like that power of vision observable among mariners at sea, mostly a matter of slow acquirement, and often not to be acquired at all. And hence we find a large majority, in default either of the capacity or the opportunity of gaining such a faculty, yet un-

willing to be wholly ignorant of what went before them, falling back on artificial aids as supplied by some celebrated optician. Nor, indeed, have such caterers for the needs of a reading, if not discerning, public ever been quite lacking where papyrus or paper, *stili* or goose-quills, were articles in fairly common use.

But, explain it as we may, the fact is undeniable that, though each of these professional opticians enjoyed no little reputation and drove a brisk trade in his day, each in turn has more or less declined in public favour and come to be regarded as either a blunderer or a charlatan. The glasses he manufactured, it has been said, though certainly serving to bring objects more nearly into view, have falsified as fast as they have revealed. Little men look big, dark men look fair; and even those characters which preserve their features unchanged have seemed to undergo a strange mutation—now standing unduly in the shade, now exhibited in light of supernatural brilliancy.

It was the distinguishing merit of the compiler of of this biography that, though undisciplined by a university career, and not, I believe, entitled to wear a hood of any shape or colour whatever, he possessed that native independence of spirit and fearlessness of toil which led him to put aside the glasses of all these eminent opticians and to seek to develope his own powers of vision for himself. And thus, in due course, although holding official position and occupied with numerous duties in connexion with the municipality of Cambridge, he came, by patient bestowal of his leisure, to be the best informed among contemporary Englishmen in nearly all that related to the past of Cambridge University. At once Clerk of the Town and Historiographer of the University, he explored the annals of both those ancient and too often hostile bodies;—from the time when Chancellors and Mayors dealt in fisticuffs at Sturbridge fair, down to

that when Syndicates and Town Councils are to be found differing concerning the purification of the Cam, to leave behind him a better *Compositio de Amicabilitate* between 'town' and 'gown' than any which ever linked one college to another. In feeble health, unstimulated by hopes of fame or emolument or professorial chair he sustained for a long series
daily search amid the archives of the Library or Registry, until 'every stone of our Sparta,' to quote an eloquent tribute to his work, 'spoke to him of struggles and sacrifices and noble memories.' He passed away, his labours but scantly recognised and himself ungraced even by that honorary degree which, less for his credit than that of the University, some would gladly have seen him bear; but the knowledge, deep, accurate, and
its own exceeding great reward. Slowly but surely he piled up the monuments of his industry, the *Annals*, *Memorials*, and *Athenæ*, which, exactly as they were in no way designed to subserve the party purposes or suit the literary fashions of a time, will continue to point the way and lighten the journey for future investigators when many a so-called 'History' now in use has been consigned to dust and oblivion.

Turning now to this legacy which Mr. Cooper may be said to have bequeathed more especially to Christ's College and St. John's, in the form of a biography of their foundress, it is right to say that it was mainly written nearly forty years ago, and is consequently neither an adequate specimen of his own great stores of knowledge nor fully up to that higher level to which the progress and research of nearly half a century have brought us. It was compiled some twenty years before the first volume of either *The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland* or of the *Calendars of State Papers* saw the light. Fortunately, however, it has fallen into the hands of an editor exceptionally

qualified to make good its defects; whose additions in the shape of notes, glossary, and index, while doubling the size of the book, have more than doubled its original value, and, as the volume now appears, it will be difficult for the most lynx-eyed investigator of the period to add much of any value to what we here learn concerning Margaret Beaufort.

Like all Mr. Cooper's contributions to history, this Life is mainly a collection of carefully-sifted, well-arranged, justly-apprehended facts, and any attempt to give an outline of the whole would simply result in a reproduction of every tenth fact, with the omission of nine others which many would perhaps consider equally important and interesting. Instead, therefore, of occupying the pages of *The Eagle* with any such dry abridgment, it would seem better worth while to endeavour to point out how much there is in the life and character of our Foundress which entitles her to our gratitude and admiration, so as indeed to render it a duty on the part of her personal debtors (among whom I include all living members of Christ's and St. John's Colleges) to buy and study the book.

On the august descent of Margaret Beaufort it is perhaps least necessary that I should dwell, and yet it may not be altogether superfluous to recall who were her father, her husbands, and her son. Her father, John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, Lieutenant-General of France, Acquitaine, and Normandy, the grandson of that John of Gaunt, 'time-honoured Lancaster,' who, as the founder of the Lancastrian line, son of Edward III., the patron of Wyclif, and stay of King Richard's tottering throne, fills so considerable a space in our fifteenth century history. Her first husband, Owen Tudor, Earl of Richmond, whose father was son of Catherine of France and Henry V., by whom she became the mother of Henry VII., first of the Tudor line. Her second husband, the Earl of

Stafford, descended, like herself, from Edward III. and Queen Philippa. Her third husband, second Lord of the house of Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby. 'I need say nothing,' says Baker, in his *History of St. John's College*, 'I need say nothing of so great a name....Though she herself was never a queen, yet her son, if he had any lineal title to the crown, as he derived it from her, so at her death she had thirty kings and queens allied to her within the fourth degree either of blood or affinity, and since her death she has been allied in her posterity to thirty more.'

But noble birth would seem to have been the least of our Foundress's claims to the reverence of posterity. So far as I can discern her features through the mist of nearly four centuries, limned by the faithful hand of her confessor, she seems likewise to have been one of the best women that ever lived, and that in perhaps the worst age that our country ever saw. Those who have most closely studied the history of the time best know how dark a legacy of bad passions and social demoralisation the great dynastic struggle had left behind. English honesty and love of fair dealing might have fled with Astræa to the stars, for aught we can discern of them as national virtues. Through all that terrible contest Margaret Beaufort had lived; had witnessed some of its saddest tragedies and participated in some of its most dire calamities. Her second father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, fell in the fierce fight at Northampton; the following year, her first father-in-law, Owen Tudor, was slain in cold blood by the victorious Edward after the battle of Mortimer's Cross; her brother-in-law, Jasper Pembroke, ap Meredith ap Tudor, together with her son, Harry Richmond, fled from England after that grim day at Tewkesbury, to live as exiles for the rest of King Edward's reign; her second husband's nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, was beheaded

by Richard III. at Salisbury; and she herself, attainted and closely watched, lived on in sorrow, anxiety, and suspense, until the restoration of the fortunes of her house at Bosworth. Small wonder if, with such an experience of the vicissitudes of human destiny, she mistrusted the gifts of the fickle goddess, and even when she beheld her stooping to place the crown on Richmond's brows, wept 'mervaylously' in all that 'grete tryumphe and glorye!'

And while such had been her individual experience in that political world wherein she bore so prominent a part at home, we can hardly imagine that, to one whose faith was so earnest and sincere, the horizon could have appeared much brighter which bounded her religious life abroad. What Rome was, what the Church was, in Margaret Beaufort's time, let the admissions of Machiavelli and Cosmas de Villiers, and the denunciations of Savonarola tell. An age and a system so corrupt that the very light of hope seemed to have died away. *Saeculum Synodale* clean at an end, and all the great hearts that had spent their best energies at Constance or at Basel now resting quietly in the grave. What men, again (fallible or infallible, however they might proclaim themselves), were the Popes of her time—Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II.—not one of them, methinks, worthy to loose her shoe latchet! Faith, we cannot but think, must have been given in no small measure to those who could still believe, still aim at duty, still be devout and religious in those days; and certainly to one whose character her biographer could thus pourtray:—'Of mervayllous gentyleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her owne, whom she trusted and loved ryghte tenderly. Unkynde she wolde not be unto no creature, ne forgetfull of any kyndness or servyce done to her before, which is no lytel part of veray nobleness. She was not vengeable, ne cruell, but redy anone to forgete

and to forgive injuryies done unto her, at the least desyre or mocyon made unto her for the same. Mercyfull also and pyteous. she was unto such as were grevyed and wrongfully troubled, and to them that were in poverty or sekeness or any other mysery. To God and to the Chirche full obedient and tractable, sechying his honour and plesure full veryly.'

Even the act which our college historian long after singled out as 'the worst thing she ever did,' when she caused her graceless stepson, James Stanley, to be made 'a holy ffader in God,' seems really to bring home to us yet more strongly her womanly and trusting nature. The charity that hopeth all things had hopes even of James Stanley. An untoward youth, doubtless. Shrewd Erasmus, scanning him through those half-closed eyes through which he saw so much, had flatly refused him for a pupil. Very probably reports, not satisfactory, had reached even her ears. It was notorious that as a boy he had never loved his book. But, notwithstanding, she raised him to the see of Ely; and just as her third husband, Lord Stanley, helped her son (his stepson) to the English crown, so Margaret, Countess of Derby, procured for his son (her stepson) an English mitre—good offices which, did they more abound, might altogether falsify the traditional 'step' relations. Nor can we doubt that she hoped that, thus honoured and raised to be an ensample to others, the youth would mend his ways; whereas, sad to relate, he went from bad to worse, gave great scandal to his diocese, and, worst of all, when his good stepmother was no more, sought to frustrate her designs in connexion with St. John's College. Can I, in these pages, bring a heavier indictment against James Stanley than when I say that, had he had his wish, St. John's College would never have been? He was stupidly conservative; and would actually have preferred that the old Hospital should continue to exist under the management of

William Tomlyn. Toping Tomlyn! who, along with two or three other Augustinian Canons of like proclivities, had brought the affairs of his house to such a pass that the most experienced bursar Cambridge ever possessed could not have balanced them. Whom even the townsfolk denounced as they tripped up over the dilapidated pavement in front of the Hospital. A man after James Stanley's own heart, and with whom his lordship would have been glad yet 'mony a time' to feast and make merry, and drink anathema to the churlish set who sought to meddle with the old foundations, who dared to find fault with the Vulgate, and wanted to bring in the study of Greek!

But our august foundress was not only distinguished by her virtues and her amiable qualities, she was also a very able, wise, and accomplished woman.

'Fine by defect and delicately weak,'

could never be said of that *mulier prudentissima*, as Bernard Andreas styles her, whose firmness and sagacity kept Harry Richmond safe in France in spite of all the toils which the cruel and crafty Edward IV. laid for his destruction—who sat as a justice of the peace and delivered weighty decisions—whose penetration so quickly discovered the noble character of Fisher—whose judicious aid to learning marks the era when Cambridge begins to take the lead of Oxford and to be heard of and named with respect at the continental universities—whose patronage stimulated the infant art of Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. Her accomplishments, again, attest her mental superiority. Her skill in needlework (which in those days rose to the dignity of an art) was such that it survived to attract the admiration of King James I. At a time when few of her sex could write, she was a laborious translator. Her legacies prove her to have been the possessor

of nearly all that we, in the nineteenth century, most value of the literature of her age—the fancy of Boccacio and his imitator Chaucer, the picturesque narrative of Froissart, the sententiousness of Gower, and Lydgate's romantic verse, not to mention Magna Charta in French and other 'grette volumes in velom.'

It will not escape the notice of our readers that the authorities of Christ's College have evinced their sympathy with this tribute to the memory of one whom they also are proud to recall as their foundress, by seeking to share the cost of publication. A few years back, when a 'Johnian' and a 'Christian' were bracketed for the distinguished honour of Senior Classic, the story goes that, on their being presented for their degree, a voice from the galleries was heard to exclaim, 'Three cheers for the Lady Margaret!' By no means, methinks, a misplaced reminiscence, and certainly as well-timed as the majority of the appeals to be heard on such occasions. But, unfortunately, to most of those on whom the cheering devolved it suggested nothing but the boat club, and as the Johnian's honours on the river scarcely equalled those assigned him in the Senate House, the call appeared by no means happy and met with hardly any response. Let us hope that this volume will do something towards preventing a like misapprehension in future.

Frankly, I own that, in all the long list of those whom once a year our University commemorates as its benefactors, there are none who in the combination she presents of high lineage, native virtues, and mental excellences, seem to me quite worthy to stand beside Margaret Richmond. Large-hearted, beneficent Hugh Balsham* and sweet Mary de Valence† perhaps come nearest to her, but even these but *longo intervallo*. As for the rest, of all who went before, who is there

* Founder of Peterhouse. † Foundress of Pembroke College.

to be compared with her? Not surely Hervey de Stanton* or Edward Gonville?† Not that worldly-minded, bustling canonist, Bishop Bateman?‡ Not Elizabeth de Burgh?§ Not Edward II., to whom (though at Trinity they would fain have it Edward III.) belongs the founding of King's Hall? Not her mother-in-law's son, Henry VI.,‖ or his cons another Margaret—a Margaret of Richmond without her virtues? Not Robert Woodlark†† or John Alcock?‡‡ I deem her peerless still and unapproached.

There remains yet one more feature in her character which cannot be dismissed altogether unnoticed. In singular contrast to the gentleness and charity which she showed towards others, stands that rigorous asceticism to which she subjected herself. Merciful and forgiving to all around her, her verdicts seem to have acquired a Rhadamanthine severity when she adjudged her own cause *in foro conscientiæ*. The self-mortification which, as exhibited by the followers of Pacomius, by St. Dunstan, or by the Flagellants, was often only another form of the most intense selfishness, itself becomes dignified and purified when se in conjunction with so noble a nature. It would, again, be sadly to miss the true value of this biography, as it appeals from beyond college walls and academic traditions to our joint humanity, were we to allow ourselves to suppose that features like these separate the subject from modern sympathies and leave it merely an antiquarian interest. Not least among the lessons that such lives can teach us, and one not without its consolation in an age full of perplexity and doubt, is that the path of duty, however dense the mists that gather round it, will never be wholly

* Founder of Michael house.
‡ Founder of Trinity Hall.
‖ Founder of King's College.
†† Founder of Catharine Hall.
† Founder of Gonville Hall.
§ Foundress of Clare Hall.
** Margaret of Anjou, foundress of Queens' College.
‡‡ Bp. of Ely, founder of Jesus College.

lost, and that self-devotion and integrity of purpose will somehow or other find out the right way though all the doctors of Christendom were wrong.

'For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.'

J. B. MULLINGER.

[The picture at the head of this article is re-produced by the 'Autotype' process from the original in the Master's Lodge. The Editors desire to express their thanks to the Master for placing the medallion at their disposal. It is supposed to be copied from the effigy on the tomb of Lady Margaret in Westminster Abbey, the work of the Italian sculptor Torrigiano.—ED.]

MEERESSTILLE.

TIEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rinks umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

GOETHE.

CALM ON THE OCEAN.

Deepest silence rules the water,
Motionless the sea is bound,
Sorrowful the sailor glazes
O'er the glassy plain around.
Not a breath from any quarter!
Awful stillness of the grave!
On the boundless breadth of water
Not the ripple of a wave.

RIVULUS.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF CERTAIN MECHANICAL DISCOVERIES.

IT is a fact that can hardly have escaped the notice of any that the character of the English has, within the last century, undergone a change of almost unprecedented magnitude, owing to the extraordinary progress made during that period. Indeed, so great has been our progress as a nation, not only in the more material prosperity arising from commerce, but also in the extension of civilization, and in the spread of education throughout all classes, that we are almost inclined to think that we have lost some pages of our history, and to doubt whether these improvements can really be the work of so short a period. But such nevertheless is the case; and this being so it cannot but be an interesting question to inquire into the causes of these great and sudden changes. For while we all agree that the high and refined state of civilization to which we have attained—a civilization in its humanizing influences far transcending the ideas of the ancient Greek or Roman—is the fruit of the teaching of Christianity, yet the great advancement attained within the last century, compared with what had been achieved in the centuries past, seem to require some more definite explanation. To change the illiterate workman of the eighteenth century, with his love of cock-fighting and the like, into the educated workman of the nineteenth with his taste for scientific pursuits, there must have been agencies at work, either in

addition to this great motive-power of civilization, or enabling it to have more freedom of action. And, in fact, such a new agency was found in the application of the mechanical discoveries of Watt and others. For though the improvement in the state of the lower classes in England is undoubtedly due to the spread of education, yet (as we shall presently see) the spread of education is in the highest degree the result of these mechanical inventions. But in order to trace with greater accuracy to their true causes the results which we enjoy, it will be necessary to glance briefly at the particular way in which some of the most eminent of these mechanical geniuses contributed to the general improvement.

1. *Machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods.*

When Arkwright first attempted the improvement of the machinery used in spinning, the art of producing cotton fabrics was in a very primitive state. It was entirely a domestic operation; the weaver procured the raw material and had it spun by members of his own family or by some of his neighbours, and then wove it into cloth at his own loom. A few years before Arkwright introduced his 'water-frame,' Hargreaves had invented the spinning-jenny; but previously to that, the only method of producing yarn for weaving was by means of the old spinning-wheel which figures so prominently in all the pictures of the domestic life of the time. As only one thread could be spun at a time by the wheel, this was necessarily a very slow process, and the weaver could seldom get a constant supply of yarn sufficient to keep him in regular employment. The yarn produced by this primitive machine was also very inferior in quality as well as deficient in quantity; no thread could be produced strong enough to serve as warp, and consequently no fabrics entirely of cotton could then be made. The scarcity of the yarn ensured the employment of all spinners however unskilful, and so there

was no likelihood of there being any improvement in the quality of the thread unless some new system could be devised. Besides which, as the demand so far exceeded the supply, the price of it was much higher than it should have been, and consequently cotton-fabrics were too expensive to have come into common use.

Hargreaves' invention greatly increased the power of production, but did not affect the quality of the thread. It was left for Arkwright to invent (or at any rate to introduce to the public) the means whereby we are enabled to produce yarn enough for the manufacture of fabrics in such quantities as to enable us not only to clothe all our own population, but also to export to all parts of the world; yarn of such a quality as to be fit for the manufacture of any kind of fabric, and at such a price as to enable us to compete with any nation. This he did by using rollers for attenuating the thread, by inventing an improved method of carding, and by several other improvements which it is unnecessary to describe in detail. The 'water-frame,' as it was called from its being originally turned by water-power, with a few subsequent improvements (as, for instance, the 'mule-jenny' of Crompton), laid the foundation of our present extensive exportation of cotton goods. Arkwright thus converted a humble domestic operation into a system involving the utmost amount of mechanical contrivance, and so nearly automatic in its action that the presence of a man is only needed for oversight, all muscular exertion being superseded by the use of water, or, what is still more efficient, steam, as the motive power. The invention of the power-loom by Dr. Cartwright, the method of calico-printing with cylinders (by means of which one man and a boy can do as much work as 100 men and 100 boys by the old system of stamping with wooden blocks), the discovery of the use of chlorine for bleaching purposes (by

which an operation that required eight months and many acres of drying ground is easily accomplished in a few hours and in a small room), these, and a few minor improvements, were necessary in order to complete the system.

Arkwright's invention, by making cotton fabrics an article of exportation, found employment for hundreds of our poorer classes, enabling them to gain a livelihood by honest industry. As the use of the home-made goods in a great measure superseded the use of imported manufactures, a considerable amount of money hitherto sent abroad for the purchase of foreign goods was now spent among our industrious poor at home. The rise of the cotton manufactures withdrew many from the pursuit of agriculture (for up to this time husbandry had been the chief support of the population), thus increasing the number of non-agricultural consumers, while it diminished the number of producers. The farmer thus obtained a better price for his produce, which enabled him both to live in greater comfort and also to make improvements in his mode of farming. Similarly, the beneficial results of this great invention were felt in a greater or less degree by all classes: the increased wealth of the farmer enabling him to pay a higher price for his land, and thus benefiting his landlord. The remunerative character of these new manufactures may be seen from the fact that the first Sir Robert Peel was able to subscribe in 1798 the sum of £10,000 as a voluntary contribution for himself and his partners (in the cotton-printing business at Bury, in Lancashire) towards the expenses of the wars with France, Spain, and Holland, in which England was at that time engaged.

But although the use of water-power instead of manual labour was a great improvement in the manufacture of cotton-fabrics, yet the trade in them could never have arisen to anything like its present

state but for the introduction of some more regular and economical motive-power. This power was supplied by the steam-engine, which we will now proceed to consider. When Watt first turned his mind to the improvement of the steam-engine the only form of it then in use was that of Newcomen, which was known as the atmospheric-engine, and which was used in some of the larger coal-pits and mines for the purpose of pumping out the water. It was an improvement of Savery's engine, and was not strictly speaking a steam-engine, for in it steam was used merely for producing a vacuum in the lower part of the cylinder, down which the piston was then forced by the pressure of the atmosphere admitted at the other end of the cylinder. The piston was raised by means of a weight attached to the same end of the beam as the bucket used in pumping up the water, steam was then admitted under the piston, and by condensing it a vacuum was obtained. The cylinder was necessarily greatly cooled by the condensation of the steam in it and by the admission of cold air into it, and in heating it again preparatory to another stroke a great amount of steam was used—according to Watt's calculation, three times as much as was needed for the efficient action of the engine. It thus consumed a large quantity of fuel, and was consequently very expensive in working. And, besides this, the machine was very clumsy in operation, accompanied by violent jerks, which caused great strains upon the tackle, which was continually breaking. It was only fit for the roughest kind of work, and this it performed very imperfectly and apparently with a great deal of pain, for every movement was attended with a vast amount of sighing, creaking, coughing, and thumping; and the large amount of fuel it required restricted its use to the vicinity of coal-pits or where fuel was abundant. In Cornwall many mines could not be worked on account of the water, and Newcomen's

engine was too expensive to be used with advantage. This engine was only used for working pumps; all other machinery had to depend upon water-power where it

more efficient and economical power was clearly felt. This was supplied by the invention of Watt, in whose double-acting engine the cylinder was closed at both ends, and steam was used to propel the piston both in its upward and downward stroke, thus producing a motion uniform and regular, free from jerks, and capable of being applied to rotatory as well as rectilineal movement; while, by thus excluding the air from the cylinder and adding a separate

chamber, the cylinder was not allowed to cool, and thus the amount of steam required to work it was only one-fourth of what was used in Newcomen's engine. The discovery of the *expansive* power of steam still further reduced the cost of working, and the use of high-pressure steam (by rendering the condenser unnecessary) simplified the engine and made it lighter and more suitable for locomotives. All these improvements combined to make the steam-engine the most powerful, regular, and economical motive-power. In mining it is the cheapest as well as the most efficient agent for pumping, thus making mines, which without it must have been abandoned on account of the influx of water, among the most productive; while for hauling up the produce it has superseded the labour of men and women (who carried it up in baskets), or the use of the horse-gin, and has thus relieved many from oppressive and degrading drudgery. But so far from throwing men out of employment, never before the introduction of steam-power was labour so well-paid and employment so regular. The steam-engine has only changed the sphere of the working-man's task, and has raised him from an ill-paid drudge deprived of all knowledge to a well-paid overseer over the most wonderful and ingenious

power ever placed in the hands of man, whereby some knowledge of mechanism at least is made indispensable. The working-man's character is thus improved by education, while a knowledge of his true importance makes him as independent in spirit as his employer —the poor are no longer oppressed by the power of the rich.

The economical

could be obtained.

reduced the cost of mining operations, and as a consequence our mineral wealth was sold at a price that brought it into much more extensive use. Coal could now be had cheap enough to be used remuneratively in smelting iron, and thus our most common metal, instead of being any longer exported in its raw state to Sweden for the purpose of being smelted, was now manufactured entirely at home, thus reviving and increasing a branch of industry which seemed on the point of being utterly destroyed for want of fuel. The use of the steam blast in furnaces, and steam power in turning the machinery used in rolling iron, is another way in which the iron trade was stimulated. By the use of steam power iron could be worked in a manner hitherto unknown, and reached an extraordinary degree of excellence, so that it at length superseded to a great extent the use of wood and stone in building. Iron soon came into use for bridges for which stone or wood had before been exclusively used; and for gas and water pipes it was soon adopted, as the old wooden ones caused a great waste of the water conveyed through them, and were continually bursting. The superior quality of iron and the greater accuracy in construction required in the manufacture

parts of the steam-engine helped on the improvements in iron and raised up a class of more skilful mechanics, at the same time furnishing them with better tools. The great power available in steam was an inducement to contrive some machinery for other manufactures hitherto made by hand, and in this way also gave an

impetus to progress. By its economy of power and its rapidity of execution the steam-engine makes the production of the most trifling articles remunerative, and by the extensive use of machinery and better tools all manufactures are brought to a state of perfection which it would have been impossible to attain by means of manual labour. The regularity of the steam-engine, causing a constancy in the quantity of its work, would alone have been sufficient to give a great impulse to trade. The universality of its usefulness is seen in its application to work the machines used in printing and in coining, while to the agriculturist it is indispensable for successful operations on any large scale. Steam-power enables the farmer to perform in a very short space of time the operations of reaping, threshing, and the like, and to sell his crops speedily and get a quick return for his labour. The steam-engine gives us the means of providing our large towns with an adequate water supply, for how could the large waterworks necessary for this be worked without the steam-engine? In the building of bridges, docks and other works of similar magnitude the steam-engine is invaluable for lifting heavy weights. In short, there is no branch of the applied sciences in which steam-power is not a most valuable addition, while in its application to locomotion by sea and land all parts of the kingdom are brought into communication with each other and with all parts of the world. The vast amount of saving effected by the use of the steam-engine may be seen from the calculation of Boulton, who in a speech at Freemasons' Hall in 1824 (when the engines had but just come into use) estimated the saving effected by the use, instead of horses, of the engines manufactured at Soho alone at £3,000,000 per annum. And surely the present wealth of England compared with her former poverty is in no small degree owing to her having been the first nation to use steam power, thereby enabling her to take the lead in the mechanical

arts, though up to this time she was far behind all other European nations.

For the perfection of commercial intercourse, however, other and better modes of communication were necessary. Till after the middle of the last century the means of communication between different parts of the kingdom were in a most deplorable condition. The roads were sometimes merely tracks made by the wheels across the natural surface of the unenclosed ground, full of ruts, impassable in wet weather; sometimes they were ditches worn to the depth of 10 or 12 feet below the level of the surrounding country. In many cases where a stream had to be crossed there was no bridge and the river had to be forded, a guide* being employed to point out the shallowest part. Arthur Young's account of his travels in England and Wales (1768—1770) is full of complaints about the roads. He passes along an Essex road 'for 12 miles so narrow that a mouse cannot pass by any carriage. I saw a fellow creep under his wagon to help me to lift if possible my chaise over a hedge.' He finds the roads blocked up by carts stuck in the mud waiting for relays of horses to extricate them; in one part he passes 'three carts broken down within eighteen miles of this road of execrable memory.' The liability to meet with accidents may be inferred from the fact that the mail coaches always carried a box of tools with them. A Prussian clergyman (C. H. Moritz) who visited England in 1782 published an account of his journey in a stage coach from Leicester to London. On the outside seat there was constant dread of being precipitated from the coach; in the basket he was nearly smashed by the boxes; inside the coach he was battered and bruised by being jolted against the other passengers. The dangers of travelling were increased by the number of footpads that infested the highways.

* See the 'Vicar of Wakefield' (ch. 2), which is a picture of English life down to the middle of the 18th century.

It is evident that not only was travelling rendered expensive, tedious, uncertain, and dangerous, but also that all commercial traffic was greatly impeded. During winter the roads were often altogether impassable, and in many country places the communication was entirely cut off, an event for which the inhabitants had periodically to prepare by laying in a stock of provisions for the winter. The richer could do this very well, but the poorer very often went short of food and firing, and would sometimes have been quite starved but for the kind and ready assistance of their more wealthy neighbours. Often did the poor cottagers sit shivering in the winter, for they could rarely procure a sufficiency of fuel unless they lived near a bog, whence they could cut bog-turf or peat,—for coal, on account of the bad state of the roads, was too expensive for the poor. Thus the bad roads by making the distribution of our mineral wealth so expensive prevented the coals of the northern counties, the salt of Cheshire, the pottery of Staffordshire, etc., from coming into more general use. The evils of this bad state of communication were much felt by Liverpool and Manchester. The only means of conveyance of goods was by road and river, both far inadequate to the requirements of the traffic then existing. Goods lay at both places for weeks waiting for carriage; and then the charge was excessive, being 40*s.* per ton by road, and 12*s.* by river. The trade between these towns could not have advanced unless some better means of intercommunication were devised. At length the Duke of Bridgewater resolved to connect the towns by a navigable canal, which was accordingly executed, in the face of much opposition, by Brindley (who had before constructed a canal from Worsley to Manchester, the beneficial effects of which were immediately seen in its reducing the price of coal from 7*d.* per cwt. to 3½*d.* for 120 lbs.). The completion of the Liverpool and Manchester canal immediately reduced the charge for

freight to 6*s.* per ton. From this time canals spread so rapidly that by 1794 there was no place south of Durham more than 15 miles from water communication. The benefit to the country was incalculable; places which before were separated by a length of impassable road were now opened to each other, inland places received all the advantages of sea-coast towns,—it was in fact equivalent to an extension of our coast-line. By cheapening the distribution of coal, salt, &c., it caused what were before expensive luxuries to become articles of common consumption, and thus quickened trade and encouraged industry, and by opening new markets for their produce brought better prices for farmers, while open competition cheapened the necessaries of life. The Grand Trunk Canal placed the potteries in communication with the principal ports, and, by cheapening the freight of clay and flints as well as of manufactured ware, enabled Wedgewood's improvements to become generally known. English coal could now be sold cheaper at Marseilles than the inferior French coal dug in the neigbourhood.

While the country was thus being 'opened up' by means of canals the roads were also undergoing considerable improvements, though it was not till Telford's time that the whole kingdom was penetrated by an almost perfect system of highways. Telford's first task was to open up Scotland, which was up to this time in a state of barbarism, owing in great measure to its being in a far worse state of communication than England even; hardly any land was under cultivation, an art of which the Highlanders were almost totally ignorant. Telford's system of roads penetrated the whole length and breadth of Scotland, and, as he himself said, his 15 years' labour there advanced the inhabitants at least a century in civilization. He employed the Highlanders as labourers, and thus taught them industry and the use of the most perfect kinds of tools. The whole land soon changed from a barren

heath-clad district to one of the most fertile corn-producing countries. His road from London to Holyhead, with its branches, connected the metropolis with the midland counties and Wales. Though these main roads are no longer required for the same purposes as formerly, yet the introduction of railroads has by no means rendered either these roads or canals useless, but, strange as it appears, the traffic on the canals has increased since the opening of railways, while roads will always be needed to give access to stations; so that as railroads extend good common roads become still more indispensable than ever. In consequence of the improved state of the roads the old pack-horse system could be relinquished and wheeled vehicles used for carriage of goods.

These improved roads (connected as they were by good bridges), together with the canals, sufficed for a time, but soon the comparative regularity of these modes of carriage, and the vastly greater power of production consequent upon the use of Watt and Arkwright's improvements, so increased the amount of traffic in the manufacturing districts, that both these modes of transport were found insufficient. Canal navigation was after all a very slow process, and in a frost all communication was stopped. Every one knows the history of the first public railroad; how the trade of Liverpool and Manchester was being checked by the deficient state of transport, till George Stephenson, 'the colliery engine-driver,' was called in, and by his advice a railroad with locomotive steam-engines was at last decided on. Stephenson had long been occupied in improving locomotives and railroads. He was the first to apply steam power to locomotives successfully and economically, for although several others, as Murdock, Trevithick, Blenkinsop, had already added some improvements to the original form of the locomotive engine, it was left for Stephenson to make it practically useful and bring it successfully before the notice of the public. Besides inventing the steam blast in the funnel (a discovery without which it would be impossible to sustain the high speeds now attained), he made several improvements in the form and disposition of the various parts, as also in the form of iron rails for the permanent way.

The railway from Liverpool to Manchester was found to meet so well all the requirements of commerce, that the railway system extended rapidly and has already reached through the length and breadth of the land. The introduction of railways perfected the internal communication of our island home. Without some such rapid means of intercourse the inventions of Watt and Arkwright would have been in a great measure useless, since the productive power would have been increased without any outlet being provided for their productions. By railways, however, regularity, rapidity and economy (so requisite for all business, indispensable in such a vast business as ours) are ensured, and an almost perfect system of distribution introduced.

As Watt's invention was the means of perfecting our inland communication, so also was it the means of affording us a system of communication with foreign states. At the middle of the last century travelling by sea can hardly have been much better than by land, when we find that it took Smollett two days and two nights to go from Dover to Boulogne, and Fielding 15 days from London to Ryde, beginning and ending the journey in each case by wading or being carried through a long reach of mud. Ferries were also very unpleasant places to the traveller, for the boat could often not land at high-water, and in low-water the only way of getting to and from the boat was across a deep muddy bank, while the concurrence of a high tide and a flood not unfrequently led to fatal accidents in crossing tidal rivers. Our need of proper harbours and landing-places was further seen in the loss which our merchants sustained from vessels being obliged to lie

out in the open sea or river while being laden or unladen by means of small boats.* The dangers incidental to commercial enterprise were greatly increased by our want of lighthouses, which are indispensable to safety in sailing along such a broken coast-line as ours. These evils are now happily all things of the past. The use of steam in navigating vessels has rendered a sea-voyage almost as expeditious as land-travelling, while Smeaton's and Rennie's lighthouses, docks, and harbours, have made the former as safe and pleasant as the latter.

By the engineers of the last century was also accomplished what had baffled the skill of many preceding ages—the drainage of the Fens of Cambridge and Lincolnshire. This task was performed by the genius of Smeaton, Rennie and Telford, more especially the latter, who rendered the draining system of the Fens almost perfect by freeing the lands around Wisbeach of water. Thus was a useless pestilential swamp converted into smiling corn-fields to the great enriching of our national resources and the improvement of the inhabitants. (For the inaccessible swamps had been the refuge of idle and lawless men who, too idle for regular work, subsisted by what they could secretly pilfer or openly plunder from others. These men were now deprived of their old haunts and compelled to become industrious and self-supporting.) The operations of draining were often greatly facilitated and rendered more efficient by the use of the steam-engine.

The operations of coal mining were rendered far more safe by the invention of the safety-lamp by Sir H. Davy and by G. Stephenson, which was an invaluable boon to the hardworking race of coal-diggers.

I may here mention the improvements which Wedgwood made in the manufacture of pottery; for though his were not strictly mechanical discoveries, he was the

* The amount of depredation suffered by our coasting and East Indian trade in 1798 has been estimated at £738,000.

means of creating another branch of manufacture for the industry of the people, the importance of which may be judged of from the fact that in 1760, though earthenware was exported from Staffordshire, yet it was of very inferior quality, and the best kinds had to be imported from France, whereas in 1763, when Wedgwood had introduced his improvements, English ware was used all over Europe, and had a reputation for cheapness and superior quality. His discovery of the property of different clays for making medallions, cameos, etc., more durable than bronze, was a valuable acquisition to the fine arts.

The discovery of the use of gas for light was another contribution to the series of improvements made during the last century.

The beneficial results of all these great discoveries were very great and began immediately to be felt. At the beginning of the 18th century the English were far behind most of the other European nations in mechanical knowledge; for instance, we were using at our coal pits the implements and contrivances which the Germans had used two or three hundred years before. These discoveries of her sons of the 18th century not only placed her on an equality with the rival powers, but even gave her the lead in the mechanical and engineering arts. Other nations had now to borrow our inventions and learn how to use them from our mechanics.

These discoveries entirely changed the character of our commerce with other nations. Up to this time our exports had been wool, ore, and other raw materials, and our imports had been manufactured articles. Our iron was sent abroad to be smelted, our flax to be spun, and the manufactured goods were returned to us. There were penalties imposed by law on the exportation of raw materials, but these articles would, nevertheless, be 'run.' This state of things continued till the time of Arkwright

and Watt, when a great change began to take place. We now not only manufacture all our own raw productions, but also all that we can get from foreign parts; we import all the wool we can from America, Australia, South Africa, Spain, Germany, and export the manufactured goods; we have become, as it were, the manufacturers for the world. These manufactures found employment for large numbers of the population (which, after having been for a long period nearly stationary, now began to increase rapidly) and greatly improved their condition, creating among them a spirit of self-dependence. The abundance of well-paid work to be procured anywhere gave the workman an opinion of his own value and a feeling of independence; the introduction of steam-propelled machinery, by relieving the labourer from his former drudgery and giving him more ennobling and rational labour, did much to raise him in the social scale; a more expeditious mode of labour brought with it a shorter period of toil and gave the workman more time for self-improvement, and for the enjoyment of his family's society and the other comforts of home; while the higher wages and the cheapening of all the necessaries of life, consequent upon the rise of home-manufacturing and of an improved system of intercommunication, enabled the poorer classes to enjoy many comforts which they had hitherto been unable to afford.

The poor man's condition was further improved by the cheapness of riding since the introduction of railway travelling. The fares by rail are low and have caused a proportionate lowering in the charges by other vehicles, especially in large towns where there are several methods of getting from one place to another—railway, steam-boat, tram-car, omnibus—and where competition is consequently keen. The day predicted by George Stephenson, when riding should be cheaper than walking, has come. A labouring man rides to his work for a few pence, and by doing so saves so much

time that the longer time he thus gets at his work more than pays for his ride. Thus a man employed all day in the heart of crowded London is able to have his 'villa' in the country and ride to and from his work morning and evening by the special cheap trains or tram-cars that are started for his accommodation in London and other large towns, and is thus enabled to enjoy country air and country scenes. This last is by no means a trifling advantage; for the humanizing influences of nature's society do as much as (or more than) all else in elevating the mind of man. Workmen employed at a distance from their homes can now return to their families every evening, instead of being separated from them for a week, month, or longer period. They can thus enjoy more of the softening influences of home-life, which is no slight assistance to the general work of civilization and improvement. The facilities for travelling offered to all classes seems to be still increasing. For the middle and upper classes there are cheap tours either through various parts of our own island or through the continental countries, while the working man has his periodical holiday and excursion. By travelling one's store of knowledge and experience is increased greatly; we become familiar with foreign parts and the manners and customs of foreigners. By mixing with other nations our own national prejudices are softened down; we form a more liberal judgment of others; we get rid of the self-conceit to which as an insular people we are so prone. By seeing more of other kingdoms and their inhabitants we learn to take more interest in whatever affects them, for, pent up in our little island, we are too much inclined to let the rest of the world go on as it likes so long as we are left undisturbed. When one part of a country has no communication with the next, the inhabitants of one part can know nothing of those of another, and frequently have all kinds of strange ideas about each other. Down to the beginning of the last century the

neighbouring counties of the Lowlands of Scotland regarded each other as mortal enemies, and a fair, at which some from different counties met, rarely passed off without bloodshed. By a system of easy communication these notions are corrected, each begins to see the good that there is in the other, which leads to mutual feelings of respect and esteem, and thus the various parts of the kingdom are united and consolidated. The separation of district from district by the want of roads, though it causes numerous interesting local legends and traditions, and a picturesque variety of manners, yet fosters superstition and local prejudices, and a multitude of local dialects which tend to destroy the unity of the language. At one time there was no village without its witch, no old house without its ghost. These and all the like are put to flight by the extension of railways, for neither ghost or fairy can long endure the shrill whistle of the steam-engine.

But while the steam-engine banishes from among us 'the lubber fiend,' who in return for a basin of milk-porridge used to sweep out the kitchen every night, or thresh the corn, it places in our hands the means of accomplishing tasks which before would have been pronounced beyond the power of man. Formerly if a bridge was wanted over a place of any difficulty his Satanic Majesty had to be invoked, and the bridge was named after him. Witness the number of 'Devil's Bridges' throughout the United Kingdom, which, however, are now deprived of all their claims upon our wonder and awe by being placed beside the stupendous works of the last and the present century. If we compare these works with those of the ancient world we see how far the former surpass the latter. The Great Pyramid of Egypt employed, according to Herodotus, 100,000 men (according to Diodorus Siculus, 300,000) for twenty years. The London and Birmingham Railway, though

nearly* three times as vast a work, was finished in less than five years by 20,000 men. Add to this that the Pyramid was the work of the Sovereign, with all the resources of his vast dominions at his command, while the English work was executed by a company of private individuals, unaided by Government and in the face of much opposition. Many of the works accomplished in the course of these undertakings equal the works of ancient times for grandeur and beauty, while for utility they altogether surpass them. Who can gaze upon such works as the bridges over the Menai Straits, the Chirk Aqueduct, Sankey Viaduct, Harecastle Tunnel, or the substantial structures on Eddystone and Bell Rock, without being struck with the resolute boldness, ingenuity, and perseverance which must have been required for the accomplishment of these miracles of mechanical skill? Who will not confess that the works of our age are far nobler than those of ancient times? for while the gigantic structures of Egypt speak to us only of the ambition and tyranny of some despot, our useful works tell of fame achieved by benefiting mankind, and of successful struggling with difficulties till then thought insuperable, urging us to emulate the perseverance and resolution of the builders of these works. Truly England may well be proud of these her sons who have raised her from the lowest to the highest place in mechanical works. Not only in such works as these is the usefulness of the steam-engine seen, but by its application to propel locomotives time and space seem annihilated. If we wish to be carried to the other end of the kingdom we have only to take our seat in the magic carriage, as it were, and we are there almost instantaneously.

The increase of travelling since the introduction of this cheap and rapid method of locomotion adds

* The pyramid is estimated as being = 15,733,000 units, while the railway = 25,000,000 more.

greatly to our knowledge of other countries, their products and climates, &c. And, while plodding diligently through the beauties of our own or of foreign lands after the direction of our guide-book, we are sure to gain a great deal of knowledge which is not 'in the bond.'

Not only do railways and steamers afford an attractive method of travelling, but are also the cheapest and most rapid mode of carriage of goods, which renders them invaluable to commerce. An important feature that has marked the introduction of steam locomotion is the International Exhibition, by which all nations are brought together and see more of one another; we see the productions of art and nature from all lands, and thus become acquainted with lands that we are not able to visit. Exhibitions give rise to a desire of emulation, and thus promote progress; they inform us of many of the improvements known in other countries, but of which we are ignorant.

The cheap mode of carriage afforded us in steam-power enables us to enjoy the productions of other countries at a low price, and thus our comforts are increased, which is another step onwards in civilization.

Dr. Arnold regarded railways as the deathblow of all remaining feudalism. And indeed he was not far wrong, for they have done much to lessen the distinctions between classes. The lord and the peasant ride in the same train, separated by, perhaps, an inch of oak or deal between them, both travel at the same speed, and, though the latter gets his ride much cheaper than the other, yet he does not feel indebted to the railway company, inasmuch as he paid all that was demanded of him; nay more, he feels that he is helping to pay for the line by patronizing it. Perhaps it may be said that the inducements to ride held out by the cheap means of conveyance may tend

to make us effeminate and disinclined for walking at all. There may be a slight tendency this way (and, indeed, advanced civilization is always attended with increased luxury), but in such a bracing climate as ours it is not much to be feared.

The aversion to change and innovations inherent in the English was well shewn in the obstinacy with which they retained the old systems of things even after they had been found inadequate to meet the requirements of the times. And thus improvements were never introduced till the want of them was really felt, and hence the canals, railways, &c., when introduced, were generally remunerative undertakings, and from their paying a good return induced others to speculate in such works. Thus the capitalist lent his money for works that would benefit the whole nation, and public and private advantage went hand in hand.

The means for the rapid transit of news afforded by steam communication (and almost perfected by the addition of the electric telegraph) is another valuable gift of the mechanical geniuses of the last century. Not only does it afford all classes the opportunity of knowing what is going on in our own country, which is a means of awakening in the breast of each a patriotic interest in the welfare of his country, but it also gives us a view of affairs in other countries, and thus gives us a wider feeling of sympathy for the whole human family. Without railways we could not have cheap newspapers, and without newspapers the mass of the people would be in ignorance of what was being transacted in this realm, and without any knowledge of this the franchise would be worse than useless to them; they would know nothing of the character of their candidate, and by their votes given blindly they would become dangerous to the nation from their numbers. I do not mean to say that everyone always uses his

knowledge well, that is another thing; I only mean that it is the duty of a government to put in the power of the people all the practicable means of acquiring knowledge—a task the performance of which steam-power (used in printing and distributing books, &c.) greatly facilitates. We are not so quarrelsome and fond of war as we used to be, or I might point to the importance of a system of rapid communication in time of war.

The change in the mode of travelling brought a change in the character of the travellers. Under the old stage-coach system, persons rarely travelled except on business, and the passengers were likely to be companions for the greater part of the journey, perhaps for the whole. Being likely to be pent up together for several hours, exposed to the same dangers, and bent on the same journey, they naturally tried to pass the time in as pleasant a way a possible, and so tried to amuse each other, soon fell into conversation, all became communicative, each began to feel an interest in the rest, and often a life-long friendship sprang from companionship in a journey. In a railway carriage all is changed; your journey is performed in a few minutes, or if it lasts longer your companions are continually changing; you see so many strangers that you cannot feel any personal interest in them; if you fall into conversation with one, before the preliminary remarks about the weather and the like are got over, the train stops, he gets out, and another takes his place. If you try to engage him in conversation, the same result follows. And thus it is that after a little travelling we become reserved; in consequence of our isolated position as a nation we are so conceited that we are afraid of committing ourselves by any remarks made to an utter stranger, and so we become taciturn and retiring until we have travelled more among other nations and have learnt to talk more freely with any chance person we may meet.

To the same cause is due the change from the open-handed liberality of former times to the more circumspect methods of dispensing charity now practised. In the olden times, we are told, the rich man answered the beggar's appeal by giving him his purse and telling him to call at his house for more when he had spent that. Nowadays the poor mendicant meets with a rebuff or receives a small dole. The cause of this is, that formerly the rich man and the poor often lived and died in the same parish without ever having gone twenty miles from home, and thus the wealthy knew all the neighbouring poor and felt an interest in them, whereas now both travel more and so know less of each other, while at the same time the rich man meets with so many indigent petitioners for charity of whom he knows nothing, that not only is he less ready to give from fear of relieving an unworthy person, but he is less able to do so because the claims upon him are more numerous.

The great revolution in engineering brought about in the last century has led us to regard hardly anything as impossible. As Telford said 'impossible only exists in the language of old prejudice.' 'Nil admirari' is the chief requisite for a happy life, according to Horace. If so, we are at any rate a little nearer felicity than our ancestors of a century ago. We should perhaps be liable to become ever anxious for further revolutions in mechanics and engineering were it not for the stubborn steadiness of the John Bull nature which sticks most tenaciously to all existing systems. We are always so fully convinced that our present system is nearly if not quite perfect (so that it would be presumption to change it in the hope of improving it), that we regard any proposals for the improvement of our mode of travelling, by substituting balloons or the like for railway trains, as day-dreams and castles in the air.

The change in all existing forms of things caused a

sort of wondering contempt for those who had so long been content with the unprogressive, motionless state of the past. We are in danger of regarding all the ideas of our elders as old-fashioned and not worth the notice of our advanced intellects, and thus becoming deficient in the proper reverence and respect we owe to them. There is a very perceptible difference between the respectful bearing of youths towards their elders in the last century and the disregard for authority which is now spreading. For instance, in addressing our parents we no longer give them the respectful titles of 'Sir,' or 'Madam,' which were used in the last century.

The great achievements in mechanical and engineering works in the last century drew many to the pursuit of those studies, and gave rise to a class of civil engineers. An impetus was given to mechanical studies, which became a branch of liberal education.

The introduction of machinery and the rise of the factory system by superseding the domestic industry, which formerly performed all these operations, may seem a not unmitigated good. The home-life is broken up, the children are removed from the watchful eye of their parents to the workshop of their master. But this is also perhaps no evil; the children are removed from a too indulgent parent to a more strict master; they are taught more self-dependence by being sent into the world to fight their own way; they work with a number of others whose industry would shame any idle feelings they might have, and would incite them to strive and surpass them.

Lastly, these mechanical and engineering improvements have afforded us great assistance in Christianizing and civilizing other lands. We have easy and rapid intercourse with foreign parts; we are able to assist the heathen nations in improving their country, and thus gain their respect and gratitude, which will form a good preparation for the delivery of the great message we have to carry to them, since if we shew

ourselves able and willing to improve their temporal condition, they will be more inclined to listen to what we have to say about their spiritual state.

Such, then, are some of the chief results of the discoveries of Watt, Arkwright and others, which raised us from the position we occupied as one of the most backward of civilized nations, as regards mechanical skill, to a place of eminence among the first.

W. WARREN.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Stay, for thy foot is on the holy ground.—
O whence, through many a scene of wondrous power
To hold the lingering step, whence came in dreams
The unresting goad, that urged my spirit on,
Impatient, till, among the hills and plains,
Echoes unknown to sweetest lute of Greece
Moved through the stillness, and a hallowed calm,
Fraught with all the influence of sacred thought,
Was pierced by one clear whisper—'Lo, 'tis here,
The Sepulchre wherein thy Lord was laid?'
For once, in days of that unchastened joy
Whose fulness swells the heart well-nigh to pain,
What time, beyond all first imaginings,
Glory and beauty and the splendid past
Burst on a sudden through their veil, and bow
The soul to homage, I had wandered forth
O'er legendary seas and haunts of fame,
Heedless, or heedful, only to prolong
The day whose hours gave back, with added pomp,
Hero, and demi-god, and god-built walls,
And armies, and the clash of sword and shield,
And headlong onset, and wild flight and death.
Or else, among sweet knots of sister isles
Of more than fabled beauty, where the walls
Of silver-gleaming marble rise o'er waves
Dark as the purple wine of gods, had sailed
The live-long summer's day, nor cast a thought
On the far orient, save to hail its sun

Brightening a brightness of the nearest things,
And kindling with new light the days of old.
There came an hour, and with that hour a change,
An hour of yearning for untrodden ways,
Of yearning for the deep mysterious awe
That waits on footprints of the living truth.
For what avails it, if, until the end
And limit of all wandering, one should seek
Only the realm of dreams, and feed the soul
In wistful musings on a shadow world?
And though the spirit circle in wider range,
And track the fate of empires, and make pause
Amid the ruins of huge capitols,
There is no writing on their tumbled stones
That tells of ought save failure; there is none
Among their splintered columns but proclaims,
Even in the pictured navies, broken hosts,
And names memorial of the laurelled chiefs,
That death was Lord of all, and in the day,
Yea in the very hour of full success,
Spread his dark banner o'er the conquering head,
And claimed it for his prey. Such change of hap,
Through all the storied annals of the past,
Mingles its dusky hues in the bright woof,
And leaves no flag of glory without stain.
Wherefore there came a hunger of the soul,
Asking whereon it might be fed; there came
A longing for some firm unshifting ground,
On which the foot might stand, from which the eye
Might range o'er all the changes of all time,
And from whose hallowed centre should grow up
No lying tripod, but a living rock,
The keystone of a world's undying truth.
There was no answer from the heroic ground;
There was no spirit in the murmurous woods
That nod on Delphian crags; the inmost shrine
Smote with an utter silence on the heart,
Not as of things that have been, and are not,

But as the void of things that never were,
Hollow, and echoless, and soulless all.
That longing of the spirit will not sleep;
It finds an answer, for it will not rest
Unanswered, though it drive the wanderer forth
O'er league on league of wilderness, to search
The stones for record, and, in every home
Of undiscovered wonders tarrying long,
With patient quest, and reverent scrutiny,
Follow the secret to its inmost cell.
And oft, among the desert solitudes,
Beside the margin of some crystal well,
Fringed with a belt of wavy palms, there came
A vision of the end; there came a hope
To stand, with beating pulse and fixèd gaze,
Undoubting, and anon, with bended knee,
Like him who paused before he entered in,
Lean o'er the pillow of the Sacred Head,
And o'er the stones that propped the wounded Side.
Then came the waking, and the length of way,
And the hot level rays that from the east
Shot their bright net to lure the pilgrim on.
There are who, under some perturbing dream,
Stretch forth the embrace of eager arms dispread
To close upon a shadow, and the shade
Slides from their touch, nor vanishes, but still
Moves on before them mocking, and in form
That wears the pale similitude of one
They fain would follow, with elusive step
Cheats them in mazes of still fleeting hope.
Not other is their lot, who, as they move
In circles always narrowing, seem to find,
And cannot surely know that they have found,
The very centre of their search. For doubt
Here blots the picture, and a fable there,
Clad in some guise of truth, is seen untrue;
And here fond superstition, and here love,
And here credulity would point the way,

Till, saving that we know not, nought is known.
And yet to know so nearly, and to scan
The very acre in whose space is hemmed
The goal of the long pilgrimage, to know
That, were the footprints of the feet of old
Stamped on the pavement, we should note them here,
Here on the marble where our own are held,
This is a thing to thrill the heart, to wake
The quivering joy of one who, in the dark,
Is conscious of a presence, and before
One syllable of sound divides the air
Knows he shall hear the accents that he loves.
And even thus, about the holy ground,
Blind fancy, swifter than devoted feet,
Plies her lone eager wanderings, counts and weighs
All that may seem to assure the issue, all
That lends a doubt its film, or scatters it;
Then, as a bird long hovering in mid air
Stoops on a sudden, and nestles in the grass,
Cries to itself—The place is surely here.
But when the speed of fancy is o'erta'en,
And the feet stand where scarce a hundred steps
Of ground untrodden sever from the spot,
O deem not hardly, ye that never poured
The light of day on some most cherished dream,
Not hardly deem of one whose spirit sinks,
When the fond vision of the hoped for truth
Fades in the truth that breaks upon his gaze.
For what, although he knew, from rumoured tales,
And pilgrim voices, or the witness lines
That picture distant chambers and far climes,
All the changed face and hiding of the tomb?
He that hath longed to stand where Christ hath stood,
And kneel beside the grave where Christ hath lain,
Will in his own despite forget, will know
Unknowing, and believing disbelieve,
All that the centuries have worked, and see

Nought save the image of the silent stone
Writ in the page of the Evangelist.
'Twere best in quiet of some lonely night,
Or else in the pure calm of earliest morn,
To stand before the jealous guarding walls.
For, though the peradventure should remain,
Still, could we tread beside the very place,
And sweep away, in thought, the walls, and break
The clustered pillars from their basement stones;
And could we tear the cressets from the roof,
And pour the rays of sunbeams on the rock,
Like those that pierced its darkness when the morn
Brake through the three days' slumber, or at eve
Come, as they came, held by a pious care,
Who bore the fragrant grains and snowy vest;—
Then, longing to believe the thing we love,
And loving to believe the thing we hope,
Love, hope, and faith would tend our steps, and tell
That, though the eye behold it not, we touch
The holiest centre of all holiest ground.
Alas! the cumbrous work of man, the din
Of voices, and the hurrying crowds that come,
The sad inglorious worship, and the swarm
Of pressing shoulders, and of eyes that stare
Wild with the hour's emotion,—answer strange
Meets in all these the heart's foreshadowed joy.
Better, methinks, to have dwelt in some lone spot,
Yet musing o'er the pages of the four,
And, as of old, following in pious thought
Arimathean Joseph, till there rose,
As in a picture, the still garden scene,
And dewy flowers, and shade of drooping boughs,
Clustering about the mouth of the dark cave.
O, ere we suffer the faint heart to sink
Beneath its weight of disappointed hope,
Ere yet we own 'twere better to begone,
And strive to kindle fancy's torch anew,
Hie we to some retreat, unsought of crowds,

Whereon the holy feet have surely trod,
Where sleep the waters of the lake, as once
They seemed to hush their very lightest plash,
Timing their pulses to the bated breath
Of multitudes that hung upon His lips;
Or else among the lilied fields, or where
A few dark olives in Gethsemane
Tell where He knelt to pray, seek we to win
The wandering senses back, to feel again
That He was here indeed. For 'tis most true
That oft the spark of a bright gem is lost,
Cumbered with filagree of gold, and shows
Less bright and precious in the flaunting crown:
But should the gem be sundered from its guard,
And should one lay it in the open palm,
Again the pure rays glitter with the change
Of all the tints that lighted the dark mine.
Wherefore, though light of day, and cold bare truth
Steal its weird glory from the dream we dreamed,
It needs but for an hour to turn aside,
To steep the heart in dews of that clear fount
From whence its earliest yearning sprang, and, lo,
The vision shall come back; once more the words
Clad in the beauty of simplicity,
And simple with the unadorned truth,
Bring back one night of sorrow, one still day,
Still with the pause that to a breathless world
Preludes the earthquake, and one Sacred Morn,
That flashed upon the grave and gate of death,
And rendered back to earth the Lord of Life.
Fast fell the night, and with a murky shade
Disconsolate, enwrapped the barren Mount.
And all was mute where the loud curse had rung,
And all was void, where fierce malignant eyes
Had scowled in wrath upon the tree of pain.
'Twas then there came the hush of stealing feet,
Whose fall scarce brake the calm, or seemed to make
The very silence audible; and so

The pale spear-wounded body of the Christ,
Nerveless and spent, and drooping as the boughs
Of some tall cedar shattered by the bolt,
Leaned their surrendered burthen in the arms
Of the few faithful, smitten to the heart
With all the pangs of dying hope, or bowed
In sorrow that discerned not its own depth,
And rested in the hollow of the rock.
And there were tears perchance (yet none hath told),
And there were words (yet they were never writ),
And there were fears, and doubts, and hope, and faith,
And sorrow, and the weight of dread suspense,
And woman's tenderness of heart, that lost
In veriest pity somewhat of its load,
And man's more silent brooding, whereunto
Alike the bitterness of present woe,
And memory of lost blessings minister.
O wondrous night! The nations of the earth
On whom thy darkness fell, the wearied sons
Of labour, the soft child of thoughtless ease,
The sailor on rough ways of tossing foam,
In cot, in palace, or on straining planks,
And all whose eyelids sorrow had weighed down,
And all who courted some sweet dream of joy,
And infant innocence, and wrinkled age,
Sought the dear boon of sleep. Methinks the Hours,
The fabled pursuivants of speeding time,
Had life awhile, and watched; so strange a space
For ought that breathed to seek oblivion—
So grand a wonder, through the mystic realms
Of heaven, and hell below, the dim abode
Of spirits waiting their great Visitant,
Moved to its full completion, while the eyes
Of Seraphs, that before the throne of God
Veil their bright faces, scanned the mystery
Adoring, and once more the earth awoke
To the long silence of the Sabbath morn.
'Tis written that they rested on that day:

In sooth there is a rest in which the limbs
May take the quiet of a sculptured stone;
And still the mind, stretched in intensest pain,
Live, 'twixt the rising and the set of Sun,
Long years of a fierce conflict; and there are
Who, in a trance, unmoving, feel the hours
Drag every moment like a monstrous chain,
Whose ponderous links uncoil themselves, and roll
Backward at every step essayed. Nor less
Comes there on some the stupor of despair;
And some there are whose sweet and gentle spirits,
Like ships that anchor in a stormless bay,
Wait in all patience whatso'er the end:
So tarry they the leisure of their Lord.
And some perchance there were among the few
Who found a strength for prayer, nor wholly lost,
Amid the maze of soul-perplexing doubts,
Some hold upon the word they had not known,
Some light of faith in Scriptures that were dark,
That spake of life from death, and how He told
Of the third day. For them the restless mind
Hovered about His tomb; they could not hear
The whispers of their own expectancy:
There was a sense of something that should be,
Not clearly hoped, nor yet beyond all hope,
Something to pierce the shade, and from the tomb
Ravish the first fruits of the world's great life.
They know not, asked not, how; but from their souls
O'erladen poured the words of those that pray
Believing that they cannot pray unheard.
So, slowly wore away the Sabbath hours;
So, through the changes that no words may tell,
Sweeping in troubled waves across the heart,
They mused, or prayed, and waited for the morn.
And if an idle fancy long to paint
That morn more heavenly sweet than e'er arose
O'er the soft vales of primal paradise,
If, in the holiest sanctuary of thought,

No place is found for ought where grosser earth
Tells of the mortal stain, and saddening cloud,
And all that dims the rays of perfect light,
Were it not well to deem of that one hour
As ransomed from all shade, to deem that heaven
Brightened with clearest beams and purest dew
The solemn guarded rock? till, with a throb
That to its sunless centre shook the globe,
The cold dark chamber quickened, and the soul
Borne back on viewless pinions, sought again
The life-wound's taintless portals, whence it sped,
And lived, and moved on earth again the Christ.
O longed for centre of the world's great hope,
O witness walls of that dim sepulchre,
That saw the deathless life, and lifeless death,
Yours is the true heart-spell that length of time
Strengthens and binds about the soul. For you
The force of saintly tongues, and warrior swords,
Bernard, or Louis, or the Lion-Heart,
Wrought the high deeds that dwell, and still shall dwell,
On lips that tell of holy zeal. The Cross
On blazoned shield, and on the hilted blade,
And on proud banners under leaguered walls,
Hides 'neath its sacred arms the erring pride,
And all of human fault that mingles still
With thoughts of worthiest aim. But most, O most,
The secret of the rock, its prison shade
Illumined, and the barrier rolled away,
Tell to each sinking heart that He who died,
And ever liveth, with Himself shall bring,
With all the lineaments we knew and loved,
Changed but the same, changed only to be pure,
The heirs of that long life, won by His death
Whom not the grave could hold, nor death might change.

C. STANWELL.

CHRISTIAN DE QUADE.

(*Translated from the German*).

THE Autumn storms of the year 1496 had come in with such unusual vehemence that not a boat had ventured out of harbour for a week past. Across the lowlands of Jutland the raging north-west wind whistled up the Skagerrak and drove great rollers into the Belt, dashing them against the chalk cliffs with tremendous force, just where it narrows between Funen and Zeeland. At the foot of a projecting point, crowned by the castle of Nyburgh, the waves broke with such a continuous roar that the few inhabitants looked out with anxious feelings on the raging elements below. Long since the sea had worn the soft stone away on the northern side, and occasionally large masses of overhanging rock had fallen in. The wing of the castle at that corner was now deserted as dangerous, and even the fishermen only ventured beneath the shadow of the rock in calm weather, with many a fearful look at the dark mass that frowned above them.

At the time our story opens, a stalwart boy was standing on a balcony over the boiling waters, and with his clenched fists seemed to offer battle to the storm; when an old man in court attire approached in trembling haste, making vain endeavours to be heard above the howling of the wind. Suddenly the boy looked round, and seeing the other's strange

grimaces, burst out laughing. The courtier seized the favourable moment to lead him away to the interior of the castle. The pair entered a spacious dining-hall, where a lean individual in clerical garb, and a dame of some fifty years of age were awaiting them.

"Here is the young prince, you see," said the old courtier, Manskiold, "and where do you think I found him? In the old north wing, where the pixies dance by moonlight, and no one has ventured to tread for years past. It was only my tender love and faithfulness to my charge that gave me courage to approach the place."

"Certainly," whined the chaplain, "it is a wonder the building did not give way under the weight of your sins."

"The fear of that fate kept you from the attempt, I suppose, Mr. Rolfsson," retorted the chamberlain, "though it is your duty, as clerical tutor, to accompany the prince everywhere."

"What nonsense you are talking," broke in Dame Thorsbrygge, "one would think Prince Christian was in need of your protection, while he is more manly and courageous than both of you together. What he would undertake and dare alone, you——"

A deep rumble and crash cut short the chatelaine's remark. The building shook to its very foundations. A portion of the rock with the northern wing had fallen into the sea. The two men gazed at each other in blank horror, while the dame, more hardened in crime than they, said with a forced laugh: "So much the better, we need not fear any misfortune there now."

Before the other could answer, a servant entered hastily announcing that "the rock had carried with it a large part of the old castle, and the half of a dungeon underground. An old man from Gothland who had been imprisoned there for some years, by

the orders of Dame Thorsbrygge, would have fallen with the building only that the chains he was fastened to were fixed in the inner wall; so that there the poor wretch was hanging between life and death, screaming like a sea-gull."

The chatelaine had grown pale as death, but recovering herself, with an effort, she said, "Well, let him scream; the rotten wall will soon give way, and then his cries will be stopped."

"Can't he be saved by a rope?" said Manskiold.

"No rope would reach so far," answered the chaplain, who, though pale, was self-possessed, "and the stairs that lead down to the dungeon are entered from the outer side."

Prince Christian, standing behind the speakers, had noticed their behaviour unobserved. "You slavish crew," he now exclaimed, "if you were hanging there, might the hand that stretched out to save you be withered. Up, Manskiold, you cowardly dog, the priest and the witch may stay where they like." And he rushed out, followed by the trembling chamberlain.

Close to the outer side of the cliff, grim dungeons had been hollowed out; but as the soft chalk-rock would have been easily broken through, these had been strengthened with thick walls of harder stone. In one of these walls the chains were fixed, by which the unhappy prisoner was hanging, half of whose abode had been swallowed up by the waves. The chaplain was right enough in saying that the steps leading to this dismal abode had fallen with the outer wall, and so it seemed impossible to aid the poor wretch.

"Is there no thorough Norseman here," cried the Prince, "who is used to taking sea-birds and their eggs?"

"Here!" answered a fair-haired burly man; "bring me a proper rope, and I'll not mind that drop of splashing."

In a fortress like Nyburg a coil of "bird-ropes" was always at hand; and when one of these, with a cross-bar of stout blackthorn, had been carefully examined, it was fastened firmly to a staple, and the "bird-man" prepared for his venture. A short pause occurred on the prince suddenly saying he wished to try it himself. The old chamberlain began entreating his charge to desist, when Olaf Svenson coolly thrust him aside, saying: "I'll teach you in calm weather before you try it in a breeze."

Armed with a short boat-hook, a hammer in his belt and some cord coiled round his waist, the Norseman was slowly lowered over the face of the cliff. The rope swung now to the right, now to the left; beneath him the waves roared and dashed their foam high above his head; yet, undisturbed, Olaf sank deeper and deeper, till he reached the level of the prison floor. This lay rather on one side of him, but a short swing of his body brought him near, and then with a steady grip he caught his boat-hook in the wall and stood safe. A few powerful blows of the heavy hammer broke off the chains; the insensible prisoner was bound by waist and chest to his preserver; the latter pushed off, and with his burden spun out once more over the raging waters.

As the pair swept slowly upwards, the bystanders looked anxiously on; and in their midst the chatelaine and chaplain stood trembling for the result of their plots.

Now, as the men saved from death were drawn to safe ground, the dame pressed eagerly forward. "Make way," she said; "bring the man to my chamber and I will tend him till he recovers."

"Your pardon, lady," interposed Olaf, "we bird-men know best what tending we need after our labours. So come with me, comrade."

"To my chamber, I tell you," screamed the other, pale with rage and fear; but Olaf quietly raised the

old man in his arms and bore him off. As the woman was following, Prince Christian stepped forward and said, mockingly, "Olaf is right enough; 'twere against all custom to take the man to your chamber, Dame Thorsbrygge." She turned away, her eyes gleaming with hate, and made a sign to the chaplain, who followed her slowly towards the newer building.

"It all comes of half measures," he said to himself; "if the woman had not held me back, old Canute were dead long since, and unable to tell tales, instead of bringing us to the scaffold, as he will now."

After passing along several passages and stairs, they gained at last a narrow room under the dome of the chapel, which had been used before now as their council-chamber.

"What wise plan have you now, madam?" began the priest. "We must endeavour to get at the old man in some way. You must mix him a refreshing draught of wine."

"On your recipe, I suppose," was the mocking answer.

"This is no time for jokes or recriminations," growled the chaplain; "the prince and all in the castle know you have had men imprisoned; they will ask the cause, and old Canute will answer that we urged him to throw the prince out of a boat, but that he refused."

"But that's false," interrupted the woman; "he came here with murderous plans against the prince, so I imprisoned him."

"Bah!" he replied, shaking his head, "not a soul would believe us.

"I don't care, if only the prince believes," was the answer; "and surely we can impose once more on him."

A mighty blow from without burst the bolts, and the door flew open. The young prince stepped between the terrified couple, closely followed by Olaf. "I'm

afraid it will be rather difficult to impose on him once more," he said; "you see it has been done so often before. I think, Madam Thorsbrygge, the chaplain is right; not a soul will believe you."

The conspirators fell on their knees, begging for mercy; but the prince cried, in a rage, "Cease your postures; if I could venture the life of this noble man for the sake of rubbish like you, I would have you hung to old Canute's chains this very hour, and leave you to the mercy of the waves. What say you, Olaf?"

"If it is your command," answered the deep voice of the Norseman, "I'll soon have them down there."

With loud prayers the unhappy wretches begged for mercy, whilst their stern young judge looked on with close-pressed lips. At last he said slowly: "I believe it will be best to let you live." Before they could express their trembling thanks, Christian bade them be silent, and continued: "You will stay here in your old position; Olaf and Canute alone know your treachery, and they will keep their counsel."

The priest raised his hand to commence an oath of fidelity, when the lash of a dog-whip, carried by the prince, fell on it so sharply that he stopped with a loud cry of pain. "You had better wait for the rest," continued the prince; "in the first place you will each give a thousand thalers (about £150) to old Canute Gundalf."

"I don't possess so much," cried the chaplain, and "Whence should a poor widow like me get such a sum?" was the complaint of the other.

"Very well, you shall give what you have got, and certainly no more! You, Olaf, will take care that these precious beings do not leave this place till their rooms have been thoroughly searched, and all the gold and silver that is found handed over to their victim. However little it is he must be content, for we have just heard that neither possesses a thousand thalers."

The cry to which the chatelaine was about to give vent was stopped by a glance from her companion in iniquity. The prince continued, with a laugh: "'Tis a sin to lie, is it not, chaplain? I believe it would be a mistake to let the world know that there are those in Nyburg who are willing to plot against my life. So here you may stay, but on this condition, mark you: that each of you separately unfolds the plan for my murder in every particular. If your accounts do not agree you will be chained to a place you wot of. Olaf, do your duty."

The Norseman seized the chaplain, brought him to a small turret-chamber, and then bade him tell his story, adding, "Meantime the prince will examine your friend, and only the most accurate coincidence in the two stories will save you from your deserts."

If the reader wonders how a boy of fourteen was able to act in so independent a manner, a few historical remarks on the state of affairs in the Scandinavian realm will prove a sufficient explanation.

For a long period there had been bitter hatred and war between the old Swedes in the north and the Goths, who had taken forcible possession of the southern parts. In the thirteenth century, these two races and the Danes were first mingled peaceably under one head. But ever and again, after intervals of government under a powerful king, the old enmity among the governed broke out afresh; one cruelty and act of injustice followed another, and the ruler had to choose between harsh force or crafty intrigues as his means of maintaining power.

At length in 1456 a conference, held at the suggestion of the Archbishop Beagtson, resulted in the understanding that of the three rulers of the north lands he who outlived the other two should govern alone. This eventually happened to Christian I. of Danemark, and Norway and Sweden submitted to him. But his nickname of "Monk's-bag" or "Bot-

tomless-pocket" shews how the two inherited countries yearned for a better king. It was determined that his son, afterwards Christian II., should be brought up away from his father's influence, at Nyburg, where he was born in 1481. The chaplain, Brynne Rolfsson, was appointed to give him religious education; Manskiold to train him in courtly habits; and Dame Thorsbrygge to conduct the household. We have seen the simplicity of this northern court, and system of the young prince's education. Christian was clever and of good natural abilities; if history calls him cruel, it was his surroundings that made him so.

His determined behaviour on the occasion we have described inspired such respect in his guilty tutor and housekeeper, that for the future all proposals of the Swedish and Norwegian parties for his overthrow were rejected. His royal bearing, added to his ready judgment on the hated pair at Nyburg, won the love and admiration of the rough Norseman; everywhere he appeared accompanied by the sturdy Olaf, who had gained his favour, and became henceforth his instructor in all the knightly accomplishments of the Norsemen. Before long our young prince was able to guide his skiff through the storm-tossed Baltic, to skate over the frozen fiords, to rival the boldest of the "bird-men," to handle his weapons and tame unruly horses as well as his master.

RIVULUS.

BILL BRADY.

BILL BRADY was a waterman,
As might be fairly said,
For he was bred on water, and
The water was his bread.

By birth he was a Dublin man,
Yet lived a single life,
For though engaged to many a fare,
He never took a wife.

And so a run upon the bank
Occasioned him no ill;
He had not to provide, you see,
For any little Bill.

He had a bow for every man,
Though not of servile turn;
His heart was kindly, yet his looks
Inclined toward the stern.

When others drank or went on strike,
'Twas seldom Billy ailed;
The profit seemed to dwell with him,
His cruise had never failed.

But care, who "kings and tars" attacks,
Contrived poor Bill to grab,
For crossing Crab-tree Reach one day
He chanced to catch a crab;

Which being an awkward kind of fish,
That no one cares to net,
The shock gave Billy such a turn,
That he was quite upset.

Then like a miner underground,
Who tries some worthless bore,
He sank and sank and sank again
Yet could not strike his oar.

But as he floundered in the stream
And fast abandoned hope,
Some kindred souls a boatman paid
To pay him out a rope.

And (though the tale be past belief,
Your ears, good people, lend),
The very cord that saved his life
Encompassed his end.

Within the sheets they wrapped him up,
To drive away the cramp,
But all in vain; boats' sheets, you see,
Are seldom free from damp.

Around the head of Billy's bed
Are ranged physicians three,
But what has disagreed with him,
They only disagree.

The first to speak was Doctor Rich,
A portly man and stout;
Says he, "you've taken cold within,
So take some 'cold without.'"

"No, no," cried Doctor Pillecule,
Of homœopathic fame,
"A draught, I hold, has caused the cold,
A draught will cure the same."

The third, a cautious kind of man,
Could not at first be sure,
But feared, from certain signs, the case
Would prove a sinecure.

"For if," quoth he, "our greatest pains
Cannot this pain subdue,
'Twill take a certain course and make
A certain corse of you."

And so it proved; for, when the three
Their patient saw next day,
The tide of life was ebbing fast
From off this piece of clay.

That night the cord that bound his trunk,
By death was snapped in twain,
And though re-corded in the *Times*,
It would not hold again.

An undertaker undertook
The coffin to afford;
"'Twill take," said he, "a board of deal,
Though not a deal of board."

But here was seen a paradox,
For though but skin and bone,
The neighbours one and all averred
That every night he'd groan.

Yet when they came to try the case,
'Twas not too small one whit;
The coughing-fit, that cut him short,
Had made his coffin fit.

At Gravesend Church a grave was dug,
To be his final haven,
And as a figure-head a pair
Of feathered sculls engraven.

Thus in the lap of Mother Earth
They lapped this waterman,
While o'er his head in standing type
The following couplets ran:

HERE SLEEPS AMONG THE TOMBS
A VICTIM TO AQUATICS,
WHO LIVED IN ATTIC-ROOMS,
AND DIED IN THE RHEUMATICS.

SERMO.

OUR CHRONICLE.

Lent Term, 1875.

Among the University Preachers for the year July, 1874—June, 1875, are the following members of St. John's: Rev. G. F. Reyner, D.D. (July 5th and 12th); Rev. F. Watson, M.A. (August 9th); Rev. C. Taylor, M.A. (August 16th); Rev. E. A. Abbott, M.A. (February 14th, 21st, 28th); the Dean of Manchester, B.D. (May 2nd, 6th, 9th).

The Rev. J. B. Pearson, M.A., has been appointed by the Crown to the Vicarage of Newark-upon-Trent; and the Rev. W. A. Whitworth, M.A., has been appointed to the Vicarage of St. John the Evangelist, Hammersmith. Neither Mr. Pearson nor Mr. Whitworth vacates his Fellowship by this preferment.

The Rev. A. F. Torry, M.A., has been appointed to the College living of Horningsea, vacated by Mr. Pearson's preferment to Newark.

Mr. J. E. Gorst, M.A., formerly Fellow, has been elected M.P. for Chatham. Mr. Gorst was Member for Cambridge Borough from 1865 to 1868.

We regret to announce the death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music. Sir Sterndale Bennett was buried in Westminster Abbey on Saturday, Feb. 6th, the Master attending as representative of the College.

Mr. Heitland has been appointed Examiner for the Bell and Abbott Scholarships.

A. Marshall, B.A., Senior in Natural Sciences Tripos, 1874, has been voted a grant from the Worts' Travelling Scholars' Fund for the purpose of studying at Dr. Dohrn's Zoological Station at Naples.

E. H. Bell has been elected an Editor of *The Eagle*, in the place of E. B. Moser, resigned.

The following University Honours have been obtained by Members of the College since our last issue:

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

Wranglers.—Scott (4th), Body (6th), Lamplugh (11th), Wellacott (23rd).

Senior Optimes.—Milne, Mc Laren, Staffurth, G. T. Winch, Greenhill, Slack.

Junior Optimes.—Ohm, Scaife, Wise, Le Marchant, Adams.

W. Burnside, of Pembroke, 2nd Wrangler (bracketed) and 1st Smith's Prizeman, was formerly a Scholar of St. John's.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

Second Class.—E. E. Foxwell. *Third Class.*—Cox.

NATURAL SCIENCE TRIPOS.

First Class.—A. M. Marshall (1st), Clough, Langley. *Second Class.*—E. Kelly, Boyns. *Third Class.*—Strahan, A. Hutton.

LAW AND HISTORY TRIPOS.

First Class.—Hildyard. *Second Class.*—E. R. Carr, Tufnell, R. M. Wood, Twamley. *Third Class.*—Brown, Hill.

THEOLOGICAL TRIPOS.

Third Class.—Edmonds, T. W. Thomas.

CHRISTMAS MATHEMATICAL EXAMINATION.

Third Year (*First Class*).—J. T. Ward, Hargreaves, Easton, Talbot, Morgan, Mc Farland, Horner. '*Suspension*': Penny, London, Coggin, Treadgold, A. C. Woodhouse.

Second Year (*First Class*).—Mc Alister, Parsons, C. Pendlebury, Griffin, Heath, Murton and Tait, æq. '*Suspension*': Kikuchi.

First Year (*First Class*).—J. W. Bishop, Bluett, Boote, Boucher, Boyce, Collinson, Cooke, E. J. Ford, Greenaway, Hannam, G. F. Hastings, Henson, Hibbert, Kemp, Lander, Leeper, Matthew, Moull, Nevill, Nixon, H. Reynolds, O. E. Roughton, Russell, R. H. Ryland, Sharp, Simpson, Taylor, Thompson, Trotter, Tucker, Wilding, Wilkins, Wiseman. '*Suspension*': F. Carver, A. C. Crick, J. R. Davies, Gatty, J. H. Ireland, Langdale, Mackenzie, Touzel, Wallis, Whetstone, J. Wilson.

The English Essay Prizes have been awarded as follows:

Third Year.—"The analogy between health of mind and health of body considered in relations to Ethical Systems of conformity to Nature."—W. E. Hurndall.

Second Year.—"The relations of Bacon's *idola specus, tribus*, and *fori* to the Associations of Modern Psychology."—W. Warren.

First Year.—"The benefits which England derived from the discovery of the New World."—A. T. S. Goodrick.

The following Degrees have been conferred since May, 1874:—

B.D.—*June 4th.*—W. A. Shoults.

M.A.—*June 4th.*—J. P. Smith, W. E. Buck, R. H. West, F. Young. *June 18*,—F. G. Gretton, F. M. Vipan. E. M. Jones, J. F. H. Bethell. P. C. Smith, T. A. De la Rue, F. H. J. Kay. *June 20th.*—C. H. Griffith, *Oct. 15th.*—E. M. Fitzgerald. *Oct. 29th.*—H. Green. *Nov. 12th.*—W. Jesson (by proxy), K. Wilson. *Nov. 19.*—W. A. Jones, F. Baynes, W. Hoare. *Feb. 18th.*—J. Collins (Fellow), G. Oldacres.

LL.M.—*Feb. 18th.*—F. C. Wace (Fellow), W. H. H. Hudson (Fellow), R. J. Perkes.

The following Members have been Ordained since our last issue:

On Sunday, Dec. 20th.—DEACONS Laycock, J. C. Dunn, W. J. Burn, W. A. Cox (Fellow), H. A. Snow, E. Edwards, W. Reece, T. Stevens, H. M. Hilton, R. B. Dowling, H. C. M. Barton. PRIESTS: J. W. Corbet, S. H. Hall, R. K. Preston, F. R. Mathison, J. T. Pollock, H. A. V. Boddy, R. K. Vinter, E. V. Casson, C. E. Cummings, H. W. Pate, R. H. C. Fitz-Herbert.

On Sunday, Feb. 21st.—DEACONS: E. A. Chichester, J. Wood. PRIESTS: W. H. Marsden, W. S. Clark, A. Evans, H. C. Harrison, W. U. Wooler, F. W. Haines, C. W. Wooll.

EASTER TERM. *Saturday, April 10th.*—Residence begins, Election of Minor Scholars.

Monday, April 12th.—Lectures begin.

Friday and Saturday, May 14th and 15th.—Rehearsal Examination (preliminary to the Previous and General Examinations).

Saturday, May 29th.—College Examination begins.*

Saturday, June 12th.—Election of Foundation Scholars.

There will be no separate Examination for Foundation Scholarships this year.

During the Long Vacation and the last and present Terms, alterations have been in progress in the Third Court, below the College Library, whereby a new Lecture-room will be provided and additional space obtained for the extension of the lower portion of the Library. The President, Dr. Wood, has accepted the office of Honorary Librarian and has been engaged in superintending the re-arrangement of the books. The following is a list of Missing Volumes, information respecting which will be gladly received by the Librarian:

(1) Court Fables, by La Mothe. (2) Staveley's History of Churches in England. (3) Hutcheson's Original of the Ideas of Beauty and Virtue. (4) Badeslade, Navigation of King's Lynn. (5) Madox, History of the Exchequer. (6) St. Chrysostomi Opera, per H. Savilium, Tom. viii. (7) Platinæ de Vitis ac Gestis Summorum Pontificum Opus, 1664. (8) Sophocles' Electra, translated by C. W., at the Hague, 1649. (9) Sharrock de Officiis Secundum Naturæ Jus, Oxon. 1660. (10) Pere Girard et la Cadiere. (11) Cicero's Officia (English and Latin) by N. Grimaldi, 1583. (12) Catullus, Tibullus et Propertius, Lond. 1715. (13) Phædri Fabulæ, Amst. 1667. (14) Petronii Satyricon, Lond. 1707. (15) Petronii Satyricon (Gabbema) 1654. (16) Albin's Natural History of English Insects, 1720. (17) Nourse's Practical Discourses, 1708. (18) Sale's Koran, 1734. (20) S. Cypriani Opera Rigaltii, 1648. (21) Psalms of David, translated by K. James. (22) British Atlas, Lond. 1837. (23) Pocket Maps of Herts. and Surrey, and Pocket Courier. (24) The Council of Trent, Lond. 1839. (25) Fabulæ Æsopicæ, Lips. 1829. (26) Eucharistica, Lond. 1839. (27) Bp. Selwyn's Verbal Analysis of the Holy Bible, Camb. 1855. (28) Pensees de Pascal, Paris, 1787. (29) Dryden's Poems, vol. 2 (Pickering's Edition, Lond. 1832). (30) Taciti Opera, vol. 9 (Valpy's Edition, Lond. 1821). (31) Ingulph's Chronicle (Bohn's Antiquarian Library). (32) Oxford Almanack for the year 1699. (33) Thucydides (Hobbes), Lond. 1823. (34) Sheringhamii (Rob.) Ioma, Codex Talmudicus de Sacrificio, Lond. 1648. (35) A System of Divinity, &c., by George Adams, A. M., Lond. 1768. (36) Family Classical Library, Demosthenes and Sallust, vol. 1. (37) German Dictionary, Bw. 9. 30. (38) Leighton's Theological Lectures, Lond. 1763. (39) Eisley's Annotations on the Gospel and Acts, Lond. 1812, vol. 3. (40) Wilkinson's Topography of Thebes, Lond. 1835. (41) Carter's History of the County of Cambridge, Lond. 1819. (42) Coleridge's Six Months in the W. Indies in 1825, Lond. 1826. (43) Dowling's Key to Hutton's Course of Mathematics, Lond. 1818. (44) Saturday Magazine, vol. 4. (45) Jowett's Plato, vol. 3. (46) Meier und Schomann, Der Attische Process. (47) Ciceronis Brutus, (Ellendt). (48) The Eagle, vol. 6.

The Examination for *Sizarships and limited Exhibitions* for the year 1875 will be held on Thursday, October 7th, at 9 a.m.

* See Chronicle of No. 50, p. 187.

The subjects of Examination will be a *paper* in Arithmetic and Algebra,

and *Viva voce* Examination in { Euclid, Books I. II. III. IV. / Book V. Props. I—4, 7—15, 20, 22. / Book VI. except Props. 27, 28, 29. / Book XI. Props. 1—21. / The Birds of Aristophanes (Holden's Text). / The Twenty-second Book of Livy.

A *paper* will also be set containing a passage of English Prose for translation into Latin Prose, and a passage from some Greek author (not named beforehand) for translation into English.

Candidates for Sizarships and for the School Exhibitions must send their names to one of the Tutors fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination. Candidates for the School Exhibitions must send a Certificate from the School stating that they have the qualification prescribed for the particular Foundation

Subjects of First Christmas College Examination.

(1) Euclid I. II. III. (*viva voce*). (2) Arithmetic and Algebra (Elementary). (3) Payley's Evidences (Parts I. and II.) (4) Latin Subject for Previous Examination of the next year.

Subjects of the College Examinations in Mathematics.

First May (1) Algebra (*general*). (2) Euclid, IV. V. 1—4. 7—15. 20. 22. VI. XI. XII. 1. 2 (*paper*). (3) Trigonometry (*paper and v. v.*). (4) Conics (*Geometrical and Analytical*). (5) Problems (*in Euclid, Algebra, Geometrical Conics, and Tri*

Second Christmas (1) Differential Calculus (*one variable*). (2) Elementary Mechanics (*paper and v. v.*). (3) Geometrical Problems.

Second May (1) Newton I. II. III. (2) Integral Calculus and Solid Geometry. (3) Statics and Dynamics of a particle. (4) Hydrostatics (*paper and v. v.*) (5) Mechanical Problems (*in Elementary Mechanics, Statics, and Dynamics of a particle*).

Third Christmas (1) Theory of Equations and Higher Algebra. (2) Optics (*paper and v. v.*). (3) Newton IX. XI. and Lunar Theory (*paper and v. v.*). (4) Dynamics (*particle*), Hydrodynamics, Sound and Waves. (5) Problems in Newton and Dynamics. (6) Hydromechanical Problems.

Third May (1) Differential and Integral Calculus, Calculus of Variations, and Laplace's Functions. (2) Solid Geometry, Differential Equations, Finite Differences, and Theory of Errors of Observation. (3) Spherical Trigonometry and Astronomy. (4) Miscellaneous Propositions (*in the subjects of the First Three days of the Examination for the Mathematical Tripos*). (5) Dynamics, Planetary Theory, Precession and Nutation, and Figure of the Earth. (6) Natural Philosophy (*Physical Optics, Heat, Elasticity, Electricity, and Magentism*). (7) Problems (*in Astronomy, Optics, and Rigid Dynamics*). (8) General Problems (*in Pure Mathematics*).

Subjects of the College Examinations held in the Easter Term.

(i) THEOLOGICAL EXAMINATION [FOR 1875].

First and Second Years.—(1) Greek Testament (St. Mark's Gospel). (2) Greek Testament (General Paper). (3) Hebrew (Grammar, Pointing, Composition). (4) Hebrew (Genesis, I. II. Kings). (5) Early Church History to A.D. 461 (Death of Pope Leo I.)

Third Year.—(1) Greek Testament (Epistle to the Hebrews). (2) Greek Testament (General Paper). (3) Hebrew (Grammar, Pointing, Composition). (4) Hebrew (Amos, Psalms LXXIII.—CVI., Isaiah). (5) *a.* Selected Church History (Alcuin, Bp. Ken) [*Candidates to take one only*]. *b.* (Jewell's Apology, with Questions on Confessions of the Sixteenth Century). (6) *a.* Socrates (Hist. Eccl. I. II.). *b.* (History of the Creeds, with Questions on Liturgiology).

(ii) CLASSICAL EXAMINATION.

(1) Composition in Greek Verse, Greek Prose, Latin Verse, Latin Prose. (2) Two Translation Papers: (*a*) Greek into English. (*b*) Latin into English. (3) Three Book-papers on Prepared Subjects. (4) A paper on Classical Philology.

(iii) NATURAL SCIENCE EXAMINATION.

(1) Chemistry. (2) Physics. (3) Geology. (4) Botany. (5) Physiology. (6) Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.

(iv) MORAL SCIENCES EXAMINATION.

(1) Moral Philosophy. (2) Mental Philosophy. (3) Logic. (4) Political Economy.

EXAMINATION RULES.—(1) Notices of the College Examinations at the end of the Michaelmas and of the Easter Terms are posted up on the Screens about one fortnight before the commencement of the Examination. Undergraduates are expected to inform themselves of the times and places at which they are required to present themselves for Examination.

(2) After the papers of questions have been distributed, no Undergraduate who has received a copy will be allowed to leave the room until half an hour has elapsed from the time of distribution; Students are required to present themselves for Examination punctually at the times fixed; any one who comes more than half an hour late will be refused admittance.

(3) In cases when the Examination is *vivâ voce* as well as by papers, no Undergraduate is allowed to leave the room (except by permission of an Examiner) until he has been examined *vivâ voce*. The written answers are to be delivered to an Examiner, and not left on the table at the Student's place.

(4) All talking during the time of an Examination is strictly forbidden.

(5) All Undergraduates in their First Year of Residence, unless in attendance at the Previous Examination or prevented by illness or other grave cause approved by the Master and Seniors, are required to pass the Examination at the end of the Michaelmas Term.

(6) All Undergraduates in their First Year of Residence (unless prevented as aforesaid) are required in the Easter Term to pass either one of the Examinations in their special subject of study or the College Examination in subjects of the Previous Examination.

(7) All Undergraduates in their Second Year of Residence (unless prevented as aforesaid) are required to pass either the Examinations in their special subject of study held during the year, or the College Examinati
subjects of the General Examination.

(8) All Undergraduates in their Third Year of Residence

(unless prevented as aforesaid) who are Candidates for Honours are required to pass the Examinations in their special subjects of study held during the year. Those Students who are not Candidates for Honours and have not yet passed the General Examination are required to attend the College Examination named in Rule 7.

(9) Undergraduates, who have failed to satisfy the Examiners in any one of the above-named Examinations, at which attendance is obligatory, will be again examined in the course of the following Term; and will not be presented for their degrees until they have satisfied the Examiners.

BOATING.—The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Nov. 30th, 1874. Ten boats started, and after two bumping and two time races, the following crew proved winners:

Bow. H. T. Kemp. | 3. C. J. C. Touzel.
2. H. V. Robinson. | *Stroke.* J. Phillips.
Cox. H. N. Rooper.

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13th and 14th; there were eight entries and six started.

Nov. 13th, First Heat:
1. T. E. Hoskin, Jesus.
2. G. W. Powers, Downing.
3. G. C. Dicker, 1st Trinity.

This was won by Dicker by 40 yards.

Second Heat:
1. P. Aylmer, 3rd Trinity.
2. R. Shann, 1st Trinity.
3. W. B. Close, 1st Trinity.

This was a close race between Shann and Close, and resulted in favour of Close, who won by 3 seconds.

Nov. 14th, Final Heat:
1. G. C. Dicker, 1st Trinity.
2. W. B. Close, 1st Trinity.

This was an easy win for Close, Dicker having caught a crab and ran into the bank.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls came off on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. There were 7 entries.

First Heat:
1. G. B. Darby. 2. C. Halliday. 3. C. J. D. Goldie.

Goldie won this by about 20 yds.

Second Heat:
1. R. C. Haviland. 2. F. Burford.

This was an easy win for Burford.

Third Heat:
1. A. J. W. Thorndike. 2. F. P. Wright.

This was an easy win for A. J. W. Thorndike by about 40 yards.

Final Heat:
1. A. J. W. Thorndike. 2. F. Burford. 3. C. J. D. Goldie.

Burford won by about 20 yards, Thorndike beating Goldie by about the same distance.

on held in the

The Lady Margaret Trial Eights came off on Saturday, Nov. 28th. Four boats started. The winning crew were :

		st.	lb.
Bow.	W. A. Foxwell	10	0
2.	H. F. Nixon	11	3
3.	H. C. Skeffington	10	7
4.	D. P. Warr	12	10
5.	R. C. Smith	12	2
6.	J. V. T. Lander	11	2
7.	F. Burford	9	3
Stroke.	J. H. Gwillim	11	7
Cox.	E. P. Rooper	9	0

The following were elected officers for the Lent Term :

President.—Rev. C. E. Graves.
1st Captain.—R. C. Haviland.
Treasurer.—G. A. Bishop.
Secretary.—A. J. W. Thorndike.
2nd Captain.—E. A. Stuart.
3rd Captain.—G. B. Darby.
4th Captain.—C. J. D. Goldie.
5th Captain.—F. Tarleton.

At this meeting it was proposed and carried unanimously that the winner of the Pearson and Wright Sculls must enter for the Colquhoun Sculls.

The University Trial Eights were rowed on Wednesday, Dec. 9th. E. A. Stuart, L. M. B. C., rowed No. 6 in the winning boat.

P. J. Hibbert is rowing bow in the University boat.

ATHLETIC SOCIETY.—C. Jackson has been elected President of the University Athletic Club. N. J. Littleton and J. S. Yardley have been elected on the Committee.

FOOTBALL CLUB.—At a meeting of the Club held at the beginning of the present Term, J. B. Woosnam was elected captain of the Association game in the place of J. C. Hanson (resigned).

Association Matches :

November 28th, St. John's v. *Harrow Club.*—Played on the Trinity Ground, and in accordance with the Harrow rules. Lost by four goals to none. Jeudwine alone played well for the Johnians, the rest of whom were quite puzzled by the strange rules.

November 26th, St. John's v. *The Chaffinches* (*return*). Played on our own ground, and won by two goals to one. More than one dispute arose in the course of the match.

November 28th, St. John's v. *Old Uppinghamians.*—Lost, after a very pleasant and even game, by one goal to none.

December 1st, St. John's v. *Old Salopians.*—The Salopians played a very strong team including two prominent members of the Johnian XI. Our two backs, Woosnam and Williams, were absent, and we lost the match by 6 goals to none.

February 11th, St. John's v. *The Chaffinches.*—A drawn match, each side obtaining one goal. That for St. John's was kicked by Simpkinson, the ball being well middled by Wace after a good run-down.

February 18th, St. John's v. *Trinity Hall.*—Won. Though the Johnians penned their adversaries throughout, they only succeeded in obtaining one goal, which was kicked by Wace.

February 25th, St. John's v. *The University.*—A disastrous defeat. In the absence of four prominent members of our XI., we lost our goal no less than eight times. Wace, Woosnam, White, and Keely did their best.