

# THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF  
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

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Printed for Subscribers only.

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1880.

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higher education of

## MY VISIT TO SEVILLE DURING "HOLY WEEK," WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A BULL FIGHT.

"'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands  
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep."—*The Spanish Gypsy.*

**T**HE day I left Gibraltar I rose early, bent upon obtaining once more a view from the summit of the grey old rock. From O'Hara's tower I saw again the snow on the Atlas mountains and the Straits of Ceuta shining in the sunlight on the African Coast, while the blue Mediterranean stretched far away in the distance like a sleeping lake. Standing again on old Elliot's tomb, I thought of the glorious day of September 13th, 1783, when France and Spain were defied and repulsed after a siege of four years. I waited until the morning mists had cleared away, watching the mountains of Ronda loom on the northern horizon, while Granada's snowy sierras rose like a shadow to the East. Just below me—a little further inland than the neutral ground which separates the English and Spanish sentries—is El Rocardillo, now a farm with corn growing, where Carteia (the Phœnician city of Hercules) once exemplified the navigation and civilization of Tyre. How wrapped up were the scenes before me, in half legendary, half historic lore! This Tarshish of the Bible, this Tartessus of the uncertain geography of the ancients, after the fall of the Gothic rule and the grand dominion of the Orientals, still retains the

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noblest traces of power, taste and intelligence, which centuries of neglect have failed to efface. But time was on the wing, and I had to catch the boat to Cadiz; so with a hurried glance at the mountains of Ronda and Granada, which sweep down to the sea, with snow covering their summits while the sugar-cane ripens at their feet, I bade a lingering adieu to that

"Mid sea which moans with memories."

I hastened back to the Club-house, and soon afterwards we were steaming across the bay. Again I passed the crumbling walls of Tarifa; again I saw the long low lines of Trafalgar with its memories of 1805, and it was evening when we landed at Cadiz. After two days spent in this city, where Cæsar made his fortifications and Balbus built his marble walls, I proceeded on to Jerez, and a few days later was on my way to Seville in order to be there during Holy Week. Approaching the town, the railway follows the valley of the Guadalquivir, but an actual acquaintance with this far-famed river dispels all poetical illusions. It is in sober reality dull and dirty, though there are spots nearer its mouth where it foams and boils in cataracts. The country we passed through was flat, and in spite of its fertile soil and beneficent climate, nearly half the lovely province of Andalusia is abandoned to a state of nature, and its soil is covered with lentisks, palmitos, and all sorts of aromatic underwood. On some of the large farms you see the same description of plough which is sculptured on Egyptian monuments, and the method of thrashing by treading out of oxen, and the mode of winnowing by the wind, are the same as were used in the days of the patriarchs.

The first object I distinguished as I approached the cathedral town was the grand Moorish Giralda. On great occasions it is lighted up at night, and then

it seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark vault of Heaven. Soon we were passing the Moorish walls which enclose the City, some parts of which are still quite perfect, and ere long I was threading my way through the narrow tortuous streets (so built to keep out the sun) lined on either side by fine houses with their cool court-yards and gardens in the centre. At length I reached the Fonda de Paris in the Plaza de la Magdalena, where I had previously secured a room.

That evening I strolled down to Las Delicias, which forms a series of lovely rides and walks along the bank of the river. Here all the rank and fashion assemble in the evening to promenade, and truly delicious are these nocturnal strolls. Night in the South is beautiful of itself. The sun of fire is set, and a balmy breeze fans the scorched cheek; now the city, which sleeps by day, awakes to life and love, and bright eyes sparkle brighter than the stars.

The next day the "Rending of the Veil" was to take place in the grand Cathedral. The ceremonial of the Semana Santa is second only in interest to that of Rome, and is in many respects quite peculiar. Large platforms are carried in slow procession through the streets, on which are images, painted and graven and as large as life, so grouped as to represent incidents in the "Passion." Then also the huge "Monumento" or sepulchre, in which the Host is buried, is lighted up in the Cathedral with innumerable candles. The huge building is filled with worshippers dressed in black, the women wearing the graceful mantilla and each carrying a small cushion on which to kneel, for there are no seats. Opposite the "Monumento" are two immense curtains, which, at a given signal, are suddenly drawn back and disclose the high altar glittering with uncovered gold and jewels and flowers, and a-blaze with lighted tapers.

Suddenly the chanting ceases, while the tinkling of a bell indicates the raising of the Host, and the dense mass of devotees silently bend the knee. It is a wonderful sight, and must be really seen to be understood. This Cathedral is one of the largest and finest in Spain. Its "grandeza" is its distinctive quality, as elegance is of Leon, strength of Santiago, and wealth of Toledo. Whoever the architect was, he seems to have worked with no thought of self, for his name is not known. The old Spaniards trod in the steps of the early Romans, reserving their splendour for the House of God :

"In suppliciis Deorum magnifici, domi parci."

Stepping out of the Cathedral's delicious coolness, I passed into the Plaza Santo Tomas, where was once the barber's shop of the immortal Figaro. The bells were ringing dolefully in the Giralda Tower. In no country has the original intention of bells (to scare away the devil) been more piously fulfilled than in the Peninsula. There is no attempt at melody. The bells are all pulled their own way like a Dutch concert, where each plays his own tune. The pinnacle of this great tower, whence the muezzin used to summon the faithful to prayers, is crowned with a bronze female figure used as a vane, which is a singular choice, since neither sex nor character should ever vary or be fickle, but perhaps the designer would quote the words of the epigram: "Vento quid levius?—Fulmen. Quid fulmine?—Fama.—Quid Fama? Mulier.—Quid Muliere?—Nihil."

Leaving here, I wandered on to the Calle Santiago, which is a barrack of washerwomen. What a scene for the pallet! What costume, draperies, attitude, grouping and colour! All living "Murillos."

At last I found myself at the house of the great painter, close to the city wall, amid a perfect labyrinth of picturesque lanes; and through the courtesy of

the owner, Dean Capero painting room—nay living room, for he lived to paint—which was as sunny and cheerful as his works. Here he died April 3, 1682. This "Juderia" has a strange beauty of its own with its tattered and parti-coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark naked and looking like bronze cupids as they clustered outside their hovels in the sun. Their implements and animals are all pictures. The primitive carts netted with "esparto," and the patient resigned oxen with lustrous eye, even the women seated in a stooping posture with their heads under treatment at the hands of female experts (who pursue certain "small deer" with wonderful alacrity) with the beggars, imps and urchins all around, add to the strange picturesqueness of the scene.

Towards evening I walked to the flat plain outside the walls of Seville, where was the "Quemadero" or burning-place of the Inquisition. A square platform of flagstones marks the spot of fire; and here, according to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt over thirty-four thousand persons alive. Until very recently, elderly Spaniards have been shy of talking about the Quemadero; sons of burnt fathers, they dreaded the fire. "*Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton!* Hush! hush! with King and Inquisition," said they, with finger on lip, like the image of Silence. As the heavy swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is distrust and scared apprehension was long the characteristic of the uncommunicative Spaniard. "How silent you are" said the queen-dowager of Prussia to Euler. "Madam," replied he (referring to Russia), "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." This tribunal of blood and fire was initiated by St. Dominic, who learnt his trade under Simon de Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenes. It was remodelled on Moorish principles,

the "garrote" and furnace being borrowed from the bow-string and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of infidels to prevent their ashes from becoming relics. To uncommercial, indolent Spain, it entailed the expulsion of her wealthy Jews and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors.

But Seville is the natural home of the bull-fight, which is THE sight of Spain. Here, where trans-Pyrenean civilization has not yet entered, the past is linked with the present and Spanish nationality is truly revealed. But the Fiesta de Toros or "Bull Feast," as it is more correctly called, is mainly a modern sport, and is never mentioned in any authors of antiquity.

In ancient amphitheatres bulls, it is true, were killed, but the present *modus operandi* is modern, and, although founded on Roman institutions, is indubitably a thing devised by the Moors of *Spain*, for those in Africa had neither this sport nor that of the ring. Horsemanship, courage, and dexterity with the lance was the "principle" of the institution. To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish Caballero, and in the original form of bullfight the animal was attacked by gentlemen, armed only with the "rejon," or short spear. These Fiestas Reales formed the Coronation ceremonial of Spain. The final conquest of the Moors and the subsequent cessation of the border chivalrous habits of the Spaniards, and especially the accession of Philip V. proved fatal to this ancient usage.

The spectacle which had withstood the influence of Isabella the Catholic, and had beaten the Pope's "bulls," bowed at last before the despotism of fashion; and by becoming the game of professionals instead of that of gentlemen, it was stripped of its chivalrous character, degenerating into the butchery of mercenary bull-fighters, just as our rings and tournaments of chivalry passed into those of ruffian pugilists.

Bull-fights are extremely expensive, costing from £300 to £400 a time; accordingly, except in the chief capitals and Andalucia, they are only got up now and then on great church festivals and upon royal and public rejoicings. The Spanish bulls have been famous from time immemorial. Hercules, that renowned cattle-fancier, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon, and the best bulls in Andalucia are bred at Utrera, in the identical pastures where Geryon's herds were pastured, and "lifted" by the demigod. All bulls, however, are not fit for the Plaza; only the noblest and bravest animals are selected. The first trial is the branding with hot iron. The one-year-old calf bulls are charged by the herdsman with his "garrocha," which resembles the Thessalian ὄρπηξ. Those that flinch are thrown down and converted into oxen. The bulls who pass this "Little-go" are in due time tested again, by being baited with tipped horns, but, since they are not killed, this pastime is despised by the true "torero," for he aspires only to be in "at the death." The profits of the bull-fight are usually devoted to the support of hospitals. The Plaza is usually under the superintendence of a society of noblemen and gentlemen called Maestranzas, instituted in 1562 by Philip II. in the hope of improving the breed of Spanish horses and men-at-arms. These brotherhoods were originally confined to four cities, Ronda, Seville, Granada, and Vallencia, to which Zaragoza was added by Ferdinand VII., the only reward it ever obtained for its heroic defence against the invaders. The members must all be of gentle blood, Hidalgos, and are entitled to wear a gaudy costume, an honour much sought after.

During the week of my visit there were to be two bull-fights, which were announced on every wall by placards of all colours. The prices of the seats vary according to position. The transit of the sun over the Plaza is certainly not the worst calculated

astronomical observation in Spain; the line of shadow defined on the arena is marked by a gradation of prices. The sun of torrid, tawny Spain, is not to be trifled with, and I first secured a good place beforehand by sending for a Boletin de Sombre, a "ticket in the shade."

The previous day, I had been to the site outside the town where the bulls are collected, to watch the "encierro," *i.e.* the driving them from this place to the arena. The bulls are enticed by tame oxen into a road barricaded on each side, and then driven full speed by mounted Conocedores into the Plaza. This is a service of danger, but wonderfully picturesque, and so exciting a spectacle that the poor, who cannot afford to go to the bull-fight, risk their lives and cloaks in order to get the front places and the best chance of a stray poke *en passant*.

The next afternoon all the world crowded to the Plaza de Toros; nothing when the tide is full can exceed the gaiety and sparkle of a Spanish public going to the "fight." All the streets and open spaces near the outside of the arena are a spectacle. The bull-fight is to Seville what a review is to Paris and the Derby to London. The *coup d'œil* on entrance is unique; the classical scene bursts on the foreigner in all the glory of the south, and carries him back to the Coliseum under Commodus.

The president sits in a centre box. The proceedings open with a procession of the performers: first, the "picadores" or mounted spearmen; then follow the "chulos" or attendants on foot, who wear silk cloaks in a peculiar manner, with the arms projecting in front; lastly, come the "espadas" or slayers, and the splendid mule team, which is destined to carry off the slain. When all the bull-fighting company, thus glittering in their gorgeous costumes, have advanced and passed the president, a trumpet sounds, the president throws the key of the cell in which the bull is confined to the

"alguacil," which the latter catches in his feathered hat. The different performers now take their places. The bull-fight is a tragedy in three acts, and lasts about twenty minutes, and each fight consists of precisely the same routine. Six bulls are usually killed. When the door of the cell is opened, the public curiosity to see the first rush out is intense, and, as none know whether the bull will behave well or ill, all are anxious to judge of his character from the manner in which he behaves upon first entering the ring. The animal, turned from his dark cell into glare and crowd, feels the novelty of his position. He is like the foredoomed Satan of the Epic; ignorant indeed of his fate, for die he must, fight he never so bravely.

In the first act the "picadores" are the chief performers; three of them are drawn up in the arena, as it were at the three corners of a triangle, each sitting bolt upright with lance in rest and as valiant as Don Quijote. They wear the broad brimmed "Thessalian" hat and their legs are cased in iron and leather. The spear is rather defensive than offensive, the blade only protruding about an inch from the sheathing. When the bull charges him, the picador, holding the lance under his arm, pushes to the right and turns his horse to the left and the bull, if turned, passes on to the next "picador." These men are subject to hair-breadth escapes and severe falls. The bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin, and when the victim falls on the ground, exhausts his rage on his prostrate enemies till lured away by the glittering cloaks of the "chulos" who come to the assistance of the fallen "picador." These horsemen often show marvellous skill in managing to place their horses as a rampart between them and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is crowded with heads; every expression of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight, is stamped on speaking counten-



ances. These feelings are wrought to the highest pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, with crimson streams of blood streaking his body, flies from the infuriated bull, still pursuing, still goring; then is displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the undismayed "picador." It is, in truth, a piteous sight to see the poor dying horses treading out their entrails yet saving their riders unhurt. The miserable steed when dead is dragged out by the team of mules at full canter. The "picador," if wounded, is carried out and forgotten, a new combatant fills the gap, the battle rages, he is not missed, fresh incidents arise, and no time is left for regret or reflection. Thus passes the first ten minutes! Then at a signal from the president and sound of a trumpet, the second act commences with the "chulos." They are picked young men, and in the first act their duty is to draw off the bull from the "picador" when endangered, which they do with their coloured cloaks; their address and agility are surprising, they skim over the ground like glittering humming-birds scarcely seeming to touch it. They are dressed in short breeches and without gaiters, just like Figaro in the opera of the "Barbiero de Sevilla." In the second act they are the sole performers. Their part now is to place small barbed darts or banderillas, which are ornamented with cut paper of different colours, on each side of the neck of the bull, and when the animal stoops to toss them, they dart them into his neck and slip aside. The cruel agony of the tortured bull frequently makes him bound like a kid, to the frantic delight of the people.

The second ten minutes has passed! the last trumpet sounds, and the arena is cleared for the third act. The "espada" or "matador" stands before his victim alone, thus concentrating in himself an interest previously given to a large number of combatants. On entering, he

addresses the president, throws his cap to the ground, and swears he will do his duty. In his right hand he holds a long Toledan blade; in his left hand he waves the red flag, which is about a yard square. By this time the bull, half subdued, is almost insensible to pain. The "matador" advances in order to entice it towards him; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the flag, and then he prepares for the *coup de grace*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve,—and with lightning thrust the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade. When the thrust is true, death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life, falls in an instant and is still for ever, while the espada, drawing his sword, waves it in triumph over his fallen foe, bowing to the spectators.

I saw the last bull die and the populace unwillingly retire:—then I walked round the vast amphitheatre, emptied of its twelve thousand spectators. It was injured by a hurricane in 1805, and is yet unrepaired on the cathedral side. The gap, thus left, let in a fine view of the Giralda, and as I departed the setting sun-rays were gilding the Moorish tower.

J. M. A.



## ON THE BRINK.

O wild in the gloaming  
 The billows were foaming,  
 And thick grew the haze o'er the storm-driven sea;  
 And sullen the roar  
 As they broke on the shore,  
 And sad by the brink of the waves stood she.

'Under the sea  
 'Quiet and free  
 'Safe till the dawn of the day that shall be;  
 'There will we lie,  
 'Baby and I,  
 'And watch from the depths the white stars pass by!

'What will it matter  
 'Then, how they chatter?  
 'There nought shall harm us, my baby and me.  
 'No weary to-morrow,  
 'No shame and no sorrow;  
 'Who'll trouble us lying there under the sea?

'O waves! ye come foaming  
 'So wild in the gloaming,  
 'Yet waving white arms to my baby and me;  
 'Come, dear! let us meet them,  
 'And lovingly greet them;  
 'For sure there is rest in the deep dark sea!'



## EMPHASIS.

**I**N case any one should be led by the title to expect some useful hints on public reading or speaking, and so be prompted to read it on false pretences, it may be as well to say at once that this article is not intended to convey any such information on matters elocutionary.

This attempt to write on "Emphasis" is partly due to a desire to say something about those who cannot be called quiet people, and whose characteristics tend in an opposite direction. Having conceived the desire, the next point was to find a title. Now the title is a very important part of any composition, amongst other reasons, because it is the one part which is most widely read. Some such title as "Noisy People" at once suggested itself, but it seemed unfair to so useful and respectable a class in society as quiet people, to imply that they occupied an extreme position as pronounced and obnoxious as that usually ascribed to noisy people. Other titles, such as "Self-assertion," would have narrowed the subject too much, whereas the title chosen leaves the author free to make the subject almost as narrow or as broad as he pleases. Moreover, neutral tints are supposed to be correct, according to fashionable æsthetics, and our title is decidedly of a neutral tint.

Let us see then what is the ordinary meaning of emphasis. It is a special energy of utterance, whereby some particular word is more clearly and forcibly impressed upon the hearer than are the other words

of a sentence. A speaker, for instance, in telling his audience that some measure he advocates is just, though unpopular, may emphasise the word "just." If he makes the emphasis strong enough, they will be much more likely to remember that the measure is just than that it is unpopular. Might we venture to use the term emphasis in a wider sense? Such a course, however venturesome, might be defended by great examples. Advances in science have been made by extending the meaning of such words as multiplication, so that surely the exigencies of a writer, in search of a title, may justify him, for the space of a short article, in using an extended meaning of emphasis. Were the article a long one, or did it claim to be scientific or to have authority, the case might be different, for in many cases great examples should only be followed by great men.

Let us then take emphasis to mean the result of those various social qualifications which correspond to the energy of physical mechanics; an emphasis which gives to individuals and their views a prominence greater than that obtained by other men and their views.

When the emphasis used in speaking is represented on paper the energy takes various forms. The thrifty Roman, who lived in the days before printing was invented, when ink was too scarce to be wasted in underlining words, availed himself of the greater leisure of his life to construct sentences in which the emphasis of words was denoted by their position. Things are altered now-a-days: a lady in her letters expresses her ardent thoughts in dashes, whose number and thickness are proportioned to her sense of the importance of the words underlined. Men are supposed to abstain from dashes, but when they get into print are allowed to indulge themselves in italics, heavy type, and capitals of all sizes. If a man advertises, then often a placard is simply a combination of various

styles of emphasis. He who desires material for the study of how men seek to make their views known to others, will find it in abundance on our hoardings and dead walls. Men have gone forth in these days of political excitement anxious to read the newest and most sensational election placards; their attention has been drawn to large type and glaring colour, only to be beguiled with the announcements of some enterprising patentee. The ardent Liberal, anxious to see the manifestoes of his party, cannot altogether avoid being annoyed by the sight of Conservative bills. In some places the placarding authorities seem to have been animated by a half comic sense of fairness, so that side by side on equally huge posters in equally huge type may be seen "Cobden on Liberal Blundering," "Disraeli on Conservative Hypocrisy." In such a case, the emphasis of type secures at least some notice to each, whatever be the politics of the reader. Similarly, the emphasis which brings men and their views into prominence has no necessary reference to the merits of either. In low class drapers' windows you may see articles marked with a big 1, and an infinitesimal elevenpence three-farthings.

So amongst men, some who at first seem much more important than others prove ultimately to be little more than their equals. The difference is not in the real worth of the men but in those special circumstances which bring them into superficial prominence. Then, again, there are men who, under one set of circumstances, are as insignificant as the announcement of a missionary collection at the bottom of a hand-bill, and, under different circumstances, are as important as the announcement of that collection is emphatic, when the plate is about to be handed round.

Men are printed in very different styles, the great crowd in ordinary type, some in italics, some in capitals, and so on to the big type in which the

special favourites of fortune fix even the most reluctant attention.

In the eyes of most men, genius at its brightest is yet more dazzling when it is associated with rank and wealth, and have we not heard of—

“The gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool?”

Only in the case of a man, rank and wealth and other such initial privileges, do not fix permanently a man's importance. As time goes on, it is continually being modified by the emphasis of acquired reputation. Man is like a piece of parchment, on which scribe after scribe has written what he could and done something towards erasing what others had written. None of the writing is altogether lost, and some day perhaps some one may read it all and finally revise it. Meanwhile, as to the development of a man's reputation; that may depend in more senses than one upon himself. Successful advertising is said to be chiefly a question of perseverance, and in the many cases of self-advertisement the saying is true.

There are many other qualities less easily defined which help to give influence to their possessors. Some consist in manners and in personal appearance; others go to make up the mysterious personal fascination exercised by such men as Hannibal, Scipio, or Marlborough.

If a man cares to talk, the prominence of his own position amongst his fellows will make it easier for him to get hearers. Many men, from youth upwards, are used to be listened to with deference and become continually more and more familiar with the pleasant consciousness of authority. If they have naturally any tendency to awkward timidity or self-distrust, it will be largely modified by the influence of their circumstances; and if no such tendency exists, it is not likely to arise. They will often be led to ascribe to their own powers the authority which is only obtained for

them by their circumstances, and this mistake may sometimes develop unpleasantly into conceit. Otherwise their position is so well assured that they have no motive for inordinate self-assertion; they acquire an easy confidence which makes it pleasant alike for them to talk and for others to listen.

There are, however, other classes which possess the habit of speaking with authority and a consequent incentive to speech. Some men speak with the emphasis of deep and earnest conviction. By the way, energy is not necessarily noise; it is possible to throw a good deal of moral energy into quiet words, and thus often is the emphasis of conviction expressed.

Take, for instance, a man interested in many subjects, endowed with a vigorous, if not always logical, intellect. He may have also a love of truth and a passion for its investigation, not always duly restrained by reverence for authority. His mind will demand constant work, and will seize with avidity every new subject for controversy. Whether he is dogmatic, or (as some people put it) holds decided opinions, depends on other parts of his character. But he will soon have a numerous set of self-acquired opinions, firmly held and fairly well understood. For three reasons he will be better qualified than other men to express himself forcibly and to obtain a hearing. He will understand his own opinions, and so will have a fair chance of making others understand them. Then, having worked out his positions for himself he will have a strong and living conviction of their truth. Moreover, the time and thought he has spent in getting at his opinions will invest them with considerable importance in his eyes. Thus he may develop an intellectual enthusiasm, and enthusiasm implies both the will and the power to make itself felt by others.

There is another class of men who make prominent figures in conversation and speak with all the consciousness of authority. In this class their conscious-

ness of authority seems to be a pure and original intuition, for it is impossible to discover any circumstances of position or character from which it could have been derived. They believe in themselves, and therein lies the secret of their power. Hath it not been said by wise men of old: "When thou hast a good opinion of thyself, all men will think much of thee." Even when self-assertion is felt to be unwarranted it is often more easy to let it pass unnoticed or even to acknowledge its claims than it is to contest them. Seeing therefore that moral laziness is a common weakness, it is not safe to expect that true worth will be vindicated or attended to, when some shallow piece of conceit is uttering his *ipse dixit* on matters which he does not understand.

It is amusing, in a mixed company, to watch the ebb and flow of the various tides of talk, to see what efforts are made to get the ear of the house, or of some portion of it, and how far and why such efforts are, or are not, successful. Tact has its use as well as energy, and a man should be able to discover whether at that time, and in that company, wit, gossip, or cynicism is most likely to be acceptable. Having discovered this, it by no means follows that the lucky owner of a *bon mot*, a very special piece of news or an ill-natured opinion of his fellow-man, will get an opportunity of giving the company the benefit of it. Men may make great efforts to contribute something to the sweetness and light of the circle, struggle bravely for a while against difficulties and yet fail in the end. First, they wait for a definite pause in the conversation and then hesitate in case anyone else has any more to say on the last subject. Before they feel satisfied on this point a less scrupulous man has taken the opportunity from them. Another time, they do make a start and get a few words out, but some friend with greater confidence in his right to be heard; and a more emphatic manner, dashes

off into a story of his own, as if their puny claim to attention was quite beneath notice.

After four or five of these false starts, they will subside into gloomy silence, looking and feeling ill-used unless some compassionate being interposes in their favour and secures attention by this time their energy is dissipated, their temper somewhat soured, and they go through their part with little interest and fail. It is like the surprise of a fortress planned for midnight and delayed till dawn. The situation is more exciting when you have two or more men of emphatic manner in competition with each other, a state of affairs likely to lead to a schism whereby separate orbits are created for the rival stars.

Similarly in a dialogue, knowledge of the subject, skill in argument, facility of expression, may all be overborne by superior energy. Not every position can be maintained by short, sharp epigrams. It may take half-a-dozen carefully worded sentences to expose a fallacy or develop a delicate chain of reasoning. How can this be done, if your opponent thinks it sufficient to listen to your first few words, supplies whatever else you might have been going to say from his own fertile imagination, and then proceeds to answer with great volubility arguments you never meant to use? A slightly different case is where one man is arguing with two others. It often happens that the more fluent talker of the two is the worse reasoner. Accordingly, the man who fights single-handed really has the best of it. For when the logical opponent has suggested some serious difficulty, the talker is not content to wait till the difficulty has been met, but interposes with some remarks irrelevant to that stage of the discussion. Whereupon our single-handed friend can evade the more difficult point and answer the less weighty arguments last proposed.

There is one curious example of this kind of

emphasis. Opportunities are sometimes given of studying the emphasis a man's thoughts have for himself. Of course, a man can study his own thoughts, at least some men can. But at the best there are many difficulties involved in being at once the operator and the subject of such vivisection. So fortunately there are other opportunities. Men hesitating over some practical difficulty often profess to distrust their own unaided judgment and to seek the advice of their friends. In many cases what chiefly takes place is that the man repeats for the benefit of his friend and himself the discussion which he has already carried on in his own mind. The practice has its advantages; many fallacies, very influential as vague ideas, are seen to be fallacies as soon as the man tries to express them, and so are quietly dropped. Otherwise, it is pretty much thinking aloud. You may see how the mind weighs motive after motive, recurs again and again to the salient objections to either course of action, and at last yields, often not to the best argument, but to the strongest prejudice. Many predominant motives gain their influence as irrationally as many prominent men.

Then there is the counter emphasis of silence, for few things are more startling than a blank where one expected words and silence when one expected speech. Only there is little emphasis in habitual silence, because speech ceases to be expected. Silence is emphatic when it seems that speech could only have been repressed by an effort or rendered impossible by the paralysing power of sudden passion or sorrow. But the emphasis of silence is not always so innocent or so noble; it may be used to injure a reputation by the insinuation it conveys, or it may imply the recantation of the apostate.

After all, the emphasis of silence is an exception and owes its importance to the abuse of more usual emphasis. Men have wrought great things by apt

and earnest speech. When words are used honestly, not for their own sake but for the sake of the meaning they convey, in order to interpret to, and impress upon others, the opinion of the speaker; then the epigram that "Men are governed by words" is as true as epigram can be. Few would wish it otherwise. But when words are chosen because they have a ringing sound, and reiterated till the vulgar think there must be something in them because they are used so often, then force thus misused soon proves to be wasted; inordinate self-assertion and eager violence of expression lose their power, the undemonstrative man finds that even habitual silence is impressive, and the energy of emphasis ceases to be emphatic.

**B.**



## THE PASSING OF THE CONQUEROR.

... As he rode down the steep street of Mantes, which he had given to the flames, his horse stumbled among the embers, and William, flung heavily against his saddle, was borne home to Rouen to die. The sound of the minster bell woke him at dawn as he lay in the convent of St. Gervais, overlooking the city—it was the hour of Prime—and stretching out his hands in prayer the Conqueror passed quietly away....

J. R. GREEN'S *History of English People*, p. 85.

THE red dawn rolls the clouds apart,  
The white stars wane apace,  
And peace steals o'er this dying heart  
(Thank God for His good grace!),  
For all night long  
Back thro' yestreen in broken streams,  
And evermore the steed I rode  
Stumbled, and scared my dreams;  
And evermore I tossed  
Save when in intervals of calm  
Methought I heard some lone sweet bird  
Or rolling of a vesper-psalm.

But dawn (thank God) hath come at last  
And spreading on and up  
Blots out a dark and hateful past,  
Fair, rare with some strange hope,  
As broken into crimson streaks  
It steals betwixt yon lattice bars,  
And resting on the Crucifix  
Makes red the dear, dear Scars;

While somewhere far aloft from towers  
That in the dawning daylight dream  
A myriad chime is loud for prime;  
Methinks 'tis like an Angel's hymn.

I rise, I fold mine hands to pray,  
And o'er these dimming eyes  
Behold there break with yonder day  
The lights of Paradise:  
A sudden hush! a soft sweet strain!  
And growing slowly out of gloom  
Lo, o'er mine head an Angel-train;  
Each spreads the shining plume.  
Farewell for ever, dawn of earth,  
Dark dawn! the last that I shall see;  
Yon solemn bell tolls this heart's knell,  
"In manus Tuas, Domine!"

A. L. I.



## OUR PENNY READING.

“**W**ILL I carry Miss Lacy’s music?” Will I take an express train to Elysium? Why, I would carry a thousand tons of Miss Lacy’s music, even if I were labelled like a railway truck “Not to carry more than five tons.” (Somehow, now that I am writing this, I feel as if I would endeavour to persuade Miss Lacy that it was good for her health to carry her own music—one’s feelings upon such subjects do change so). Well, being entrusted by my sisters with my precious burden (weight, about three ounces), off I start, and with my usual bad luck (as my friends call it), clumsiness (as my enemies style it), drop the aforesaid precious burden into the first convenient puddle that presents itself; in a second I snatch it up and set to work to brush it vigorously (smearing the mud all over it, instead of doing any good) when Oh! *such* a scratch right across my hand! What on earth does Miss Lacy stick pins in her music for—why I gave her a lovely little *châtelaine* pincushion only a few weeks ago; what an untidy girl she is; I’ll remonstrate with her after the Reading; for the present the pin goes into my waistcoat (this of course is not untidy), for fear she should scratch her lovely and elegant paws with it too. I make the music look about as clean as a lumber-room wall-paper that has not been removed for a century, and without further accidents arrive at the schoolroom where the reading is to be held. Late! of course! Miss Lacy waiting for her music, as she has to play

the first piece on the programme. Hand her the music with the outside cover folded back, so that she may see I wish to give her as little trouble as possible (so that she may *not* see the dirt, more likely). “Shall I turn over for her?” “No, thanks; Mr. Finnikin has been kind enough to offer his services.” I wish Mr. Finnikin was.....well, was *not* here. Never mind, I’ll sit down and whisper my admiration of her music to her younger sister. “Beautiful! what execution! what an exquisite touch she has! *Andante allegrettissimo scherzo*, I think this is; is it not?” By-the-bye it’s rather lucky I didn’t have to turn over, as I don’t know one note from another. I can get on very well in songs where there are words to go by; but those black dots with tails to them are so alike, I don’t see how anyone *can* know when to turn over. “How enchantingly she plays; that second movement, *piano fortissimo*, in the minor key, with those accidentals” (very good this—know more about music than I thought I did), “must be very difficult. Ah! that touch of the hard pedal was sublime” (wonder if there *is* a hard pedal—feel sure there is a soft one). By-the-bye I might have offered to tread on the pedals for her—I am sure I could do that if she nudged me at the right time. Hullo! what’s the matter now—even *I* know that was a discord; Miss Lacy, to say the least of it, seems confused, and is violently kicking Finnikin’s shins, who, however, if anything, is more confused than she is. What ever *has* happened! “Turn over,” she gasps. Finnikin having just the moment before turned over, turns hurriedly back again. More confusion and more kicks for Finnikin, who seems at a loss what to do. Miss Lacy makes a grab at the music, but Finnikin forestalls her by turning back to the beginning. More confusion, blushes and ineffectual grabs on the part of Miss Lacy, who is keeping up a wild but sepulchral fantasia in the base with her left hand,



while her right is employed in grabbing at the music. What can be the matter? "Oh poor Conny," says her sister, "she pinned up two pages that were too hard for her to play and the pin must have come out, and Mr. Finnikin turned straight on." That unlucky pin! I try to look as if I knew nothing about it, and furtively extract the pin from my waistcoat and drop it on the floor. Miss Lacy gets to the end of her piece somehow and finishes brilliantly. Great applause! amidst which I slink five or six rows of seats back; I know she'll think I pulled out that pin for the purpose, especially when she sees the dirt. Our village postman next gives a piece of Mark Twain; he reads it very slowly and solemnly and imitates the American twang by holding his nose between his finger and thumb, just as if he was going to take a glass of medicine, and speaking as far back in his throat as he conveniently can. Wonderful effect! Next comes a Quartette by four very gorgeous youths, who, on ascending the platform, suddenly become conscious that they possess hands and make themselves very uncomfortable in their vain endeavours to dispose of these members; their neckties however are their redeeming points; the tenor especially is evidently a man of taste—brilliant green satin sailor's knot with a gold bicycle braided on it and an almost "life-size" horse-shoe pin stuck in it. A series of "variations" by Miss Lacy's sister follows, through which the air of "Home Sweet Home," or the hymn "I want to be an Angel" (I don't know which) endeavours to struggle—but its efforts are unavailing—the variations win the day. Then Miss Lacy's father, the rector of the parish, gives a short dissertation on "Grass, and graminivorous animals," which, beyond the slight drawback that it has nothing in it, and if it had, nobody could understand it, is very interesting. Finnikin, having now sufficiently recovered from his previous agitation, gives us "The Hardy Norseman."

Miss Lacy always says "What an exquisitely sweet voice he has, and how nobly he holds himself." Holds himself! I wish *I* held him. He gets through the first verse all right, flinging back his head as if he meant to pick up halfpennies off the piano behind him, like the "Boneless Phenomenon" does in a circus; and opening his mouth as if each word of the song was a young "Pickford's van," and could not get through a decent-sized aperture—this is what Miss Lacy calls "holding himself nobly" is it? I only hope she won't take to holding *herself* nobly. Second verse—more Boneless Phenomenon and Pickford van business. "The Hardy Nor.....kurr.....r." Hullo! what an unearthly noise. This must be a larger Pickford van than usual and has stuck half-way. "Kurr.....kurr.....kurr." What can be the matter with Finnikin—Apoplectic fit—or has he swallowed his tongue? Good gracious! he'll burst a blood-vessel if he goes on like this! "Kurr.....kurr.....kurr." Old Lacy pounds into his back: no effect. "Kurr.....kurr.....r." Everybody in confusion, except a small boy next to me who is vainly endeavouring to swallow his fist to stop his laughing. Dig him in the ribs—he explodes and makes almost more unearthly noises than

spluttering in a chair at the back of the stage, while Miss Lacy is attempting to murder him with her smelling-bottle. He can't finish his song, so the next piece on the programme is taken—a "duett in character" by two gawky youths; what their "characters" are, I can't make out, as one looks something between a railway porter and a German paterfamilias without his long pipe, while the other might be either a midshipman or a postman. After a few more songs and readings the programme is finished. Don't think I had better walk home with Miss Lacy, so beat a discreet and precipitous retreat; going out, I find the before-mentioned small boy

chuckling in the porch—ask him what he is laughing at. “Ah! I know all about it,” he says, “About what?” “About the gentleman’s choking fit;” he won’t tell, however, when asked, so I bribe him with half-a-crown, whereupon his tongue is loosened and I learn that the small boys of the school amused themselves by shooting up pellets of moist paper on to the ceiling above the master’s head; and these pellets, when they dried, used to fall down on the unsuspecting and much puzzled master; one of them had gone down Finnikin’s throat when he threw his head back to do the “Nor.....” in his song. Finnikin to this day does not know what made him choke; and Miss Lacy *will* believe that I pulled that pin out on purpose to put her out.

A. S. R.



## A CHARADE.

### *First Syllable.*

E’EN though we scan with patient curious eye  
 Our little lives, we mark not this:  
 Its gentle whisper in the breath of morn  
 Our ears attentive oft may miss.

Yet we must know it softly hushed in death  
 Or learn its power in the grave:  
 The evening gale will surely tell of what  
 The breath of morn but promise gave.

### *Second Syllable.*

Science, the last begotten son of Time  
 And our Necessity, has taught at last  
 These seeming-mighty few, to half enslave  
 Reluctant Nature’s mystic powers, to curb  
 The Lightning’s might, and bring beneath their rule  
 The sun-born energy of Heat and Light;  
 Becoming thus the lords of their own lords  
 Though still but slaves of their own seeming slaves.

### *The whole Word.*

Thus ends our prayer for friend and foe,  
 In time of peace or days of strife,  
 Thus ends our cry of hopeful fear,  
 When dear ones pass from Death to Life.  
 And when the chords of Nature’s songs,  
 Sweetly with soul-born music blend;  
 With this, our silent heart-assent,  
 The silent anthem we should end.

A. S. R.



## A DREAM.

A VISION in the lonely night  
Haunted my sleep;  
A dream, replete with such delight,  
Did o'er me creep,  
That when I woke from this sweet jest,  
I would have fain  
Replaced my head once more to rest,  
And dreamed again!  
Medreamt I was reclining near  
A rippling stream,  
Whose music whisper'd in mine ear  
Its thrilling theme;  
Beneath the shadow of a tree  
My resting-place  
Was chosen; and the Zephyr's free  
Breeze fanned my face:  
The songsters piped their merry lays  
From secret lair;  
The glorious sun's refulgent rays  
Shone here and there:  
The flowers' perfumes were so sweet  
To breathe was bliss!  
Methought if Eden's lost retreat  
Were ought like this,  
It was in truth a lovely scene!  
And as I gazed,  
An angel, decked in beauteous sheen,  
Appeared! Amazed,  
I wondered why I thus was blessed  
With sight so fair;  
And while I wondered, he addressed  
Me; and I ne'er

Had heard a voice more clear and fine!  
"Come, follow me;  
And what thou choosest shall be thine,  
I swear to thee:  
But thou must make *one final choice*;  
Thou canst not change  
When once thou hast decreed by voice  
Thy wish." Then strange  
To tell, I felt myself upraised,  
Aloft, on high!  
Beneath—the earth; above there blazed  
The sun-lit sky.  
And as I soared 'twixt earth and heav'n,  
The angel said:—  
"Of choices I will give thee seven:  
To crown thy head  
With Monarch's Diadem; or make  
With Wealth untold,  
Thy coffers rich; or thou canst take,  
Instead of Gold,  
Unto thyself a Noble Name,  
And be renowned  
Thro' all the land; or if not Fame  
Enough be found,  
A life of Pleasure be thy store;  
Or if this be  
Not what thou wouldst, three others more  
I offer thee;  
A Lengthened Life; or Happiness:  
Thou hast but one  
To add to these, and my address  
To thee is done.  
A gift it is, but less divine,  
For on the earth  
'Tis daily done; when every sign  
Of joyous mirth  
Is shown; when youthful hearts are tied  
In Love's embrace.  
Wilt thou, then, choose the last, a Bride,  
Thy life to grace?"

Let us descend to earth, and view  
 These seven sights;  
 And see for which thy heart will sue;  
 Which most delights  
 Thy soul!" Next moment we were both  
 Upon the ground;  
 But, mingled with sweet Nature's growth,  
 Was marked around  
 The skilful work of human hand—  
 No leafless herb,  
 Nor forest flower was left to stand  
 That could disturb  
 The perfect order of the scene—  
 Which was more sweet,  
 The song-resounding rustic dene,  
 And its retreat,  
 Or that grand earthly Paradise  
 Where plants combined  
 To form some wonderful device,  
 And divers kind  
 Of fountains, casting perfumed sprays,  
 Refreshed the air.  
 And this I saw as in a haze—  
 A palace, rare  
 And rich in beauty, o'er this frowned;  
 The whole domain  
 Was 'neath a monarch's power bound.  
 I longed to gain  
 A glimpse of him who held this sway;  
 I had but thought  
 To ask this, but no need to say  
 My wish, 'twas wrought  
 While I did hesitate to speak;  
 I saw him, and  
 He looked so gentle, humble, meek;  
 Not proud, nor grand  
 As I had thought to see: alone  
 He was (we were  
 Invisible); his saddened tone  
 Of voice did stir

My heart to sympathise with him  
 Before I learned  
 His story; then his eye grew dim,  
 His pale cheek burned  
 With his emotion. "Thus," he cried,  
 "Am I a King,  
 Who once was almost deified,  
 And now this ring,  
 From off my head, my nearest kin  
 Would take; e'en they  
 Who were most eager I should win  
 This bauble, day  
 By day contrive to bring me death!  
 This blushing rose  
 May carry poison in its breath!  
 Alas! who knows  
 A kingly head secure or free  
 From danger? for  
 The flatt'rer of to-day is he  
 Who, in the core  
 Of my heart, would to-morrow sheathe  
 His sharpen'd blade!  
 Sweet Freedom's air I may not breathe;  
 And I, who made  
 So oft a prisoner free, cannot  
 Myself release!  
 Oh! would to God that I had got  
 Ignoble peace  
 And sweet obscurity, instead  
 Of this renown!  
 'Uneasy is the monarch's head  
 That wears a crown.'  
 Ah! dangerous indeed is Fame!  
 For, once, I ne'er  
 Could find a foe against my name;  
 Now, everywhere  
 They swarm around me! Men o'er whom  
 I place my sway  
 I envy; threatened by no doom,  
 At ease alway.

The poorest peasant would not change  
 His life for mine,  
 If he its dangers knew. 'Tis strange  
 This curse, divine,  
 Should fall on me! What have I done,"  
 He fiercely cried,  
 "That I should be th' accursed one?  
 Oh! had I died  
 'Ere I had reached this envied goal!  
 At which to be  
 I would have bartered twice my soul!  
 And now I see,  
 In vain, how false is bubble Fame!  
 This very day  
 May I return from whence I came,  
 To dust and clay!"  
 So spake he—I would hear no more,  
 But fled apart;  
 Touched deeply to the very core  
 Within my heart.  
 Surprised this man such deep grief had,  
 I thought if all  
 The other sights would be as sad.  
 The angel's call  
 Aroused me from my reverie.  
 (By sacred might  
 And pow'r invisible were we  
 To human sight.)  
 Ambition quelled, I lingered not  
 For Royalty  
 At such a cost; a happier lot  
 I thought must be  
 In store. I turned myself away  
 The rest to see;  
 But saw my holy guide delay,  
 And beckon me:  
 "Another picture wilt thou see  
 Of Fame? for that  
 Just vanished was but Royalty."  
 "No! for Fame sat

Upon the monarch's head!" I cried,  
 "Enough I saw,  
 Nor do I all the dangers tied  
 To it ignore."  
 "Five sights thine eyes must yet behold!  
 And then decide  
 If Kingdoms, Fame, Long Life, or Gold,  
 Bliss, or a Bride  
 To be thy holy wedded wife  
 (The one elect  
 By me); or else a Pleasure Life,  
 Thou wilt select.  
 And now to gaze on Fortune's use;  
 On treasured wealth;  
 On money spent in wrong abuse,  
 And hoards of stealth  
 Accumulated. Turn thy gaze  
 Upon this sight;  
 On Fortune lost in foolish ways,  
 In false delight."  
 I looked: a youth, careworn and pale,  
 With purse in hand,  
 Was gambling; and I saw him quail,  
 And stagg'ring, stand  
 As one who was condemned to death.  
 His fortune staked  
 Upon the hazard: not a breath  
 Or stir, awaked  
 His lethargy: his turn then came  
 To take his chance:  
 His tightened lips, his quiv'ring frame,  
 And fev'rish glance,  
 Betray his anguish. Now he draws,  
 And hardly dares  
 To look: he reads his fate—a pause—  
 Then madly tears  
 The hair from off his throbbing head.  
 With dreadful shrieks  
 Of "Lost!" he falls unconscious—dead!  
 With crimsoned cheeks

I left that awful place; and saw  
 A Miser, old,  
 Who counted out his mighty store  
 Of useless gold.  
 "Ha! Ha!" he chuckled, "this is mine,  
 A goodly heap;  
 'Twould cause a poor man's eyes to shine  
 If he could reap  
 A harvest fair as this! How much  
 I *might* do good,  
 If I choose! but no hand shall touch  
 My life and blood,  
 My children, which are gold! No! No!  
 I got it all  
 Myself; and never shall it go  
 To great or small  
 Of strangers. List! what sound was that?  
 A thief to rob  
 My treasure? Bah! it was a bat  
 Or tramp of mob  
 Above my cellar: I must hide  
 My precious pelf.  
 I gained it all," he said with pride,  
 "Myself, myself!"  
 And as I looked, disgusted, on  
 The vision mixed  
 With air! no sooner had it gone  
 Than there was fixed  
 In its late place, this picture, which  
 The greatest truth  
 Of all was. 'Twas a happy, rich,  
 And careless youth,  
 Who had received his lawful part  
 Belonging him;  
 And whose misguided, erring heart  
 Had formed the whim,  
 To go a pleasure-hunting; and  
 At length he gained,  
 With all his goods, a far-off land,  
 And there remained.

Gay friends were plentiful, foes few,  
 And all desires  
 Of their hearts were gratified: new  
 Longings these fires  
 Sustained: the nights were changed to days;  
 And drunken feasts  
 And revellings were held in praise  
 Of Riot's god; priests  
 Bedecked with ivy leaves around  
 Did chant unto  
 The god of wine. At last he found  
 His friends were few,  
 His money gone; and through that land  
 Arose a dearth,  
 Which made the fertile soil as sand;  
 And from the earth  
 Was nothing to be reaped; and grew  
 This wealthy lord  
 To be in want of food; he knew  
 Not where 'twas stored.  
 Unable longer thus to pine,  
 He was reduced  
 To watch and feed a herd of swine:  
 And he once used  
 So great to be! "Ah! Pleasure, no,  
 I wish not thee."  
 The angel said, "Thou mightest go  
 Out rich as he,  
 The Prodigal, and come back sore  
 And needy too."  
 And here a dark mist settled o'er  
 This touching view.  
 And as I thought of what had been,  
 Another choice  
 Appeared upon the shifting scene;  
 When angel's voice  
 Commanded: 'twas a man too aged  
 To walk or bear  
 Himself alone; but daily caged  
 In his arm-chair;

Neglected by his nearest kin—  
 Who often said  
 They would that he were buried in  
 His narrow bed.  
 By glances I my pity proved—  
 The angel saw—  
 And 'ere I had my gaze removed,  
 The sight was o'er.  
 Again—a little church I see  
 In rustic dell;  
 Steals murm'ring music over me  
 Of wedding bell.  
 From sacred portal man and wife  
 Came forth to cope  
 With this world's struggles, this world's strife.  
 With mutual hope.  
 For robbed of hope, life is dismay.  
 Young children threw  
 Many a garland fair and gay,  
 Of brilliant hue,  
 For them to step on: friends more old  
 With shouts did hail  
 And wish them bliss! This picture told  
 A joyous tale!  
 I did not know if this choice were  
 The sixth or last;  
 So turned to ask my guide; but 'ere  
 The words had passed  
 My lips, he, smiling, answered me.  
 "Thy thoughts I guess:—  
 To know if this the last scene be,  
 Or Happiness?  
 'Tis Happiness. I now will show  
 Thee, these same two  
 Three years hence; that thou may'st know  
 If it be true  
 That Happiness exists as bright  
 For aye; lo! see  
 Around that cottage what delight  
 Appears to be.

For mark that little infant's play  
 Amid the flow'rs,  
 Where violets in clusters lay,  
 And fragrant bow'rs  
 Their sweetness thro' the air distil;  
 And note what care  
 The mother gives, with ready will,  
 The child she bare.  
 How sweet the creeping jasmine grows  
 Around the walls!  
 Which, mingling with the scented rose,  
 Perfumes the halls  
 With odour grateful to the sense.  
 Now glance within,  
 And see what benefits immense  
 Do oft begin  
 With Happiness. It puts to flight  
 Affliction's bane,  
 And makes the heaviest labours light.  
 If it but reign  
 All powerful with the heart,  
 That heart is blest;  
 For it can also bliss impart,  
 And as a guest  
 Hold other bosoms. List! she hears  
 Her husband's feet  
 Without; and as the porch he nears  
 Him flies to greet.  
 Unfolds she then her true delight  
 In those sweet ways  
 Which Woman only knows." Its light  
 Pure love betrays  
 In this bright view! Their infant boy  
 With out-stretched arms  
 His parent kisses. No alloy  
 To dull these charms  
 Was there to see. I almost cried,  
 "This fate for me!"  
 When this grand phantom picture died  
 In Lethe's sea.

And now but one more choice remained!  
 It was the last  
 And seventh: how mine eyes I strained,  
 'Ere mist had passed  
 Away, to see it! When it cleared,  
 And vanished quite,  
 A lovely maiden then appeared  
 Before my sight!  
 A maid of most enchanting grace,  
 Most exquisite  
 In feature! and whose touching face  
 Was brightly lit,  
 Illumined by such flashing eyes,  
 That every look  
 Pierced through my soul! Then, no surprise,  
 Her glances shook  
 The once-firm basis of my heart.  
 (She did not know,  
 She saw not, where we stood apart;  
 But chanced to throw  
 Oft-times a glance there.) How I burned  
 To quit my post,  
 And clasp her hand! and how I yearned  
 With feelings most  
 Intense, to look, with soul enchained,  
 Into her gaze,  
 And read the volumes there contained!  
 Man's heart obeys  
 Too soon the ruling passion, Love.  
 But everywhere  
 'Tis found to reign—in realms above;  
 On earth; in air;  
 'Mid birds and beasts; 'mid creatures all,  
 Which God has blessed  
 With life. Is't strange, then, I should fall,  
 Like all the rest,  
 Into this common error? I  
 No longer had  
 A hesitation to descry  
 My choice; but glad

To have the chance of this, I said:—  
 “Oh! gracious guide,  
 My mind is fixed upon this maid;  
 For none beside  
 Of other sights has moved my soul  
 So much as this!  
 From first it all my senses stole;  
 Nor do I miss  
 Them grudgingly. Oh! give to me  
 This seventh choice!  
 I cannot change from this decree,  
 Declared by voice,  
 As thou hast said: my wish is now  
 In lowly cot,  
 With this fair maiden to endow  
 My humble lot,  
 To dwell with her beside me, courts  
 Of luxury  
 Would I contemn. These are true thoughts  
 I tell to thee.”  
 The angel, hearing, thus replied,  
 And sweetly smiled:—  
 “Far more than Fame or Kingly Pride  
 This maid beguiled  
 Thee. Thus thou hast declared to me;  
 And thou art right.  
 I showed in darkest light to thee  
 Each worthless sight  
 Lest it should leave thee longing for  
 A Regal Crown;  
 Or with bright Gold thy purse to store;  
 Or vain Renown.  
 Thou mayest wonder why I made  
 Thee to dislike  
 The first five sights. I was afraid  
 Lest they should strike  
 Thee with the same diseases, sore,  
 As those with which  
 Thou sawest all afflicted; for  
 Had I made rich



Thy coffers, either miserly  
 Or lavish, thou  
 Mightest have been, as thou didst see,  
 That gambler, how  
 His end was writ on darken'd page.  
 A Lengthened Life  
 Is wearying; 'twixt Youth and Age  
 Is constant strife.  
 Or had I crowned with Diadem  
 Of King, thy head,  
 E'en as the monarch did condemn,  
 Thou would'st have said,  
 'No Kingly lot for me!' And Fame  
 Is not *all* joy,  
 As thou didst find a Noble Name  
 Did quite alloy  
 A king's repose of mind! And then  
 A Pleasure-Life  
 Is brief, and cannot last; again,  
 It kindles strife  
 'Twixt Vice and Virtue: if Vice win,  
 Woe to the man,  
 For Pleasure often leads to Sin.  
 If Virtue can  
 O'ercome the other, then 'tis seen  
 There is no sting  
 In Pleasure: use the golden mean,  
 And 'twill bliss bring.  
 Thou wast upon the point to plead  
 For Happiness;  
 But 'ere thou couldst, I took good heed  
 Firmly to press  
 Upon thy mind this final view.  
 And as thou hast  
 Sought for this choice, thou hast gained two,  
 The sixth and last;  
 For Happiness joins hand in hand  
 With Love. Go there,  
 And sue the maiden's heart!" How grand  
 Those few words were!

I raised my head to thank my guide  
 And found he had  
 Fled whence he came! Then to her side,  
 With love half-mad,  
 I rushed: her slender hand I took;  
 Its thrilling touch  
 Ran through me! and her every look  
 I valued much,  
 As mine own life! I knelt, and could  
 Have worshipped her,  
 So much I loved her: my tongue would  
 Not speak, nor stir,  
 So powerless and weak I felt,  
 With palsied sense!  
 But by what charm she could so melt  
 My heart, or whence  
 She had it, I knew not; nor cared  
 To know; suffice  
 To say that spell *was* hers. I dared  
 To throw the dice—  
 To learn my fate—with drooping head,  
 In whisper low,  
 And bated breath, I faintly said:  
 "I yearn to know,  
 Oh beauteous maid, my doom! my heart  
 Is no more mine,  
 Thou hast it; Oh, before we part,  
 I sue for thine!  
 Refuse it not I humbly pray  
 On suppliant knee;  
 Oh! do not turn thy face away,  
 But grant to me  
 Thy most desired love!" I burned  
 For her reply;  
 And as she half-reluctant turned  
 Her beaming eye  
 On me, my pulse increased its pace—  
 But 'ere she spoke,  
 The sunshine flashed athwart my face,  
 And I awoke!

A. E. B.



## OUR PORTRAIT PICTURES.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES BELONGING TO  
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*Pictures in the Master's Lodge.\**

(In the Drawing Room).

## EDWARD VILLIERS, 1st Earl of Jersey.

Canvass, 29½ inches by 24¼ inches, the words 'Mr. Villiers created E. of Jersey' are on picture. Flowing wig, smooth face, broad lace collar, dark blue coat edged with silver lace, half-length, looks to left of picture.

Elder son of Sir Edward Villiers and Frances youngest daughter of Theophilus Earl of Suffolk; educated at St. John's, he became Master of the Horse to Queen Henrietta Maria, and was Knighted, Feb. 1688—9; created Baron Villiers of Hoo and Viscount Villiers of Dartford, both in Kent, March, 1690—1; Ambassador Extraordinary to the States-General in 1697, and created Earl of the Island of Jersey, Oct. 13th, 1697. He married Barbara Chaffinch, and died Aug. 26, 1711. He was sometime Secretary of State. There is a larger portrait of him in this room. (*Burke's Peerage*, 1880, p. 679; *Cooper's Memorials*, vol. II. p. 121).

## SIR ROBERT HEATH, Knight, and Lord Chief Justice, Benefactor.

Canvass, 29½ inches by 24¼ inches, the words 'Ld. Ch. Justice Heath' are on the picture, 'Ld. Ch. Justice, Com. Pl.' [R.M.]. Flaxen hair mustache and pointed beard, judge's scarlet gown with fur edge and fur tippet, ruff collar, gold chain, half-length, looks to right.

He came from Tunbridge School to St. John's where he remained three years (*Foss's Judges*, VI. 320). Attorney General in first year of Charles I, (Clarendon's *History*, Bk. V.), Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 1631 to 1634, Justice of the King's Bench 1641, Royalist Chief Justice 1643, died in France 1649 (*English Cyclopaedia Supplement*). He gave a present of books to the value of £20 to the College Library for which he received thanks 19 Feb, 1638. (*Baker ed. Mayor*, notes, pp. 340, 498, 530, 1108). There is another portrait of him, when Attorney General, in the Library.

## WILLIAM CECIL, 2nd Earl of Salisbury, K.G.

Canvass, 4 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., the words 'Ld. Salisbury No. 28' are at the back, 'Earl of Salisbury about the time of Chas. I.' [R.M.]. 'James,

Earl of Salisbury,' says Cooper (*Memorials*, II. 152). Long dark brown hair, brown eyes, smooth face, body armour, figured neckcloth, full white linen sleeves, scarlet cloak thrown over left shoulder and right arm to the left hip on which it is held by the left hand, right hand on table.

William Cecil, was the son of Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury and Elizabeth daughter of William Brooke Lord Cobham, succeeded to the Earldom 1612, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Dorsetshire 1641, a Commissioner from Parliament to the King with propositions of peace at Oxford 1643 and Uxbridge 1644, (Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*). He had been educated at St. John's and interceded for the College to protect the Chapel and save the communion plate from the Parliamentarians (Mayor, notes to Baker's *History*, p. 537, l. 39—42). He married, in Dec. 1608, Catherine youngest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and died 1668.

The Marquis of Salisbury has very little doubt that this picture represents William, the 2nd Earl of Salisbury. There is a picture of him at Hatfield House with long dark brown hair, brown eyes, and smooth face. He is not however dressed in the same way as in the College Picture (*Letter to the Author*).

## QUEEN ELIZABETH, after Frederigo Zucchero.

Panel, 22 by 17 inches, the words 'Queen Elizabeth, No. 35' are at the back. A very finely painted faithful portrait shewing wrinkles on the forehead and lines on the face. Sandy hair, in which are three pearls in front, a diadem ornamented with pearls, light brown eyes, triple pearl necklace, transparent lace ruff gauze-backed, lavender coloured dress with pearl and dark lozenge-shaped ornaments. Head and shoulders, looks forward, slightly to left of picture. This seems to be a good copy of part of the large portrait by Zucchero in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury. The original bears the words 'NON SINE SOLE IRIS' towards the left (see Lodge's *Portraits*). Visitors to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, 1880, will remember the magnificent picture of the Princess Elizabeth by Sir Antonio More, in possession of A. C. Fountaine, Esq.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn was born at Greenwich Sept. 7th, 1533. Succeeded to the throne Nov. 17th, 1558 and died March 24th, 1603.

## MATTHEW PRIOR, Poet and Diplomatist, formerly Fellow, by Rigaud.

Canvass, 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 7½ in., painted by R. Hyacinthe Rigaud, the French Vandyck. The words 'Mr. Prior' are on the picture, 'Matthew Prior, Esq., half-length' [R.M.]. He is represented in the dress he wore at Versailles (Cooper, *Memorials of Cambridge*, II. 152). Seated in high-backed red chair, long curled flaxen hair, smooth face, lace neckcloth, brown coat richly edged with gold lace, laced wristbands, left hand holds glove on arm of chair, right hand holds forward a sealed letter addressed "Au Roy Très Chrétien." The words "Mr. Prior Com." are on a parchment lying on a table and covered by a seal in a silver case. Nearly full-length.

\* Continued from page 123.

Prior was born in Middlesex July 21st, 1664, educated at Westminster School under Dr. Busby, sent by the Earl of Dorset to St. John's, B.A. 1686, Fellow 1688, Senior Fellow 1707, vacated 1721—2. Author of 'The City Mouse and Country Mouse' 1687; 'Odes, Poems, and Epigrams,' especially the Carmen Seculare in honour of William III., 1700. Secretary to the English Plenipotentiary at the peace of Ryswick 1697, and to the Embassy at the Court of France 1698. Ambassador from Queen Anne to Louis XIV. 1712 to 1714. The subscription to his poems produced £4000; he died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18th, 1721, and directed £500 to be spent on the memorial monument by M. Rysbrach which was erected in Westminster Abbey.

**ANNE OF DENMARK, Consort to James the 1st.**

Panel, 17½ by 14¼ inches, the words 'Queen Anne Consort to James the 1st., No 33' are at the back. Sandy hair rolled back and fixed with pearl-headed pins, grey eyes, pearl eardrops, double pearl necklace, square figured lawn collar, white silk dress bordered with red. Head and shoulders, looks to left of picture.

Daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark, born Dec. 12th, 1574, married Nov. 24th, 1589, died March 2nd, 1619.

**THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq., by Thomas Murray.**

Canvas, 4 ft. by 3 ft. 3 in., the words 'Thos. Edwards, Esq.' are on the picture and 'Thos. Murray pinxit, 1712' at the back. Flowing flaxen hair, grey eyes, smooth face, dark blue coat, rich apricot-coloured undercoat with silver ornaments, red leather gilt-edged sword belt, right hand in belt, left hand on table, three-quarter-length.

One of the friends of Edward Law, Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Thomas Edwards of Clare College, was translator of the Psalms, editor of Theocritus, author of a dissertation *On the absurdity and injustice of religious bigotry and persecution*, 1767, and is mentioned in Mayor's notes to Baker's *History*, p. 717, l. 17, but the identity with this portrait is doubtful.

**EDWARD VILLIERS, 1st Earl of Jersey.**

Canvas, 4 ft. 5½ in. by 3 ft. 3¾ in., the words 'Earl of Jersey' are on the picture. Highly ornamented flowing flaxen wig, lace necktie, and lace-edged wristbands, black silk loose overcloak lined buff, bluish grey eyes, left hand on table, right hand on hip, looks over right shoulder, three-quarter-length.

For biography see the description of the other portrait in the same room.

**COUNT GONDOMAR, Ambassador from Spain to James I.**

Panel, 22½ by 17 inches, the words 'Gondamore, No. 11' are at the back, 'Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador, small' [R.M.]. Triple plaited ruff, black coat, plain black felt hat, close cropped hair, thin sandy eye-brows, mustache and pointed beard, light brown eyes, three-quarter face, looks to left of picture, one-third length.

Gondomar returned to Spain about 1624. There is a portrait of him at Hatfield House. "He was undoubtedly an overmatch for James I. in

politics" says Granger, in his *Biographical History*, 1769, Vol. I., part 2, p. 325. There is in the University Library a very curious pamphlet entitled: "Gondomar appearing in the likeness of Matchianell in a Spanish Parliament." Printed by Ashuerus Jass. at Goricum, in 1624. New Style. It purports to be translated from the Spanish by T. S. of V., and is an evident political fabrication in the British interest. Dedicated to Frederick and Elizabeth, King and Queen of Bohemia. The frontispiece is a full-length woodcut of Gondomar inscribed "Gentis Hispaniæ Decus."

**THOMAS WENTWORTH, Earl of Strafford K.G., a copy from Vandyck.**

Canvas, 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 7½ in., the words 'Earl of Strafford, No. 30' are at the back of the picture. Complete armour, the helmet on table, right hand holds baton, left hand on sword-hilt, three-quarter face, dark brown curling hair, brown eyes, plain white collar, looks to right of picture. The original portrait of the Earl of Strafford, painted by Vandyck, is in the collection of the Earl of Egremont, and is engraved in Lodge's *Portraits*.

Born in London April 13th, 1593, of the ancient family of Wentworth-Woodhouse, in the county of York, educated at St. John's College, succeeded to the Baronety at the age of twenty, Custos Rotulorum 1615, and elected M.P. 1614 and again 1621 for county of York. In 1611 he married Lady Margaret Clifford, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. His first wife dying in 1622, he married Lady Arabella Hollis, a younger daughter of the Earl of Clare, Feb. 24th, 1624. Was for seven years a Member of the Court of Star Chamber. Sheriff of Yorkshire 1625. In opposition to Duke of Buckingham and the Court Party 1628. In July 1628 made Baron Wentworth, and later in same year 1628 created Viscount Wentworth and President of the Council of the North. Appointed Lord Deputy in Ireland, July, 1633. Created Lieutenant General and Earl of Strafford 1639. Appointed Commander in Chief of the Army against the Scots, March, 1640, after the rout of Newburn. Impeached by the Commons for High Treason, the trial commenced March, 1649 and failed. Bill of Attainder introduced in the Commons April 21st, 1641, passed by the Lords and assented to by the King. Beheaded at the Tower of London, May 12th, 1641. For the best estimate of his character, see Canon Mozley's *Historical Essays*, Vol. I., London, 1878.

**ROBERT CECIL, Earl of Salisbury, K.G.**

Panel, 22 by 19½ inches, the words 'Lord Salisbury No. 26' at the back of picture; 'Robert, Earl of Salisbury, on board, small' [R.M.]. Court dress, open black cloak lined white, ruff, flat red sash, left hand holds white stick of office, brown hair, blue eyes, long thin face, one-third length. There is a somewhat similar portrait of him by Mark Gerard in the costume of the Lord High Treasurer, in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury (see Lodge's *Portraits*).

Son of the first Lord Burleigh and his second wife Mildred, born about 1550. Educated at St. John's. Knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Assistant to Earl of Derby, Ambassador to France. Appointed second Secretary of State, 1596, and after death of Sir Fras. Walsingham, principal

Secretary of State, in which office he continued for life. Succeeded his father as Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth. Confirmed in that office by James I. Created Baron Essenden 1603. Viscount Cranborne 1604, his eldest brother, Thomas, being made Earl of Exeter on the same day. Chancellor of the University of Cambridge 1601 to 1612. Knight of the Garter 1601. Lord High Treasurer 1608. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Brooke, Lord Cobham. Died at Marlborough 1612, May 24. Author of 'A treatise concerning the state and dignity of a Secretary of State with the care and peril thereof,' 'A Treatise against the Papists,' and 'Notes on Sir John Dee's Discourse about the Reformation of the Calendar.'

Two handsome silver flagons for Communion Service, one of which is inscribed *Robeart Cecil*, the other *Viscount Cronborne*, though not now in use, are in possession of the College; they were given to the College in 1634.

#### LUCIUS CARY, 2nd Viscount Falkland, after Vandyck.

Canvas, 4 ft. 0½ in. by 3 ft. 3½ in., the words 'Ld. Falkland' on picture. Black coat, slashed body and sleeves, white linen under, left hand holds open letter, right hand on hip, broad lace-edged collar, long brown hair parted in middle, brown eyes, small moustache, belt and sword, looks to front, three-quarter length. The original, from which this picture is taken, is in the collection of Lord Arundell of Wardour, (see Lodge's *Portraits*).

Son of Henry Cary first Viscount Falkland, sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Elizabeth, heiress of Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was born at Burford in Oxfordshire, 1610. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and St. John's College, Cambridge. Married Lætitia, daughter of Sir Richard Morison, co. Leicester. M.P. for Newport 1640. Secretary of State to Charles I. 1642. Fought at Edgehill 1642, and was killed at the battle of Newbury, Sept. 20th, 1643. The portrait by Cornelius Janssens, in the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, 1880, must have been one of his son, of the same name, who died young at Montpellier, in France, 1649.

As an author, his chief work was 'A Discourse on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome.' Chillingworth was one of his friends during his residence at Burford, near Oxford, about 1630. Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion*, has given at length a due estimate of his character.

#### A LADY, unknown (of the time of Queen Elizabeth).

Panel, 30 by 24 inches, the words 'A Lady unknown, No. 10' are at the back, 'a Lady, with slashed sleeves, unknown, 1565 æt. 20' [R.M.]. Contemporary of Mary Queen of Scots, who was born 1542. The words "AN. DNI. 1565, Aetatis suæ 20," are on the picture. Reddish light brown hair, dark brown eyes, double gold chain over shoulders, gold chain of same pattern round the waist, the chain is passed through the left hand, on the forefinger of which is a ring, the end of the chain is suspended by the right hand exhibiting a jewel bearing a head of Minerva. Dark dress with slashed sleeves, over a muslin chemisette which is finished at the throat with a ruff, looks forward, three-quarter length.

It is much to be regretted that we have no further clue to the identity of this interesting and finely-drawn portrait.

#### HENRIETTA MARIA, Consort to Charles I., after Vandyck.

Canvas, 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., the words 'Q. Henrietta Maria' are on the frame, 'King Charles 1st's Queen No. 37' at the back, 'Henrietta Maria Regina, after Vandyck' [R.M.]. Very pale, ivory white skin, bloodless lips, fine dusky hair, ends to front, low black dress, arms bare from elbows, right hand rests on left and holds a white rose, broad lace collar, ruffs at sleeve ends, looks to left of picture, three-quarter length.

The picture is very like that of this Queen by Vandyck in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon, but in that picture the right hand is on a table, the left hand holds the dress, (see Lodge's *Portraits*).

Youngest daughter of Henry IV., King of France, and Margaret, sister of Charles IX.; born 1609, married 1625, died 1669 and is buried in the Cathedral of St. Denis, near Paris.

#### KING CHARLES I., after Vandyck.

Canvas, 3 ft. 6½ in. by 2 ft. 10½ in., the words 'King Charles 1st' on frame, 'King Charles 1st, No. 38' at the back, 'after Vandyck' [R.M.]. Fine portrait, flowing brown hair, bluish grey eyes, long mustache, ends pointed upward, pointed beard, face pale, but with some colour, black silk coat, with slashed body and sleeves, blue riband with jewel, a star on the cloak, which hangs on left shoulder, broad lace collar and wristbands, left hand on table, right hand on hip, with belt and sword, looks to right of picture, three-quarter length.

Son of James I. and Anne of Denmark, born at Dunfermline Nov. 19th, 1600, Duke of York and Cornwall after 1612, Prince of Wales November, 1616, married Henrietta Maria of France 1625, beheaded at Whitehall Jan. 30th, 1649.

There is a very fine picture of Charles I., by Vandyck, represented in complete armour, in the Earl of Pembroke's collection (Lodge's *Portraits*).

#### WILLIAM WHITAKER, D.D., Master and Regius Professor of Divinity.

Panel, 22¾ by 17 inches, the words "Dr. Whitaker, Mr. 1587" are on picture, "Dr. Whitaker, No. 9" at the back. Square cap, black moustache and beard, brown eyes, black cloak, holds a book half open in both hands, looks to right of picture.

For biography, see the description of his other picture in the Hall of the Lodge. Chancellor of St. Paul's, London, 1580, he resigned this dignity 1687. Regius Professor of Divinity 1580 to 1595. Master of St. John's 1586, Feb. 25th to 1695 Dec. 4th, D.D. 1587. (Granger's *Biog. Hist.* Vol. I. p. 157, Baker's *History*, p. 188). His epitaph is now in the North Wall of the interior of the Transept of our New Chapel.\*

\* Hic situs est Doctor Whitakerus, Regius olim Scripturæ Interpres, quem ornabat gratia linguæ Judicii acies et lucidus ordo memorq̄ Pectus et invictus labor et sanctissima vita.

MARY, *Countess of Shrewsbury, Foundress of the Second Court.*

Canvas, 3 ft. 7½ in. by 2 ft. 11¼ in., the words "Countess of 'Shrewsbury'" in small writing at back of canvas, 'Countess of Shrewsbury' [R.M.]. Figured grey hooped dress, long sleeves, rich point lace ruff collar, small point lace wristbands, dark brown hair rolled back, brown eyes, long Elizabethan face, jewelled tiara, strings of pearls, right hand holds closed fan; looks to front of picture, three quarter length.

Mary Cavendish was born 1556, married Gilbert Talbot, 7th Earl of Shrewsbury, was the donor of the Second Court of St. John's, 1599-1602, and died 1632. See further particulars in description of her portrait on panel in the Hall of the Lodge.

SIR THOMAS EGERTON, *Lord Keeper and Lord High Chancellor.*

Panel, 24 by 22½ inches, the words "Ld. Keeper Egerton" on frame, "Ld. Keeper Egerton, No. 1" at the back, "Sir Thos. Egerton, Lord Keeper, on board" [R.M.]. Chancellor's scarlet gown, edged and lined with white fur, black felt hat, white moustache and beard, very light hair and eyes, long thin face, looks to left of picture, half-length. A copy of part of one in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford, (see Lodge's *Portraits*).

Son of Sir Richard Egerton, was born in 1540 at Doddlestone, Cheshire. Entered Brasenose College, Oxford, 1556, after degree of B.A. was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, Counsel to Queen Elizabeth. Solicitor General, June 28, 1581. Attorney General, June 2, 1592. One of the Governors of his Inn for 12 years from 1582. Knighted in 1593, and appointed chamberlain of the county palatine of Chester. Master of the Rolls, April 10th, 1594. Succeeded Sir John Puckering as Lord Keeper, May 6th, 1596. Continued in office by James I., and created Baron Ellesmere, July 19th, 1603, and made Lord High Chancellor, July 24th, same year. High Steward of the City of Oxford, 1605, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1610, December 2nd. Retired from office November 7th, 1616, and was created Viscount Brackley. Resigned the Great Seal 1617, March 3rd, being succeeded by Lord Bacon, refused the Earldom of Bridgewater, and died at York House, London, March 15th, 1617. Is buried in the chancel at Doddlestone (see Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. 11.).

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *1st Earl of Shaftesbury, when Lord Ashley.*

Canvas, 28½ by 24 inches, the words "Lord Ashley No. 31" at the back, "Lord Astly, Qu. Speaker, and Master of the Rolls" [R.M.]. Courtier's dress, silver and gold laced, flowing brown hair, blue eyes, holds a roll of paper in the left hand, broad figured collar, looks to the left of picture.

Una sed enituit virtus rarissima tantas  
Ingenii inter opes, submissio candida mentis,  
Hujus Gymnasii super annos octo Magister  
Providus et recti defensor, et ultor iniqui.

Son of Sir John Cooper of Rockborne, Hampshire, and Anne, heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, Dorsetshire, former Secretary at War to Queen Elizabeth. He was born at Wimborne, July 22nd, 1621. Entered at Exeter College, Oxford, 1636, and at Lincoln's Inn, 1638. M.P. for Tewkesbury, April 1640. Was not in the Long Parliament which met in November, 1640. Raised a force for the Parliament in Dorsetshire and stormed Wareham. M.P. in all Cromwell's Parliaments. Said by Anthony Wood to be author of a pamphlet entitled "A Seasonable Speech made by a worthy Member of Parliament in the Commons concerning the other House," 1659, in which he is severe against the late Protector. In the Convention Parliament 1660, and a Commissioner to Charles II. at Breda. Governor of the Isle of Wight, Lord Lieutenant of Dorset and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1660. Created for his services in respect to the Restoration, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, 1661. Resisted the Uniformity Bill, the sale of Dunkirk, and war with the Dutch. Joint Lord Treasurer 1667. As member of the Cabal ministry advised the issue of the Declaration of Indulgence in favour of Nonconformists 1672. Created Earl of Shaftesbury in April 1672. Appointed Lord Chancellor, November 1672. Promoted the Test Act in 1673, though he had opposed the Corporation Act twelve years before. Drew up and carried through the Habeas Corpus Act, 1679. Committed to the Tower and indicted for high treason 1681, but acquitted by the grand jury. Withdrew to Holland in November 1682, where he died at Amsterdam, January 22nd, 1683. His second wife was Frances, daughter of David Cecil, third Earl of Exeter. (See his *Life* by his great-grandson, edited by Mr. C. W. Cooke, 1836).

JOHN CHARLES VILLIERS, *3rd Earl of Clarendon.*

Canvas, about 28 by 24 inches. White hair, ends curled as in a wig, white neckcloth, black coat with high collar, looks to right of picture. [The picture above the door].

Born November 14th, 1757; educated at St. John's College, A.M. 1776; married Maria Eleanor co-heiress of Admiral the Hon. John Forbes, January 5th, 1791; LL.D. 1833; died December 22nd, 1838, and was succeeded by his nephew George Frederick William Villiers, the 4th Earl and Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The following entry is in the *Conclusion Book* of the College. Dec. 28th, 1824, "Agreed that the Earl of Clarendon be requested to sit for his picture to be placed in the Lodge."

(In the Dining Room).

CHARLES STUART, *Prince of Wales.*

Panel, about 28 by 22 inches, the words 'Charles Prince of Wales' on picture. Young, head bare, own hair, small mustache, large ruff collar, blue ribbon and jewel, looks to right of picture, half-length.—Afterwards King Charles I. A similar picture is in the University Library.

PETER GUNNING, D.D., *Bishop of Ely, formerly Master.*

Canvass, 4 ft. by 3 ft. 4 in., the words 'Bp. Gunning, Mr. 1661' on the picture, 'Peter Gunning, Lord Bishop of Ely, sitting, Mr.  $\frac{1}{2}$  length' [R.M.]. Own white hair, white mustache and pointed beard, thin face, long sharp nose, dark eyebrows, surplice and broad black stole, broad plain collar. Seated in chair before desk, right hand on arm of chair, left hand holds book closed with thumb inside, elbow on desk. The picture is almost exactly like one in the University Library, but is in better condition. There is another portrait of Bp. Gunning, when young, in the Hall of the Lodge, and a small one in the combination room of Clare College. (Mayor *notes* to Baker's *history*, p. 660, l. 41).

Son of Peter Gunning, Vicar of Hoo, near Rochester, was born at Hoo, January 11th, 1613, old style, educated at the King's Free School, Canterbury, of which he was chosen King's Scholar 1626, admitted at age of 15 to Clare Hall, Cambridge, 1629, Scholar of Clare, B.A. 1632, Fellow January 1st, 1633, M.A. 1635, Expelled from Cambridge for preaching against the Covenant 1643, May 1st, B.D. at Oxford 1646, Tutor to Lord Hatton's son 1643 to 1650. At the restoration he became Chaplain to Charles II., D.D. at Cambridge and Prebendary of Canterbury 1660. He attended the Savoy Conference. Was elected by King's mandate Master of Corpus Christi College, and Margaret Professor 1661. Regius Professor of Divinity 1661 to 1674. Master of St. John's College on the King's recommendation, June 25th, 1661. Consecrated to the Bishopric of Chichester, March 6th, 1669. Translated to the See of Ely in 1674. He resigned the Mastership, March 25th, 1670. Died July 6th, 1684, and was buried in Ely Cathedral, where, in the South Aisle, is a noble monument to his memory. A benefactor to the College Library of Books and MSS. (See the account given of him in Mayor's Baker, pp. 232—241, and *notes*, pp. 645—662, especially the Eulogy by his successor, Dr. H. Gower).

MARGARET, *Countess of Richmond and Derby. The Foundress.*

Canvass, 6 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 ft.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. She is portrayed in conventual dress, kneeling before a low table on which is a book of devotions, under a canopy bearing arms and motto *Souvent me souvient*. The canopy and table-cover appear to be of plain green velvet with gold fringe. The picture differs from those in the Hall and Combination room in the absence of gilding on the canopy and cover. Those two pictures are moreover on panel. This picture seems best to agree with R. Masters' description of a picture of "The Foundress, whole length, on cloth, a modern copy, without any gilding." He adds, however, "she is sitting in a great chair with papers and letters before her, which seems to be a mistake. The canvass picture of Lady Margaret in the Hall of Christ's College is very similar to this one but of greater artistic merit. The portrait of our Foundress at Knowsley, in possession of the Earl of Derby, as depicted in Lodge's Portraits, bears the same motto.

Margaret Beaufort, daughter of John Beaufort, 1st Duke of Somerset, and Margaret, daughter of Sir John Beauchamp of Bletsoe, was born at Bletsoe, in Bedfordshire, on May 31st, 1441. Her second husband was

Edmund, eldest son of Owen ap Meredith ap Tudor and Catharine of Valois, widow of Henry V. Her husband was created Earl of Richmond in 1452 and died Nov., 1456. She gave birth to her only son, afterwards Henry VII., January 28th, 1459. Her fourth husband was Thomas, Lord Stanley, the deserter on Bosworth field, who was created Earl of Derby, Oct. 1485, and died July, 1504. By the advice probably of Dr. John Fisher, afterwards her Chaplain and Confessor and Bishop of Rochester, she founded two perpetual readers in theology, one at Cambridge the other at Oxford, Dec., 1496, and March, 1497. Founded also a preachiership at Cambridge 150 $\frac{1}{2}$  and endowed the Head Mastership of Winborne School. Renewed in 1505, her vows of celibacy, previously taken. Founded Christ's College 1505. She died in the Abbey of Westminster, June 29th, 1509, leaving directions, by her will, for the foundation of St. John's College.

GEORGE VILLIERS, *first Duke of Buckingham, K.G.*

Panel, about 28 by 22 inches, young, head bare, own dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, small mustache and pointed beard, lace-edged vandyke collar, silver grey coat plaited sleeves with epaulettes, riband and jewel. There is a similar picture in inferior condition in the University Library.

Third son of Sir George Villiers, Knight, and Mary Beaumont, was born August 20th, 1592, at Brookesley, Leicestershire. Attended the court of James I., and was knighted at age of 21. Next year was made Master of the Horse and Knight of the Garter, and created Baron Whaddon and Viscount Villiers. The year following he was advanced to the Earldom and Maquisate of Buckingham and sworn of the Privy Council. Appointed also Lord Admiral of England, Chief Justice in Eyre of the parks and forests South of the Trent, Master of the King's Bench office, High Steward of Westminster and Constable of Windsor Castle. He married in 1620 Lady Catherine Manners the only daughter of the Earl of Rutland. Attended Prince Charles in 1623 on his visits to Spain and France. During his absence he was created a Duke, and on his return nominated Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court. Retained all his honours after accession of Charles I. Attempted the relief of Rochelle then in possession of the Huguenots, and was preparing a second force for that purpose, when he was assassinated by John Felton at Portsmouth August 23rd, 1628.

JOHN LAKE, D.D., *Bishop of Chichester, painted by Miss Beale.*

Canvass, 4 ft. 1 in. by 3 ft. 4 in., the words "Bp. Lake' on picture. Is seated in a chair, academic cap on head, surplice stole and bands, light brown hair, oval smooth face, slender hands, arms from elbows rest on arms of chair. The artist was a niece of Dr. Beale, Master of St. John's, and painted several other portraits in Cambridge.

Son of Thomas Lake of Halifax, Yorkshire, was born at Halifax in 1624, educated at Halifax School, and admitted to St. John's College, December 4th, 1637, graduated B.A. 1640, and served in the King's Army four years, was in the garrisons of *Basing House* and *Wallingford*. Ordained previous to the Restoration. Vicar of Leeds, Rector of

St. Botolph's, London, Canon of London and York, Archdeacon of Cleveland, Rector of Prestwich, Lancashire, advanced by the Earl of Derby to the Bishopric of Soder and Man 1682, translated to the See of Bristol 1684, and to that of Chichester 1685. One of the Seven Bishops sent to the Tower by James II. in 1688. Died August 30th, 1689, and is buried at St. Botolph's, London. (*Baker ed. Mayor, p. 272; notes pp. 681 to 696.*)

ROBERT JENKIN, D.D., *Master and Margaret Professor.*

Canvass, about 28 by 21 inches, the words "Robert Jenkin, D.D., Master of the College 1711" are on the picture which is above the N.W. door. Wig, black gown and bands, wrinkled forehead, strong lines on face, looks to right of picture, half-length.

Son of Thomas Jenkin of Minster in the Isle of Thanet, Kent, baptised there January 31st, 1656. Educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and admitted to St. John's May 12th, 1674. B.A. 1674. Fellow on the Foundation March 30th, 1680. M.A. 1681. Was soon after Vicar of Waterbeach, Cambs. Chaplain to Bp. Lake, by whom he was made Precenter of Chichester Cathedral 1688. Chaplain to the Earl of Exeter 1698, and to Lord Weymouth, at Long Leat, Wilts, 1709. D.D. in 1709. D.D. in 1709. Elected Master April 13th, 1711, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the same year. Died at Runcton, near King's Lynn, Norfolk, April 7th, 1727, and is buried at Runcton. Author of numerous works a list of which is given (by Cole) in Mayor's *notes* to Baker, p. 1009.

FRANCIS TURNER, D.D., *Bishop of Ely, formerly Master.*

Canvass, 29½ by 24½ inches, the words "Bp. Turner, Mr. 1670" are on the picture. Own long nut-brown hair, face rather long with sharp chin, black gown, bands, the left hand with long slender fingers outspread on body, a clasped book on a table, half-length, looks to left of picture. A portrait in the College Library of a B.D. in gown and cassock holding a small book, has some resemblance to Bp. Turner but with a younger look.

The eldest son of Dr. Thomas Turner, Dean of Canterbury and residentiary of St. Paul's, was educated at Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, whereof he was Fellow. B.A. 1659. M.A. 1663 at Oxford. Incorporated M.A. of Cambridge 1664. Admitted Fellow-commoner at St. John's 1666. B.D. and D.D. July, 1669. Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral Dec., 1669. Elected Master of St. John's April 11th, 1670, having been Rector of Therfield in Hertfordshire since 1664. Dean of Windsor 1683. Consecrated Bishop of Rochester, November 11th, 1683, and translated to Ely, August 23rd 1684. He was one of the Seven Bishops sent to the Tower in 1688. Refused the oaths to William and Mary April 24th, 1689, and was deprived of his bishopric 1690. Died in London Nov. 2nd, 1700, and is buried in the chancel of Therfield under a stone inscribed with the single word *Expergiscar*.

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY, *uncertain.*

Canvass, 29½ by 24½ inches, curled wig, blue eyes, smooth good-

humoured face, scarlet gown with black stole, over a cassock, bands, looks towards right of picture, half-length. At the back is a printed card bearing the name of the frame maker, "Piercy, 17, Tichborne street, Edgeware road." The frame is of the same make as that for Dr. Craven's portrait.

SIR ISAAC PENNINGTON, M.D., *Fellow and Professor of Medicine.*

Canvass, 29½ by 24 inches. Frock coat buttoned, white neckcloth, black gown bordered with figured edging, own white hair, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Born in Lancashire 1745. Admitted Fellow, March 21st, 1768. Senior Fellow, Jan. 25th, 1783, being then M.D. Professor of Chemistry 1773 to 1793. Professor of Medicine 1793 to 1817. Was Fellow of the College for 48 years, and died February 8th, 1817. His epitaph is now on the inner North wall of the Transept of our new Chapel. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London. By an order in the *Conclusion Book*, Nov. 3rd, 1766, Pennington was allowed £15 a year for the care of the Observatory, recently instituted, and for making observations to be delivered to the Master and Seniors (Ludlam's *Astronomical Observations* in St. John's College 1767 and 1768, Cambridge 1769). An Officer of Volunteers with Lord Palmerston and Henry Martin 1803 (*Mayor, p. 1090 l. 43*).

JOHN NEWCOME, D.D., *Master, and Margaret Professor.*

Canvass, 29½ by 24½ inches, the words "Joannes Newcome, S.T.P. Praefectus Collegii 1735" are on the picture. Smooth wig, smooth face, hazel eyes, black gown, bands, looks to right, half-length.

Son of a baker at Grantham, Lincolnshire, baptised Nov. 5th, 1683 and educated at Grantham, admitted Sizar of St. John's and elected Fellow April 1st, 1707, Senior Fellow, Nov. 2nd, 1724, Master, 6 Feb., 1733, Dean of Rochester 1744, Rector of Thriplow, and also of Offord-Cluny, Hunts, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity 1727 to 1765. He died in his Lodge, January 10th, 1765, at the age of 82, and was buried in the Chapel. He gave a valuable library to the town of Grantham, £500 to the University Library, a fine collection of early printed books and a considerable estate to St. John's College, charged with two Exhibitions for Scholars of Grantham School. B.A. 1703, M.A. 1708, B.D. 1715, D.D. 1725. (*Cole's Continuation of Baker's History and Mayor's notes, pages 1021 to 1034*).

HUMPHREY GOWER, D.D., *Master, and Margaret Professor.*

Canvass, about 4 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in., the words "Dr. Gower Mr., 1760" on picture. Seated in a high-backed chair, scarlet gown, black stole, bands, curled light brown wig, smooth face, right hand on book on table, left hand grasps arm of chair, three-quarter length, nearly full face. There is another portrait of him (represented standing) in the Hall, W. side next the door.

Son of Mr. Stanley Gower one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, was born at Dorchester, Dorset, 1637; his mother's name being Hyde. He was educated at Dorchester and St. Paul's schools

and sent to St. John's where he was admitted Fellow, March 23rd, 1658, Senior Fellow, Feb. 28th, 167 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Master, December 3rd, 1679. Rector of Hamoon, Dorset, 1663, of Paklesham, Essex, 1667, of Newton, Isle of Ely, 1675, Fen Ditton, 1677. Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, July 11th, 1679. Canon of Ely, Nov. 1st, 1679. Vice-Chancellor 1680—1. Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity 1688 to 1711. Donor of £500 to the Living Fund of the College, and of the estate at Thriplow with a house to be appropriated to the Mastership. He died in his Lodge, March 27th, 1711 and was buried in the Chapel. Isaac Milles reports him to have been one of the best Governors the College ever had. (Baker ed. Mayor, p. 647, l. 5 and pp. 991 to 998). In 1681 he entertained Charles II. and his Queen on the occasion of their visit to Cambridge.

WILLIAM HEBERDEN, M.D., F.R.S., *Fellow*, by *Sir W. Beechey*.

Canvass, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 24 inches, the words "Gul. Heberden, Soc. Coll. 1739, Sir W. Beechey, pinxit" are on the picture. Black coat, high collar, plain black gown, sharp features, small white wig, ends of it curled, white neck-cloth, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Son of Richard Heberden of Southwark, Surrey, and Elizabeth Cooper, born 1710, admitted to St. Saviour's School, Southwark, June 17th, 1717; entered at St. John's College 1725. B.A. 1728, Fellow April 6th, 1731, M.A. 1732, M.D. 1739, Senior Fellow July 3rd, 1749, vacated Fellowship by marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of John Martin, Esq. of Overbury, Worcestershire, April 11th, 1752. Practised for ten years in Cambridge, and read an annual course of lectures in *Materia Medica*. Published his '*Αντιθρησκια*' in 1745. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians 1745. Settled in Cecil Street, Strand, Christmas 1748. F.R.S. 1749. Author of five papers in the *Phil. Trans. R. S.* Gave to his College a collection of *Materia Medica* specimens in 1750, and some years afterwards [1767] valuable astronomical instruments. His second wife, married in 1760, was Mary eldest daughter of William Wollaston, Esq. Dr. Heberden was elected Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Medicine, Paris 1778. He attended Dr. Samuel Johnson in his last illness 1783—4, was Vice-President of the Royal Humane Society 1787. Died at his house in Pall Mall, May 17th, 1801, and was buried at Windsor. He was eulogised by Dr. Henry Vaughan, physician extraordinary to the King in the Harveian Oration 1800. (See *Heberden*, Wix Prize Essay for 1878 by A. C. Butler, B.A., St. Bartholomew's Hospital, printed 1879, also College Registers in Mayor's Baker).

ROBERT LAMBERT, D.D., *Master*, by *Heins*.

Canvass, about 28 by 24 inches, the words "Dr. Lambert, Mr., 1727" are on the picture, "Tho. Lambert, S.T.P. Mr. Heins, p." [R. M.]. Smooth face, blue eyes, wears a wig, in doctors scarlet gown, black stole and bands, looks to right of picture. "He was generally esteemed a very worthy man" (Cole in Mayor's notes to Baker, p. 1018, l. 30).

A native of Yorkshire, admitted Fellow, March 28th, 1699. Senior Fellow Feb. 11th, 171 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Senior Bursar 1721 to 1728. B.A. 169 $\frac{1}{2}$ . M.A. 1700. B.D. 1707. D.D. 1718. Curate of Fen Ditton in 1707. Lady Margaret's

Preacher, 1722. Vice-Chancellor 1727 and 1729. Elected Master of St. John's April 21st, 1727. Died January 24th, 173 $\frac{1}{2}$  and was buried in the College Chapel. (See the account in Mayor's Baker, pages 1015 to 1021).

HERBERT MARSH, D.D., *Fellow, Margaret Professor, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough*.

Canvass, 35 by 27 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Seated in a square-backed chair covered red with brass nails, own thin grey hair, smooth face, cassock, scarlet gown, black stole, left hand rests on academic cap, right arm on arm of chair, looks towards right of picture, half-length. He is represented at an earlier age than in the picture in the College Hall which was painted in 1835.

Born 1757 at Faversham, married Mlle Lecarriere 1807, died 1839. B.A. 1779, M.A. 1782, B.D. 1792, D.D. 1808. Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity 1807 to 1839. Bishop of Llandaff 1816, Bishop of Peterborough 1819. A celebrated Biblical Critic, of whom a more ample notice will be given with the description of the later Portrait.

THOMAS BAKER, B.D., *Fellow, Historian of St. John's College*.

Canvass, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 24 inches. The portrait is very similar to that in the Combination Room, and the other in the Hall. Black gown, bands, long pale face, own hair, looks to left of picture, half-length.

Born at Crook, Northumberland in 1656, died at his rooms in St. John's College in 1740. Entered at St. John's 1674, B.A. 1677, Fellow on Dr. Ashton's foundation 1679, M.A. 1681. Rector of Long Newton, Durham 1687, resigned this living 1690. He was ejected from his fellowship as a Non Juror with twenty others, 1710. His numerous manuscript collections left to Lord Oxford are now in the British Museum. A picture of him by Charles Bridges which formerly belonged to Lord Oxford is now in the Picture Gallery of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was engraved *mezzotinto* by J. Simon. (See *Life of Thomas Baker* by Robert Masters, Cambridge 1784). His history of St. John's College was published by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, Cambridge 1869, 2 vols. 8vo.

SAMUEL OGDEN, D.D., *Fellow and Woodwardian Professor*.

Canvass, about 24 by 24 inches. Wears a wig, lower part of face blue with shaven beard, black gown, bands, looks to right of picture. There is a chalk drawing of him in another room of the Lodge.

Native of Lancashire, admitted Fellow March 25th, 1740, Senior Fellow February 22nd, 1758, vacated Fellowship, October 1767, Woodwardian Professor of Geology, 1764 to 1778 (*College Registers*, Baker, ed. Mayor, 1869, and Luard's *Graduati Cantabrigienses*, 1873). Sermons by Dr. Samuel Ogden were published by T. S. Hughes, London, Valpy, 1832, 8vo. He left his Arabic Books to Dr. W. Craven. (Mayor's Notes to Baker, pp. 1091—2).

HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, K.G., *Earl of Southampton, after Mireweldt*.

Canvass, 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 1 in., the words "Wriothesley No. 2" are at



the back. "E. of Southampton,  $\frac{1}{2}$  length in armour, good, it seems to be Henry Wriothesley, who died 1624" [R. M.]. Complete blue armour, plumed helmet, glaives and baton on table, plaited laced sash over right shoulder, laced wristbands, ruff collar, hands gloved, right hand on hip, left hand hangs down by sword hilt, moustache and pointed beard, looks to right of picture, three quarters.

This is a portrait of the patron of Shakespeare, and grandson of Lord Keeper Wriothesley. A picture of him by *Mireveldt* is in the collection of the Duke of Bedford (see Lodge's *Portraits*). In *Mireveldt*'s picture he is without armour, and bears a riband with jewel of order of the garter, born 1573, October 6th, admitted at St. John's College, 11th December, 1685, died November 10th, 1624. He presented Crashaw's books to St. John's Library, and was Captain of the Isle of Wight, and a Privy Councillor.

#### WILLIAM CRAVEN, D.D., *Master*.

Canvass,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  by  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Wig, rugged face, florid complexion, sharp eyes, wears a scarlet gown with black stole and bands, looks to right, half-length.

"There is a portrait of him [Dr. W. Craven] in the Master's Lodge." (Charles Yate in *Mayor's Baker*, p. 1092, l. 26). "This picture was so identified by the late Prof. Adam Sedgwick." (*Dr. Bateson*).

Dr. Craven was born at Gonthwaite Hall, Nidderdale, son of Richard Craven, farmer, he was educated at Sedbergh School, admitted to St. John's as Sizar, July 3rd, 1749, Craven Scholar 1750, B.A. 1753, Senior Classical Medallist, M.A. 1756, B.D. 1763, D.D. by mandate 1789, President 1777, Senior Bursar 1786 to 1789. Admitted Master, March 29th, 1789. Vice-Chancellor 1790. Sir Thos. Adam's Professor of Arabic 1770—1795. Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic 1770—1815. He died January 28th, 1815, and was buried in the College Chapel. Author of Sermons and Discourses. *Mayor* ed. Baker, pp. 1089—1093.

#### ROBERT SHORTON, D.D., *First Master of the College*.

Canvass,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  by  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches, oval form. The words "Dr. Shirton, Mr. Aulæ Pembrokia: Ao. Dni. 1530" are on the picture, "with arms of Pembroke Hall" [R. M.]. Smooth face, sharp chin, thin lips, small square cap with lappels, straight dark brown hair, brown eyes, looks slightly towards left, edge of white collar visible, wears a scarlet fur-lined gown, fur tippet over shoulder and chest, both hands appear through front of gown, right hand holds a roll of paper, left hand holds a clasped book.

Dr. H. R. Luard in his *Graduati Cantabrigienses* 1873, inscribes Robert Sherton (or Shorton) S.T.P. 1512 as Master of St. John's College, 1511 to 1516, and as Master of the Hall of Mary of Valence, commonly called Pembroke College, 1518 to 1534. From the Accounts of the Executors of Lady Margaret, it appears that between £4000 and £5000 were paid by the Executors to Robert Shorton, for the original buildings of the College. The various items will be found in the accounts given by Cooper in his *Life of Lady Margaret*, edited by Professor Mayor, *Cambridge* 1874. From Searle's *History of Queens' College*, i. 142, it appears that "one pottell of yporas" was given by that College to "doctor Shirton" in 1515—6. The will of Dr.

Hugh Ashton, one of the Executors to Lady Margaret, was proved March 9th, 1522, by Robert Shirton, prebendary of York and the other executors (*Mayor's Baker*, p. 569, l. 33). Nothing more is known, but the fabric of the older part of our first Court is a sufficient testimony to the administrative ability displayed by him in carrying out the design of the Foundress.

#### WILLIAM HENRY BATESON, D.D., *Master*, formerly *Public Orator*.

Canvass, 4 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 ft. 8 in. Seated in oak chair, at an oak table on which is a large open Bible; a moulded stone pillar and stained glass window form the back ground. Habited in a cassock with bands and doctor's scarlet gown, the right hand holds an academic cap, the left arm is on the arm of the chair, looks to left of picture, three quarter length.

B.A. 1836, M.A. 1839, B.D. 1846, D.D. by Queen's Mandate 1857. Admitted Fellow 1837, Senior Fellow 1852, sometime Senior Bursar, elected Master 1857. Public Orator of the University 1848 to 1857. Secretary to the Cambridge University Commission of 1850—1852. One of the Commissioners for inquiry into the revenues of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, 1872. Also a member of the Council of the Senate for many years up to the present time.—This picture is the private property of the Master.

#### WILLIAM LORD MAYNARD, of the County of Wicklow. *Benefactor*.

Panel, 3 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 10 in., the words "Lord Maynard" are on the frame. Black coat, and black open cloak, brown hair, blue eyes, short moustache and pointed beard, gilt leather belt, from which hangs sword, right hand holds a black felt hat, left hand is by hilt of sword belt, plain linen wristbands, plaited collar.

"King James I. licensed W. Lord Maynard, co. Wicklow, to appoint in the University of Cambridge, a logic lectureship (tenable with a Johnian Fellowship), July 20, 1620, with a stipend of £50; but it died a natural death in 1640." (*Scholæ Academicæ*, by Chr. Wordsworth, *Cambridge*, 1877). There is an appendix concerning this foundation in Baker's *History*, ed. Mayor, pp. 211—2, from which it seems Lord Maynard was styled Sir William Maynard in 1618. The Royal dispensation is mentioned in the same work, p. 545, and abstracts of six letters on the subject of the logic lectures from W. Lord Maynard to Dr. Gwyn, *Master*, are also given, pp. 545—6. He was educated at St. John's, p. 622, l. 34.

#### JAMES WOOD, D.D., F.R.S., *Master, and Dean of Ely. Benefactor*.

Canvass,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  by  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Scarlet gown, black scarf, bands, looks to left of picture. A far better portrait is in the College Hall.

B.A. 1782, M.A. 1785, B.D. 1793, D.D. by King's Mandate 1815. Fellow 1782, Senior Fellow 1815, Master 1815. Dean of Ely 1820. Born at Bury near Turton in Lancashire, Dec. 14th, 1760, Senior Wrangler with first Smith's Prize 1782, died in St. John's College, April 23rd, 1839. Author of several Mathematical Treatises and Memoirs. Rector of Freshwater 1823.

(To be continued.)



## OUR CHRONICLE.

*Easter Term, 1880.*

On Saturday, May 1st, the Rev. J. B. Pearson, LL.D., D.D., late Fellow of the College, was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral as Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph B. Mayor, formerly Fellow and Tutor of the College. At the congregation held in the Senate-house on the previous Thursday, April 29th, Dr. Pearson was presented for the degree of D.D. *jure dignitatis*.

The list of Preachers in the College Chapel during the present Term is as follows: *April 11th*, Mr. Whitaker; *18th* Mr. Hill; *May 2nd* Mr. Torry; *9th* Mr. Body; *23rd* Mr. Whitworth; *30th* Mr. Bonney. The sermon at the Commemoration service on May 6th, which in the present year coincided with Ascension Day, was preached by the Rev. Professor Churchill Babington, D.D., Rector of Cockfield, on Eph. iv. 8, "When He ascended upon high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." We understand that two of the sermons recently preached in the College Chapel by the Professor of Latin will shortly be published.

The following present or late members of the College have been elected as Members of the new Parliament:

Sir Henry John Selwyn-Ibbetson (*West Essex*), B.A., 1849, M.A. 1852, late Financial Secretary to the Treasury, formerly Under Secretary of State for the Home Department.

William Cunliffe Brookes (*East Cheshire*), B.A. 1842, M.A. 1847.

George Storer (*South Notts*).

John Eldon Gorst, Q.C. (*Chatham*), B.A. (3rd Wrangler, 1857), M.A. 1860, formerly Fellow of the College.

Samuel Laing (*Orkney and Shetland*), B.A. (2nd Wrangler, 1832), M.A. 1835, formerly Fellow of the College.

Leonard Henry Courtney (*Liskeard*), B.A. (2nd Wrangler, 1854), M.A. 1857, Senior Fellow of the College.

William Thackeray Marriott (*Brighton*), B.A. 1853.

John Tomlinson Hibbert (*Oldham*), B.A. 1847, M.A. 1850.

The following members of the College who had seats in the late Parliament were not Candidates at the last election.

Ambrose Lethbridge Goddard (*Cricklade*).

Roger Montgomerie (*North Ayrshire*).

The following, who was a member of the late Parliament, was unsuccessful in the late election:

Alfred George Marten, Q.C. (*Cambridge*), LL.D., late Fellow.

The following were also unsuccessful Candidates:

Francis Sharp Powell (*West Riding, North Division*), M.A., late Fellow.

Philip Pennant Pennant (formerly Pearson), (*Flint Boroughs*).

We record with regret the death of a distinguished Fellow of the College, Professor Miller, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

J. F. Moulton, Senior Wrangler in 1868, is in the list recommended for election as Fellows of the Royal Society.

J. E. Marr, B.A., Scholar of the College, has received a second grant from the Worts Travelling Bachelors' Fund, to aid him in travelling to Norway, Sweden, and the islands of the Baltic, to study the Cambrian and Silurian rocks.

J. Larmor, B.A., has been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in Queen's College, Galway. G.

B.A., has obtained a Mastership at Manchester Gra School, and C. M. Stuart, B.A., a temporary engagement in the place of Dr. Tilden, as Natural Science Master at Clifton College. John Tillard, M.A., late Scholar, late assistant master at Shrewsbury and Haileybury, has been appointed one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

The following University honours have been obtained since the publication of our last Number:

## CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

*First Class*: 4th, F. H. Colson (highly distinguished in the Examination for the Chancellor's Medals); 14th, W. O. Sutcliffe. *Second Class*: C. C. Harrison, A. Williams, and J. S. Sandys. *Third Class*: J. H. Taylor, C. H. Harper, *agrotat*, F. W. Tracy. H. G. Smith, Scholar, has obtained permission to 'degrade' to the Tripos of 1881.

The Harness University Prize has been awarded to W. H. Widgery, B.A., whose essay is declared equal in merit to that sent in by C. H. Herford of Trinity College. The subject was "The Quarto Edition of Hamlet, published in 1603."

The following are the M.A. degrees conferred during this Term:

*April 15*—J. Alberga, J. P. Baynes, J. P. A. Bowers, W. Caister, H. B. Can, H. Hemstock, W. B. Lowe, G. H. Marwood, C. Pendlebury, F. T. Ridley, A. J. W. Thorncliffe, A. R. Wilson.

*April 29*—H. G. Billingham, A. W. Callis, F. Dyson, J. L. Heath, H. London, D. McAlister, C. N. Murton, W. Northcott, F. Ryland, W. Spicer, J. Tillard, M. Vaughan.

*May 13*—W. C. Coates, A. H. Crick, W. A. Guttridge, P. Lloyd, W. H. Rammel, M. G. Stuart, C. R. T. Winkley.

The remaining congregations for the Term are on *May 27*, *June 3* and *17*; the Recitation of Prize Exercises is on *June 15*, at noon; and the day of General Admission for the Ordinary B.A. degrees is *June 19*, at 10 A.M.

The Porson Prize (*aeq.*) has been awarded to C. H. Garland.

## COLLEGE EXAMINATION IN MORAL SCIENCES.

*Class I.*—none; *Class II.*—J. B. Whitehead; *Class III.*—Hodgson, Winkley.

*Bachelors' Prize*—Ds. Caldecott.

## ENGLISH ESSAY PRIZES, 1879—1880.

*3rd Year* (on Rousseau)—J. S. Hill and G. C. M. Smith, equal.

*Proxime accesserunt*—Coppock and Coulthard.

*2nd Year* (on Government by Party)—Peiris.

*1st Year* (on National Recreations)—None awarded.

*Sizarships and Limited Exhibitions.*—The Examination for the year 1880 will be held on Tuesday, October 5th, at 9 a.m.

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

and <i>Viva voce</i> Examination in	Euclid, Books I. II. III. IV.	Book V. Props. 1—4, 7—15, 20, 22.
		Book VI. except Props. 27, 28, 29.
		Book XI. Props. 1—21.
	The <i>Cyropædia</i> of Xenophon, Books VII and VIII. The <i>Aeneid</i> of Virgil, Books VII and VIII.	

A paper will also be set containing a passage of English Prose for translation into Latin Prose, and a short passage from some Greek author (not named before-hand) for translation into English. This paper will include a few questions on the Classical subjects above-mentioned. The names of Candidates for Sizarships and for the School Exhibitions must be sent 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.

The number of vacancies in the 'limited Exhibitions' awarded by the above Examination will be as follows:

In the Dowman Exhibitions (Pocklington School), *one*; Johnson Exhibitions (Uppingham and Oakham), *two*; Lupton and Hebblethwaite (Sedbergh), *two*; Munstevan (Peterborough and Oundle), *one*; Robins (Sutton Valence), *one*; Somerset (Hereford), *two* of £40 for 4 years, and *two* of £50 for 3 years; Somerset (Marlborough), *two*; Somerset (Manchester), *two*.

The number of Fellows hipsvacant for this year is six; the number of Foundation Scholarships, eighteen.

#### LADY MARGARET BOAT-CLUB.

The *Lent Races* were the all-absorbing feature in connexion with the above Club last Term. These Races took place on March 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th. The weather throughout was all that could be desired, and greatly added to the enjoyment of the numerous concourse of spectators, as well as to the comfort of those taking part in the proceedings.

Our 3rd and 4th Boats made a very good show, and though we can record but one bump (which was scored by the latter), still both crews rowed gamely and well together, and more than once made it hot for the respective boats ahead of them. The 3rd Boat gained considerably each night on Magdalene; in fact, the second night they wanted but a quarter of a length to secure their bump; whilst the 4th Boat, after bringing St Catharine II down a place, bade fair towards treating Jesus III in the same manner.

We give a summary of our doings on the four nights:—

*1st Night*—Both Boats rowed over.

*2nd Night*—L. M. B. C. IV bumped St Catharine II, L. M. B. C. III. rowed over.

*3rd Night*—Both Boats rowed over.

*4th Night*—Both Boats rowed over. L. M. B. C. III. finished

about half-a-length behind Magdalene. L. M. B. C. IV. got within half-a-length of Jesus III.

The Crews were composed as under:

	L. M. B. C. III.		L. M. B. C. IV.
	W. H. Dodd ( <i>bow</i> )		F. Sandford ( <i>bow</i> )
2	W. C. Curtis	2	E. Hinchcliff
3	C. F. Whitfield	3	T. C. Ward
4	C. M. Stuart	4	K. M. Eicke
5	W. R. Le Fanu	5	E. Rosher
6	J. F. Gray	6	A. H. T. Pollock
7	J. H. Edwards	7	A. Young
	W. P. Mayor ( <i>stroke</i> )		M. Rainsford ( <i>stroke</i> )
	L. Lloyd ( <i>cox.</i> )		F. L. Muirhead ( <i>cox.</i> )

The *May Races* commence on the 19th of May, and as the time afforded for training is unusually long this Term, we may anticipate some very good rowing.

Our three Boats have been hard at work for some time now. There is plenty of good material in them—this fact, added to the improvement the respective Boats are daily evincing, augurs well for the success of the L. M. B. C. in the coming competition.

The Officers for the present Term are as follows:

<i>President</i> —Rev. A. F. Torry	<i>Secretary</i> —B. S. Clarke
<i>1st Capt.</i> —W. Barton	<i>3rd Capt.</i> —B. E. Waud
<i>2nd Capt.</i> —G. M. Kingston	<i>4th Capt.</i> —G. G. Wilkinson
<i>Treasurer</i> —A. Hawkins	<i>5th Capt.</i> —W. P. Mayor

#### CRICKET CLUB.

At a meeting held towards the end of last Term, the following Officers were elected:

<i>Captain</i> —J. H. Payne	<i>Hon. Treas.</i> —F. D. Gaddum.
<i>Hon. Sec.</i> —P. G. Exham.	

X v. XVIII *Freshmen*—Played on the College Ground, April 19. The XVIII made 67, of which J. G. Wiseman made 22. The XI made 170 for 6 wks., J. A. Bevan 52, not out. P. T. Wrigley 29, F. L. Thompson 27, P. G. Exham 27, R. Thorman 20.

*St. John's 2nd XI v. Peterhouse*—Played on the College Ground on April 20, and resulted in a draw. Peterhouse 163, St. John's 53 for 4 wks. For Peterhouse H. G. Fuller made 14, W. O. Parish 15, C. H. Luxton 44, A. H. Pilkington 31. For St. John's, S. G. Craig 26, J. Colman 18 not out.

*St. John's 1st XI v. Christ's*—Played on the College Ground on April 22, and resulted in a draw owing to the rain. Score: St. John's 206 for 8 wks., Christ's did not bat. For St. John's, P. G. Exham made 78, J. Colman, 34, J. A. Bevan 33, J. H. Payne 13.

*St. John's 1st XI v. Corpus*—Played on the College Ground, April 29, and resulted in an easy victory for St. John's. Score: Corpus 93, St. John's 205 for 2 wks. P. G. Exham 107 not out, J. A. Bevan 58, A. R. Aspinall 25.

## COLLEGE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

*President*—E. J. C. Morton.*Committee*—A. R. Aspinall, W. Bissett, E. S. Chapman, A. S. Reid.

Two new and important Rules have been passed this Term:  
 (1) That the balls are to be provided by the Members themselves, and that all Members are to play in flannels and Lawn Tennis shoes.

(2) That the Club 'Blazer' is to be dark ruby and green. Unfortunately, owing to the delay at the printers, we have not yet seen whether the colours of the Blazer will be as pretty as we expect them to be.

It is proposed to have a set of Ties, simply to decide who is to represent the College in the Matches that have been arranged, and for this no entrance-fee is to be charged. There will also be a set of Single Ties (entrance-fee 1s.) and a set of Double Ties (entrance-fee 2s.), arranged and carried on as they were last year.

## THE EAGLES' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

*President*—F. L. Thompson.*Secretary*—H. V. Heber-Percy. | *Treasurer*—E. J. Wild.

The grounds of this Club are as usual in perfect order, and the nets are consequently in great request.

There will be two sets of Ties, one set of Single-Handed and one of Double-Handed Ties, and judging from the names that have entered, there ought to be some interesting matches.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debates in the *Lent Term* were, on the whole, well attended. The number of speakers also was satisfactory. The officers, however, find some difficulty in obtaining subjects for debate; and would therefore appeal to private members to aid them.

Beside the two subjects reported in last Term's *Eagle*, the following were debated: 'Restrictive Legislation as a remedy for Intemperance,' proposed by J. Spencer Hill; the 'Abolition of Action for Breach of Promise of Marriage,' proposed by J. Russell; and the 'Abolition of Trades Unions,' by R. A. Storrs.

No Debates are being held this Term, the Society will resume its Meetings in October.

The following have been elected Officers for the next Term:

*President*—F. H. Colson*Vice-President*—A. Williams*Treasurer*—G. C. M. Smith*Secretary*—O. Rigby

## CALENDAR FOR MICHAELMAS TERM.

Sizarship Examination, Oct. 5.

Other years come up, Oct. 9.

Freshmen come up, Oct. 7.

Lectures begin, Oct. 11.