

GRANTAE IMAGINES

XXXVI SONNETS

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H. HAILSTONE M. A.



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Grantae Imagines

THIRTY-SIX SONNETS

BY

H. HAILSTONE, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'NOVAE ARUNDINES'

"religione patrum multos servata per annos"

Cambridge

J. PALMER, 23, JESUS LANE


1886

ALBERT B. BROWN

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MEO ET MUSARUM AMICO

J. D. W.



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Table of Subjects.

- I. RIVER GRANTA.
- II. HOBSON'S CONDUIT.
- III. THOMAS GRAY.
- IV. SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS.
- V. FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM.
- VI. BARNWELL PRIORY.
- VII. STOURBRIDGE FAIR.
- VIII. CHILDERLEY HALL.
- IX. SAINT BENET'S CHURCH.
- X. OLIVER CROMWELL'S PORTRAIT.
- XI. MEMORIAL CROSS.
- XII. ORIGIN OF UNIVERSITY.
- XIII. MADINGLEY HALL.
- XIV. JOHN MILTON.
- XV. ROUND CHURCH.
- XVI. MIDSUMMER FAIR.
- XVII. TRINITY COLLEGE FOUNTAIN.
- XVIII. BYRON'S STATUE.
- XIX. FALCON INN.
- XX. CAIUS COLLEGE GATEWAYS.
- XXI. STOURBRIDGE CHAPEL.

TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

- XXII. CURFEW BELL.
XXIII. CASTLE MOUND.
XXIV. SAINT JOHN'S CHAPEL.
XXV. DENNY ABBEY.
XXVI. PLOUGH MONDAY.
XXVII. CAPTAIN COOK'S TABLET.
XXVIII. NEWTON'S STATUE.
XXIX. EDMUND SPENSER.
XXX. ERASMUS' WALK.
XXXI. GOGMAGOG HILLS.
XXXII. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
XXXIII. KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.
XXXIV. SAWSTON HALL.
XXXV. GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
XXXVI. BACKS OF THE COLLEGES.

Grantæ Imagines.

I.

The monks of Ely, being desirous of providing a suitable sepulchre for the body of their foundress Saint Etheldreda, proceeded by water from Ely till they came to a desolate city called Grantaceastir, near the walls of which place they discovered a tomb of white marble, of elegant workmanship, with which they returned to their monastery. Near the village of Grantchester is a pool, called Byron's Pool, where the poet used to bathe.

“ O TELL me, gentle Muse, if Granta's wave
'Mid wanton windings of enameled meads
Makes not sweet murmur, as the spring outspreads
Her daisied pall o'er the dark winter's grave?
Wont not thy choice Delight therein to lave
His azure limbs, that rode the cresting heads
Of the curled Hellespont, while fast recedes
Famed Sestos? Sure 'twas in some desert cave
About these pools, that Ely's hermit band
Borne o'er the boundless waters—a scant fleet
Of osier-skiffs—on Grantaceastir's strand
Revealed a tomb of virgin marble, meet
For Etheldreda, foundress of their land?”
I sung; and she replied, “'tis passing sweet.”

II.

Hobson's Conduit formerly stood upon the Market Hill. Hobson himself bequeathed land towards its perpetual maintenance, and contributed £10 for the purpose of making it half a yard higher. The conduit now stands at the end of an artificial watercourse, the water of which was brought from the Nine Wells at Great Shelford in 1610. The stream flows on either side of Trumpington Street and of Saint Andrew's Street.

DOST hearken how the merry streamlet dancing
Makes descant sweet along the dusty ways?
Some Naiad, sure, doth set her roundelays
At faithless Pan, from the Nine Wells advancing!
Dost mark those liquid lapses lightly glancing?
Ah! seldom joyous in such silver sprays
The noontide pilgrim his parched lips allays.
Methinks I hear the feet of horses prancing!
'Tis Hobson, he that fell a prey to death,
Forbid to drive abroad his lusty team;
Leisure forsooth bereaved him of his breath,
When as the Pestilence did reign supreme;
Yet still resounds the way those wheels beneath!—
'Tis gone, that chariot; ah, 'twas but a dream!

III.

Peterhouse, the oldest collegiate foundation in Cambridge, was founded by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, in 1284. The north side of the first court, in Italian style, was built in 1736. The poet Gray is said to have occupied rooms in this building, and to have been driven from the College to Pembroke by the pranks of the students.

WOULD that I breathed the poet's art divine,
Which, melting once in a melodious quill,
Sang Eton's spires, and Windsor's stately hill,
And argent Thames, and all the groves that twine
In mazes green about their Henry's shrine !
Sweetly he told with his most tender trill
Of Cheer, of Wit, of Vigour that distil
Thro' sunny days of childhood. Ah, 'tis mine
Only t'adore the lightnings of his soul ;
Yet share I all its sweetness, all its sorrow ;
Such sorrow as was in 't, when weak Control
Suffered the strength of brutal hands to borrow
Unkindness' arrows, and with heart not whole
He gave to Peterhouse his last "Good-morrow."

IV.

The "School of Pythagoras" is a curious fragment of a twelfth century manor-house. It lies on the north of the river near Saint John's College. There are two windows of transition Norman work on the first floor, and the ground room has been vaulted over. This house, with the surrounding Merton estate, was conveyed to Merton College, Oxford, by the founder, and still belongs to that society.

OF, as I stroll adown the dusky lanes
On Granta's stream, I pause before a pile
Of builded stones, and yield myself awhile
To Contemplation's charm. How what remains
Of the quaint school bewilders all my brains!
Rude arches wrought in a fantastic style,
A breadth of bygone chambers, a dim file
Of Norman lights—each work mine orbs enchains.
And what a label hath this home of naught
Save garden-fruits! Uprises in the mind
An image of that ancient sage, who taught
How souls from outworn bodies unconfined
Were to fresh cells of later beings brought—
Ah, blind ascetic, leader of the blind!

V.

The Fitzwilliam Museum was built from funds left for that object by Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, M.A. of Trinity Hall. The building was commenced in 1837 by Basevi, and the entrance hall completed in 1870. Among other pictures of merit one worthy of special notice is a Madonna by Carlo Dolce, combining softness and delicacy with brilliant colouring.

MOTHER of sorrows ! o'er life's thorny road,
Thine image, in the Muses' temple hung,
Hath soothed me more than all the sister throng
That smile upon us in that bright abode.
Some seek relief from scenes of other mode ;
Soft pastures this, that one sweet Orpheus' song
Allays, or vivid ocean's voiceful tongue.
I, when I court an easement from the load
That Fate hath laid upon me, straight I stand
Before thy picture, Lady : those soft eyes
Rain balm within my wounds ; that tender hand
Enlinked about its fellow flings disguise
Over my pain, and all th' encincture grand
Of mantling azure bids new joys t' arise.

VI.

In the reign of Henry I. Pain Peverell, standard-bearer in the Holy Land to Robert, Duke of Normandy, built the Priory House at Barnwell. The name "Barnwell" is from a small well which was doubtless an object of superstitious reverence among the Britons or Saxons, who, at certain periods, met and celebrated games here. There was a considerable monastery, with the means of entertaining royalty, for Richard II. lodged in it and held a Parliament here in 1388.

WHERE now the thirsty meadow's face is bare,
'Neath yonder elms, once from a brimming well
Bubbled a fountain's waters. Time could tell
The roll and worth of all who champions were
With footsteps that about this fount did fare.
Alas ! 'tis mute, the merry brooklet's bell ;
Hushed are those feet 'neath Time's oblivious spell.
Yet sure abide the courts of Peverell there
That bore the banner in yon Holy Land
To chieftain Robert ? Sure the chambers vast,
That once bade welcome to a royal band ?
Nought answers save December's icy blast :
A single cattle-shed, that still doth stand,
Moans round with empty voices of the Past.

VII.

Stourbridge Fair, held at the junction of the Cam and its small tributary the Stour, used to be one of the greatest fairs in Europe. It owed its origin to an accident which happened to a Kendal merchant in crossing the Cam. In the centre of the fair-ground stood a square of large booths called the Duddery, where mercers, drapers, and clothiers sold their wares. King John bestowed its profits upon a lepers' hospital in the neighbourhood.

TIME was when, at the waters of the Stour,
The Kendal webster spread each dripping cloak
Along the wind-swept mead, that Anglia's folk
Forth to his merchandise did freely pour.
From hence must Fair-domain be cleansed, before
September fell on russet elm or oak ;
But, let the ploughman speed to prove his yoke,
No throng of booths should stay the seed-time more.
Large were the bounties of the Sabbath priest,
Grave 'mid gowned merchants in the Duddery ;
Came worshipped citizens, from west and east,
Fair woven cloths and draperies to buy—
Alas, the rudeness of this rural feast,
Dim relic of defaced Antiquity !

VIII.

Charles I., after his seizure at Holdenby House, Northampton, took up his quarters at Childerley Hall, Cambs., the seat of Lady Cutts, where he stayed from June 5th until the 8th, 1647. During that time many doctors, graduates, and scholars of the University repaired thither. In the year 1640 the river Cam is said to have become red as blood. This was looked upon as a sad presage of the ensuing troubles. There is a picture of Charles I. in the north aisle of Saint Michael's Church, Cambridge.

'TIS now mid-June, and from the mantling elm
 The secret cuckoo sings his blither song ;
 All gently glides the willowed wave along
 That late was bold the chapel-house t' o'erwhelm.
 Dost mark how he that holds Britannia's helm
 Smiles from yon lattice o'er the learned throng ?
 "Rex vivat !" 'tis their shout, and tumult long
 Acclaims the pilot of the rocking realm.
 Ten thousand kisses print the monarch's hand,
 Heaped is the way with twice ten thousand roses ;
 'Tis well ; for Camus crimsoned on his strand
 Seven years ago, and fast the death-scene closes :
 Almost I seem within that aisle to stand
 Where pictured Charles in pious prayer reposes.

IX.

The tower of Saint Benet's Church is one of the most perfect and interesting examples of Saxon architecture remaining in England. It presents some of the most notable features of the style, in the long and short masonry at the corners, the peculiar balustre windows, and the absence of buttresses. The bells of this church were formerly used to call together the members of the University on great occasions. Hobson was buried here, but there is no monument to his memory.

I N vain the pilgrim seeks old Hobson's tomb,
Who lies beneath the floor of Benet Church ;
Full oft the passer-by shall idly search
If such a name hath 'scaped oblivion's gloom.
No title hath he, yet his virtues bloom ;
What sooty poison of decay could smirch
The carrier's meed, what cold neglect could lurch
The deathless credit of that master-groom ?
And truly gracious is his house of rest :
'Twas there he learned the Scriptures, there he's
 sleeping ;
All hail thou shrine, of Saxon shrines the best,
That hold'st so famed a treasure in thy keeping !
Ring out, sweet bells, that e'en his spirit blest
Afar may hear your lays to heaven leaping.

X.

Oliver Cromwell was entered as a student at Sidney Sussex College in 1616, on the day of Shakespeare's death. He was a native of Huntingdon, was made a freeman of the town of Cambridge in 1639, represented it in the two Parliaments of 1640, and was elected High Steward in 1652. There is a celebrated drawing in crayon of him by Cooper in the Master's Lodge of Sidney Sussex College.

SECURE within th' asylum of those courts,
That lent thee learning, hath thy crayoned face,
Cromwell, abode thrice forty seasons' space.
I gaze, and ah, the wondrous tale 't imports !
Grateful, methinks, still rise those green resorts,
And welcome thrice the dainty dwelling-place
That cradled thee, what time in Death's embrace
The swan of Avon hushed his sweet retorts.
Lo ! here thy countenance is seen more mild ;
Nor wert thou rude thyself amidst these shrines,
Cromwell, when axes huge wrought havoc wild,
And groves were burned, and grimly battle-lines
With horrid arms the pavements all defiled,
And from the Castle peered Bellona's signs.

XI.

The memorial cross to the memory of the poet Henry Kirke White and others stands upon the ancient site of All Saints' Church. Mr. Boott, an American, was so disappointed at not finding any memorial of the poet that he placed one executed by Chantrey in the old church of All Saints: it has been removed to the ante-chapel of Saint John's College.

PAUSE, gentle stranger, and about this cross,
That tells the name of him too early ta'en
From Wisdom's seat, be partner of our pain
That here beweept th' untimely poet's loss.
With the pure metal of that mind no dross
Was e'er commingled; clean from every stain
Of turpitude his spirit sweet was fain
To waft her wings Death's icy flood across.
Yet Granta's sages slept, at ease forsooth
If heads but hung within her polished halls
Of scarlet-hooded pedants, till in ruth
A New-World wanderer the plaint recalls
Of Southey's Muse, and set the sculptured truth
Within the temple's long-expectant walls.

XII.

The date and mode of commencement of the University of Cambridge cannot be ascertained with certainty. The first generally accredited account is that Joffrid, Abbot of Crowland A. D. 1110, sent four monks who had accompanied him from Orleans to England to his manor of Cottenham; and that they, coming daily into Cambridge, openly taught their sciences in a hired barn, and in a short time collected a number of scholars. The monks were enabled, owing to the liberality of the scholars, to return 100 marks yearly towards the rebuilding of Crowland Abbey, which had been lately burnt.

WILD hath the wrath of many a tempest rolled
Around thee, Granta, since from Crowland isle
Joffrid, of pious monks the priest, erewhile
Did set his sheep within thy borders old.
Soon answered to the bleatings of that fold
A thirsty flock; beneath the shepherd's smile
Flowed Wisdom's founts, so pure as to beguile
Foul Error amid streams of Truth untold.
Thence Learning's torrent o'er the wildernesses
Of barbarous Britain swept; fair Crowland's shrine
Henceforth again arose in new-born blisses,
That late the wreath of fire spared not t' entwine;
So surely potent are the thousand kisses
That breathe from out the lips of Truth divine!

XIII.

Madingley Hall was selected as the residence of the Prince of Wales whilst an undergraduate at Trinity College. It is a picturesque old house, situated in the midst of woods and pleasure-grounds, about three-and-a-half miles from Cambridge. The village church stands inside the park.

I KNOW where hidden in an ebon screen
Of ancient yews a village churchyard lies.
Ah me ! 'tis my delight, when western skies
Are crimson, and a zephyr unforeseen
Hath lulled the turtle's ear, on this demesne
To pause in silence. From the cedared rise
O'erlooks the mansion ; marble canopies
Enshrine whate'er of hers hath knightly been.
Here sojourned once a prince of royal blood,
Content awhile to wear the classic gown ;
All lightly lay the peaceful Muses' hood,
Ah, what shall be the wearing of a crown ?
Methinks, 'twixt hatred dire and deadly feud,
'Twere sweet so sore a burden to lay down !

XIV.

In 1505 Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond (who also founded Saint John's College) obtained a charter for converting God's House into Christ's College. Milton lived here for seven years, being admitted Feb. 12th, 1624, at the age of 16. Here he wrote the *Hymn of Christ's Nativity*. He was called "the lady" from his feminine beauty. *Lycidas* was written in memory of Edward King, a fellow of this college. In the garden is a mulberry-tree said by tradition to have been planted by the poet when a student.

BLUE eyes, an aspect for the Graces meet,
Soft tresses that his slender neck adown
Over twin shoulders waved in ringlets brown,
Such features as keen Paris' self might cheat,
A daintiness of gait, an habit neat,
The voice of Orpheus—all did deck the gown
That gave to Lady Margaret's house renown.
Come, pause we then within this cool retreat :
See where, unravished of the blows of Time,
Yon mulberry-boughs awake sweet recollection
Of him who knew to build the lofty rhyme ;
Ne'er find they not the duteous protection
Of heedful hands ; a spirit so sublime
Hath woo'd and won its nursery's affection.

XV.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre (or, Round Church) is the oldest of the four Round Churches remaining in England; the second being at Northampton, the third in London (the Temple Church), and the fourth at Little Maplestead in Essex. It was consecrated in 1101, and was founded after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In 1841 a complete restoration of the church was effected by the Camden Society.

STILL doth the calm of holy quiet reign
About this circle, eldest-born of four
Erst traced by Norman hands: 'tis sweet t' adore
An offspring of the Holy City's fane.
Betwixt the massy pillars that sustain
Yon ceiled cone, all on the chequered floor
Dance Phœbus' hues; or, be keen daylight o'er,
Fair Dian flings around her liquid rain.
Here let me sit in pious solitude:
Nor shall the boast superb of Christendom,
That royal shrine, which not the fingers rude
Of mad Unfaith nor Time hath overcome,
So surely bid me feel that God is good,
Guiding us from our cradle to the tomb.

XVI.

Upon Midsummer Common, on the farther side of which the river Cam flows in its course toward Ely, is held Midsummer Fair. This fair was granted to the Prior and Canons of Barnwell by King John, and is said to have originated from the meeting together of children on the eve of Saint John the Baptist to engage in wrestling matches.

'TIS sweet, when all the ways with dust are sprent,
To search the zephyr's kisses on some sward
Whose brink lies lipped beneath the amorous guard
Of a bright river-god. Ah! what a scent
Stole from the chestnut-holt! And hark, 'tis rent,
The liquid air, with liltings of each bard
That folds its wings the tender eve toward.
Within the circle of yon vagrant tent
Sleeps the stained gipsy-brood; but, ere the sun
Hath passed high noon, the swart tribe shall awake
To spread their tawdries at the feast begun.
Hark! the horn sounds, and for the children's sake
That on the Baptist's eve their wrestlings won,
Gathers all Barnwell town to merry-make.

XVII.

The great Court of Trinity College, occupying an area of two acres and six perches or more than 90,000 square feet, exceeds Wolsey's Court in Christ Church, Oxford, by more than 1000 square feet, and is therefore larger than any Court in either University. In the middle is a stone Fountain, an exquisite specimen of Renaissance work. It was erected in 1602. The supply of water is derived from a spring indicated and covered by a little stone building in a field beyond the Observatory on the Madingley Road.

BEYOND the far Observatory's dome
There lies an acre's stillness. All around,
Stand sentinels of their peculiar ground
Hoar willow-stems ; within, the timid hum
Of a smooth spring is ever heard to come
From out its shrine of stones. O where is found
The clamorous exit of that quiet sound ?
Awhile the streamlet's hidden voice is dumb ;
But soon 'twill issue from the sweetest fount
That breaks the silence of a vasty court :
So sweet it is that, let bright Hesperus mount
Over yon entrance, soon around resort
All that here lived and died of great account,
Th' heroic shadow-souls of grand report.

XVIII.

Among other treasures in the Library of Trinity College is the exquisite statue of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen. It was twice refused admission to Westminster Abbey, and was finally offered to Trinity College, where the Poet had been educated.

A SHATTER'D column laid beneath his feet ;
In the left hand "Childe Harold," in the right
A pencil, held to lips 'mid deep delight
Of meditation's draught ; about his seat,
The Owl of Athens here, the Lyre-strings sweet
And fabled Griffin there ; fronting the sight,
Poesy's Genius, a winged god white,
Blending a chord to the bland ocean's beat :—
So sits he, slave of Passion unsubdued,
A fitting creature for a cold world's story,
Exiled from out the laurelled multitude
That hold the haven of the Minster hoary ;
Author of evil, conscious of all good—
God in his mercy guide his soul to glory !

XIX.

The Falcon Inn was one of the largest Hostelries of Cambridge. The yard still shews the tiers of galleries common in these old inns. In 1504 the Falcon in Petty Cury was given to the Prior and Convent of Barnwell on condition that an annual mass should be said for the soul of the donor.

FAIR remnant of the Falcon hostelry,
Nigh twice two hundred years have passed away
Since one of Wisbech Town in life's decay
To Barnwell Priors did surrender thee.
Nor was this off'ring from all service free ;
But yearly were those monks enjoined to say
A solemn mass upon a solemn day,
That all his soul in sweet repose might be.
And still thou 'rt standing ! still those aged tiers
Treasure their pride the vacant court within,
And still without the gable roof appears !
Ah, would that all of thy romantic kin
Had 'scaped the ravage of consuming years !
Fell Time, defend thine hand from off this Inn !

XX.

The entrance-gateway (opposite Saint Michael's Church) into the first Court of Gonville and Caius College bears the inscription "Humilitatis"; the gateway into the second Court "Virtutis"; the third gateway leading to the Schools and Senate House "Honoris." The plan of these three gateways made by Dr. Caius is intended to inculcate the moral lesson that Humility and Virtue lead to Honour.

BY modest gate of meek Humility
 Enter, grave student; this the pious leech
 Set first, in faith all after-time to teach
 That of this mould must Learning's entrance be.
 When thou hast walked awhile, anon thou 'lt see
 The gate of Virtue; 'tis a golden speech,
 Graven beneath the Founder's pen, for each
 Lest one make shipwreck on impurity.
 Of Honour, third, behold the gateway rise
 With Doric head-dress toward the height of heaven;
 Merry the feet and joyous, ah, the guise,
 As one speeds through that hath successful striven;
 But mark his fellow—flooded are those eyes,
 And all his breast with fleeting hopes is riven!

XXI.

Near the banks of the river Stour is a venerable relic known as Stourbridge Chapel. It is a small Norman structure, formerly attached to a hospital for lepers founded on this spot in the 12th century and dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene. It consists of a chancel and nave, and presents good examples of various Norman mouldings. King John in 1211 granted to the lepers of the hospital a fair on the vigil and feast of the Holy Cross.

RICH sanctuaries rise along the glade
Whose pulchritude the ever-jealous eye
Of parent Camus heeds ; bright domes are by,
And dædal halls, that pious kings have bade
To live for ever in the leafy shade.
With such a throng no river-homes may vie ;
Yet one dim relic of devotion high
Boasts filial Stour amid her cells decayed.
'Tis but a lowly shrine, of lepers erst
The portion. Till my youth's delight was done,
Over a wheel its crystal neighbour burst :
Alas, the tributary's race is run,
The music of the mill hath all dispersed—
And Clotho's cruel web is half outspun.

XXII.

The "Curfew" is tolled every evening at nine o'clock for a quarter of an hour upon the tenor bell of the Church of Saint Mary the Great. It is mentioned in the Statutes of King's Hall, 1379; and no student was allowed to be out of his house or college after Saint Mary's Curfew had sounded. The bell itself weighs 36 cwt.

'TIS nine o'clock, and from Saint Mary's tow'r
The matchless tenor of yon maiden bell
Tolls with its custom'd tongue the Curfew knell,
Deep-organed monitor of the moonlit hour.
Hears it the virgin from a twilight bow'r ;
Hear it the sages grave, that wont to dwell
Within the pale of Learning's cloistered cell ;
Hear it all youths that Pleasure's alleys scour.
Hears it alike the student, and amain
Courts he the friendship of the tuneful Nine ;
Visit him, O ye Muses, nor in vain
Let the pale wooer for your breathings pine ;
'Tis cruel, if he meet but cold disdain,
A burning suppliant at your silver shrine !

XXIII.

The Castle Mound was probably an early British fortification. Its base composed of chalk is natural, its upper part artificial. William the Conqueror built a castle upon it, and attacked from thence Hereward and the Saxons who had retired to the "Camp of Refuge" at Ely. Extensive entrenchments remain on the N. E. and N. W. sides thrown up by Cromwell's soldiers during the Civil War.

I LINGER on the mossy Castle-Mound ;
Beneath me Camus winds his northering way,
And lo ! the purple-dying orb of day
Pillows his chin on western woods around.
'Tis gone, that fiery globe ; the firs resound
With the late cushat's croon ; one crimson ray
Hangs tremulous o'er the trees too frail to stay.
So 'twas of old that from this curtain'd ground
William triumphant quenched the Saxon light,
Tho' Hereward's hosts, 'mid Ely's isle-morass,
Maintained a Camp of Refuge from the fight,
Nor had the Normans e'er been quit to pass
Thro' trackless fens, save that, the Wake despite,
False monks did treason to their vows, alas !

XXIV.

The Chapel of Saint John's College is in the style of architecture which prevailed about A. D. 1280, commonly called the Early Decorated. The height of its tower is to the parapet, 140 feet; pinnacles, 163 feet. It is divided from the north transept by two open arches and similarly from the south transept. Its piers are of Ketton stone. The middle piers, north and south, have a shaft of Peterhead red granite on each of their four faces. The other piers have clusters of shafts of Devonshire, Irish, and Serpentine Marbles.

IF thou would'st view the Johnian tower aright,
Come with me, when rude Autumn winds have
swept

The poplar's shade, and boughs that intercept
Abridge no more the solemn giant's height.
'Tis morn, and Camus' breezy banks invite
Across the green: lo, Phoebus' face hath crept
Over yon spire, and all the brooks, that slept
Thro' summer-heats, about the sluice unite.
List we the cow-boy's carol as he drives
His dewy kine 'mid herbage without measure!
Ah! heedless souls of happy fugitives,
Whose flying circles glad their truant leisure!
Pray, citizens, a blessing on those lives
That grudged not to bequeath so green a treasure.

XXV.

Denny Abbey was originally a cell of Benedictine monks who had been removed thence from Elmeney on the borders of Waterbeach. This order being dissolved in 1312, their property fell into the hands of the Knights Templars. After the dissolution of the Templars' order, Denny was bestowed upon Mary de Saint Paul, relict of Aymer de Valence (who was slain in a tilting match at her nuptials), and foundress of Pembroke College. She established here the nuns of Saint Clare.

UPON the marges of the misty fen
Is set a manor-house : a streamless moat
Fences four walled acres, that denote
The perish'd handiwork of pious men.
Aloft the sable rook, sole denizen
Of wizard elms, wearies his hollow throat ;
Beneath stand carven stones, alike remote
From steepled town and tower'd city's ken.
Fall'n hath the choir in death's sad disarray
That she, the countess Mary, did contrive,
Maid, wife, and widow of a single day :
'Tis fall'n ; yet elder arches still survive,
Beneath whose height used Benedictines pray--
So oft green Age doth wasted Youth outlive !

XXVI.

Upon the first Monday after Twelfth Day (called Plough Monday) rustics decked with ribands dance around a plough as it is drawn through the streets, while the last of the procession ("Bessy") carries a wooden spoon to collect money. The practice of presenting a wooden spoon in the Senate House to the last person in the mathematical tripos, which used to be at the end of January, may have arisen from this festival. In Catholic times the ploughmen gathered money for the plough-lights, which they kept burning before certain images in the churches.

WHAT playful throng with hands upon the
plough

Comes ribanded adown the ruddy street?
 What merry multitudes of twinkling feet
 Fear not to tread frore January's slough?
 'Tis Ceres' stalwart sons that, as I trow,
 Keep frolic ere their toils they must repeat;
 Jesu, the whips do crackle! Whom she greet,
 Untaxed to pass shall Bessy none allow.
 Then haste ye to bestow a solid boon,
 Good burghers all, lest the deep-driven share
 Make havoc at your houses, aye, too soon!
 Your fathers' alms have fed the tapers' glare
 On shrines of eld, and oft a wooden spoon
 Hath lent to later feasts a smile to wear.

XXVII.

In the Church of Saint Andrew the Great lie buried the widow and two sons of the celebrated navigator Captain Cook ; the former surviving her husband fifty-six years, and dying in 1835 at the advanced age of 94. The tablet relating to Captain Cook is within the altar-rails against the northern wall.

WITHIN the chancel of an holy house
A time-worn tablet, telling of the name
And lengthened annals of an ancient dame,
O'erlooks the sacred altar. Nought can rouse
This lady from the slumber that o'er-brows
Her peaceful head, and eke the placid frame
Of either son, alas, forbid to fame.
But where lies he, that aged widow's spouse?
On the remote Pacific's ocean-verge
'Mid hail of stones th' heroic husband bowed
His dagger-driven neck ; a distant dirge
Entombed the carnage of that Indian crowd ;
Yea, and made long lament the southern surge,
As scarce its master found a friendly shroud.

XXVIII.

In the place of honour in the ante-chapel of Trinity College is the celebrated statue of Newton, "qui genus humanum ingenio superavit." It was given in 1775 by Dr. Robert Smith, Master, and is one of Roubiliac's most successful works. The philosopher wears a Master of Arts' gown, holds a prism in his hand, and is looking upwards in meditation. Statues of Bacon by Weeks, of Barrow by Noble, and of Macaulay and Whewell by Woolner, are also here.

“ **H**E who in wit surpassed the human race.”
 So runs his title. See, erect he stands,
 Truth's champion, a prism within his hands,
 And Wisdom seated on his silent face.
 And who beside may hold the solemn space
 Hallowed beneath the sister-queens' commands?
 Four giants else, from Learning's ample bands,
 Have won within a jealous resting-place.
 These all achieved the mountain-height of fame :
 Then, if Fate's avalanche with fore-shock brief
 Have swept some climber from his cloud-capt aim,
 Here let him set the burden of his grief,
 And, filled with all the sweets that ever came
 From sweetest diapasons, find relief.

XXIX.

Pembroke College was founded in 1347 by Mary de Saint Paul, wife of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. The venerable appearance of this College caused Queen Elizabeth to salute it with these words—"O domus antiqua et religiosa!" Rogers, Bradford, and Ridley, all of whom suffered martyrdom, were of this College. Spenser (whose "Faerie Queene" was written in Ireland) entered here as a sizar in 1569, and his mulberry-tree rivals in interest Milton's at Christ's College.

“O ANCIENT and religious home!” So spake
The virginqueen, the while she viewed the house
Of Valence-Mary, mindful of the vows
Of holy men, that erst for conscience' sake
Feared not the fury of the flaming stake.
And shall not e'en to-day those mulberry-boughs,
Sweet ancient home, soft memories arouse
In lesser hearts that of thy love partake?
Yea, for the nursling of a poet's dawn
Still doth endure, tho' oft the wintry wind
Hath wept upon the martyr-haunted lawn—
Green monument of an all-gracious mind,
That, amid lone Ierne's hills withdrawn,
Failed not the guerdon of her Muse to find.

XXX.

Erasmus (a native of Rotterdam) studied in Queens' College about A. D. 1504. His study was at the top of the south-west tower of the court now called by his name. The timber bridge over the river was built in 1749. It leads to the grove, an inviting spot for meditation, shaded by lofty overhanging elms.

THE dog-star burns ; prithee, bring out thy book,
Pale student, and invite a noon's repose
Beneath yon elms, whose airy porticoes
Weep their dark shadows o'er the dimpled brook.
Dost mark how from the bridge his baited hook
The fisher-boy, a busy truant, throws ?
Dost list how sweet the water that o'erflows ?
'Twas for such tender haunts that one forsook
His father-land, Erasmus : sure the grove
So musical with summer's harmony
Oft called him from his studious tow'r to rove ;
And, as old Camus crept along the lea,
Oft he bethought him of his ancient love,
And of the noises of the Northern Sea.

XXXI.

The camp on the summit of the Gogmagog Hills (about three miles distant from Cambridge) is known as Wandlebury, or Vandlebury. It is doubtless of British origin, though the coins found there prove that it must have been early occupied by the Romans. It is the scene of a remarkable story told by Gervase of Tilbury in his "Otia Imperialia." This story was the chief source of the Host's Tale in the third Canto of Sir W. Scott's "Marmion."

O PILGRIM, that on Vandlebury camp
Pacest at eve th' intrenched hill-top's height,
Speed thy lone wandering, thou luckless wight !
For when the moon hath lit her mellow lamp
O'er the broad down, and all the dews are damp
About th' enchanted crest, an elfin knight
Shall issue forth, a lance-accoutred sprite,
And a steed's jetty teeth be heard to champ
Upon a jet-black bit. What recks the foe
That Osbert once from yonder Castle came
To find a fierce encounter? Ere cock-crow
The captive charger's eyes were all a-flame ;
Thé blood of Osbert's wound must yearly flow,
And the knight's rule is ever still the same.

XXXII.

Jesus College occupies the site of an old Benedictine nunnery dedicated to Saint Rhadegund and founded in the reign of Henry II. Its chapel is only second to that of King's College in beauty, and in many respects exceeds it in architectural interest. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, was a member of this College. He resided during one period of his life at Nether Stowey, a village at the foot of the Quantock Hills in Somersetshire.

SOFT is the slumber of the Quantock Hills,
As late descends upon the violet deep
The fruity gorse's breath ; when hushed in sleep
The twin Holmes lie, and from the ferny rills
Scarce a small voice the solemn prospect fills
Of elmy plains, that, 'neath the furzy steep,
Make faint re-echo of the folded sheep.
Here sought refreshment once from outer ills
A darling of the Muses ; such delight
Ne'er gave a cloister, from the clamorous brawl
Of sin sequestered, or the storied site
Of chapel chaste, or of a festal hall
An oriel rich : Stowey, thy church-tower's height
And lowly cottage were his all in all.

XXXIII.

Sir Christopher Wren, according to tradition, went once a year to survey the roof of King's College Chapel, and said that if any man would shew him where to place the first stone, he would engage to build such another. It has been stated (but erroneously) that all the windows of the Chapel were taken down and concealed at the time when the Long Parliament employed Commissioners to destroy all superstitious ornaments.

“TEACH ye the setting of the foremost stone,”

Feared not to cry th' amazeful architect

That yearly wont the royal roof t' inspect,

“And I will fashion e'en a kindred one.”

So spake he, but to teach this setting none

Hath yet sufficed : in virgin lustre deckt,

Rare creature of a rarer intellect,

Unwoo'd, unwedded, dwells this House alone.

And should a rosied key-stone e'er disclose

The builder's cunning, could thy wit repeat

The pictured hues that all around repose ?

Nay, for th' assemblage is so passing sweet,

That e'en the fingers of its awe-struck foes

Renounced their axes at th' Apostles' feet.

XXXIV.

The only remnant of Cambridge Castle, built by William the Conqueror in 1068, was demolished in 1842. Queen Mary is said to have given some of the stone from the ruined Castle to Sir John Huddleston of Sawston Hall, where she found shelter after the death of Edward VI. She was conveyed thence on horseback to Framlingham behind Sir John's servant, and her pursuers burnt the old house to the ground.

A MOUND, but where the Castle? Ah, 'tis gone,
The massy gate, that from the hill-top's crown
Nigh twice four hundred years did mind a town
How Norman dukes usurped an English throne.
'Tis gone : ye ruthless souls, 'twere meet t' atone
Such handiwork ; despite its ancient frown,
Th' embattled remnant rose of high renown.
With other heart, methinks, full many a stone
A faithful queen had from this fortress sent ;
Ne'er thought she not on all the vigilance,
That sped a convoy thro' the discontent
Of rebel bands : a proud inheritance
Of ivied walls and towers eminent
Stands token of a knight's allegiance.

XXXV.

About the year 1373, Chaucer is said to have studied in Cambridge, at Clare College ("Soler-halle"). This College, in point of antiquity the second existing collegiate foundation in Cambridge, was founded in 1326. It was rebuilt and re-endowed by the Countess of Clare in 1338. The scene of the "Reeves Tale" is laid at Trumpington, about two and a half miles from Cambridge.

CHAUCER, we claim thee : tho' the southern spires
Have writ thee down their own peculiar clerk,
A little brook that goes beside a park
Avows thee minstrel of our northern quires.
Hushed is the burden of those antique lyres,
The merry mill, and all its doings dark :
'Twas well, perhaps ; albeit 'tis sweet to mark
How the frail shallop in the flood retires.
Yet oft, I ween, amid those sombre yews,
When peers pale Cynthia thro' the honeyed gloom,
Stealeth adown the linden avenues
A footfall, and from out an upper room
A spirit's silver breath is heard to muse
How softly Camus laps the ivy-bloom.

XXXVI.

Some very pretty views are to be seen at the "Backs" of the Colleges in Cambridge, where the river winds behind Saint John's, Trinity, King's, Saint Catharine's, and Queens'. To these lovely glimpses of collegiate scenery each season lends its own peculiar charm. At the close of the May Term, a boat procession is held here upon the Cam.

TELL me, ye groves, when 'tis your zenith-time ;
Is't when upon each elm the fiery flush
Of orange Autumn sits, and grasses lush
Are golden-green—is 't then your beauty's prime ?
Is't when hoar Winter's deftly-finger'd rime
Hath spread its net upon each naked bush ?
Is't when Spring's clarion, the speckled thrush,
Trills from the tranced thorn his note sublime ?
Nay, 'tis upon some Summer eve of June,
When level lawns are set with old and young,
And, lo, from out the east the meek-eyed moon
Comes sailing, and I hear the oarsmen's tongue—
O God, my very soul is like to swoon ;
Thy beauty, Granta, hath but half been sung.



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