

One example of this kind will suffice :—

"One's languishing head is at rest,
It's thinking and aching are o'er,
This great immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceased to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again."

As illustrative of the third and last group numerous examples are to be found. Here the epitaph shows a rough and ready style which often typifies the people themselves. In the cemetery at Kittery Point, Maine, there is one example :—

"I lost my life on the raging seas,
A sov'reign God does as He please,
The Kittery grounds they did appear,
And my remains lie buried here."

At Milford, Connecticut, the following epitaph occurs :—

"Sacred to the memory of Aunt Jane Bent,
Who kicked up her heels and away she went."

As a final instance of this type, we may cite one from New London, Connecticut :—

"Beneath this monumental stone
Lies half a ton of flesh and bone."

D. P. P.

MONTREAL, Jan., 1893.

AN OLD COLLEGE LIBRARY.

There is something delightfully fascinating in an old library ; the dust of years, the repose, the silent witness that the slumbering, rarely disturbed books present of the studious lives and strange lines of thought and interest of the generations long departed, all these bring to one a sensation that no modern library, however great and rich and well arranged, can ever nearly invoke.

It was my good fortune to know and to haunt one such library, and a short and (*pace*, Mr. Editor) slightly misleading note of a treasure-trove of mine in the same that appeared in the last number of the FORTNIGHTLY has brought vividly to my mind the old room in which I passed so many a Sunday afternoon in Sabbatical quiet.

It is a long narrow room with rafters of the flattened arches type of the Tudor period, and with a row of arched two light windows on either side. From between the windows project the old carved oaken cases packed with books. Thus the library is cut up into a series of half a dozen recesses or alcoves on either side. Each recess lined with books, and having still in the centre the original oak table and stool for the students save where new shelves to hold modern additions have been interpolated. The morning sun is shrouded from entering by the chapel and the buildings of the little cloistered court, along one side of which the library runs ; the afternoon sun slants almost harmlessly in at the western window.

When old John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, Henry the

Seventh's chancellor, was seized with the desire to carry his name and fame down to posterity, he built for himself a wonderful tomb, which remains as one of the glories of his cathedral church ; and that he might yet further cause himself to be held in remembrance, he bethought himself of the University town within his diocese. He was a Yorkshireman and of a frugal mind, and there in Cambridge he saw his opportunity. Now-a-days, perchance his actions would have been characterized, in this province at least, in pretty strong language, but this was years before the Reformation. On the outskirts of the town was an old nunnery erected by Malcolm of Scotland in the twelfth century. The nunnery had seen better days—and so had the nuns, who, reduced in numbers and besmirched in character, were dispossessed by the Bishop through a papal dispensation. The nunnery underwent slight alterations, consisting largely in the plentiful adornment of the buildings with the episcopal coat-of-arms, and now at a nominal cost the wily Bishop gained all the glory of being the founder of the "College of the Blessed Mary the Virgin, St. John the Divine and the Glorious Virgin, St. Rhadegunde, commonly known as Jesus College"—for so runs the title in every deed up to the present day. And this occurred in 1496.

The few manuscripts of the Fathers and the service books of the old nunnery became the *nucleus* of the College library, which then, as a chamber, must have been disproportionately large for its contents. Nevertheless the Bishop was far-seeing : the room was chosen for the future. In each light of each window he placed his rebus, which was to become the College crest, —a Chanticleer sable and proper standing on a globe or banded sable. I cannot truly say that the bird is regardant or otherwise, inasmuch as on many of these windows *he* is made what photographic and other artists term three-quarter face, and therein to the best of my belief take points from the Heralds. But Heraldry is not my forte, and to prevent doubt I may say that the crest is a bird of the black Hambro' variety perched upon a golden globe. In each light under the crest was an inscription "lex canonica," "lex civilis," "ars medica," "Isaias," "Luca," and so on, indicating the books to be found in each set of shelves, while from the beak of the chanticleer floated a label bearing an appropriate text.

Some of the books at least were chained, though now-a-days but one of the old chains remains. In the course of the centuries also sundry of the stained windows have been removed to the College Hall, where the chanticleers are bound to be seen ; and as to the books, their arrangement has been profoundly modified, although still the works of Galen and Celsus are to be found in the recess dedicated to medicine, and theological books in general fill the shelves under the four evangelists and the major prophets.

To add to the individuality of the library, some travelled Fellow has presented in years gone by a rhinoceros' horn, an ostrich's foot, an elephant's thigh-bone, and a large shell. Another, a seventeenth century addition is to be seen in a tall old worm-eaten