

SEDGWICK," has recorded in characteristic language the manner in which he became possessed of the two collections, the authors of which seem to have somewhat interested him. Of Sanderson, he says: "During the summer of 1824 I visited the great quarries of chalk near Rosley, Cumberland, and purchased the following poems of the author, a common lime-burner, whose brains had been heated by the fumes of his kiln." Of Nicholson, he writes: "I met the author on the top of a coach. He was a rough son of the Muses, who was carrying bundles of his poems from village to village, and especially to the ale-houses, where he was too well known. 'In this kind of goods, I have all this side of Yorkshire to myself,' he said." A second relic which I show of Professor Sedgwick is Richard Owen's discourse on the Nature of Limbs, delivered, in 1849, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. It has the Professor's autograph as before, and, besides, a multitude of his pencillings, evidently made in an eager and rapid perusal of the book.

A memento of Professor Farish, Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, comes next. His career, however, began earlier in the University than Whewell's or Sedgwick's, but he was still giving his lectures in 1836, and I had the satisfaction of being present at some of them. They were on the practical application of mechanism to manufactures, to mining, ship building, fortification, and other matters. You might have thought it was Polonius himself who was lecturing, as you listened to the professor's simple, but earnest and effective language, and saw him suit the action to the word at every step, by constructing the part of the apparatus required, or exhibiting in use the implement spoken of. He was then quite an aged person, and the tones of his voice were those of an old man; but he spoke with vigour and shewed an unflagging enjoyment of his subject. His happy oval countenance ever wore a smile.

At the close of each demonstration, he would, in a playful way, suddenly break up the structure which he had contrived for his purpose, separating it rapidly into its constituent parts; or if it should happen to have been a mould for the casting of a cannon or a bell, or the wall of a fortified town, or an isolated fortress, that he had been expatiating on, he would run his wand ruthlessly through the moist sand which had been used, and reduce the whole in a moment to a state of chaos, like a child demolishing at a blow, the tower of cards a moment before laboriously built up. To enable him to effect promptly his numerous demonstrations, the professor had a wonderful collection of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, and blocks, and an ingenious method of extemporizing, as it were, then and there, a contrivance for each experiment, by means of clamps which fastened together firmly and quickly, the several parts of the required apparatus, which parts, presently taken all to pieces again, would do duty equally well immediately afterwards in some other combination. When everything was ready, the Professor would give the word of command, to his attendant in these terms: "Roger make it go!" Water was then turned on, and the desired movement instantly followed. The apparatus had been long in use, and sometimes there was a slight breakdown. Once, I remember, some rusted spots in the sheet iron reservoir suddenly gave way while the professor was mounted on the steps in front of it; the consequence was that several fine jets of water were projected horizontally from the well-filled tank, passing between parts of the professor's robes, and descending upon us in a most mysterious way. One feat of the professor's, I find, has survived in my memory with some vividness. I saw him make a hat; saw him clip off before our eyes in the lecture-room, the fur of a rabbit-skin, which was supposed to be beaver; shape it into a sort of bag; forcibly press it, all moist, upon a block,