

in his present position after Christmas : but whether he did remain or not, he would always regard the Address just presented to him, as one of the most cherished mementos of his connection with the University, and as an evidence that the students, for whom he had worked, had not been unmindful of his labors.

The Dean was frequently applauded, and the students have great hopes that they will not be deprived of his able services.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Printing is one of the oldest known inventions, dating as it does from 55 B. C. The first press introduced about this time was used by Julius Caesar, and indeed was taken on the ship in which he sailed to England. It was with this press that Julius printed the summons to surrender, which he sent to Caractacus on landing. The identical summons is still carefully preserved in the British Museum. It was found in a bog near Bristol, where some excavations were being made. Strange to say, it had not suffered from exposure to the dirt, and is now as good as when first printed. As Caesar did not land the press, the honor of introducing printing into England was reserved for Caxton, who afterwards printed "Three Men in a Boat" in Westminster Abbey.

Next to Caesar, Gutenberg was the greatest printer of the day. Gutenberg—who is known in History as Cassivelaunus—was much favored by Henry VIII, and had a printing press in a corner of Windsor Castle.

This brings to mind the death of the beautiful Anne Boleyn, who has been accused of all sorts of misconduct, by persons who knew nothing at all about the matter. Very few historians are aware that it was nothing but King Henry's jealousy of Gutenberg that brought the unfortunate Anne to her end. The following is the plain, unvarnished statement of facts:—Shortly before St. Valentine's day in the year 1533, Anne Boleyn, who was desirous of doing something to please her lord and master, commanded Gutenberg to print her a valentine in the form of a letter (that she might present it to her king,—printing being then a great novelty), at the same time handing him a written copy of the words she desired to be put therein. Now it so happened that the written copy occupied two separate sheets of paper, and the second sheet, which naturally contained the climax of the whole epistle, was full of the most vehement protestations of affection, and at the close were the words:

"From your affectionate
Anne Boleyn."

Now, while Gutenberg was in another chamber making the block for the first sheet, His Majesty stepped into the printing room, where, as ill luck would have it, the second sheet was lying. Henry read it, and thinking that the letter was intended for Gutenberg, sent his unfortunate Queen to the guillotine, at the same time ejecting Gutenberg, and smashing his press. It is to be lamented that the true story is known by so few; but the matter was hushed up at the time, out of consideration for King Henry. —Geoffrey of Monmouth and myself having been the only ones who have had the courage and gallantry to expose this huge piece of injustice. But to return to our narrative. It is said that once, while Caesar was touring through Gaul on his bicycle, he had a wager with Gutenberg, that he could print more opera tickets in an hour than Gutenberg could; and to settle the dispute, they made the experiment. When the time was about half up, and Caesar was ahead by three tickets, the fly-wheel of Caesar's press broke, and he, in a rage at having lost the wager, swore that he would have nothing more to do with printing. These tickets were subsequently used as billets of admission to the Arena Fabula, where Cicero was producing his latest tragedy "De Asinis."

It has been wondered why the Chinese persist in their awkward method of block printing, instead of employing presses. The following is from page 822 of the third volume of Wah Long, one of the oldest chronicles of the Chinese Empire, which states that about 2000 B. C., three Chinamen had gone to London, looking for work. They happened, while there, to see a cylinder press at work on the *Times*, and being anxious to know more of it, they returned the same night, and having crawled through the window of the printing house, started the press. All went well for a short time, until one of them, named Sing, more of a genius than the other two, thought that if he himself were to take the place of the type, he could have his own likeness imprinted on the paper, and thus have a picture of himself to hang up in his laundry.

Accordingly, having taken off his clogs, he inked himself thoroughly, laid down on the type bed, and requested his compatriots to start the machine. This they did, whereupon, when he found himself being drawn into the press, Sing sang with all his might: but the machine was well under way, and no doubt mistaking him for a sheet of paper, printed him on both sides, cut him and folded him, depositing him at last on the table.

The strength of the machine made a deep impression on Sing's companions—as also on Sing. Slowly they gathered up the remains and carried them back to China. There they told the story to the Emperor, who embalmed the pieces, keeping the skin as