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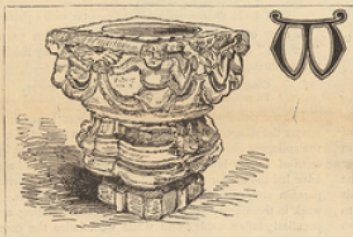
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KING'S COLLEGE AND CHAPEL, FROM KING'S PARADE



OLD FONT IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH

HETHER CAMBRIDGE OR OXFORD was of the greater antiquity was a matter which down to the close of the last century greatly exercised the minds of University men. At the present day, the impression that Oxford is the elder University is so generally prevalent that it would be vain to attempt to counteract it. Yet, although Cambridge cannot boast of any Colleges founded by King Alfred, and has long disregarded the fable of "Cantaber, a Spaniard, three hundred and seventy-five years before the birth of our Saviour, who thither first brought and planted the Muses," she still begins her roll of benefactors with the name of "Sigebert, King of the East Angles, who established schools here in the year 630 A.D." These schools probably were in existence at the Norman Conquest, and some authorities maintain that it was at Cambridge that William's son, Henry I., gained

his well-known *soubriquet* of Beaulerc. Speed tells us that "when the Normans had gotten the garland on their heads, and the Danish storms turned into sunshine days, Gislebert the monk, with Odo, Tetricus, and William, in the Reign of King Henry the First, resorted unto this place, and in a publick Barne read the Lectures of Grammar, Logicke, and Rhetorick, and Gislebert Divinise upon the Sabbath and Festival dayes. From this little fountain (saith Peter Bllessensis) grew a great River, which made all England fruitful, by the many Masters and Teachers proceeding out of Cambridge as out of a holy Paradise of God."

Favoured alike by Church and State, by the Bishops of Ely and Norwich, by Edward III. and the Black Prince, by York and Lancaster, by the sainted Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou no less than by Elizabeth Woodville, by the strong-minded mother of Henry VII., and, above all, by

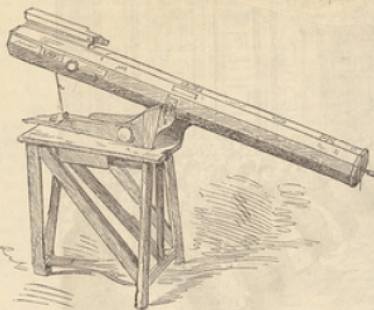


THE MAY RACES ON THE CAM—A BUMP

known as the Clock Tower, originally stood where the sundial now is, and was moved back to its present position when the Great Court was formed. Over a similar gate-horse on the opposite side of the Court is a statue of Queen Mary of sanguinary memory, of which Count de Montalembert remarked that it was the only memorial which he had seen in either University of "that truly Catholic princess." Behind the Hall are the charming cloisters of Neville's Court, and opposite the doors of the Hall, down a dark passage, is the great kitchen, one of the sights of Cambridge, with its huge fire-places, in front of which, in term time, seven or eight spits may sometimes be seen turning, each loaded with saddles and sirloins. The kitchen was once the Hall of one of the earlier colleges, and its lofty open roof supplies abundance of fresh air to the perspiring cooks below. In the Dining Hall hang a series of huge pictures of Bacon, Newton, Dryden, Cowley, and other college notables, but the only pictures of any artistic merit are one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the little Duke of Gloucester, and a fine portrait of the present Master by Herkomer. Passing through the cool arcades of Neville's Court we come to the College Library, one of the most beautiful rooms in Cambridge, containing several relics of Sir Isaac Newton—his walking-stick and his telescope, as well as the original MSS., blotted and interlined, of Milton's "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost." At the upper end of the room stands Thersites' fine statue of Lord Byron, and beyond it a door and balcony looks out of the quiet Library upon the green avenue leading to the bridge. Crossing the bridge the avenue still leads the eye away to a distant church spire, which in former days was said to be typical of the destiny of Fellows of Trinity. But we have yet much left to see, and must not linger to look at the lawn tennis players in the two large square paddocks, surrounded by shady walks under the old limes and horse chestnuts. Following the river along one side of the north "paddock" we cross an iron bridge over the backwater which forms the frontier of Trinity, and reach St. John's, the next college in point of size. The buildings beyond the river are by Rickman, the author of the well-known book on mediæval architecture; and although the cottages look too thin, and exception may be taken to several points of detail, yet, as a whole, they compare very favourably with many later buildings in the same style. In the rich Jacobean Court next the river on the other side is the mark of the point reached by the



CARVED HANDLE OF WALKING-STICK
Formerly Owned by Sir Isaac Newton



SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TELESCOPE
Now in Trinity Library

great food of 1795. These two courts are united by a covered bridge, the idea of which is said to have been suggested by the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. The older part of St. John's, on the right bank, consists of three courts, built of a rich-red brick, with gables over the upper windows. The old Chapel formerly stood in the first court, but now only the foundations remain, to mark the place of its walls. The new Chapel, one of the largest modern buildings in Cambridge, consists of a choir, two transepts, and a lofty tower, and is of imposing size, and a grandeur worthy of the great college to which it belongs. St. John's was founded by "Lady Margaret," as all Johnians affectionately call their patroness, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt—who was the mother of Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII. She is "Margaret, the saintly foundress," by whose side Wordsworth was proud to think his portrait was to hang; and the fine west window of the new Chapel, dedicated "To the glory of God and Lady Margaret," by the members of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, shows that her memory is still green in the college which she built on the site of the dissolved Priory of St. John.

Magdalen College, on the further side of the river, which is here crossed by what is known as the Great Bridge, will interest most of our readers chiefly from having had the honour of educating Mr. Samuel Pepps. The only record, however, of his undergraduate days which can be found in the College books is an entry about Mr. Pepps and a friend being reproved by the College authorities for "having been scandalously over-served with beer the night before." A fine gabled building at the back of the second court bears the inscription, "Bibliotheca Peppiana," and contains his library in the original bookcases, the making of which he describes in his Diary. The Diary itself, in its almost unintelligible cypher, is to be seen here, and was thoroughly translated by the late Rev. Myrton Bright, who was for many years tutor of the College. Old Pepps left his library to his college with the proviso that if it was not

taken due care of, it should revert to Trinity; and it is said that the Trinity librarian keeps a sharp look-out for any *laches* which may entitle him to claim its treasures.

The garden of Magdalen is bounded towards the north by a steep bank, which is said to have formed part of the rampart of the Roman "castra stativa," and it is overlooked by the strange mound known as Castle Hill, where William the Conqueror made his headquarters while Hereward held the Camp of Refuge near Ely. Traces of the great Causeway made by the Normans across the Fens are still to be found, and the remains of a Castle existed until the present century, when they were destroyed to make room for the town Law Courts. From the top of Castle Hill is obtained the best view of Cambridge. The square tower among the trees near the river marks the position of Jesus College, the most secluded college in Cambridge, of which James L. remarked that if he lived at Cambridge he would pray at King's, dine at Trinity, and sleep at Jesus. This was originally the Nunnery of St. Rhadegunde, and in the south transept may be seen the grave of one of the abbesses, with the epitaph:

MORIBUS ORNATA JACET HIC BONA BERTHA ROSATA.

The chancel of Jesus Chapel is the finest specimen of Early English work in Cambridge. The college was founded by Alcock, Bishop of Ely, and his "rebus," a cock standing upon a globe, is carved on the arched doorway leading into the quaint cloister, and appears in the glass of the oriel windows of the Hall. Jesus is fortunate in standing in extensive grounds, surrounded on three sides by a grove of trees, with ample space for cricket and football, and courts for lawn-tennis. It also stands conveniently near the University boat-houses, and its college eight-oar has long been head of the river.



BISHOP ALCOCK'S REBUS,
JESUS COLLEGE

Returning up Jesus Lane we find Sidney Sussex College, once the "Grey Friars." "Is it not a little one?" said old Fuller, who was himself a Sidney man. Yet, small though it be, it must not be passed by unvisited, for it was the College of Oliver Cromwell, whose name may still be seen in the college books. Underneath some Royalist has written "Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus," and so on for four lines of choice Latin vituperation. In the audit-room hangs a fine portrait of Cromwell, by Cooper, his contemporary, and the college owns a beautiful basin and ewer, said to be the work of Desvenuto Cellini. The subject of college plate reminds us of the "Poison Cup" of Clare, at the bottom of which is set a stone, which, it is believed, changes colour if poison be poured into the cup.

As we pass on from Sidney, Petty Cury must be noticed, both because of its charming old wooden houses, now unhappily destroyed, though their main features have been reproduced in a new brick and stone building erected opposite to their site, and also on account of its enigmatical name;



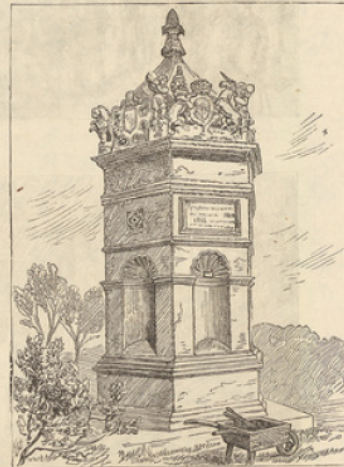
BACK OF OLD HOUSES, PETTY CURY

though most authorities are now agreed that Cury is not a contraction for *curry*, but is the old English word for kitchen. A cookery book published in the reign of Richard II. is named the "Forme of Cury," and it seems possible that our familiar "curry" is the same word, transplanted to India by adventurers in the Middle Ages, and thence reimported as a novelty. Here, too, is the old Falcon Inn, with the open courtyard with galleries common in old inns, which is said to have been the original of the pit and boxes of a modern theatre. The tarred archway near the end of Petty Cury is the entrance to Christ's College, founded by Lady Margaret of Richmond and Derby upon the site of a monastery called God's House, established here by Henry VI. Amid the pleasant walks of the garden will be found "Milton's mulberry-tree," and a secluded bathing-place, said to be inhabited by a carp of immemorial antiquity. Emmanuel, the next college in St. Andrew's Street, was founded by Sir Walter Milnary. Readers of Marcellay will remember that it was here that Sir W. Temple forgot the little Latin and Greek which he brought from school, although the celebrated Cudworth was his tutor. In bygone days "Emmanuel Parlor," as the Combination-Room was called, seems to have been a sort of centre for that social University life which has been rendered impossible by the modern

high-pressure system, but of which we can glean some idea from Gunning's "Recollections."

Nearly opposite Emmanuel stands the fine old "Castle Inn," said to have been built in the year of Queen Elizabeth's death, of which, and of the richly-carved wooden house, now used as Foster's Bank, we give an illustration.

And now we have seen as much of Cambridge as many a visitor sees; but, unless he walks in the direction of Newnham, where the Ladies' Colleges and Ridley and Selwyn Halls form a new academic quarter, he may miss seeing Queen's College, and the "Backs of the Colleges," as the delightful combination of foliage and architecture seen from the river is called. Queen's College was founded by the ill-fated Queen Margaret of Anjou in 1448. Sir John Wenlock laid the first stone of the chapel in April of that year. On it was inscribed, in Latin, "The Lord shall be a refuge



HOBSON'S CONDUIT

for the Lady Margaret, of which this stone is witness." This was a little before the second war between York and Lancaster, in which Sir John Wenlock was killed, King Henry VI. and his Queen, the foundress, defeated and forced to fly to Scotland, and the King at length murdered. Yet Margaret's College did not suffer by her fall, for Queen Elizabeth Woodville, the wife of Edward IV., was so considerable a benefactress that she is now annually commemorated as a co-foundress of the college.

Beyond an unhappy classical "improvement" of one of its courts, Queen's College has been as little altered as any college in Cambridge. The great wooden clock-turret is a modern addition; but the rest of the old red-brick courts, with their quaint passages under the low-browed brick arcades of the cloister, the "President's gallery," with its overhanging oriel and beautiful garden-front, and the gate-tower, with its rich lierne vault, the only one of its kind in Cambridge, have hardly been touched, except for necessary repairs. The Hall has been somewhat over-loaded with colour in the course of a recent restoration. Over the Fellows' table, in the place of honour, hangs a fine painting of Queen Elizabeth Woodville; and white and red roses on the walls remind us of the lines of Gray. From the cloister a complicated wooden bridge leads across the river, which here is almost over-arched by trees in summer-time, into a maze of shady walks upon what was once an island. From this we gain the best view of the red gables of the river front, reflected on the still water below, and can obtain a glimpse of the quaint oriel which overlook the President's garden. A little lower down the river one of the finest views in Cambridge may be seen from King's Bridge, looking over the great lawn which slopes from the front of the river. In front is Clare, with its curious broken-backed bridge, and the avenue leading up to it. To the left are the tall elm-trees which skirt the road, and form a clump in the meadow, and on the right is the west end of King's Chapel and Gibbe's noble classical building of white Portland stone. On the water will probably be seen undergraduates in boats, some rowing, some pretending to read, most of them smoking, and all more or less consciously enjoying the most enjoyable scene in Cambridge.

HOBSON'S CONDUIT

A VERY pleasing feature in Cambridge is the stream of clear water which runs down each side of the two principal streets. These are due to the liberality of old Hobson the carrier, with whom originated the proverb of "Hobson's choice, that or none." Hobson, according to local tradition, kept a livery-stable, and always insisted on his customers taking the horse which stood next the door, instead of choosing an animal for themselves. Besides the "rums," as the watercourses are locally termed, Hobson built the conduit which bears his name, which originally stood in the Market Place, but was taken down in 1856, and removed to its present position at the end of the little canal on the Trumpington



A FOOTBALL MATCH ON PARKER'S PIECE



THE SENATE HOUSE—THE VICE-CHANCELLOR CONFERRING DEGREES



CAUGHT IN THE ACT—"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, AND COLLEGE, SIR?"



THE "FALCON" INN, PETTY CURY

CAMBRIDGE ILLUSTRATED



