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Copies of the Autotype Photograph of the Medallion of Lady Margaret (Carte de Visite Size) may be obtained from the Secretary, Price 6d. each.



COMMEMORATION SERMON, 1875.

[The Commemoration Sermon was preached on May 6th, 'St. John Port Latin,' which this year fell on Ascension Day. The Preacher was the Rev. Arthur Malortie Hoare, late Fellow and Classical Lecturer of this College, and now rector of Fawley, near Southampton. We are indebted to his kindness for permission to print the following extracts from the Sermon.—ED.]

2 KINGS ii. 9.

And it came to pass when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.

* * *

THE history itself is suggestive of thoughts not inappropriate to this our College Anniversary. Two figures engross our attention. One is the receding form of the Prophet Elijah, as he is withdrawn from the scene of his labours; the other, that of his faithful follower Elisha, filled with the desire to emulate his great Master's example, and to carry on his work in his spirit.

But to us, who can embrace in one review the history of both these men, there is more than this. There is a scene which has been repeated again and again in the history of the world. There is the man of heroic courage and indomitable zeal, who seems to have laboured in vain and to have spent his strength for nought; his life apparently a failure, the good results which once showed themselves, swept away by the advancing flood of evil; the man himself

passing away, however glorious his end, with the sense of disappointment weighing heavily on his spirit. Yet, for all this, he is leaving behind him a mark stamped on the age in which he lived; a seed sown, though he knew it not, from which others will reap an abundant harvest. His mission has not been in vain. It may have swept over the land like the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire, in which "the Lord was not," but it has done its work, it has purified the air, it has prepared the way for the "still small voice" which now can make itself heard.

Hence, there is a marked contrast between the career of Elisha and that of his great predecessor; a contrast both in the manner of his life and in the success of his mission. Not secluded in the desert or the mountain; not marked as a prophet by the rough mantle or the long shaggy locks; Elisha dwells in his own house in the royal city, or is a welcome guest with the rich and great. His miracles are of mercy rather than judgment. His life is not one long and hopeless struggle, but a course of seeming success and of widespread influence. He is the friend and counsellor of kings. When his end draws near, the king of Israel himself comes to his bedside and weeps over his face, uttering the same passionate lament with which the prophet had once mourned for Elijah, "Oh my father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

There is one notable point in which Elisha seems to have followed up his master's work with more marked success. The close at least of Elijah's life is intimately connected with the schools of the sons of the prophets, and it is scarcely too much to believe that if they did not owe their revival to his efforts, at least they owed a fresh impulse to his teaching. In the history of Elisha, these schools of the sons of the prophets occupy a chief share of his interest and attention; the time was

come when the good work could be carried on by the silent influence of such institutions; a power that could penetrate the home-life of the people and leaven the very heart of society. Nor did Elisha think it inconsistent with his great Master's bequest thus to adapt his course to the different requirements of the times. He still carried with him his Master's spirit; he was known as the "holy man of God, who passeth by us continually;" when need was, he confronted kings with the fearlessness of Elijah himself; but he was content, for the most part, with the calm and less obtrusive part which was marked out for him—he was content to gather where another had strayed.

And surely, in this respect, the charge which Elijah left to his faithful successor offers an analogy to that which we inherit from our ancient Founders.

Their lot was cast in troublous times, and, in addition to other elements of anxiety, no doubt they looked with some fear and misgiving on the newly-awakened mental activity and the revival of learning, which marked the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century, fearing lest the cause of Truth should suffer, and its ancient landmarks be lost sight of. But they felt also that such a revival could not be resisted, but might be guided. They believed that the best safeguard for Church and State was to be found in a supply of faithful men, duly qualified to serve God whether in the ministry of His Church or in the secular callings of life; and, therefore, desired in the very words of our pious Foundress, "that places be established where the laws of God be more specially learned, taught, and preached, and scholars to the same intent be brought up in virtue and cunning, for the increase of Christ's faith."

For this end they laboured, some—like Bishop Fisher—in the face of difficulties that would have damped a less ardent spirit and baffled a less resolute

will. They laboured, and we have entered into their labour. Surely, with this goodly inheritance, we ought like Elisha, to aspire to the double portion of their spirit, to the elder son's birthright of zeal, of wisdom, of piety.

Every man who leaves behind him the influence of a holy life, and the power of a bright example is a benefactor to the whole human race. But those who have devoted their energies and given their substance to secure to after ages such rare and singular advantages as we enjoy in these ancient seats of learning, for the pursuit of knowledge in all its branches, for the cultivation of science, for the enjoyment of a life devoted to the attractions of literature, and undistracted by the cares and anxieties which attend every other profession—have established a claim, beyond all others, upon the gratitude and dutiful allegiance of those who have inherited this bequest. And though as time rolls on, and circumstances alter, the true intentions of our Founders cannot be carried out without deviating from the letter of their original injunctions; in some cases even altering the original destination of endowments (as our own College rose on the suppression of the old Hospital of St. John's, or as the three perpetual daily masses with divine services and observances, for the health of the soul of our Foundress, have long disappeared from our ritual)—still the animating spirit should never be lost: that spirit the desire to promote the glory of God and the increase of the faith of Christ; the resolve to cast the weight of our talents and our influence into the scale of religion; publicly to take our side with the defenders, not the assailants of Christian faith, and in our own life and conversation to adorn the faith which we profess.

I trust and believe that our ancient College in its long career has endeavoured, honourably and

faithfully, to discharge its high responsibility. It was the testimony of old Thomas Baker in his day, on a review of its past history, "One thing I will say for it,—as no house hath undergone greater turns and varieties of fortune, so no one has been more true to orthodox principles than this has been." Nor do I believe that in later times we have degenerated or proved unworthy of this character. I might speak of those whom we recognise as standard-bearers, such as the two men who have last held the Professorship of Divinity, to which our Foundress attached such primary importance; one, John James Blunt, who, by the extent of his learning, the soundness of his judgment, and the impressiveness of his eloquence, did, I believe, more than any other man, to mould the minds of all who came under his influence, after the true type of the Church of England; the other, William Selwyn, who has been so lately called to his rest; and who, by his brilliant talents, his holiness of life, and his kind and gentle disposition, gave additional lustre to the name he bore, a name known through the world, and known only to be honoured and loved.

But the true influence of a College may be more honestly tested by its effect on the rank and file who have passed from its discipline to fight the battle of life.

What manner of men are they? In one respect they are especially distinguished, I mean by the spirit of brotherhood to each other, and dutiful allegiance to their College, which they mostly carry with them into the world; an allegiance deservedly gained by a College which has always had a helping hand for the poor and deserving scholar, and which retains so active and kindly an interest in its old members. But more than this: not long ago a remark was made to me by a clergyman, well qualified to judge, how often when some work was to be done requiring

industry, good sense, and practical ability, he had observed, that the person to whom all looked at such a time, had proved to be a member of this College. If this be so, if we find those of our body who are scattered through the country to be thus diligent, able, and conscientious, in discharging the ordinary duties of citizens, or if we find them as ministers of Christ, to be sober-minded, sound in the faith, firmly attached sons of the "Church of England, as distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross;" not gaining notoriety by eccentricities of vestment, or extravagances of Ritual, but striving to win souls by simple earnestness and by faithful labour; in one word, seeking the old paths and content to walk therein; then we may feel that the training which has made them such is a training which has well and faithfully carried out the spirit of our Foundress. Brilliant success and high University distinction is of necessity limited to comparatively few, even in a College which has always gained its full share—often far more than seemed to be its share—of the highest University honours. But it is a great thing, a worthy object of ambition, especially in days like these, to impress upon the great mass of our students sound principles of reasoning as well as high principles of action, to give them the power of facing difficulties with calmness and weighing them with soberness, to enable them in Science to distinguish facts from inferences, and to recognise the value the other; in Theology to distinguish that which is essential to the truth from that which is only incidental to the form of its expression



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

THERE once was a time when I revelled in rhyme,
 and poems produced by the dozens,
 Translated Tibullus and half of Catullus, with Valen-
 tines deluged my cousins.
 Now my tale is nigh told, for my blood's running
 cold, all my laurels lie yellow and faded.
 "We have come to the boss;"* like a weary old hoss,
 poor Pegasus limps and is jaded.
 And yet Mr. Editor, like a stern Creditor, duns me for
 this or that article,
 Though he very well knows, that of verse and of prose,
 I am stripped to the very last particle.
 What shall I write of? What subject indite of? All my
vis viva is failing;
Emeritus sum, Mons Parnassus is dumb, and my prayers
 to the Nine unavailing.—
 Thus in vain have I often, attempted to soften the hard
 heart of Mr. Arenæ;
 Like a sop, I must throw him some sort of a poem, in
 spite of unwilling Camenæ.
 * * * * *
 No longer I roam in my Johnian home, no more in the
 'wilderness' wander;
 And absence we know, for the Poet says so, makes the
 heart of the lover grow fonder.

* [*iam pervenimus usque ad umbilicos.* Martial iv. 91.—ED.]

I pine for the Cam like a runaway lamb, that misses
 his woolly-backed mother ;
 I can find no relief for my passionate grief, nor my
 groanings disconsolate smother.
 Say how are you all in our old College Hall? Are the
 dinners more costly, or plainer?
 How are Lecturers, Tutors, Tobacco and Pewters, and
 how is my friend the Complainer?
 Are the pupils of Merton, and students of Girton,
 increasing in numbers, or fewer?
 Are they pretty, or plain? Humble-minded, or vain?
 Are they paler, or pinker, or bluer?
 How's the party of stormers, our so-called Reformers?
 Are Moral and Natural Sciences
 Improving men's minds? Who the money now finds,
 for Museums, and all their appliances?
 Is Philosophy thriving? or sound sense reviving? is
 high-table talk metaphysic?
 Will dark blue or light, have the best of the fight, at
 Putney, and Mortlake, and Chiswick?
 I often importune the favour of Fortune, that no mis-
 adventurè may cross us,
 And Rhodes once again on the watery plain, may
 prove an Aquatic Colossus.—
 [N.B. since I wrote I must add a short note, by means
 of new fangled devices,
 Our "Three" was unseated and we were defeated, and
 robbed of our laurels by Isis.]—
 O oft do I dream of the muddy old stream, the Father
 of wisdom and knowledge,
 Where ages ago I delighted to row for the honour and
 praise of my College.
 I feel every muscle engaged in the tussle, I hear the
 wild shouting and screaming ;
 And as we return I can see from the stern Lady
 Margaret's red banner streaming.

Till I wake with a start, such as Nightmares impart,
 as I find myself rapidly gliding,
 And striving in vain at my ease to remain on a seat
 that is constantly sliding.
 Institutions are changed, men and manners deranged,
 new systems of rowing and reading,
 And writing and thinking, and eating and drinking,
 each other are quickly succeeding.
 Who knows to what end these new notions all tend?
 No doubt all the world is progressing,
 For Kenealy and Odgers, those wide-awake dodgers,
 the wrongs of mankind are redressing.
 No doubt we shall soon take a trip to the moon, if we
 need recreation or frolic ;
 Or fly to the stars in the New Pullman Cars, when we
 find the dull earth melancholic.
 We shall know the delights of enjoying our *rights*
 without any *duties* to vex us ;
 We shall know the unknown ; the Philosopher's stone
 shall be ours, and no problems perplex us ;
 For all shall be patent, no mysteries latent ; man's
 mind by intuitive notion,
 The circle shall square, x and y shall declare, and
 discover perpetual motion.
 Meanwhile till the Earth has accomplished its birth,
 mid visions of imminent glory,
 I prefer to remain, as aforetime, a plain and bloated
 and bigoted Tory.
 * * * * *
 Dear Mr. Editor, lately my Creditor, now fully paid and
 my debtor,
 I wonder what you will be minded to do, when you get
 this rhapsodical letter,
 If you listen to me (I shall charge you no fee for advice)
 do not keep or return it ;
 To its merits be kind, to its faults rather blind ; in a
 word, Mr. Editor, burn it !

"ARCULUS."



GLIMPSSES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

TO all who find a deli-
that are gone, and in peopling the scenes they
know so well with the men who once moved
in them, in picturing to themselves their pursuits,
their pastimes, and even their costumes—who love to
linger over the events of the past, and to seek in them
lessons for the present—good service has been done
by the author, or, as he is careful to call himself, the
compiler of “University Life in the Eighteenth
Century.” He modestly speaks of himself as having
merely carted the old materials to a clear spot, and
as leaving the work of reconstruction to other hands,
or to his own, when they shall have learnt the mason’s
craft. Yet no one can read his book without being
conscious of the presence of the glow of enthusiasm,
the ardour of the genuine lover of truth, which not
only tells us the secret of the thoroughness with
which he has done the carter’s work, but is also a
pledge that, should he ever essay it, the mason’s
work will be done equally well.

It may not, perhaps, be an entirely fruitless task for
our *Eagle* to hover for a few minutes over the heap,
descending, ever and anon, to pick up any stone which
evidently came from our own eyrie, or which, either
from its bright polish, or from its capacity for with-

* *Social Life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century.*
Compiled by Christopher Wordsworth, M.A. Deighton, 1874.

standing the assaults
deserving of inspection.

We are reminded (pp. 14, 15,) how ‘among the
clergy, who maintained their strict adherence to the
doctrine, that a king could not abdicate, much less be
constrained to resign, his functions, and that no wrong
suffered could compensate an act which they believed
not right,’ were twenty-eight fellows of St. John’s, ‘a
number of non-jurors, equal to that produced by all
the colleges of Oxford and the rest of those of Cambridge
combined’; and how, after the death of Humphrey
Gower, Master of St. John’s, their brave protector,
twenty-two Fellows were ejected ‘on the fatal Jan. 21,
1716-17, when the ejected had sinned not by denying,
but merely by declining to affirm the omnipotence of
Parliament to dispense with oaths!’ The Life of
Ambrose Bonwicke is appealed to as shewing that he
was not alone in adhering to his old allegiance to
King James, ‘his brother Philip and their chum who
shared their college chamber in common with them,’
being of the same mind. On the subject of the introduc-
tion of this chum, we have the correspondence between
Ambrose and his father.* The latter was somewhat
averse to the arrangement, from a dread of an
outbreak of bad principles, or small-pox. By the
statutes of St. John’s, ‘every Doctor, preacher, and
member of the seniority, was to have one chamber to
himself, with two Scholars if he pleased. Two
Fellows at most were to be in one room, or four
Scholars. The Fellows, Scholars, and Students, who
were above fourteen years of age, were to sleep alone,
or two in a bed, according to the judgment of the
Master and Seniors. The elder students were to
superintend the conduct of their junior chums
(*concubicularii*). And if a Fellow were at any time
introduced into the chamber of which they had been

* Mr. Mayor. Preface to the life of A. Bonwicke, ib. pp. 34-38.

head, they were to surrender to him the library or study (*musaeum*) and other furniture of the room. A high-bed was provided for the tutor, a truckle-bed for the scholar or scholars.

In the eighteenth century, however, the custom of chumming, though universal, and, in particular, we do not then "hear of any Senior Member of a College sharing a chamber with an Undergraduate. This was owing in a great measure to the change which was passing over University society. The social aristocracy, which had prevailed in the Universities in the days of George Herbert and Francis Bacon, of Sir Henry Wotton and the Norths, had grown well-nigh extinct there at the end of the eighteenth century, and the remnant which remained no longer coalesced with the bulk of the community. The unhappy divisions in the country and in the University made it no longer possible for that intimacy to exist between tutor and pupil which had been so admirably exemplified in the martyr Nicolas Ridley, when he had been tutor in Pembroke Hall, and of whom his pupil bears witness that 'his behaviour was very obliging, and very pious, without hypocrisy or monkish austerity; for very often he would shoot in the bow or play tennis with me.' It will be remembered also how later in the sixteenth century Roger Ascham loved to practise archery in St. John's, at Cambridge, in accordance with the statutes of his College, and how well he preached what he practised in his *Book of Shooting*."

A less pleasant aspect of this intimacy between Fellows and Undergraduates is presented to us by a writer in 1792, who says: 'Fellows and Tutors of almost every College join frequently without scruple in the extravagant parties, and occasionally in the excesses of their richer pupils.' 'So too,' continues Mr. Wordsworth, 'the great Wilberforce, when, as a

good-natured Undergraduate at St. John's, Camb. (1776—1779), he was at any moment ready to receive visitors, who found the great Yorkshire pie always inviting their attack; was foolishly encouraged in idleness by some of the Fellows of his College, because forsooth he was a talented young man of fortune, and did not need to work to earn his bread! But this was not universally the case.'

The following passage gives us a curious glimpse of College discipline a hundred years ago: "It was agreed at a College meeting in St. John's, 19 Dec., 1764, 'that if any Undergraduate make any disturbance in the hall at the time when any other Undergraduate is reading an acknowledgment of his offences by order of the Deans or a superior officer, he who

A few years earlier it was "Ordered by the Master and Seniors 'that no Scholars ever presume to loiter or walk backwards and forwards in any of the courts or cloysters; and that when the names shall have been called over by order of the Master, all shall depart quietly to their chambers, as they shall answer it at their peril.'"

In Jas. Miller's *Humours of Oxford*, 1730, Mr. Wo
illustration of the practice of setting impositions:

'We have a company of formal old surly Fellows, who take pleasure in making one act contrary to one's conscience; and tho', for their own parts, they never see the inside of a Chappel throughout the Year, yet if one of us miss but two Mornings in a Week, they'll set one a plaguy *Greek* Imposition to do, that ne'er a one of them can read when 'tis done, And so i'gad I write it in *French*, for they don't know one from t'other.'

In the course of two hundred years the mode of living had changed considerably from that described by Thomas Lever, Fellow and Preacher of St.

John's, who, in his sermon at 'Paules crofse' in 1550, told how 'there be dyuers ther whych ryfe dayly betwixte foure and fyve of the clocke in the mornyng, and from fyue vntyll fyxe of the clocke, vfe common prayer wyth an exhortacion of gods word in commune chappell, and from fyxe unto ten of the clocke vfe euer eyther pryuate study or commune lectures. At ten of the clocke they go to dynner, whereas they be contente wyth a penyce pyece of byefe amongest iiii, hauyng a few porage made of the brothe of the same byefe, with salte and otemell, and nothyng els.

'After thys slender dynner they be either teachyng or learnyng vntyll v. of the clocke in the evenyng, when as they have a supper not much better then theyr dyner. Immedyatelye after the whyche, they go eyther to reafonyng in problemes or vnto some other studye, vntyll it be nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng wythout fyre are fayne to walk or runne vp and downe halfe an houre, to gette a heaté on their feete whan they go to bed.

'These be menne not werye of theyr paynes, but very forye to leue theyr studye: and sure they be not able some of theym to contynue for lacke of necesarye exhibicion and relefe. These be the luyng fayntes whyche serue god takyng greate paynes in abstinence, studye, laboure, and dylygence, wyth watching and prayer.'

We learn from Mr. Wordsworth (p. 125) that "in 1755 and for many years after every College dined at 12 o'clock, and the students after dinner flocked to the philosophical disputations which began at 2. At St. John's, in 1799, it was 'agreed that the hour for dinner be 2 o'clock during non-term.' We may, perhaps, assume that even in 1550 there were some men who were sometimes 'werye of theyr paynes,' and who devoted the evening to some social meeting akin to what we find as an established custom at the close of the last century, when "at 8 P.M. the

'Sizing Bell' was rung to shew that the 'Sizing Bill' was ready. This was a bill of fare for the evening, with the prices marked. Each guest of the 'Sizing Party' ordered, at his own expense, whatever he fancied, to be carried to the entertainer's rooms: 'a part of fowl' or duck; a roasted pigeon; 'a part of apple pie,' &c. The host supplied bread, butter, cheese, and beer, a beaker or a large teapot full of punch, which was kept upon the hob. 'These teapots were of various sizes (some of them enormous), and supplied by the bedmakers, who charged according to size. Nothing could be more unexceptionable than these meetings.' Wine was not allowed."

At both Universities everyone 'arrayed himself for dinner in white waistcoat, and white stockings, and low shoes (for boots or gaiters were not allowed to be worn at dinner-time at Trinity or at St. John's even in the early part of the present century); and his wig (or, latterly, his own hair) was combed, curled, and powdered.' Taste in dress would seem to have become less extravagant since the days when the Elizabethan statutes of 1570 forbade 'any Scholar to wear a plumed hat, unless he were unwell,' and expressed a wish 'that no one, dwelling in the University on pretence of study, shall presume to wear more than a yard and a half of cloth on the outside of his hose, or shall walk forth in reticulated, slashed, silk-sewn, in any way padded or stuffed hose, on pain of incurring a fine of 6s. 8d. as often as he shall have offended herein.'

Proctors are hardly likely now-a-days to have such a charge brought against them as that preserved 'in a MS. letter of the same date in the library of Corpus Christi C.C.'

'As touching the statute of apparel, none in all the University do more offend against that statute than the two proctors who should give best ensample,

and these other two regents, Nicolls and Browne, who do not only goe very disorderly in Cambridge, waring for the most part their hatts and continually verve unsemly ruffles at their hands, and greate Galligaskens and Barreld hooese stuffed with horse Tayles, with skabilonians,* and knitt nether stockes to fine for Schollers: but also not disguysedlie these goe abroade waringe such Apparrell even at this time in London (although like hipocrites they come at this time outwardlie covered with the Scholler's weed before your honours).'

Is there any danger of our returning in time to a mode of adorning the person strictly forbidden by Lord Burleigh as Chancellor of Cambridge, in his orders for the apparel of Scholars issued on Nov. 5, 1535, which consisted in having the *slop* or wide breeches *paned*, that is to say, beautified by the insertion of a *pane*, a patch or stripe of coloured cloth of another hue?

From the '*Terrae Filius*;' or, The Secret History of the University of Oxford, in Several Essays, published by Nicolas Amherst in 1721, the following extract is quoted, shewing that Lord Burleigh had not utterly demolished ruffles: 'Raw, unthanking young men, having been kept short of money at school, care not how extravagant they are, whilst they can support their extravagance upon trust [that foolish practice, so common at this time in the University of *running upon tick*, as it is called], especially when they have numberless their eyes, of Persons in as mean circumstances as themselves, who *cut a staring figure in silk-gowns*, and *bosh it about town in lace ruffles and flaxen tye-wigs*.

On page 354 we read, "Until 1769 the Undergraduates of Cambridge continued to wear 'round caps or bonnets of black cloth, lined with black silk

* '*Scavilones*,' drawers; pantaloons, Strutt.' Halliwell.

or canvas, with a brim of black velvet for the pensioners, and of prunella or silk for the sizars.' In that year a petition from the undergraduates, led by Jas. Mead, of Emmanuel, and Nedham Dymoke, of St. John's, was successful in obtaining the substitution of the square cap, which was celebrated in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, of 1 July, 1769, in the following *jéu d'esprit*:—

'*Mutanique rotunda*

Quadratis.

Ye learn'd of every age and climate yield,
And to illustrious Cambridge quit the field.
What sage Professors never yet could teach,
Nor Archimedes nor our Newton reach;
What ancients and what moderns vainly sought,
Cambridge with ease hath both attain'd and taught:
This truth even envy must herself allow,
For *all* her Scholars *Square the Circle* now.*

One or two extracts must quotation from the *Terrae Filius* on pages 375-377, which will amply repay the trouble of referring to it. It contains a description of the Oxford *Smart*, in 1721.

... 'My dear friends, the *Smarts*, have another very scurvy trick. Would they be content to be *foppish* and *ignorant* themselves (which seems to be their sole study and ambition) I could freely forgive them; but they cannot forbear laughing at everybody that *obeys the statutes* and differs from them; or (as my correspondent expresses it, in the proper the place) that does not *cut as bold a bosh* as they do. They have *singly*, for the most part, very good *assurance*; but when they walk together in *bodies* (as they often do) how impregnable are their foreheads? They point at every and whisper as loud as they laugh. *Demme, Jack, there goes a prig! Let us blow the puppy up.* Upon

* Prof. Mayor's ed. of *Baker's St. John's*, p. 1047. Wordsworth, p. 512.

which, they all stare him full in the face, turn him from the wall as he passes by, and set up an *horse-laugh*, which puts the plain, raw novice out of countenance, and occasions great triumph to these *tawdry desperadoes*.

In the present century, by the way, a somewhat similar encounter between a 'plain raw novice' and three 'tawdry desperadoes,' at a German University led to three duels, in each of which the freshman was the victor—a fact which will occasion less surprise when we are told that that freshman was Herr von Bismarck.

'I have observed,' continues Amherst, 'a great many of these *transitory foplings*, who came to the University with their fathers (rusty old country farmers) in linsey-wolsey coats, greasy sun-burnt heads of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping silver hat-bands, and long muslin neckcloths run with *red* at the bottom. A month or two afterwards I have met them with *bob-wigs* and *new shoes*, *Oxford cut*; a month or two more after this, they appeared in *drugget cloaths* and *worsted stockings*; then in *tye-wigs* and *ruffles*; and then in *silk gowns*; degrees they were metamorphosed into complete *Smarts*, and damn'd the old country *putts*, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations.'

'Two or three years afterwards, I have met the same persons in *gowns* and *cassocks*, walking with demure looks and a holy leer; so easy (as a learned divine said upon a *quite different occasion*) is the transition from *dancing* to *preaching*, and from the *bowling-green* to the *pulpit*!'

Thirty years later the 'University *Sloven*' (the counterpart of the *Smart*) is thus sketched. 'He never wore garters, greased his cloaths on purpose, tore his gown to make it ragged, broke the board of his cap, and very often had but one lappet to his band. He seldom allow'd his hair to be comb'd,

or his shoes to be japann'd. He would put his shirt on at bedtime, because he was ashamed to be caught in a clean one; and on Sundays he was sure to be in a dishabille, because everybody else was drest. Tho' it was not then the fashion (as it is now) to be blind, TOM constantly wore spectacles, star'd at every girl he met, and did a thousand strange things to appear particular; in all which he was protected by his *very singular modesty*, or, in other words, his invincible front of ever durable brass.

'He was hail fellow well met with all the townsmen in general, would swig ale in a penny-pot-house with the lowest of the mob, and commit the most extravagant actions under the notion of humour. If he got drunk, broke windows, laughed at the mayor, ridiculed the aldermen, humbug'd the proctors, 'twould be often pass'd over; 'twas his humour, and TOM was a well-meaning, good-natur'd fellow.'

Here are some 'stones' which we cannot help picking up (p. 373).

'In an earlier number of the '*Student*, or Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany', 1750, we are told that 'In every College there is a set of idle people called *Lowngers*, whose whole business is to fly from the painful task of thinking. . . . Whomsoever these *Remoras* of a College adhere to, they instantly benumb to all sense of reputation, or desire of learning.' In the summer of 1711, Steele had described a new sect of philosophers at Cambridge, called *Lowngers* in the language of that University. 'Our young students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than *bowling-greens*, *billiard-tables*, and such-like places.' Steele, who had been at Oxford (of Merton College) about fifteen years earlier, goes on to say, 'I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly seen of this sect at our other University, though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my corre-

spondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in moving to another.*

“A letter from *Leo* the Second, dated at his den in — College, in Cambridge, in the summer of 1713,† records that there is ‘at present a very flourishing Society of People, called Lowngers, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own to be in need of staying at home to read other Peoples.’

The following sketch was published in the *Connoisseur*, Aug. 21, 1755:

‘A Lownger is a creature that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the street, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot to fly from his own thoughts, and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one with whom he happens to come in contact.’

The following description of *A downe-right Scholler* written in 1628, though its author was clearly no Lounger, may fairly be taken as expressive of the opinions of one of that sect (p. 400):

‘His scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry Madame, nor talke

* Spectator, 54.

† Guardian, 124.

idly enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentle-woman is somewhat too sauory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe. A very Wood-cocke would puzzle him in carving, and hee wants the logick of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the iest. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the Vniversity. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meate. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fist is cluncht with the habit of disputing. Hee ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both goe iogging in grieffe together. He is exceedingly censured by the innes a Court men, for that hainous Vice being out of fashion. He cannot speake to a Dogge in his owne Dialect, and vnderstands Greek better than the language of a Falconer. Hee has been vsted to a darke roome, and darke clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Study has made him somewhat vncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is hee silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him some quarter of a yeare, out of the Vniversitie. But practise him a little in men, and brush him ore with good companie, and hee shall out balance those glisterers as much as solid substance do's a feather, or gold gold-lace.*

Here is a lady's view of Masters of Arts:

‘A magisterial strut, a wise gravity of countenance, and a general stiffness in all his actions denote him for a man of consequence. He is taught to entertain a sovereign contempt for Undergraduates, and forsooth

* Earle's *Microcosmographie*, 20.

scorns to demean himself by conversing with his inferiors. Hence the whole scene of his life is confin'd to those of his own standing; and the college-hall, the common-room, the coffee-house, and now and then a ride on Gog-Magog-hills is all the variety he has a taste for enjoying. One half of the human creation (which men have complaisantly term'd the *Fair*) he is an utter stranger to; and that softness, that delicacy, that *je ne scai quoy* elegance of address, which our company imperceptibly inspires, is in his eyes a foolish, impertinent affectation. Thus does he gradually degenerate into a mere — what I don't care to name; 'till at last he has liv'd so long at college, that he is not fit to live anywhere else' (p. 402).

These potent words were written in 1751. Their effect on the rising generation may be gathered from a letter dated 31 Jan., 1766. 'In the University we have all of late been in a most violent flame, labouring under the same disorder that carried off poor Dr. M. some years ago. Young and old have formed a resolution of marrying... But it must be confessed indeed they go on with more prudence than your honest and simple friend... The scheme therefore is—a wife and a fellowship with her. For this purpose the University is to petition the Parliament to release the Fellows of the several Colleges from the observance of all such statutes of our Founders as oblige them to celibacy... This affair has been canvassed and warmly agitated among us between two and three months. There were those who would not believe it was, or could be, intended in earnest—who imagined it to be a jest only. However, the projectors and abettors of the scheme were in earnest. Accordingly a Grace was drawn up, and on Friday last brought into the House. Mr. Ashby [Geo. Ashby, St. John's, B.A., 1744], who, in a manner with the whole of St. John's, was

exceedingly warm and zealous in the cause, was fixed upon to present the Grace, but for some reason or other then declined it. There was the greatest confusion imaginable in the House: this added to the tumult; did not in the least allay or abate; but excited and heightened the warmth and ardour of the partizans. The Grace was shewn but not in form proposed to the Vote of the whole House. Nothing therefore was determined at the Congregation. The party, however, continues hot, and is in hope of downing to the ground with Celibacy... You observe the foundation they go upon. The restraint from marrying they look upon as a Remnant of Popery... This is an affair of so extraordinary a nature that I thought you would like to have some account of it.' (p. 354).

It would be fanciful, perhaps, to trace to the same cause the growing distaste for smoking among the junior members of Combination-rooms 'except on the river in the evening, when every man put a short pipe in his mouth,' which is mentioned as a phenomenon in 1786. Yet we cannot help fearing that could they listen and speak, any pipes of that age which survive would have some sadly misogynistic conversations to report.

"At Oxford," we read on page 160, "Dean Aldrich of Ch. Ch. was a habitual smoker. It is well known that he wrote '*a Catch to be sung by four Men smoking their Pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear.*'"

"A student once visited the dean at 10 A.M., having laid a wager that he would find him in the act of smoking. The dean said good-humouredly, 'you see, Sir, you've lost your wager, for I'm not smoking, I'm filling my pipe.' 'Tho. Baker, of St. John's, Cambridge, 'used generally to fetch a clean pipe about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was found dead with one lying broken at his side in 1740.'"

"Prof. Pryme states. .that in 1800 'Smoking was allowed [as now] in the Trinity Combination-room after supper in the twelve days of Christmas, when a few old men availed themselves of it [with the wine, pipes and tobacco-box were laid on the table. Porson was asked for an inscription for the latter (a large silver one), and he said "τῷ Βάκχῳ"]'. Among us undergraduates it had no favour, and an attempt of Mr. Ginkell, son of Lord Athlone (a Dutch family mentioned in Macaulay's *History of England*), to introduce smoking at his own wine-parties failed, although he had the prestige of being a hat-fellow-Commoner."

'Reading parties' were unknown in the eighteenth century. Cambridge men began going to the Lakes after 1805. "When the first Oxford party settled in those regions (about 1830) they were called by the natives 'the Oxford Cantabs'" (p. 172).

A passage on page 175 diminishes our surprise at hearing so much about dress and lounging. 'At Cambridge, about the year 1810, a few men would take a boat from the locks, or at Chesterton; and sometimes two rival boats would sally forth together; not so much for a race as for a *splashing-match!*' Lounging is after all better than *bull-baiting*, an amusement in which undergraduates were forbidden to indulge Dec. 27, 1763, and hardly likely to be entirely given up for the charms of a *splashing-match*.

It is interesting to learn that the idea of an annual examination in St. John's was originated by Dr. Powell, twenty-eighth master of the college, and that the same dignitary opposed strenuously the project of an annual University Examination, in spite of having to encounter the pamphleteering assault of the renowned Mrs. Jebb. That he did so on the ground that St. John's would thus lose its superiority over the rest of the University, is a view that requires

a belief in narrow-mindedness which we are hardly justified in entertaining.

Among Dean Prideaux's articles for reformation of the Universities, written in 1715, is the following (p. 553):

'That, for the maintenance and support of such superannuated Fellows and Students who, in 20 years' time, shall not have qualified themselves for any public service, there shall be an Hospital built, in each of the said Universities, . . . which shall be called *Drone Hall*.' Their late Colleges to provide £20 per annum for each inmate, it being fitting that 'this burthen should be laid upon them as a just mulct for their having bred up the said superannuated person to be good for nothing.'

Connoisseurs in architecture will be interested in the information that "in 1773 St. John's followed the example of Peterhouse and faced the first court on the south side, 'at such an expence as it would be preposterous to go on in the same manner: so only the face of the south side of that court looks elegant, to disgrace the other parts which now look worse,'" as Wm. Cole, quoted by Prof. Mayor on p. 611 of his edition of *Baker's History*, informs us.

Interesting and thorough investigations into some words almost confined to the Universities will be found in the notes to the volume. On p. xxvii. we find the following:

"The history of our Cambridge term TRIPOS, as equivalent to 'honour examination,' is curious and interesting.

"(1) The B.A., who sat on a *three-legged stool* (pp. 211, 227) to dispute with the 'Father' in the philosophy schools on Ash-Wednesday, was called Mr. Tripos, from that on which he sat.

"(2) The satirical speech made by him (pp. 219, 220) was called the *Tripes-speech*; and

"(3) His humorous verses distributed by the bedels were called *Tripes-verses*.

"(4) His office became obsolete in the last century; and similar verses being still circulated by authority each *sheet of verses* was called 'a *Tripes*,' or 'Tripes paper.'

"(5) On the back of each sheet, after the year 1748, was a *list* of 'Wranglers' and 'Senior Optimes,' or of 'Junior Optimes.' These lists were called the 'Triposes,' or first and second 'Tripes Lists,' (pp. 210, 255)."

"(6) The mathematical *examination*, whose interest centered in this list, was called the Tripes.

"(7) When other 'honour examinations' were instituted, they were distinguished as the 'classical tripes,' &c. from the 'mathematical tripes.'"

This last quotation is enough to shew the reader how far these 'glimpses' are from having reached to every part of the heap of materials. Indeed, if he has followed them thus far, he has but been conducted by a very inexpert guide round a spot which is best visited alone—a spot where, come as often as he may, he will find fresh relics of the past, that have long lain hidden in dusty nooks, the sight of which will not only be delightful in itself, but will lend a new interest to the daily routine and familiar scenes of University life.

G. H. W.



THE SWALLOWS.

(From *Beranger.*)

CAPTIVE on Afric's burning shore,
Beneath his chains the warrior lies,
He cries: I see you yet once more,
Fair birds, the winter's enemies.
Swallows, not of hope bereft,
Are these the sultry climes ye see?
No! 'tis France that you have left;
Of my dear land do ye not speak to me?

I have implored for three long years
One token of that peaceful vale,
Where my life slumbered, far from tears,
Till roused by war's impetuous gale.
Beside the babbling streams that roam
'Neath lilies to the restless sea,
Ye may have seen our straw-thatched home,—
Of that fair vale do ye not speak to me?

One of you, perchance, has flown
From 'neath the roof where I was reared;
There a despairing mother's moan
And plaint of love ye may have heard.
Dying, she thinks each sound she hears
The footsteps of her son to be;
Silent, she listens, and with tears
Of her great love do ye not speak to me?

Is my dear sister married yet?
 Have ye beheld the merry throng
 Around the wedding table set
 With joyous laugh, and wine, and song;—
 And those dear friends who ever yearned
 In battle at my side to be,
 Have they, with glory crowned, returned;
 Of such dear friends do ye not speak to me?

Methinks their graves the foeman leaves,
 As up the vale he takes his way;
 He lords it 'neath my lowly eaves,
 He stays my sister's wedding-day.
 A mother's prayers ascend no more;
 I from these chains shall ne'er be free;
 O swallows, from my native shore,
 Of these great griefs do ye not speak to me?

J.



THE TWO MUSICIANS.

IN the ancient town of Piacenza, on the great plains of Lombardy, about the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived two young violinists, both great masters of the sweet art of music. In those early days, when music was yet in its very swaddling clothes, the Church lent its beneficent aid to the great art, and cast its protective arm over its professors. The cathedral was the scene of the first performance of many a world-famous composition, many a great master had played his first concerto within the sacred walls, and violin and violoncello strove to emulate each other in their efforts for the superiority of song.

Piacenza boasted of many noble devotees of music, but two stood forth far conspicuous beyond all their fellows, and all the time of the city was spent in discussing the relative merits of Tonino Camporello and Giuseppe Cialdini. The gentle, kind-hearted Tonino was justly loved by all in Piacenza, not more for the high position he held in his art than for his suavity of manner and large-heartedness.

His scholars were loud in their eulogy of their beloved master, and sat with eager admiration around him, whilst his hand trembled on the notes, and skillfully ran from string to string in strains of ravishing melody. Author of ten thousand touching themes, ten thousand sweet harmonies, he lulled to rest the weary penitents who thronged to disburden their hearts to God in the quiet stillness of the shady aisles, he made

the worthy padres who loved him for his respectful demeanour, and the reverence that he ever showed towards the Church, sweetly smile and nod, as they doted in their carved stalls amid the antique darkness of the lofty choir, he pleased the great cavaliers and ladies, as they came in their courtly pomp to the great cathedral, and all those who were fond of music, and there were few who were not, united in loud praise of the great master, whose kind heart all admired, and whose genius there was none to dispute.

None save one, and that was Giuseppe Cialdini. This great musician was more famed for interpretative genius than for a vivid invention, more for the exquisite finish of touch, and the power of reproducing with warmth and energy the productions of others, than for any talent of composing inherent in himself; he was a man, great indeed in his own conceit, yet not so vain but that he fully appreciated, and, perhaps, over-rated the great inventive abilities of Tonino, and vainly sought to raise higher the estimation of his own talents by calumniating and affecting to despise those of his rival.

At the time when my story commences, the whole town was torn asunder by the factions of Giuseppe and Tonino. The public feeling ran greatly in favour of the latter, but Giuseppe's small party, by keeping up a ceaseless clamour in favour of their favourite, and by the violence and loudness of their protestations of his superiority somewhat shook the public faith in Tonino, and brought both parties more on a level, as regards numbers and influence. Tonino himself, poor man, would willingly have given up to his rival all precedence, and strove earnestly to quiet the noisy indignation of his partizans, but his efforts were utterly useless; the ferment continued to increase, and matters seemed to be coming to a crisis, when an event happened which appeared likely to put an end forever to the jealous emulation of the two musicians.

In 1545, Paul III., who then occupied the Papal chair, and was at that moment busied with the great Council of Trent, granted to his natural son Peter Louis Farnese, Parma and Piacenza with the title of Duke, and it was the occasion of the new Duke's first visit to this part of his dukedom that so excited for a moment the good citizens of Piacenza, that they forgot their musical animosities in the preparations for the great advent of their new master. The Austrian and Papal parties took the place of the two factions of Giuseppe and Tonino, and every street, market-place, and barber's shop, and every shady nook was filled with chattering crowds, and knots of eager and curious citizens discussing the probable fate of their city and the advantage of the new régime. The town, however, was by no means taken aback by this change of masters; such things were too common in those days to call for much attention, and having no constitution and caring for none, all that the municipal authorities were anxious to do was to show as large a body of men-at-arms as was possible, and to express their loyalty towards their new ruler.

The clergy were by no means backward in their preparations; the Chapter assembled and passed no end of resolutions on matters of important ceremony, and, amongst other things, agreed that in addition to the splendid masses there should be a concert played at the cathedral in honour of the Duke. But then arose a difficulty—who to play it, and who to compose it? Their difficulties on this score were soon well nigh hopeless, and involved them in utter confusion. All the animosities that had lain dormant for the last two days revived with redoubled energy, and the Chapter-house became the scene of the most angry tussle concerning the two musicians. Many times the party of Tonino nearly carried the day, but the more moderate padres insisted on a fair chance being given to Giuseppe, since it was clear that none but these

two had any claim whatever to the honour. The hubbub rose to a fearful height.

The aged padre Giacomo, who tried to interpose his authority between the angry combatants, could not obtain the slightest chance of a fair hearing. He was pushed, and scratched, and squeezed, his clothes were torn, his toes trodden on, the combatants fought over his body as if he had been Patroclus, and at length, hot and out of breath, bewildered and stunned with the clatter, the worthy man, with many pious ejaculations, struggled out of the confusion, and sank into a chair breathless and discomfited.

Sorely beset by this difficulty, and racking their brains in their perplexity, the honest padres could find no means of evading it, until some one of them, illumined perhaps by a spark of wisdom, and recollecting with a sigh how very many dreary compositions he had been compelled to snooze over in past times, suggested the bright idea of giving the Duke double allowance, and ordering both Giuseppe and Tonino to perform concertos. The notion met with unanimous approval; the Chapter embraced it with the utmost cordiality as the only means of solving an otherwise hopeless problem, and although there seemed to be some slight difficulty as to who should play his concerto first, the padres were soon agreed that Tonino was to play his concerto at the commencement of the service, and Giuseppe at the conclusion of the mass was to perform another; a choice being left to the musicians as to whether they would play the concertos of others or their own, little doubt of course being left in the minds of the profession as to which course they would pursue.

The resolutions of the Chapter were received by Tonino with sincere and moderate pleasure, and by Giuseppe with outward joy and inward despair. He knew too well the superiority of his antagonist in the matter of composition ever to hope that he could

be successful in the encounter, and to have to play another's concerto, or an inferior one of his own, seemed to be confessing his own inferiority, and conferring for ever the supremacy on his rival. The good folk of Piacenza might be imposed on by bluster and vanity, but he knew that with the Duke were coming the most famous musicians of Rome, and that to impose on them would be a task impossible. In this trouble Giuseppe bethought himself of an old musician, who in his early days had been his master, had taught him the rudiments of his great art, and had instilled into him that pure love and zeal for his profession that had made him so completely a musician. The old man had left Piacenza, and had gone to live at Mantua, some sixty miles off, in quiet retirement, to seek the well-earned repose of a hard-fought life. To him Giuseppe determined to have resort, hoping that hearing of his distress, the old man would be willing to lend his old pupil aid, correct and remodel his compositions, and give him fresh hints perhaps for his concerto. He was compelled to take his wife into the secret, and he impressed upon her that she should give out generally that he was ill, should assure the Chapter that his ailment was but slight, and that he would be able to play on the appointed day, and should quell the people by pretending that excitement and the extreme incident on composition had brought on a slight indisposition. This done, he enjoined secrecy, and left privately by night for Mantua.

Tonino set to work at once joyfully to compose a concerto, and soon brought one fairly to his liking. A majestic slow movement for the entire orchestra, the parts elaborated with the utmost ingenuity, the instruments nicely balanced, every care taken that the melody should be full and perfect, was to be followed by an allegro and giga, of which the solo violin took the larger part, and whose joyous character was

highly expressive of the artist's buoyant feelings. In the midst of this latter came a great pause, the orchestra coming to a stop, whilst Tonino was to play a tremendous cadenza, leaping and hurrying over the keys with wonderful rapidity, and ending at last in a violent shake on the highest notes of his string. Finally, the orchestra and violin harmoniously blended brought the concerto to an end. Tonino was much pleased with his composition, but being a man diffident of his abilities and anxious for the good opinion of others, and this being an especial occasion on which it was necessary to be more certain of success, he began to look about him for some friendly critic to whom he might show his composition for approval. Casting about him for some one for this purpose, he bethought him at length of an old friend who lived at Mantua, an excellent judge of good composition. From his hand had Tonino learnt the first notes of that wonderful instrument of which he was now so consummate a master, and he entertained the fondest remembrances of his kind heart and lofty aspiring spirit. The pupil wrote to his old master an affectionate letter, he enclosed in it his own concerto, and entreated his old friend to give his opinion of his work, calling to his remembrance the many days of loving intercourse that had passed between them, and begging him to remember him with many warm and affectionate greetings to his fellow-musicians in Mantua. This done, he sealed up the packet, and calling a pupil to him, gave him strict instructions to deliver it safe into the hands of Battista Spinola.

* * * *

It was getting dusk when Giuseppe, with weary feet, passed the great gate of Mantua, and bent his steps towards his old friend's house. As he hurried on, he pondered in his mind with what reception he should meet, and how he should open to his friend the delicate question of obtaining his aid in his under-

taking. Should he disclose to him all and rely upon his secrecy? He was doubtful whether he could gain over the old man to such deception. Should he write a concerto, and ask him to correct it? He might gain valuable hints even by this method. What should he say had brought him so far to Mantua?

Occupied with his many thoughts, as he neared the old man's dwelling, he did not notice a man who had passed him, but who now stopped and then followed him. Suddenly he started as a hand was on his shoulder and a burly voice accosted him; "Hallo, Giuseppe, what brings thee to our town of Mantua? thou rememberest me, Paolo Moliterno, thou rememberest me in the old days gone by, in the old days when we sang together the anthems in the Duomo at Piacenza, and when thy violin and my violincello chimed merrily together, when we played for old Battista; and now we are burghers and staid citizens, eh! And what dost thou here, eh? They tell us that ye have a new master in Piacenza, and that ye are feasting and rejoicing in your town; and what dost thou here, what hath brought thee to our town, for right glad am I to see my old friend and comrade again?"

"I am come to visit our old friend and master, Battista Spinola," answered Giuseppe; "how fares he?" and he spoke shortly, for he was unwilling to be thus caught in Mantua. It might lead to awkward inquiries, for the two cities were not so very far apart, and news soon travelled from one to the other, but his attention was soon taken by his friend, who, slowly shaking his head, and with a very different countenance to that he had exhibited but a moment since, answered quietly, "Alas! Giuseppe," thou hast asked me a sad question, and I know not how to answer thee. Hadst thou been here but a month ago, willingly would I have said to thee, "He is well, and will welcome thee right heartily," but now—and Paolo

raised his hand and let it drop passively to his side; now Giuseppe, our dear friend is not long for this world, and I fear that we shall soon lose a good and faithful guide, and Mantua her best musician. "Last night," he continued, I went to old Battista's dwelling. He sent for me to give into my hands a splendid concerto. "I am too ill," said he, "and my brain is too weak to do justice to this music. It was sent me, Paolo, by a friend from afar that I might give him my opinion of it; I cannot do it. Thou must do it for me; take the greatest pains, said he; spare no toil, for he is a great musician that wrote it, and well worthy thy best labour. Alas! said he——"

But whence came this musician? who is he? whence came he? asked Giuseppe eagerly, for his heart for the moment misgave him; what if the music should be Tonino's?

I know not, I know not, answered Paolo, heedless of the other's eagerness; from Florence I think, he added, liking to seem at fault in so important a matter; from Florence, I think he said it came from far away, and 'tis likely that there, there might be one who would write such things. But 'tis a splendid piece of music, magnificent! I am in love with it and with its writer, whoever he may be. Come home with me, and we will sup together, and talk of old times, and then thou canst see this concerto, and form thy own opinion of its merits. We will play it together, and talk of old Battista and the old times? Wilt thou come with me?

And Giuseppe consented.

* * * * *

It is the morning of the Duke's arrival, and all Piacenza is in a state of unalterable confusion; the great bells of the Duomo are pealing overhead, and the Duke's trumpets keep up a ceaseless clangour down below, the whole city in one mass moves towards the Cathedral; the padres, the prentices,

the burghers, the soldiers, and the women, no small or insignificant part of the populace, in an endless confusion of colours and costumes filled the piazza in front of the great Duomo. The Duke was to attend the mass at ten, and everybody in Piacenza was struggling to gain admittance to see his highness and hear the musical performances. Much cross-fire of repartee was being bandied backwards and forwards between the citizens and the soldiers and the women, whose ready tongues got much the best of it in the conflict of words, however badly off they might have been had it come to blows. However, every one was much too good tempered to bring matters to any such pass, and the dust, and the hot rays of the sun, and the fatigue, seemed to make little impression on the mob, who were pleased with any excuse for a gala day. "So Giuseppe is not coming to hear Tonino's concerto." "No, for fear he should bite his tongue off with envy." "Nay, nay, Giuseppe is a great musician," "and as envious as the days are long." "He hath written a fine concerto, I hear." "Tonino hath written a better." "And each will have all his pupils to accompany him for an orchestra, is it not so?" "Ay, I have heard that it is so." "Well, well, good luck to them both," said a good-humoured old burgher, and the cry of "the Duke is coming," put a stop to a discussion of their merits which for the hundredth time that day had been started among the citizens. On came the Papal cavalcade, nobles, cavaliers, musicians, ladies, burghers, magistrates, soldiers, and all the population of Piacenza, and all that the great cathedral will hold throng in at the great gate and fill the spacious aisles. The magnificent organ bursts forth into a solemn prelude, and as the volumes of sound pass down the lofty cathedral, all voices are hushed, and all eyes fixed on Tonino, who sits, with his face to the west, in the centre of his choir, surrounded by his orchestra.

When the last deep notes have died away, Tonino raises his bow, and his orchestra commence the first movement of his concerto.

A slow and tender air, sweet and melancholy, soft and low, wailed from the instruments, whilst Tonino sometimes with the rest, sometimes by himself, pours forth a flood of clear melody, and delights the ears of all that hear him. Then, of a sudden, the music becomes faster, the air more lively, and at last working up to a rapid allegro, it ends with a tremendous cadenza, in which Tonino alone, with breathless rapidity, rushes over the strings and explores, as it were, the depths and heights of his instrument, and then with a tremulous shake leads the way to the conclusion of the concerto.

The performance is over, and the service begins, but so masterly was the composition, and so beautifully had it been played, that the notes still rang in the hearts of the assembly, and distracted the attention even of the most devout worshippers. Not even the stately music of the mass could wholly obliterate the remembrances of Tonino's sweet sounds, and when, the service over, the congregation sat waiting for Giuseppe, many were the discussions as to Giuseppe's capabilities to produce so splendid a piece of music. People were impatient, the service had been long and the fatigue great; the prince was getting restless, and when at length Giuseppe strode in, looking more vain and haughty than ever, his appearance was hailed with unalloyed pleasure, both by the people, who were waiting for their musician, and the padres who were anxious for their dinner.

Giuseppe and his adherents had been bragging about his concerto for the last week; it was to be a wonderful performance; it was to eclipse all the concertos ever written, or ever likely to be written; it was to excel the performances of the famous Palestina, whose works were so well known and praised in all

Italy; it was to throw into the shade everything of Tonino's; it was to raise Giuseppe to the highest pinnacle of fame, and to depress and crush instantly all who dare dispute his supremacy; and Giuseppe strode into the choir like a king surrounded by his faithful subjects, and he lifted his hand, and the concerto began. But see! after the first ten bars of the music a curious expression steals over the faces of all the audience. The musicians from Rome closely whispered together, with countenances replete with utter wonder, and a loud murmur of astonishment ran through the people as they listened to his performance. The burghers, with hands uplifted, seemed to marvel at the excellence of the composition, and to revel in the flood of melody which the musicians unceasingly poured forth. Giuseppe, delighted with his success, played more vigorously than ever; his reputation was made, he was now acknowledged as a great composer, and the applause of Piacenza rewarded his efforts.

But the murmur, whether of delight or not, grew louder and louder and burst into a clamour; frowns covered the faces of the burghers, and instead of applause there was the angry gesticulation of an Italian town, and contemptuous disgust on the faces of the musicians from Rome. Giuseppe played on, whilst his heart failed him; was it possible? Could he be caught in a trap laid for him, as it were, by himself; it cannot be——Heedless of the grimaces of the padres, the wondering faces of the prince and courtiers, and the stormy thunder of the people's voices, with one mighty effort he burst forth into the splendid cadenza which was to finish his performance; but it was never destined to be finished, for the people, forgetful of the sacred place, and the presence of the prince, their voices rising in a howl of execration, called upon Tonino to appear, and the wretched Giuseppe, conscious only of his own misdeeds, and

his reputation for ever gone, dared not face his antagonist, but faltered for one moment, and then, followed by the screams and howls of the mob, threw down his violin, and leaving to Tonino the undisputed superiority, fled for ever from Piacenza.

U. B. K.



AFTER THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

WHEN calm beneath the summer sky
 I see the azure ocean lie,
 And balmy breezes from their rest
 Scarce move the ripples on its breast,
 Fear leaves my heart, and I would fain
 Go sailing o'er the sparkling main :
 Gone are the safe land's former charms
 Bright ocean woos me to her arms.
 But when the furious winds arise
 And the waves thunder to the skies,
 When sweeping o'er the storm-lashed sea
 The breakers roll resistlessly,
 And tumbling headlong in the bay
 Fringe the dark rocks with boiling spray,
 Then to the land I turn my eyes
 Where 'neath the trees the green grass lies,
 And shun the ocean, while the shore
 Seems calm and lovely evermore.
 There would I lie beneath the shade
 By the tall pine-tree's branches made,
 Where e'en the winds but serves to move
 The whispering music of the grove.
 Ah! sad the seaman's life must be,
 His home his boat, his field the sea,
 And the swift wandering fish to snare,
 His dangerous task, his ceaseless care.
 Oh bound by slumber's peaceful chain
 Neath the deep leafage of the plane,
 Be mine at eve reclined to hear
 Some falling streamlet murmuring near,
 That soothes me with its echoing sound
 Nor yet disturbs my peace profound.

H. W. S.



WILLIAM SELWYN.

SINCE the last number of *The Eagle* was issued, the College has lost, in Professor Selwyn, one of its most distinguished and most devoted members.

No name has been more familiar than that of Professor Selwyn to the later generations of Cambridge-men. Of those who have passed through the University within the last twenty years, there are few who have not had their attention arrested, some time or other, by a form and presence which have seemed to many to revive the very image of George Herbert, as it has been depicted by the artist or described by the biographer; few who have not some time felt—who do not, perhaps, still feel lingering on the ear—the charm of that exquisite voice, to which it was ever a luxury to listen; few who cannot recall to mind some of those words of wit and wisdom which seemed to be ever falling, in grave or playful vein, without effort from his lips, or who have not carried away with them the tradition at least, if not the memory, of some instance of that marvellous aptness of quotation and that inexhaustible fertility of happy illustration with which he was wont to adorn every subject that he touched.

William Selwyn was born in 1806, the eldest of three distinguished sons of no undistinguished father. From Eton, where he was educated before he entered the University, he brought with him to Cambridge that love of Classical literature and that

cultivated literary taste which have long been the honourable distinction of Etonians, but which in him had a yet earlier source than the training of the School. Some will still remember how at the close of his witty and brilliant speech on the Epigrams he reverted, with a pathetic seriousness, which was seldom wholly wanting even in his most playful moods, to the example of "one to whom, under God," he said, "I owe all my intellectual pleasures, and with whom more than half my pleasure in Classical studies departed; one to whom I owe all the gratitude felt by Horace to his parent; (*noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere*; denied himself to give his children the best education); but with the deeper feeling of a Christian son to a Christian father,"* and spoke of "the interest which that father always felt in the Cambridge Epigrams, and how he was wont to read and to repeat over in his latest days the choice specimens of the *Anthology* and of *Martial*."

From Eton he brought with him also a love of active exercise, and especially of the exercises of the river, which he retained through life. As one of the earlier members of the Lady Margaret Boat-Club, and one of the crew of the first eight-oared boat which was placed upon the Cam, he may be regarded as one of the originators of that boating pastime which has since attained so large a development in the University. It will be remembered by some that, not two years before his death, he was to be seen one evening sculling down the river alone to the scene of the boat-races, having in vain challenged a brother dignitary, a member of his own College, to take an oar along with him.

He came up to St. John's as a Freshman in October, 1824, and soon began to give proof of the literary training which he had received. In three successive

* William Selwyn, M.A., Trin. Coll., Q.C., Author of *Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius*.

years, 1825, 1826, and 1827, he gained Sir William Browne's Medal for the best Greek Ode; and in one year, 1826, he carried off all the Browne Medals, a success which has only thrice besides been achieved in the course of a hundred years. In the same year he also gained the Craven Scholarship. In the year 1828 he came out as Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medallist.

But, meanwhile, he had added to his literary studies the study of Mathematics, and had obtained an honourable place, as Sixth Wrangler, in that remarkable group of Johnians, commonly known as the *Pleiades*, by which the Tripos List of that year was distinguished. To the influence of these studies on his mind may no doubt be ascribed the interest which he took, in after years, in the science of astronomy. "For a series of years he took notes of the position and magnitude of the sun's spots, with a view to contributing to the solution of the vexed question of the relation of these spots to the position of Jupiter in his orbit."* The constitution of the solar atmosphere also engaged much of his attention, and for many years he took great pains to procure accurate "autographs," as he aptly termed them, of the sun.

In March, 1829, he was admitted to a Foundress' Fellowship, in succession to the younger Herschel. In the same year he was ordained Deacon. In that year also he gained the Norrisian Prize, the subject of the Essay being "The Doctrine of Types and its Influence on the Interpretation of the New Testament." This Essay is worthy of notice, not only as an indication that he was already adding to the literary studies which he had brought with him from school, and the Mathematical studies which he had pursued during his Undergraduate course, those higher studies which the Foundress of the College designed to be

* N. M. F. in the *Guardian* of May 5, 1875.

to the members of her Foundation the *meta et terminus* of all their studies; but also as tending to shew that the bent of his mind, as regards the study of Theology, either already lay, or was then turned by the writing of this Essay, in the direction which it ever afterwards specially delighted to take—the relation of the Old Testament Scriptures to the New, and especially in regard to the fulfilment of Prophecy, being the subject on which he was always most of all pleased to dwell.

In 1831 Mr. Selwyn was presented by the late Duke of Rutland, to whose eldest son, the present Duke, he was some time private Tutor, to the Rectory of Branstone, in Leicestershire, which he held until 1846, when he exchanged it for the Vicarage of Melbourn, in Cambridgeshire, which was in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Ely. In 1833 he was installed a Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral Church of Ely. The story has often been told how one day, when the Canonry was vacant, Mr. Selwyn letting fall one of those remarks with which men are wont to fill up gaps in conversation, "I wonder who will go to Ely!" received the reply, "I don't know: why not you?" how the very next morning there came from the Bishop an offer of the Canonry; how he took the letter containing the offer to Dr. Wood, who was then both Master of the College and Dean of Ely, and said he supposed there was some mistake about it; and how Dr. Wood simply replied, "I don't agree with you," and took him over to Ely the same day. The Canonry to which he was then presented he retained to the day of his death, declining, on the death of Dean Peacock, to exchange it for the Deanery, because he would not willingly surrender a position which was so congenial to his own inclinations and furnished him so wide a field of usefulness as that which he held in the University, and this he could not have retained along with the Deanery.

Both as a parish-priest and as a member of a Cathedral Chapter, Canon Selwyn's attention was soon drawn to questions affecting the Church of England, in itself and in its relations to the State, which, under various forms, were to engage much of his attention during the remainder of his life. It was "a season," he said in a Visitation-Sermon preached in 1834, and afterwards published under the title 'St. Paul and the Church of England,' "when many signs and sounds betoken trouble to our English branch of the Christian Church;" and in this Sermon we find him already taking up the ground which he ever afterwards maintained, that the Church of England rests upon the foundation of a Divine Commission, which her Clergy have "derived from Christ Himself" and "trace back, through a succession of ministers, to the Apostles, on whom the Redeemer breathed and said 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost;'" and that they must be prepared to take their stand on this "high commission" if they would maintain their post against "the attacks of adversaries" and "the unwise suggestions of friends," and carry on "the work which must yet be done to give the Church Establishment its full and adequate efficiency." In 1838 he published "The substance of an Argument maintained before the Archdeacon of Leicester against the Clauses of the Benefices Plurality Bill, which confer additional power on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, to the great prejudice of the Right Reverend the Bishops of England and Wales," the Archdeacon having called a meeting of the Clergy of his Archdeaconry to consider those clauses, in consequence of a requisition which had been presented to him by Canon Selwyn and others.

But Canon Selwyn was ever a hopeful man—"I know you are always sanguine, hoping against hope," says M. P. to Canon in those "Conversations on Legislation for the Church," in which at a later date, blending, as was his wont, grave argument with

playful wit, he gave expression to his views on certain Bills affecting the Cathedral Chapters which were then before Parliament, and on the way in which Bills affecting the Church were got up and pressed through Parliament. Preaching an Ordination Sermon the same year (1838) in Ely Cathedral, he speaks of the time as one "which seems to promise, that by the blessing of God, all the ancient institutions, which we have derived from our forefathers, shall be renovated and restored—not reduced and despoiled, to make a general fund which may relieve others from the duty which lies upon them—but *renovated and restored with new spirit and new life*; so that from them, as it is nobly expressed in the charter of this Cathedral Church, all works of piety and religion, mercy and charity, shall flow forth abundantly over all the surrounding neighbourhood."

It was in this spirit that he desired to see the work of Cathedral Reform, which he had always much at heart, undertaken. He took from the first the warmest interest in that noble work of material restoration, which has made Ely Cathedral to be once more one of the glories of the English Church, and was ever ready with liberal help in furtherance of this work. But it was more than any merely material restoration of the Fabrick of his own or any other Cathedral that Canon Selwyn desired to see. He entertained a profound conviction that Cathedral Chapters had a very important function to discharge in the economy of the Church; and he ever desired that, whatever changes might be made, those functions should always be kept in view, and the Chapters restored to something of their pristine efficiency. Taking his stand upon the old foundations, as traced out in Charters and Statutes, he desired to see the Chapter become once more both the Council of the Bishop and the "limbs of the Bishoprick," *membra Episcopatus*, "the instruments by which the Bishop might multiply his

efforts and extend his influence from the centre to the verge of his diocese." The writer of this notice remembers well his expression of a desire, when the New Chapel of the College was consecrated, that those members of the Chapter of Ely who were present should have a place in the Procession and in the Chapel, which should distinguish them as being of the Council of the Bishop. His views on this subject were developed in his 'Principles of Cathedral Reform,' which he published in two parts in 1839 and 1840. When the Cathedral Commission of 1852 was appointed, he was nominated one of the Commissioners; and the Report of this Commission, which appeared in 1854, is believed to have been in the main his work. It was a disappointment to him that no steps were ever taken to give effect to the recommendations of this Report, but that Bills were still brought into Parliament which took no account of them, but only sought to "confiscate" Cathedral property, as "Canon" calls it, or, in "M. P's." more dainty phrase, to "centralize" it.

For many years, down to the close of his life, Canon Selwyn was Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter of Ely. In his "Principles of Cathedral Reform" he had endeavoured to shew "that by the ancient practice of the Constitution the Church has a right to deliberate in her own Councils on Church matters;" and in his "Conversations" he expresses his agreement with Dean Peacock when in his speech as Prolocutor, referring to the Acts of Parliament for dividing Dioceses and suspending Canonries, he says "Hæ leges, quamvis ex Regiorum Delegatorum relatione proflexerint, tamen legitima Ecclesiæ ipsius auctoritate, qua sanciri debuere, prorsus caruerunt." He was prepared, therefore, to promote that revival of the active functions of Convocation which recent years have witnessed; and there have been few debates in Convocation, on subjects of any importance

to the Church, in which he has not taken part, and few subjects debated there to the discussion of which he has not contributed something of freshness and originality.

But while member of a Cathedral Chapter and Rector of a country parish, Canon Selwyn did not altogether break off his connexion with the University. In 1833 he vacated his Fellowship, which was filled by the admission of his brother, afterwards the first Bishop of New Zealand and now Bishop of Lichfield. But he had scarcely left College before a controversy, which then engaged much of the attention of the members of the University, drew from him a pamphlet entitled "Extracts from the College Examinations in Divinity for the last four years, with a letter to the Lecturers and Examiners of the several Colleges." Thrice also during this period of his life he was appointed Select Preacher in the University Church, the Sundays which were assigned to him being those of the month of May in 1842 and of the month of February in 1844 and 1849. Those who heard the Sermons which Canon Selwyn preached on these occasions—the writer's own recollection goes back to those of 1844 and 1849—will remember the impression produced not only by the voice and manner of the Preacher, but by the remarkable character of the Sermons. When in 1850 the Regius Professorship of Divinity fell vacant by the promotion of Dr. Ollivant to the Bishopric of Llandaff, Canon Selwyn was among the unsuccessful candidates for this Professorship.

In the year 1855, the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity became vacant by the death of Professor Blunt. Of several candidates for the vacant Professorship, three only went to the poll. These were, the Norrisian Professor, well known at that time as Harold Browne, of Emmanuel College, who has since been promoted successively to the Bishoprics of Ely and Winchester, Canon Selwyn, and Mr. Henry John Rose, of St. John's College, afterwards Archdeacon

of Bedford. The singular circumstances of that election are within the memory of those who were resident in Cambridge at the time; how, when the poll closed, it was believed that Professor Browne had a majority of votes, and Canon Selwyn congratulated him in the characteristic words, "It is Harold the Conqueror this time, not William;" how Dr. Whewell came into the Senate-house and tendered his vote for Professor Browne, when it was just too late; how when the voting-papers came to be counted, it was found that Canon Selwyn and Professor Browne had each received 43 votes, the number of the votes for Mr. Rose being 17; and how the Vice-Chancellor, who, as not being a member of the Theological Faculty, had no vote of his own, gave nevertheless as Vice-Chancellor the casting-vote in favour of Professor Selwyn.

It was characteristic of the Professor, that very shortly after his appointment he engaged to make over to the University every year during his tenure of office a sum of £700 out of the income of his Professorship, to be applied, first, in augmentation of the stipend of the Norrisian Professorship so long as it should be held by Professor Browne, and afterwards in the promotion of the study of Theology, by such means as the Senate, with his consent, should determine. On the appointment of Professor Browne to the Bishopric of Ely in 1864, this amount was set apart to form an annually increasing fund for the building of a Divinity School, an object which Professor Selwyn had always much at heart. "We have heard much," he said quaintly, in his speech on the memorial to Professor Sedgwick, "of the variance and conflict between Geology and Theology; and Cambridge is, of all others, the place where one might have expected to hear complaints, for the Museum of Geology rose up and darkened our Theological School; it darkened all our Northern lights, and made the School almost useless for its purpose. But did we complain?

not a word; for we knew that the University would, as soon as possible, provide a new Divinity School."

Professor Selwyn lived to see this fund accumulate until it amounted to nearly £10,000, and a Syndicate appointed to consider the question of a site for the new buildings. There are those who will remember, that on the last occasion on which he dined in the College Hall, he announced with a slight touch of very just chagrin in the tone of his voice, that a Syndicate had been nominated, and that he had not been placed upon it—the capricious deity that presides over the formation of Syndicates having passed over, in the first instance, the man who, of all men, had most right to be consulted. The Members of St. John's will be interested to know, that this Syndicate, upon which Professor Selwyn was afterwards placed, has recently reported in favour of a site, just opposite to the College gates, which includes the College stables and bakehouse, and the houses now occupied by the Fellows' butler and the cook.

The subjects on which Professor Selwyn delivered Lectures in the discharge of the duties of his office were usually either some portion of the Old Testament Scriptures in the original Hebrew or in the Septuagint version, or some Treatise of one of the Fathers of the Church, or the Prophecies relating to the Messiah. Some of these Prophecies he had discussed in his *Horæ Hebraicæ* before he became Professor; and the subject was one on which he always dwelt with peculiar satisfaction. For the use of those who attended his Lectures on this subject he prepared two "Charts of Prophecy," as he called them; and there was scarcely a sermon which he preached in Cambridge in which he did not dwell, at more or less length, on some word of Prophecy, while he endeavoured to shew that it was "ever the way of God's working" to "blend together the nearer promise for the present time and the promise of the coming Saviour." Of his

Lectures on the other subjects some fruit may be seen in his Edition of Origen's Treatise against Celsus, which he did not live to carry beyond the first four books; in his "*Notæ Criticæ in versionem Septuagintaviralem*," his "*Excerpta ex reliquis versionibus Aquilæ, Symmachi, Theodotionis*," and his "*Testimonia Patrum in veteres Interpretes*," all of which he published for the use of his classes; and in the Article on the Septuagint Version, which he contributed to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. In the course of his Lectures the Professor was also accustomed to give his hearers opportunities for simple exposition of Holy Scripture. And from time to time, following the example of his immediate predecessor, Professor Blunt, he delivered a course of Lectures "On the Pastoral Office" for the sake of those who were intending to enter into Holy Orders.

Professor Selwyn was a man of too much versatility of mind not to have many objects of interest besides those which concerned the duties of his office as Professor, and of too much activity of mind not to make his sentiments known from time to time on those subjects in which he took an interest. In November, 1856, when the Council of the Senate first came into existence, he was one of those who were elected members of the Council; and he soon became one of the most prominent figures in the life of the University. He possessed an individuality of character which made his views and opinions to be always no mere reflexion of those of others, but eminently his own; a tenacity of purpose, scarcely to be expected in one who seemed so discursive in mind and conversation, which sometimes drove the practical men, whose thoughts were very different from his, almost to despair; and a
the past, shewn even in his resumption of the ancient title of the Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology, in preference to that of Professor, which

led him always to desire, in any changes which might be made, still to stand upon the old paths. On every important question which arose in the University, and especially when any proposition was made which seemed to him to have a tendency to depress the study of Theology or of Classical literature, or to affect the relations in which the University or the Colleges stood to the Church, his voice was sure to be heard. On all public occasions of more than ordinary interest his presence and advocacy were sure to be sought. And whatever might be the topic on which he spoke, there was always the same perfect self-possession, the same unflinching courtesy and good temper, the same ready wit, the same inexhaustible fertility of resource in quotation and illustration, the same entire command of a voice which always lent a peculiar charm to his words, whatever might be the mood in which he spoke.

The "Battle of the Epigrams" was perhaps the first notable episode in Professor Selwyn's more public Academic life. When it was proposed in the Council that "Candidates for the medal to be given for Epigrams shall not be required to deliver two Exercises, one in Greek and one in Latin," the Professor stood alone in opposition. When the matter came before the Senate, he brought to bear, both upon the proposition itself and upon the singular terms in which it was expressed, a battery of ridicule—which, however, was not all ridicule—by which it was effectually put to the rout; opening the attack with a light shower of Epigrams, partly original and partly selected, and following it up with a speech in the Schools which has been aptly described as itself "a conglomerate of Epigrams."* The "learned knight" had given his medals for two Epigrams a year, "*Scilicet oblitus semper rarissima gigni Optima*." "*Par-*

* The Speech and Epigrams were afterwards published together under the title "The Battle of the Epigrams, Nov. 27, 1857."

turiant montes" was the subject of the "*Epigramma Græcum numismate biennali dignatum* A.D. 1860;" and it ran as follows:—

μη̄ πάλιν ὠδίνης ἄμα δοῖ' ἐπιγράμματα τίκτειν
εἰς γὰρ καὶ μεγάλη μὺς ἄλις ἐστὶν ὄρει.

Again, "Sir William Brown, as a physician, knew the value of a good hearty laugh"—the two Epigrams furnished an opportunity for at least two good laughs in the year—"Do you wish the University to lose half, and more than half, this benefit?" asks the Professor. "Do you wish to alter the beautiful lines of Milton?—

'Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides;'

And to read hereafter,

'Laughter, holding *one of his sides*?'"

When, again, the Prince and Princess of Wales were about to visit the University, and the Grace was offered to the Senate, "*Placeat vobis ut quibusdam jus suffragii habentibus Musei Fitzwilliamensis 2^o die Junii proximi copia fiat ut Cantabrigiam tunc temporis confluentes hospitio saltatorio excipiantur*," Professor Selwyn led an opposition, this time unsuccessful, with a Dialogue in Elegiacs between the Vice-Chancellor and an indignant Master of Arts.

"Quid tibi vis?" asks M.A.

"istud placitum mihi Non placet—An vult
Per saltum Princeps noster habere gradum?"

And he followed up the lighter assault with more serious remonstrance. Not that he objected to "a Ball," but to "making use of Lord Fitzwilliam's noble building for that purpose. I heartily approve," he says, "and admire good dancing in appropriate places. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in the dance; I always rejoice to see others enjoying the same happiness."

The "*juvetum rapidissime*" of a later date may perhaps gain something of additional significance if it be read in the light of the following verses from the "Dialogue:—

"M.A. At quales saltus? forsán Minuetta decora
Hispana ducet cum gravitate choros.

P.C. Non ita—nam priscos redolet nimis illa Catones;
Nec *rapidos juvenes* tarda chorea decet."

In matters of graver moment the Professor intervened in graver mood, though rarely without relieving a discussion by some play of fancy or some apt allusion. When it was proposed to make a large increase in the Fee for the Degree of Doctor in Divinity, ever jealous for the interests of a class of men, which had once, in the words of the author of a Pamphlet published in 1838 under the title "Are Cathedral Institutions useless?" "made poverty honourable in the College of which he was a member," he objected to this increase, "as being a discouragement to the poorer Students in Divinity from proceeding to this Degree." "To establish our present faults, as the principles of our future government, is a bad reform," was his answer to the argument that in practice no one proceeded to this degree but those who were well able to pay a higher Fee, and it was an answer which was in entire harmony with the principles on which he always desired to act. He at the same time expressed his dissent from a proposition of the Council that the questions and arguments in the Act for a Divinity Degree should be in English. "The change," he said, "would make a great difference in the preparation required for such exercises; would tend to the habitual use of translations instead of originals; and gradually lower the standard of learning, both in the Professors who preside and in the candidates who keep the Acts." The paper from which these extracts are made is dated May 17th, 1838.

When at a later date he opposed a proposition to dispense with the oral disputations altogether, he gave apt expression in the words, *migravit ab ore voluptas*, to the regret with which he regarded "the general tendency to get rid of *vivâ voce* examination altogether."

Professor Selwyn had always a fraternal, and more than a fraternal interest in missions. The readers of the poem "Winfrid, afterwards called Boniface," which he dedicated "to George Augustus, first Bishop of New Zealand," can hardly fail to perceive that the Missionary Bishop of the present century is in his mind as he tells the story of the great English Missionary Bishop of the eighth century. But there was no effort to spread the Gospel in heathen lands which he was not ever ready to help; no returning missionary, priest or bishop, to whom he was not ever ready to give a kindly welcome. No wonder then that he was one of those who were stirred by the words with which Dr. Livingstone closed his address in the Senate House in 1857; "I am going once more to Africa, to open the way for commerce, for civilization, for Christianity; and when it is once opened, do you take care that it shall not be closed again. I leave it with you;"—words which led in the end to the institution of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission to Central Africa. Professor Selwyn was one of three, Professor Browne and the late Archdeacon Hardwick being the other two, who were deputed by the Cambridge Committee to be present at a meeting which was held on the subject of this Mission in the Theatre of Oxford University on the 17th of May, 1859; and the speech which he delivered on that occasion was afterwards printed by way of preparing for the great meeting which was held in the Senate House on All Saints' Day of the same year.

The Professor's sympathies were indeed of the widest. Whatever the occasion might be, whether

foreign missions or home missions, whether the relief of spiritual destitution or the supply of material wants, whether the education of the poor, or the building of a new church, or the restoration of an old one, whether a gathering of militia, or the meeting of an agricultural society, whether a private trouble or a public calamity, such as the distress in the Cotton Districts in 1862 or the Cattle Plague of 1866—on all occasions Professor Selwyn was ready with speech or sermon, with active exertion or, if need required, with liberal contribution. And on all occasions alike he had something apt to say. Those who heard his sermon in Great St. Mary's on the day of Humiliation and Prayer on account of the Cattle Plague, will remember the matchless skill with which he touched, and more than touched, upon the most homely topics—topics which scarcely any but he could have ventured to touch at all in such a place—without detriment to the gravity and seriousness which the occasion demanded.

But that which will perhaps have most interest for the readers of the *Eagle* is the relation in which Professor Selwyn stood to his own College. He entered St. John's at a time when it was regarded as "the most paternal College in the University;"* and to the close of his life he continued to cherish that almost filial affection for the College which is still entertained by many of its older members. Following the example of Professor Blunt, he made a point, from the time that he returned to Cambridge as Professor, of being present always in the College Chapel on the days of Commemoration of Benefactors. It was a disappointment to him, if anything prevented him from dining in Hall on the day of Election of Fellows, and making the acquaintance of the Fellows-elect. He never allowed a term to pass, during which he was resident in Cambridge, without seeking the

* "Are Cathedral Institutions useless?" p. 19, Note.

opportunity, once at least, if not oftener, of joining the Fellows in Hall, and afterwards attending the Chapel Service. And he regarded with lively satisfaction every success achieved or distinction attained by a member of St. John's, whether in the Church or in the world, in the schools, or on the river.

But it is by the impulse which he gave to the building of the New Chapel that Professor Selwyn's name has become more especially memorable in the annals of St. John's College.

In the year 1861, he was invited to preach the sermon in the Service for the Commemoration of Benefactors on the 6th of May, the Feast of St. John Port Latin. In this sermon, taking for his text some verses of the Prophet Haggai, in which he foretels that "the glory of the latter house shall be greater than of the former," and expounding the words, in his wonted manner, in their relation both to the times then present and to those of the coming Saviour, he then goes on to "apply the word to the solemnity of the day." It was now "the 7th Jubilee of our ancient College," the Charter of whose Incorporation had been sealed in 1511, "a time not unlike that season at Jerusalem—a time of many adversaries and many hindrances." But reviewing the growth of the Foundation from that time to the present, "when the College has just received her revised code of Statutes," and "we seem to stand at the close of one period of the college life and at the opening of another," he sees some ground for hope that, by still further improvement in the material fabric of the College and by the succession of a yet "nobler band of men," even than that which the College has hitherto seen, "trained within her walls, and going forth from hence to serve God in all the offices of Church and State; in all walks of learning and science; in the study of the Word and of the Works of God"—this ancient house may be made "more

glorious than of old." "And is there not," he asks, "one improvement more to be desired than all? long-talked of, long-delayed, for which perhaps *the time is now come.*" "*Magnum opus et arduum.* But what if the time be come, and God be with us! *Deus adjutor noster.*" Professor Selwyn himself "came here when the College was still bounded by the river." He could "speak from experience," when he recalled a time "when a late Master, James Wood, gave £2000, and every Fellow the fourth part of his Fellowship, for the building of another court beyond the Cam. What," he asks, "if that same spirit should still live and breathe within these walls, and fill all hearts with zeal like David's, to find a fitting place for the temple of the Lord?" "How glorious beyond all former time would" then "be the fabric of our ancient House!"

A new Chapel had indeed long been desired by the members of the College. But it was this Sermon which gave the final impulse. When after the usual entertainment of the day the Master in Combination-room conveyed the thanks of the Society to Professor Selwyn for his Sermon and expressed a wish that it might be published, the Professor in return, after giving in his happiest vein many reasons why sermons should not be published, concluded with the expression of a hope that, though this sermon might not be put into print, it might nevertheless prove to be "a sermon in stones." "You want it to be lithographed, in fact," was instantly remarked by a Head of a College, who was among the guests. And "lithographed" it was determined that it should be.

The writer of this notice can now only look back with regret on the part which he took in the building of a new Chapel for the College. But those were days in which, though clouds were already gathering, men might still hope that a new Chapel would always be, what the old Chapel had never ceased to be, a meet expression, though in

nobler and more stately form, of the faith of the Society to which it should belong. And so, not without serious misgivings on the part of some, misgivings which, sooner even than those who felt them could have anticipated, were proved to have been only too well-founded, and not without some natural regret on the part of all for the loss of the homelier building which had been hallowed by centuries of ennobling traditions of the dead and by many a sacred and solemn memory of the living, but with sanguine enthusiasm on the part of most of the members of the College, the new Chapel was begun. Professor Selwyn was a munificent contributor to the building of it; and when it was finished, he presented one of the painted windows. He preached a Commemoration-Sermon again on the 6th of May, 1864, when a memorial-stone was laid; and when the Chapel was consecrated, on the 12th of May, 1869, he read the lesson in the Service of Consecration. And then, but not till then, did he print his sermon of 1861, with the motto "*Nonum prematur in annum*" and the title "The New Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge: a word spoken at the Annual Commemoration of Benefactors, May 6, 1861, by William Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Reader in Theology, and now lithographed by the College."

In the Michaelmas Term of the year 1866 Professor Selwyn took part in the Ceremony of opening the new buildings of the Union Society, speaking "as one of the oldest Patriarchs" of the Society, who could look back to a time when its members met in "a dingy room in Petty Cury—the *Comitia Curiata* they called it," and drawing, in his most genial spirit, upon the ample resources of his wide reading, his retentive memory, and his ready wit, to delight and amuse his audience. Many will remember the effect of the *παρὰ προσδοκίαν* when, after expressing a hope that the members of the Society might "go and

pour forth streams of eloquence like Nestor, but not so long; rather like Menelaus, for he was never long, nor ever missed the mark," he went on to say "But of all the Homeric orators the best model for your imitation is—Professor Sedgwick—I beg pardon, I mean Ulysses, whose words fell "like flakes of wintry snow;" and the air with which he grasped his umbrella and held it out before him, as he added: "But I would not have you to copy his ungainly action, for we are told that he

Nor back nor forward did his sceptre move,
But held it straight before him like a clown."

It was only a few days after this that the accident occurred which, though he recovered from it for the time, probably caused in the end a premature decline of his bodily powers and cut short his life. The circumstances of this accident were never clearly ascertained. All that was known was that it was due in some way to the reckless riding of some thoughtless young man, who took the wrong side of the road as he met the Professor. The result was that the Professor was thrown from his horse, and, pitching upon his head, received an injury which it was at first feared would prove to have been fatal. Though thus compelled to seclude himself for a while from active work, he soon resumed his wonted activity of mind and his interest in all that passed around him. He spent some of his enforced leisure in turning Enoch Arden into Latin Verse. He carefully watched, as he lay, the remarkable shower of November meteors by which that year was distinguished, and sent the results of his observations to Sir John Herschel. And in touching verses addressed *Domino Procancellario et Academie Cantabrigiensi* he gave expression, only a few days after the accident, at once to his grateful acknowledgments—*languidus e lecto, sed non languentia vota*—of the kindly interest which had been taken in his recovery; his awful sense of

what it was *plena inter vitæ commercia, plena laborum tempora, ad æternas procubuisse fores*; and his devout recognition, even at the very moment of his fall, *lapsu quamvis confusus iniquo*, of the Fatherly Love which rules the planets in their courses and without which not a sparrow falls to the ground. Nor did he forget those who had raised him from the ground when he fell; or those who by their healing art or their prayers had ministered to his bodily or his spiritual welfare; or even the person who had been the cause of his accident. For him, whom he addresses as "*juvenum rapidissime*," he has both a word of kindly greeting—*tu mihi, sub Domino, causa quietis, ave!* and a characteristic caution:

"Sed precor, hoc posthac reminiscere; *Carpe Sinistram;*
Dextram occurrenti linquere norma jubet."

When Professor Selwyn, upon his recovery, began again to take part in the business of the University, changes were already impending, of more than merely Academic interest, which caused him much concern. Measures were in agitation in Parliament, and steps were taken in the University, which were intended, or which tended, to break the ties which had hitherto bound the University and the Colleges to the Church. To these he offered, in conjunction with others, a strenuous but, in the end, unavailing resistance. The proposed Disestablishment of the Irish Church moved him still more deeply. Previous to the General Election of 1868, which turned upon the question of Disestablishment, he wrote letters on the subject to the Electors of the County and Borough of Cambridge, "his heart burning," as he said, "with the sense of the Injustice to Ireland now attempted in the name of justice and liberality." When the Bill was before Parliament, he promoted Petitions against it both in the University and elsewhere. And

when the measure had already passed through Parliament, with a characteristic determination to do whatever he believed it to be his duty to do, he sought the intervention of the Courts of Law to arrest in the final stage the further progress of a measure which seemed to him to be in contravention of the Coronation Oath.

When Convocation determined to take in hand a revision of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures, Professor Selwyn was placed upon the Committee for the revision of the Old Testament. The question of revision was one which had early engaged his attention. He had touched upon it in a note which he contributed to the Memoirs of Professor Scholefield, published by his widow in 1855; and the remarks which he then made he re-published in 1856, along with some additional remarks, under the title "Notes on the Proposed Amendment of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures." In the same year, 1856, he had also brought the subject under the notice of Convocation. When, therefore, the work of revision was at length to be undertaken, it was to be expected that he would enter upon it with warm interest. And accordingly from the commencement of the work to the day of his death, the subject occupied much of his time and attention. Only a few days before he was arrested by the hand of death, he had been present at the April meetings of the Old Testament Committee, and he was looking forward to the meetings of the month following, as likely to furnish an opportunity of introducing a change in the translation of one particular passage, which he had much at heart.

When a meeting was held in the Senate House, in the Spring of 1873, to consider what steps should be taken for raising a Memorial to the late Professor Sedgwick, the second resolution was seconded by Professor Selwyn in a most characteristic speech, in

which he put forth all his varied powers of illustration and drew largely upon his ample and multifarious stores of knowledge, to do honour, in his own discursive way, to one to whom he had long been accustomed to look up with reverence. This was the last public occasion of any importance in the University in which Professor Selwyn took part. When, in the Michaelmas Term of the same year, a Vice-Chancellor on resigning his office addressed the Senate for the first time in English, the Professor, still true to the literary training of his earlier years, expressed his regret for the change in the following stanzas, which he circulated among the members of the Senate:

“Eheu! Latini decidit eloqui
Flos, et priorum gloria temporum,
 (Proh! curia, inversique mores),
 Cum foliis abeuntis anni.

Eamus ergo, trans fluvium licet
Girtonienses visere Gratias,
 Quæramus amissos lepores
 Pieridum in gremio novarum.”

The effects of the accident of 1866 were now beginning to tell upon the Professor in a paralytic affection which was slowly creeping over him. In the winter of 1873-4 he spent some weeks at Brighton, endeavouring, as he said, “by sea-air and rubbing to coax sensation into his hands again.” As the spring returned, he returned to Cambridge and resumed his work here, still vigorous in mind and will, and resolute to do what lay before him. But as the year went on, it became more and more evident that his malady was gaining ground. Again he sought to recruit his strength by spending the winter at Brighton; and again he returned to Cambridge, apparently somewhat re-invigorated, and proposed to commence his Lectures for the term. But when the

day came on which his first Lecture “On the Pastoral Office” was to have been delivered, the 20th of April, he was obliged to defer it. He lingered on for some days after this, occupying himself almost to the last, so far as his strength permitted, with the work which he had in hand, his physician and friends still entertaining, until within a few hours of his death, some hope that he might yet rally, but himself prepared with his wonted tranquil piety and cheerful resignation to abide the issue be it what it might. With but little change, might have been said of him, in those days of approaching dissolution, what he said himself of Professor Henslow, when in his sermon on the 6th of May, 1861, he described him as “now lying on his sick bed, peacefully resigning his soul to God; in the intervals of prayer and thankful praise, still speaking of what flowers are opening in the field, what birds beginning their song.” But a rapid change took place at the last. As it drew towards sunset on Friday, the twenty-third of April, he was occupying himself with correcting some proof-sheets. Before another sun had risen, he had passed away. On Thursday, the twenty-ninth of April, after service in the Cathedral, his body was laid in the cemetery at Ely by the side of his brother-in-law, the late Dean Peacock. The crowning work of restoration, the decoration of the lantern of the octagon, was only just finished and the scaffolding removed in time to allow of the last entrance of his body within the Choir, which he had lived to see restored from its low estate to well-nigh all its pristine glory, and within which it had ever been one of his chief delights to worship.

It is perhaps too much to expect that a man of such singular versatility of mind and such varied accomplishments should leave behind him any single work which should be an adequate expression of his intellectual power. But even the foregoing imperfect

sketch may serve to shew that Professor Selwyn produced in his lifetime not a little which has had its influence on the world already, and may yet bear larger fruit in the future. Nor does this sketch exhibit more than a sample of his literary activity. Of his other productions it may suffice to mention his poem called "Waterloo," as being an illustration of another aspect of his many-sided literary character.

Of what he was in private life, of his gentleness, his kindness, his geniality of spirit, of his tender consideration for the poor and the suffering, and his generous liberality to those who needed help, of his unswerving love of all that is noble and manly and just and true, there are many who can speak from experience. Of the profoundly religious spirit by which his whole life was animated, and which gave a unity of aim to all his varied powers and all his scattered efforts, perhaps no truer expression can be found than in that sentiment into which, in the very spirit of the ancient statutes of his College, he condensed, but a few months before his death, his reasons for desiring that the new Divinity School which was to be built with his munificent benefaction should be planted in the very centre of the life of the University:

Vera religio est cor reipublicæ.

J. S. WOOD.



ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ.

Ἡρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμ , κισσέ,
 ἐρπύζοις χλοερούς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,
 καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἧ τε φιλόρρωξ
 ἄμπελος, ὑγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χενομένη,
 εἵνεκεν εὐεπίης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς
 ἤσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ χαρίτων.

IDEM ANGLICE.

Softly, O softly let the ivy wave
 Her pale green tresses o'er the poet's grave;
 Roses bloom round, and let the clustering vine
 Her purple grapes and dewy branches twine;
 Heaven on his honeyed songs and wisdom smiled
 The Graces' darling and the Muses' child.

H. W. S.



OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term, 1875.

We deeply regret to have to record the deaths of two distinguished Members of the College—the Rev. William Selwyn, D.D., Canon of Ely and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity; and the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M.A., Fellow of Clare, Lecturer and formerly Fellow of St. John's. The present number contains a memoir of Professor Selwyn; one of Mr. Holmes, already in type, is unavoidably postponed to next Term from want of space.

The lamented death of Mr. M. H. L. Beebee, M.A., formerly Fellow, should have been recorded in our last number. He was 4th Classic and 18th Wrangler in 1865, and also rowed bow of the University boat in the same year. He died at Calcutta in January last.

A Fellowship is vacant by the marriage of Mr. Snowdon.

Mr. Foxwell has been appointed a Lecturer on the Moral Sciences.

The Rev. F. Heppenstall, M.A., Head-Master of the Perse Grammar School, has been appointed Head-Master of Sedbergh.

The Rev. W. S. Wood, D.D., Head-Master of Oakham Grammar School, has been appointed to the College Living of Higham, Kent.

Mr. C. W. Bourne, M.A., one of the Masters at Marlborough College, has been appointed Head-Master of Bedford County School.

J. H. Freese, B.A., and G. S. Raynor, B.A., have been appointed to Masterships at Repton; W. Moss, B.A., to a Mastership at the Charterhouse; J. M. Batten, B.A., to one at Haileybury; and W. F. J. V. Baker, B.A., to one at Marlborough College.

The Nadin Divinity Studentship has been awarded to C. W. E. Body, B.A.

The following Honours have been gained by Members of the College since our last issue:

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

1st Class.—Baker, 4th; Tillyard, 8th; Batten, 13th; W. Moss, 19th; G. S. Raynor, 20th.

2nd Class.—Nock, Knightly, Henderson, Brooke.

3rd Class.—Crawley, Mosley, Haviland, Tute.

W. F. J. V. Baker was highly distinguished in the Chancellor's Medals Examination.

In the Examination for the Lightfoot Scholarship, J. D. M. Murray was honourably mentioned.

The following Degrees have been conferred since our last issue:

M.A.—(*April 2*) H. B. Goodwin. (*April 15*) W. H. Briddon, E. Brook-Smith, F. Case, A. C. P. Coote, H. Cowie, A. Evans, P. H. Jackson, R. Morshead, W. Muskett, S. M. Ranson, H. N. Read, J. Terry, A. Towsey, R. R. Webb. (*April 29*) D. L. Boyes, T. C. Bradberry, A. F. Q. Bros, W. M. Ede, J. Gooch, J. E. Johnson, L. E. Kay-Shuttleworth, P. Llewellyn, W. Smale, W. G. Terry, J. Wilkinson; (*in absentia*) H. M. Andrew, C. H. H. Cook. (*May 27*) W. J. Clark, F. T. Madge, J. Teasdale, F. Tobin, H. F. S. Gurney, R. D. Harries, J. Higgins, A. P. Hockin, A. B. M. Ley, J. H. Southam, G. Trundle.

M.L.—(*April 29*) W. G. Rushbrooke.

The following Members of the College were ordained on Trinity Sunday:

Deacons.—G. V. Oddie, J. Moore, E. H. G. St. Clair, J. M. Tate, W. Rawson, R. J. Griffiths, H. R. Hanson, H. B. Vale.

Priests.—T. Adams, F. W. Harper, E. W. Hobson, H. L. Clarke, A. Glen-Bott, T. J. C. Gardner, W. A. Jones, J. N. Quirk, R. Longworth, A. Gwyther, T. E. Hamer, A. Simmonds, B. West.

The Porson Prize for Greek Iambics has been adjudged to H. Wace and J. A. Sharkey (*Christ's*), *æq.*

The Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions have been awarded as follows:

£70 *Minor Scholarship.*—Gunston, of St. Olave's School, Southwark.

£70 *Exhibition.*—Dougan, of Owens College, Manchester.

£50 *Exhibition for three years.*—Lewis, of Monmouth School.

£50 *Minor Scholarships.*—Colson, of Haileybury College; Sutcliffe, of Shrewsbury School.

Exhibitions.—Brook-Smith, of Cheltenham College; Coombes, of Manchester School; Slater, of Clifton College.

Natural Science Exhibition.—Marr, of Lancaster School.

MORAL SCIENCE EXAMINATION.

First Class.—Anderton, F. Ryland, Hurndall.

The following Undergraduates joined the College last Term: W. G. Halse, J. Mac Swiney, W. G. Wills.

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

The Lent Races.—These races commenced on Tuesday, March 9th, and were continued for the three following days.

L. M. 2nd Boat.

	st.	lb.
F. Burford (<i>bow</i>).....	9	1½
2 J. W. Jeudwine	10	10
3 J. B. Lloyd ..	10	11
4 T. J. C. Touzel	12	8
5 C. W. Dale	12	8
6 J. Allen.....	11	4½
7 A. J. W. Thorndike.....	9	12
J. Phillips (<i>stroke</i>)	11	4
E. P. Rooper (<i>cox.</i>).....		

L. M. 3rd Boat.

	st.	lb.
H. E. White (<i>bow</i>).....	9	9
2 W. Caistor	9	11
3 H. E. Skeffington	10	9
4 J. W. Lander	11	3
5 E. M. J. Adamson.....	12	2
6 H. F. Nixon.....	11	2
7 H. A. Williams	10	8
W. Gripper (<i>stroke</i>)	10	7
W. Spicer (<i>cox.</i>).....	8	7

L. M. 4th Boat.

W. A. Foxwell (<i>bow</i>)	6 C. N. Murton
2 E. H. Bell	7 H. H. Tooth
3 R. P. Stedman	R. I. Woodhouse (<i>stroke</i>)
4 W. Northcott	C. Pendlebury (<i>cox.</i>)
5 D. P. Ware	

The 2nd boat bumped Queens' 1, 1st Trinity 4, Caius 1, and the last night got within a foot of Clare 1 at the post.

The 3rd boat made two bumps—Trinity Hall 2 and Caius 2.

The 4th boat made their four bumps—Christ's 2, 2nd Trinity 2, Emmanuel 2, Sidney 2. They never got past Ditton.

The L. M. Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 13. Eight boats entered; and, after three bumping and two time races, the following was the winning crew:

W. Northcott (<i>bow</i>)	3 H. A. Williams
2 R. P. Stedman	W. W. Barlow (<i>stroke</i>)
W. T. Goulding (<i>cox.</i>)	

The Bateman Pair Oars were rowed on March 16. Three boats started in the following order:

Station 1—H. A. Williams (<i>bow</i>), J. Phillips (<i>stroke</i>).
„ 2—A. J. W. Thorndike (<i>bow</i>), C. J. D. Goldie (<i>stroke</i>).
„ 3—G. B. Darby (<i>bow</i>), E. A. Stuart (<i>stroke</i>).

Thorndike and Goldie won by about half-a-second; Williams and Phillips being second.

The May Races.—These commenced on Wednesday, May 19.

1st night.—L. M. 1st boat was bumped by 3rd Trinity 1 at the Willows. L. M. 2nd boat came very close to Clare 1, but did not catch them. L. M. 3rd boat rowed over. Jesus went head.

2nd night.—The 1st boat were overlapped by 1st Trinity 3, but were not bumped. The 2nd boat caught Clare 1 at Ditton in the Second Division, and then they caught Christ's at Grassy in the First Division. The 3rd boat bumped Jesus 2.

3rd night.—The 3rd boat kept away from 1st Trinity 3; and 3rd Trinity 1 ran into a barge at Charon's, so L. M. 1 bumped them. The 2nd boat bumped St. Catherine's at Grassy. The 3rd boat rowed over.

4th night.—L. M. 1 tied up for 3rd Trinity 1, as the accident was no fault of theirs, and 3rd Trinity 1 rowed up with their flag flying. The 2nd boat ran into Corpus 1 at First Post Corner. The 3rd boat made their bump on 1st Trinity 5 at the Willows.

5th night.—L. M. 1, having changed their ship for one belonging to Jesus, easily kept away from 1st Trinity 3. The 2nd boat ran into Emmanuel at Grassy.

Last night.—L. M. 1 easily kept away from 1st Trinity 3. The 2nd boat made their sixth bump at Grassy on King's, being the only boat which made six bumps during these races.

L. M. 1st Boat.

A. J. W. Thorndike (<i>bow</i>)
2 H. F. Nixon
3 G. B. Darby
4 J. Phillips
5 C. W. Dale
6 J. Allen
7 E. A. Stuart
W. Gripper (<i>stroke</i>)
H. N. Rooper (<i>cox.</i>)

L. M. 2nd Boat.

G. A. Bishop (<i>bow</i>)
2 C. J. D. Goldie
3 J. W. Jeudwine
4 E. M. J. Adamson
5 D. P. Ware
6 P. D. Rowe
7 H. A. Williams
F. Burford (<i>stroke</i>)
E. P. Rooper (<i>cox.</i>)

L. M. 3rd Boat.

H. V. Robinson (<i>bow</i>)
2 C. N. Murton
3 H. H. Tooth
4 W. Northcott
5 C. A. Parsons

6 E. H. Bell
7 A. R. Wilson
R. I. Woodhouse (<i>stroke</i>)
W. Spicer (<i>cox.</i>)

The following is the order in which the boats finished:

First Division.

1 Jesus 1
2 1st Trinity 2
3 1st Trinity 1
4 Third Trinity 1
5 Lady Margaret 1
6 1st Trinity 3
7 Sidney
8 Trinity Hall 2
9 2nd Trinity
10 Lady Margaret 2
11 King's
12 St. Catharine's
13 Emmanuel
14 Clare
15 Corpus 1

Second Division.

1 Corpus 1
2 Caius 1
3 Christ's
4 1st Trinity 4
5 Queens'
6 Pembroke
7 Lady Margaret 3
8 1st Trinity 5
9 Caius 2
10 3rd Trinity 2
11 Jesus 2
12 Trinity Hall 2
13 St. John's
14 1st Trinity 6
15 Trinity Hall 3
16 Corpus 2

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Eighth Annual Concert took place at the Guildhall on Monday, May 17th audience. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Liebesslieder, Set 1 (Op. 52)	<i>Brahms.</i>	
Madrigal	"My Bonny Lass"	<i>Morley.</i>
Solo (Pianoforte) ..	{ (a) Allegro in F	<i>Handel.</i>
	{ (b) Canzonet from Second Sonata	<i>G. A. Macfarren.</i>
	{ (c) "The Fountain"	<i>Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett.</i>
Chorus	"Health to Courage"	<i>Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett.</i>
Songs	{ "Dawn Gentle Flower"	<i>Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett.</i>
	{ "Gentle Zephyr"	
Madrigal	"Fire, Fire my Heart"	<i>Morley.</i>
Part Song	"Marschiren" (from Op. 41)	<i>Brahms.</i>
Glee and Chorus	"Hand in Hand"	<i>Cooke.</i>

PART II.

Liebesslieder, Set 2 (Op. 52)	<i>Brahms.</i>	
Song	"O Bid Your Faithful Ariel, Fly"	<i>Linley.</i>
Madrigal	"Come, Shepherds, Follow Me"	<i>J. Bennet.</i>
Solo (Pianoforte) ..	{ (a) Canon and Fugue, from the }	<i>H. C. Allison.</i>
	{ <i>Cambridge Concert Studies</i> }	
	{ (b) Grand Valse in A Flat (Op. 42)	<i>F. Chopin.</i>
Chorus of Reapers	<i>Liszt.</i>
Cradle Song	<i>Brahms.</i>
Madrigal	"Now is the Month of Maying"	<i>Morley.</i>
Chorus	"Soldiers, Brave and Gallant Be"	<i>Gastoldi.</i>

The Pianist was H. C. Allison, an Undergraduate Member of the College, and one of the finest pianoforte players in England. The Solo Vocalist was Miss Amy M. Aylward, of the Royal Academy of Music. The Conductor was Dr. Garrett.

Committee:

President—R. Pendlebury, M.A.	J. P. A. Bowers.
Treasurer and Secretary—J. A. Win-	J. W. Jeudwine.
stanley, B.A.	H. E. J. Bevan.
Librarian—P. D. Rowe.	

C. U. R. V.

B Company.—The Company Challenge Cup for the present Term has been won by Pt. F. B. N. Lee.

The Annual Inspection of the Corps took place on May 1st. There was a good muster, considering the unfavourable state of the weather, and the Inspecting Officer (Col. Nason) expressed himself well pleased with the appearance and performance of the Corps.

Two Commissions have been vacated for next Term by the resignation of Lieut. Littleton and Lieut. Purdon. Pt. F. B. N. Lee and L.-Corp. R. F. Clarke have been elected to succeed to them.