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The Secretaries of College Societies are requested to send in their notices for the Chronicle before the end of the *seventh* week of each Term.

Contributions for the next number should be sent in at an early date to one of the Editors (Dr Donald MacAlister, Mr G. C. M. Smith, G. J. Turner, St J. B. Wynne-Willson, E. E. Sikes, E. H. Hankin).

N.B.—Contributors of anonymous articles or letters will please send their names to *one* of the Editors who need not communicate them further.

[*Copies of the antique medallion portrait of Lady Margaret may be obtained by Subscribers at the reduced price of* 3*d on application to Mr Merry at the College Buttery.*]

[*Large-paper copies of the plate of the College Arms, forming the frontispiece to this number, may be obtained by Subscribers at the reduced price of* 10*d on application to Mr Merry at the College Buttery.*]

[*Mr Torry's notes on* The Founders and Benefactors of St John's College, with notes and index, *may be had of Messrs Metcalfe, Street, Cambridge, and will be sent post-free to anyone enclosing a Postal Order for half-a-crown, the publishing price, to the* Rev A. F. Torry, Marwood Rectory, Barnstaple, Devon.]

THE ARMS AND BADGES OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE.

THE following article does not pretend to contain anything new or original: it merely proposes to present, in a popular form, an account of the College Arms and Badges. It is thought that this will be of interest to those who have not paid attention to the subject; whilst even to those who are familiar with the facts, it may be convenient to have them in a connected form.

The College Arms (see frontispiece) are those borne by its Foundress, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and may be briefly described as

Quarterly 1 *and* 4 *France modern,* 2 *and* 3 *England, within a bordure gobonny argent and azure.*

These Arms are the Royal Arms of the period, differenced by the bordure adopted by the Beaufort family. This family was descended from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III, by his third marriage with Katharine Swynford. His children by this lady had been born before marriage, but were legitimatised by Act of Parliament. From the failure of his heirs by his former marriages, first with Blanche Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of Henry Duke of Lancaster, grandson of Edward the second son of Henry III, and secondly with Constance, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, after the murder of Edward Prince of Wales

(son of Henry VI) at Tewkesbury, the claims of the House of Lancaster to the Crown devolved on the Beaufort family. By way of difference, they adopted the bordure of argent and azure, the livery colours of the House of Lancaster. Those of the older Plantagenets were red and white; and of the House of York murrey and blue. The eldest son, John Beaufort, grandfather of Lady Margaret who was the only child of his only son, used the bordure with the argent in the upper dexter compartment, while the second son, Henry Beaufort, Cardinal of St Eustatius, Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, used it with the azure in the upper dexter compartment, although other members of the family used either indifferently. In different parts of the College examples of both may be seen, although the former is no doubt the more correct.

The second and third quarters are

Gules, three lions passant guardant or.

These are usually called the Arms of England; it will be seen however that they were not originally English in any way, but were brought with us from Normandy at the Conquest, and imposed on the conquered country. Before the Conquest there would seem to have been no recognised Arms of the Kingdom. All Arms and Badges were probably at first personal, and were adopted for the purpose of distinguishing their wearer in the confusion of a battle. Thus we read that at the battle of *Val des Dunes*, when Duke William, with the aid of the King of France, quelled the rebellion of some of his vassals

N'i a riche home ni Baron,
Ki n'ait lez li son gonfanon,
U gonfanon u altre enseigne
U sa mesnie se restreigne,
Congnoissances u entre-sainz
De plusors guises escuz painz.

(Robert Wace: *Le Roman de Rou*, 9082—7.)

[There was no rich man nor baron there, who had not by his side his gonfanon or other ensign round which his men might rally, and cognisances or tokens, shields painted in various guises.]

The gonfanon borne by the Baron who led the Normans in 945, under Duke Richard I, is described as *vermeille d'Espagne*, that is *gules*. The sacred gonfanon sent to Duke William by the Pope, and borne by Turstain Fitz-Rou at Senlac, was *Gules, a cross argent*. That of Harold Godwinson is described in the chronicles as *Gonfanon a or (Roman de Rou*, 13959); *Memorabile quoque vexillum Heraldi, hominis armati imaginem intextam habens ex auro purissimo* (William of Poictiers); *Vexillum illud... quod erat in hominis pugnantis figura auro et lapidibus arte sumptuosa contextum* (William of Malmsbury).

The Arms of King Edward the Confessor were *Azure, a cross patence between five martlets or*. Richard II impaled these Arms with his own, and they were granted to certain members of the Royal family: it was indeed one of the charges brought against Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, that he had dared to use these Arms; but after this short revival, they were finally dropped. The Arms of the Duchy of Normandy were *Gules, two lions passant guardant or* (p. 428). There

has been some dispute concerning these animals, as to whether they were lions or leopards, but the former (lions or rather lioncels) would seem the more correct; and since the time of King Richard I they have invariably been called lions. The third lion was added by Henry II to represent Aquitaine after his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the two original lions being taken to represent Normandy and the Channel Islands. From that time these Arms have been the hereditary Arms of the Sovereigns of England.

The first and fourth quarters of the shield are *France modern*. *France ancient* was *Azure, semé-de-liz or*. Edward III in 1340 assumed the title of King of France, in right of his mother Isabel daughter of Philip IV. This title was borne by the Kings of England from that time until it was abandoned by George III at the Union with Ireland; and by an Order in Council, dated November 5, 1800, the present Arms of the United Kingdom were adopted. Having assumed the title of King of France, Edward III also adopted the Arms in addition to his own, doing this by way of quartering, not by dimidiation or impalement. As Normandy and Aquitaine were fiefs of the French Crown, it followed that the French Arms, being paramount, should occupy the place of honour, and they accordingly appear in the 1st and 4th quarters. The French Kings subsequently reduced the number of *fleur-de-lis* to three, in order to cause some difference in the Arms as borne by the English and French Kings. But this change was followed by Henry IV in 1403, since which time the number has always been three in the quartering with the English Arms. The passage in Macaulay's *Armada*, where he refers to this coat of Arms in describing the setting up of the "Standard of her Grace," Queen Elizabeth, is well known:

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay Lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he, when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.

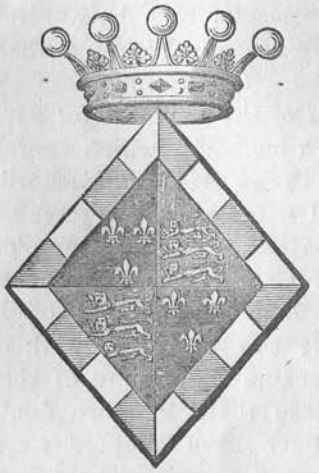
This passage however, though a good poetic description of the Standard, will hardly bear strict historical or heraldic criticism: for at Crécy, at Poictiers, and at Agincourt, the Black Prince and Henry V were fighting for the Crown of France, and bore the lilies quite as much as their antagonists. This may be verified by looking at the surcoat and effigy of the former in Canterbury Cathedral, and at the tomb of the latter in Westminster Abbey.

The origin of the *Fleur-de-lis*, and what it was intended to represent, have alike been the subject of much controversy, into which it is unnecessary to enter here. Suffice it to say, that it has been called an iris (probably *Iris pseudacorus*, or perhaps *Iris pumila*), a trefoil, a spear-head, a bee, a toad, a scarab, and various other names. It is certainly one of the most ancient of devices; it has been found amongst the sculptures of Nineveh, and on the Sphinxes of Egypt. Similar ornaments were used by Princes of the Byzantine Empire, and they have been found in connexion with Charlemagne, Clovis, and the early Kings of the Franks. It has also been called *Flos gladioli*, and it has been asserted that an angel presented it to Clovis King of the Franks. Dame Juliana Berners, translating from Upton, says that '*the arms of the King of France were certainli sende by an Aungell from Heaven, that is to say, iij flouris in manner of swordis in a field of azure the which certain armys were given to the aforesaid lasting troubell and that he and his successors always with battle and sworde should be punished.*' By some it is maintained that it is merely a rebus, signifying *Fleur de Louis* (or Clovis). It first appears as a badge in the time of Louis VII called *le Jeune*, and seems

to have been finally adopted as an heraldic ensign by Philip Augustus about the year 1200. The motto belonging to it is *Non laborant neque nent.*

Richard II was the first English King who used Supporters, namely *two Angels*. Subsequent Kings used a great variety of Supporters, changing them from time to time. Those which appear as Supporters to the College Arms are those made use of by Henry VI—*Two Antelopes argent, gorged with coronets, attired and chained or.* In many cases in the College the antelopes are *bezanté*, or spotted with gold discs. Supporters are said to have originated in the fashion of Knights in tournaments having their shields borne by two attendants attired in fanciful costumes to represent savages, wild beasts, and creatures of various kinds.

It remains to speak of the Crests and Badges of the College. A Crest differs from a Badge in that a Crest is worn by the owner only, whereas a Badge is worn as a mark of distinction by his followers and retainers. In some cases these Badges seem to have been hereditary, in others personal only. The Crest was originally used as an ornament to the helmet, to distinguish its wearer in the tournament or battle. When placed over a coat of Arms heraldically, it is shewn on what is called a wreath, probably representing a cushion, and formed of the principal colours of the shield twisted together, the metal always appearing on the dexter. Thus the wreath for the College Arms would be of argent and azure, the former occupying the extreme dexter position. Crests could not properly be used by ladies, as would follow from their origin. The Crest which appears in conjunction with the College Arms is shewn in a seal of Lady Margaret's, affixed to a deed dated 3 May 20 Henry VII; it represents an escutcheon of the Arms of Beaufort supported by antelopes and ensigned with a coronet of roses and *fleurs-de-lis*, out of which issues an eagle



ESCUTCHEON OF THE LADY MARGARET.

displayed *or*, holding in his beak a scroll which encompasses the seal and contains the following inscription:

S Dñe M'garete cõitisse Richmondie et Derbi filie et her Jõhis Duc Sumset. ac matris hen bij reg angl & fr.

In the windows of the Hall the Crest and Coronet are *or*, and the Antelopes *argent bezanté, armed, crined, and unguled or.*

Of the Badges which appear in different parts of the College, either in stone or in glass, the following are the chief:

I.—The *Portcullis*, which is generally surmounted by a crown (p. 425). This was a Badge of the Beaufort family, and as such was used by Lady Margaret and also by her son Henry VII. The motto connected with this Badge is *Altera Securitas.*

II.—The *Rose*, also generally crowned (p. 425). This is the Union or Tudor Rose, which is represented either as *quarterly argent and gules*, or with two rows of petals, the outer *gules*, the inner *argent;* it is usually seeded *or.* It is formed by joining what are popularly called the

Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York. The origin of these as royal emblems has been a matter of much dispute. The White Rose appears to have been the ensign of the Cliffords (of which family Fair Rosamund was a member), which came to the Plantagenets through the marriage of Richard of Conisburgh with his second wife Maud, daughter of Thomas Lord Clifford. This Richard Plantagenet, called of Conisburgh, Earl of Cambridge, was the second son but eventually the heir of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, and it was probably in this way that the White Rose became the Badge of the Yorkists. As to the Red Rose there is more doubt. The Rose seems not to have been adopted as a royal Badge by any of the early Kings. There is strong evidence that the Red Rose itself (the Rose of Provence) was brought to this country both as a flower and as a Badge by Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry III. The County of Provence was settled on her second son Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, whose two sons and grandson successively inherited this title. The second daughter and eventual heiress of the last-named married John of Gaunt, in virtue of which marriage he was created Duke of Lancaster. It would then be natural that the Red Rose should be assumed as a Badge by members of his family; and though not by his eldest son, it may well have been adopted as a distinction by the children of his latest marriage, the Beaufort family. The well-known passage in Shakespeare may be quoted in confirmation of this view. It will be seen that the Red Rose is invariably referred to as the Rose of Somerset, not of Lancaster, and as Shakespeare may well have talked with the sons of some who remembered the Wars of the Roses, this is little short of contemporary evidence. The first reference is in the scene in the Temple Garden; the speakers are Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, slain at Wakefield, and

Somerset (father of Lady Margaret), Suffolk, Warwick, and some lawyers. After the preliminary discourse the dialogue is as follows:

Plan. Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.

1 Henry VI: Act II sc. 4 line 27.

Not to quote further it will suffice to add that this whole scene seems to turn upon a rivalry, not between York and Lancaster, but between Richard (afterwards of York) and Somerset. And this is quite consistent with historical probability. There was then a child King; his uncles John Duke of Bedford (the Regent of France) and Humphry Duke of Gloucester (the Regent of England) were childless, so that there was every prospect that the representation of the House of Lancaster would devolve (as subsequently it did) on the Beaufort family, of which Somerset was then the chief. Edmund Mortimer, the heir of Lionel Duke of Clarence, after being kept for many years in prison, was unmarried and now at the point of death. After that event Richard Plantagenet, the son of his sister Anne Mortimer, would succeed to his rights. Richard and Somerset, in view of these not far distant eventualities, might be already preparing a party of supporters to maintain their respective claims. This certainly seems to agree with the view of Shakespeare, in which at first Richard's ambition does not appear at all to aim at displacing Henry VI, the first trace

of such an idea being suggested in the following scene and afterwards gradually developed. To confirm this, reference may be made to later scenes. In *Act IV scene* 1, the quarrel between the advocates of York and Somerset is brought before the King by the claim of the lawyers Vernon and Bassett for a trial by combat. It is throughout called 'a question in the law Argued betwixt the Duke of York' and Somerset (*line* 95). The King entreats his 'good cousins both, of York and Somerset,' to 'be at peace.' Somerset says—

> The quarrel toucheth none but us alone.

The King says—

> Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
> I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
> *(putting on a red rose)*
> That any one should therefore be suspicious
> I more incline to Somerset than York:
> Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

Further on York says—

> I like it not
> In that he [the King] wears the badge of Somerset.
> *War.* Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not.

The allusions throughout lead to the conclusion that the Red Rose was originally a Beaufort Badge, subsequently adopted by the whole Lancastrian party.

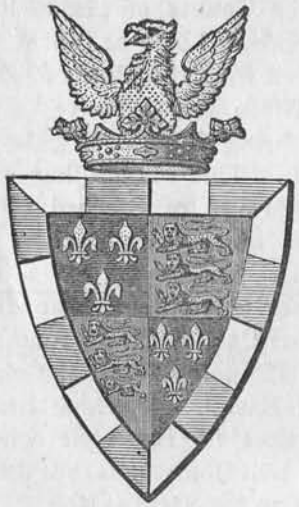
III.—A third Badge, three *Daisies (marguérites)* growing on a turf, appears represented in various forms amongst the elaborate work over the front gate of the College and in other places amongst the ornaments in the gateway (p. 425). This was a special Badge of Lady Margaret.

IV.—The *Fleur-de-lis*, frequently crowned, may be noticed in many places as a Badge on the College walls and windows. This was a common Badge of the Royal family at the time.

V.—The *Plume* or ostrich feather may be observed frequently repeated in the ornaments of the College gateway and elsewhere, generally three together. The earliest notice of this Badge seems to be in the Harleian MS 4632, where it is stated that 'Henry, son to the Earl of Derby, fyrst Duke of Lancaster, gave the red rose crowned, whose ancestors gave the fox tayle, in his proper cooler, and the ostrych fether, the penne ermine.' This Henry was father of Blanche wife of John of Gaunt; the entry is therefore curious in more points than one, for it shows the existence of the ostrich feather as a Royal cognisance long before the battle of Crécy, and renders questionable the belief that it was a cognisance of the Counts of Hainault introduced by Philippa wife of Edward III; or the more prevalent idea that it was derived from the plume of the captive King of Bohemia. These circumstances may undoubtedly have tended to bring into more general use a badge already adopted. This Badge has not been traced higher than the reign of Edward III; it was borne by all his sons and afterwards by their principal descendants. In the border of a window in Old St Paul's, opposite the tomb of John of Gaunt and his wife Constance of Castile, was a roundel *sable* charged with the ostrich feather *ermine;* the ermine came with the Earldom of Richmond, which had been formerly held by the Dukes of Boulogne whose Arms were *ermine*. In his will John of Gaunt left his great bed of cloth of gold to St Paul's; the gold roses on this were placed upon pipes of gold, and in each pipe were two *white* ostrich feathers. There is no example known of the use of this Badge by Henry IV. Henry V used it while Prince of Wales, but discarded the ermine; his brother John Duke of Bedford, who was created Earl of Richmond by Henry VI, also used the feathers *plain* or *argent*, as did our Foundress Lady Margaret Countess of Richmond. Henry VI

bore two in saltire, one *argent* surmounted by another *or*. The feathers do not appear as a triple plume in a coronet earlier than the reign of Henry VII. They are to be found in plumes and singly on the tomb of Arthur Prince of Wales in Worcester Cathedral, and from that time have been appropriated as the personal Badge of the Princes of Wales, to the exclusion of every other branch of the Royal Family.

F. C. WACE.



A COLLEGE MAGAZINE OF LAST CENTURY.

BY the kindness of Mr Samuel Butler we are enabled to print, probably for the first time, two numbers of a manuscript magazine in the handwriting of his grandfather, Bishop Butler. The Bishop took his degree as First Chancellor's Medallist and fourth Senior Optime in 1796, and as *The Butterfly* purports to be written by an undergraduate, it must be dated in one of the years 1793 to 1796. So far as is known it was never actually published, and only two numbers were prepared. The style is modelled after that of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and other essay-magazines of the eighteenth century, a characteristic feature being the classical quotation at the head.

The Butterfly

a
Periodical Paper
by
an Undergraduate of the
University
of
Cambridge

Esse tibi tantâ cantus brevitate videris,
Hei mihi, quam multis sic quoque longus eris.
Mart.

Your essay's short, yet trust me not a few
Will yawn before they've read a quarter through.

The Butterfly No 1.

Unde venis et
Quo tendis? Hor.

Since custom has made it necessary that an essayist should dedicate his first number to the information of his readers in many material points respecting—himself, I shall without further introduction inform them that having been lately emancipated from the motionless and dreary state of an *Aurelia* by the genial warmth of returning spring, I rove through the gardens and meadows with no small degree of satisfaction in my new existence, and self-approbation of the splendid colours with which I am profusely adorned.

Having given my readers this account of myself, which I hope they will think satisfactory, I beg leave to add that they ought by no means to despise my lucubrations for appearing under so airy a character, since the very essence of the human understanding, the source of life and imagination itself, was represented by the antients under the selfsame form I have assumed, and several of my species have actually been *Emperors of Morocco*. Let them also remember that I have acquired a greater advantage by my winged appearance than they may at first sight perceive, being able to rove from sweet to sweet, and from flower to flower

—— apis Matinæ
more modoque
Grata carpentis thyma,

with ease to myself, and perhaps without dissatisfaction to them. Yet I would not have them suppose that this inconstancy of disposition is so great as to render me incapable of fixing my attention most seriously to subjects of dignity and concern: or that the gaudy glitter of my wings will leave only a stain on the hands of those who attempt to catch me, and that when I am thus stripped of my meretricious ornaments I shall appear a moth, no longer the object of pursuit and admiration, but of indifference or disgust.

Let me however drop the metaphor, and seriously inform those who may behold these essays with the keen and severe eye of criticism, that though they may derive but little satisfaction from their contents, they ought not to pass too rigorous

a sentence on the first efforts of a young author, who has ventured upon a perilous ocean in an humble bark, without a pilot, without a compass, without a star: who must endure every difficulty and encounter every storm unfriended, unsupported, and alone.

But few years have elapsed since Oxford has produced its *Olla Podrida*, and Eton its *Microcosm*, and yet the rival of the one and patroness of the other has not, that I have learnt, undertaken a similar publication. The reason is not easy to be discovered, since there are at both Universities men whose abilities are far superior to a work of this kind, and at both, encouragement for the exercise of them. Whatever be the cause of this deficiency in a point seemingly well-calculated for the exercise of rival powers, the author of these essays was chiefly induced to publish them from an insinuation not altogether favourable to the cause of learning in this university, and though conscious of the weakness of his attempts, hopes that his motives for publication will sufficiently plead for him, and gain him if not the respect, at least the indulgence of those who are better judges how far he may have succeeded than himself.

The name of learning is so sacred that I am unwilling to profane it by assuming the character of a man of erudition, and on the other hand ignorance is so much an object of contempt that I hope I shall not be ranked altogether as a sciolist; I would wish to assume a middle appellation, under the shelter of which my lucubrations and myself may like *Sancho* and his *Dapple*, "trot quietly down to posterity."

The Butterfly No 2.

Latus armavit gelido natura veneno,
Et frigus quo cuncta rigent animata medullis
Miscuit, et proprias hyemes per viscera duxit.
Claud.

The properties of the *Torpedo* fish which *Claudian* has described in the above lines are easily transferable to that very numerous order of Human Torpedos who delight in counteracting the pleasures of others merely because they

are unable to partake of them themselves. Despicable as this character must appear there are too many who support it, and perhaps without being conscious of the part they sustain. There are three or four species of this fish, but I shall only introduce the two principal to my reader, namely the *Torpedo* properly so called, and the *Electrical Eel.*

The *Torpedo* is one who being past the eighth Lustre can no longer enter with avidity into pursuits which are permitted to those only who have hardly attained their fourth. This class consists of a very numerous collection of those disappointed fair ones who are honoured with the title of *Old Maids*, and some of the other sex also who, from the possession of an independent fortune and the want of legitimate heirs, take no little consequence to themselves from the appellation of *Old Bachelors*. The former of these derive much satisfaction from the errors of their acquaintance when in company with the friends of the absent person, and in throwing out obscure hints against the reputation of others, and generally conclude with pertinent remarks on the dissipation and misconduct of the young people of the present age. The latter require a strict obedience to all their commands and an anticipation of their wishes from those who are about them. Both are equally peevish and unreasonable.

The *Electrical Eel* is described as possessing the numbing quality in a much greater degree than the *Torpedo*, and accordingly under this head we may rank those who, from a consciousness of their own real or supposed abilities, either treat with mortifying indifference or rude contradiction whatever is mentioned by men of modesty, or of talents inferior to their own. These men are the very bane of society and conversation: envious of each other and of all the world, they will not allow the merit or the truth of what is urged in their company without some invidious insinuation or sophistical objection.

I was lately in company with one of this class who after having engrossed the conversation to himself, and vented his spleen on all his acquaintances, pronounced a virulent invective (for it could hardly be called a critical observation) against a poem written by a man whose learning and abilities entitle him to no common respect. The plot, the language, the machinery, were successively objects of his criticism and

displeasure. He could perceive no traces of genius or originality throughout. What was good, was borrowed from other authors, the sublime had degenerated into bombast, the pathetic into whining monotony, and the familiar narrative was disgustingly obtrusive. He concluded with observing that *Melissæus* had coincided with his opinion, whose authority was too great for contradiction. The smile of self-approbation was rising on his countenance, and his hand was not yet withdrawn from the table on which it had given a definitive and energetic rap, when one of the company who had listened to this effusion of conceit with the utmost composure, checked the warmth of his critical ardour by announcing *Melissæus* himself as the author of the poem in question. Shame and vexation obliged the critic to make a precipitate retreat, and it was hoped that he would profit by the salutary lesson he had received. But alas!

Malo nullus fuit usus in illo,

a few days reconciled him to himself; and he returned into company, more imperious, more envious, and more self-sufficient than before.

REMINISCENCES OF F. A. PALEY.

WHEN I went up to College in October 1840 Paley was a resident B.A., engaged in private tuition in the usual way with men who stayed up after their degree. He was only known to me through his verse compositions, which were in considerable favour with his pupils, one of whom had been my master just before, and through a sort of reputation for smartness of tongue, which was of questionable advantage perhaps, except with the youth of the day. He was credited with having greatly tickled the Little-go Examiners of his year by inscribing on his *Paley* papers '*Tales of my Grandfather*,' which I believe was really written by him, not said for him, at the time. Those were days when Examiners were regarded as more 'potent, grave, and reverend seniors' than perhaps is their lot in these advanced and younger times; and it required a Paley to joke in the Senate House, or a 'Big' Barstow to delight a Senior Moderator with a sketch of the Town-pump, locked and chained, the Beadle standing by—*haeret aqua*—as his contribution to describing the 'action of the common pump.'*

Paley was one of a small number of Scholars of first-rate College reputation who had (to English the Demosthenic expression) 'happened on a trouble,' 'used a misfortune,' in respect of the Mathematical

* Barstow achieved, in a scene of tumultuous merriment, the honour of the Wooden Spoon: the *ficulnus honos, inutile lignum*, was let down to him from the Gallery as he went up, 'Father' in hand, to the Vice-Chancellor.

Tripos, which absolutely barred their Classical Tripos prospects. Some brilliant men still living, some good men distinguished in after life (not to mention names), rather thickly strewed the ground—*πεσήματ' ἀνδρῶν κἀπολακτισμοὶ βίου*— about that time especially: some better able to have helped it if they but would, some less; Paley was usually classed among the former, with some reason it may be. There was at that day a sort of waywardness of talk, prevalent among some sets of classical men, a fashion of vilipending Mathematics *omnino*, and not unfrequently running it too fine in consequence. There cannot be much doubt it was so in Paley's case; that owing to the dash of wilfulness in his composition his 'calamity' came upon him to some extent open-eyed: *εἰς προῦπτον Ἀίδην* I fear he fell, not quite necessarily; and it was a far-reaching 'calamity' in his case.

While still a B.A., but, being honourless, without prospect of a Fellowship, Paley had done Classical men a great service by his edition of Schumann's *Athenian Assemblies*. I was never a private pupil of his, but I used to hear much, from some who were, of his slashing criticism, as well as his minute and refined knowledge of Greek, and perhaps sometimes of his free-handed treatment not only of an exercise but of an author. 'I prefer what Aeschylus *may possibly* have written, to what he certainly *never could* have written,' was a frequent dictum with him; and besides displaying unquestionable power of critical emendation, he must at that time have had some experimental knowledge of MSS, and have been contemplating the work of his after life—to be accomplished no doubt under circumstances then little foreseen. But the *cardo temporum* was fast approaching, and a rude crisis, a veritable *discrimen rerum*, it was to prove for him.

At that time the Oxford Tracts, far short as yet of No XC, were producing unmistakable, if partly indirect, effects in Cambridge; virtually new ideas

were afloat, and influencing others than Fellows and intending divines only. The Camden Society was recently started; and a strange fascination in brass-rubbing and font-hunting was felt among young *virtuosi*. Morning sermons in St Mary's were attended by quite considerable congregations of undergraduates, the principle being accepted as well as understood, that the University Sermon was the true complement of the College Chapel service. Even before the Sunday Door question at the Union, the yet more celebrated Standing-*versus*-Sitting-during-Hymn Controversy at St Mary's was making two camps amongst the undergraduates; or rather the Conservative 'sitters' were beginning to lose. This St Mary's *morning* attendance was a distinct result of the new or Oxford Tract leaven working among the young men; because it was a very marked characteristic of the older or Low-Church School, the Simeonites of the day, to frequent regularly the *Parish* Churches, for the sake of the special edification to be got under the ministry of such and such favourite Evangelists, whose every word almost you might see anxious young divines pencilling down on slips or in note-books at almost shorthand speed, for future study or reproduction.

There was a very marked division, not only between the 'sinners' and the 'saints' of those days, but between the two sets of the more serious men,—the men who kept their chapels pretty regularly without much fear or compulsion of the Deans, but differed root and branch as to the fundamental principles of their respective practices. In fact, the 'Objective' in religion was asserting itself, if not in word or phrase yet very decidedly in effect, against the older prevalent and sad 'Subjective' of the day; and with it no wonder Church art and architecture started into new life, and seemed to become as a sort of banner of distinction, between old and new, between taste and progress and

dead, dull, level, darkness. Ecclesiology filled the air; men measured mouldings and spoke of styles, but they went to work.

In conditions like these, Paley's quick and eager, not to say restless, temperament, his varied acquirements and accomplishments, his refined taste, and especially his facile pencil, and mordant tongue and pen—witness the earlier numbers of the *Ecclesiologist*—were sure to mark him out as one of light and leading in a young movement, which it is needless at this time of day to call really important, seeing that it has long since leavened the land; and Paley certainly was one of the stirring spirits in it, whose real weight however would have been greater, had he more given the impression of the thing being with him a matter of prime vital seriousness than, as it was in the main, one of æsthetic and literary interest. Scholar as he was, and active private tutor at this time, the work of the Camden Society had hardly any keener or more industrious and capable helper; no man was more instrumental in bringing about the Restoration of the Round Church, out of which in due (and no long) time grew the celebrated Stone-Altar case. He plunged into, if it is not correct rather perhaps to say he dabbled in, more serious and abstruse matters than the Ecclesiastical art in which he was strong: in questions of 'the Faith' (it was a sort of pass or catch word of the set) he would be prominent, and ἐπαΐων, yet always rather as an intelligent æsthetic layman in esoteric questions, than with apparently any more serious intent and deeper purpose. His sarcastic ironical touch gave sometimes an appearance, if playful, still of unreality, which was occasionally trying to some whose minds were more seriously touched, as on vital topics, by these things. But that was Paley. It was probably in this way, and owing to this characteristic defect (if I mistake not) of his mind, seeming rather to *play*

with things deeply serious to others, that he perhaps did not himself really appreciate the gravity of the step he took, when he introduced the young undergraduate (M— of St ~~John's~~) to the clever, popular, excellent and very wide-awake Romish priest then resident in the town, with whom Paley was on very familiar terms; a step which brought on the crisis rapidly, to both introducer and introduced. Paley's sincere but scarcely sufficient *apologia* was that the youth came to his hands already imbued with—did not *imbibe* from him—all Roman knowledge; that he needed but the impulse to fall over: a statement which brought up, and was not altogether satisfactorily disposed of by, the youth's *quondam* Country Tutor; under whose roof he certainly had enjoyed and made use of opportunities of 'assisting' at Romish services at a neighbouring convent, without much fear of consequences. Whatever may have been the real rights of the matter (and it was not a little discussed among Paley's compeers), the novelty and the scandal—in those early days of perversions—of an undergraduate lapsing in mid-term to Rome, naturally alarmed terribly the College authorities. *Quousque tandem?* was naturally felt and said: and *principiis obstandum est.* They did what alone it seemed they could do, and what seemed eminently proper that they should do. Mr Paley, a scholar of mark and distinction, then M.A., residing by permission of the College in College rooms, must forthwith give up his rooms, and remove the scandal. This must and did mean to Mr Paley the curtailment or extinction of his means of livelihood. The *University* indeed was not *tabu* for him, but virtually it was no place for a man thus marked; and feeling that his occupation was gone he left, but not before he had taken the step of joining the Romish Church himself, a step which, but for the pressure of this stormy blast, it was a question with those who knew him best whether he was really then prepared to take. Whether he

saw the question in so serious a light himself at that time may very reasonably still be doubted, but it concerns not the writer nor the reader of this to settle. He soon enough and deeply enough felt its seriousness, and the disruption of his College course, which seemed so disastrous and fatal at the time, may have not been without its good effects, and in no very long time, by possibly enlarging, though in so unexpected a way, his opportunities for pursuing under different auspices the great work of critical scholarship for which he was so thoroughly adapted and self-equipped, and by possibly even deepening his devotion to it.

THOMAS FIELD.

DR KENNEDY AT SHREWSBURY.

THE life of Dr Kennedy falls naturally into three great divisions: 1804-36, the period before his tenure of the head-mastership of Shrewsbury School; 1836-66, or the 30 years at Shrewsbury; 1866-89, the tenure of the Greek Professorship.

Those who can furnish reminiscences of the first of these must be few in number. The last was in itself an uneventful period, notable as a long and dignified sequel to the second. It is by his work at Shrewsbury that Dr Kennedy must be judged, and it is of that work that I shall to the best of my power treat in the following pages.

I went to Shrewsbury at Michaelmas 1862, and was moved up into the Sixth Form after Midsummer 1863. Dr Kennedy left at Midsummer 1866. Thus I came under him as head-master when he had upon him a long experience and was beginning to look forward to retirement.

The Shrewsbury School of 25 years ago was a quaint survival of a system now utterly extinct. The curriculum was one-sided to a degree now inconceivable, and remarkable even then. The class-rooms were no doubt good, judged by the standard of the sixteenth century, and the Sixth Form room was good enough for any Sixth of modern times. The sports were entirely the boys' own concern; indeed some of them had only just received toleration from the authorities. One or two masters were beginning to take some interest in them as a part of school life, and I remember the Doctor shewing himself once or twice on such occasions.

The houses—known as Halls—in which the 90 odd boarders lived, were old, cramped, dark, grimy, and in every respect out of date. In Dr Butler's time, when the boarders were more numerous, boys had slept two in a bed; a separate bed was a luxury then, but the double system was abolished by Kennedy. All the appliances were, however, still in 1862-6 such as the modern parent has learnt to abhor. The studies were only accessible in the day-time, but in the two chief Halls the upper boys had a separate sitting-room for their common use. This gave them no small advantage over the lower boys, who were confined to the low and squalid feeding-chamber specially known as the Hall.

Discipline was strict. But far more important in its effects than mere strictness of discipline was the high tone of honour prevailing in the school. Faults there were at Shrewsbury, as everywhere; but I am sure, having compared notes with a number of contemporaries from the most famous schools, that in manly uprightness and honour our boys were as good as the very best. The boys managed their own affairs to an extent now hardly credible; yet school politics, though sometimes stormy, were singularly pure.

This is a very poor sketch of the surroundings amid which Kennedy lived and worked, and we grew up and received the training which none of us can forget, and to which we look back with steady Salopian gratitude. Before I pass on to the classical teaching for which the school was exceptionally famed, I should say that the high honourable tone of the school was not, so far as I know, the result of direct moral teaching. The chapel was a mean apartment for religious purposes, and all religious matters were treated in a style which would now be thought perfunctory. But so far as it went the religion was real, and one gracious custom deserves record—the practice of closing the afternoon lesson with the prayer,

'Lighten our darkness,' and a benediction. What seem to me the great moral influences at Shrewsbury were the unhesitating acceptance of a boy's word by a master, and the transparent simplicity of the Doctor's character. The last, though we were hardly conscious of it at the time, was, I am sure, none the less powerful. In short, I am persuaded that absence of cant and the feeling of being trusted were two of the most important, though undefined, elements of the school life. Better, perhaps, after all than some modern systems; for we bred few hypocrites. The school teaching was on the same lines, and I do not think we bred many prigs.

I come now to the Doctor's teaching. And here I must first say that his manner was such as to inspire terror. When roused to fury he turned red in the face, his eyes flashed with a Homeric glare, his wrath found vent in violent speech often of a quaint old-world style, and his punishments were apt to be excessive, sometimes absurdly so. But the impression left on an observer was not merely that of having witnessed a great man's weakness. It was rather that of having been face to face with a great natural convulsion and having survived to tell the tale. And soon fair weather followed the storm. His manner settled down into comparative calm, a hasty accusation was withdrawn, perhaps an excessive punishment was remitted. He once gave me two books of Milton to write out, and within 20 minutes' time commuted the punishment to the writing down of the words *two books of Milton*, dismissing the whole affair with a smile and his eyes blazing with fun. On the other hand, I once when in the lower Sixth got 4200 lines of Milton in the course of a week, and had to do them too. But what of that? One never got angry or sulky with the Doctor any more than one would with the weather. We felt that he was a 'big man,' well able to bear the drawback of a hundred faults. Even

those who feared him were proud of him. And his faults were simply the outcome of the warm impulsive passionate temperament which made his teaching so real, which enabled him to carry us schoolboys at will from Shrewsbury to Rome or Athens.

The amount* of work done by the Sixth was not excessive. At many schools they did and do work as hard or harder and get through less. The cycle of exercises was fortnightly. On Tuesday morning you shewed up a copy of Greek Iambics (16 lines minimum), on Thursday Latin Elegiacs (24 lines), on Saturday Latin Prose; next week Latin Lyrics (5 stanzas), Latin Heroics (26 lines), Latin Prose. The Greek Verse was always a version from English; the Latin Verse and Prose alternately original and translated, but in my time the latter kind was beginning to predominate. The subjects or passages were given out at Second Lesson each Monday for the whole week. If out of the week's exercises done by the whole form six or more obtained the highest mark, the form had a half-holiday the following Monday. This 'Sixth Extra' was a great blessing, and one that seldom failed. It had been the custom for exercises of distinguished merit to be copied in a book known as the 'Play Book,' and special privileges were granted on such an occasion. This had ceased in my time, but the Doctor now and then 'kept' an exercise. Once I remember his reading a copy out to the assembled form, suggesting corrections, and afterwards putting it into the third edition of *Sabrinae Corolla*. But all things were in those later years 1862–6 much more irregular than they had been, and exercises in particular were looked over much more carelessly than in his earlier days. I know this for certain. While on this subject of exercises I should remark that we never had 'fair copies' given

* The details of this section are as correct as I can make them, but do not pretend to completeness.

us, and that the amount of immediate personal teaching we received was very small. We were supposed to find our models in the best of the old Classics themselves, and we formed our style gradually as best we might. Hence the Salopian Freshman at the University, if his work was rough and unpolished, was at least generally free from vapid second-hand mannerisms. I should add also that we never did Greek Prose exercises save in examination. The Doctor held that a sound grounding in good Greek writers (especially Thucydides) was enough to enable us to write decent Greek Prose—enough that is for schoolboys—and I believe he was right. All exercises were expected to shew spirit quite as much as correctness. What he called 'ditch-water' was an abomination.

No record of exercises or marks was kept, nor were any marks given for lessons other than written exercises. This was a good thing, for it saved a lot of time, dispensed with a record always fallacious, and in translation lessons there was less regularity in the choice of boys to be put on—a wholesome uncertainty. We were allowed in the Sixth to use translations, but not to be misled by them. We taught each other a good deal. In the Praepostors' room the head boy translated each lesson to the rest. We asked questions or made suggestions, and the institution worked admirably. Assistance from masters out of school hours was practically unknown. Prizes were very few; there was no Speech-Day, and generally speaking the absence of ceremonial was probably unparalleled in English Schools.

I have often been asked by schoolmasters, 'what was Kennedy's method?' At first sight one would have said that Kennedy had no *method* at all. Indeed I do not think that he had ever formulated or worked out a method of teaching. But that he did teach is certain, and his teaching sank in somehow. This was to a great extent owing to his astounding

vigour and quickness. He was never tedious: a lesson—and we had long lessons in short hours—was got through at a terrific pace, and one wondered how on earth so much had been done in the time. Then his personal advantages had a good deal to do with it. Our Sixth form room was very large; but his tall and striking figure never—or hardly ever—at rest, his bright piercing eye, his mighty voice echoing among the rafters, all combined to fix attention, partly by rendering it difficult to turn one's thoughts to other matters. He seemed to fill the room with his presence, a sort of incarnate *hoc age* which only long practice in Sixth form life enabled one occasionally to disregard.

A lesson was much like this—say 'second lesson,' from 10 to 12. The other forms did their full two hours. The Sixth was not so regular. About 10 15 up comes Kennedy carrying a large loose heap of last week's exercises, and dropping a few on the way. Before he gets to his chair he begins to roar forth a few vigorous denunciations of 'howlers' found in the said exercises, and addresses a few trenchant remarks to some of the senior boys as to the style and general merit of their productions. A good copy is praised warmly: the punishment list will come round about 10 30, when it will be found that some of the worst offenders have been awarded various punishments for badness of their exercises. This is very hard, but it gives a reality to his remarks, which might otherwise be a farce. When he is settled in his chair the bottom boy of the form—the 'scraper'—comes forward, takes the heap of exercises, and gives them to their owners. Nothing more is said about them, and long before the 'scraper' has given back the last exercise the lesson is in full swing. When you get back your exercises you find that they have been treated most capriciously. One is a good deal knocked about with the pencil, another is slightly touched, another is as clean as it was when sent up. Clearly they were looked over in

very different moods. But they are all marked, and you know that a good mark is not given for nothing. Perhaps he has written a few corrections on one or other; and you see that a sort of literary alchemy has turned your leaden line or sentence into a very fair substitute for gold. But a modern 'composition-master' would be horrified at this careless and casual way of looking over work. By the bye if you go on long mooning over your exercises he will put you on in the Demosthenes, and you won't know the place to begin at, and then ....Well, a boy has been put on, a fresh hand from the lower division. He went up to the little platform in the middle of the room—called the '*rostrum*' by the boys. He took no book with him: he picks up a plain text lying on the table before him, and begins to read the original Greek. Ignorance and nervousness cause him to boggle, to lay wrong stress, perhaps even to make a false quantity. Kennedy listens, oscillates in time, rocking his chair to mark the proper cadences of the Attic period; he corrects, reproves, raves, and catching ἀκρῐ́βες or κινδῦνον brings his chair down on the floor and his book on the desk. But the storm soon passes over, and the trembling victim goes on. He is suddenly stopped. Now he must translate. He stumbles along for a time, keenly watched by the Doctor, who is all alive and not in an indulgent mood. At last he renders δήπου 'forsooth.' 'SIT DOWN!' He does so with alacrity, and interests himself in the sequel. Of course *he* will be punished: but how about the next fellow? Now you took good care just now to mark the place where the victim was stopped in reading the original. But you did not notice the exact point at which he *broke down*. You caught 'forsooth.' But 'forsooth' was *wrong*. Kennedy sees through your shallow assumption of perfect ease. He calls your name. You can't ask the place from a neighbour: the eye is on you. You walk up to the *rostrum*, hoping to find the place by means of 'forsooth.'

Alas ἐσθλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἁπλῶς παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί. You take up the book, but soon discover that you want to blow your nose. By the time you have done this you have rashly concluded that a certain μέντοι was the parent of 'forsooth.' Acting on this supposition, you are quietly told to 'sit down.' You will share the last fellow's punishment, and you feel a fool. Perhaps you will not in future be so ready to try the dangerous game of getting up the next piece while a fellow is on. One or two more are called up and manage just to pass muster; but time is slipping by. So one of the upper bench of 'Postors is called up, an old hand and good scholar: he reads the original to the end of to-day's lesson in a clear loud voice laying on the stress with judgment: he then translates in the easy and spirited style of a Sixth form veteran. 'Thank you,' says the Doctor, and he sits down. And now the thunder begins. Tilting back his chair, Kennedy at once translates the lesson in his own way. He does not attempt any painful elaboration of his sentences, but speeds along through everything. The effect is much weakened if you write it down. But it sounds well, and is wondrously attractive to boys. This is chiefly because it is dramatically delivered. He is not merely translating Demosthenes: he *is* Demosthenes speaking extempore in English. The voice is modulated in a most expressive manner—description, question, dilemma, invective, sarcasm, all are rendered in their most appropriate tones. But the voice gets louder and the pace quickens as he nears the end, and when he stops 'you might hear a pin drop.' The Latin lesson follows—say a portion of a play of Plautus. Here the general course will be much as above. When he comes to translate, you will find him as happy in his rendering of the broad humour of Plautus, as clever in marking the varieties of character, as he was just now weighty and vehement in his denunciation of Aeschines. Perhaps he rather overdoes some of the

characters. But this is partly intentional—for he has only the ear to appeal to: partly the unavoidable result of his own marked personality. The lesson ends about 11 45, having lasted about 1½ hours.

Twice a week he takes the upper Sixth for an hour by themselves—what we call ''Postors' Lesson'—in some book more suited for a selected class than for the whole form. On these occasions he hardly ever punishes. He talks very freely to these upper boys and asks more questions. I seem now to be back again reading Aeschylus, Aristophanes, or Cicero's letters with him. These were very good lessons.

On three mornings in the week we had a 'first lesson' of 'rep.' Kennedy was merciless in one respect; he insisted on your spouting fluently *at once* wherever put on in a lesson of (say) 50 lines of Virgil, Milton, or Greek Play, 80 of Horace Odes, 25 of Cicero de Officiis, or so on according to the nature of the book just then in use for the purpose. But you always had a second chance, and it made you rather smart at pulling yourself together on short notice. In these lessons of course every one was put on.

In general, I think, the principle on which he acted (perhaps unconsciously) was that of not aiming at too high a standard. Severe indeed he was on faults of scholarship *when he thought fit;* but he could be, and often was, singularly lax. And in a boy of nerve and address, able and willing to shew a reasonable appreciation of the matter of the book before him, Kennedy would tolerate slipshod scholarship to a marvellous extent. Timid and ill-prepared boys fresh from the Fifth form did undoubtedly suffer severely at first.

Perhaps in what I have just written I have laid too much stress on the strength and intensity of Kennedy's teaching; not absolutely, but in the way of neglecting the playful and tender side of his character. He was very great in pathos, and this corresponded

to the deep kindness and sympathy he would shew to boys in trouble or sickness. His puns—some very bad—and jokes on boys were also irresistible, for all was done in thorough good humour, and the butt of the moment felt no sting. This again will illustrate what I said before as to the lessons not being tedious. The variety of humours that would sometimes be displayed in one morning was wonderful. He could pass from Kassandra to Euclio, from Strepsiades to Dido, without an effort. You smiled of course, but you felt it all the same, and you would not for worlds have had him otherwise.

Another point should be noticed—he seemed to resent bad scholarship chiefly as a slur upon his Sixth Form. 'ὦ πόλις πόλις, Oh Shrewsbury School!' he has been known to shout.

Out of school hours the upper Sixth, or Praepostors, had great power and no small dignity. They took the lead in the school generally and helped to maintain order. But in school they were exposed to much the same chances as other boys. They were punished, they changed places by the result of examination, and even the head boy had only a start of 50 marks given to help in saving him from the shame of being displaced. And this was, I think, a wholesome means of keeping us up to our duty. We were not very hardly worked, but the work was real—of course I mean the classical work. French, as a school subject, was a mere figment. The hours supposed to be given to mathematics were too often spent in pleasant conversation, in the doing of impositions that would otherwise have encroached on our playtime, or sometimes in writing skits on topics of school interest. I have by me a very clever little poem (after Dryden) called 'Benjamin's Feast,' written by one of the best scholars of our time on one of these occasions, and a smart epigram by another of our most brilliant men, who was taken from us early in life to our great

sorrow. Divinity lessons were a regular part of the form work, but were nowise remarkable. In the middle of the Half (the three-Term system had not found its way to Shrewsbury then) classical lessons were suspended, and a whole week was devoted to lessons out of Dr Butler's Ancient Geography. This 'Geography Week' was a very odd institution. An old hand knew how to manage it, and would almost certainly 'get through': a new hand was generally many times 'shipped'—our word for failure in form. At the end of the Half any remnant left after finishing the books in hand was often given to 'History.' This meant that we had to translate and be questioned on an epitome of Roman History, written in detestable Latin by a German, one Bötticher. Of all dreary and pitiful work, mere waste of time in the saddest fashion, this was the worst I ever knew.

It will be seen that the old classical training on a basis of the Latin and Greek authors was the staple of a Shrewsbury course. It was Kennedy's peculiar treatment that gave it its peculiar interest, and brought us face to face with the worthies and rascals of ancient times. We learnt to know them as living human beings, not as lay figures or shadows. English we were expected to know; we had no lessons in the language or literature. Now and then the Doctor would launch a sudden question at some boy, quite irrelevantly, generally just before some lesson began. I remember his calling for an explanation of 'tale' in Milton's 'every shepherd tells his tale,' and of 'mortal taste' in the opening lines of Paradise Lost. Indeed you never knew what might be coming, and soon learnt not to be surprised.

I well remember being sent for one evening out of 'Head Room'—the Praepostors' sitting-room in Doctor's Hall, the chief House;—the Doctor wanted me. I was not head boy, and wondered what was coming. He was in his dining-room alone; some

guests had just gone upstairs. He handed me a scrap of paper on which was written a boy's epitaph in English with a Latin version. 'I thought you would like to see it, I have just been writing it.' I think he meant both English and Latin. I have the paper now; it reads as follows:

Weep not for me, my mother; I am blest:
but I must leave my home to come to thee:
my home is where the weary are at rest,
the wicked cease from troubling. Come to me.

Pone modum lacrimis; te non ego, mater, adibo
quem tenet in caeli luce beata domus;
qua fessis sua parta quies, finemque nocendi
fraus habet. hic ego sum; me, mea mater, adi.

The lines speak for themselves. I was delighted with them at the time, but still more I fear with the proud feeling of having been deemed worthy to share his thoughts.

I must now bring these imperfect jottings to a close, though I could go on for weeks recording my memories of his ever-varying moods and their strange manifestations, his seemingly incompatible qualities, above all his wayward enthusiasm. I have never known a man so clever, so ready, so confident in his own views, who was at the same time as passionate as an excitable woman and as simple as a little child. His generous sympathy, his noble courtesy, his pure honesty of purpose, are familiar to all who knew him in his later years. I need not enlarge on such superfluous topics; nor is it my purpose to attribute to him a perfection which did not belong to him, the possession of which would have made him perhaps a less loveable, certainly a far less interesting man. After seeing a great many of his pupils precede him on the inevitable road, having survived two younger brothers and an only son, the brave old Doctor is gone at last. To any old Salopians who

may read these pages my apologies are due for the presumption of the enterprise. I can only hope that in the presence of our common loss they will not too severely criticize the tribute that their fellow pupil lays upon our master's grave.

WILLIAM EMERTON HEITLAND.

29 *April* 1889.

"THE RECLUSE."

BOOK I. PART 1.—*Home at Grasmere.*

THE year in which we are now living has recalled to men's minds everywhere that era of generous enthusiasm which opened a hundred years ago. But among all the stirring associations of 1789, there is one of a minor kind which appeals specially to Johnians. The poet, who wrote in after years—

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven,

had himself spent the great year as an undergraduate of our own College. To us therefore who after the lapse of a century

> pass
> Through the same gateways, sleep where he has slept,
> Wake where he waked,

it would have been in any case natural this year to give a little thought to Wordsworth. But the year has brought us a more particular call not to forget our poet, in that it has already given birth to more than one book of the greatest interest to all Wordsworth's readers. For the first time we have a complete edition of Wordsworth's poems, and this boon is made more valuable by the cheap and convenient form which has been given to the book. At the same time, under the title *Wordsworthiana*, we have received a most interesting collection of papers read before the now extinct Wordsworth Society, and throwing light both on the habits of the man and on the significance of his works. Of these

two books however I have no space to speak, and I must restrict myself to introducing the readers of the *Eagle* to a third windfall of this year—a hitherto unpublished work of the poet himself. As the title *The Recluse* is unfortunately ambiguous, it is necessary to explain briefly what the new work really is.

As early as 1814 Wordsworth announced his determination to compose "a philosophical poem containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject "the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." Introductory to this work was the '*Prelude* or history of a poet's mind,' which was completed in 1805 though not published till after the poet's death in 1850. *The Recluse* itself remained a dream, though we hear further details of what it *was* to have been in the preface to the *Prelude*. "*The Recluse*," we are there told, "if completed would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these the Second Part alone, *The Excursion*, was finished and given to the world by the Author. *The First Book of the First Part of the Recluse still remains in Manuscript;* but the Third Part was only planned." It is this 'First Book of the First Part of the *Recluse*' which has just seen the light, some eighty years since it was written, and nearly forty years since its author was laid to his last rest.

I hope it is already clear that to appropriate the title *The Recluse*, as has been done, to the single Book now published, is a deplorable disregard of the poet's instructions; but the blunder becomes still more striking when one finds that the poet has assigned to this Book a name, *Home at Grasmere*, which is a singularly happy one. A sketch of the contents of the Book will make this manifest to all.

In the last passage of *The Prelude* Wordsworth reminds his friend Coleridge of the summer they had spent together in Somersetshire, that fruitful summer

of 1797, which gave us the joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads*. A year in Germany followed, and then in the closing days of 1799 Wordsworth and his sister took a cottage at Townend, Grasmere. The Book, *Home at Grasmere*, professes to have been written two or three months later, and to record the new impressions, hopes, and resolutions with which the brother and sister entered their new home.

The poem begins characteristically by telling how the poet, when still a boy (on some holiday excursion from Hawkshead School, we may suppose), lying on a green hill over Grasmere, had conceived the wish to spend his life in that spot. Nor had the beautiful vision faded from his mind, rather it

became
As beautiful to thought as it had been
When present to the bodily sense; a haunt
Of pure affections shedding upon joy
A brighter joy: and through such damp and gloom
Of the gay mind as ofttimes splenetic youth
Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of light
That no self-cherished sadness could withstand.

Already in these lines we see the true Wordsworth, who beyond all men makes much of the pleasures of memory, and uses them both to lighten the dark hours of life and to connect the parts of life into an harmonious whole. We see the same poet who declared on revisiting Tintern—

These beauteous forms
Through a long absence have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

the same who said of the daffodils—

And oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude—
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils!

And so when the opportunity came to realize the dream of his youth, he seized it undeterred by any worldly considerations. "What," it was said, "will you with your gifts of character and worldly experience exile yourself in an unknown Westmoreland village, where you must live more frugally than the cottagers about you, and at the same time grow poorer every day?" "Sage man," he replies—

> Thy prudence, thy experience, thy desires,
> Thy apprehensions—blush thou for them all.

Can the strong North-country fibre of our poet be better shown?

He is happier, he tells us, than he could have hoped to be.

> Yes the realities of life, so cold....
> As we pronounce them, doing them much wrong,
> Have been to me more bountiful than hope,
> Less timid than desire.

Many words have been written on the outward happiness of Wordsworth's life; but the young man who settled himself in this spirit in the Grasmere cottage had a spring of happiness within which asked no favours of mere circumstance. Or if there was one thing without which Wordsworth's life would have been incomplete—I mean the presence of his sister Dorothy—this was here permitted him, and the lines in which he speaks of her are among the most beautiful allusions to her in his works. Elsewhere it runs—

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears,
> A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love and hope and joy.

Here we are told—

> Where'er my footsteps turned,
> Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang,
> The thought of her was like a flash of light,
> Or an unseen companionship, a breath
> Of fragrance independent of the wind.

And with her the home at Grasmere had one joy which was unknown in Eden—

> possession of the good
> Which had been sighed for, ancient thought fulfilled,
> And dear imaginations realized.

And now the poet in an apostrophe to his new surroundings re-echoes the admiration of his boyhood. Bleak was the journey north, past

> Wensley's rich vale and Sedbergh's naked heights;

but now spring has come and the poet becomes 'happier of happy' as he watches the joyous circlings of the waterfowl above the lake;

> they descend
> Almost to touch; then up again aloft,
> Up with a sally and a flash of speed
> As if they scorned both resting place and rest!

Who but Wordsworth, we may ask, could have written that last line but one?

In such surroundings, the poet continues, one might imagine that the human inhabitants were a hallowed race. But with his habitual truthfulness and loyalty to facts, pleasant or unpleasant, he puts such a dream aside and is content to accept his neighbours as made like the rest of us, of common clay—

> I came not dreaming of unruffled life,
> Untainted manners; born among the hills,
> Bred also there, I wanted not a scale
> To regulate my hopes; pleased with the good,
> I shrink not from the evil with disgust
> Or with immoderate pain. I look for Man,
> The common creature of the brotherhood.

And yet there are favourable circumstances not to be overlooked. Within the circle of the mountains the Industrial Revolution with its accompaniments of human degradation has not been able to intrude:

> Labour here preserves
> His rosy face, a servant only here
> Of the fireside or of the open field,
> A Freeman therefore sound and unimpaired.

And, still rarer blessing, the tiller of the soil is at the same time its proprietor, owing neither rent nor reverence to any man—

> he who tills the field,
> He, happy man! is master of the field,
> And treads the mountains which his Fathers trod.

That system, once so widespread, had its economical disadvantages; that it bore moral results, the history of the English yeomen will testify for ever; or, if that failed us, Wordsworth's poems would tell the tale.

And these hardy shepherds and farmers, Wordsworth tells us, were not without feeling for the world of nature, animate and inanimate, which day by day surrounded them. Before ever the poet and his gifted sister came to Grasmere vale, every spot was enriched by some human association—

> not a tree
> Sprinkles these little pastures, but the same
> Hath furnished matter for a thought; perchance
> For some one serves as a familiar friend.
> ....this whole Vale..
> Swarms with sensation as with gleams of sunshine.

And the poet who loves nature and yet loves man more, loves nature best when she is thus associated with the life of man.

Nor will the poet himself remain for long a mere stranger in his new home. He, too, with the revolving months will hear nature speaking to him with a quickly recognized and familiar voice, and beasts and birds and flowers will exert upon him the charm of old-standing acquaintance. And shall such a life be called solitary? Rather

> solitude is not
> Where these things are: he truly is alone....
> He....by the vast metropolis immured,
> Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
> Where numbers overwhelm humanity
> And neighbourhood serves rather to divide
> Than to unite.

In the Home at Grasmere the inner life shall be fully satisfied:

> we have within ourselves
> Enough to fill the present day with joy
> And overspread the future years with hope—

still life is not for enjoyment merely, 'something must be *done*,' and the poet feels himself called to utter a message to his age, a message which shall make demand on all the daring, all the strength, all the tenacity that is within him. The passage in which the poet declares the dedication of his powers to this new end is so noble in spirit and so magnificent in expression that it is scarcely to be surpassed, as I think, in English poetry. I cannot do otherwise than quote it at length.

> While yet an innocent little one, with a heart
> That doubtless wanted not its tender moods,
> I breathed (for this I better recollect)
> Among wild appetites and blind desires,
> Motions of savage instinct my delight
> And exaltation. Nothing at that time
> So welcome, no temptation half so dear
> As that which urged me to a daring feat,
> Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
> And tottering towers: I loved to stand and read
> Their looks forbidding, read and disobey,
> Sometimes in act and evermore in thought.
> With impulses, that scarcely were by these
> Surpassed in strength, I heard of danger met
> Or sought with courage; enterprise forlorn
> By one, sole keeper of his own intent,
> Or by a resolute few, who for the sake
> Of glory fronted multitudes in arms.
> Yea, to this hour I cannot read a Tale
> Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,
> And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
> More than a wise man ought to be; I wish,
> Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there.
> But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to seek
> For other agitations, or be calm;

Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent stream,
Some nursling of the mountains which she leads
Through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
His strength, and had his triumph and his joy,
His desperate course of tumult and of glee.
That which in stealth by Nature was performed
Hath Reason sanctioned: her deliberate Voice
Hath said: Be mild, and cleave to gentle things,
Thy glory and thy happiness be there.
Nor fear, though thou confide in me, a want
Of aspirations that have been—of foes
To wrestle with, and victory to complete,
Bounds to be leapt, darkness to be explored;
All that inflamed thy infant heart, the love,
The longing, the contempt, the undaunted quest,
All shall survive, though changed their office, all
Shall live, it is not in their power to die.

Finally we have the famous though somewhat unequal passage 'On Man, on Nature and on Human Life,' which was included in the original preface to the *Excursion*:

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread....
I sing.

Even in so bare a sketch as I have given of it, the interest of the work will still I hope be clear. I do not know whether to admire most in Wordsworth the dauntless spirit in which he set himself to his life's work, the largeness and humanity of his treatment of life, his subtle sensitiveness to the delicate phenomena of mind and of nature, or his pure and lofty English which verges again and again on absolute inspiration. But all these great qualities are conspicuous in *Home at Grasmere*.

G. C. M. S.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE OLD BRIDGE.

IN Willis and Clark's *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge &c.* (Vol. II. p. 274), in the history of the Third Court of the College, the following passage occurs: "a plan has been preserved which shews how the court might be completed on the west or river side, by causing the intended building to project into the river at its south extremity so far as to reduce the obliquity of its position to an inappreciable quantity. In the middle of the west side there was to have been a bridge exactly where the present foot bridge is in a direction coinciding with a line running through the middle of all the courts. This plan is neither signed nor dated, but it seems to have been adopted with the exception of the bridge. Sir Christopher Wren had been consulted, as shewn by the following note, written on the margin of the plan, but his letter has unfortunately not been preserved.

Sr. Chr. Wren in his Letter to you Laid down Something of this affair which I could wish you would Consider; as also about diverting the Streame a little farther from y^{e} house: but to avoid expencive propōsions this is y^{e} most plausible and best we can make of this Case."

While examining a boxful of letters in the College Treasury I was fortunate enough to find not only Sir Christopher Wren's letter but also two letters from Nicholas Hawksmoor, one of his pupils, relating to the same matter. The letters, which are appended, are addressed to the Master, Dr Gower.

Wren's letter is somewhat frayed, and one or two words are gone, but they are sufficiently obvious from the context.

From Hawksmoor's second letter it would appear that the plan preserved in the College Library was prepared for him by Grumbold, a free-mason. The note on the margin appears to be in Hawksmoor's handwriting.

In addition to the ground-plan two designs for the bridge have been preserved, which are probably those referred to by Sir Christopher Wren as having been prepared by him, the ornaments on the piers being pyramids and urns such as he indicates.

R. F. S.

I.

Sir Christopher Wren to Dr Gower.

Whitehall March 31, 1697.

Sr

Nothing is more acceptable to me then to promote what in me lies any public ornament, and more especially in the Universities, where I find something of a public spirit to be yet aliue. The proposition you made me by Mr. Grumbold about your Bridge, I haue considered, and can thinke but of two methods. The first takes some farther ornament to your College: The second is obvious, the making [a stone] Bridge instead of your wooden one in the same place; and of this I sent you severall sketches to conclude upon and afterward to be more correctedly designed for the worke; and I thinke there is nothing in this more than your workmen know how to performe, for you need not be sollicitous that the Bridge should appear fine to the River and the Bargemen, & if you resolue to keepe the bridge leuell with the walkes, you have only to take care of a handsome Ballastrade, upon the peers of which for ornament to the walkes, you may set vrnes pyramids or statues even what your Heartes or Benefactions will reach; and as for the substruction, it is enough if the Arches giue passage enough to Boates & floods & be firmly built upon good foundations and with good materiells.

But the First of these two waies is that which I confesse pleases me if it pleases you. It is to turn the River in a direct Chanell over your own ground, and to make the Bridge directly in the midle visto of your Quadrangles, and to rayse a new but shorter walke as farr as your Ground goes, which may terminate in a seat statue somerhouse or some agreable object, and returne off to the other walke. I foresee severall objections & I thinke they may all be solved.

1. The Boghouse must be moved elsewhere. And why should the best viewes from the Chambers upon the Gardens and fields be soe defiled?

2. The digging of a new Chanell of 700 feet long 50 foot broad & 8 foot deepe will be a great Expence. It would be in London an expence of about 400lb. your Turfediggers will doe it much cheaper; it will be a singular benefit to Trinity College, as well as yours, for it will giue them (instead of a Triangular peece of ground) a regular parterre before their Library, as it will giue to you the like & they may be induced possibly to doe part.

3. What shall be don with the earth? for the navigation must not be obstructd. It must be wheeled in heapes to the Bankes of the old River to be afterwards filled in when the Bridge is built & the new Chanell opened, the Bridge will be easier built before the water is turned.

4. How shall there be earth found to rayse the new Walke? by cutting a Ditch on the side next the Pondes in a strait line as the visto directs.

The Convenience of all this is a parterre to the River, a better accesse to the walkes and a more beautifull disposition of the whole ground. You must excuse the Architect (if his opinion be asked) who gives the designes he judges most proper as an Artist: but this ought still to be with submission to the circumstances of your own affairs [of which] you are best Judges. If you conclude of this way, let me haue a plan taken of your walkes & that side of the College and winding of the River from Trinity bridge as farr as your concernes, & then I can giue you more perfect designes & an estimate of the charge. I am

Sr.

your very humble servant

Chr. Wren.

II.

Nicholas Hawksmoor to Dr Gower.

S^r^

My rudeness is render'd altogether unpardonable by not answering you sooner unless I may offer for excuse that I was unhappyly from London when your letter came to my Lodging. S^r^. you have been pleased to give me a short description of y^e^ site of our new intended worke, and I well remember, that this old bridge is at y^e^ end of a narrow crooked back lane having no proper access to it and being without any regard of y^e^ front or sides of y^e^ Colledge so very ungracefull and inconvenient that seems rather by chance to belong to y^r^ Coll: than by any intention: tis true it leads to a walk of trees which is an Avenue leading to nothing and would be no worse if y^e^ Bridge was elsewhere, than in the present scituation which sufficiently condemns itselfe without any further evidence as being irregular unseemly & barbarous unfitt to be contiguous to so noble a house in a place where so many strangers come. The other scituacō̄n with all y^e^ reasons imaginable recommends itself as being the true and proper comming to the house, giving a pleasant vista and entrance thro' y^e^ body of y^e^ whole fabrick. It is impossible any can argue for y^e^ old site when this is proposed, which all artists will approve of and on y^e^ contrary protest against y^e^ other, and I humbly beg that you will take this as a memoriall, that you will hereafter dislike y^e^ bridge if placed in y^e^ old scituacō̄n.

Perhaps it may be suggested there will be some disparity in y^e^ expense but I am of opinion it will not be extravagant, and when we consider how much it adornes and accommodates y^e^ house we ought not to remember that small addition of charge.

As to the back part of y^e^ Colledge tho it is at present irregular this may be an inducement to some farther decorations of it, & for what relates to your intended Parterre which communicates y^e^ bridge (laid in y^e^ middle) and the p^r^sent Long Walke we doubt not that time will produce Benefac^r^: especially in so extensive a house of which so many considerable are and have been members. I am most glad to have your selfe and Sir Chr. Wren on my side and I pray you will profit for certainly (as you are pleased to hint) there is noe need of much experience in this case for he must be a young Architect or dull Mechanick that would offer any other than we doe.

But however strang it seems a trifle yett in so small a thing, I would not hav it left to posterity as a specimen of our ignorance poverty or covettousness. I neede not put you in minde how exact y^e^ Italians and French are in every thing of this sort, and w^t^ great benefitt we obtain from it, nor need I praise regular architecture to you that can forme much better ideas of it yourselfe and I hope the whole body of this learned house will consent and assist in carrying on so good a proposition.

If there remains any difficulty which I cannot apprehend I beg that your workman will send me a plan of that part of y^e^ College which must be opened to make a dorway with the hights and levells of y^e^ adjacent grounds and you shall have all the advice I can possibly procure you and whēas I was designing to wait on you at Cambridge, which I would most willingly doe, but that y^e^ matter is so plain and obvious that I cannot conceive there is any occasion for my coming since I can in every respect answer all your purposes here.

S^r^ I am sincerely your humble
Servant
N. HAWKSMOOR.

Kensington house
May 16: 1698.

III.

Nicholas Hawksmoor to Dr Gower.

S^r^

I am very much pleased that my thoughts concerning with what your self suggested to us, is so well receīd, and also that you do rightly apprehend my notions of y^e^ matter. I have rec^d^ the draughts of Mr Grumbold; and withall further confirmation of my opinion. The principal object^n^ that can be offered is, supposing a right line drawne from y^e^ middle of y^e^ street gate, and produced thro the midle of ye now intended gate next y^e^ river will not cut y^e^ line of y^e^ back front at R^t^ angles and if y^e^ Bridge be laid at right angles to y^e^ back front, then indeed y^e^ aforesaid right line will fall on a corner of y^e^ Bridge: but we may avoid this by laying the bridge obliquly to y^e^ said front, and directly on y^e^ aforesaid Right Line, so that y^e^ view may pass exactly on y^e^ middle of y^e^ bridge. I have laid this downe on y^e^ plan which I hope will be intelligible to you.

If it is objected that y^e^ bridge lying so obliquly to y^e^ front line will be a fault I answer it is y^e^ least we can chuse of

severall, and none will observe it but an artist who will excuse it when he sees ye Reason and necessity of it.

It may also be objected that the bridge by this means will be turned a little obliqu'ly to ye streame of ye River by which ye Current will press more powerfully on ye Joynts of ye stone worke.

Tis true but I am of opinion that ye effect will be so inconsiderable that ye care and skill in ye performance of ye worke will safely be made capable of resisting that small advantage given to ye water.

And I cannot doubt but Mr Grumbold our honest and skilfull artificer will take great care in this matter, and must certainly be of our persuasion in this case, where both his judgment and reputation is concerned so nerly.

Sr I can say no more but that my thoughts are still ye same as at first, but however I must confess your owne affairs are best known to yourselves, and must therefore submit ye execution of em to your owne wisdome.

I am assuredly yr most humble srt

Whitehall June 9th N. HAWKSMOOR.
1698.

Obituary.

PROFESSOR KENNEDY.

It is with no common sorrow that we record the death of Dr Kennedy. Although twenty years have past since he laid down the office in which he showed himself to be one of the greatest teachers of his day, he was still as Greek Professor and Fellow of St John's an honoured and familiar figure among us to the end. The last number of the *Eagle* contained a translation into Latin Verse by his hand, then, as he said, 'trembling towards the nineties': and we had hoped that the present number might have contained the first chapter of a long-promised autobiography. But 'God disposes,' and the life-history traced by the living hand gives place to a record of death traced by others. No autobiography was necessary however to preserve in the memory of our College the name and the achievements of the great and much-loved man who in the fulness of years has gone to his rest.

As we give in another page a very full account of Dr Kennedy's work at Shrewsbury from the hand of one of his distinguished pupils, it will be enough here briefly to note the chief external facts of Dr Kennedy's life.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy was born at Birmingham in 1804. "I was rocked," he said, "in my cradle by the guns of Austerlitz and the clash of Trafalgar." His father, the Rev Rann Kennedy, was second master of King Edward's School, and here the son received his early education a generation before Lightfoot, Westcott, and Benson issued from the same walls. From Birmingham Kennedy proceeded to Shrewsbury, where under Dr Samuel Butler he made such progress that while still at school he obtained the University distinction of the Porson Prize. In 1823 Kennedy came up to St John's, and entered on a university career of unexampled brilliancy. After obtaining all the classical prizes of the University he graduated in 1827 as Senior Classic, Senior

Chancellor's Medallist, and a Senior Optime. We may remind the reader that Dr Kennedy's family has furnished in two generations four Senior Classics to the university.

For a short time after his degree Kennedy stayed at Cambridge as Fellow and Lecturer of St John's, until in 1830 he accepted an Assistant-Mastership at Harrow. Here he acquitted himself so well that when in 1836 the Headmastership of Shrewsbury became vacant by the elevation of Dr Butler to the see of Lichfield, Kennedy was at once appointed to the command of his old school.

And now began the historic period of Kennedy's life. Those of our readers who wish to form a conception of Kennedy during this time, with his noble presence, his fiery temperament, his power of inspiring his pupils with his own enthusiasm for knowledge,—these we refer to another part of this magazine. But it may be demanded of us to touch on some of the external signs of Kennedy's unique success as a teacher. Shrewsbury it will be borne in mind was a school not rich in endowments and consisting during his rule of less than 200, for some time little over 100, boys: yet with this scanty material Kennedy obtained such a list of University distinctions as would be the despair of any later Headmaster.

Between the years 1840 and 1860 fifty-one Fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge fell to Shrewsbury boys: while, if we take Cambridge alone into account, we find that of boys who were at any time in Kennedy's VIth forty-two obtained places in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, and of these eleven were Senior Classics. Eighteen Classical University Scholarships (disregarding Bell, Crosse, and Tyrwhitt Scholarships) and twenty-three Porson Prizes were also awarded to his pupils. The names of Munro, Mayor, and Cope, would themselves confer lustre on their teacher, and one might mention many scholars scarcely less conspicuous than these who also trace their success to the Old School at Shrewsbury.

After thirty years at Shrewsbury, Kennedy resigned his post in 1866, and in the latter part of that year was elected to the Regius Professorship of Greek and a Canonry at Ely: his three competitors were all pupils of his own. At this time a Latin Professorship in our university was created as a testimonial to 'the Doctor' by his friends and pupils. It is interesting to remember that the two first occupants of that

chair should have been alike pupils of the man in whose honour it was founded.

It is not necessary to dwell at length on the closing period of Kennedy's life, although his lectures as Greek Professor were marked by the same vigorous scholarship and something of the same alternation of fire and suavity which characterised his school-teaching. His great merits remained the same, but the university curriculum altered its character, and in the last few years only a few undergraduates found time to sit at the feet of the 'old man eloquent.' His activity however still found many channels. Besides the *Latin Primer* and *Public School Latin Grammar* by which he is so well known, he found time in his latter years for editions or translations of *Vergil*, the *Oedipus Rex*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Birds*, and the *Theætetus:* not to speak of the charming volume of verse called *Between Whiles*. He was always a warm supporter of the Higher Education of Women, and in him Girton and Newnham College have lost one of their oldest and firmest friends.

Dr Kennedy died at Torquay on April 6 in the 85th year of his age. He was buried on Friday April 12 in the Mill Road Cemetery, Cambridge, after the first part of the service had been held in our College Chapel in the presence of a number of representatives of the University, the College, and Shrewsbury School. The officiating clergy were the Master, the Vice-Chancellor Dr Searle, Master of Pembroke, and Professor J. E. B. Mayor.

A notice of Dr Kennedy written by Mr Page of Charterhouse has appeared in the *Times* (April 8), one by Mr Hallam of Harrow in the *Journal of Education* for May, one by Mr W. F. Smith in the *Cambridge Review* (May 2), and the first part of one by Professor Mayor in the *Classical Review* for May.

Rev Thomas Saunders Evans D.D.

Thomas Evans, son of David Evans Esq., co. Derby, was entered as pensioner of St John's College, from Shrewsbury School, on the 8th of April 1835, on the side of Messrs Crick, Isaacson and Miller. He was then 19 years of age, having been born 8 March 1816.

Like his schoolfellow F. A. Paley, who died a few months ago, he was unable to compete for the Classical Tripos, owing to the mathematical monopoly of the day. Thus one of

the first scholars of the century only appears on the honour boards of his school as Porson Prizeman for 1838. In 1839 he proceeded B.A. as Thomas Evans, and M.A. in 1845 as Thomas Sanders Evans.

He avenged himself on the Power which had crushed his fortunes by an anonymous poem (with a few satirical notes), which would not have disgraced a tragedian of the best days of Athens: Μαθηματογονία. *The mythological birth of the Nymph Mathesis.* Cambridge, W. P. Grant. 1839. 8vo. pp. 8.

His appointment as Classical Master in Shrewsbury School is recorded in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of 13 March 1841. I had the great happiness to be one of his earliest pupils, and learnt for the first time in my life what composition means, and how it imparts, as no other training can, a living sympathy with the great masters of style. He was tall and erect, fond of exercise, of swarthy complexion. The Pucks of the fifth form took advantage of his short sight, *e.g.* to dazzle him by reflecting the sunlight into his eyes; by the time his glass was brought round to the *fons et origo mali*, the offender would have hid his bit of looking-glass and be absorbed in the lesson. Probably no modern scholar ever surpassed the flow and chaste elegance of his Virgilian hexameters and Greek tragic iambics; he has also left fine examples of Homeric verse, of Latin elegiacs and alcaics. Like Shilleto, he would turn every chance saying into verse. Walking in the college grounds with a friend, who said to him: 'Shall we go to my rooms to eat some potted beef, or walk here in the sun?' he replied on the spur of the moment: *suaue uorare bouem, sed suauius apricari.* Once he gave us a mock-heroic version of the common phrase, 'like beans,' *Pythagorae cognatarum de more fabarum*, confessing at the same time that *de more* should be *more* simply. His translations into English were close and brought out the exact sense of the Greek or Latin, but his taste in English was not so exquisite as in the 'dead' languages, which to him lived and breathed. I remember his rendering *rectum animi*, 'perpendicularity of the mind,'—not that in a verse translation he would have tolerated such a phrase, but to wean us from conventional looseness. Once I was in Kennedy's drawing room with Evans, when the youngest child appeared or was mentioned. Evans inquired the name. Hearing that it was Janet Edith, he proceeded to scan

Jānĕt | Ēdĭth | Kēnnĕ | dȳ,— perfectly happy in discovering a trochaic dimeter catalectic. No man can ever have taken a more genuine interest in the particle ΓΕ. If you went a walk with him, as I did sometimes at Rugby, those two letters would furnish food for reflexion for hours and hours.

He was ordained deacon in 1844, priest in 1846.

After the death of George Kennedy, 11 September 1847, Evans was called to Rugby, where he married. His wife (Rosamond) died 19 Nov. 1863, aet. 35, leaving two sons and two daughters. His son David (of St. Cath. B.A. 1878, M.A. 1882) has a parish in Worcester. His Rugby pupils will bear witness that it was an epoch in their lives when they came under his teaching.

In 1862 he was appointed by Bishop Baring Canon of Durham and Professor of Greek in Durham University. In the same year he was admitted M.A. *ad eundem* at Durham. He was elected Proctor in Convocation for the Chapter of Durham from 1864 till his death. In this capacity he once made a formidable onslaught on the revised version of the New Testament.

In 1873 he published: *Tennyson's Oenone translated into Latin Hexameters.* In *The Speaker's Commentary* (1881) he edited 1 Corinthians which procured for him the honorary degree of D.D. at Edinburgh 1885. In 1882 appeared *The Nihilist in the Hayfield, a Latin poem.* One of his versions is inserted in the *Arundines Cami;* several in *Sabrinae Corolla.* But he wrote many fugitive pieces for his friends which deserve to be collected.

When I announced to him Dr Kennedy's death, his reply came from Weston-super-Mare, where he was seeking health after undergoing a painful operation. He died there 15 May aet. 73, leaving many friends and no enemy.*

J. E. B. M.

* His elder brother, John Harrison Evans, son of Mr Evans, surgeon, of Belper, Derbyshire, educated at Manchester School, was admitted pensioner of St John's under Mr Tatham 27 Dec. 1823. B.A. 1828 (3rd Wr., 10th in 1 cl. Class.). Admitted foundation fellow 30 March 1830 in the room of R. Twopeny; succeeded in his fellowship by George Currey 19 March 1839. Junior Proctor 1837-8. Ordained deacon 1833, priest 1834. On Saturday 28 April 1838 appointed head master of Sedbergh School (*Cambridge Chronicle* 5 May 1838), to the great benefit of the school and college. On Thursday 19 July 1838 he was married at Duffield (by the Rev G. Evans,

I add from *The Journal of Philology* V (1874) 307—8 a specimen of his original verse.

VETERI VETVS HOSPES AMICO.

Ille ego qui quondam Grantae sub moenibus altis
errabam magno musarum instinctus amore,
Munro care, tibi peritura poemata pango.
ut me grata tui scribentem stringit imago!
te pono ante oculos iubeoque adstare, neque absens
alloquor absentem: usque adeo mihi corde sub alto
uiuit forma uiri, uultus, color, ingenium, uox.
Versiculos laetus legi et bis terque relegi
laetior usque tuos. quantum si uiueret, ipse
confessurus erat *Graius*, tibi me quoque tantum
confiteor debere. at per uestigia uatis
Peligni minus isse reor te, maxime Munro,
quam signasse nouum sermonem, dum tibi musam
Nasonis numerosque repraesentare uideris.
de sermone tuo morem gere pauca monenti.
si qua forte satus Romana gente fuisset
Aeschylus atque elegos uoluisset adire Latinos,

vicar of Rayton, Salop) to Kate, youngest daughter of the late Leonard Pickering, Esq., of Winterborn Abbas, Dorsetshire (*ibid.* July 28, 1838). He resigned the mastership of Sedbergh in October 1861, owing to ill-health, and was succeeded by H. G. Day (30 Oct.). He was sometime chaplain of the Mission to Seamen, Sunderland. His wife, Kate, died 11 Febr. 1880, at 38 Hoghton Street, Southport, aet. 73 (*Times* 13 Febr. 1880). He survived her a quarter of a year, dying 26 May 1880, in the same house, aet. 74 (*ibid.* 28 May 1880). He edited, what was long used as a text-book in college: *The first three sections of Newton's Principia, with an Appendix; and the ninth and eleventh sections.* 2nd Ed. Cambr. 1837. A fourth edition, Cambr. 1855. There has been a fifth; and the book, as edited by Mr Main, is still used. In the *Admission Register of the Manchester School. By the Rev Jer. F. Smith.* Chetham Soc. III. 1874, p. 138, is an account of J. H. Evans, who was admitted into Manchester school 9 Febr. 1819, aet. 13 (p. 307 is a copy of his alcaics, not very accurate). Another brother, Geo. Fabian Evans, M.D. of Caius College, a wrangler in 1832, was consulting physician to the Birmingham general hospital.

In 1858 the pupils of J. H. Evans raised a sum of money for building a town-hall at Sedbergh. W. M. Gunson, if I remember right, and John Rigg were foremost in this work.

His son, John David Evans, graduated at St John's, B.A. 1862. M.A. 1865.

talem crediderim scripturum carmina uatem
haud aliena tuis; qui stant quasi marmore uersus
et similes solido structis adamante columnis.
At puto de uerbis *it iter*, si uersa retrorsum
sic starent *iter it*, flueret numerosior ordo.
nonne Maro *uia ui* posuit bis, *ui uia* numquam?
ni fallor, Sophocles iterans *it it* edidit unus.
Verum hoc non poteram ieiunum scribere carmen
nec tibi gratari—quamquam est mora longa bilustris—
cum Lucreti operum interpres praestantior audis
quam rerum naturaï Lucretius ipse.
magnum opus et numeris plenum omnibus, unde perenne
nomen erit Munronis et aeternabitur aere,
plurima lectorum durando saecula uoluens.
haec quae scriberet Euander longinquus habebat.
Vnum oro super: ad fines si te bona nostros
fors fumusque ferat, noli me abscondere uectus—
uectus Hyperboreos in montes ignibus ales;
sed quando 'Scotus uolucer' te uoluet ad Arcton,
lentior allabens Dunelmi respice turres
tergeminas molemque piam super urbe sedentem,
oblitusque Caledoniae paulisper auitae
huc deflecte pedem, memoris memor hospes amici.

T. S. E.

DVNELMI,
Id. Apr. MDCCCLXXIV.

Rev Bartholomew Edwards.

Within ten days of completing his hundredth year, on February 21, 1889, peacefully passed away at Ashill Rectory, in Norfolk, the Rev Bartholomew Edwards, the oldest beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and the oldest member of the ancient and religious foundation of St John's College.

The following extract, photographed from the Baptismal Register of Hethersett Church in Norfolk, shews the day of his Baptism and the day of his Birth: the latter entry being made in his case alone, as if the writer had a presentiment that

1789

Barth.olomew son of Barth.w Edwards Cl.k Rector of this Parish & Catharine his wife Daughter of the late William Smith Cl.k Rector of Buerkham Westgate born March 2d, Baptized March 20.

the accurate date of the birthday of that particular infant might one day become important.

In 1811 Mr Edwards graduated as a Senior Optime at St John's, and became M.A. in 1814. He was ordained Deacon in 1812 at Norwich by Bishop Bathurst, and Priest in 1813, in which year he was instituted, on his own presentation, to the Rectory of Ashill, where he resided for an unbroken period of 76 years. He would often point out the spot in his dining-room where he heard of the victory of Waterloo, having then been two years Rector of the Parish. In his early clerical life Mr Edwards, being a very good judge of a horse and fond of riding, used to take an occasional gallop with the hounds, but when the old order of sporting parsons gave way to the newer development of working Parish Priests, Mr Edwards gave up what he considered unfitting for a Clergyman, and became a leader and promoter of all that was good and useful in his Parish and neighbourhood. From 1842 to 1887 he was Rural Dean of Breccles and Thetford. He was also a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Norfolk. In 1848 he built at his own cost a fine Parochial School, to which he added in 1876 a building for infant children, and a teacher's residence. The Parish Church was thoroughly repaired and reseated by him in 1866. But his zeal was not confined to his own Parish. He was an ardent supporter of foreign missions, especially of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1873 he gave a donation of £500 towards the purchase of the Society's house in Delahay Street, and the last sermon he ever preached was for the Society, on the Day of Intercession in November 1888, his text being *St Matthew* xxviii. 19, 20.

On Christmas-day last he administered the Holy Communion in his Parish Church, and took some part in the services during the next three or four Sundays. On January 24 Mr Edwards

went to the poll to record his vote at the County Council Election, and unfortunately caught a chill which developed into congestion of the lungs, and eventually proved fatal to him on February 21. His funeral took place on the 28th amid a snowstorm driven by a piercing north-east wind; but notwithstanding the severity of the weather many hundreds of persons assembled to shew a last tribute of respect to one whom they had known and revered all their lives. In the long procession of Clergy in surplices were the Rev G. R. Winter, Vicar of Swaffham, who took the chief part of the service; the Ven Archdeacon Perowne; Rev A. T. Crisford, Rural Dean; the Rev Dr Jessopp and Rev. J. F. Bateman, Rural Dean of Rockland, who walked together representing St John's College; and Rev C. Custance; also many leading laymen of the County, amongst whom were Major Marsham, Major Keppel, W. Tyssen Amherst, Esq. M.P., H. W. B. Edwards, Esq., H. N. Custance, Esq. Mr Edwards was buried by the side of his wife, who died in 1864 at the age of 78.

Many were the loving words of sorrow uttered as the vast assemblage filed past the open vault to take a farewell look at the resting-place of one whom the Parish will greatly miss, and of whom a poor man present truly remarked, "Ashill has lost its father"; and surely none will wonder or find fault if, in the course of the afternoon, many little anecdotes passed round of a more lively nature, bearing on the wonderful vitality and youthfulness of character and appearance of Mr Edwards, long after he had passed his ninetieth year. The writer of this notice for instance having mentioned seeing him at Lambeth Palace on October 18, 1886, at a meeting to inaugurate the building of the Church House (to which Mr Edwards gave £100), was told how, on arriving at the hour appointed, Mr Edwards was briskly stepping up the staircase, when, remembering that he did not know the proper door of the Library, he looked round on two tall footmen at the bottom of the stairs, and said "Will one of you kindly shew me the Library Door?" "Very sorry, Sir," was the reply, "but the Archbishop has told us to look out for an aged clergyman from Norfolk, Mr Bartholomew Edwards, and help him upstairs." On another occasion a lady said to him "Mr Edwards, why don't you walk with a stick? You might have a fall some day, which would be serious." "Oh no,"

was the reply, "if you begin with that sort of thing you must go on with it." He was then about ninety-five years of age.

J. F. B.

Joseph Woolley LL.D.

The celebrated naval architect and constructor, Joseph Woolley, M.A., LL.D., F.R.A.S., died on Sunday, March 31, at Sevenoaks. He was educated at St John's, where he graduated as third Wrangler in 1840 (the Bishop of Carlisle's year), and was subsequently elected Fellow. He held the posts of Inspector-General at the Royal School of Naval Architecture, South Kensington, and Director of Education to the Admiralty. For many years he was a clergyman, but in May 1873 he relinquished his orders under the Clerical Disabilities Relief Act of 1870. The *Times* states that, nevertheless, "he continued to be to the last a devout worshipper in the Church of England. He was a man who was much loved by all who were privileged to work with him." He wrote a *Treatise on Descriptive Geometry*, which was long a standard work on the subject.

Rev John Edward Bromby D.D.

John Edward Bromby, who died on March 5, was born at Hull in 1809. He was educated at Uppingham and at St John's College, where he graduated in 1832 as ninth Wrangler and Second Class Classic; he was elected a Fellow, and took holy orders in 1834. In 1836, while Acting Principal of the British College, he married the daughter of Alderman Lilly, of Bristol. He was appointed Principal of Mortimer House, Clifton, and afterwards of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. In 1858 he sailed for Melbourne, having been appointed Head-master of the Church of England Grammar School—an important post, which he held till 1875. The parish at Toorak, a fashionable suburb of Melbourne, was under his charge during the absence on leave of the incumbent; and in 1877 he became incumbent of St Paul's, Melbourne. Dr Bromby was distinguished for his high scholarly attainments, no less than for force of character and loftiness of thought. Several pamphlets on theological

subjects are proof of his activity, and one of his lectures, entitled *Beyond the Grave*, which was published in 1875, excited considerable controversy. Dr Bromby was brother to the ex-Bishop of Tasmania, who is now in England.

Rev Thomas Harry Nock.

On another page is a sketch of the marvellously long clerical life (seventy-six years in one Parish) of a St John's man. Here we must allude, with deep regret for its termination, to the brief ministry of barely two years, in another Norfolk Parish, of Thomas Harry Nock, formerly Scholar of St John's, and B.A. (Second Class Classical Tripos) 1875. Having been ordained in the same year to the Curacy of St Clement's Nechells, he was in 1878 elected Vicar of St Catherine's Nechells, in Birmingham. While he was there it was decided to build a Mission Room. A grant of land was obtained for the purpose, and the day after the land had been conveyed, eight men were at work at four in the morning; they had come to put in two hours' work before going to their usual employment at six o'clock. The materials for that house, which was built of brick and slated, cost £500, and the whole of the labour was given by the working men of the Parish in their spare time and holidays. Not one penny was expended in labour till they came to the roof, when as no slater could be found in the Parish, the working men raised the money, found a slater from a distance, and paid him for his time. Early in 1887 Mr Nock came into residence at Bressingham, with his young wife and little boy, and soon became actively engaged in his Master's cause, both in his own Parish and the immediate neighbourhood, gathering together a large number of adults for a special Confirmation held there by the Bishop of Norwich; taking the Chair at, and actively supporting, the British and Foreign Bible Society Meeting at Diss; and shewing himself a very useful member of the South Rockland Clerical Society.

Early in the present year Mr Nock caught a severe chill by sitting in wet clothes during some pastoral visits. Congestion of the lungs and various complications followed, till after a long and lingering illness, most patiently borne, he passed away on Friday evening, March 15.

J. F. B.

KING JAMES AND THE WHIPPING BOY.

KING JAMES, we have lately been told, when a boy
In acquiring much learning much time did employ.
He was praised, if his lessons correctly he said;
If he blundered, a lad was well whipped in his stead.
But now, if things prosper, with jubilant cry
The Democracy shouts—"What a good boy am I!"
Yet whenever the wings of good Fortune are clipped,
The same people exclaims—"Let the Marquis be whipped!"

ἌΡΧΩΝ ΜΑΣΤΙΓΟΥΜΕΝΟΣ.

Ἦν βασιλεὺς, ὅς παῖς ἔτ' ἐὼν ἐδιδάσκετο πολλά·
Οὐ μὴν πάντα καλῶς, ἦν δ' ὅτε φαῦλος ἔην.
Εἰ δὲ καλῶς τι κατήνυσ' ἐπῄνεσαν αὐτίκα πάντες·
Εἰ δὲ κακῶς, πληγὰς δοῦλος ἔκλαιε λαβών.
Νῦν δ' ὁ παρ' ἡμῖν δῆμος, ἐπεὶ πόλις ἵσταται ὀρθὴ,
Τῶν ἀγαθῶν πάντων οἷος ἔπαινον ἔχει.
Εἰ δὲ πόλει κάκ' ἔπεισι τὰ πράγματα, πλήγματα κλαίειν
Τὸν Τελαμωνιάδην, ὡς ἀδικοῦντα, λέγει.

PRO "REGE" LEGE "GREGE."

Rex, puer et multis solitus parere magistris,
Multa bene, interdum non bene iussa facit.
Si bene, laudatur; si non bene fecerit idem,
Vernula pro Regis crimine terga dolet.
Nunc, vice mutata, si res cecidere secundae,
Plebs accepta refert omnia laeta sibi;
Sin Fortuna negat vultum, damnabitur unus
Caecilius Consul pro grege flagra pati.

ARCULUS.

LYRICS.

Zu meinen Füssen sinkt ein Blatt.

Sick with the rain, and faint for heat,
A leaf is falling at my feet.
When it was green and young of cheer,
I had a father and mother dear!

A leaf! its life is but a day,
The spring's sweet child, the autumn's prey!
Yet this that flutters from above
Has overliv'd a world of love!

After UHLAND.

Ich will mich im grünen Wald ergehn.

Out in the greenwood I will go
Where blossoms blow and birds are singing:
For when within the grave I lie
The clods will cover ear and eye,
I shall see no more the blossoms blow,
I shall hear no more the bird-notes ringing!

After HEINE.

So oft sie kam, erschien mir die Gestalt.

As often as she came, she seemed to me
Fair as the earliest green upon the tree.

And what she said, deep in my heart was borne,
Sweet as the bird's first carol from the thorn.

And oh! when with her hand she waved *Goodbye*,
My youth's last dream, methought, with her did fly!

After LENAU.

G. C. M. S.

ON EARTH PEACE.

Εἰρήνη βαθύπλουτε καὶ καλλίστα μακάρων θεῶν ζῆλός μοι σέθεν, ὡς χρονίζεις.

I

PEACE upon earth! No sound
Of discord: all around
The voice of nature in her sweetest mood
Speaks in the tuneful rills
That wander down the hills,
Or in the stirring leafage of the wood.

And where in wider sweep
The gathered waters leap
Among the boulders to the still lake's breast,
No harsher murmurs float,
Only with clearer note
The waves rejoicing hurry to their rest.

Deeper the stillness now,
And o'er the mountain's brow
A silver crescent hangs, supremely fair,
And all about their queen
The stars with purest sheen
Lend their sweet radiance to the depths of air.

O calm and holy light!
Befitting best the night,
And hours all laden with the boon of heaven;
Fairer than cloudless day
The meek down-pourèd ray
To whose brief reign so deep a spell is given.

II

Peace on the wide wide sea!
Who that hath looked on thee,
Thou fierce and tameless girder of the world,
What time within their prison
The storm-winds have arisen
And scourged the billows, till their crests have curled

About the fated bark,
And 'mid the awful dark
Have rung aloud the voices of despair,
Would deem thy tumult wild
Can slumber as a child
Safe in the watch of love's unceasing care,

Unruffled by a wave—
Not e'en the sea-worn cave
Finds echo for the kiss that greets its floor:
With such a gentle sigh
The waters stealing nigh
Break on the league-long windings of the shore.

Athwart the sheltered bays,
And o'er the trackless ways
The sapphire heaven as in a sea of glass
Is mirrored space by space;
O'er face that answers face
Above, below, the clouds in silence pass.

III

Peace on the wide-spread plain!—
The ears of yellowing grain
Sway to the breeze beneath an autumn sun:
A laughing, as of joy,
Freed from the world's annoy,
Seems ever through the clustered gold to run.

And from the straw-built cot
Where men of lowly lot
Dwell with content, ungrudging of their toil,
The blue smoke's curling spires
Tell of bright household fires,
And rest most sweet after the day's turmoil.

About the swelling leas,
Roving or couched at ease,
Pasture the quiet herds untaught to fear;
Yet many a token sure
Tells that in days of yore
Far other sounds, alas! and sights were here.

By yonder broken stone
With tangled weeds o'ergrown
The shattered fragments brown with ancient rust
Once poured their fiery breath,
Laden with many a death
Of hero hosts whose bones beneath are dust.

'Twas then the trumpets rang,
'Twas then the mingled clang
Of hoofs and arms and voices pealed aloud;
Till silence fell at last,
And o'er the field was cast
The night's great mantle like an army's shroud.

Yet what a peace was there!
The silence of despair,
Torpor of hands and feet for ever still;
And close beside were they
Who strove in vain to pray,
Silenced and crushed beneath the weight of ill.

IV

O heaven! 'Tis not in things
Whose outer semblance brings
Fair image of thy pure and hallowed calm,—
'Tis not in these we find
The rest that steeps the mind,
And pours itself in drops of healing balm.

The heart cries out for rest,
But, deep within the breast,
Lie hid the seeds of each disturbing power;
Which like a frozen snake
To fearful life awake
Whene'er hath come the moment or the hour.

What that is passing fair
But treachery lurketh there?
The sudden tempest after sunset clear
Bursts on the startled night,
And wildered with affright
The shuddering hamlet wakes to sorest fear.

And in an alien land
The brave adventurous band
Sailing the waters of an unknown stream,
Its shadowy banks between
With brightest emerald green,
Where lustrous flowers with myriad splendours gleam,

With laugh and shout and song
Hath blithely swept along,
Glad at the smoothness of the crystal tide,
Till, with resistless force,
And voice of thunder hoarse,
Down to the rock-strewn rapid's shelves they glide.

Plague in the sheltering bower,
Poison in fairest flower,
Death in the crimson of the loveliest cheeks;
Falsehood on smiling lips,
Fraud in the hand that dips
In the same dish—hate in the voice that speaks

With love's own words and tone—
O were it here alone
That man might seek the long-lost boon of peace,
How oft the downcast soul,
Despairing of its goal,
Would from the long disquiet crave release!

For bent with weariness,
And sad with much distress,
The sorrow-laden children of the earth
For ever seem to strain
Their hopeless gaze in vain,
Seeking the hidden gift of priceless worth.

V

And yet perchance an hour
Fraught with all-hallowed power
Amid the weary time may intervene,
Whose golden moments seem,
As in some heaven-sent dream,
Filled with an earnest of the days unseen:
When passions sleep awhile,
And sorrow learns to smile,
And pale fear hides its face, and o'er the soul,
Lost to the mournful past,
(So deep a spell is cast)
Forebodings dire cease for a space to roll.
'Tis when with onward gaze
The spirit learns to raise
Beyond the realms of sense an eagle glance—
To see revealed at last,
When age on age hath past,
(With many a conflict fierce between perchance)
The order new begun—
O'er earth the self-same sun,
And round the limits of the ancient world
Rolling, the self-same sea,
Its waves as wild and free,
Its myriad navies, sail on sail unfurled;
But not with battle's roar
Echoing from shore to shore,
Only rich argosies of costly freight
With long majestic sweep
Breasting the furrowed deep,
Their white wings spread for many a friendly state.

Nor town with leaguered walls,
Nor shattering trumpet-calls,
Nor corn and vine by trampling squadrons crushed,
But treasure-laden marts,
And spread of glorious arts,
And the sad plaint of need and sorrow hushed.

VI

Peace upon earth! The cry
First from a silent sky
Rang through the stillness of a winter night,
What time the starry floor
Seemed through its rifts to pour
An army clad in panoply of light;
And o'er the sod
Brooded the silver-winged messengers of God.

And rapt in great amaze,
With reverent upward gaze,
The listening hinds those sweetest accents hearing,
At sight and sound so holy
Bent the knee all lowly—
They lost at once in wondering love their fearing,
The while o'er every soul
In tranquil joy unknown before the aerial music stole.

Peace upon earth! 'Tis given
To those who gaze on heaven
With eyes that pass beyond the shrouding veil:
For them the stormless air,
For them the haven fair,
For them the fount whose waters cannot fail;
For them the waveless sea
Whose crystal girds the throne of God eternally.

C. STANWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the 'Eagle.'

DEAR SIRS,

Understanding that you are about to publish two short papers written by my grandfather, Dr Butler of Shrewsbury, I venture to send you also the accompanying letter from Dr Wood, Master of St John's (1815 to 1839), which I have found among Dr Butler's papers.

How my grandfather became possessed of the portrait of Bentley referred to in the letter, and still hanging in the Hall, and how it was known to be a portrait of Bentley, does not appear, but no doubt the picture was properly authenticated, and possibly some note may exist on the back of the frame explaining its history. I have found no further reference to it among my grandfather's papers, but should I light on anything about it later on I will let you know.

I suppose it is close on thirty years since I had last the honour of addressing the Editors of the *Eagle*—to the first number of which I should have been proud to be a contributor had my contribution been more equal to the occasion. I feel regretfully bound to take advantage of this opportunity in order to disclaim an honour done me by your distinguished contributor, the Rev J. M. Wilson, in your last issue. I never attained the dignity of being an Editor of the *Eagle*, to which Mr Wilson has promoted me,

And am yours faithfully,

S. BUTLER.

St John's June 21 1830

My dear Archdeacon

The Portrait of Bentley arrived in perfect safety a few days ago, and I have submitted it to the inspection of the Seniors and laid before them your Letter announcing the magnificent present. They have commissioned me to express their warmest and most cordial thanks for this fresh instance of your regard for the old House.

We have determined to place it in the Hall and on the side of the Oriel near the President, with the several dates of admission and Degrees on a gilt slip at the bottom. It will be in an excellent light and a striking object on going up to the President's Table. In the corresponding space, near the Bursar, we intend to place a Portrait of Dr Thomas Balguy which has

lately come into our possession. His reputation as a moral lecturer and writer renders him no mean companion to Dr Bentley; yet I cannot help thinking that this place will hereafter be allotted to the Portrait of a much more distinguished Classical Scholar.

With every good wish I am

My dear Mr Archdeacon

most faithfully yours

J. WOOD.

To the Editors of the 'Eagle.'

DEAR SIRS,

Will you allow me a little space to call attention to a defect in our chapel services which could be easily remedied by a little co-operation among ourselves?

At present, as soon as Dr Garrett begins to play the prelude to the *Magnificat* or the *Nunc Dimittis*, a scene is witnessed which must seem to visitors to reflect somewhat strangely upon our collegiate unity. The choir rises at once, followed by the Master, the Dean, the Chaplain, and most of the Fellows. Then one or two visitors, generally strangers to Cambridge, struggle to their feet, look enquiringly round, and either sit down precipitately, or look very uncomfortable, and remain standing. The choir then begins to sing, and last of all the rest of the congregation reluctantly abandon the various postures of comfort into which they have subsided during the Lesson.

I do not think the individuals last mentioned realise how much this spoils the service. This is especially the case with the *Nunc Dimittis*, for it generally opens with soft and delicate chords which are completely lost amid the multitudinous shufflings of the rising crowd.

If we could all rise together with the first notes from the organ the service would gain both in reverence and in dignity. In the Creed conscientious beliefs may prevent us from maintaining our unity, but in the Canticles I know of nothing except unconscientious laziness. The change I suggest would interfere with no vested interests except those of the men who are wont to sleep during the Lessons, and would remove from our service the one blemish which prevents it from being the most beautiful worship, if not the best music, in Cambridge.

I am, Sirs, Yours faithfully,

A CHAPEL KEEPER.

SIRS,

A number of the *Eagle* would scarcely be complete without a letter on the subject of the difficulty which those in the Choir find in hearing the sermon in Chapel. Many letters have appeared in your pages, signed with various Classical pseudonyms, pressing the authorities to take some steps in the matter. The College Magazine and the Reading Room Suggestions-book are the only means that undergraduates of this College have of giving voice to their grievances. Perhaps those in power read neither: at any rate the results of their perusal of the *Eagle* are not apparent. It is surely a matter worthy of their consideration that those who do their little best in trying to make the Chapel service worthy of the College have to sit Sunday after Sunday for half an hour or more listening to that which, if heard, would be greatly to their edification, but which, when not heard, is nothing but an indistinct and irritating buzzing. The fact that sometimes a disconnected word or two of interesting and instructive matter is heard, only makes it more tantalising and more aggravating to the soul-hungry listener. As for following the preacher's train of thought, that is impossible. Various suggestions have lately been made in past numbers of the *Eagle*, to which I would refer the Deans. Why should not the sermon be delivered from the Lectern, or from the Stalls in the centre of the Chapel? The readers of the Prayers and Lessons are heard sufficiently plainly all over the Chapel. It is true that it might be somewhat unconventional to preach a sermon from the Stalls, but appearances might in this case well be sacrificed to convenience. I hope that the Deans will take some notice of this repeated appeal, and remedy the evil either in some of the ways suggested or by some better method evolved from their own minds. Asking forgiveness for importunity I remain, Yours truly,

TESTIS AURITUS.

[It is not we hope disrespectful to our correspondent to suppose that he has a speaking acquaintance with our Deans. Might he not address them at first hand? We believe that his suggestions have been tried in past years, but without much success. At Milan, and also nearer home, those in the choir-stalls come down in procession to a position from which the sermon can be heard; if the Voluntary Choir wished it this practice might be tried here.—EDD.]

OUR CHRONICLE.

Easter Term 1889.

The Bishop of Hereford has appointed to the Canonry in that Cathedral, vacant by the death of Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, the Rev George Herbert Whitaker, Fellow of the College, Junior Dean, and Lecturer in Theology. We are very glad to learn that Mr Whitaker's health has benefited much by his stay abroad last Term, and that his duties as Canon will not for the present at least require him to give up the whole of his work with us in Cambridge. The Rev Alfred Caldecott (First Class Moral Sciences Tripos 1879) will succeed him as Junior Dean.

The Council have decided to revert the system of three Tutors, which existed up to Dr Parkinson's resignation. Mr Hill's pupils will accordingly be transferred to Dr Sandys, Mr Heitland, and Mr Ward, no new Tutor being appointed.

We regret to learn that in consequence of his continued ill health the Right Rev Dr Pearson, formerly Fellow, has resigned the Bishopric of Newcastle, Australia.

Dr W. H. Besant, F.R.S. (Senior Wrangler 1850), has been elected a Fellow on retiring from his College Lectureship, which he has held for 35 years.

The College has reason to be proud of the performances of its classical students this year. In the list of successful competitors for Medals and Prizes issued by the Vice-Chancellor on March 12 the honours are divided between St John's and Trinity; we place St John's first for obvious reasons, including this, that of nine names in the list five are those of our own men. Thus Cook of Trinity carries off the Chancellor's Medal for an English Poem on *Windsor Castle*, but F. A. Hibbert of St John's receives 'honorable mention.'
St John's wins the Porson Prize (he was bracketed for it with a Trinity man last year), while G. A. Davies of Trinity and T. R. Glover of St John's are honorably mentioned. Sir William Browne's Medals for a Latin Ode and a Latin Epigram have been awarded respectively to E. E. Sikes, Foundation Scholar, and St J. B. Wynne-Willson, Minor Scholar, both members of the Editorial Committee of the *Eagle*. The Greek Ode and Greek Epigram have gone to two Scholars of Trinity.

With the April number of the *Classical Review* is presented an elaborate index of some twenty pages to vol. ii, which has

been compiled by Ds H. S. Darbishire, MacMahon Law Student of the College.

Mr F. C. Wace, formerly Fellow and Lecturer of the College and Editor of the *Eagle*, whose erudite paper on Johnian Heraldry appears in this number, has been elected Mayor of Cambridge in the place of Mr Edward Bell, who died in March during his year of office. Mr Wace is Esquire Bedell, but his duties in this capacity will during his Mayoralty be performed by deputy. The *Banner* of April 5 says—'It is satisfactory to think that a gentleman so well fitted by position, influence, and ability, will preside over the deliberations of the new Council, to which, amongst other important business, the knotty question of the "Disposal of the Sewage" will be entrusted.'

Among the men of science selected this year for the Fellowship of the Royal Society are two Johnians. (1) Charles Thomas Hudson, M.A., LL.D., fifteenth Wrangler in 1852, President of the Royal Microscopical Society, and joint-author of Hudson and Gosse's *Rotifera*. Dr Hudson's discovery of the genus *Pedalion* is said to be "one of the most remarkable and important contributions to animal morphology of the past twenty years." (2) William Johnson Sollas, M.A., Sc.D., Hon. LL.D. (Dublin), late Fellow of the College, and now Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin. He is the author of many papers on geology, palæontology, and the natural history of Sponges.

Dr E. A. Abbott (Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medallist 1861), formerly Fellow, has announced his intention to resign the Head-mastership of the City of London School. We hope to hear that a Johnian has been appointed to succeed him.

Mr F. H. Colson, M.A. (Fourth Classic 1880), late Fellow, and Senior Classical Master of Bradford Grammar School, has been appointed Head-master of Plymouth College.

Mr James Sterndale Bennett, M.A. (son of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett), has been appointed Head-master of Derby School, in succession to the late Rev Walter Clarke. He was exhibitioner at St John's, and eighteenth wrangler in 1869. He was seven years assistant-master at Sherborne School, and for the last nine years has been mathematical lecturer at King's College, London, under Professor W. H. H. Hudson.

Mr A. W. Ward (B.A. 1882), formerly Scholar of the College, has been nominated Professor of Mathematics and Physics in the Canning College, Lucknow.

Mr J. Brooksmith (Twentieth Wrangler 1870) has been appointed Mathematical Instructor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

Mr E. Hunt Cooke, M.A., M.B., B.C. (First Class Natural Sciences Tripos Part I 1883), has been appointed Surgeon to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway.

Ds H. D. Rolleston, B.A., M.B., B.C., has been admitted a Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Dr Donald Mac Alister has been appointed to deliver the Thomson Lectures in Natural Science at Aberdeen next winter; he has also been made Secretary to the Council of the Senate in the place of Mr Hill.

The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, has appointed the Rev Thomas Barton Spencer (B.A. 1870) to be Grand Chaplain of England.

The Master and Mr Watson have been appointed Examiners for the Theological Tripos.

In the first periodical examination for Indian Civil Service Selected Candidates, held in March 1889, the 8th and 9th places have been obtained by members of the College, George Whittle and Donald Hector Lees. Mr Whittle was second in English Law and first (with a prize of £10) in Hindi. Mr Lees was first in Jurisprudence and in Bengali and Hindustani.

We regret to notice the announcement of the death of Kenneth Macaulay Eicke (B.A. 1883), Chaplain to the Indian Government, which took place at Karachi, Sindh. He rendered many services to the L. M. B. C., of which he was for a time Sub-treasurer.

The portrait of Professor Sylvester, referred to in the Bursar's letter published in our last number, has been finished by Mr Emslie, and is now being exhibited in the Royal Academy. It is a striking picture, and we look forward to seeing it in the Hall when the Academy is closed. The response to Mr Scott's request was both prompt and adequate. The College is to be congratulated on possessing what is at once a memorial of a great mathematician and an approved work of art. The following is a list of the subscribers:

The Master
Adams, Prof. J. C.
Babington, Prof. C. C.
Bateson, W.
Clark, Prof. E. C.
Clifton, Prof. R. B.
Darlington, T.
Foxwell, H. S.
Greenhill, A. G.
Heitland, W. E.
Hill, E.
Hogg, R. W.
Hudson, W. H. H.
Kennedy, Prof. B. H.
Larmor, J.
Liveing, Prof. G. D.
Love, A. E. H.
MacAlister, D.
Main, P. T.
Marshall, Prof. A.
Mason, P. H.
Mathews, E. B.
Newbold, W. T.
Paton, J. L. A.
Roseveare, W. N.
Samways, D. W.
Sandys, J. E.
Scott, R. F.
Stevens, A. J.
Tanner, J. R.
Ward, J. T.
Webb, R. R.
Weldon, W. F. R.

A stained-glass window has been placed in the Union Society's rooms by Mr W. H. Kelland, of Trinity, as a memorial to his friend, the late J. F. Skipper (B.A. 1876) of St John's, who was President of the Society in 1875.

The following should be added to the list of Johnians who have been elected members of County Councils:

Rev Charles Elsee, late Fellow (*Warwickshire*).
William Philip Hiern, late Fellow (*Devonshire*).
Thomas Henry Goodwin Newton (*Warwickshire*).
Philip Pearson Pennant (*Bodfari, Flintshire*).
Francis Alexander Mackinnon (*Kent*).

Professor H. G. Seeley, of this College, to whom a sum was assigned from the Government Grant for a research on the Permian-Trias *Reptilia*, has been spending his Easter recess in St Petersburg and Moscow. The officers and professors of the Academy, the University, and the School of Mines at St Petersburg have shewn him every attention, and his work in the museums appears likely to lead to important results. Mr Seeley had hoped to proceed to Kazan, but was prevented by the severity of the winter, the navigation of the Volga being closed, and the roads from Moscow to Kazan almost impassable.

In *London and Brighton* for April 7 is an appreciative *Pulpit Sketch* of Prebendary Harry Jones, Vicar of St Philip's, Regent Street, London, and Chaplain to the Queen.

We observe the familiar name of *Arculus* at the foot of a characteristic poem in the *Globe*, headed *The Boat-Race* 1889. He says or sings—

In an eight-oar the very best senior 'pardner'
That has ever been known is the stroke J. C. Gardner.
Good fortune so often has backed up his pluck,
That his crew may well call him a 'stroke of good luck.'

Mr Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, has enriched the Library with a complete set of his works, and he has also presented a considerable collection of classical authors that belonged to his grandfather when Head-master of Shrewsbury; they are copiously annotated in Dr Butler's handwriting.

The books of the late Professor Paley, containing many MS notes and enclosures, have been purchased and presented to Cavendish College by some friends of that institution.

Students of mathematics and natural science will be glad to note Mr Larmor's valuable gift to the Library of the *Royal Society Catalogue of Scientific Papers*. It may not be altogether superfluous to explain that these eight handsome volumes furnish an Index to the Titles and Dates of Scientific Papers contained in the Transactions of Societies, Journals, and other Periodical Works, Continental, American, and Colonial as well

as English, for a period covering nearly the first three-quarters of the present century.

The preachers in the College Chapel this Term have been—Mr Richardson of Winchester, Mr Moss of Shrewsbury (Commemoration), Mr Rowe of Tonbridge, Mr Burn, and Canon Whitaker.

Among the guests at the Commemoration Dinner on May 6 were Professor (now Sir George) Stokes, M.P., the Vice-Chancellor, the Postmaster General, Archdeacon Gifford, Sir George Paget, Sir Thomas Wade, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Mr Samuel Butler, and the Mayor of Cambridge (Mr Wace). For the first time the Foundation Scholars and Bachelors banqueted in Hall with the 'dons.' The arrangement seemed to meet with much favour.

Perhaps in consequence of Walter Besant's remark, reprinted at p. 402 of our last number, the authorities have arranged that the hour of the principal hall on Sundays shall be 6 instead of 4 p.m. Evening Chapel is moved to 7.15, and to lighten the labour of the servants it is ordered that the Kitchens shall be closed between breakfast-time and hall. The new arrangement appears so far to have worked well, and it is now possible to take a refreshing walk on Sunday afternoon, or to attend the Choral Service in King's Chapel, without losing one's dinner.

In the University Sports on March 2, H. Roughton ran third for the Mile, beating Green of Christ's, who was regarded as the Cambridge favourite.

Lieutenant Wilfried Cordeaux, Second Dragoon Guards, an old Johnian, has presented to the University 77 specimens (66 species) of birds collected by himself in Kashmir and Northern India.

In the *Philatelic Record* for April 1889 is an article on *Cambridge Messenger Stamps* (St John's, Queens', and Selwyn) by Mr Rossiter. For the information of the curious we quote some of the details which he gives. "The St John's stamp represents the College crest, and the form of it was taken from an old woodcut in Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*. It is the Evangelist's Eagle, three-quarter length, springing from a crown, and is printed on ordinary unwatermarked printing paper in the Lady Margaret colour, scarlet. The stamps were issued ninety-six on a sheet (eight rows of twelve stamps each), perforated 12, and were designed and printed by W. P. Spalding of Cambridge. They do not appear to have been perforated with the ordinary machine, but first horizontally and then vertically, or *vice versâ*. This will account for the stamps on the outside of the sheet not being perforated on the outside edge."

The following portraits have been presented to the College for the new Combination-room:

(1) A beautiful proof engraving of the late ISAAC TODHUNTER M.A. Sc.D. F.R.S. by Stodart, uniform with those of Professor Adams and Professor Sylvester.——*Presented by Messrs Macmillan & Co.*

(2) A small engraving of DR JOHN DEE (1527—1608), mathematician, astrologer, astronomer, alchemist, Rosicrucian, and philosopher (see Cooper's *Athenae Cantabrigienses* ii 497). The portrait agrees well with the description given of him by Aubrey—'He wore a gowne like an artist's gowne, with hanging sleeves, and a slitt. A mighty good man he was. He had a very fair, clear, sanguine complexion, a long beard as white as milke. A very handsome man.' The engraving is inscribed thus: *From an Original Picture in the Ashmolean Museum Oxford. R. Cooper Sculpt. Published by Charles and Henry Baldwyn Newgate Street.*

(3) A small engraving of "SIR THOMAS WYATT, KNIGHT. *From an original Picture in the possession of the Earl of Romney. Scriven sculpt. Published for Longman, Hirst, Rees, & Orme, March 1st* 1809." Sir Thomas Wyatt or Wyat (1503—1542) was 'one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time.... His poems, written in a great diversity of measures, consist of sonnets, rondeaus, amatory odes both grave and gay, epigrams, verses of a moral and religious caste, and satires' (Cooper). The engraving agrees with the description of him as 'nearly bald with a flowing beard.' It was his only son, Sir Thomas Wyat, who was executed by Queen Mary for insurrection on behalf of Lady Jane Grey,——*Nos.* (2) *and* (3) *were presented by Dr Donald Mac Alister, Fellow.*

(4) A fine platinotype photograph of the REV BARTHOLOMEW EDWARDS (1789—1889).——*Presented by his nephew H. W. B. Edwards, High Sheriff of Norfolk.*

The Editors desire gratefully to acknowledge the following contributions to their album, referred to in the last number:—A group of the Shakespeare Society which started the magazine (*Eagle* XV 325), and portraits of Mr Joseph Mayor, Mr Bevan, Mr Tanner, and Mr Ram. Further contributions from past Editors are cordially invited.

The *Globe* of 1 December 1888 contained an account (also published in the *Cambridge Review* of 7 February 1889) of a terrible outrage upon Christians in Kurdistan; this nearly led to a general massacre, which was averted through the action of the Rev W. H. Browne (LL.B. 1870), a Johnian Missionary residing with the Assyrian Patriarch. Mr Browne's college friends will be interested in the following account of his present appearance and life extracted from Mr Athelstan Riley's report of his visit to the Assyrian Christians.

"Climbing painfully up the steep path which leads to the alp upon which Kochanes is situated, we were almost amongst the cottages before our cavalcade was noticed, and then some children rushed off to warn the "Rabbi" of the approach of his visitors: we met him at the doorway of his little house. Prepared as I was for a change in my old friend, his appearance took me by surprise. A thin spare figure stood before me, clad in an English double-breasted cassock, which once was black, but now discoloured by travel and weather, and turned a rusty green. A high conical hat of black felt, round the bottom of which was twisted a black turban, covered his head; the face beneath the turban was rather pinched; and his hair descended to his shoulders. On his feet were sandals, or shoes of rope, used by the mountaineers in scaling the rocks of their native valleys, and in his hand a staff with a crooked head, as borne by monks and hermits, presented, as I afterwards heard, by the people of Kochanes. He greeted us warmly and took us up to his room, and I soon found that, though his exterior had undergone such a wonderful transformation, the inner man was the same. Cooped up on a narrow alp, 6,000 feet above the sea, in a little Chaldean village, deprived of all educated or even civilised society, cut off from any but the rarest and most irregular communications with the outside world, snowed up for many months, with all the disadvantages and none of the compensating advantages of the hermit's life—never able to count upon privacy, but compelled by the rude rules of Chaldean hospitality to receive visitors at all hours, visitors who come to sit without business or conversation—harassed by the Turkish officials with every kind of vexation and annoyance—Mr Browne is still at his post, still maintaining his ground unflinchingly, and, withal, still the same as ever, light-hearted, merry, and buoyant.

The house which Mr Browne occupies adjoins the Patriarch's, of which it really forms part, and has been lent to him by Ishai, Mar Shimun's half-brother; it is built of rough unhewn stones put together without mortar. A few steps lead up to the door, from which through a narrow and dark passage—on one side of which is a fowl-house, on the other a chamber for storing wood—a ladder is reached which is the means of communication with the upper floor. This floor consists of a kind of hall entirely open to the weather on one side, used as a reception room in summer, and Mr Browne's own room opening out of it through a low aperture closed by a heavy door with a large wooden lock. Inside the doorway Mr Browne has nailed a piece of native felt to keep out the wind in winter. There is a fireplace at the end of the room, and on each side of it a very small window, little better than a slit in the massive wall, and placed on a level with the floor. In summer these slits are left uncovered so that the room is sufficiently light, but in winter paper has to be pasted over them, and the room

must be lighted artificially. This is done by the flame of a wick, soaked in a cupful of oil, on a stand like a wooden candlestick. There are a few niches in the wall in which are arranged medicines and books, but the greater number of the latter lie in heaps with clothes, etc., on the piece of Kurdish felt which covers the floor. One small folding table and a chair had been brought from Urmi, but Mr Browne has almost discarded their use and now sits on the floor in native fashion. On one side of the room is spread a mattress and a few coverlets; these form his bed. Besides Shlimun, the Patriarch's jester, who brings him his water from the spring, etc., he has one servant, Shamasha Aziz, a deacon from Tyari, very ignorant but very faithful, though as quick with his tongue as with his dagger, both of which have occasionally brought him into trouble. His meals are served from the Patriarch's kitchen (Sulti, the Patriarch's sister, is cook) in little tinned copper bowls on a large circular tray; Shamasha Aziz brings them round, the food is the same as that served in the Patriarch's household, and his master eats with his fingers and "dips the sop into the dish" in native fashion. The cooking is very primitive and not very palatable: mixtures unknown to Western *cuisine* try the appetite, and Mr Browne owned to me that when he was ill he found it difficult to eat the food. Under the circumstances he is obliged to keep all the long fasts of the Chaldean Church during which (unlike our milder rule), fish, eggs, and milk are forbidden as well as flesh."

The following ecclesiastical appointments have been recently announced.

Name.	*B.A.*	*from*	*to*
Atherton, C. I.	(1863) M.A.	R. of Farringdon, and Diocesan Missioner,	Canon of Exeter.
Stradling, W. J. L. S.	(1859 LL.B.) LL.M.	V. of St Marloes,	V. of Gluvias-with-Budock.
Ward, T. M.	(1872) M.A.	C. of Bulwell,	R. of Bamford, Derbyshire.
Briggs, R. E.	(1873) M.A.	former C. of Hunmanby,	V. of Misterton, Notts.
Winch, G. T.	(1873, Sen. Opt.)	R. of St Stephen, S. Shields.,	V. of Brompton, Northallerton.
Close, R. W.	(1870, Jun. Opt.) M.A.	V. of Pond's Bridge,	R. of Conington, Cambs.
Cummings, C. E.	(1872) M.A.	former R. of Yatton,	R. of Wembworthy, Devon.
Paine, J.	(1857) M.A.	V. of Rowton,	R. of Eaton Constantine, Salop.
Heber-Percy, H. V.	(1883)	C. of H. Trinity, Upper Tooting,	R. of Moreton Say, Salop.
West, A.	(1867) M.A.	former R. of St John, Buenos Ayres,	V. of Allestree, Derbyshire.
Farler, J. P. (Ven.)	(1871) M.A.	Archdeacon of Magila,	V. of St Giles, Reading.
Mant, N. W. J.	(1871) M.A.	V. of Sledmere,	V. of St Luke's, New Chesterton.

The Rev C. I. Atherton, M.A. (B.A. 1863), R. of Farringdon, and Diocesan Missioner for the diocese of Exeter, has been appointed Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of Exeter. Bishop Bickersteth has expressed his intention of assigning definite functions to each Canonry as it falls vacant; the duties of Canon Atherton will be those which he has already commenced, the organisation and conduct of Missions in the diocese. A venerable member of the College holds another of the Canonries at Exeter, Mr F. C. Cook, who took his degree in 1828, and has been Canon since 1864. Canon Cook, though taking the appointment without condition, has honourably justified it by his contributions to theology, especially as Editor of the *Speaker's Commentary*.

The Venerable J. P. Farler (B.A. 1871), M.A., Archdeacon of Magila, one of the Missionaries of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, has now retired from African work and has accepted the vicarage of St Giles, Reading. Mr Farler was ordained in 1871, and after a few years in a Berkshire curacy went out to Eastern Africa as Chaplain to Bishop Steere, then recently consecrated, and was established as head of the Mission at Magila, on the mainland. The Universities' Mission is acknowledged to be one of the most spirited and vigorous efforts of English Christianity, and it is not too much to say that Mr Farler's fourteen years' assiduous devotion of singular gifts has wrought one of the main strands in the few golden cords of Christian and philanthropic help which bind Africa to England. Bishop Smythies desires to establish a short-service system for Tropical work. Mr Farler has been able to render long service, and now turns his energies into a new channel as vicar of a large parish in a growing and vigorous English county-town.

The Vicarage of St Luke's, New Chesterton, vacant by the resignation of Mr Hale, of Sidney Sussex College, who has practically constructed the parochial organisation and built the handsome church, has been entrusted by the Bishop of Ely to the Reverend N. W. T. Mant, M.A. (B.A. 1871). Mr Mant was ordained to the curacy of Plympton St Mary, and, having served curacies at Plymouth, Kennington, and Scarborough, has been Vicar of Sledmere, famous to Yorkshire ears as the parish of Sir Tatton Sykes, since 1878. Mrs Mant is a daughter of Mr Beresford Hope, late Member for the University, and a niece of the Prime Minister. We cordially welcome Mr Mant, and are glad that the somewhat strange fact that no Cambridge incumbent is a member of the College now disappears. Possibly Mr Mant may be successful in gathering some members of the College round him for work in a parish which contains so many college servants and their families.

We mentioned in our last number that the Rev F. D. Thomson, late Fellow, 10th Wrangler 1861, who has held the

College living of Brinckley, near Newmarket since 1872, had been presented by the College to the Vicarage of Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, vacated by the preferment of the Rev W. L. Newham to Aldworth. Barrow is one of the few parishes in the patronage of the College which have a population of two thousand, the others being Sunninghill and Freshwater. An interesting feature of the parish is the possession of a small endowment, about twenty-five pounds a year, given by Bishop Beveridge, of our College, in order to secure the saying of Daily Prayers in the Church. The late Vicar being single-handed, did not see his way to do this, and the endowment has been applied to help the Vicar of Market Harborough, in the same county. If Mr Thomson is in a position to fulfil the condition, it will be restored to Barrow.

The following members of the College have recently been ordained:—

Name.	*Diocese.*	*Parish.*
Clarke, E. W., B.A.	York	Masborough
Lancaster, T. T., B.A.	Manchester	Poulton-le-Sands
Hanmer, H., B.A.	Ripon	St Mary, Hunslet
Roscow, B., B.A.	Winchester	

Ds Roscow, who had studied at the Leeds Clergy School after leaving College, was ordained by the Bishop of Salisbury for the Bishop of Winchester.

Among the select Preachers in the University Church for the ensuing year are Rev C. B. Drake, and Rev A. Caldecott.

The following members of the College have been elected office-bearers of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society: Professor A. Macalister, F.R.S. (*Vice-President*), Rev S. S. Lewis (*Secretary*), Professor C. C. Babington, F.R.S., and F. C. Wace, Mayor of Cambridge (*Members of Council*).

The Rev James George Easton (B.A. 1876), formerly Scholar, has been elected by the Senate of the University to the Vicarage of St Margaret's, Ilketshall, in the diocese of Norwich.

At the annual election to the Council held on June 8, Mr Foxwell, Mr Ward, and Dr Donald MacAlister were re-elected to serve for four years. Professor Alexander Macalister was elected in the place of Mr Hill, who resigned his seat on going out of residence.

T. T. Groom (First Class Natural Sciences Tripos Part I 1887), Foundation Scholar, has been nominated by the Special Board for Biology and Geology to occupy a table at the Naples Zoological Station for six months from October 1, 1889.

Ds H. S. Mundahl (B.A., LL.B. 1888) has gained the second Whewell International Law Scholarship.

The following works by members of the College are announced:—*Darwin's Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs:* third edition (Smith Elder and Co.), with an appendix by Professor Bonney; *An Essay on the Theology of the Didaché with the Greek Text* (Deighton), by the Rev Dr C. Taylor; *Visitations of the Diocese of Norfolk* 1492—1532 (Camden Society), by the Rev Dr A. Jessopp; *Two Kings of Uganda, or Life by the Shores of the Victoria Nyanza* (Sampson Low), by the Rev R. P. Ashe; *Elements of Plane Geometry* vol. ii (in Japanese), by Professor D. Kikuchi; *Sabrinae Corolla:* fourth edition (George Bell and Sons), by the Rev Dr Kennedy; *The Latin Heptateuch* (University Press), by the Rev Prof. J. E. B. Mayor; *Short Lectures to Electrical Artisans* (Spon), by Dr J. A. Fleming; *Thucydides* Book vii (University Press), by H. R. Tottenham; *A History of the Theory of Elasticity and of the Strength of Materials from Galilei to the present time,* vol. ii (University Press), by the late Dr Todhunter, edited and completed by Professor Karl Pearson.

Johniana.

Among the ephemeral generation of college and university journals one only has established itself as a hardy perennial. The *Eagle*, a magazine supported by members of St John's College, Cambridge, has been celebrating its tricenary. For thirty years it has handed on the tradition of its founders and proved a rallying-point and watchword for Johnians all the world over. "The spirit which cracks up its own as the best college in the best university in the best country in the world" has a ring of Chauvinism; but there is some justification for it when the obituary of a single number of the *Eagle* contains such names as Dr Parkinson, Churchill Babington, F. A. Paley, and a crowd of minor worthies, including Samuel Earnshaw, a Senior Wrangler who lived to the age of eighty-three. *St James's Gazette*: March 21, 1889.

The following letter may be read with interest just at this moment. It was addressed to the late Canon Evans by his former schoolmaster, Dr Butler, in 1839. The Bishop of Durham mentioned in it is, of course, Maltby. Evans was always noted for his Greek verse. He took delight in turning the *Times* into iambics:—

> Dear Evans,—I first heard of your Greek verses on the Birth of Mathematics from the Bishop of Durham, who agrees with me that they are decidedly the very best Greek verses either of us have (*sic*) ever read, and I take it that the Bishop is one of the very best judges on such a subject that Europe can produce. The good people at Burton may be very well contented with this splendid specimen of your attainments as a scholar, but if they wish more, I can bear the most ample testimony to your proficiency in classical literature, as well as to your moral and religious character. With all good wishes for your prosperity I remain, dear Evans, truly yours, S. Lichfield.

An amusing tale is told of Canon Evans in his Rugby days. On the occasion of the appearance of a comet, he collected a party at his house to view the phenomenon through a telescope he had himself adjusted. He was doing the honours in proper classical style apostrophizing λάμπας κομήτης, κ.τ.λ., when a sceptic tried the naked eye, and found the good man had levelled his instrument on the bedroom candle of an opposite neighbour! Countless stories used to be retailed of him. His pupils will recollect his self-communings in school: "When I consider the differences between πῶς ἄν and ὅπως ἄν, I am often constrained to shake the head of dubitation.

Athenæum: June 1, 1889.

The *Eagle*....is perhaps the most remarkable example of success of any journalistic enterprise at a University....It preceded Mr Haweis' *Lion* and George Trevelyan's *Bear*, and has lived to see *The Granta*. It is excellently printed and published by Johnson's and Metcalfe's, and of course the literary merit in its pages is superabundant....We echo the hope that "the future of the *Eagle* will be as bright as its past has been."

The Granta: March 15, 1889.

On the opening of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, Mr Robert Bayley presented the Association with £500 to be expended on researches relating to the use of artificial bait. The first step in the investigation will, it has been arranged, be undertaken by Mr William Bateson [Fellow of St John's]—no joke is intended—who will make an inquiry into the organs of smell and taste in fishes.

Athenæum: March 9, 1889.

Rancour shall cease twixt Undergrads and Dons,
Handshakes shall pass from Trinity to John's;
And we the first shall own, in terms most ample,
Our neighbours' great and glorious example.
When JOHN'S wooed letters as a youthful lover
Zeus sent his EAGLE down to grace the cover;
And when we follow, after lapse of years,
Poseidon's TRIDENT on our front appears.

The Trident (Trin. Coll. Magazine): June 1889.

Amongst the Yorkshire schoolmaster authors perhaps the most important is omitted by Mr Smith [in his recent book on *Old Yorkshire*]. The Rev John Clarke, the 'little Aristophanes,' is included; but the earlier John Clarke, who translated Corderius and Erasmus, is excluded. He is nevertheless an interesting person in the history of English pedagogy. He was the son of an innkeeper of York, went to St John's College, Cambridge, as a sizar, graduated M.A. in 1710, became master of the Hull Grammar School in 1720, and afterwards of the Grammar School at Gloucester, where he died in 1734. His contributions to theological controversy were numerous, but not so important as his translations and treatises on educational methods. Mr Smith would be well advised if he induced some scholarly pedagogue of the present day to examine again the writings of this bygone Yorkshire schoolmaster, who appears to have fallen into unmerited oblivion in his own county.

Saturday Review: April 27, 1889.

In the last century connoisseurs and pedants declared war against the Gothic style. Had money been forthcoming, every Gothic building might have disappeared from Cambridge, and been replaced by barn-like structures, such as that which now defaces the first court of St John's College. As it was, irremediable harm was done; and the miserable Vandals who under the influence of the pseudo-classic spirit wantonly destroyed the buildings which had been entrusted to their care have not a single champion now. Was their aim any worse than that which animates the reckless archæologist to-day?

Scots Observer: April 13, 1889.

There is a book in the library of St John's College, Cambridge, that should be of interest to the *Brav' Général*:—JULII CAESARIS BULENGERI *Romanus Imperator*, ubi de insignibus imperii, purpura, diademate, corona, igne, fortuna aurea, imaginibus, infulis, officiis domesticis, comitatu, et reliquis imperii ornamentis abunde explicatur. Ad serenissimum magnum Hetruriae ducem. Parisiis, apud Claudium Morellum, via Jacobea, ad insigne Fontis. 4to., pp. 303. MDCXIV.

Pall Mall Gazette: May 18, 1889.

Last term, or the term before last (How should we know of such things?) the *Eagle*, which is the John's magazine, dined. This we can perfectly understand, and indeed appreciate, but when it comes to the *Eagle* pluming itself on the short lives of its contemporaries, and remarking about *Chanticleer* that "not long ago Jesus attempted to start the *Chanticleer*, and it reached a third or fourth number, but, so far as I know, nothing has since been heard of it, and the *Chanticleer* at its best was a barn-door sort of fowl, quite unlike our own noble bird," we decline to put up with it. True, the *Eagle* had dined, but the *Eagle* shall dine again; the *Eagle* shall eat his words, look you, he shall eat them without sauce, or we shall break the *Eagle's* saucy pate. Let the *Eagle* beware. Let him prepare for battle. *Chanticleer* has spurs, and he shall feel them. [!]

The Chanticleer: Easter Term, 1889.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

TRIPOS EXAMINATIONS 1889.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS Part I.

6 Cooke (*bracketed*)
11 Monro (*bracketed*)
16 Burstall
17 Lawrenson (*bracketed*)
21 Brown, W.
33 Shawcross
35 Kahn (*bracketed*)
43 Bruton, Humphries
47 Box (*bracketed*)
53 Richards, P. J. (*br.*)
57 Turner, G. J. (*br.*)
62 Norman, Taylor, J. H.
65 Whittle (*bracketed*)
71 Brown, W. H. (*br.*)
75 Mendis (*bracketed*)
78 Benthall, H. E. (*br.*)
82 Thomas, L. W., Woodhouse, W. G.
107 Marvel (*bracketed*)
109 Middlemiss (*br.*)

Aegrotat.
Smith, E. W.

Part II.

Class I. Orr (*div.* 1) Sampson (*div.* 2)

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN LANGUAGES.

Class I.
Sapsworth
(*distinguished in English*)

Class II.
Moreland

MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS, Easter Term 1889.

THIRD EXAMINATION.

Surgery etc. Mag Edwards, Ds Francis, H. A.
Medicine etc. Ds Evans, F. P., Mag Lloyd, G. T., Ds Olive

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS 1889.

PRIZEMEN.

MATHEMATICS.

3rd Year. 1st Class.	*2nd Year.* 1st Class.	*1st Year.* 1st Class.
Burstall, Monro	Bennett, G. T.	Maw, Robertson, C.
Cooke	Reeves	Pickford
Lawrenson	Alexander	Ayers
Box, Brown, W., Humphries	Finn	Gedye
Bruton, Shawcross	Dobbs, Schmitz	Blomfield, Speight
	Wills	Mainer
	Owen, O. W.	

CLASSICS.

3rd Year. *1st Class.*	*2nd Year.* *1st Class.*	*1st Year.* *1st Class.*
	Div. I.	
Stout	Nicklin	Summers
Sikes	Radford	Glover, T. R.
Spragg	Constantine	Lupton
Smith, H.	Wynne-Willson	Haslett
		Laming
	Div. II.	
	Blackett	
	Tetley	

NATURAL SCIENCES.

Candidates for Part II.

1st Class.

Horton-Smith
Baily

Candidates for Part I.

3rd and 4th Years. *1st Class.*	*2nd Year.* *1st Class.*	*1st Year.* *1st Class.*
	Blackman	Cuff
	Hewitt	MacBride
	Lehfeldt	
	Woods	

THEOLOGY.

3rd Year. *1st Class.*	*2nd Year.* *1st Class.*	*1st Year.* *1st Class.*
Greenup	Neal	Chambers
		Chevalier
		Long

PRIZES.

GREEK TESTAMENT.

3rd Year. Greenup
2nd Year. Neal
1st Year. Chambers

HEBREW.

3rd Year. Greenup
2nd Year. Neal
1st Year. *In alphabetical order* Bender, Chevalier, Long

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S PRIZE.

Monro

Proxime Accessit.

Bruton

HUGHES' EXHIBITION.

Greenup

LADY MARGARET BOAT CLUB.

There were three entries for the pairs last Term :—

R. H. Forster *stroke*	P. E. Shaw *stroke*	H. E. H. Coombes *stroke*
A. G. Cooke	P. H. Brown	H. T. E. Barlow

Bushe-Fox and Backhouse intended to compete; but a few days before the race Bushe-Fox injured his arm and could not row.

In the race, Forster (2nd station) passed Coombes at the Willows and won easily. Shaw was second.

This Term the First Boat was unlucky in losing Bushe-Fox three days before the races. He was advised by the doctor to stop rowing. Gowie took his place at 6, and Hall came up to occupy the vacant seat in the Second Boat. Naturally both boats suffered from these changes.

We had four of last year's First Boat, but the new men were scarcely a success. The time-keeping was not good, especially in the First Boat. The men in the stern were not well backed up, and were somewhat pulled to pieces.

The Second Boat were not brilliant individually, but succeeded in going fast. They got well together, and worked hard.

The First Boat was constituted as follows :—

R. H. Forster *bow*
2 P. E. Shaw
3 B. Long
4 J. A. Cameron
5 A. S. Roberts
6 A. D. M. Gowie
7 J. Backhouse
H. E. H. Coombes *stroke*
W. H. Verity *cox.*

Stroke—Continues to improve; is inclined to rush forward and be heavy with his hands.
7—Swings and slides well; sometimes is late and pulls the finish.
6—Short and unsteady in his swing, and has a heavy finish; works keenly.
5—Has improved since last Term. Is still slow with his hands, and rough; does not use his legs at once.
4—Rushes forward and is heavy with his hands, so misses the beginning; works hard when his blade is in.
3—Swings better than he used to do; is still awkward with his shoulders and unsteady.
2—Swings well and works hard; should cultivate an easier finish.
Bow—Does not swing straight, but is rowing better than last year.

The Second Boat was as follows :—

W. Harris *bow*
2 W. E. Forster
3 A. G. Cooke
4 F. G. E. Field
5 E. Prescott
6 R. R. Hall
7 W. D. Jones
G. P. Davys *stroke*
H. E. Mason *cox.*

Stroke—Rows hard, but pulls at the finish and does not feather clean; keeps the boat going.
7—Fails to swing and steady himself forward; shoves hard.
6—Hurries his slide forward, but backed stroke up very well in an untrained state.
5—Does not maintain his leg work and gets very short; works keenly.
4—Rows in good style; becomes flurried when rowing, and shoves his slide away too fast.
3—Rushes forward and is short at the finish, but swings out.
2—Does not swing forward and is unsteady over the stretcher.
Bow—Rushes forward and does not always keep his blade covered.

The May Races were rowed on June 7, 8, 10, and 11. The following is an account of our performances.

First Boat.	st.	lbs.
R. H. Forster *bow*	10	7
2 P. E. Shaw	10	9
3 B. Long	11	10
4 J. A. Cameron	11	13
5 A. S. Roberts	13	0
6 A. D. M. Gowie	12	2
7 J. Backhouse	12	4
H. E. H. Coombes *stroke*	11	1
W. H. Verity *cox.*	8	3

Second Boat.	st.	lbs.
W. Harris	10	1
2 W. E. Forster	10	5½
3 A. G. Cooke	10	13
4 F. G. E. Field	10	0
5 E. Prescott	12	6
6 R. R. Hall	10	10
7 W. D. Jones	11	5
G. P. Davys *stroke*	11	4
H. E. Mason *cox.*	8	6

On the first night June 7 the First Boat did not gain much on Jesus, the crew not having had time to get well together after their change. The Second Boat had an easy row over at the head of the Second Division, Corpus being bumped behind them. They started well in their light ship in the First Division, and overhauled 1 Trinity III at Grassy.

On the second night the First Boat were unfortunate, as 6 broke his slide at the start, so that they were not able to gain on Jesus, as both 6 and 5 were hampered by the accident; the boat however went very well notwithstanding. The Second Boat gained very fast on Trinity Hall III, and overlapped them at First Post Corner; they were, however, washed off into the bank, and fell to pieces. When they had recovered from this they rowed on most pluckily (with two slides jammed), and made their bump at the Willows, with Selwyn only about a foot off.

On the third night the First Boat went slightly better than on the first night, but failed to gain very much on Jesus. The Second Boat also rowed over, Christ's making a bump in front of them.

On the fourth night the First Boat again rowed over, gaining slightly on Jesus as far as Ditton. The Second Boat bumped 1 Trinity II in the beginning of the Long Reach, with Selwyn within a few feet of them.

The Freshmen's sculls were rowed at 11 A.M. on Wednesday June 12. There being only one entry, H. G. J. Jones rowed over.

At a General Meeting held in the First Captain's rooms on Tuesday June 11 the following were elected officers for the October Term: *First Captain*—H. E. H. Coombes. *Second Captain*—P. E. Shaw. *Secretary*—J. Backhouse. *Treasurer*—B. Long. *First Lent Captain*—J. A. Cameron. *Second Lent Captain*—A. S. Roberts. *Additional Captains*—P. H. Brown, A. G. Cooke, G. P. Davys, F. G. E. Field, W. E. Forster, W. Harris, W. B. Jones, A. J. Robertson. It was also decided to send a Four for the Visitors' at Henley.

Cricket Club.

Judging from the trial games and the opening Second XI matches the prospects of our cricket season seemed decidedly bright, and with five Old Colours, some useful if not brilliant seniors, and two or three unusually promising freshmen, we certainly had some right to look forward to a fairly successful season. From various causes, however, our hopes have not been realised. Our captain has been most unlucky with the toss, as he has only won it on two or three occasions. We have seldom if ever been able to play our full strength, and consequently the team has had but little chance of getting thoroughly together. Our best bowler, Moulton, has unfortunately only been able to play for us occasionally, and though Chambers and Hoare have at times met with success, the want of a really good bowler has been greatly felt. The chief reason of our failure, however, is due to the bad fielding of the team as a whole, and it is most disheartening to see match after match literally thrown away through the missing of the most simple catches. There are of course exceptions in the field, and foremost among them is C. Collison, who deserves great praise for his energy under the most trying circumstances. The Old Colours are—F. A. H. Walsh, H. Roughton, W. F. Moulton, E. A. Chambers, and H. Pullan. The best of the seniors are J. T. Edwards, C. Collison, and H. J. Hoare; Edwards has been very consistent with the bat, though he plays in a style peculiarly his own, and Hoare has bowled well at times.

Of the freshmen F. E. Woodhead, who is top of the averages, and J. H. L. Fegan are the best; the latter should develope into a really good bat with care, but must eradicate one fatal fault, namely trying to hit good balls on his wickets to leg; he has made some tremendous scores for the Second XI, having twice made the much-coveted century. H. Willcox is another promising freshman, and should turn out a fairly good bowler. Up to the present the Eleven have played 12 matches, of which number 2 have been won, 4 lost, and 6 drawn.

May 6.—The first College match was played with Caius. Caius went in first and were all dismissed for 138. Moulton, with 5 wickets for 41 runs, was our most successful bowler. The XI then scored 214 for 5 wickets (Woodhead 94, Roughton 35, Walsh 27, and Edwards 22 not out), so winning the match by 5 wickets and 76 runs.

May 7, St John's *v.* Christ's.—Christ's winning the toss went in and made 334, C. Pearse playing a fine innings of 140. Walsh took 4 wickets for 14 runs late in the innings. We then lost 3 wickets for 22 runs.

May 8 *and* 9, St John's *v.* King's.—King's with a very strong team scored 187, and dismissed us for 104 (Walsh 37). Following on we made 199 (Roughton 66). King's then had 117 to make to win, which they did for the loss of 6 wickets.

May 10 *and* 11, St John's *v.* Clare.—Clare going in first were disposed of for 87, Hoare bowling with great success, taking 7 wickets for 16 runs. St John's scored 124 (Moulton 27). The match, which was thus in a most interesting condition, had unfortunately to be abandoned owing to the weather.

May 13 *and* 14, St John's *v.* Trinity.—Rain prevented play in this match.

May 15, St John's *v.* Emmanuel.—This match was noteworthy from the fact that it was the first occasion on which we won the toss. On going in we scored 193 (Woodhead 48, Edwards 41, Moulton 30, and Roughton 23).

Emmanuel then lost 6 wickets for 83 runs, the match thus being drawn decidedly in our favour.

May 16, St John's *v.* Selwyn.—With a somewhat weakened team we made a very poor display in this match, Selwyn scoring 205 (Young 82, after being very badly missed off his first ball) and St John's 86 for 9 wickets (Sanger 25).

May 18, St John's *v.* Corpus.—This match was unfortunately scratched through Corpus being unable to raise a team.

May 20 *and* 21, St John's *v.* Jesus. In our first innings we could only put together 50 (Woodhead 15), a series of most pitiful strokes off Badeley, who took 6 wickets for 16 runs, being the chief cause of this performance. Jesus then scored 245 (Trouncer 56 and Scott 51), and again dismissed us for 70. Badeley was again very successful, taking 5 wickets. Chambers hit pluckily and luckily, luck perhaps predominating, for 30.

May 22 *and* 23, St John's *v.* Magpies.—The Magpies brought a very strong team against us, and, much to our surprise and theirs too, were all disposed of on a fast wicket for 150 runs. The chief cause of their downfall was the excellent bowling of Chambers, who showed something of his last year's form, taking 5 wickets for 34 runs. St John's then made 143 for 7 wickets (Fegan 33 not out, Roughton 31, and Chambers 24). On the second day the match was not continued, but another one-day match was started and left in a most unsatisfactory condition, the less said about which the better.

May 24 *and* 25, St John's *v.* Pembroke.—Pembroke batting first scored 217 (Aston 91), to which we replied with 163 (Roughton 40, Walsh 28). Pembroke in their second innings scored 201 for 8 wickets (Braybrooke 95). In this innings the College fielding was of the poorest description, catches being missed in an unaccountable manner.

May 27, St John's *v.* Crusaders. Abandoned on account of the weather.

May 28, St John's *v.* Peterhouse.—After scoring 89 for 4 wickets, we were all out for 110 (Fegan 46, Roughton 28). Peterhouse then lost 8 wickets for 128 runs (Sweet-Escott 48, Fuller 29), thus beating us by 2 wickets and 18 runs. Shortly after the commencement of their innings the rain came on and effectually damped whatever chances we had of winning, as the wicket became easy, and our bowlers could scarcely get a foothold.

June 1, St John's *v.* Queens'.—Queens' went in first and scored 155 (Joyce 43). On our going in this number proved too great for us, as we just failed to reach 140. Towards the end of the innings Bland and Collison made great efforts to save the match, and deserve much credit for the plucky attempt, in which they were so nearly successful.

June 3, St John's *v.* Hawks.—The Hawks, playing two men short, could only put together 59. We then stayed in for the rest of the afternoon, losing 5 wickets for 279 runs, Woodhead scoring 137 by hard and vigorous hitting. Edwards and Chambers scored 43 and 39 respectively.

Rugby Union Football Club.

A meeting was held in E. Prescott's room on Saturday, May 18, when the following officers were elected for the next season: J. P. M. Blackett, *Captain;* A. T. Wallis, *Hon. Sec.*

Association Football Club.

At a general meeting held on Monday, May 20, the following officers were elected: *Captain*—H. C. Barraclough (re-elected); *Hon. Secretary*—H. Roughton.

Athletic Club.

At a Meeting held on Jan. 4, H. Roughton was elected *President*, and B. Long *Secretary*, for the ensuing year.

Lawn Tennis Club.

President—W. F. Smith, M.A. *Captain*—L. H. Simpson. *Committee*—L. H. K. Bushe-Fox, M.A., J. Gibson, C. E. Owen. *Hon. Secretary*—T. C. Haydon. *Hon. Treasurer*—E. A. Hensley.

The career of the Tennis Six during this Term is in marked contrast to the sequence of failures it experienced last year. So far we have won eight matches, while only three have been lost, and those only just lost, by 4 rubbers to 5 in each case. Moreover, in none of these three matches was the team thoroughly representative.

Owing to the bad weather a great many matches have had to be scratched, all of which seemed very probable victories for us.

April 27—The Second Six, receiving 15, beat the First by 7 to 2.

April 29—We played Corpus on our ground, and scored an easy victory by 8 rubbers to 1.

May 7—We defeated Jesus by 6 to 3.

May 8—Caius suffered defeat, winning 3 rubbers to our 6.

May 9—Trinity Hall just beat us by 5 to 4. At one time victory appeared certain for us.

May 17—We were again defeated, Pembroke gaining 5 rubbers to our 4.

May 22—We gained a victory over Selwyn by 7 to 2.

May 24—We beat Caius for the second time by 6 to 3.

May 28—Trinity beat us by 5 to 4. In this match only five Johnians were playing; we had to play a substitute, *vice* G. E. D. Brown, who did not put in an appearance. The exchange was not beneficial.

May 31—We met Emmanuel on their ground and won by 6 to 3.

June 4—We beat Clare on our ground by 7 to 2.

June 5—At Shelford, won by 7 to 2.

It will be seen from the above list that we have won 65 rubbers and lost 34.

The match yet to be played is *v.* Pembroke (return).

The semi-final stage of the Doubles has been reached, namely—Willcocks and Maw *v.* Baily and Owen, Hensley and Wynne-Willson *v.* Barton and Haydon.

The Single Ties have also reached the semi-final round, which is as follows: P. F. Barton *v.* Norman, Hensley *v.* Haydon.

There is a remote chance of the Handicap Singles being finished.

We are glad to see the College strongly represented in the University Handicaps. Haydon, receiving 1 bisque, met Owen in the third round and defeated him. Simpson beat Williams-Freeman in the second round, Barton succumbed to Abney, who received 2 bisques, and Benthall has not yet played.

We wish all success to those who have so far been victorious.

We believe also that several Johnians have entered for the University Tournament.

The Six is not at present definitely made up. Haydon and Owen, both of whom have improved greatly on their last year's form, have been our most successful players. They have almost invariably played together, and appear well suited to one another. Barton, W. L. Benthall, Green, and Lees have also usually played for us; of these, Green has played consistently and well; Lees has done good service, and we are sorry that coming events in the shape of M.B.'s have deprived us of his assistance in some of the matches. Benthall, although he varies considerably, has played very well at times, and in Barton we found a steady and vigorous player at a critical period. The last two made an excellent combination against Emmanuel.

Simpson injured his knee in the first match *v.* Caius and has only played once since. Brown and Bushe-Fox played for us against Trinity Hall. The latter also played for the First Six against the Second, but on other occasions L. M. B. C. has claimed his services.

Hensley has helped us several times and Wynne-Willson twice.

Baily, Dadina, and Rudd played for the Second Six against the First.

We shall not attempt to criticise individual play, but we think that the team as a whole lacks steadiness and is somewhat erratic; some of us would do well to remember that it is a good thing to come up to the net for the return of one's partner's first service. Finally, although there has been much improvement in this respect, we still want greater keenness.

Looking forward to next year our prospects seem decidedly rosy, as we understand that Haydon, Owen, Green, Benthall, and Barton will still be up.

We take this opportunity of calling the attention of members of the Club to the following rule, which has been broken with extraordinary frequency:

"That Members may engage a court any number of days in advance, but having secured one court may not engage another, until the court so engaged has been used."

Eagle Lawn Tennis Club.

At a meeting held this Term, the following members were elected: G. P. Davys, A. Cameron, A. B. Baldwin, B. Long.

4th Vol. Batt. (Camb. Univ.) The Suffolk Regiment.

B Company.

At the end of last Term a detachment of the Corps went into camp at Warley Barracks for a week. Though B Company was not the strongest Company, the number of Johnians exceeded the number of members from any other College.

The Officers and Non-Coms. of the Northamptonshire Regiment shewed every form of kindness. Four of their smartest Sergeant Instructors were told off for our especial benefit, and every morning for an hour we underwent what the Mikado would no doubt have described as the humorous and lingering form of torture now called 'physical exercise.' Nor were our spiritual needs neglected: on Sunday we attended Church Parade and listened to a characteristic sermon from the Garrison Chaplain (locally known as The Blizzard) whose home thrusts were not confined to Tommy Atkins alone.

A detachment proceeded from Warley to Aldershot to join in the Public Schools field-day. Starting at ever so much before seven we went by special train to London and marched across London in a down-pour of rain, which, if we had only known it, was a foretaste of the May Term.

We formed part of No. 2 Battalion, made up of Companies from Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, Dulwich, Rugby, Winchester, and Haileybury. We noticed several Johnian Officers in charge of Public Schools Companies, notably Captain Bushell and Lieut. Roseveare of Harrow and Captain G. C. Allen of Dulwich.

Kirby attended on the detachment in the character of Intelligence Department, a function he fulfilled to perfection, and we understand that certain strategical movements to the rear were made by the F. O. Commanding at his suggestion.

The Battalion formed the advanced guard of a Western Force under General Sir Drury Lowe. The confusion usual in such affairs was very pronounced. The Officer Commanding the Connaught Rangers seemed much perplexed by the fact that some of the enemy wore blue helmets. We were convinced that we had wiped out a hostile battery of artillery who exposed themselves somewhat unduly until it was explained to us that "the Duke likes that kind of thing don't you know."

The rest of our life at Warley passed off in the usual round of drills. It is we believe the view of the majority that Warley is inferior in point of attractions to Colchester.

B Company, under the command of Lieut. A. Hill, turned up 39 strong at the Inspection, the largest muster for some years. It should be noted that our late Commanding Officer appeared at the Inspection as Private A. P. Humphry.

The Inspection dinner was, by kind permission of the Master and Fellows, again held in our Combination Room. It is well known that there are never any speeches on this occasion, but in accordance with the invariable practice of "making an exception on this occasion only" the health of our Honorary Members was proposed by the Colonel. Prof. Sir Geo. Paget replied in a speech full of interesting reminiscences. Reminding us that Lord Palmerston, whose portrait he had just been inspecting, was one of the Officers of University Volunteers in the time of Bonaparte, he passed on to say that he remembered the news of Waterloo coming to Yarmouth, and

seeing the boat-loads of wounded being landed there afterwards. From the Master of Trinity Hall we learnt that at one time Mr Leslie Stephen had enrolled the whole of the Hall in the Volunteers. Professor Humphry wound up with a speech such as he only can make.

The War Office have as an exceptional measure allowed us to form a camp at Aldershot from June 27 to July 4. The detachment will be attached to the Suffolk Regiment, now under the command of Col. Harris, formerly our Adjutant.

The Company Cup for the Term was won by Lieut. W. D. Jones.

Debating Society.

President—H. D. Darbishire, B.A. *Vice-President*—H. J. Spenser, B.A. *Treasurer*—E. W. Mac Bride. *Secretary*—A. P. Bender. *Committee*—J. G. C. Mendis, A. S. Tetley. *Auditor*—A. W. Flux, B.A.

The Easter Session has been remarkable for a general revival of interest in the Society, a result largely due to the unflagging exertions of the President.

The meetings have been held in Lecture-room I, for the loan of which the Society is indebted to the Council of the College.

The new disposition of the benches and the improvement in the general arrangements have been universally appreciated.

The average attendance has increased by ten. Eight new members have been admitted during the Term.

The following is a list of the motions debated, with the names of the proposer and opposer of each :—

April 27—"That the House of Commons, as at present constituted, is no boon to the Country." Proposed by E. J. Brooks, B.A., opposed by A. M. Mond. Lost.

May 4—"That this House would view with approval the suppression of the University Volunteer Corps." Proposed by W. W. Haslett, opposed by H. J. Hoare. Lost.

May 11—"That the Study of Natural Science is no Education." Proposed by L. B. Radford, opposed by F. S. Locke. Carried.

May 18—Impromptu Debate.

May 25—"That this House approves of Prize Fighting." Proposed by R. A. Sampson, B.A., opposed by A. P. Bender. Lost.

June 1—"That a System of Free, Compulsory, and Unsectarian Education should be provided in England." Proposed by H. J. Spenser, B.A., opposed by E. J. Brooks, B.A. Lost.

Besides the members above mentioned, the following have taken part in the Debates :—C. Foxley, B.A., A. W. Flux, B.A., H. Simpson, B.A., J. J. Alexander, E. F. Chidell, J. T. Hewitt, D. H. Lees, J. S. Misra, J. H. Roberts, H. V. Waterfield, C. Bach, A. P. C. Field, W. D. Jones, E. W. Mac Bride, T. Nicklin, H. W. Shawcross, E. F. Williams, W. J. Brown, T. R. Glover, A. Kahn, J. G. C. Mendis, A. R. Pennington, A. S. Tetley, B. Wynne-Willson.

E. W. Mac Bride has also taken an active part in the debates at the Union, and we are glad to see that he has been elected a member of the Committee for the October Term.

Musical Society.

At a general meeting held on Thursday, May 9, the rules of the Society, which had been revised by a Sub-Committee, were passed unanimously. At the same meeting Mr Dennis was elected to the seat on the Committee vacant by the death of Mr Godfrey Beauchamp.

The Concert was held in the Guildhall on June 10, the principal item in the programme being *Alexander's Feast*. The performance was very successful, but we reserve criticism for our next number.

The Reading Room.

On Monday, April 23 (St George's Day), the long-expected Reading Room was opened in Lecture-room VII in the Third Court. The subscribers at present number about 150, the terminal subscription being fixed at half-a-crown.

We are glad to take this opportunity of publicly expressing our thanks for the following presents: to Dr Sandys for a handsome half-bound copy of the *Handy Royal Atlas*; to Dr D. MacAlister for the first volume of the *Modern Cyclopedia*, and for his promise of a book-case; and to the Editors of the *Eagle* for sundry school-magazines.

A most successful sale of papers was held at the beginning of the Term. Some of the prices realised were even over the original cost.

The Committee consists of Mr A. Harker (*President* and *Treasurer*), E. Prescott, A. J. Robertson, C. C. Waller (*Secretary*).

Toynbee Hall.

From the *Toynbee Record* we learn that several members of the College are exerting themselves in behalf of the various agencies connected with the Universities' Settlement. Three or four have just become members of the Association, Mr G. C. M. Smith is elected an Associate, and Dr MacAlister a member of the Council. Mr Stout lectures on *The Modern Science of Psychology*, Dr Bonney on *Swiss Geology*, Mr J. Spencer Hill is Secretary of the Students' Union, Mr M. G. Stuart is President of the Natural History Society, and so on. The annual Easter Exhibition of Pictures, at which several Johnians assisted as 'watchers,' was open from April 9 to April 23, and proved very successful indeed. It was visited by 48000 persons. The voting by the visitors as to the best picture resulted in favour of Mr Holman Hunt's *Triumph of the Innocents*.

Mr F. G. Baily, College Secretary, will be happy to give information and to receive subscriptions. Donations of books to the Library will be welcomed.

The College Mission.

The Fifth Annual Report, which has been circulated this Term, tells the story of the College Mission up to April. Since then further progress has been made in clearing the way for the Consecration of the new Church, which is after all, we believe, to be called, as was originally desired, *the Church of the Lady Margaret.* There is still a debt of several hundred pounds on the Church, which would have been an effectual bar to its Consecration had not the Master generously guaranteed £500 and Mr Ward the remainder. It is hoped that abundant offerings on the day of Consecration, and continued subscriptions to the Building Fund, may make it unnecessary to lay any burden on those who have thus promptly removed a serious hindrance.

The Consecration is fixed for Monday June 17, at 3 p.m. The Bishop of Rochester is to preach. Immediately afterwards there is to be a Meeting in the old Mission Buildings, at which speeches are to be made by F. S. Powell Esq. M.P., Lewis Dibdin Esq. Chancellor of the Diocese, R. H. Horton Smith Esq. Q.C., and others. Tea and Coffee will be provided. There will be a special carriage for Members of the College in the G.N.R. Train leaving Cambridge at 12 o'clock.

At the Evening Services during the Octave of the Consecration Sermons will be preached by the Master, the Bishop of Marlborough, Canon Body, Canon Lester, Prebendary Sadler, Rev H. L. Paget, Rev W. Allen Whitworth, and the Bishop of Hereford.

During the year 1888 the Subscriptions to the General Fund amounted to £383 11*s.* 5*d.*, while those promised to the Building Fund rose from £2290 to £4500. Of this last amount £1500 we owe to Dr Parkinson, and £350 to religious Societies. Collections on behalf of the Mission yielded £36 17*s.* 4*d.* The Rev R. W. B. Marsh, of Ilford, Essex, has made an offer of £50 for a Chalice, Paten, and Flagon: he writes, "As being for the working classes, I particularly wish that they should be of the best. I think that in this way I can best shew my gratitude to the College for the great benefits I and mine have received from it." In addition we have lately received from Rev J. T. Ward £100, from Professor J. C. Adams £50, from Canon Whitaker £50 (in two years), and from Rev J. F. Bateman £5.

Mrs Parkinson has presented two stained-glass windows to complete the Chancel, as a memorial of her late husband.

It is hoped that during the Long Vacation many members of the College will visit the Mission, and, if possible, stay a few days. It is only by seeing for themselves what is being done that they can maintain a real interest in the work.

The Dispensary and Provident Club are now fairly started, and enter upon their second financial year with a small balance in their favour.

A copy of the Annual Report may be obtained on application to either of the Secretaries, Canon Whitaker and A. J. Robertson.

Commemoration Sermon.

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.—I Corinth. xii. 4.

Scarcely any lesson seems harder for mankind to master than the multiplicity of God's methods. Even in the first fervour of Apostolic times we know from St Paul's writings how slow were those whom he addressed to grasp this great truth. And if it had been granted to the Apostle of the Gentiles himself to forecast the course of the coming centuries,—to foresee the bickerings and feuds and animosities, the arrogant self-assertion of little cliques, the frenzied persecution of natural and even necessary differences, through which the Church must pass, before it should learn the "more excellent way," we may well believe that even his robust faith would have faltered in view of so disheartening a prospect.

Is it not one of the most conspicuous merits of such a College as ours that no one can peruse its chequered annals, or retrace the long list of illustrious names, which in so many diverse fields of thought and life have reflected lustre on this ancient foundation, without acquiring, if he is not strangely dull, a large Catholicity of feeling? Partly, no doubt, because

> the past will always win
> A glory from its being far;

and, while we admire what is admirable, whether noteworthy personages or exemplary deeds, in the chronicle of bygone centuries, we can hardly fail to be ashamed of the carping spirit in which we sometimes fasten on minute flaws and inevitable defects in our own contemporaries, and turn obstinately aside from a broader, kindlier, juster, estimate. Partly, perhaps, because, as we move among the cold ashes of extinct controversies, and mark by the light of subsequent events how worthless or even meaningless were some of the watchwords which excited the most envenomed antipathies of our predecessors, we are led to see how unwise it is to waste our breath and fritter away our strength on narrow, ephemeral, above all on merely personal, questions, instead of reserving our best energies for those vital and eternal issues which no lapse of time or change of circumstance can rob of their profound significance. But there is, I think, a yet better reason, or at any rate one which should appeal to us yet more strongly to-day. No one can study the record of the benefactions which have done so much to build up this great College without being struck with the diversity of their origin. We are proud of our noble Foundress, grateful to the large-hearted prelate to whose influence with her we are so deeply indebted. But with little exaggeration we may say that "all sorts and conditions of men" are to be found among our benefactors. And what antagonisms of opinion, theological and political, do their names represent! Far be it from me to suggest that the points on which they differed were always of little moment. But may we not fitly on this our day of Commemoration acknowledge thankfully that, however many and grave may have been their differences, they were all united by one common bond—the same bond which to-day links them to us and us to one another, I mean by an earnest desire for the welfare, a genuine faith in the future, of this College? They bestowed their gifts, I repeat, in faith, sometimes with much self-denial, in order to promote the public good, not discerning clearly the distant results of their bounty, often with little idea what would be the special needs of the days that were to come, but sure that all *light*, intellectual, moral, or religious, was of God, and believing that this institution would do its part loyally in keeping alive the sacred flame and transmitting it to after-generations. And let us render to them in no grudging spirit the honour that is their due. Let us refuse to-day to assume the rôle of censorious critics, and choose rather to sit for a few moments as humble disciples at the feet of the benefactors whom we are commemorating. Let us learn from them to apply some portion at least of our means to noble

and enduring purposes, not wrapping ourselves up in our private or domestic interests, not living altogether in and for the passing hour. Let us, who have reaped where they have sown, resolve to sow with a liberal hand for the benefit of those who will come after us, remembering always our divine Master's precept, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

But may we not reasonably enlarge to-day the scope of our gratitude, and include among our benefactors all those many sons of this College whose fruitful example lives after them, to encourage others to follow in their steps—men cast in very different moulds, guided by the leading of God's Providence into widely different spheres—students and statesmen, poets and mathematicians, evangelising missionaries and trusted leaders in the fierce struggles of political life, subtle lawyers, learned archaeologists, eminent teachers, seekers after truth in the abstract, interpreters and exponents of morality and religion, who have striven hard, with greater or less success, to make right principles of conduct the current coin of mankind, so-called men of the world, whose unblemished career has belied their name and borne witness unmistakably to the true source of their strength? I will not travel far into the past in quest of illustrations. Every one who is familiar with the history of our College may find abundant illustrations for himself. But perhaps I may be permitted to refer at this point to four distinguished Johnians, all friends of my own, one of them much more than a friend, who have passed away since our last Commemoration. I have selected their names from (alas!) far too long a list, only because I wish (however briefly and imperfectly) to speak that I do know and testify that I have seen. It is lamentable to think that a single year should have deprived our College of four such men as Frederick Apthorp Paley, Stephen Parkinson, Churchill Babington, and Benjamin Hall Kennedy.

The last number of our College magazine contains such adequate memoirs of the first three that little is left for me to say. But I may perhaps without impropriety observe that, great as was the dissimilarity of their careers, they all supply striking examples (so far as man may judge) of a diligent use of the various faculties with which they were endowed. It is well known how numerous and valuable are Mr Paley's contributions to classical literature: it is sometimes forgotten how much of his time was devoted to teaching and examining. Some of us may remember Churchill Babington mainly as an enthusiastic archaeologist, because that was the chief point of contact between his interests and our own; and yet archaeology was only one of the many studies which he pursued with characteristic ardour and signal success. And although our dear friend, Stephen Parkinson, first made his mark as a mathematician, the question may fairly be raised whether this College gained more by his mathematical ability and attainments, or by his sound judgment, his unfailing sympathy, his wide and well-founded popularity.

Would that I could pause here! Little did I think, when I undertook to preach this sermon, that it would be my painful duty to touch upon the heavy loss which our College, and indeed the whole University, has sustained in the death of my revered master and immediate predecessor at Shrewsbury, Dr Kennedy. Most of you, I suppose, are familiar with the principal incidents of his long life,—the extraordinary promise of his boyhood, his brilliant career as an undergraduate, his assiduous exertions at Harrow, his appointment by this College to the Head-mastership of his old school, the marvellous work which he did at Shrewsbury, whence for thirty years he sent up to Oxford and Cambridge an uninterrupted succession of eager scholars, into whom he had breathed his own passionate love of the classical languages and literature, his unresting activity ever since he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek in this University,—an activity which rose superior to the infirmities of age, and prolonged itself even beyond those late limits of human life when the strength of man (we are told) is but labour and sorrow. But who in this Chapel, except those who like myself enjoyed the privilege of his instruction in the impressionable years of boyhood, can fully appreciate the true greatness of the man? No scholar is likely to under-estimate the value of his many educational works, the grace and beauty and finish, rarely

equalled, never surpassed, of his Greek and Latin verse compositions. But his own undoubting faith in the worth of what he taught, the irresistible contagion of his enthusiasm, his kindling, inspiring, masterful, personality—these were the secret of his strength. Sluggish indeed was the nature which his electrical energy failed to rouse, impassive indeed the temperament which the vivacity of his teaching failed to touch. His dramatic power made the personages of ancient history, the characters of ancient fiction, as real to us as the more prominent figures among our own contemporaries. He infused into the more susceptible of his pupils such a craving for thoroughness, such an abhorrence of inaccuracy, that to have been guilty of a false quantity or a false concord stung them with something of the poignant shame which attends a breach of the moral law. And yet none knew better than he how to encourage the first faint beginnings of effort, how to stimulate with judicious praise—praise valued all the more because accorded so seldom—our poor schoolboy attempts to set before ourselves a nobler ideal of excellence or to rise to a higher level of attainment. Nor could he conceal from us, however awe-inspiring at times were the ebullitions of his perfervid temper, how generous were his impulses, how kindly and affectionate was his disposition. Most of you, if you knew him at all, knew him only in the closing period of his life, when time had chastened the exuberance of his nature and softened somewhat the sharp outlines of his character. Forgive me for reverting to-day to the deep impressions of my boyhood, although I too, like some of you, shall always reckon among my most precious memories the friendly intercourse which I held with him from time to time in later years. Long will he live in the grateful recollection of his pupils and friends, and never, if I mistake not, will our College cease to look back with pride upon this great scholar, this great teacher, and to count him as one of the most illustrious of her many illustrious sons.

We need not be afraid, I think, of dwelling reverently even in this sacred place upon the various manifestations of human excellence, if we will but fix our thoughts throughout on the fountain-head from which they flow, and remember that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above"—*every* good and *every* perfect gift—the unwearied pursuit of truth, the efficient discharge of duty, the fixed determination to develop and strengthen our intellectual and moral powers, the desire to satisfy all legitimate claims, public or private, on our time, our means, our energies, no less than the burning, unquenchable, thirst after holiness or that unselfish devotion to the highest good of our fellow-men which draws its deepest draughts of inspiration from the life and death of Christ. We know that these last are "the best gifts," the gifts which we should "covet most earnestly," but we believe also that the operation of God's Holy Spirit is manifold, not reducible to set formulae, far transcending the mechanical uniformity of rigid systems. "The wind bloweth where it listeth....so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Yes, there are "diversities of gifts," but whatever gifts have been allotted to us—gifts of physical endowment, gifts of intellectual aptitude, gifts of moral or spiritual capacity—we hold them all in trust, and how to turn our individual talents to the best account, as responsible to the divine Giver, is one of the gravest problems of life. For the older of us the solution of that problem, whether right or wrong, is mainly in the past. We have chosen our path of duty, our habitual line of action, our standards, our models, our ideals. It is not so with some of you. A large area of choice still stretches out before you, and a word or two of counsel may not be ill-timed.

First then, I would say, gauge accurately your own powers, form a just estimate of what you are and what you can do. The old Greek adage—γνῶθι σεαυτόν—is often passed by as a platitude, and yet the principle which it embodies lies at the very root both of happiness and success. In selecting a profession, in all the many choices which you will be called upon to make, it is most important that you should not commit yourself lightly to any position in which your special aptitudes will have no field of exercise. Do not, if you can help it, place yourself in such circumstances that your life will

resolve itself into a series of lessons how best to curb and cramp the peculiar faculties which differentiate you most hopefully from your fellow-men. Secondly, remember that the conditions in which you find yourself are an essential part of the problem to be solved. Whatever your natural bias, do not tear yourself away rudely from your past. You do not stand alone in the world. There are those to whom you owe a deep debt of gratitude, whose wishes and expectations you are bound by every tie of honour and duty not to disregard. Better far that your powers and tastes should never gain their full scope than that you should build up for yourself a congenial future on the shameful foundation of wounded affections and slighted claims. A modern poet rests this argument on still surer ground and lifts our thoughts to still loftier issues:

> Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
> It is the very place God meant for thee;
> And should'st thou there small scope for action see,
> Do not for this give room to discontent;
> Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
> In idly dreaming how thou mightest be
> In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
> From outward hindrance or impediment.
> For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
> That without which all goodness were a task
> So slight that virtue never could grow strong.

And finally lay to heart, or rather let us all lay to heart, the most obvious lesson of to-day's Commemoration. It is a great privilege to be a member of such a College as ours: it is also a heavy responsibility;—not only because we enjoy, or have enjoyed, quite exceptional opportunities of improvement, opportunities denied to the great mass of our fellow-countrymen; not only because "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," but also because every one of us may find examples and incentives, which appeal with peculiar potency to himself, among the lives of our predecessors. Is poverty our trial? Is self-indulgence our snare? Do difficulties depress our spirits? Is prosperity hardening our hearts? Let us look back into the past, and see how many members of this College have set themselves strenuously, in defiance of just the same obstacles, to make the most of the powers committed to them and to fulfil the purpose of their being. We are all proud of our College, of what it has been and of what it is. We observe with pleasure the diversity of studies, the multiplicity of interests, which find a home within its precincts. We are glad that it adapts itself diligently to the ever-growing complexity of modern culture and civilisation. We rejoice in the practical proof which it has given in the Walworth Mission, how far its religious sympathies overflow its material limits. But let none of us seek shelter for his individual shortcomings either in the past fame, or in the present usefulness, of our College. Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might. So shall we in our turn leave behind us a legacy of prolific example, and shew ourselves worthy sons of our common nursing mother.

HENRY WHITEHEAD MOSS.

THE LIBRARY.

Donations and Additions to the Library during Quarter ending Lady Day, 1889.

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