

QUEENS' COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE
IN THE FIFTIES

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Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

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NOTE.

Delay in the issuing of this pamphlet has been occasioned by the unanticipated expansion of the matters dealt with, and by the need of correcting or verifying certain reminiscences which existed in a vague and shadowy form in the writer's mind, and could have possessed no claim to accuracy, and therefore have been of little value. This process of verification issued in information new to the writer being afforded by his correspondents, which, although without any bearing on Queens' College, proved of interest as concerning the men who were distinguished members thereof in his time. The result has been what perhaps may be suitably described as this *farrago libelli* and no more.

QUEENS' COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

IN THE FIFTIES.

When Sir Samuel B. Provis, shortly before the Queens' College very pleasant dinner at the Criterion Restaurant on the seventh of July, paid me the compliment by reason of seniority of asking that I should propose the toast of the Chairman, I was busy affiliating my village school to Lord Meath's Empire movement, which required setting up a flag-staff on the Church Tower, and, as men and ladders were conveniently on the spot, getting the leads of the roof mended, and the internal walls of the Church cleaned and repaired, which the Archdeacon of Oxford had desiderated at his last Visitation.

Although the evening of the dinner was drawing very near, I had made no preparation for a formal speech, thinking that a few complimentary sentences would be the most appropriate, as the hour was likely to be waxing late, and everything of interest already said.

The glowing address, however, of the Bishop of Ely, supplemented as it was by the cheery speech of the President, stirred a pious jealousy in my heart, and the spirit of my long-ago undergraduate time groaned within me as voices from a far-off world whispered, "Tell them something about us, for while we rejoice in their increasing prosperity, our share in the credit thereof ought not to be forgotten." On the spur of the moment therefore, I was emboldened to quote Horace's allusion to Agamemnon's precursors, and I named a few of the good men and true I had known among the company's forebears.

At the conclusion of the feast, and when coteries, as is usual after public dinners, were forming, I found that my observations had been listened to by several with unexpected interest, and a desire was expressed to hear more; and a day or two after it was suggested I should become the College *vates* for the

nonce, upon which I consulted with Sir Samuel, who replied, "By all means carry out the suggestion, which is excellent."

On thinking further on the matter I became conscious that I was the depository of information which might be acceptable to all lovers of the old place. Moreover, that the men I knew were in many ways of remarkable capacities, and that I owe much to them. Farther that while vexatious recurrences of ague contracted in Russia some years before requiring two long absences delayed my degree they occasioned my becoming acquainted with more Dons and brother students than is usual. [Quartanam] "expelles furca tamen usque recurrit."

Huxley in an essay on "Pondering" I read years ago justly appraises its illuminating power, and I have felt when compiling these *memorabilia* the College as I knew it gradually unfolding itself and becoming nearly as present to my view as it was in reality of old. I have asked myself whether distance has lent enchantment to the view and know not what to reply. Cicero (*pace* Protagoras) calls memory "*Rerum omnium Thesaurus*," and "*signatum rerum in mente Vestigium*." If this is so, I infer that the things which enter the mind come out unchanged when recalled. One thing memory I think transmutates, and that is experiences which were painful. It readily and happily for us brings back pleasant ones, as a little reflection on its use will show (V. S. John, xvi., 21).

To commence with my entrance into Queens', which came about in this way. Two of my father's life long friends were Bishop Russell, of Glasgow, a D.C.L. of St. John's College, Oxford, and Bishop Terrot, a former Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. The former introduced my eldest brother to Dr. Wynter, President of his own college, with whom he had been staying, and when my fate came to be decided I was attending Professor Kelland's mathematical class and Professor Forbes' Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh. Dr. Terrot was much given to his old studies, and occasionally read papers on the Theory of Numbers at the Royal Society there, which Mr. Kelland thought very ingenious, and he occasionally set me a problem out of De Morgan's *Probabilities* or other books, and it somehow or other came to pass that Mr. Kelland, who was of Queen's and Senior Wrangler in 1834, wrote to his friend Mr. Rangeley, Tutor of

the same, about me, and I came up in October, 1847, when I found Mr. Sandeman, who had also been sent up in a similar way five or six years before, and befriended me at once. Another link with the North I found in Mrs. Philpott, wife of the Master of St. Catherine's. Before going farther I will follow the lead of our Bishop and say a little first about the College buildings and what Cambridge was like at that time.

The Hall was undergoing alteration, a flat ceiling with attics over having given place to the present timber roof and the windows adorned with cusped heads and stained glass. The President's portrait hung over the fireplace. The dadoes were painted pea green. The dumpy bell cot on the roof was exchanged for the present tall one. In the Chapel similar changes were in progress, and I have fallen upon a sketch of a proposed set of stalls in oak. The picturesque Renaissance Clock Cot was replaced by the present lofty structure. My keeping room adjoining the East End of the Chapel was turned into an organ recess, which occasioned my removal to the Walnut Tree Court opposite to Sandeman's. The Cloister Court remains nearly as it was. The Bishop's observation about its being much admired by an Oxford visitor reminded me that I had frequently seen Dr. Whewell, Master-of Trinity, wandering therein, and gazing upon the unique gallery of the Lodge. Opposite to the Gate Tower was a row of houses, kept by Gyps or their wives, and let out as lodgings. The FitzWilliam Museum was still in the hands of masons. St. Benet's was having an aisle built. The Round Church, of which Mr. Dalton, Dean of Queens', was Vicar, had just been restored. The beautiful chapel of Jesus College was in course of revelation. All Saints' Church blocked the street between Trinity and St. John's. Caius was bounded in Trinity Street by a wall lined within by old trees, *valde defletæ* by some, in the centre of what was the picturesque Gate of Humility. St. Mary's the Great was defaced by old houses (burned down soon after I came), abutting against its East Wall. The interior contained a handsome arched carved oak gallery over the West End of the Chancel, called Golgotha from the bald heads of its Reverend Ruling occupants, who marched to their staircase in procession for the University sermon, the congregation standing and the organ pealing. The Preacher was

ceremonially conducted to the lofty pulpit at the West End, which contained a corkscrew stair out of which his figure emerged in a way very comical to new comers. Canon Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, was the Hulsean Lecturer, who proved beyond all doubt that the Pope was the Scarlet Woman of the Revelation. Dr. Walmsley was the organist, whose concluding voluntary enticed the congregation to linger till its last notes. and the aged Clerk gave out the line, "As pants the 'art." Here follow some *disjecta membra*. Fellows were unmarried. Cap and gown were obligatory in the streets before two o'clock and after sunset, and smoking in them was forbidden. Noblemen wore gallooned gowns and gold tassels in their caps. Rose Crescent was the scene of town and gown fights on Guy Fawkes' day. The Union Society was located in a disused chapel in Green Street, and the Queen or Lady Margaret Debating Club occupied a long room in the Hoop Hotel. Boating was the play paramount, cricket a poor second, football fairly general, golf unknown and tennis except to an exclusive circle in the covered court behind Pembroke. Ladies' Colleges also unknown. Text books were of Whewell's, Hind's, Wood's, Goodwin's, Hymers', Bland's, Ottley's composition, and Walton's Newton for Mathematics, and for Classics the same of course as of old and to-day. Feasts were held on Founders' days, when a joke coming down from past ages was piously repeated about a duck being too much for one person and too little for two, and old ale took the place of common. The King's Tower, opposite Clare, was in ruins. The spirit of Church restoration was abroad under the influence of the Camden Society, and alterations in the Churches around did not pass unnoticed. Even Ely Cathedral had its conservative defenders, who held it to be more impressive in its unadorned grandeur, and only required cleaning. Queens' was at that time a school of archæology, of which Campion, T. Bodley, Norwood, and F. Paley, of Christ's, were the exponents, and Bloxam's Gothic Architecture the text book, and the sentiment prevailed that if structural alterations were anywhere required Mediæval relics ought not to be modernised. The school were looking not only on their own things, but also on those of others and their walks had often the Churches round Cambridge for their objective.

The Botanic Garden was on its old site in Pembroke Street. Only two Triposes existed, and the Mathematical was obligatory for Classical men. I used to hear of Shilleto, second in Lushington's year (1832), a famous coach, having just "saved his bacon" by coming out wooden spoon. The defence was that mathematics was required to ensure accuracy. Queens' was one of the Colleges which admitted ten-year men, clergy mostly, who desired the status of B.D. This reminds me. The Reverend Canon Bruce, of Dunimarle Castle, Culross, still with us, though in retirement, was a ten-year man of Peterhouse. One day when I was in his company a man passed the window. "Don't you recognise him?" he asked, "That is our old friend William Thomson." "He has grown a beard since our time," I said. It would lead me far astray, were I to say more about him now, so I forbear. Divinity students were obliged to attend the lectures of Professors Jeremie, Blunt, and Corrie, and expected to pass the Voluntary Theological Examination. One "bull dog" was a stout Queens' Gyp. The other a scarecrow of over six feet, who ran like a greyhound. Before going farther let me say that I am unable to arrange the notes I have collected either in any chronological order, or according to any plan, as many memories run into one another in a very irregular and confusing way. I will be as accurate as I can, and am pretty sure that what I may narrate will be at least as dependable as the relations of historians who verify their references. Let the reader conceive me, then, as running loose in familiar talk, and of himself as asking me questions. I have never spoken of myself in print, but I may occasionally have to do so here, as being one of the group of Ancients, in which case I beg him, "Extremum hunc, dilecte, mihi concede laborem," or as somebody else than my present self. I may also have to mention Collegians *in partibus*.

Let us now praise famous men, such as did bear rule in the College, men renowned for their power and giving counsel by their understanding, not omitting a few of lesser note with whom in after life I maintained friendship. Dr. Joshua King, President all my time, a Layman, was a tall stately person, a fine figure head for any society, and of conspicuous prestige in the University. He had been Senior Wrangler in 1819, and was

reputed to have taken an active part in all its affairs. As he was unfortunately paralysed, the College was administered by the Tutors. He admitted, however, to Scholarships very impressively, seated in a high chair, his feet on a stool on which the recipient of the honour knelt in the Oriel recess of the Gallery, where receptions were occasionally held, Mrs. and the handsome Miss King, who was afterwards married to Mr. Finch, Senior Wrangler in 1857, doing the honours, and Undergraduates standing. Respect was shown to the family in the Lodge by the quiet way men passed its entrance, and through the adjoining cloisters. On Sundays they attended service in the gallery over the antechapel.

Of Mr. Rangeley I can only recall that when introducing the Differential Calculus, he would say, "Tak a varriable, and gev it an encrement." He had been fifth Wrangler in 1830, and took a College living not long after I came.

The Reverend John Newton Peill, Rector of St. Botolph's, was Bursar, and Mr. Robert Andrews, who had come from Pembroke, Classical Tutor, a courteous man, considerate of the frailty of some of his pupils. The Reverends George Philipps and J. Rowlands, with Mr. Moon, who was understood to have restored the Hall, Mr. Goren and others were occasionally seen at the high table.

With Mr. Sandeman, who succeeded Mr. Rangeley, I became better acquainted than perhaps any one besides—for Scotchmen are "brithers" in a foreign land—with a side of his mind at least none but a fellow countryman would care to know or he to impart. He was a man to notice, but not a noticer seemingly, tall, had a peculiar cast in the eyes, a Duke of Wellington nose, a measured step, an aloofish manner.

In general company he was reserved, but when the talk fell upon some subject he had studied, his remarks were striking and original. Of humour he seemed devoid. He kept to his own rooms, but his sporting door was probably never closed. There was at that time North of the Tweed a burning controversy, such as had not been perhaps since the Reformation, affecting even private social relations and affording occasion for a flood of pulpit and platform oratory and a great output of pamphlets and newspaper articles, known as the Disruption of the Established Kirk. Sandeman being a Presbyterian, and

belonging to a stock, one of whom had (circa 1750) founded a Sect, called after him, which professed "a stricter adherence to the precepts and practices of the Apostles and first Churches," as Mr. Morison, of Harland, a near relative of the family, informs me, was naturally much interested, and our talk turned occasionally that way. The same gentleman, by the way, lets me know that "Archibald's first school was Perth Academy, Mr. T. Miller being Mathematical Master and Rector, and that several of his brothers and sisters were blind." His sympathies were with the "Frees," so far as the question of Patronage, upon which the quarrel hinged, was concerned, and mine, like other Episcopalians', with the old Kirk, which had learned to tolerate the sight of a Bishop, and to let bygones be bygones. *Quieta non movere* would probably express the sentiment that prevailed among the once contending communions, and both felt that there were sects enough already in the country. It may be added as an interesting sign of those times that even the Roman Catholic priests who had charge of the few families of their creed scattered up and down the lowlands were often on quite amicable terms with both denominations, as many stories, Dean Ramsay's among others, testify. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*, attributed to M. Thiers, was here illustrated. A Scottish Antonine age was by way of improvement broken in upon by a new *odium theologicum*, and charity often violated. As to Sandeman, he would at one time warmly inveigh against ministers being presented to parishes "whether or no" by Patrons who worshipped elsewhere, or stood on their own legal rights, to which it would be replied that otherwise there would be "fresh hivings" off from the old Kirk, because of people failing to agree in the choice of their minister. On another occasion he would fire up against that section of the Confession of Faith, which consigns to doom all who are not "effectually called." He conformed to the College Chapel Services, but would have none of the Athanasian Creed. "You cannot," he would say, "put the mysteries of religion into any adequate language, and ought not to condemn others for not admitting what you think adequate. Speech is but a feeble expressor of religious thought. Words are not things, and for many things we lack words. It is the different senses put upon words that are the root of disputes which separate Churches." One more touch. Like

many others in the Kirk, he resented the compelling of probationers to bind themselves for life by their signature to statements drawn up in times distracted by controversy and tainted with the spirit of persecution, which lapse of time and present experience had fundamentally modified, and that led to casuistical tricks of the conscience, for men had to contrive to reconcile two contrary things, outward affirmation and inward denial of the same articles in order to be qualified for a ministerial charge. I might here add that this dilemma is still in agitation in the General Assembly and as yet unsolved, and perhaps insoluble.

His lecture was often beyond the reach of all but the wranglers he was rearing. If you did not pick up readily the sequences he was writing down, skipping some, "Well, that is surely plain this time" he would say. He reminded me of a master who took his school to bathe. If a boy was shy of the sea he would whip him up and throw him in. You had to conquer a difficulty for yourself.

He brought out a treatise *On Pure Arithmetic* and another *On the Motion of a Single Particle*, composed, it was said, while the College was in bed. I know this was the case with his *Pelicotetics, or the Science of Quantity*, a stupendous volume in which he sought to revolutionise Arithmetic and Algebra as commonly received, and which contained as much metaphysics as novel symbols of notation. He had a curious grudge against commas. I have still the copy he presented me with and, on looking through it again, fail to get any "forwarder" in the understanding of it. It was said that only one, costing a pound, was sold. It looks, if I may venture to say so, like the out come of a mind belonging to some other and inconceivable world. The six-page preface concludes thus:—"Small need then to say as a wind up that Arithmetic and Algebra in their wonted setting cannot but be educationally bad and mischievous scientifically misleading bewildering unhelpful balking stunning deadening killing and philosophically worthless." He lacked humour, never joined in sports, but made an interesting companion for a walk if one cared for speculative discussions and metaphysical subtleties and final causes, as Scotchmen so often do. The College was proud of him, and he was fond of the College, remaining during the long vacations, turning night

into day, and seeking for a practical use for Hamilton's *Quaternions*, which, by the way, Tait taught Kelland. He left to fill a Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Owen's College, whence he retired to superintend a family business in Perth, not at all in his line, and which he was the last of several generations to own, together with property at Huntingtower and Tulloch. From that time I had lost sight of him. Not wishing, however, the account I have given of my intercourse with him to stand as incomplete as I had left it, I put myself into communication with a gentleman in Perth, who referred me to Mr. Morison, already mentioned, and he in turn to the Dean of St. Andrews. From both I learned that he left £30,000 to build and endow a Free Library, "which is really a great boon to the working classes in Perth." Also, that "he left £12,000 to St. John's old Episcopal Church there," which Dr. Rorison says, "he attended very regularly, and used to put three or four one pound notes into the plate every Sunday," adding "he was a strong Evangelical, and disliked St. Ninian's (the Cathedral) exceedingly. Mr. Sandeman was very eccentric, and, except on Sundays, never rose till one p.m. He spent his last years at his Lodge on the Tay, a little outside the city, and died in 1893." I am concerned, however, rather with what Sandeman was for the College of my time, and think his influence effective for making his pupils understand that they must work out knowledge for themselves at any cost of labour if it was to be knowledge in any true sense.

On the next staircase the Prælector, Reverend John Buckley, kept, who frequently came of a night when I was with Sandeman, and if Richard Watson or a fourth popped in, we had a rubber of whist "for love." Buckley was a student of the old Platonists, and he let me take away the first volume of Ralf Cudworth's *True Intellectual System of the Universe*. Finding this hard, he switched me on to the same author's *Eternal Morality*, which was plain sailing and conclusive. Other writers on his table were John Smith (a Queens' fellow in his day and donor of his library), Whichcote and Henry More. They were pioneers of toleration and their doctrine is summed up in St. Luke xvii. 21, "Regnum Dei intra vos est." Among those who might be called disciples of this informal school were Norwood and Fowler. Campion also read them.

When some years after he took the living of Sandon, I had a curacy in London, and on two occasions paid him a visit, on one of which he drove me over with him to Danbury Castle, having some business with his Bishop, who gave us lunch.

One Sunday he put me in his preaching gown into the long empty chancel, which was enclosed by an ancient screen. Just over my head was an old time-stained hatchment, one of several on the walls. Something induced me to touch it when the Nicene Creed was being recited (Buckley, I ought to mention, read the Ante-Communion Service from the desk if there was no celebration), when down it fell with a crash which brought up the churchwardens. The hatchments were all removed next day. I recall an ambiguous inscription on a monument in his churchyard, I think in Latin,—“Here lies ———— What manner of man he was the Judgment day will reveal.” It was not long after this that the news reached me that poor Buckley had been found dead in bed. He was an able man and could see through a problem quickly, and had a modest conceit of himself.

The Reverend Richard Watson, afterwards Tutor, was a very active Fellow. He was the eldest of three brothers, hailing from Birkenhead where they were interested in the new docks, which turned out ill for them. At that time Mr. Carus, a Fellow of Trinity, on whom the mantle of Simeon had fallen, held Sunday evening prayer meetings, which several Queens' men attended. Considering our College ought to have one of its own, but of a more robust type, Watson, in conjunction with Campion, who was then bent upon improving the Chapel Services by making them choral on Sundays, gathered together a class of some twenty who read with them the Greek Testament. I have fallen upon the interleaved copy I used, and am surprised at the amount we got through and the goodness of the notes I made. There were several ten year men present and an entire absence of formality. This is all the theology we got in the College, the rest being supplied by Professorial Lectures and books from the Library. The brothers Watson all passed away in early life; Richard in the College. The youngest became British Chaplain in Rotterdam, and on one occasion wrote to beg me, as he had been summoned to Liverpool, to supply his duty. I crossed over, and arrived just in time for the Service,

returning by the next boat, *viâ* Antwerp, and arriving at St. Catherine's Docks at sunrise. It was a beautiful summer morning. I relate this, because the drive through the City to Hyde Park revealed it in a new and wonderful light. Here and there a policeman was to be seen, but the silence and deadness of the streets suggested a vast, magnificent, interminable Pompeii, very impressive as any one may experience who will do as I did on any early morning in summer.

The Reverend John E. Dalton was Dean and Hebrew Lecturer, a mild, elderly man, who took interest in the undergraduates, frequently inviting them to breakfast in half-dozens. He was the only Don who exercised visible authority by sending every Monday morning for any who had, according to Lawrence's register, seriously skipped chapels (seven a week) or according to Page's been late of nights, or were otherwise rebukeable, on which occasions he would almost tearfully enlarge upon the offence, and warn against its recurrence, and exhort to amendment of life. Then bidding the Criminal good morning, he would suddenly turn, "By the by, Mr. Blank, I have asked some of your year to breakfast to-morrow, and will be pleased at your joining us." So it came to be playfully said that if one desired a nice meal of cutlets or "kindeys" he had only to get into Page's or Lawrence's black lists. But the Dean was the last man any one would have taken advantage of. He would have wept over your sin. He left for Seagrave, where his chief grievance was said to be that he could not get apple-charlotte done to his liking.

Page was the porter, a very pillar of the College, after the style of Louis XIV., who said *l'état, c'est moi*, Page looked as if he had the whole place on his back. It would require a good many adjectives to do him justice. Grave, dignified, impassive, respectful, punctual may suffice for his moral qualities, and tall, stout, rotund, dressed in fine black tail coat, a superior Falstaff, for his corporeal. It was only when rung up unusually late that he showed temper, and then he emitted a growl by way of rebuke. The way he brought up dishes to the high table suggested a procession. Daniel and Phipps might follow, but Page was a procession in himself. No one could have suspected him of possessing humour, but it was told that after the men had gone to lecture at ten o'clock, he, Daniel and Lawrence would meet to-

gether in the passage under the clock, when Page would take Daniel by the ear, and say in a deep tone, "Come along to the lecture as the gentlemen have done," and lead him to the Buttery where the merits of the October audit (which was Page's patent) would be discussed. Daniel's office had to do with the coals and the boots, and Phipps was a hereditary Gyp.

In this connection I must not omit the name of Mrs. Woods, the mother bed maker. Her husband had been in the Gyp business and she had a son, and a daughter-in-law in active service, for men may come and men may go, but Gyps go on for ever. She could tell of the generations who had kept on her staircase since her girlhood. Once when I had a bout of ague she consoled me with her talk which was as medicinal as the quinine she mixed. "Ah me! that fever is just what tuck off my dear usband, God bless him. But that was not the stuff e drank. E got a ounce of bark iself at Peck's in the Prade, and pounded it, and putt it into a bottle of Port my gentleman gav im and then shuck it all up. It was dreadful bitter and ruined the wine, bless im, and is shirt, lor, when he war in them sweats you could wring it just like the wash tub, and he got as elpless as th 'unborn babe dear soul. Doctor Umphry said as how it was the hair and a change would cure im but that warnt it. It war the blood got like milk for e was as pale as a corp, bless him. It cam quicker than yourn, and the Doctor said it war a Tersham, as it cam back on the third day. But you'll be better to-morrow." "Thank you, Mrs. Woods, but we shall have to part as the Doctor ordered, but not, I hope, for ever."

Page's lecture on the Audit Brew again reminds me. There was a Scholar who read with an East Anglian Accent, and dilated on the harrs he had coursed. I recall his reading in the Chapel. "The Lord rained ale upon the land of Egypt. So there was ale and fire mingled with the ale," when E——s, an irreverent dog, uttered the word "Copas," being by interpretation the redhot poker plunged into the "reaming swats," then much in vogue at wines.

This reminds me of another incident *re* lesson reading. It was Eckford Watson's week, the Apollo of the College. The chapter was out of the Aprocrypha, and could not be found. Eckford turned over painfully page after page in a distracted way and at length with a helpless appealing look resumed his seat.

There was a man who at one of these parties related how his forebears had come up to Cambridge. "I came by train, my father by coach, his father on horseback, and his father on foot." "But how did the original old cock come?" enquired Grix. "I cannot quite say, but I am sure he got here somehow, for Queens' has belonged to our family for ages!" "I can cap that," broke out Norwood. "Long long ago three poor students started for a week's trudge under the guidance of the eldest who knew the road. Now, says he, we are nearing the town where there is a butcher's shop. Do as I bid you. I shall start first and you follow a mile each behind. You will find me disputing with the butcher. Back me up in whatever I say. Says No 1 to the shopman, what is the price of that leg of pork hanging there? Pork? that aint pork, it's mutton! I killed the sheep last night.—Sheep! It was a pig you killed—Pig! Get along wi' you. Up comes No. 2. Says No. 1. to him, Beg pardon, Sir, this butcher says that joint there is mutton, and I say it's pork. What say you? Pork of course. The contention proceeds. Well says the butcher, if you can get another man in England to swear it's pork, take it and begone. No. 3 appears on the scene and pronounces for pork." Q.E.D.

As I am on the subject, I may as well tell how I came up, especially as an incident in the journey illustrates a change in a national habit. My companion was young Mr. Traill of Haddington, who was coming to keep his third year at Corpus. We left Edinburgh by an early train on the new Berwick Railway, where on arrival he asked me to see that a trunk which was unlabelled should be put upon one of the coaches provided to convey the passengers to Newcastle, while he took care of my own and another of his. I saw uniformed men about examining luggage on the platform without knowing what for. By and by all was removed except Traill's box. A porter came up and enquired. I told him it belonged to a gentleman who had just left me, and to put it upon one of the coaches which he did. Finding the one Traill was in full, I got into another and we did not meet again till we reached Newcastle. I told him what I had done and on searching among the luggage he found his box. He then explained the puzzle. The box contained some bottles of Glenlivet, unknown then in Cambridge, and the uniformed men were custom house officers.

Sly dog ! From Newcastle the line was open to York, where we slept, and next day left for Blisworth, whence the mail brought us on a very cold night to our destination. Traill who came among us from time to time was bitten, like many others, by Tennyson, whose *Locksley Hall* and *May Queen*, he was fond of reciting. He wrote some lyrics himself in the style of "Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea," but never had the courage to print them.

Among those who distinguished themselves about that time and later were the Reverend T. York, afterwards Bursar, the Reverend W. Lye, the Reverend W. G. Searle, the Reverend C. B. Clarke, Mr. T. Skelton, Mr. E. J. Stone, afterwards Radcliffe Observer in Oxford, Mr. Slessor, senior wrangler in 1858, the Reverend W. G. Longden, the Reverend W. C. Deighton, and Mr. Oswald Hunter.

Thomas Wilkinson Norwood, a migrator from St. John's, was the most remarkable among the Undergraduates, and might have taken a high place, but for his incurable habit of miscellaneous reading, especially in the Poets. Tall, powerfully built, a typical Yorkshire figure, with pronounced features, and an ideal Number Four, he looked *Nemo-me-impune-lacesset*-wise. He had a prodigious memory and could recite a Chaucer tale, or The nut brown maid, or Marlow of "the mighty line," or Cowley without an effort. Later on, he became Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cheltenham College, and the same at Newnham by correspondence. He compiled a Gipsy Grammar, now in the possession of Lady Arthur Grosvenor, who purchased his Romany Manuscripts after his sudden death last January. From Cheltenham he went as Curate to Chelsea Parish Church, where I renewed intercourse with him. His Rector, Mr. Blunt, was a friend of Thomas Carlyle whom I met several times in their company, but knew before through his Haddington wife, Jane Welsh, when young. Later on he was given the living of Wrenbury, where he became a fast friend of Bishop Stubbs, to whom after I came to Oxford Diocese he desired to be remembered. The Bishop learned from me how I knew him, and desired his love to be returned, and described him as one of the most accomplished men he had ever known, and recalled a peculiar trick he had of twisting a curl of his red hair when developing what he had to urge on a point of history—family mainly—of a pedigree,

or of heraldry. He was, with Mr. William Morris, a co-founder of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, before which he read a learned and forcible paper in 1885 now before me, there being present among others the late Lord Crewe, whom he came annually to stay with in London and told me many anecdotes about, Lord Houghton (ditto), and Archdeacon Drewitt.

He grew as furious in his paper as in his talk against the "restorers" who mutilated ancient churches. "Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis,"—"O call back yesterday: bid Time return."—"Our tardy apish nation limps after in base imitation."—"Ut flos florum sic est ista domus domorum" (York).—"This ilke Monk let old things pace, and held after the newe world the trace."—"Magnum est enim eadem habere monumenta majorum, iisdem uti sacris, sepulcra habere communia."—"The plague is begun."—"Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story, that hast forgot their names that reared thee for their glory"—(Drayton on Stonehenge) are some of his irate sallies against the *hierosuloi*. And "Sweet sleep enjoys the Curate in his desk, the tedious rector drawling o'er his head, and sweet the clerk below. . . ." his summation of the Georgian era. His knowledge of languages was extensive, and of shells, his collection whereof he bequeathed to Cheltenham College, and of birds and their habits, and of Chelsea and other china, and of pictures, and of old editions of books, which he picked up as he "prowled" about London, or anywhere, one day hitting upon a Shakespeare folio for a trifle, valued now at £600. In his parish he was beloved, everybody's friend, suffering fools gladly, but autocratic in temper. One day he was marrying a couple who had come rather late, and, when half through the service the clock struck three. "I cannot marry you today," he said in a solemn voice. "The fault is yours, not mine. You may come to-morrow."

He used to say he took no interest in history after the time of Charles V. He was mediæval to the bone, living in Don Quixote castles, nourishing a youth sublime with the fairy tales of science, well read in the Amadis de Gaule, Rabelais, Boccaccio's and Queen Margaret of Navarre's tales, and Shakespeare, whom nothing would ever induce him to see on the stage.

“Sacrilège!” Most modern things irritated him. *Odi profanum vulgus* was a real sentiment with him, his *vulgus*, however, not plain common people, but free traders, Radicals, innovators, progress mongers, machine inventors, tele-contrivers and pompous self-sufficients. “Free trade, I find in one of his letters, means destructive competition, cheapening of art and of love of good work, for that demands leisure and painstaking. Dividing the land will not help. Two acres and a cow will not maintain families in increasing geometrical progression. Malthus’ solution is the true one. Over population: Free Trade :: universal competition: universal cheapening—and the end thereof ruin.” The last time I saw him was some years ago when I spent a couple of days at Wrenbury, on my way to Liverpool, *en route* for Canada, when he was erecting a May-pole on the green and doing something to his Church. He took me with him to dine with Lord Combermere, who told us some stories about the late Empress of Austria, who hired his place for several hunting seasons. When the Church I got built in the East End was nearly ready to be consecrated I asked him to send me an appropriate hymn, with this result—

I.

O FATHER, who hast builded
 Thy spacious Temple high,
 And wide through all creation,
 In earth and sea and sky;
 Whose praise all nature singeth,
 Whose glory all things shew,
 We raise to Thee an Altar,
 Thy children here below.

II.

And dwelling at Thy footstool,
 And standing in Thy sight,
 We come with friends and brethren,
 With heart and voice unite,
 To pay our adoration,
 And dedicate our shrine
 To Thee our God and Father,
 And be for ever Thine.

III.

Here in our congregations,
 May Jesus Christ the Lord,
 When two or three are gathered,
 Fulfil His gracious word ;
 Speak to the weary mourner,
 Bid sin and sorrow cease,
 And breathe upon our worship
 His calm and holy peace.

IV.

And may the Sacred Spirit
 Of comfort, light, and grace,
 Be now and ever present
 Within this hallow'd place ;
 To cleanse our sinful nature,
 And cheer our homeward way,
 And shed on earthly darkness
 A gleam of heavenly day.

V.

Oft may we here assemble,
 And throng Thy House of prayer,
 To thank Thee for our gladness,
 And tell Thee of our care ;
 From hence to Thee in heaven,
 May our affections rise,
 And our devotions mingle
 With hymns beyond the skies.

VI.

Bow down Thy ear and hear us,
 O Father from Thy Throne,
 And let Thine eye behold us,
 And take us for Thine own ;
 And may this House of houses
 Like a Sabbath mid the days,
 Fill all our hearts with blessing,
 And all our homes with praise.

I have mentioned that Norwood migrated from St. John's (where I had a cousin, George Baker Forster, famous, as his sons were after him, in the boating world), and he told me why. He could not abide the hurly-burly of a large College, and Queens' Cloister Court had ruled his choice of another. His

tutor Dr. Hymers was, like himself, a Yorkshire man, of whom he told this story :—"A horsey undergraduate from the same county, one of Hymer's pupils, was on his way on Sunday as St. Mary's bell was ringing for the University sermon, with whip in hand and dog at heel, towards Magdalene, then a sporting college when he met his Tutor. "Is this the way," asked Hymers in a sharp tone, "to the University Church?" "The first large building on your left, sir," replies his impudence. Hymers summoned him next day. "Well sir, you asked me the way and I told you," and the upshot was a hearty laugh—*iracundiam voluptate superante*, added Norwood

The Reverend Stanley Taylor Gibson took private pupils, of which I was one. He was a rotund large headed sedate man, deliberate in his speech, frequently beginning after the manner of Professor Corrie, Master of Jesus College. "I am one of those who think," or "I am not one, &c.," as the case might be. He could tell a story, however, very well, and chuckle to himself whether hearers tasted it or not. One vacation we travelled together to Belgium and the Rhine. It was characteristic of him that when he went to Sandon he gave lectures on the Transit of Venus, which happened at that time and explained with the help of drawings on a large scale how the distance of the sun was determinable thereby, to the great entertainment of the people of Chelmsford.

I have mentioned my brother at Oxford. He and I exchanged visits. The Tractarian movement was in full activity of which, however, little was known in Cambridge. He was impressed with the homely life of my place and its spacious atmosphere. When I went to see him in Encœnia week, I was struck with the lavishness of the picnics, and the formalities observed between the rulers and the ruled. One day we rowed with a bevy of girls in tubs down to Nuneham, an Exeter boat joining, and wandered over the beautiful woods till it was time to return for some college ball. I thought Oxford must be much richer than Cambridge. Mrs. Malaprop says in the play "Comparisons are odorous?" So I will put it in the way an old lady we knew would have done, "Similar to the same, but different."

Mr. John Clark, better known as Poll Clark, who had a wide reputation for getting men through notwithstanding pluck

after pluck, was a tall, large-boned man with a face as of carved stone and a step that echoed in the Court and everybody knew, was for years and years a much esteemed Fellow. As his degree dated in 1836, he could tell of battles long ago, and had many stories which he related without moving a muscle. Pity there was no Boswell to record them. This I heard was one of his; if not true, it was *ben trovato*. An invincible pupil enquiring what sort of a man Euclid was, was asked in turn what such an odd question meant? "Only this, sir, if Euclid was trustworthy, why not take his word instead of troubling about his rigmarole demonstrations?" Another invincible had been advised to get up the Binominal Theorem. But it was not on the paper. There was another question however. "Describe the action of the common pump." "Before this can be done," wrote the man, "this Theorem must be premised." Which completed, he drew a figure of a pump, omitting its chief part, the cylinder, and proceeded "Now it is evident from the foregoing that the more the handle H is worked the more water will flow from S, the spout. Q.E.D. There was a fellow Commoner who took so long to pass that he had time to marry and have a family. He was still going on when I left, and seemed not at all put about. Clark would amuse Simple Simons with the conundrum about the islands in the Ægean sea. A clothes horse was brought in. "What island?" "Deal-os." The same brought in again—"Same-os." A second brought in—"Pair-os."

In a certain paper, "Draw a map of Palestine," occurred. The examinee did so, and marked three places, Jerusalem, Jericho, and, half way between, "The place where the traveller fell among thieves." It may have been the same who gave a history of Ahab's reign, which he did fairly until he came to the verse "Throw her down, so they threw her down," and proceeded, "and he said do it the second time and they did it the second time. And he said do it the third time, and he departed unto Cæsarea-Philippi and would let no man know it, for he feared the people." He would say to a pupil, "Now do not let the grass grow under your feet," and to another, "Sir, you are in a most precarious state. Come to me on Saturday afternoon. (Then reflectively), no one works on a Saturday but a slave, but you must!"

He would snap you up, if you spoke unadvisedly with your lips, and demand proof, which he sometimes got, but would unwillingly allow. But as Dr. Johnson confessed to Boswell that rather than acknowledge himself worsted he would at times persist against his own convictions, so did Clark. It all came right, however, in the end, conclusion or no conclusion.

For another story of his I am indebted to a friend who had been his pupil. Potts, of Euclid fame, was a very plain man, and when in years married a handsome young wife. In the Senate House a wag cried out "Beauty and the Beast," on which Potts quietly observed to the man by his side that he had always regarded his wife as a beautiful woman. This again reminds me—Whewell, Peacock and Sedgwick were standing together on the dais one Commencement day. Says Peacock *sotto voce*, "Do you know what they say of us three, we are the ugliest men in the University?" "Speak for yourself, replies Whewell."

The Reverend William Magan Campion was an undergraduate when I went up, and it was through him I kept in touch with the college all through his life, and in his rooms I often met distinguished men of other colleges, such as Adams, Parkinson and France, for he had a host of friends. From time to time in after years I paid him a visit, as he did to me in London, when we would ramble over the city hunting for relics of antiquity. I recall one such visit when he came up to preach a Whitehall sermon and another when we went to the Putney boat race in a blinding snowstorm, and he gave me a sermon I still possess for use next day, as I was hard up for one that week, and he heard me preach it. Campion was an all-round accomplished man in every direction, and possessed a genial temper, which I never saw ruffled, and a motherly disposition. "Take care you don't hurt yourselves," he said to a team of freshmen who were going to take part in a game of football, as he passed them in the Court. He was ready to oblige on any occasion. One day when the crew went for a spin, the coxwain failed to turn up. Though not an ideal one Campion was voted to the rudder strings for the first time. We got on very well till just beyond the Chesterton bend, when the steersman's vagrancy and expression of face made us all turn round. It was a case of touch and go, for a barge laden

with white bricks lay just athwart the stream. Happily Captain Bargee caught the nose of the tub with his pole hook and broke the blow, although himself was rolled over among the bricks. Campion gave him a shilling with a very flushed face—I mean Campion's, for the Bargee's was red enough already.

I am told of a current story in vogue among the men of the narrator's time, which I think apocryphal, that the men who would be of about my time used to come into College in the early hours of the morning, in order to escape Page's black marks, by climbing up from Silver Street into Campion's gyp room, and coolly walking through his sitting room and down his staircase into the Court, and some said he was too indulgent or too sleepy to get out of bed and complain of the intruders. He told me, continues my correspondent, that he never marked the open scholarship papers, as he could judge better of men's ultimate capacity and prospects for the Tripos by reading through them and spotting ability by their general tenour. It was on one of my visits to him that I saw the genesis of Dr. Wright's epoch-making *Synopsis of the Gospels in Greek*, of which he kindly explained the drift, and whose dynamic seems bound to endure. I see in a recent number of a learned Magazine its author spoken of as wearing Dr. Westcott's mantle. If I may venture an opinion, of better texture.

Campion had a neat way of putting things, as, for example, when comparing the relative values of classics or science for educational purposes. "Mathematics train the mind to accuracy, but you cannot furnish it without letters." The "Higher Criticism" was then beginning to be talked about and alarming the timid. "You cannot, said he, control enquiry, and ought not to try. Nothing but truth can ever issue from honest investigation. It may take years for this new method to reach demonstrable results which will be generally accepted, for no one can tell what fresh sources of information may turn up. But the foundations of our faith are too many and too deeply laid to be ever overthrown by mere questions of language, editing or interpretations." "As these are matters for scholars acquainted with Hebrew and Greek, I would urge, critics might make their comments in Latin instead of English, and so protect the unlearned from

being startled by crude theories." "Perhaps, but Latin writing is not as it used to be a common practice. Folios would answer as well. Meanwhile we must have patience and leave the leaven to work in confidence." I pass over the visits I paid him when he invited me to functions connected with the new Chapel and its organ. It was perhaps a year before his death that I saw him for the last time. I happened to be passing through Cambridge, and called upon him between the times of two trains going to Oxford. I had not been a minute in his company when he desired his nephew who was attending on him to get ready a bedroom. It was no use excusing myself, and a telegram was dispatched. It was painfully evident that he was failing, though he went over the old story with keen gusto and interest.

To President Philipps I paid my respects, of course, whenever I was at Cambridge. Such as never saw him in the flesh have only to look upon his portrait in the lodge almost to know him. As a likeness and a work of art, it has, probably, few rivals in the galleries of the world. Dr. Campion's, on the photogravure of which I often look, is also a lifelike resemblance.

I am supposed to be giving an account of Queens' in the fifties, and find I have got far beyond them, but I daresay the reader will not object to my travelling beyonder still, as it gratifies me to give some account of my last visit to the College, when, through Dr. Wright's kindness, I formed one of the company of guests on the occasion of the visit of the British Association in 1904, when the Bishop of Ely was President and Vice-Chancellor, and the new Doctors were feasted in the Hall. A number of foreign *savants* besides those staying in the College were present, and two premiers, Mr. Balfour, President of the Association, and the Minister of Holland. It so happened that my father had known the Whittingham family and Mr. Balfour and I knew several old incidents in common. I have only room for one. The Episcopal Church of Haddington was his family's place of worship, where the old clerk had formerly been butler to Lord Wemyss at Gosford. One day Lady Wemyss came to be churched when this happened. Old Mr. Traill "O Lord, save this woman Thy servant." Old Clerk, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee."

It was on this occasion also that I saw for the last time Lord Kelvin who was staying at Peterhouse Lodge, and whom I had seen in my teens, when with my brother and Canon Bruce, we were pupils of his father, who was very proud of "My Willie" when he came out with flying colours at Cambridge. In after years I called upon him with my brother when he came to London after the Glasgow Session, and one day found Professor George Ramsay there, when we recalled some of the incidents of the long gone by time when the night watchman called out the hour and the news. "Fower o' the clock. A snawy nicht," or "Twa o' the clock. A fire in the Gorbals." When he became President of the Royal Society I had the privilege of attending summer soirées, where new inventions were exhibited, and Lady Kelvin did the honours. I would require to be raised to a high power adequately to describe Lord Kelvin as a man of science; but need no such elevation to appreciate him as a man, simple, engaging, unaffected by the glamour of his fame. Only last Christmas I wrote to say how glad I was to hear he was better and to wish him a good New Year, but he had already passed away. *Quidquid ex Kelvino amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet et mansurum est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum.*

One topic of our talk was Maxim's experiments on aviation, as it is now called. He remarked that large heavy birds like the eagle took a long run before they ascended, and even partridges did not use their wings straight away unless suddenly startled. The problem was to devise a machine that could be propelled along the ground fast enough to allow its wings (?) freely to act. Inflated balloons would always be at the mercy of the winds. At one of the sectional meetings he was expounding some proposition relating to atoms, and drew a circle on the blackboard the size of a man's head. "Let this be an atom," he began, on which there was a general laugh. "Very well, I will make it smaller," and wiping off the chalk he made another like an orange, when another laugh occurred. "If I reduce it, those who are at the back will not see what I am about. So let it be, and just fancy it is an atom. A real atom I may tell you would need to be magnified many

millions of times for you to see it at all.”* Quietness being restored, he went on with his lecture to which the *savants* listened apparently with understanding, for they gave their own criticisms afterwards. The foreign *savants* were astonished at all they experienced in Cambridge—at the buildings, at the gardens, at the hospitality, at King’s Chapel, at the freedom, at the novelty of the whole thing, which no words of theirs could adequately express. They were like Alice in Wonderland. I conversed with many of them and found they were all Alices. But the last night crowned all. The Combination Room was crowded, and everybody smoking, so that they could scarcely see one another, the foreigners discussing in groups at the pitch of their voices the questions they had been debating in the sections, and gesticulating so excitedly as to remind me of the “*unco sicht*” Tam o’ Shanter beheld when he thoughtlessly peeped into Alloway Kirk—

As Tammie glowred amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

If the ghost of Erasmus still haunts the turret he inhabited at the other end of the Hall it must have wondered at its three centuries of stillness being thus invaded. But they were all right next morning, and from busses and cabs in a row at the gate waved their hats and umbrellas and invoked showers of blessings upon the President with *hochs* and *mercis* and *auf-wiedersehens* and *aux revoirs* till they were out of sight at the Pitt Press.

You enquire about my connection with Mrs. Philpott? Very well. An Italian nobleman, Marchese Doria Pamphili, who had fled from the tyranny of Ferdinand, King of Naples, known as Bomba, was staying with the Campbells of Craigie at a time when I was on a visit there. There were two handsome daughters, beautiful singers and skilled musicians. The elder daughter some time after was married to Dr. Philpott, Master of St. Catherine’s, and I had not been long in college when I received a note from her to say she had learned that I

*In a lecture at the Royal Institution on the size of atoms he used this illustration: “Imagine a globe of water or glass, to be magnified up to the size of the earth, each constituent molecule being magnified in the same proportion. The magnified structure would be more coarse grained than a heap of small shot, but probably less coarse grained than a heap of footballs.”

was at Queens'. This led to my being now and again invited. "Say what shall my song be to-night, and the strain at your bidding shall flow," sung by the elder, delighted the company more than any of their Italian duets. My frequenting these parties led to being asked to others. I recollect especially Professor Challis' at the Observatory when the moon and constellations were shown through the great telescopes, and seeing such men as Adams, of Neptune fame, and Airy face to face. After the Bishop of Worcester's death Mrs. Philpott took up her abode in a villa behind Hobson's Conduit, where I went to see her whenever I was in Cambridge. She had become blind, but had lost none of her charm. There are two names I ought not to omit of men who turned out to be of service to me in after years, one of whom was notable in connection with our London College dinners, if he was not the founder of them, and very active in other ways in promoting social intercourse—the Reverend Anson W. H. Cartwright. Long after our Queens' time I happened to fall in with him in Fleet Street on the night of the King's marriage when the city was illuminated and dense crowds were in movement. We sought refuge in the "Cheshire Cheese," and under Dr. Johnson's picture had a chop. He held a Mission curacy in the East End, which he was about resigning for an appointment as District Secretary of the Additional Curates' Society, and suggested I should succeed him, with the view of converting the mission district into a permanent Incumbency by building a much-needed Church to replace the temporary iron one. The other was the Reverend Joseph Bardsley, Rector of Stepney, and Rural Dean, who was Bishop Jackson's right hand in East London. The scheme hatched in Fleet Street was carried out and the Church built, largely through Bardsley's backing me up by obtaining from the proceeds of the sale of one of the city Churches one third of the price paid. He was a hard working parish priest, a fluent platform speaker and eloquent preacher, and the first member for his division in the newly-created School Board.

Some other names I must content myself with only mentioning. Williams, Sparrow Simpson, Roberts, Fuller, Summerhayes, Fowler, Brewer, Carver, Pearson, Pilkington, Mellish, Frost, concerning whom much might be said, but not within limits presently suitable.

You ask what became of the writer of these memoirs. Well—finding the Tripos closed, he gave mathematics a rest, having a sufficient supply to face the Poll examination with an easy mind, and pursued Divinity under the Professors already named. He sat also at the feet of the enthusiastic Dr. Sedgwick, of whom the story was told that one hot day when pursuing his geological studies, clad in a linen blouse, hammer in hand, and satchell on shoulder, he was overtaken in a quarry on the roadside by a lady and gentleman, who, being interested in his occupation and opining that some refreshment would be acceptable, invited him to their house near at hand, to which they presently drove, when the butler was ordered to provide a meal for an old man who would shortly appear. The Professor came, and delighted the servants with the contents of his satchell, showing them what the cook described to her mistress, who seems to have been not far off, as petrified ox tongues, and similar wonderful bits of stone. The mistress straightway tells her husband, who invites the traveller upstairs, and makes the happy discovery that the wayfaring man is none other than the famous Cambridge Professor. Notes made of his lectures are still extant, some of which are of interest as showing how geology had to be defended against “the Buggs (*sic*) and the Penns, the Nolans and the Formans, who brought about a collision between natural phenomena and the Bible,” and Dr. Chalmers’ “golden words,” spoken at the meeting of the British Association in 1833, held here that “Christianity had everything to hope and nothing to fear from the advancement of philosophy,” are quoted. A similar note book shows that he attended the lectures of the Professor of Moral Philosophy, to learn more presumably about Buckley’s Platonists. Dr. Whewell was Master of Trinity, and looked it. Tall, a powerful frame, high forehead, open countenance, he reminded one of some antique figure in the British Museum Roman Gallery. His audience rose as he entered and left, and silence was only broken by his voice and the scratching of pens on paper. In his first lecture he dictated slowly a list of forty-eight books for reference and study, commencing with Xenophon’s *Memorabilia of Socrates* and ending with Lord Liverpool’s *Coins of the Realm*. He invited essays or observations on the subjects treated of, and got

several, which, however, were not heard of afterwards. *Plato's Dialogues*, especially the enigmatical *Timæus*, made up the course and the much bored Theætetus.

The writer must have had time on his hands after answering questions in the examination papers, for he has found this cutting from the *Cambridge Chronicle*. Campion touched up some of the lines and sent them to the newspaper, January 24th, 1854, under the pseudonym Plutarch Loretto :—

Æneid IV., v. 136.

Escorted by a mighty host at length rides forth the Queen
Clad in a shawl of Tyrian make, hemmed round with brodered
fringe.

Her quiver is of gold, her hair all knotted up in gold
A golden buckle underclasps her purple velvet robe.
And Phrygian Knights with Julius gay ride forth in companie,
Æneas, fairest knight of all, captains a chosen band.
Like God Apollo when he leaves his Lycian winter seat
And Xanthus' streams, to summer in his Delian island home,
And leads the dance, while altars round a mixt and wild array
Of Cretans shout, and Dryopes and Agathyrstian Picts,
Himself on top of Cynthus strides, his native purple hill,
And wreaths with flowers his waving locks, entangling them with
gold.

His quivered arrows rattle loud, so moves Anchises' son,
Such smiles of grace and beauty beam from his illustrious brow.

Æneid IV., v. 223.

Haste ! fly ! my son, the Zephyrs call and glide upon thy wings,
And Dardan's chief, who loiters now in Tyrian Carthage town,
All heedless of the cities fair bestowed him by the gods,
Accost, and through the breezes swift bear him my royal words,
Not such as him the lovely Venus promised unto us,
Not such as him from Grecian arms the goddess ransomed twice.
She promised one, who doomed to rule Italia big with power.
And world-wide empire should hand down a royal Trojan race
To latest times, and bend the world beneath his potent sway.
But if no sense of high renown inflame his lordly soul,
If he decline for his own laud to try so great a task,
Why grudges he his Trojan boy th' imperial towers of Rome ?
What thinks he there ? with what intent delays in hostile shores
Ne'er thinking of his Auson race nor Latium's harvest fields
Bid him set sail ! begone ! no more ! be this my high bequest !

Æneid IV., v. 416.

Anna ! look here ! what haste they ply along the pebbly shore !
 From all sides round they cluster thick, their canvas woos the gale.
 With wreaths the joyful sailors now have garlanded their ships !
 O could I only, sister Anne, have looked for such a blow
 I'd borne it. Still for wretched me perform this only task.
 For that deceitful knave was wont to honour thee alone,
 To thee alone, my Anna, to intrust his secret thoughts,
 Thou only knew'st the gentle ways by which to gain his heart.
 Go, sister, and on suppliant knees address the haughty foe,
 ' I never swore an oath with Greece at Aulis to extirp
 The Trojan race, nor ever sent a hostile fleet to Troy
 Nor stole away his father's dust, nor scared Anchises' ghost.
 Why will he always turn to me deaf ears, hard hearted fool !
 Where speels he ? To his mistress let him grant this one request ?
 Bid him await a safer flight, and favoring gales from Jove !
 No longer now the ancient match which he betrayed I ask,
 Nor that he should deprive his brow of fair Lavinia's crown.
 A little time is all I ask, pity a sister's woe,
 O wilt thou do but this for me, I'll thankful be till death.'

Æneid IV., v. 672.

All out of breath aghast she heard, and rushed with tremulous haste,
 Her face all scratched with her sharp nails, her bosom flushed with
 blows
 To where the gasping Dido lay, to whom she calls by name.
 Was it for this, deceiver gay, thou soughtest me Di-do-dumb
 Was it for thee this pyre was piled, these hearths and fires
 prepared ?
 Where now begin my tale of woe abandoned by my joy ?
 Why did'st thou spurn that I should share thy death in that fell
 pyre ?
 Would thou hadst called me, then one stroke one hour had
 snatched us both !
 These hands did pile that pyre, this voice invoked our country's gods.
 Was it thou might'st when I had gone stretch there thy limbs in
 death,
 O sister by this cursed deed thou hast dammed thyself and me,
 Thy people and thy Tyrian peers and towered Carthagene.
 Bring water for the wounds ! Ho there ! to wash away the blood
 And if one lingering breath of life still hovers o'er thy face,
 A sister's lips will kiss it up, my beauty, fare thee well.

Hold ! enough ! cries somebody's demon, and I deeply
 sympathise. The memory is like a traveller in Switzerland

who as he pursues his way sees Alps upon Alps arise and no limit in view. So here ends this little farrago.

In conclusion I would describe Queens' in the fifties as a happy Republic, where every man did that which was right in his own eyes, reigned rather than ruled over by a benevolent KING. Lookers-on are justly said to see the game best. I was then one of the players in that Saturnian age, but am now in the position of a looker-on, and what I see is a number of strenuous men, engaged in a variety of intellectual and athletic pursuits, and sharpening one another's wits by disputation. Statements were challenged, and proofs demanded which led to wrangling in the ancient sense, sometimes sophistical, but more often genuine. This was the serious side of the picture. Another showed a very considerable amount of humour, but that must be genuine too. "Chesnuts" were disallowed, and stale jokes sent to Coventry.

Non joca delectant semper, nec seria semper,
Semper delectant seria mixta jocis.

All this led to the formation of characters qualified to enter upon the occupations of life with resoluteness and independence, as subsequent careers disclosed. There was little tutorial guidance in form, but much in substance, arising out of the slight difference of age between the masters and the scholars, who all felt as if the college was their own, jealousy for its honour, affection for its stones and respect for its traditions being the prevailing sentiment. The *Genius loci* was the invisible Ruler. Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity.

My Lords and Fellow Queens' men,
The Health of our Chairman !