

An account of the proceedings at the celebration of the five hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the College, June 22, 1898.

Contributors

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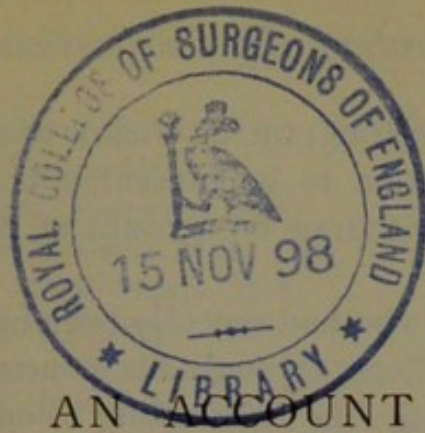
1898



Five Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary
of the Foundation of the College,

JUNE 22, 1898.

11



OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE
CELEBRATION OF THE
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE,

JUNE 22, 1898.

THE celebration of the Five Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary took the form, firstly, of a special Commemoration Service in the College Chapel, and, secondly, of a dinner in the College Hall, at which were present upwards of one hundred and sixty persons, who, with the exception of six, were past or present members of the College. The six extra-mural guests were :

Dr ALEX HILL, Master of Downing, Vice-Chancellor
of the University.

The Right Reverend JOHN SHEEPSHANKS, M.A., Lord
Bishop of Norwich.

The Right Honorable Sir JOHN GORST, M.A., }
Professor RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB, Litt.D., }
Members of Parliament for the University.

Sir SAMUEL WILKS, M.D., President of the Royal
College of Physicians.

Sir WILLIAM McCORMAC, Bart., President of the Royal
College of Surgeons.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, as Visitor of the College, had accepted an invitation to be present, which he was afterwards obliged to withdraw on account of pressure of legal engagements.

Earl NELSON (who had recently been brought into contact with the College through his courteously accorded permission enabling the Governing Body to secure a portrait of his ancestor the Reverend Edmund Nelson, father of Admiral Lord Nelson, and sometime Fellow of this College) was also invited, but was compelled with regret to decline.

The BISHOP of NORWICH was present on this occasion, as one of his predecessors was at the five hundredth anniversary celebration in 1848, in his capacity as successor of that Bishop Bateman of Norwich, who acted as executor to the will of Edmund Gonville, our first founder.

The following is the roll of the 'Society,' or the Master and Fellows of the College, nearly all of whom were present on June 22.

- The Reverend Norman Macleod Ferrers, D.D., F.R.S. (*Master*).
- The Reverend Ernest Stewart Roberts, M.A. (*President*).
- The Reverend Benjamin Heath Drury, M.A.
- Francis Nonus Budd, M.A.
- Thomas Walker Wiglesworth, M.A.
- John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S.
- Charles Henry Monro, M.A.
- Edward John Gross, M.A.
- The Reverend John Bascombe Lock, M.A.
- The Right Reverend Frederic Wallis, D.D.
- James Smith Reid, Litt.D.
- Matthew Moncrieff Pattison Muir, M.A.
- Arthur Sheridan Lea, Sc.D., F.R.S.
- Edward Gurner Gallop, M.A.
- William Warwick Buckland, M.A.
- Professor the Reverend Henry Barclay Swete, D.D.
- William Trevor Lendrum, M.A.
- The Reverend Arthur Mesac Knight, M.A.

Professor Thomas Clifford Allbutt, M.D., F.R.S.

William Bate Hardy, M.A.

Professor William Ridgeway, M.A.

Cuthbert Edmund Cullis, M.A.

Frank Ernest Albert Traves, M.A.

Charles Wood, M.A., Mus.Doc.

George Montague Buck, M.A.

Thomas Marris Taylor, M.A.

Hugh Kerr Anderson, M.D.

It is perhaps not out of place here to say a few words in explanation of the principles which guided the Governing Body in the issue of invitations to graduates of the College. With eighteen hundred or two thousand names on the address-list it was no easy matter to determine a rule of selection. Once determined, the rule had to be adhered to; and it was then that the magnitude of inevitable omission became clear. Every day brought with it the recollection or suggestion of the names of tried friends of the College, for whom the inexorable conditions of space forbade us to find a place at the tables in Hall. We consoled ourselves in such cases by the reflexion that at many future festivals they would meet with the same welcome which we trust they have appreciated in the past. It may suffice to say that the principle adopted was the principle of *representation* of classes. The clerical graduates were treated as a class, the law graduates or those engaged in law as a class, and the medical graduates as a class; other classes were formed from *e.g.* schoolmasters, soldiers, athletes and living benefactors. After these the most important class was that of the junior members of the College—representatives from the Freshmen, the Junior Sophs, the Senior Sophs, the Scholars and the Bachelors—some of whom it may be confidently expected will be present at the celebration of the sexcentenary in 1948, and will tell the next generation whom they saw and what they heard in this year of grace 1898, just as there were some

present this time who remembered the five hundredth anniversary in 1848¹.

The account given below errs perhaps in the direction of over-fullness; but it may well be that our successors in 1948 will not be ungrateful for the preservation of details and memories which to us appear trivial, but which to them may present the charm that invests everything of archaeological interest. We ourselves feel that we should like to have in our hands now, in a less fragmentary form than it is given by the local reporter, the speech, sure to have been a masterpiece of eloquence, of Dr (afterwards Sir George) Paget, who in 1848 took the chair in the absence of the Master. But in 1848 our predecessors had no *Caian*.

The guests, who arrived in the afternoon and were in nearly all cases quartered in College rooms, were received by the Fellows in the north garden of the Tree Court, where tea was served from four to half-past five o'clock. Though the Master was compelled to deny himself the pleasure of giving the arriving guests their first welcome, he was enabled, to the unfeigned satisfaction of everyone, to be present in his usual seat in Chapel and to preside at the dinner in Hall; and we were glad to be assured that at the end of the long evening he was not unduly fatigued.

At 6.20 p.m. the call to Chapel was sounded by the new

¹ The smallness of the old Hall doubtless prevented the authorities of that day from inviting many undergraduate representatives. Mr Mackenzie, the second wrangler, was present, and we believe that the other Caius wranglers of the year were also invited. The few other undergraduates who were in College at the time (the end of January, before what we now call "full term") dined in a Lecture-room. Mr Marston, the composer of the English Ode was invited, but not the composer of the Latin Ode, Mr Hamblin Smith. Needless to say that every effort was made to secure his presence this time, but considerations of health compelled him to forego the pleasure. A few notes on the celebration of 1848 will be found on an earlier page of Vol. VII. No. 1, of the *Caian*, to which this account forms a supplement.

deep-toned bell, recently presented to the College by one who was unfortunately himself prevented from hearing it, having only a few days previously met with an accident. The service began at 6.30 p.m., according to the order appended below.

The first part was taken by the Chaplain: after the Special Psalms the well-known Lesson from Ecclesiasticus was read by the President. Then the Master followed with the "Appointed Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors," a special adaptation from the "Longer Commemoration of Benefactors" read at annual Commemoration Services. After this came the *Te Deum* in the setting of Dr Smart.

The Commemoration Sermon, preached by the Reverend John de Soyres, M.A., Rector of St John's, New Brunswick, Canada, was in eloquence, scholarship and fervour a worthy echo of the oratory with which in his undergraduate days he fascinated his audiences at the Union Society, as one of its most accomplished Presidents.

The concluding specially-adapted prayers were read by the Master, and while a collection was made on behalf of the fund for completing the building of a Mission Church for the College Mission at Battersea, the service ended with the quaint hymn by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, sung to the impressive music¹ of Dr Charles Wood.

The text of the Special Service, together with the Sermon is given below, pp. 25—43.

The Chapel service over, the guests assembled on the lawn of the Gonville Court, and at 7.30 took their places at table in Hall. After dinner grace was said by the Dean, the Reverend A. M. Knight, and the members of the choir, who then sang the Grace Anthem, which with Dr Wood's music has become so familiar a feature at our Annual Commemorations. The text is as follows:

¹ Printed below, following p. 48.

Grace.

V. Gratias Deo agamus pro Collegio dilectissimo;

R. Et pro omnibus Benefactoribus nostris.

V. Memoria iustorum in sempiternum durabit;

R. Nec metuet unquam maledicentium rumores.

V. Dominus vobiscum;

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

AGIMUS tibi gratias, omnipotens Deus, pro omnibus beneficiis tuis, pro Fundatoribus nostris EDMUNDO GONVILLE GULIELMO BATEMAN et IOHANNE CAIO, et pro omnibus Benefactoribus nostris, qui vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula.

Deus ecclesiae suae concordiam et unitatem concedat, VICTORIAM Reginam nostram, regiamque prosapiam conservet, et pacem regno universo atque omnibus Christianis largiatur. Amen.

*Anthem*¹.

Ps. cxxii. 6. 7. Precamini felicitatem ipsi Ierusalem, ac bene sit iis qui diligunt eam. Sit pax intra tua oppugnacula et prosperitas in palatiis tuis. Amen.

After grace the speeches began without delay, according to the following toast-list :

<i>Toast.</i>	<i>Proposer.</i>	<i>Responder.</i>
1. THE QUEEN.	The Master.	
2. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE REST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.	The Master.	
3. The Memory of our Founders and Benefactors.	Dr Venn.	
Carmen Caianum.		
4. THE UNIVERSITY.	Professor Brougham Leech.	The Vice-Chancellor.
5. GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE.	The Rev. Canon St Vincent Beechey (Senior).	The Master.
6. THE GUESTS.	Mr C. H. Monro.	Professor Jebb, M.P.
7. THE BACHELORS AND UNDERGRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE.	The President.	Mr R. C. Punnett, B.A.

¹ Published by Novello and Co.

THE SPEECHES

After the Royal toasts ("God save the Queen" being sung by the Choir), Dr John Venn, Fellow of the College and Editor of the *Biographical History* of the College, was at once called upon.

Dr VENN said :

I have been deputed to propose a Toast, or rather a Memory, of the kind usually drunk in silence ; for, of the many included within its scope, few indeed are within our present reach :—to be encouraged by our praise, or warmed by our thanks. It is the Memory of our Benefactors : of that great cloud of witnesses,—witnesses to the nearness of the present and the past,—which compass us about in every ancient English Institution, whether religious, civic, or academic. They are a very numerous body, and include almost every rank and station in life. Our Commemoration Service¹, long as it may seem, literally does not contain a tithe of those who "in their day bestowed charitably for our comfort of the temporal things given to them." The small and the great are there.

Take a few representative cases to illustrate the variety of age, condition, and motives, under which these gifts have been made. Here is a broken-hearted mother, in despair at the sudden and violent death of her only son. Dean Nowell, of St Paul's, gives the account, and I should spoil it by repeating it in any words but his own. He says², "The mother fell into sorrows uncomfortable; whereof I, being of her acquaintance, having intelligence did with all speed ride unto her house near to Hoddesdon, to comfort her the best I could. And I found her crying or rather howling continually, Oh my son! my son! And when I could by no comfortable words stay her from that cry and tearing of her hair, God, I think, put me in mind at the last to say, 'Comfort yourself, good Mrs Frankland, and I will tell you how you shall have twenty good sons to comfort you in these your sorrows which you take for this one son.' To the which words only she gave ear, and looking up, asked, 'How can that be?' And I said unto her, 'You are a widow, rich and now childless, and there be in both Uni-

¹ The "Longer Commemoration" read at the Annual Commemoration of Benefactors is here alluded to, not the adaptation read in Chapel on the present occasion.

² I could, of course, only quote one or two sentences at our Commemoration; but the Dean's letter is worth quoting somewhat fully. It was written to the Abp of Canterbury, and is given in Baker Ms. xxiv.; p. 385.

versities so many poor toward youths that lack exhibition ; for whom, if you would found certain fellowships and scholarships, to be bestowed upon studious young men, who should be called Mrs Frankland's scholars, they would be in love toward you as dear children, and will most heartily pray to God for you during your life ; and they and their successors after them, being still Mrs Frankland's scholars¹, will honour your memory for ever and ever." This being said, "I will," quoth she, "think thereupon earnestly." That was the origin of one of our endowments ; and there is little doubt that, if we knew as much of the facts in other cases, we should find that such a story of a broken heart, or of the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, lay behind the dry legal phrases of not a few of the dusty deeds in our College treasuries. Here again is some solid citizen of Norwich or of London, who has accumulated an honest fortune ; and is making up his mind, in a comfortable state of well-being and well-doing, how to dispose of some of it. He is advised that the exhibition of a young scholar,—one of the "poor toward youths" of Dean Nowell,—would be a wise and useful way of employing some of his surplus wealth. In early times a considerable part of the endowments came from men of the trading class who had no apparent connexion with any college. Here it is a wealthy bishop or archbishop who is aiming at an increase in the number of the learned clergy. Here a statesman, who wants to encourage the canonists and civilians. Here a poor priest, in some far off parsonage, whose thoughts fondly revert to the library of his youth ; and who, in giving us a book or two, gives perhaps all he has to leave. Not a few of the ancient MSS. still on our shelves belong to this class. Here it is a knight or a country squire, who conveys land or an advowson, or founds a chantry under the patronage of the college. Bishop Shaxton, of Salisbury, coming back here to die in his old age, leaves the rent of a house "to solace the company at home yearly at Christmas." A young student, cut off in his commencing career, leaves a cup, that his memory may not die out amongst his comrades. One gives with the cheerful recollection of well-spent hours: he thinks it "his duty to cast in his mite into that fund which he has so abundantly enjoyed." Another, in a spirit of remorseful retrospect recalls "the twenty unprofitable years I spent there by my negligence and folly."

I suppose that any one who listens to such a long Roll-call, stretching over century after century, as that which constitutes a list of College Benefactors, inevitably falls into an attitude of criticism.

¹ It does not seem to have occurred to the good dean that some future Commission would simplify matters by retaining the endowments of the various Scholarships, and suppressing the names of the donors.

He begins to judge the wisdom of the ends designed: the foresight of the means provided. Has it ever occurred to you, Gentlemen, to conceive this attitude of judgment reversed? If that varied host of charitable donors could be raised to life again,—purged, we may assume, of prejudice and narrowness, but retaining each the special interest which he once had at heart,—and constituted a Commission to enquire into the way in which we had used their benefactions, how should we fare at their hands? I apprehend that such an assembly is one which few of us here present could face without a certain anxiety. Not a man in this room but has benefitted in some way, at school or at college, by the fruits of endowment; and some of us have fed freely on them. But those of us who are in the position of trustees might well feel some trepidation. Personally, I feel as if something might turn on who presided over such a commission. If it were bishop Bateman we might entertain some hope; for he was a thorough man of the world, versed in the ways of royal and of papal courts. But with Dr Caius in the chair it would be another matter. He was a severe man: rigid in his own conception of duty; stern in his exaction of duty from others. He had too a deep love and veneration for the past.

On one point indeed, and that an important point, we should not have much to fear. The stewardship has on the whole always been sound and conscientious. Each succeeding age has rightly regarded itself as a trustee: bound to guard carefully what it had received from those before, and to hand it on undiminished to those who came after. No estate, I believe, even in the worst of times, has been lost by fraud or negligence. There has been little or none of that greed which sacrifices the future to the present, and which was sometimes such a scandal in the monasteries and in many civic corporations.

But in matters of sentiment and association rather than of property, it would be far otherwise, and the story of neglect and loss is a sad one. As I walk by our chapel door I seem to see William Rougham, second master of the college, who beckons me in with an air of authority, and introduces me to a small but dignified assemblage. Rougham himself is a man of mark; wealthy and liberal. By his side is Henry de Spencer, the famous bishop of Norwich, the great warrior prelate of his age, fresh from his rout and slaughter of the Norfolk rebels. There too is John of Ufford, son of the Earl of Suffolk, the first known fellow-commoner of the college. There is Nicholas Bottisham, head of the Carmelite Priory in Cambridge, a learned doctor of the Sorbonne. They want to know what has become of the windows which each of them presented 500 years ago. Rougham has some cause to feel aggrieved, for the window which he

placed there expressly recorded that he was the builder of the chapel; and as to the bishop, it is perhaps as well for us that he is not now stalking about here in his coat of mail.

I slink away, and seek refuge in the library. There, again, is a distinguished company. William Lindwood, bishop of St Davids, who died in 1446; with his contemporaries, the archdeacon of Norfolk and the chancellor of Salisbury. Thomas Boleyn, master of the college, and grand uncle of the unfortunate queen. There also are two or three of our earliest fellows; rectors of important parishes in London and elsewhere. They frankly admit that the ancient library they knew so well, and amongst whose chained volumes they used to work, had to go. But could no place be found for the windows which each of them placed in the ancient room? The bishop hints that he should have thought that the author of the Provincial Constitutions was one of whose connection with them any college might have been glad to retain such evidence. I evade the subject by begging the bishop to inspect our valuable collection of MSS., assuring him that he will still find on our shelves nearly every book he remembers to have read here; and, offering to fetch the librarian, I escape by the ancient staircase. As I descend I am stopped by the awful presence of Dr Caius himself, who sternly reminds me that,—as he has recorded in the *Annals*,—on that staircase used to be a window of historic interest. It contained the likenesses of two of the De La Poles, formerly fellow-commoners here, members of that great ducal house of Suffolk which was exterminated under Henry VIII. I try this Hall; and it is the same tale. There is John Crouch, dean of Chichester; one of the earliest donors to the University Library; in fact one of its founders. With him are others of our earliest fellows. They are examining, with some curiosity, our present display of glass windows, and the dean remarks, with stately courtesy, that it is doubtless the very best we can now produce: but where, they would like to know, are the windows which they placed in the ancient building?

It is a sad story. We have records of some 18 or 20 windows: each with some personal memory clinging to it: each recording the student life here of some departed scholar, or of some ancient worthy of Church or State; and, so far as we know, not one square inch of any one of them is now in existence.

I slip into the chapel again, after making sure that the stalwart bishop is gone. There I find Anthony Disberow, former fellow, enquiring about the brass eagle which he gave as a lectern. 'You might think it a poor thing', he says, 'compared with what you now turn out at Birmingham: but it was mine own; and there was a bit of

sentiment about it, which is perhaps the reason why you would not let it remain. It bore an inscription testifying to the "eternal love" which I felt towards my old college'. Near him is another former fellow, Francis Dorington, of Dr Caius' time: an unruly member of the house in his day. 'I know,' he says sadly, 'that I got and gave many a hard blow in my time, before you could get rid of me; and the record of my doings survives in the archives of the State Paper Office: but could you not also have preserved the record of my reconciliation? In after years I put a glass window in this chapel, to replace an earlier one already destroyed. It bore the arms of Gonville, of Bateman, and of Caius, as well as my own arms; and the simple inscription "amice fecit"; to intimate that old animosities had died out, and that I hoped henceforth to be remembered only as a faithful son of the ancient house.'

It is a sad story; but I do not think that it is one for which the present generation has cause to feel shame. That callous indifference to any sentimental or historical association may fairly be considered a thing of the past. Of late years nothing has been let pass away which could by possibility be retained; and I know the keen interest felt in what survives, and the jealous care with which it is preserved. It is mainly the past which is guilty of destroying its own past. It is not only, or indeed mainly, those convenient scapegoats of the disappointed antiquary,—the Reformation and the Commonwealth,—which are to blame. The chief destructive agencies are of another and a humbler kind. To characterize their constant and insidious action we must fall back upon the old Scriptural metaphor of the cankerworm and the caterpillar. I do not know what are the original Hebrew terms which have been thus translated, but I take it for granted the agencies the prophet had in view were the same as those which we now call 'architect' and 'bursar'.

But such a Commission as I have supposed might raise a more serious question than the destruction or preservation of property. When anyone has followed, as I have been lately doing, the continuous but varying development, for century after century, of an ancient institution like ours: enquiring whence the students come who one after another are gathered within our walls, and whither they go as they disperse about the world upon their various careers, he almost inevitably has the reflection forced upon him, at what period have the final ends of all these endowments been best secured? The stewardship has been good: but when have the funds, thus carefully preserved, been administered as an enlightened founder might be supposed to think best? In other words, when, in the long life of a college or a university, has it most nearly fulfilled the ideal of

faithfully reflecting the best culture and learning of the country, and been most influential in refining that culture and extending that learning? And when has it been most successful in attracting to itself all the material in the country, in whatever station or place it could be found, that would best respond to its influences? I am no optimist, and I dare not suggest that in such a comparison the colleges or universities of this day would head the list. On the contrary, I think there are two, or perhaps three, periods in the past in which we should find ourselves excelled. I think we stand well, but we dare not claim the highest place. I can only hope that when the final judgment of History,—if any final judgment there be,—is passed upon us, it may be said that however erroneous our theories we endeavoured honestly to act upon them: that however limited and shallow our knowledge, we strove to broaden and deepen it: that in respect of the past we tried humbly to learn what it had to teach: and that in respect of the future we did what we could not to hamper it by our prejudice, confusion and error. Fifty years hence there will be occasion for a slight rehearsal of that judgment; and some of you younger men,—unless you go out of your way to defy the Theory of Statistics,—will be present at it. I hope you will be lenient to us.

One guess or fancy, and I have done. What, of all the personal possessions and destructible things which the college owns now, will be in existence 500 years hence? It is doubtless an idle guess, but excusable on such an evening as this, when our unit of time is the half-century. Past experience tells us nothing here. What have we now that belonged to us 500 years ago? There is the brick-work of the chapel and of one side of the Gonville court, covered over by the modern facing of stone and out of sight; there are several MSS.; perhaps one or two pieces of plate; and a curious old astrolabe, possibly handled by Gonville himself. That, as far as we know, is all. I like to indulge my fancy as to one or two of the things in our present possession. Five hundred years is a very long time indeed in the life-history of a college building: it is an eternity in that of most of the business which occupies us here: but it is not, or need not be, such a very long time in the life of a bell. I like to think that our successors of that far-off date may perhaps be summoned together by the same sound as we have heard; and that this, our latest gift, may still be flinging forth its solemn notes of an evening:—it may be through the smoke of square miles of crowded city: it may be through the gathering mists of a region which has reverted to its ancient condition, and has again become a lonely waste of swamp and fen.

And there is another fancy which I like to indulge. There is a

familiar adage about the laws and the songs of a country, and their respective importance. May we give a rough rendering of this into Academic phraseology by saying that any man, even a young man, may draft a college statute, and that any man, even an old man, may perhaps live to see that statute repealed or evaded? But he who puts together the winged words of some song which catches on, and he who strengthens the pinions of its flight by fitting it to some subtle combination of sweet sounds, are workmen of another stamp. I like to fancy that our far off successors will listen to the familiar chorus of our *Carmen*,—to who knows what new and strange accessories of musical accompaniment,—that they will toast the memory of the composers, and that perhaps the college annalist and historian of that day will be called on to tell the company who the men were who gave them that lasting benefaction. Gentlemen: I give you the Memory of our past Benefactors.

Dr Venn's inspiriting address was followed by the singing of the *Carmen Caianum*. Though both the words and the music are to be found in Volume II. of the *Caian*, there are doubtless many of the non-residents for whom this account would not be complete without the text itself, which for their behoof we append:

Carmen Caianum.

B. H. DRURY, M.A.

CHARLES WOOD, Mus. Doc.

Celebremus, celebremus
Domum nostram ut debemus,
Gloriamque memoremus
Temporis praeteriti:
Grandes simul et pusilli
Nomen canimus Gonvilli
Fundatoris: O quis illi
Laudem neget meriti?

OMNES Laudem ex amore
Dignam fundatore
Caianorum more
Uno demus ore.

Nobis reges nil dedere,
Nil reginae contulere,
Opibus privatis vere
Sumus instituti;

Dandus honos sacerdoti
 Cordis litteris devoti,
 Pietate summa noti,
 Christo obsecuti.

Laudem ex amore etc.

Iamque magis gaudeamus
 Qui collegium amamus,
 Lyrae chordas feriamus
 Digitis lubentibus,
 Caii nomen praedicantes,
 Caii acta declarantes,
 Caii laudem affirmantes
 Vocibus ferventibus.

Laudem ex amore etc.

Caius noster nam priorem
 Imitatus fundatorem
 Novum addidit decorem
 Consecratis aedibus :
 Caius ille medicorum,
 Quotquot erant, Anglicorum
 Princeps, requiem laborum
 His petebat sedibus.

Laudem ex amore etc.

Suae memor iuventutis,
 Viam indicans salutis,
 Portam condidit Virtutis
 Et Honoris proximi :
 His praefixit arctam satis
 Ianuam Humilitatis,
 Monens intrent ne sublatis
 Animis discipuli.

Laudem ex amore etc.

Horum memores virorum
 Et tot ante nos doctorum
 Vita, fama, praeclarorum
 Exultemus aemuli.

Omnes beneficiorum
 Non obliti nos tantorum
 Carmen volumus sonorum
 Dare plenum gaudii.

Laudem ex amore etc.

Here a toast was interposed, "The health of Mr Drury," which as usual was received with great enthusiasm¹.

Professor H. BROUGHAM LEECH, Regius Professor of Laws in the University of Dublin, and formerly Fellow of the College, proposed the toast of "The University."

Professor LEECH said :

Master and Fellows of Gonville and Caius College, my Lord Bishop and Gentlemen—

The privilege—it is at once a privilege and a duty—has devolved upon me, of proposing the next toast—that of the University. If, through an accident, the notice which I received was somewhat short, there is some compensation to be found in the circumstance that a strict time limit is imposed. This accords entirely with my own view, that brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the soul of after-dinner speaking; and I have no doubt that some of my auditors who at times are placed in a similar position, and feel a natural anxiety to complete the task speedily and without disaster, will sympathise with me if I adopt the words of Falstaff to the Prince before going into battle: "I would 'twere bedtime, Hal, and all were well."

I remember many years ago reading an interesting little book in which the various characteristics of some public men of the day were contrasted. The writer remarked that General Schenck, then American Ambassador in London, was admitted to be the best five minutes' speaker in Congress, while Lord Coleridge then fresh from the triumph of the Claimant's overthrow, had fairly earned the reputation of being the best forty days' speaker in the world. I am instructed, you will gladly hear, to imitate the American Ambassador,

¹ Mr Drury, Senior Fellow of the College, whose eightieth birthday we celebrated in November 1897, was to our and his own great regret unable to be present, being detained at Torquay under doctor's orders. Perhaps we shall not find a more fitting place than this to record our appreciation of his loyalty and public spirit as recently evinced by his action in making himself a 'super-numerary' fellow and placing the emolument of his fellowship at the disposal of the Governing Body. It is worthy of note that he is one of a trio of Harrovians and Sayer Scholars, of whom the other two have acted in like manner; we allude to Mr C. H. Monro, who many years ago made himself a supernumerary fellow, and to the last elected Drosier Fellow, Dr H. K. Anderson, who has authorised the Bursar to deduct £200 annually from his fellowship stipend for the next five years for the benefit of the Scholarship Fund.

rather than Lord Coleridge, and in terms stringent enough to remind me of the memorable scene between Matthew Arnold and Browning on the steps of the Athenæum, when the former expressed to Browning a desire that he would write his epitaph. "But remember one thing," said he, "six lines, Browning, six lines only, not six hundred."

For more reasons than one, Sir, I was glad to accept this task. In the first place, I was one of the band of Irish emigrants, or rather immigrants, from Trinity College, Dublin, who owe a good deal to this University, and, as I believe, are not unmindful of the debt. It is pleasant to know that several of them are here to-night; and if, quoting from a poet, whose livelier measures might seem better suited to a festal scene like this, I adopt, as applicable to their case and my own, that well-known line,

"Adiecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ,"

they will no doubt agree that it is but a very imperfect acknowledgement of our obligation.

And secondly, Sir, I am immediately connected with a University between which and the University of Cambridge there has been for some time past a marked and, as I think, a steadily growing sympathy. The name of our distinguished Provost, Dr Salmon, is a household word here, and he is personally known to and appreciated by many of your leading scholars and divines. Nor are we forgetful of the friendly embassy which you sent to us some few years ago, when we were engaged in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of our establishment, being able to count but little more than half the antiquity which is claimed by the venerable foundation of Gonville and Caius.

It is not by any means a work of supererogation—this practice of pledging the University, and thus binding ourselves as far as we can, to promote its welfare,—even though it may seem to be firmly planted on the foundation of its splendid record, and though of it the nation is justly proud. The democratic spirit is gaining ground, and there is now no institution which is not liable to be called upon to prove its right to a continued existence. It is well therefore at times to take stock of the position, and look at the difficulties which may be ahead. The excessive and increasing strain of competitive examination is thought by many to be affecting for the worse the brain-power of the rising generation. Should this view be proved to be correct, it will tax our utmost ingenuity to find a substitute for the present system or even a mitigation of its defects. The tendency to excessive specialisation has suggested the remark that ere long it will be among the Passes and not among the Classes that really educated persons will alone be found.

What is perhaps still more serious—the increasing pressure of the struggle for existence is exacting for professional studies a larger share of the time and labour, which in time past were devoted to Science and the Arts. All these influences combined have tended to obscure the older doctrine that it is mental training and discipline rather than the accumulation of knowledge, with which a University in the highest sense ought especially to be concerned.

There is one other question—a somewhat burning one—to which I may refer. I allude to the assault lately made upon the citadel by the feminine section of the community. Whatever may be our individual views as to the propriety of the proposals which have been made, I think that we must all largely sympathise with the aspirations which prompted these proposals: and let us not forget this point, that having for some centuries deprived women of that higher education, upon which, knowing its value, we set such store for ourselves, we owe them now, with the accumulated interest, a very considerable debt.

These, Sir, are only some of the problems with which the chiefs of a University have to deal. They have to be at once conservative and progressive—conservative in the maintenance of those traditions, which, through the wide-spread influence of the successive generations of those trained here, will help to stem the too rapid advance of the democratic spirit; and at the same time progressive, so as to supply as far as possible the growing wants and necessities of the age.

We may, I think, congratulate ourselves that the leaders of thought and action in this University were never more competent than at present to deal with these questions, as well as to form and train the successors who in process of time will assume their positions and take over their responsibilities. I therefore ask you to drink to the continued prosperity of the University, coupling therewith the name of the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Downing College. And let us welcome the toast with the additional enthusiasm inspired by the reflection that we are ourselves one of the most ancient parts, and by no means an unimportant part, of the great Institution which we thus delight to honour.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR, replying in a humorous speech, in alluding to the recent overwhelming predominance of the 'non-placet' side in the Senate House, compared the reforms laboriously framed by countless Syndicates to the stone of Sisyphus rolled up the hill only to find at the top the phalanx of remorseless voters ready to hurl it down upon the heads of those who rolled it up.

He hoped that his successor, in 1948, might be able to announce a movement of progress, however slight, which was denied to his term of office.

Next came the speech, which the venerable presence of the speaker clothed with peculiar interest, and which ranked as one of the most striking memories of the evening.

The Reverend ST VINCENT BEECHEY (Senior), M.A., Honorary Canon of Manchester, Chaplain to the Earl of Ellesmere, Rector of Hilgay, and Founder of Rossall School, was announced as the "oldest matriculated member of the College¹," and said :

Honoured Master, Fellows, and fellow-Caians.—Of course it is only on account of the old adage "*seniores priores*" that I have been put upon these not too stable legs to propose this, the real Toast of the Evening. Yet age has one qualification of its own, in that it can look back further through the lapse of time, and so can better compare the present with the past. And I, perhaps, may claim a little more than usual. For if I am now the oldest member of the College, when I first came up I was certainly the youngest, having matriculated at the early age of 16 years; so that I am able to look through the long vista of 75 years and well remember what Caius was in those now far-off days.

And indeed do I remember, in spite of its then more modest but still neat conventual buildings, and although the rooms were less genteelly furnished, yet how proudly we regarded them and how cosy we thought them. For Caius then held as high a place as now in the University, and in respect of numbers, and of honours, and honoured men that it sent into the world, we were then as proud of it as now. For Caius men then as now entered that College by the lowly *Porta Humilitatis*, and passed out into the Senate by the same ancient *Porta Honoris*.

Nor is it without reason that we call our College "*Alma Mater*," for I know there is not a man in all this room but still looks back upon his dear old College with filial affection.

It was here we first changed our names from "schoolboys" into "men." It was here we first began in earnest to prepare for the great battle of life. It was here we first learned that most important

¹ Canon Beechey is we believe one year younger than the Rev. Thomas Ladds, M.A., Vicar of Leighton-Bromswold, near Kimbolton, who was admitted in 1824, but one year senior to him in Academic standing, having been admitted in 1823.

principle of success—that if we ever mean to attain to excellence in any sphere we must work for it in earnest. It was here we first felt the full force of that strong motive to exertion which the friendly rivalry and competition with our fellow collegians exerts, and realized the Fable of the Tortoise and the Hare by seeing how often brilliant talent, trusting to its strength, is passed and beaten by the steady persevering influence of honest study in more moderate intellect. And it was here we first learned to know the great benefit of social intercourse in our College “Sets,” wherein so many charming friendships have been made for life, and the little roughnesses of our country members have been softened down and polished by their contact with the aristocracy of urban life, so that they who come up to college as *Cambridge Men* have always gone into the world as *Cambridge Gentlemen*.

And who can ever forget the benefit of those healthy recreations which in college life invigorate both body and mind, and in which those who the most compete with one another still love one another most. In my day Caius was as proud of her Caius boat and crew as it has ever been. Nor was that crew composed of gay, non-reading men, for nearly every one of them went out in Honours. And when I mention the two well-known names of Charles Arnold¹ and George Burrows², both of them Wranglers and Fellows of this College, and both taking the highest places in their professions, you will readily believe me.

And never shall I forget our delight when we bumped the Second Trinity and placed the Caius boat third upon the river. I say “we,” for during all my stay at college I was the stripling 8 stone 9 bow oar of the crew! And though I could not compare with my elders in their degrees, yet their kind, warm congratulations are still fresh in my mind, when they saw my name at 19 years of age bracketed in the Tripos List with the last ten wranglers! And but for the conservative tenacity of the two senior examiners, who would not make more wranglers than the conventional thirty, I should have had the honour of presenting Caius with a “Golden Spoon.” As it is, however, I still hope, that long after I am dead and gone, I shall have been the means of a far more valuable gift, viz. that of sending many members year by year from my Lancashire Rossall School, and great indeed would be my joy if I should live to hear that the “Beechey Scholarship of £50 a year” had found its way from Rossall into Caius.

But since those long past happy days our Universities, like almost everything in this most glorious reign, have been continually improving

¹ Rector of Tinwell, 1827—1884, Hon. Canon of Peterborough

² The late Sir George Burrows, Physician to the Queen.

in the size and number and buildings of their colleges, until Cambridge now actually includes a Girton and a Newnham! How we should have felt in my young days if we had had to contend with such fair competitors I hardly dare to think. But in all this improvement Caius has been no laggart in the race. Its really handsome buildings now set off the Senate House, and do not even shame King's College Chapel.

And whether we regard its long train of learned masters, even from the Dr Davy of my day up to that loved and honoured Senior Wrangler who now fills the Chair (loud cheers), for whose improvement in health and strength we all so eagerly long; or whether we look round this table on those who fill its Fellowships, now so much more hardly won and, alas, so much more poorly paid; or whether we regard that train of fine young men, who year by year pass through her Gate of Honour to the Senate House, it is with pride and joy that we all regard her proud position as the Third College in this glorious University, and so long as Caius sends forth its Second Wrangler and another, so long as five of its scholars take first classes in the Classical Tripos, and two of them help to fill the otherwise thinly peopled "first division," Caius may rejoice with certainty that "its shadow will never be less." And I know there is not a man before me now who will not drink with all his heart the toast which it is now my honour to propose, and confidently anticipate for it on this its 550th Commemoration, a still longer reign of progress, proficiency and prosperity for dear old Gonville and Caius College.

The MASTER, after apologising for not rising from his chair, said:

I am one of the very few persons present who can remember our 500th anniversary. I was not present at the dinner, being only a freshman, but I remember reading the reports of the speeches in the newspapers. I remember in particular how the illustrious father of a still more illustrious son—the Bishop of Norwich¹—proposed the toast of "Mr Mackenzie and his eight colleagues." We had in fact nine wranglers in that year, a phenomenon without precedent and without imitation. But at all events Scotland, which gave us a second wrangler in that year, has repeated the process now, and the best wish that I can form for our new acquisition is that he may be worthy of his prototype. But this is not all that Scotland has done for us this year. It has given us a First Chancellor's Medallist. And when I look at the number of Chancellor's Medallists and University Scholars whom we have produced since I became Master (*post hoc*,

¹ Bishop Stanley.

but certainly not *propter hoc*) I feel that the college has more than sustained its old reputation, thanks to the energy of our Tutors. We have in my own time produced one Bishop and four Judges, and I am happy to say that one of our Judges, though retired from the Bench, is still in full vigour. I ought not to overlook the enormous increase in our college buildings. In my undergraduateship there were sixty sets of rooms in college. There are now more than a hundred and forty. I hope that some of those who now hear me may live to be present at the 600th anniversary, and may be able to produce as good a record.

Mr C. H. MONRO then briefly proposed the health of "the Guests," by which he understood more particularly those who were not members of the College. He called upon Professor Jebb, the Senior Member of Parliament for the University, to reply¹.

Professor JEBB in responding, said :

Master, Mr Vice-Chancellor, and Gentlemen,—On behalf of the guests, I beg leave to thank you most sincerely for the kind manner in which this toast has been proposed and received. We all feel the honour of having been invited to be present on an occasion so memorable in the annals of this ancient and famous College. In regard to the name which it bears, this College enjoys a peculiar distinction. Some of our venerable foundations have had kings for their fathers and queens for their nursing mothers; others are connected by their origin with houses of renown in the history of England,—as Clare, Pembroke, and Sidney Sussex attest the lineage of the illustrious ladies who founded them; a generous founder of more recent days is commemorated in the name of Downing; but this College is the only one bearing the name of a founder who was also its master,—who presided for a time,—a momentous time,—over the institution which he had enlarged,—and who was also an active man of science, exercising that noble profession to which this College has contributed, and still contributes, so many distinguished ornaments. Along with the name of Dr John Caius, that of the first founder, Edmund Gonville, a Rector in Norfolk, will always be held in grateful remembrance. The examples of these two men, whose memories are here linked in abiding honour, may serve to remind us that in the middle ages and in the times of the Renaissance a zeal for

¹ It was intended to couple with this toast also the name of the Bishop of Norwich, but as it was now late in the evening and the Bishop had pressing engagements on the morrow he had asked leave to retire.

the higher education, expressed in those large gifts which we still enjoy, was not confined to princes or great nobles, but was shared by other men whose position and means enabled them to contribute to that national object. It is another distinction of this College that some of the most beautiful features of its architecture are fraught with a symbolical lesson addressed directly to those young men who are the rising hope of the College and of the University. After the admirable speech of Dr Venn (which I, for one, trust to have an opportunity of reading) it would be worse than superfluous to speak in detail of Dr Caius; I would only say that, stern man though he doubtless was (as Dr Venn has told us), he seems to have had in him a certain vein of poetical feeling,—a gift of temperament which his five years in Italy may have helped to develop; and when at last he came back to rule this house, the beloved scene of his early studies, that feeling found visible and monumental expression. The Gate of Humility, the Gate of Virtue, the Gate of Honour,—that was the march which he prescribed for students in this place, where he ordained that the very stones should have a voice appealing to the best instincts of the youthful mind and heart. I do not think it has been mentioned to-night that in the space between the Gate of Humility and the Gate of Virtue there formerly stood an old tenement called the King's Arms. There (as Dr Caius tells us) once dwelt the University printer, John Sibert, who printed some books of John Lydgate, and also of Erasmus when he was lecturing in Cambridge on S. Jerome. Thus, close to the Hall in which we are now assembled, is the spot where some memorable writings were first given to the world. But at this late hour of the evening I must not detain you longer. In years to come, another generation will hold some similar festival within these walls. When they look back on the interval between their times and ours, may they find that it has enriched the records of which this College is justly proud by the addition of yet other names eminent for service to the cause of knowledge and to the progress of humanity, and worthy to be remembered for benefits to the nation and the Empire.

The last toast was proposed by the President, the Reverend E. S. ROBERTS, who said:

The toast entrusted to me though last on the list is by no means the least important. It is one that could not have been omitted, even at this late hour of the evening. For to have omitted it would have been, as the Greeks were fond of saying, to "take the spring out of the year." Unlike the topics which have preceded, the topic now in hand deals with youth and not with antiquity. Unlike them, it deals not with

performance, but with hope and promise. The subject which I invite you to honour is the well-being and well-doing of the younger members of our community. It might indeed seem that to speak on this occasion of promise and not of performance were to use the language of depreciation. It might well be held that those younger members of our body, who in a single year can quote a Second Wranglership, a Senior Chancellor's Medal for Classics, and fourteen other first classes in the Honour Lists, might rather point triumphantly to performance and achievement.

But for my part I would prefer to regard the achievement of this present year as but "the baby figure of the giant mass of things to come." Of our younger members there may be many here present to-night who will be present in this Hall in the year 1948. If there are such, there will be many recollections which they will carry into that year, the sexcentenary of our corporate existence. They will haply recall on that auspicious occasion the eloquent tribute paid by Dr Venn to the memory of the immortal dead. They will find that the death-roll indeed has grown, but they will find too that if the death-roll is longer, so will the glorious list be longer of those who have given their name and their substance and their talent to enrich the College to which we will believe they owed much.

The future holders of the Frank Smart Studentship or the Salomons' Scholarship will in the year 1948 look with curious interest upon those ancient fossils, who will tell them that on this summer evening of 1898 they saw a Frank Smart and a Salomons¹ in the flesh.

A Sayer Scholar of 1948 will hear with pride how those fossils numbered among their contemporaries no fewer than three of the Fellows of the College, all Harrovians, who contented themselves with the title and the honour, but devoted the emolument of the Fellowships to what seemed to them to be urgent needs of the College. The boat-captain of that distant date will still we hope be called to chapel by the big bell of his predecessor, Barnes Wimbush, booming over the court. The Bursar of the period may receive dainty New Years' cards from another and yet another Dr Hare².

Indeed our younger friends who will be fossils in 1948, but whose petrification has hardly yet begun, may learn what I am privileged even now to know that the stream of patriotic munificence has by no means ceased to flow.

¹ Sir David Salomons announced after, and, with his characteristic modesty, not before the celebration, his intention of immediately raising the value of the Engineering Scholarship founded by him from £40 to £70 a year.

² Dr Charles John Hare drew his first New Year's cheque in 1898 in the form of a gift of £100 to the Building Fund of the College.

But, best of all, those younger men will have learnt the lesson which is impressed more profoundly upon age than upon youth, and which I venture to say has a stronger fascination for Canon Beechey, our oldest graduate present, than for any one of us less venerable: they will have learnt this invaluable lesson that, great as may be the love of college in the heart of the newest freshman, that love burns more fiercely still in the hearts of that vaster assembly which we may fittingly call Greater Caius,—Caius beyond the walls—a kind of greater self, of whose good opinion we here, the lesser self, are jealously sensitive, whose allegiance we value as beyond price, whose faith in the unimpaired vitality of this, their sometime undergraduate home, is, we would fain hope, unbounded. I give you the health and wealth of the Bachelors and Undergraduates as represented by Mr Punnett, Shuttleworth Scholar, and president of the Bachelors' Combination Room.

Mr PUNNETT replied :

He paid a graceful tribute to the Fellows and Tutors of the College, unapproachable as they might seem to the Freshman on first acquaintance, and recognised in them as he grew older in Academic life not so much the irresistible machinery which draws the hapless undergraduates into triposes and other examinations, as rather the true friend of the younger members, whom the Tutor might be supposed to address in Kingsley's words, "Be good, sweet [child], and let who may be clever." Pointing out that the authorities of the College supported with sympathetic interest the athletic as well as the intellectual successes of the Undergraduate members, he declared himself confident that the Undergraduates of 1948, as readily as those whom he represented in 1898, would come forward to maintain the reputation of the College at any crisis of its career.

So ended for many a red-letter day in the annals of the College. Others proceeded to prolong it into a red-letter night and to watch the dying out of the illuminations in the Gonville Court. But nearly all appeared fresh and gay in the morning at the various relays of breakfast in the Combination Room. By midday the Long Vacation had begun.

THE ORDER OF SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL.

HYMN. "O God our help in ages past" (*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 165).

SENTENCES, CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION, LORD'S PRAYER,
VERSICLES AND GLORIA.

PSALMS CXLVIII, CL.

THE LESSON. Ecclesiasticus, Chapter xlv. to v. 16.

APPOINTED COMMEMORATION OF FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS.

According to our bounden duty and the decree of this our College, let us offer up our thanks and praise to Almighty God for our Founders and all our Benefactors.

Five hundred and fifty years ago, in 1348, Edmund Gonville, son of William Gonville, Knt., and Rector of Terrington in Norfolk, obtained Letters Patent under the Great Seal of England, dated Jan. 28, 1348 (22 Edw. III.), to found a Hall in Cambridge, called after his own name, dedicated to the honour of the Annunciation of Blessed Mary the Virgin; wherein he appointed a Master or Keeper and four Fellows, whom during his life he maintained. In the year 1350 he died, making William Bateman, Bishop of Norwich, his Executor, and leaving a great sum of money for the perfecting and endowment of his foundation. In the year 1354, Bishop Bateman appropriated to the said Hall the three ecclesiastical benefices of Wilton and Fouldon in Norfolk, and of Mutford in Suffolk, for the

maintenance of the Master or Keeper, and the four Fellows. He also made the statutes called by his own name for the government of the said Hall.

Edmund Gonville was followed by various founders of fellowships and scholarships, benefactors to the buildings of the College, benefactors of advowsons and general benefactors during a period of more than two hundred years; after the lapse of which, in 1557, a second founder appeared in that great and generous person, John Caius, Doctor in Physic, Fellow and afterwards Master of this College, and President of the College of Physicians in London. John Caius obtained of King Philip and Queen Mary, in the year 1557, a Charter of Foundation as well as of Confirmation, by which he was made a Founder. He gave the manors of Croxley at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire, and of Runcton and Burnham in Norfolk, for the increase of the stipend of the Master, and for the stipends of three Fellows and twenty Scholars. He also gave us statutes for the government of the College, and at his own charges built the two wings of the Court called by his own name. He likewise furnished our Library with many Books of great value, both manuscript and printed; and gave his lands and tenements in Caxton in Cambridgeshire, for the charge of a common fire, the Porter's stipend, and for other uses. And lastly, for the enlarging and improving the site of the College, he purchased four Tenements of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College (called Ansel's, Houghton's, Talbot's, and Smith's), over against St Michael's Church-yard, whereon part of the buildings in the Tree Court now stands.

This great man, the greatest of all our Benefactors, was born at Norwich Oct. 6, 1510. In the year 1529 he was admitted into this College, and in 1533 he was elected Fellow, and continued so till 1539, when he left College and lived some years abroad, especially at the University of Padua, where he commenced Doctor in Physic. Upon his return he was admitted *ad eundem gradum*, and founded Gonville and Caius College in the year 1557, over which he placed the Master of Gonville Hall, Mr Thomas Bacon. On Mr Bacon's death January 1, 1559, Dr Caius himself was prevailed on, by the unanimous request of the Fellows, and the solicitation of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of the University, to take into his own hands the Government of the College. In this station he lived, and under him the College flourished for 13 years and upwards, producing many persons of eminence in their several Professions, especially Physicians, of which Faculty alone there were twenty-seven Doctors of name and note who had been educated here in his time. After he had thus made himself honoured at home, and by his many learned writings procured the highest reputation abroad, finding himself advanced in age and decayed in

strength, that he might secure to the College a prudent and provident Governor, he resigned the Mastership to Dr Legge, a famous Civilian, on June 27, 1573. Thus gradually retiring from worldly business, and foreseeing that he should soon retire from the world itself, he provided for his own monument, and prepared the vault in which his body was laid about two months afterwards. For upon his return to London his distemper increased, and on July 29 it pleased God to release him from it. From London his body was brought down here to be interred in this sacred place, wherein we are now assembled.

Of the long array of those who, following in the steps of Edmund Gonville and John Caius, contributed by their talents, their self-denial and their generosity to build up the stately foundation, whereof we their successors reap the benefit, it must suffice to commemorate the names of but a few.

In 1574 Dr Legge, Master of the College, left money from which a block of buildings bearing his name was erected in 1619 on the east side of the Tree Court.

Dr Stephen Perse was admitted of this College in 1564 and afterwards became Fellow. Besides building the North side of the new Court at his own charges, he gave £5000 for purchasing Lands, for the increase of the stipends of the Master, the four Senior Fellows, and the six Frankland Fellows, and for the stipends of six Fellows, and six Scholars, of his own Foundation, for a free Grammar School, and for the maintenance of six poor Alms-women in the town of Cambridge, and for many other charitable uses.

Bartholomew Wortley, whom we must rank among our greater Benefactors, was born at Fakenham in Norfolk, and admitted of this College in 1671. He continued a member of the College as Scholar and Fellow to the year 1705, when he was presented by the Master and Fellows to the Rectory of Bratton Fleming in Devonshire. Mr Wortley carried with him from the College a strong attachment to the place of his education, and retained, during 44 years' incumbency, a lively sense of the advantages received in it. For in 1749, when he died, he bequeathed to the Master and Fellows all his real and personal Estate, in trust, for founding three Fellowships, and three Exhibitions, and for other uses.

Worthy also to be ranked with our greater benefactors is one whose memory is fresh with many of those here present. So recently as 1887 Dr William Henry Drosier, Senior Fellow of the College, left by his will the most magnificent of the benefactions which have enriched the College since the time of Dr Caius. Through his patriotic liberality the foundation is augmented to the extent of the six or seven new Fellowships, which fittingly bear his name.

Gratitude would demand, but time forbids, that we should recall

by name the memory of at least several hundred greater or less benefactors, whose names and deeds survive in the records of the College.

Not only then for these our Founders and primary Benefactors, whose names we have this day recited to the perpetuating of their memories and the glory of God, but also for all others whose bounty and wisdom deserve our thankful remembrance, let us bless and praise Almighty God.

THE TE DEUM.

COMMEMORATION SERMON.

Priest. The memory of the righteous shall endure for evermore.

Answer. And shall not be afraid of any evil report.

Priest. The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O LORD, we glorify Thee in these Thy servants our Founders and Benefactors departed out of this present life; beseeching Thee that as they for their time bestowed charitably for our comfort the temporal things which Thou didst give them, so we for our time may fruitfully use the same, to the setting forth of Thy holy Word, Thy laud, and praise; and finally that we may rejoice with them in Thy kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O LORD God Almighty, Maker of all things, and Giver of all good gifts, who didst put it into the heart of Thy servant Edmund Gonville to found this our College, and didst move Thy servant John Caius greatly to further that beginning, to the honour of Thy Name, the benefit of Thy Holy Church, and the increase of godliness and all good learning, we thank Thee for the abundant blessing which Thou hast vouchsafed to the work thus begun, and for Thy watchful protection of it during more than five centuries. And we beseech Thee, O heavenly Father, to continue the same blessing to all generations yet to come, that Thy faith, fear, and love, and the knowledge of Thy truth may ever dwell within these walls, and be the safeguard of all sons of this house, until Our Lord shall come again, through whom and with whom be all honour, praise and thanksgiving, to Thee, O Father, in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

O ETERNAL and Everliving God, the Life of them that believe and the Resurrection of the dead, Thou who art always to be praised as well for the dead as for those that be alive, we give Thee most hearty thanks for all the benefactors of this College.

We bless Thee also for the memory and good example of those who have here ruled, and taught and learnt; for the holy bishops, pastors, doctors and evangelists, who have been trained among us according to the mind of Christ; for the patient, wise, and loving teachers and investigators who have sanctified their studies by reverence for Thy truth; for the statesmen, lawyers, physicians, and soldiers, who have lived and laboured under the discipline of Thy Faith; for all men of renown, of whatever art or calling, who have well employed the talents committed to their trust.

For these, and for all others, our fathers and brethren, whose bodies now rest in peace, and whose souls are with Thee, we praise and magnify Thy Name, beseeching Thee to grant that we, who are alive this day, may follow the steps of those who have served Thee here, and have gone before in the confession of Thy Holy Name, and with them may at length enter into Thine unending joy and perfect light, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

HYMN by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Fellow of the College, 1633—1636,
set to music by Charles Wood, Mus. Doc., Fellow of the College
and Organist.

O beauteous God, uncircumscribed treasure,
Of an eternal pleasure,
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For ev'ry spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes,
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see,
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

HEBREWS XII. 1.

“Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us.”

SOME time ago, when reading in our National Library, I chanced upon a poem published—and forgotten—just a hundred years ago. It was called “*An Ode upon a distant prospect of Cambridge.*” Gray’s inspiration was not there, nor any echo of those “Lyrical Ballads” which had so lately reunited genius and verse. Very dimly, very vaguely, were the great figures and features of Cambridge history marshalled in the stanzas. But the great subject did not leave the feeble poet unmoved. One recognised the force upon his mind of that great “Cloud of Witnesses,” and felt some liking for the unknown writer who had tried to sing the praises of the University he loved so well.

It was the choice of those who bear rule in this Society not to provide from among their own number one who, with the knowledge and authority belonging to the “centre,” could picture to us the story of these 550 years in brief outline and exact perspective, but rather a “Distant Prospect” from one who, after long absence, revisits the College. Of one aspect alone I shall speak, of the inspiring force which that great “Cloud of Witnesses,” the past worthies of our College, bring to bear on the practical life of its members.

It often happens to me, in my home beyond the ocean to endeavour to explain the nature of English Universities and Colleges to those whose only conception is that of a structure of lectures and examinations. Far be it from us to deny that these modern institutions have achieved excellent results: but that which they lack, that which differences them from the ancient universities, is the Personal Note.

Agassiz and Whitney and Wendell Holmes were eminent names, but nobody connected them with the universities where they taught. Indeed it is only on the occasion of some great crisis, that a national feeling for a time supplies this want. And perhaps there is one monument which Cambridge, with all her historic wealth, might envy her eldest daughter, Harvard,—I mean those tablets in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge across the ocean, which record the names of the lads (for they were no more) who left class room and playing-field and their boats on the Charles river, to give up their lives for the cause of national existence.

If we try to explain such a history as that of our Society, we must furnish the material and colour before the outline. We must describe to them East Anglia, the land and the people, since for centuries Norfolk and Suffolk furnished by far the greater part of our students. So many causes combined to make East Anglia as distinct in its character as were the Picards or Gascons in French provincial life. Cut off by the fens from the rest of England, it was almost an island. "Neither hilly nor flat, a sweet and civil country," said Bishop Hall: and Fuller declared that "all England may be carved out of Norfolk, represented therein, not only to the kind, but the degree thereof." The land and the people were worthy of each other. The beautiful churches, from Norwich Cathedral and St Peter Mancroft to the quaint round towers of flint, the noble ruins of Bury St Edmund's, the magnificent mansions of Holkham and Cressingham, those bright and mellow landscapes which have been made memorable by the brush of Constable

and Crome,—this is the setting of the East Anglian character, so keen, vigorous, and original. It is possibly not without the defects of its qualities,—often a subtle and litigious instinct which made Fuller declare “if I must needs go to law, I would wish them rather of my counsel than my adversaries.” But it is a strong character, morally and intellectually; and that is the material out of which our Society drew its men.

It is not then a rash generalization to affirm that our Society reflects, as perhaps no other College does so fully, the best characteristics of the English nation. It was not a mere coincidence that its birth was in 1348, that year of England’s fame, when the world was ringing with the news of Crecy and Neville’s Cross, and Chaucer was soon to write his famous works. Nor less happy was the period of our second foundation in 1557, at the threshold of the great Elizabethan period of national expansion. And from those times to the present, how the vista of increase and development opens out before our memories, so wonderful and marvellous, from the age of the *Trivium* and *Quadrivium* to our age of multiplied and specialized studies, of interests so infinitely varied and combined, of learning popularized almost to the verge of recreation, and recreation cultivated almost to the verge of science. Our Society represented England’s spirit and growth. It never had the narrowness of a seminary, or the pedantry of one exclusive study. It never reflected the passions of one party. Its individual force saved it from submersion, whether from religious or political conflicts, though not entirely (we fear) from the depressing forces of inertia in the last century.

At first, in the time of the Reformation, it might seem that Gonville Hall was to be marked as an ally of the new opinions. Bishop Nix of Norwich, in an often-quoted saying, declared that “he had heard of no clerk coming from Gunwell Hall but savoured of the frying-pan.” But in the next generation we find not only our great Second Founder a conspicuous adherent of the older opinions, but

also his immediate successors are on the same side; and it is from Caius College that emanates, through WILLIAM BARRETT, that famous protest against the supremacy of Calvin's teaching, which is as important a landmark in our Church history as Bancroft's famous sermon at Paul's Cross, a few years later.

And those who glory in the English Reformation, and pray that its effects may never be lost to the Church of England, can yet realise how some aspects of its earlier stages discouraged and even repelled a mind like that of our Second Founder, accustomed to the wide liberty enjoyed under the veil of nominal submission in the old Church, and impatient of those tentative schemes and changeful currents of thought which doubtless seemed to him in close connection with the unquestionable decay of scholastic discipline in his beloved university.

And, from another point of view, this temporary association of the New Learning with the Old Faith, may have had its relative advantage. It prevented, in any case, that bitter opposition between the two camps which, earlier in the century, caused so much injury to both in Germany. There the barbaric ignorance of the Cologne monks on the one side, and the scornful ribaldry of the Humanists on the other, did infinite harm to the cause of religion. Later we find Joseph Scaliger turning away from the Protestantism of his birth and convictions, and scornfully declaring Lutheranism to be the "grave of science." Justus Lipsius, his great contemporary, passes over to the Roman Church. Fortunately for England, and for our College, the course of events was very different. By process of natural evolution, now one current of thought predominating, and now another, the true idea of a University was enabled to clothe itself more and more in the life of Cambridge, and conspicuously in our College.

And now the great catalogue of our Worthies,—the "Cloud of Witnesses," passes before our memories. It is not till the close of the fifteenth century, indeed, that we

can realise them, as figures of flesh and blood, as our own highest authority reminds us¹. First comes the good physician, Dr BUTTS, as good as he was great, described by a contemporary as "the refuge of all students, and chief ornament of the University." Then comes GRESHAM, the princely merchant and statesman, and with him that remarkable clerical group, SHAXTON, SKIP and their companions, who, if they did not reach the glories of martyrdom, dared greater dangers than our gentler age conceives. But far above them all, in picturesqueness and many sided attraction, stands the Second Founder, Dr JOHN CAIUS. We think of him in his early days of noble ambition and stedfast purpose, noting at Padua that beautiful inscription which he was afterwards to quote in his prayer of dedication here². We think of him at the end of his career, in those darkening days, troubled not so much by the differences with his colleagues as by the decay of discipline and study. In the last page of his book on the Antiquity of Cambridge, the bitterness of his soul bursts forth in the mention of the breach between the young and the old. And yet there is no petulant girding at the young men's bents and purposes. If only young and old would combine! "*Senes enim iuvenum mentes sunt, iuvenes senum manus,*" a saying which anticipates by just two hundred years the French writer's "*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*" What infinite pathos there is in that sombre figure of the great physician, prematurely aged by study, harassed by petty squabbles, experiencing the Nemesis which awaits the

¹ "Further back than 400 years we cannot go with much confidence, for then the outlines begin to crumble away; in place of the words and deeds of living men, we are left in possession of nothing beyond a few names and dates." [Venn, *Address in Caius Chapel*, 1893.]

² So conjectured by Mr J. W. Clark, "Short Sketch" (1890) p. 237. The inscription at the entrance of the University of Padua is as follows: "*Sic ingredi ut te ipso quotidie doctior, sic egredi ut indies patriae Christianaeque reipublicae utilior evadas.*" ['So enter that thou mayest become daily more learned than thou hast been; so leave that day by day thou mayest become more useful to thy country and Christendom.']

superior intelligence even amid academic surroundings, and yet never losing faith, trusting that after his death his own true power would be recognised, and that his beloved Society would in after years know what he had been.

And then follows that succession of great names in medical science: HARVEY, greatest name of all, the world's possession as our own; GLISSON, hardly less illustrious as an investigator; SCARBOROUGH, the many-sided genius. And then comes EDWARD WRIGHT, one of the earliest of great Cambridge mathematicians, and possibly (if Aubrey is to be believed) the real inventor of logarithms³, and chosen from so many scholars to be the tutor of Prince Henry, the hope of England.

Then there are the names of those men of considerable talent, just beneath that altitude which bears strength and weakness alike to posterity. There is RICHARD PARKER, the eminent antiquary, the friend of Camden; there is WILLIAM MOORE, the "model librarian," and munificent donor to our library; there is ROBERT SHERINGHAM, the Oriental scholar, known as "the Rabbi" from his Hebrew lore; but above all of them tower the figures of the two great Churchmen, true representatives of Anglicanism in its strongest and noblest age, JOHN COSIN and JEREMY TAYLOR. Both of them passed through the trials of adversity as of prosperity; nor is Cosin less admirable in his exile at Paris, in friendliest communion with the Huguenot clergy, or Taylor teaching his little school in Wales, and putting forth his great appeal for the "Liberty of Prophesying," which (unlike Stillingfleet) he did not retract when elevated to the episcopal throne. Indeed Oxford, in the case of Jeremy Taylor, can also claim him among her worthies; nor are we inclined to grudge All Souls the honour of having numbered him among her fellows, although the selection was due rather to Laud's keen judgment than to any correspondence between

³ Aubrey's *Lives*, (Clar. Press ed.) II. 313—315.

Taylor's parentage, garb, and learning, with the well-known conditions of that house. To Oxford may be granted the inspiration of that vast work of casuistry which its author fondly deemed would carry his name to posterity. But Cambridge, the true poet's university, cannot be deprived of her parentage in that glorious language which, like the lark of his immortal simile, soars upwards to the clouds and sings "as if he had learned music and motion of an angel."

Nor should one be forgotten of an earlier date whose after fame must be shared with the universities of Leyden and Heidelberg. JAN GRUTER came to this College from Norfolk, the son of a Flemish refugee. If we cannot claim all his celebrity, at least, when those who have read his correspondence and have marked his unique gentleness and courtesy even in controversy, contrast these attributes with the prevalent tone of his age, we may claim that he who was *par excellence* the "gentleman" among the great scholars, owed it to his connection with Cambridge⁴.

Although most of the English names mentioned were of those espousing the Royalist side in the great struggle, it must not be supposed that our College was solely identified with that cause. And not a few of us read with gratification a recent vindication of the strange figure of Dr DELL, who ruled over this Society for 16 years. For so long it has been a fashion to make historic scarecrows of all who filled University office during the Commonwealth, that it is right to show that Dr DELL was no disgrace to the high position he occupied. His sermons have found editors and readers both in the 18th and the present century; and in one of them, famous in its time, he expresses his sympathy very strongly for the true studies of the University⁵.

⁴ Interesting selections of Gruter's *Letters* will be found in Dr A. Reifferscheid's *Quellen zur Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutschland* (1889), and E. Weber's *Virorum clarorum saeculi XVI et XVII epistolae selectae* (1894).

⁵ See "*The Stumbling-Stone*," by W. Dell, printed by Giles Calvert, London, 1653. See also the "*Tryall of Spirits*," preached before the University

The Restoration came, but it did not restore that vigour of intellectual life which marked the first generation in the century⁶.

ROBERT BRADY, who ruled the College for 40 years, was a man of great eminence, a historian of mark, a University professor, a Royal physician, Keeper of the Records, and a member of Parliament. But one searches in vain for a human touch about him. He was apparently one of the supremely successful but not interesting men of his age. One turns by preference at such a time to the College failures, to such as JEREMY COLLIER and JOHN DENNIS, fighters with the smaller battalions, and patrons of lost causes.

At least Collier's gallant crusade against dramatic license, and even Dennis's onslaughts on his literary contemporaries, are better worth study than the College itself in the beginning of the 18th century. We do not want to view Caius College in 1710, when the German traveller Von Uffenbach wishes to inspect our library, but finds no librarian, and the books in a neglected attic⁷. Sir THOMAS GOOCH was our Master, and a munificent benefactor, but we do not care to see him, vested in his authority as Vice-Chancellor, degrade Richard Bentley from his degrees. Perhaps it was then that CHRISTOPHER SMART'S nickname found enough plausibility to give it permanence, and scientific skill in the College had descended to the kitchens⁸.

in the same year. There is something very pathetic in the story of his solitary burial. (Vide account of Dr Dell in the *Caian*.)

⁶ Dr Batchcroft can hardly be deemed superior to Dell as a patron of learning. One day (so Aubrey, I. 94 reports) he found Charles Scarborough reading the edition of Euclid put forth by the learned Jesuit Clavius. "Leave off this author," cried the Master, on seeing the words "*e societate Iesu*" on the title page, "and read *Protestant mathematical books!*"

⁷ See Wordsworth s. A. p. 3.

⁸ "The sons of culinary Kays,
Smoking from the eternal treat,
Lost in ecstatic transport gaze
As though the fair was good to eat." (1741.)

Nor do we find entire consolation in the conspicuous figure of SAMUEL CLARKE, acknowledged to be the first metaphysician in England before he was thirty years of age. Neither in his own age, nor in ours, does he commend himself convincingly as a champion of the faith, and expositor of sacred mysteries. One could wish for his fame that he had been faithful to his first love, mathematics, or that in the profession of the law, he had given us possibly another Lord High Chancellor, and in any case a worthy rival of Murray and Yorke⁹. But in spite of a chequered and stormy career at College, perhaps exaggerated by tradition, and his own tendency to be a boaster of idleness,—in spite of his too celebrated indulgence in strong adjectives and participles, Lord Chancellor THURLOW looms out so large upon the canvas of his century's history, and played a part so conspicuous on that stage where Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan were protagonists, that our College is proud to have numbered him among her sons. It was not in tangible achievement, for legal authorities refer to no memorable judgments, and political history denies any statesmanlike performance, but in the quality of will and strength, in that attribute which made his contemporary Samuel Johnson the centre and oracle of a group where far greater talents were to be found—it was thus that THURLOW made his reputation, and (without a Boswell) handed it down to posterity. Who does not remember the passage in Lord Campbell's Life, where the caustic biographer, brimful here as ever with the scandalous chronicle and gossip of his subject, yet rises

⁹ Clarke signalised himself, while yet an undergraduate, by translating into Latin Rohault's Physics, which became a University text-book. His fame is shown by the reference to him in the "Ode on a Distant View" already referred to above:

"In morals as in arts supreme,
"Clarke, thy seraphic soul I hail;
"Let bigots mark its placid stream,
"Unmoved by passion's wayward gale;"
etc.

to an unaccustomed fervour of admiration as he records how he once saw and heard the aged Thurlow; and how a few vigorous sentences from the veteran overthrew all opposition, and created an important legal precedent? And if we had no other evidence that he had better qualities, the poet Cowper's praise would surely complete what Crabbe's gratitude had left in doubt.

So ends the 18th century; but a member of the Canadian Church will be pardoned for mentioning a name illustrious in its annals, that of JACOB MOUNTAIN, whom Cambridge sent to Canada as first bishop of the enormous territory then undivided, and who, by his admirable labours and example, did so much to create what is now a flourishing and well-organized hierarchy¹⁰.

And now we enter the present century, with its wealth of biography and memoir and tradition. The celebrity of VINCE and BRINKLEY¹¹ and WOODHOUSE, in the closing years of the previous century, was worthily continued in another path by the great lawyers ALDERSON and BICKERSTETH. And as we come nearer and nearer to our own time, and to those whom some of you, my brethren, knew personally, it would not become me to speak by hearsay. Of one only, who graduated in that famous year, 1848 (our 500th anniversary), may it be permitted to say a word. BISHOP MACKENZIE is not only famous in the list of great missionaries, but among our College worthies he is remembered for a youthful utterance of splendid *naïveté*, which we hope will live as the inspiration of our younger students¹². Nor can I omit mention here (as in duty bound) of that

¹⁰ See the excellent monograph by Rev. H. Stuart, Rector of Three Rivers, Que., for the history of Bishop Mountain's labours.

¹¹ Gunning (i. 81) records that Brinkley's disputation was the most celebrated in the memory of the University. A special form of words was adopted by the Moderator in congratulating him.

¹² When Mackenzie's health was proposed by Bishop Stanley, who referred to the fact that there were no less than nine Caius wranglers, Mackenzie said in reply "Caius men had only done what was natural under the circumstances." [Goodwin's *Life of Mackenzie*, p. 23.]

illustrious English scholar, Dr GUEST, who held the office of Master in my College days. Even the most ignorant undergraduate had some faint knowledge that our Master had written a great work: but it added a singular interest to one's memory of him later to know that, in early life, he had been for a considerable time in personal intimacy with the last gigantic figure (save one) in European literature¹³. And to conclude my survey of the "Cloud of Witnesses," these windows remind those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing ANTHONY WILLIAM WILSON STEEL, how a powerful mind was united with the sweetest, sunniest, and most loveable of temperaments; and also that Canada paid back with interest her debt to this College when she sent GEORGE ROMANES, a Canadian born and bred, to become in time the inheritor of our greatest scientific traditions.

There is one category still, and one name, that I must call to mind. Nearly every generation in every College has numbered some student whose bright promise has been prematurely cut off. In my own year, among those who first came into residence in the New Court was one, somewhat older than the rest, with no advantages of family or education, but already marked out by the approbation of the great Archbishop Tait as one from whom theology might expect valuable aid. Keenly conscious he was that his defect of classical education debarred him from effective work in many theological fields, he endeavoured by exact study in Natural Science, taking a first-class in a distinguished year, to fit himself for those apologetic labours which most certainly needed then, and still need, weapons not to be found in the armouries of Paley and Butler. It was the belief of his friends, shared also by his teachers, that this noble ambition was within his reach. But it was not to be. GEORGE WARINGTON died in South Africa, whither he had gone in search of health. But he was of

¹³ See the biographical notice prefixed to the first volume of *Origines Celticae* for an account of Dr Guest's relation to Goethe.

those that "*left a name behind them that their praises may be reported.*"

To whom, my brethren, do the inspiring memories of our "Cloud of Witnesses" appeal, so that they "*may run with patience the race that is set before them*"? Certainly, in the first instance to those who are destined to emulate their achievements, and to succeed to their distinctions. As, year by year, each new generation of students comes up to pass through our gates of **H**umility, **V**irtue, and **H**onour, it cannot be in vain, and it has not been in vain, that those who bear rule have reminded them, the memories of five hundred years have appealed to them, nay the very stones of these venerable buildings have spoken to them of great Examples which are in themselves the most eloquent precepts!

But to those of whom the great chapter read in our Service also refers: "*those who have no memorial,*" those who pass away from College to humbler activities in town or country,—those who are the debtors and not the creditors of the College,—do not think that to them the appeal of the "Cloud of Witnesses" comes in vain. Your choice of one of them as their representative and spokesman now shows that you realise their opportunity as their responsibility. For a College has other tasks and functions beyond its intellectual victories, the editing of MSS, the prosecution of scientific experiments, the instruction of those who shall be themselves teachers in after times. It is not a small thing to send out over the whole world those who shall bear with them even the smallest share of that gift which alone a historic University can bestow.

And as life goes onward, and memories of the past tend more and more to take the place of projects for the future, it is then that one's College days come back with all the vividness of the past, like the keen outlines of the scenery before the sunset. It is then that one remembers the kindness and the patience of those who were in authority. It is then that we scan so eagerly the records of University

and College achievements, and rejoice as the boat goes up, or one of our students gains distinction in river or path or field; and above all, as now, at the recent successes in the Tripos. And it is not only memory, believe me, it helps to raise our hearts and purposes, so that if (perchance) we neglected opportunities of old, we may yet be faithful in small things to the inspiration of great memories, and to the appeal of noble precedents.

And so, from Africa and Australia and India and Canada comes the heartfelt wish: 'STET FORTUNA DOMUS!' May the old College celebrate one day its thousandth anniversary. May the new song which recounts our fame long resound within our walls. And may that comprehensive spirit, that reflection of the best of national intelligence, that union of the aim for piety and the research of knowledge, which our double title seems to symbolize, that union never solved by artificial reconciliation, but always by progress and in action,—may that continue to be the watchword of our advance, and the earnest of the Divine Blessing.

List of the Guests present at the Commemoration Dinner.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University (Dr Hill)
 The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Norwich
 The Right Honourable Sir John Gorst, M.A., M.P.
 Professor Jebb, M.A., M.P.
 The President of the Royal College of Physicians (Sir Samuel Wilks)
 The President of the Royal College of Surgeons (Sir William M^cCormac, Bart.)

E. Abbott, M.A.
 J. Abercrombie, M.D.
 J. Adam, M.A.
 B. Anningson, M.D.
 Ernest Baggallay, M.A.
 The Reverend F. Baggallay, M.A.
 The Reverend D. B. R. Banham, M.A.
 The Reverend W. T. A. Barber, M.A.
 The Reverend H. A. Baumgartner, M.A.
 E. C. Beale, M.D.
 The Reverend Canon St V. Beechey (Senior), M.A.
 The Reverend Canon St V. Beechey (Junior), M.A.
 Professor C. Bendall, M.A.
 S. Bidwell, M.A., F.R.S.
 J. A. Blaikie, M.A.
 L. Blume, B.A.
 W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P.
 Professor J. B. Bradbury, M.D.
 W. D. Braithwaite, B.A.
 The Reverend F. R. Broughton, M.A.
 C. E. Broughton, M.A.
 The Reverend W. H. Brown, M.A.
 T. Bruce, B.A.
 R. E. Burlingham, B.A.
 J. F. Cameron, B.A.
 The Reverend J. H. Cardwell, M.A.
 F. L. Carter, B.A.

W. B. Cheadle, M.D.
The Reverend R. R. Cobbold, M.A.
The Reverend W. Cunningham, D.D. (*Honorary Fellow*).
The Reverend A. G. Day, M.A.
R. F. D'Arcy, M.A.
The Reverend J. de Soyres, M.A.
W. H. Dickinson, M.D. (*Honorary Fellow*).
The Reverend Canon J. M. Du Port, M.A.
W. Ewart, M.D.
C. H. J. Fagan
A. O. M. Fehrsen, B.A.
E. B. Ferrers
The Reverend J. P. A. Fletcher, M.A.
J. M. Fletcher, M.A.
H. T. Francis, M.A.
J. S. Gardiner, M.A.
Professor E. A. Gardner, M.A.
The Reverend J. P. Garrick, M.A.
Judge P. C. Gates, M.A., Q.C.
The Reverend W. W. Gedge, M.A.
P. Giles, M.A.
The Reverend Canon L. E. Goodwin, M.A.
The Reverend J. Gould, M.A.
C. Graham, M.A.
G. E. Green, M.A.
F. H. H. Guillemard, M.D.
C. J. Hare, M.D.
H. Y. Hare, M.A.
G. H. Harper-Smith
F. Leverton Harris, M.A.
W. B. Harris, F.G.S.
E. Heawood, M.A.
The Reverend E. J. Holloway, M.A.
H. Holman, M.A.
D. W. C. Hood, M.D.
The Reverend W. B. L. Hopkins, M.A.
The Reverend A. J. Hunter, M.A.
J. H. Iles
C. James, M.A.
J. Jardine, M.A., Q.C.
The Reverend C. W. Jones, M.A.
Sir Charles Malcolm Kennedy, K.C.M.G.
F. E. Lacey, B.A.

Professor H. Brougham Leech, M.A.
E. Liveing, M.D.
S. W. Lock, M.A.
W. Lowe
G. Lucas
J. V. Lyle, B.A.
A. R. Macklin, M.A.
A. W. Mair, B.A.
W. R. Menzies, B.A.
R. W. Michell, M.A., M.B.
C. T. Mitchell, M.A.
H. Milton, M.A.
Colonel W. P. Monckton, B.A.
S. Moorhouse
R. S. Morrell, M.A.
A. H. Hallam Murray, M.A.
H. A. H. Newington
The Reverend R. J. Pearce, M.A.
Max Pemberton, B.A.
D. Pennington, B.A.
L. G. Pike, M.A.
W. Pollard, M.A.
The Reverend C. H. Prior, M.A.
R. C. Punnett, B.A.
Sir W. H. Quayle-Jones, M.A.
F. B. Ramadge, M.A.
A. Ransome, M.D., F.R.S. (*Honorary Fellow*).
The Reverend T. E. Raven, M.A.
C. H. Reid
R. Rigg
H. A. Roberts, M.A.
W. S. Robson, B.A., Q.C.
S. Ruhemann, M.A.
Sir David L. Salomons, Bart., M.A.
The Reverend Canon T. Scott, M.A.
J. W. Sharpe, M.A.
Professor C. S. Sherrington, M.D.
The Reverend S. Slocock, M.A.
F. G. Smart, M.A.
S. S. Sprigge, M.D.
J. W. W. Stephens, B.A., M.B.
The Reverend Canon J. J. Stephenson, M.A.
The Reverend J. Still, M.A.

G. F. Still, M.D.
W. H. Story, M.A.
J. P. Stott, B.A.
The Reverend H. V. Stuart, M.A.
The Reverend Canon W. Symonds, M.A.
W. M. Tapp, LL.D.
The Reverend F. R. Tennant, M.A.
R. M. Towers, M.A.
A. Trethewy, M.A., M.B.
The Reverend A. G. Tweedie, M.A.
C. E. Underhill, M.B.
Colonel W. Underwood, B.A.
The Reverend H. Venn, M.A.
The Reverend T. G. Vyvyan, M.A.
H. M. Wiener, B.A.
R. F. Williams, B.A.
J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A.
The Reverend J. Wisken, M.A.
T. B. Wood, M.A.
The Reverend G. R. Woodward, M.A.

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