

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY

E. W. BASTARD.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The task of addressing you, which belongs to the office I have the honour to hold, has fallen into no unwilling hands. I am proud to bid you welcome according to established custom, and claim that kind indulgence for our speeches which you are always ready to extend to them. Nor is it my intention to weary you with a long speech. It will be enough for me to apprise you in very few words of the most noteworthy events of the past year.

Would that no bitter drop had mingled with our cup of mirth to-day ; but I am reminded by the empty chair, and by the presence of a new-elected member of your body, how true a friend we have lost within the past nine months. You all knew the man—how genial, how assiduous, how kind a Governor he was, and now that he is gone, it is hard to say whether the greater loss has fallen upon the School for which he laboured or upon the neighbourhood he loved.

Two gentlemen have left the staff of Masters ; one of whom, after having rendered us valuable service, has gone back to his native land ; the other, after a short sojourn with us, has returned by his own choice to the school from which he came. To fill their places Holstein, Eton, and Harrow have combined to send us three Masters of the highest cultivation and the most varied accomplishments.

Of my Schoolfellows, whether past or present (to omit all but stars of the first magnitude), several deserve especial mention. Again we have to compliment E. A. Upcott, this time upon his Final First Class at Oxford, whose diligence in distinguishing himself has been worthily imitated by his

juniors A. J. Galpin and C. A. S. Garland. Among Cantabs A. N. Whitehead again deserves praise, who has exchanged a Minor for a Foundation Scholarship in his own college, and become a University Scholar to boot. In the same University T. H. Attwater, H. Henn, and H. Williams have added fresh laurels to those already won. Nor has the present generation failed to support our good name, W. C. Penney, E. H. Hensley, and E. W. Bastard having returned to us with scholarships from the Isis or the Cam, while Herbert Laing passed into the R.M.C., at Sandhurst, first out of a large number of candidates.

Forgive me, my Lords and Gentlemen, for referring among graver topics to a matter upon which we boys have congratulated ourselves not a little, I mean the first victory our Eleven have won for nine years over our Clifton rivals, after a series of most dismal defeats.

Of the Cloister, so long in an unfinished state, but now happily completed, I need say but little. You have doubtless admired for yourselves the elegant groining under which you have passed for the first time into our School Room, without fear of wet or broken crowns. Nor must I omit to mention the Library, which has been furnished with bookcases and sundry works of art, either at our own cost, or by the liberality of friends, and which at no distant date we hope will rival that famous library of Atticus which he used to call his "Horn of Plenty."

Nor is our growth a growth of bricks and mortar merely. Our numbers are steadily rising, and to-day—no longer a small state—we bid you welcome with more than three hundred voices.

June 29th, 1881.