

Translation of the Latin Address.

Spoken by H. S. RIX.



I was congratulating myself, my Lords and Gentlemen, upon the bright and happy circumstances, in which I should have to address you to-day, whether it were the beauty of the weather, or the unbroken health of the School, or the even tenor of our daily life that engaged my thoughts, when the sad sound of the tolling bell announced the death, and consequent loss to your Body, of a genial and aged member of it, than whom no one was better known to us by face, or more devoted to the School, or a kinder friend to the children, the bereaved, and the poor of this our town. He was, if not himself a Shirburnian, the father of so many Shirburnian sons, that few seemed to belong more completely to ourselves. May we not, then, for a few moments, indulge our grief for the loss of so good, so benevolent a man, before we proceed, according to our wont, to welcome those of our Governors who are present to-day.

To one among them—our new squire—I cannot refrain from offering our special congratulations, upon his succession to an inheritance, enriched by the precious treasure of his great uncle's memory, and now for the first time handed down in the direct line from father to son. We tender a warm welcome also to the Dean of Wells, whose severe illness has not been able to detach him from our interests, seeing that, within the last few days, he has generously founded the Plumptre Prizes in perpetuity, which thus far have been given annually in his name for the encouragement of our Mathematics.

As regards our internal affairs, four new Masters have been appointed to the staff, since last Summer, men of high qualifications and genial sympathies. Nor must we omit to mention those who at the call of duty were ready to exchange their academic gown for the military garb. Animated by their example, no fewer than a third part of the

School have gone into uniform. Martial sounds are now to be heard in our midst, and, rising above all, the stentorian voice of our Sergeant-Instructor. Nor is our drill confined to handling the rifle and forming company; on one evening in the week our cadets are reminded by the squealing fife and the thundering drum, how sweet and glorious a thing it is to air one's patriotism—by playing the soldier.

But, not to trespass too long upon your attention, let me briefly record the scholastic successes of the past twelve months, which best deserve mention and congratulation. At the close of last year, Hugh Ferrers returned from the banks of the Cam, a scholar of King's. At the same university Henry Cayley who had won a Minor Scholarship at Trinity, before he left the School, was promoted to a Foundation Scholarship. Among our Oxonians it is a pleasure to me to congratulate my predecessor, Julian Cotton, upon his election to a Scholarship at Corpus; Charles Hayward upon a similar honour at Worcester; and Evan Nepean upon his First Class in Law. Nor in this connection must the brilliant achievement of Charles Greenstreet be forgotten, who took the first place, by some 600 marks last Christmas, in the competition for the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

Lastly, my Lords and Gentlemen, lest any of you should suppose that the mason's chisel has been entirely idle, I would ask you to inspect the royal coat of arms, carved in stone, which, 'better late than never,' has been placed, by way of ornament, over the School gates. And, if any curious person should be disposed to enquire, why, at this particular moment we should pride ourselves upon our scutcheon and its legend, let him know that to any who may seek to disparage the fair-fame of the School, we make but one answer, in the grand old motto which has come down to us from our royal Founder, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

I have only now, my Lords and Gentlemen, to beg that the same kind indulgence, which has been accorded to my speech, may be extended to my schoolfellows, while they play their respective parts, in the hope of meriting your applause.