

*SOME ANECDOTES OF  
BISHOP SELWYN.*

It is more than twelve years since the great first Bishop of New Zealand, afterward Bishop of Lichfield, died; and it is more than ten years since his memoir appeared; but there must be many yet in this country of ours to whom the man is only a name, and the memoir still a book unknown. It is not the object of this article to repeat the story of his life, or to epitomize the Rev. Mr. Tucker's fascinating account of it, but simply to glean, from a recent reading of the latter, a few of those anecdotes of its distinguished subject which so strikingly set him before us. In the way of biographical data, let it be sufficient to say at the outset, that George Augustus Selwyn was born in Hampstead, England, in 1809; that he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841; that at the beginning of 1868 he was translated to the English see of Lichfield; and that ten years later he died.

One of the stories told of his school days at Eton, where he was famous in athletics, particularly in boating, is that, in the long-boat in which he rowed, seven of the oars were not very good, and one was very bad indeed. When the boys were going out, they would make a rush for the boat-house, the seven first-comers getting the seven least poor oars, and the last comer getting the "punt-pole"; this luck was apt to make the last man sulky, the other seven would abuse him for not pulling even his own weight, and finally the whole crew would be thrown out of temper. So Selwyn, in time, fell into the habit of being himself the last comer. When the other fellows chaffed him

on this, he laughed, and characteristically replied: "Oh, it's worth my while taking that bad oar. I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humor." This way of taking the "laboring oar" he followed all through his life.

Selwyn was as great a pedestrian as he was oarsman, and performed some wonderful feats upon his legs, once walking from Cambridge to London, a distance of perhaps sixty miles, in thirteen hours, without stopping.

Once also he walked from Cambridge to Ely Cathedral to the morning service, and back again to "hall," that is, to lunch or dinner. His advice to young men at this time was summed up in two sentences: "'Be temperate in all things,' and '*incumbite remis.*'"

He was as much at home on horseback as on his legs or at the oar.

Once, in New Zealand, as he was riding up and down the beach on a horse which a chief had lent him, he was hailed by every Maori who met him with "Tena Korno Ko" ("There you go, you and back-jumper!"), and, on asking the meaning of this rather surprising salutation, was told that he was riding the worst "back-jumper" in the country.

At Eton he was president of a swimming society called the "Psychrolutic Club," a condition of membership in which was, to have bathed in the river five days in every week of one whole year.

But Selwyn was more than a sporting Etonian and an athletic Cambridgean. He sailed for New Zealand, to enter upon his Missionary Episcopate, December 26th, 1841. On board ship was a Maori boy, Rupaia by name, returning to his native