

boy at Harrow, he knew more Greek than his teacher. Besides pursuing his classical studies at the University with unflagging zeal, he became a proficient in the Persian, Arabic, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese languages. To these he afterwards added French and Sanskrit, and so learned indeed did he become in the Sanskrit and laws of the Brahmins, that he excited the admiration of the most learned Orientalists. Other names are Lord Eldon; Sir Edward West; Sir Robert Chambers; Dr. Radcliffe, Rev. F. W. Faber, poet; Lord Herbert, free thinker; Rev. E. Bradley, author of "Verdant Green."

New College, founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, is one of the prettiest and finest "among the semi-monastic edifices of the University." Of the founder of New College, Thorne thus speaks: "He was one of the giants of the olden days that modern times can only marvel at and admire, without hoping to emulate. Wykeham was so much in favor with the King of England, that everything was done by him, and nothing done without him. As a proof of his royal confidence, he made him Chancellor of England and Bishop of Winchester. Both as priest and prelate he was devout, diligent, splendid, and charitable; while of his bold and original genius, he has left a testimony which none can question, in the Castle at Windsor, the Cathedral at Winchester, and the New College at Oxford."

The first stone of New College was laid March 5th, 1380. Six years were occupied in its construction, when on April 14th, 1386, the first Warden and Fellows entered the College at 9 o'clock in the morning, with solemn processions and litanies, "commending themselves and their studies to the care and protection of Almighty God."

It may seem strange that *New* should be applied to a College well nigh five centuries old. The explanation seems to be this: In Oxford, an aularian is a member of a Hall, as distinguished from a member of a College, or Collegian. The Hall system prevailed until the founding of New College, when a fresh era in educational matters was introduced. Thus, what is in reality a very old foundation will probably ever retain the epithet *New*.

Enter the tower gateway, pause a moment to gaze upon the beautiful statues of the founder, the Virgin Mary, and the Angel

Gabriel, then pass at once to the left of the quadrangle, which measures 168 by 130 feet, where stands the Chapel, "the pride not only of the College, but of the University." How eagerly is the Chapel sought at all times, but especially on the days when there is full choral service! For be it remembered that besides a Warden, thirty Fellows, and thirty Scholars, the College consists of an organist, *eight choral scholars, and sixteen choristere*. As you stand in the anti-chapel, drinking in the sweet music, the eye is upturned to the rich and beautiful figures on the west window. They were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and represent Charity, Faith, Fortitude, Hope, Prudence, Justice, and Temperance. It is supposed that the pupils of Rubens painted the south windows; and the north windows bear all the patriarchs and prophets from "Adam to Malachi."

The *Cloisters* well deserve the attention of the visitor, who must not fail to verify for himself the remarkable *echo* which is said to repeat itself eight or nine times. Here "sleep their last sleep" some of Alma Mater's noted men. The fact is indicated by the brasses and monuments around you, and "the student of epitaph literature will here find much to interest him. The punning epitaph on Mereðith, an organist of the foundation, will excite a smile":—

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a *Merry* life, and died a *Merideth*.

But the *Hall* must merely be glanced at—the Hall whose walls are graced with portraits of "potent, grave and reverend Dons." The *Library* is enriched with treasures, old and new, and contains the only letter extant of the founder of the College. "Here Sydney Smith oft pored over the volumes here enshrined, and an *impromptu* of his on Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, may be given. Seeing Jeffrey riding on a little donkey—garlanded with flowers—which his children had persuaded him to mount, Smith, when the procession approached him, uttered":—

As witty as Horatio Flaccus,
As fond of liberty as Gracchus,
As short, but not so strong, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

The *Gardens* of New College, "shadowed over by ancient trees," are no small part of the glory of the foundation, and evoke the admiration and rapture of the visitor. "Such