



STALLS IN THE CHAPEL, KING'S COLLEGE.

the University, and then he can devote his whole time to one subject. Some men read for two "Triposes," as the Honour Examinations are called, at once; others begin to read for a second when they have got through the first. But, naturally, most men are content with Honours in one subject.

The name Tripos takes us back again to early days—to the time when Students who aspired to the dignity of Bachelor of Arts, betook themselves on Ash Wednesday to the schools and found themselves, we are told, "confronted by an 'ould bachilour'" (old in academic status rather than in years), to whom the University for the nonce delegated its functions. The "bachilour" was seated on a three-legged stool (hence *tripos*) and it was his function to dispute (hence the term *wrangler*) with the candidate and his "father," the delegate of his College, who presented him.

The reading of a large Tripos list, such as the Classical or Mathematical, in which the fates of many were involved, used to be a function of the most thrilling and exciting kind. Of late years the almost complete abolition of the practice of publishing the names in order of merit has robbed the reading of the list of much of its interest. The Mathematical Tripos is, however, still so printed, and to hear it read is an experience not to be forgotten. Everyone knows that at nine o'clock on a day fixed by statute the list will be read. A few minutes before that hour the Senate House is filled with an excited crowd. On the floor are the undergraduates, who have come to learn their own fate or the fate of their friends. In three sides of the gallery are some privileged visitors, mostly ladies. The west end of the gallery is vacant until a minute or so before the hour, when the Examiners enter by a private staircase. The Senior of the six has a roll of papers in his hand. He takes his place in the middle and leans over the rail, until the clock of the University Church close by begins to chime the quarters. There is a sudden hush below, and the strokes of the hour are counted. On the ninth there is one roar below of "Time! Time!" then a stillness that can be felt. The Examiner with the papers in his hand stands erect and proclaims "The Senior Wrangler is Smith, of Blank College." Then every throat that belongs to a member of Blank, or to any friend of Smith from elsewhere, roars in exultation by the space of several seconds; then another hush like the first, and again the voice from the gallery, "Second, Jones, of Dash." Another roar, which Jones'