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Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"Oxford Modern History"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 615.

MR. FREDERICK YORK POWELL.

HIS father, Frederick Powell, was a merchant, and his mother was daughter of James Neal York, a well-known physician: whence the names that were given him five-and-forty years ago. He was sent to Rugby; from Rugby he went up to the House as a commoner; and, having won a First Class in the old School of Law and Modern History, he was successively improved into a Bachelor, a lecturer, a tutor, a Student, and a Master. Since then he has become an Examiner in History, a Delegate of the University Press, and a Curator of the Taylor Institute. He also acted as deputy for his friend, the late Mr. Freeman, during that Professor's absence owing to ill-health; and so, when Mr. Gardiner refused the other day to become Regius Professor of Modern History to the University of Oxford, Lord Rosebery offered Mr. Powell the Office, though he knew him only by his reputation. He is now, therefore, the Regius Professor of Modern History in our first University.

He has devoted years of work to Scandinavian history and literature; and he collaborated with the late Gudbrand Vigfusson in several works on these subjects. He has also been guilty of many school-books on English History; yet he has found time to write in "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and occasionally for *The Academy* and one or two other papers. He is generally considered a wholesome fellow, but his political ideas are not wholesome; for he is a bad Radical, who has his reward. Yet is he no Little Englander. He has taken considerable part in the government and administration of the University, helping to make English language and literature part of her regular studies. He is a genial creature who has friends in Scandinavia and some in France.

The Historical Review was founded in his room. He is a linguist and a recognised authority on Early English History. He can also tell stories.

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Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"The House"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 604.

THE VERY REV. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D.

GRANDSON of Samuel Paget, merchant, of Great Yarmouth, and second son of that eminent surgeon, Sir James Paget, who, having become Serjeant Surgeon to the Queen, and having attended to the pathological needs of much Royalty, and having been guilty of numerous scientific works, was created a Baronet nearly a quarter of a century back, he was born three-and-forty years ago, was fagged at Shrewsbury and was sent thence to Christ Church, Oxford; with which foundation he has been involved ever since. He carried off the Hertford Scholarship, was placed in the First Class by the Moderators, and proved his scholarship by taking a First Class in Greats: which is the most knowledge-compelling examination in England. Becoming a graduate he was made a Senior Student; and being ordained he presently became Oxford Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church. And when he had preached many scholarly sermons in different places, he was, on the retirement two years ago of the great Dean Liddell, promoted Dean of Christ Church; which high Office he has since occupied with a very certain amount of quiet dignity and considerable respect.

As an undergraduate he was distinctly a shy young man; yet is he the husband of a daughter of Dean Church and the father of four boys and two girls. He was also an insatiable reader; whose head is stored with more lore than the ordinary observer would suppose. As Dean he is something of a change from Dr. Liddell, but he is not nearly so inferior as he looks. He is indeed both liked and respected by members of the House, who appreciate the natural kindliness of his heart and his sympathy with undergraduates: the best and most of whom deprecated the recent outbursts of a limited set of men; which were never directed against the Dean personally, though they led many good parents of bad boys (and others whom it less concerned) to write to the papers. For the members of that rowdy set are disliked in proportion to the amount of discredit which they bring upon the House. Altogether, he is a very respectable Head of a great Oxford House, who discharges the duties of a sometimes difficult position with more tact than is generally credited to him by outsiders.

He is the owner of a suave smile. A Radical paper once called him "Lord Salisbury's glorified Curate."

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588



Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"Latin Literature"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 588.

MR. ROBINSON ELLIS.

IN the nine-and-fifty years of his gentle life he has learned more about the dead Latin tongue than is known to any other living Englishman; and he is now not only Corpus Professor of Latin Literature in the University of Oxford, but one of the best authorities on all matters that have to do with the old Italian language that has been known since the time of Cicero. Born near Maidstone, he first underwent a few quiet years of childhood, and then proceeded to Guernsey; where, at Elizabeth College, they taught him the first rudiments of his science. At Rugby he learned more, though it is possible that there were young barbarians there who saw little in him. From Rugby he went to Balliol, where he became Ireland Scholar of the University, won the Latin Verse Prize, achieved the Boden Scholarship, and otherwise showed his quality so plainly that he was presently made a Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, and Professor of Latin in University College, London. Eighteen years ago he returned from London to Oxford, where he worked quietly for a season before he was appointed University Reader in Latin Literature, the late Mr. Nettleship then being the Corpus Professor. He had then been honoured with a Dublin Doctor's degree; and he proceeded to do so much good and quiet work that when Mr. Nettleship unhappily lost his life, the finger of everyone who knew any Latin was pointed at him as the new Professor: which he now is.

He has published many Latin works of much virtue, beginning with a large and elaborate edition of the text of Catullus in 1867, proceeding to an English commentary on that Poet and his works, going on to the Ovidian (or Pseudo-Ovidian) poem "Ibis," and "The Fables of Arianus" with prolegomena, critical apparatus and scholarly commentary, and contributing much learned work to many English, American, and German journals of philology. He has also performed the feat of translating his favourite Catullus into good English without losing the metre of the original; and altogether he has done some of the best Latin work of modern times. Yet is he a very modest, retiring man who has suffered. He is also a gentleman, though Oxford—(which is a place where petty cliques abound)—holds some small-minded, or jealous, people who do not appreciate him at his true worth. He has worked so much that he has weakened his eyesight, and he has lately recovered from a bad attack of rheumatism; but he is still full of much good work.

Those who know him like him; for he is not only a great scholar but a very soft-toned, gentle-mannered man. There is nothing at all about him that is loud or blatant; and he is an ornament to the first University in the world.

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Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Lith.

"the Master of Trinity"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 425.

THE REVEREND HENRY MONTAGUE BUTLER, D.D.

THE Rev. Henry Montague Butler, born in 1833, and tutored at Harrow under the watchful eye of his father, was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he satisfied certain examiners that he would not play marbles on the Senate House steps, and that he knew the mysteries of the peripatetic school. Having accomplished this, he rose to be Head Master of his old school in 1859, in which capacity—determining to place the foundations of discipline on a good bottom—he used the switch with such effect that no punishment was so dreaded by the recalcitrant small boy as being “sent up”—a process which generally ended in being “turned up.” Seven years later, Gloucester was in want of a Dean, and Dr. Butler opened a new chapter in his life and put a new pair of gaiters on his ample calves. But the cawing of the rooks in the Cathedral Town soon palled upon him, and he was presently called to the Mastership of Trinity.

A good Churchman, an admirable and finished speaker, courtly in manner, and with a full appreciation of his own position, he fills the post in a way that is alike satisfactory to the undergrads and to the other Fellows—whose reason for existence, it is rumoured, he does not see. He revels in honours, having been Senior Classic, Porson Prizeman, Browne Medallist, and a Battie Scholar; yet, while he possesses a young wife who speaks Greek, he cannot smoke cigarettes. His Latin is perfect, but he is no judge of '15 port.

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"Black Morgan"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 417.

THE REVEREND HENRY ARTHUR MORGAN, D.D.

THE brother of a well-known Manchester physician and of Mr. Osborne Morgan, whom he resembles in all save politics, he came from Shrewsbury to Jesus, where he ended his pupillary career by doing injustice to himself and becoming Twenty-sixth Wrangler. Having then vegetated as a Fellow for the space of ten years, his merits and his College improved him into Tutor, in which capacity he laboured for two decades to advance his College and himself. This he did with such success that, when Dr. Corrie (who had nominally Mastered the College since 1849) died, he assumed the Mastership, after having, by tutorial achievement, trebled the number of Jesus men, turned out a whole batch of 'Varsity Blues, and provided a grateful world with one Senior Wrangler. He has long been esoterically known as "Black Morgan," and the appointment of his namesake "Red Morgan" as Dean, most happily enabled the junior Jesus men to appropriate for their colours that brilliant combination that should always remind them of their preceptors: which they accordingly did six-and-twenty years ago, since which time they have carried them to the Head of the River.

As a Mathematical Lecturer Dr. Morgan was a success who regarded the Theory of Probability—without which no mathematician is complete—as a light recreation. Unlike some mathematicians, however, he was also a rigid disciplinarian, as those undergraduates who used the palings to avoid the porter when Great St. Mary's had struck twelve upon occasion found to their cost. Yet he always evinced favour for those athletic pursuits to which the undergraduate might be stimulated by other cause than the temptation to escape fine, striving to combine therewith the cultivated intellect which makes the true Academic; and to this end he always avoided calling any man thick-headed, or a bad oar, while he was often seen with a more or less straight back behind the late Mr. Fawcett, who used so healthily to stroke the "Ancient Mariners." Under his Mastership the Jesus boat has gone down in his favour and on the river, though he is still said to wish it well. He tells a story with delightful relish, and had not destiny and his own will called him to the Mastership of Jesus he might have made a low comedian; for his humour is fresh and his mimicry of dialect excellent. In the "Long" following the reform which allowed such frivolity, Dr. Morgan, in company with most of the Jesus "Dons," committed matrimony, and the Mistress is now as popular at Jesus as the Master. He has written treatises, and he has climbed mountains; and though his utterance is disjointed, he is an excellent preacher. He is a good companion and a better friend. His chanting of the Litany is a thing to be heard; but he abhors the sound of a coach-horn.

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"Red Morgan"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 416.

THE REVEREND EDMUND HENRY MORGAN, M.A.

TWENTY-FOURTH Wrangler in a moderate year, he was elected to that Fellowship which one, John Adcock, had created for his benefit, and at once began to make Jesus College a success—a problem which has never troubled him—with the result that that Society is now reckoned quite high-class. Since his brother Fellows invited him to take the honours of the Deanery he has crusaded against the vicious example of old-school traditions, striving to set the College going on broad and enlightened principles, and giving a hearty encouragement to all those pastimes which promote soundness of body with vigorous mental culture.

In his undergraduate days he was often seen on the river, where, while encouraging the labours of his crew, he cultivated that penetrating voice and solidity of vocal power which he now uses to so much advantage in reforming defaulters. His name is a terror to the evil-doer, though his bite is worse than his bark. He gives a hearty support to all things that concern the College Chapel, where, having created a new organ, he now conducts the choir with a hymn-book in a manner that would have done credit to the late Sir Michael Costa. As treasurer of the 'Varsity Boat Club, he has long proved himself a financier; and his interest in the result of the annual contest at Putney is so great that he is said to shave his head and to put on sackcloth when the Light Blues are defeated. It was mainly owing to his efforts that the ditch which is called the Cam was deepened some years ago, and hence his name will be immortal at Cambridge. As Proctor he was so vigorous in the pursuit of the ungowned, that the University Chest could hardly contain the shillings and pence which he poured into it. He is utterly incapable of telling a good story, though he has the keenest appreciation of one. He is fond of yachting; he has been known to smoke, and he is a capital judge of wine. The personality of this Dean of Jesus is so impressive that he looks like, and is sometimes taken for, the Dean of Cambridge. They call him "Red Morgan."

THE HISTORY OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

The East India Company, which was incorporated by an Act of Parliament in the year 1600, was the first of the great trading companies of the world. It was formed by a group of merchants who had been engaged in trade with the East Indies for many years. The company was given a charter by the King, which gave it the right to trade with the East Indies for a period of twenty years. The company was successful in its trade, and its profits were used to build a fleet of ships and to establish a network of trading posts throughout the East Indies. The company's success led to the formation of other trading companies, and it became one of the most powerful and influential companies in the world.

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"Merton College"

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 311.

THE HON. GEORGE CHARLES BRODRICK, M.A.

BORN three-and-fifty years ago, Mr. Brodrick destined himself for a public career as a superior apostle of doctrinaire Radicalism. But the Fates have been against him. He has stood for Parliament, yet always failed to be returned, and his greatest success was to achieve a seat on the London School Board. He has therefore subsided into the congenial and uneventful life of Warden of Merton College, Oxford, whence he often makes incursions into London to rejoice his friends with his presence. He is a man of ability and learning; he is honourable and hospitable; and he has none of the talents or the qualities which conduce to success in public life.

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MEN OF THE DAY. No. 97.

THE VERY REVEREND HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D.

THE Dean of Christ Church, a member of the Hebdomadal Council, Delegate of the Museum and of the Press, Curator of the Randolph Gallery, and Chaplain Extraordinary to the Queen, Dr. Liddell is a great man in the University of Oxford. Anywhere else he is a decent gentleman and a scholar of distinction, with a wife and a family. He was indeed not without preparation for the sublime height of authority to which he has attained in his University; for he once was Master of Westminster School; he helped, nobody knows how much, to write a Greek Lexicon; and he published a History of Rome. Also he has discovered himself to be an amateur in art, and has produced sketches much admired by his friends. And finally he has so comprehended the relative importance of men and things as to believe most thoroughly in the necessity for maintaining the British Aristocracy as a superior and privileged race. His reign at Christ Church will be remembered as a pleasant one by all influential persons who have adorned "the house" in his time. Dignified in appearance and with much superficial sternness of demeanour, he has yet never made his discipline uncomfortable, and has often tempered it with breakfasts and croquet-parties of much distinction. He is sixty-three years of age, fine-looking, and thoroughly domesticated.



Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith. London.

"Christchurch"

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