

later years he followed with singular zest the trial of the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania. Thus he was proof against the optimistic illusions, blinded by which Niebuhr sacrificed the Prussian episcopate to Rome, and Ranke declared that the question of papal supremacy has no longer any other than a historical interest. Rather he held with Thirlwall that the Vatican council was an event of far wider and more enduring importance than the Franco-German war.

The large amount of original composition demanded of us made us perforce students of three literatures. We read the masters of English prose to suggest thoughts for themes—*e.g.* I bought and read Richard Hooker's and Joseph Butler's works, as I did Molière's. For Latin verse I roamed far and wide in English poetry, perusing the whole of Shakespeare, which is more than I have done since; much of Milton I knew by heart: I was at home in the whole range of the *Corpus poetarum*; the odes of Horace, a Georgic and other parts of Virgil I constantly recited to myself as I walked to and from school. Many boys were masters of the Greek tragedians; I never took so kindly to Greek composition as to Latin, yet I learnt an entire play of Sophocles and often conned it over. Here I am a fair

average specimen of the effect of Dr. Kennedy's teaching, having no special aptitude for versification; what success I achieved, was due to very great labour at first and for some years; my poetic fervour cooled down as I approached my nineteenth birthday; at the university I seldom wrote a verse except for my tutor or in examination. As models of prose Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Livy, were often in our hands; accordingly we brought to college the power of understanding *sermone utriusque linguae* at sight. Our master took advantage of any passing event to give variety to our work. If Van Amburgh visited the town, his feats supplied matter for the next week's elegiacs. One morning we were bidden to bring at second lesson (10 o'clock) a version of an epitaph seen by the Doctor's nurse-maid in a country churchyard, and taught by her to his children. 'I think it does great credit to her taste.' The lines, with the Doctor's rendering, may be seen in *Between Whites*.

She took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She gently put it from her lip
And went to sleep again.

J. E. B. M.

THE REV. WALTER CLARK, B.D.,

Head Master of Derby School.

Died April 12, 1889.

By the death of the Rev. Walter Clark we have lost a typical and distinguished English Schoolmaster. A worthy pupil of that great teacher Dr. Kennedy, whom he survived so short a time, he was himself also 'ein Lehrer von Gottes Gnaden.'

His career seems to have begun at Coventry Grammar School where he was Head Boy. He afterwards was at Shrewsbury, and in time rose to the Captaincy, which, in a school so famous, is itself a distinction. He went to Cambridge as a scholar of Magdalene College. Here he was three times Prizeman in Classics, and became head of the men both of his own year and of the year above him. He read with several distinguished scholars, among whom were Paley and Shilleto. His place however in the Classical Tripos was a disappointment to himself and his friends: he was fourth in the Second Class. There

were only eleven in the First Class that year, and among them three University scholars. Perhaps this failure was partly caused by an act of self-sacrifice characteristic of the man and of an English University. In a term when he was reading hard one of the crew of his College boat was disabled about the time of the races. Mr. Clark was a powerful oarsman, but quite out of training. He consented to fill the vacant place, and the result was an illness which confined him for some time to his room. Though somewhat disheartened by his degree, he soon resolved with his habitual energy to make up for it, and after hesitating a short time whether he should try politics or the scholastic profession, he chose the latter. He soon established his reputation as an excellent master, and in 1865, at the early age of twenty-seven, was elected Headmaster of Derby School out of a long list of

candidates. At Derby he spent the rest of his life.

The school had been raised from a low position to a fair standard as regards numbers and efficiency by his predecessor, a man of considerable gifts; but Mr. Clark succeeded to it after a misfortune which had reduced its numbers very seriously. He found the state of it even worse than he expected, and, as he once told the writer, his heart at first sank within him; but he determined, in the manner which those who knew him will well understand, to make of Derby a Public School in the proper sense of the word.

The materials were unpromising. University honours were hardly known in the school. Some departments of athletics were unrepresented, the rest languished, and there was generally a want of the institutions which give a corporate character to school-life. Mr. Clark changed all this.

In education, no doubt, he had before him more or less consciously the traditions of Shrewsbury, but he held that there had been a wrong tendency in some of the great Public Schools to subordinate everything to Classics. He introduced the study of Natural Science into the school and developed that of Mathematics. He had a Civil Engineers' Class, he established a Modern Department for boys intended for business, and provided excellent instruction for Army and Civil Service candidates.

He was successful in many directions. The school took a fair place in Classics; it produced several high Wranglers, and among them a Senior and a Second Wrangler. Considerable distinctions were gained in Natural Science; and some of the boys in the Engineering Class took high places in the examination for Whitworth Scholarships. This prosperity was the more remarkable because the number of boys was never great. It once reached 140, but was often much below that. Perhaps Mr. Clark's secret was the example set by his own enthusiasm for the school, and the great interest he took in individual boys. He spared neither his time nor his money nor his health in the service of the school. His leisure was freely given to any boy who could really profit by it. Even those at the Universities were welcome to come in the vacation to read under his care and with his help. The writer is one of those who owe Mr. Clark a debt of gratitude for this generosity.

Mr. Clark was a man of some private fortune, which he spent liberally and even lavishly on the school. It was thus that he was able to maintain a staff of masters out of the usual proportion to the number of boys, to the great advantage of the education.

It was thus also that he gave the needful start to the athletic clubs; and helped them over difficulties when, as sometimes must happen in a school of such moderate size, their funds were not enough to maintain the standard of efficiency he aimed at. Besides this, the writer, who enjoyed his intimate confidence, knew of many acts of generosity to boys whose parents could not well bear all the expenses of education. He contributed a large sum to the fine set of buildings which he added to the school by public subscription.

His death is a loss not only to Derby School but to his University. Though he contributed nothing directly to Classical literature except some verses in the *Sabrinæ Corolla*, he was one of those men who make their University popular. Even those of us among his pupils who had intended to go to Oxford caught from him an enthusiasm for the Cambridge style of scholarship and for Cambridge scholars. The names he most delighted to honour were, after Kennedy himself, those of Shilleto, Paley, Munro, Mayor, and, in a younger generation, Arthur Holmes and Jebb. But he was a liberal-minded man; he had a high appreciation of the characteristics of Oxford education, and was a good judge of a boy's fitness for one University rather than another. In return his merits were warmly appreciated at Oxford outside the circle of his own pupils there.

Mr. Clark was taken away suddenly, at the age of fifty-one, from the very midst of his school work. His naturally strong constitution had already shown signs of giving way; he began to think of retiring, and his friends were sometimes anxious about him, thinking that he had overtasked his powers. It seems doubtful, however, whether the insidious and unsuspected disease which carried him off, had any connexion with the hard work he imposed on himself. His monument is the success of his school, and the deep affectionate regret of his pupils.

J. COOK WILSON.