





## IN MEMORIAM.

It would, I believe, be matter of regret and disappointment to many readers of the *Guardian* if no further notice appeared in your columns of the late Principal of Brasenose beyond the necessarily brief and *quasi*-annalistic outline of the facts of his life under the head of University Intelligence. His career was, indeed, a comparatively uneventful one, but his habits, character, and whole personality were so marked and original, as

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to leave a vivid impression on the memory of those with whom he was brought into contact.

*Edward Hartopp Grove* was born in the year 1810, at Shenstone Park, near Lichfield, the residence of his father, a squire of fair estate, who married a sister of Sir Edmund Hartopp, of Four Oaks. Under this gentleman's will Mr. Grove became possessed of a property in the neighbourhood of Leicester, on condition of his assuming the name of Cradock, a patronymic anciently connected with the estate. He married a kinswoman of his own, Miss Lister, of Armitage Park, for some years one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, and sister to the first Lady John Russell. Mrs. Cradock, who was well known as the author of several agreeable stories in Miss Austen's style, died at Oxford little more than a year ago, leaving a blank in the society of the place which will probably remain long unfilled. Edward Grove matriculated at Balliol, where he gained the scholarship, and, graduating in due course, took a second class *in literis humanioribus*, in the same class-list Gladstone appeared with his double-first. He



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But it was at Oxford that his longest and most important work was destined to be done. He was elected Principal of Brasenose in 1853, and thus presided over that college for nearly three-and-thirty years. Notwithstanding the various vicissitudes through which Oxford institutions successively passed in that revolutionary period, Brasenose enjoyed an unbroken prosperity and retained most of its traditions unimpaired under his rule, which, though progressive and enlightened, was conservative of all that was best worth keeping. It was perhaps all the more efficient because he held the reins with so light a hand. His popularity with the younger members of his college was unbounded. He took the keenest interest, and showed an almost boyish enthusiasm in the successes of Brasenose College on the river and in the cricket-field, and seldom passed a day, when in health, without visiting one or other of those scenes of modern academic activity, in order to watch and encourage the



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Even when he fell, in his turn, under the inevitable hands of the Oxford caricaturist, he was tenderly dealt with, being portrayed only as a stout-limbed, broad-shouldered, loosely clad Bohemian, standing with his hands in his pockets, beneath the famous brazen nose over the archway of the college, with an air of complete satisfaction with himself and with it, and of complete indifference to the opinion of the rest of mankind beyond those sacred precincts. His house was one of the pleasantest in that pleasant city, and his ample means and connection or acquaintance with many of the most distinguished and interesting personages of his day enabled him to contribute in a remarkable degree to the variety and enrichment of Oxford society.

His long, well-ordered, and useful life fulfilled almost all the conditions of happiness, the only apparent exceptions being his constitutional delicacy of health, and his childlessness, which privation he keenly felt. Few men, however, have possessed a more serene and equable temper and a more genial disposition, few have found so many interests in life, and very few have appreciated with greater enjoyment the more comic aspects of human things than he. To parody the words of a well-known illustration, the humour "stirred in him like wind in a tree." There was a strong sport-loving element in his character; for many years of his life he never missed his season's fishing in Wales or Ireland, and nothing delighted him more than recounting to an appreciative companion the adven-



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Of his private character it is somewhat difficult to speak either intelligibly or exhaustively, for it was somewhat different from the estimate formed of him in general society, and exhibited certain inconsistencies which are not easy to explain. He was remarkable for an habitual caution and a judicial sobriety of mind, which, together with his large and thoughtful experience and freedom from crotchets, made his opinion very valuable, and in many cases decisive, to his friends, in matters of practical importance. But his nature had also its romantic and poetical side. His delight was great in Tennyson, and his love of Wordsworth, as well as his own gift of verse, may be best understood by those who will take the trouble to refer to a short poem called "The Stone Steps," published anonymously in *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1873. But the most striking characteristic of his mind—all the more striking in these days when most people try their best to advertise their own merits—was a quality which may perhaps be described as a Christian form of *εἰρωνεία*. His chief aim and object appeared to be on all occasions, and in the company of his most intimate friends, to represent himself as below, rather than above the just and proper standard of his pretensions. He possessed "the accomplishment of verse," but he would have no one know it—he was at one time rising to be a famous chess-player, therefore he gave up chess—he was at one time becoming (in the best sense of the word) a popular preacher, therefore he left off preaching;—of a warmly affectionate natural disposition, he frequently appeared cold and impassive, apparently from the fear of seeming more tender and sympathetic than he was. It is hard perhaps to say whether this peculiarity was a merit or a defect, but it cannot be passed over in any attempt to form a complete estimate of his character.



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He had been in delicate health at the time of his wife's death, and from the shock of that event he never really recovered. Though his health was apparently mending, he had been warned that the first attack of severe cold in the coming winter would be fatal, and prepared himself with Christian fortitude and resignation for the impending stroke. It fell even more suddenly than was anticipated, but with few or none of the more distressing accompaniments of death, and he passed away, as calmly and peacefully as he had lived, on the 27th of January.