



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE PAST YEAR.

THE conclusion of the year 1879, and the commencement of the present term, have again brought round the time for our annual retrospect of the past twelve months. We are glad to be able to announce that while we have not too many subjects for self-congratulation, we have but few grounds for dissatisfaction; and that if the past year was not as momentous in the Westminster world as it was elsewhere, we have hitherto succeeded in maintaining a fair amount of peace and prosperity, keeping in undisturbed tranquillity the even tenor of our way. And thus it is as the tide of life rolls on: side by side stand Broad Sanctuary and Dean's Yard, the one a noisy and crowded thoroughfare, the other a peaceful scene of scholastic and ecclesiastical repose. So also is Westminster, though in the centre of the great metropolis, still far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife; princes and powers may flourish and may fade, but the Westminster year is, as a rule, but little affected (except as regards an

occasional stoppage of the Play) by one or the other.

The School itself has experienced little or no change; at Election and in September a few alterations were made in College, mostly of an unimportant character. The Head Master's report at Election was more favourable than that of the preceding year; and the list of Old Westminster honours and distinctions has been larger than usual. The numbers of the School are steadily increasing, and College and the boarding-houses have always been full. Our Oxford Correspondent informs us that there are more O.W.'s now in residence at Oxford than there have been for several years, and we believe we are fairly well represented at the sister University. But it is notorious that very few Westminster men have done anything on the river at their University for some years past, and we are glad now to be able to announce that there is every prospect of an increase in the number of our aquatic distinctions, and of some attempt at a return to our ancient renown in that branch of athletics. We allude to the Water revival, which, after many reverses,

at length in the season of 1879 distinctly asserted itself as a success. It is true that only two foreign races were rowed, and that our prospects of figuring at Henley still appear as visionary as ever; but the two foreign races rowed were both won; all the old School races were rowed for the first time since 1866; and with a long season coming on this year, and a very fair amount of promising material to work upon, we may hope to see Water firmly established on a sure basis, never, we trust, to be again so rudely disturbed. It is much to be wished that some rowing could be done before the end of the Election term, and that tub-practice off the stairs could become a permanent institution. We do not consider either of these projects at all too Utopian to be realised, and are convinced that if they were once carried out, Westminster would again be able to hold its own on the water against any other school in England.

It is traditional that cricket and water cannot flourish together, and to anyone who looks forward to the coming season it appears probable that for the present year the tradition will be fulfilled; but looking back upon the cricket and the rowing of the past year, if there has been no very extraordinary success in either, there has certainly been no complete failure. The cricket season of 1879 opened inauspiciously enough with five successive defeats; but ample compensation was made for these by the three successive victories gained over M.C.C., I Zingari, and last, but not least, Charterhouse. Unfortunately every member of last year's eleven, save one, will in all probability have left or be leaving by next Election, and this circumstance, combined with the fact of the Water revival, does not afford a hopeful prospect for 1880.

The Racquet Ties in the spring are not deserving of any notice beyond the mere mention of the fact of their having been played; and the same remark will apply to the Lawn Tennis Ties of the summer, which, however, were a novelty. The athletics came off, as usual, on two October days which produced bitter cold instead of the traditional rain. They presented no remarkable feature, except that the jumping was generally above the average, and that the mile was won for the third successive time by the same competitor. The Annual School Concert was quite up to the standard of former years; and the year was brought to a conclusion by a successful Play, which, owing to its recent occurrence, we need not here do more than allude to. One other innovation was pre-

sented to the School at the beginning of the year in the form of a Debating Society, which met frequently during the Election and Play terms, and has succeeded in finding sufficient support to enable it to survive up to the present time. Our obituary for the past year includes the names of Dr. Griffith, W. Froude, Esq., F.R.S., General A. C. Goodenough, Archdeacon Cotton, Sir E. R. Borough, Viscount Chetwynd, H. S. Otter (Capt. 1873-4), whom many now in the School will remember, and W. Ritchie, who was still a member of the School at the time of his death.

The new year has opened auspiciously with a brilliant article in the *New Quarterly Magazine* devoted to an account of the School; for it has come to our turn to be reviewed among the other public schools. Unfortunately for us, this article has not been written, as has been the case with the other reviews, by one who was once a member of the School about which he wrote, but is the work of some outsider, who is evidently from interested motives of his own an advocate for the ridiculous old scheme for the removal of the School into the country. The article in pursuit of this laudable object simply teems with the grossest inaccuracies, if we avoid the harsher term of deliberate falsehoods. We are informed that the boarding-houses are 'kept alive by a system of bonuses.' As a matter of fact, there is at present one exhibitor in each of them. We are told that many of our masters have found their future prospects 'prejudiced rather than assisted' by their association with the School. This may be so; but as, in the course of the last few years, out of our comparatively small staff of masters three have found their way to fellowships at Oxford, two to head-masterships, and four to assistant masterships at other public schools, we venture to doubt this assertion, even when made by the wisdom which advocates the removal of the School. We are told that College has been entirely thrown open to outsiders, which is not the case; and among other minor inaccuracies are the statements that College dormitory was built in 1782, whereas it dates fifty years further back; that no race has been rowed against Eton since 1860, whereas the contest was continued till 1864; and that the School musters 208 members, a particular number which, as it happens, has never stood upon our books: a matter indeed which is of no importance in itself, but it seems a pity that a writer who is so precise should be so inaccurate. It is not our purpose here to dilate upon the means taken by the author of this article to acquire his information, nor to notice the almost

libellous tone of other parts of his production ; suffice it to state that he, being evidently one of those enlightened individuals who know as much about College as they do of the North Pole, draws a harrowing picture of the hardships of the College life a century ago—hardships, be it observed, common to every public school of that barbarous period—when juniors occasionally went dinnerless, rats and broken windows were the prevailing features of dormitory, and a certain gentleman of low literary reputation named Curll, who took liberties with the character of Westminster School, was enticed into Dean's Yard, horsewhipped, and tossed in a blanket. Happily those days have fled for ever.

In conclusion, we may perhaps be allowed to say a few words about *The Elizabethan*, which, according to the above-mentioned article, is 'perishing of inanition.' We are glad to be able to state that it has no immediate intention of expiring. As at the beginning of last year complaints were made of the scantiness of the issues of the year before, every effort has been made to effect an improvement ; the regulation ten numbers have been published, being nearly all of increased size, and including one double number, and we beg to thank all who have assisted the Editor and staff with their contributions, both regular and irregular. The financial prospects, owing to the remissness of subscribers, are not brilliant, but still not hopeless ; and as for the last six years *The Elizabethan* has never been a success from a pecuniary point of view, we hope that this circumstance may prove no bar to its future success in other ways.

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## OLD 'WESTMINSTERS.'

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### No. IV.

#### WILLIAM MURRAY, EARL OF MANSFIELD.

WHATEVER work we take up referring to the subject of this brief memoir, we find that in its pages he is regarded as not only one of the most eminent of eminent Westminster Scholars, but also as one of the most distinguished men whose works are recorded in the history of this country, and whose careers have in so great a measure helped to make such history the brilliant record of men and deeds that it undoubtedly is. I have before me in writing a notice so brief as this must of necessity be a stupendous task ; not because there is lack of subject matter, but because there is so much of vast importance to enclose in the small space at my command. Westminster has had the proud privilege of educating numerous members of that family to which the illustrious man whose name heads this notice

belonged ; and Westminster can with justice boast that the first Earl of Mansfield was not the only Murray brought up within her walls who has earned great distinction in after life. Many and many a Murray has added to the lustre attained by the great School that tradition carries back into the now far-off time of Edward the Confessor, ay, and even into the early days of Alfred the Great. William Murray was the fourth son of David, fifth Viscount Stormont, and Marjory, his wife, the only child of David Scott, Esq., of Scotstarvet, in the county of Fifeshire, Scotland, and representative, through her mother, of the Murrays, Earls of Annandale. He was born at Scone Abbey, Perth, on the second day of March 1704 (old style). When three years of age he was brought to London, and in due time was entered at Westminster School. In 1719, when William Murray was fourteen years old, he was passed into College the head of his election. May the 'captains' of our day bear their eminent predecessor in office in mind, and endeavour to gain in their careers, when school-life has become a pleasant recollection, such honour, or as near such honour as is possible, as that with which the name of Murray must ever be associated. Among Lord Mansfield's Westminster contemporaries may be mentioned—Beaupré Bell (same election), antiquary of much note ; Walter Titley, who pursued a diplomatic career, was possessed of some poetical ability, and, among other bequests, at his death left a thousand pounds to his old School ; Andrew Stone, elder brother of the Primate of Ireland (who was also at Westminster), who held several important state official appointments and courtly positions, among which was the sub-Governorship of George, Prince of Wales, in 1751, and whose name we shall encounter later, in connection with that of the principal subject of this sketch ; John Whitfield, poetry professor at Oxford ; Pierson Lloyd, afterwards second master at Westminster during the course of 47 years ; Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol 1761, and dean of St. Paul's 1768 ; James Johnson, bishop of Gloucester 1752, of Worcester 1759, whom we shall have occasion to refer to again in connection with Lord Mansfield, and Andrew Stone, and the Duke of Newcastle. As may be gathered from the fact of his attaining the honourable position of captain of the School, Lord Mansfield when at Westminster displayed wonderful abilities, more especially in classics, although it must also be noted that he possessed poetical attainments of no mean order ; and by his power in declamation and oratory he, at that early period of his career, showed signs of the future ability which carried him to the high office in which he became so justly celebrated. We find his name at the head of the list of scholars of St. Peter's College who were elected to Oxford in 1723. In June of the year of his election he proceeded to Christ Church. In 1727 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and gained the first prize offered for a poem on the occasion of the death of George I. and accession of George II. He completed the time of his studentship from Westminster, and in June 1730 received his M.A. degree.

Having, with credit to himself and his old School, finished his Oxford University career, Murray proceeded to gain fresh experience by a tour on the Continent, and on his return to England was called to the Bar, in Michaelmas Term 1731, by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, of which he had been a student since 1724. It would appear at the outset of his legal career Murray was in no way troubled with too much money; indeed, it is said that, until he reached a period of his life when he could count his annual receipt of guineas by thousands three, he was in a state bordering upon impecuniosity. That is a legend, however, to which we can pin but little faith; albeit it may, doubtless, have been the case with him as with the majority of barristers whose professional life is as fresh as their wigs and gowns, that he only obtained sufficient reward, in a pecuniary sense, for his services as would enable him to 'make both ends meet;' but facts show that he was not destitute of employment, as would seem to be inferred in the legend alluded to. We are told that during the three years which immediately followed his call to the bar, Mr. Murray's principal practice was conducted before the House of Lords, where he was employed in cases of appeal, and the Court of Chancery. In connection with his practice in the Houses of Parliament must be mentioned his holding a brief for the city of Edinburgh, when proceedings, by a Bill of Pains and Penalties, were taken against that city on the occasion of the murder of Captain Porteus in 1736. So well did Murray acquit himself in that cause, that he was presented with the Freedom of Edinburgh enclosed in a gold box. The first case of importance in a common-law court in which William Murray held a brief and attracted attention by his ability in managing his task was that of 'Cibber *versus* Sloper,' an action brought by the first-named to obtain damages for the latter's interference in his (Cibber's) matrimonial property, to wit, his wife. As has often been the case with other eminent counsel, accident was the means of young Murray being prominently brought to the notice of solicitors and the whole class of litigants. In the cause named above Murray held a brief as junior counsel for the defendant, and but for the accident alluded to would not have had a chance of airing his eloquence, nor, perhaps, would an opportunity have presented itself for many years which would have enabled him to show what power of advocacy existed in him.

It so happened that his leader was, when in Court, suddenly seized with illness of so severe a nature that he was incapacitated from taking further part in the proceedings. The conduct of the defendant's case passed, therefore, into Murray's hands; and the young barrister managed it with so much ability, and pleaded with so great eloquence, that, whereas it was expected heavy damages would certainly result, the jury awarded the sum of ten pounds only. From that moment of success business was poured into young Murray's hands, and every year brought with it increased financial returns. In 1738, being assured of professional success, and consequently of his justification in taking unto himself a

wife, he married, on November 20, Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchelsea. In November 1742 a high rung on the ladder to fame was reached by the future Lord Mansfield: Sir John Strange having resigned the post, the office of Solicitor-General became open and was filled by the appointment of William Murray. The reasons for the choice are so fully and ably particularised in a verse of a poem, composed by a barrister at that time, one Morgan—in which doggrel the claims of the several candidates are put forth, and likewise the decision arrived at in the case of each would-be Solicitor-General—that I will take the liberty of quoting the same here—

Then Murray, prepared with a fine panegyric  
In praise of himself, would have spoke it, like Garrick,  
But the President, stopping him, said: 'As in truth  
Your worth and your praise is in everyone's mouth,  
'Tis needless to urge what's notoriously known,  
The office, by merit, is yours, all must own;  
The voice of the Public approves of the thing,  
Concurring with that of the Court and the King.'

As Solicitor-General, it was, of course, necessary that Murray should be in Parliament, and, accordingly, he stood and was returned for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, for which place he sat in the Commons House of Parliament (being re-elected in 1747 and 1754) until his promotion to the Upper House. His marvellous eloquence, perfect and beautiful diction, graceful delivery, and musical voice made him a valuable acquisition to the House as an orator; his legal knowledge and power in argument rendered him equally valuable to his party as an ally. Murray was considered to be no mean rival of the great Pitt, and the two were always opposed the one to the other as the best speakers of the respective parties. On one point, and perhaps on that point only, could Pitt congratulate himself as possessing the mastery over Murray. The former often attacked with a bitter and rude display of spirit, while the latter never indulged in the use of such invective. Walpole, who was Murray's bitter enemy, could not help but testify to the eloquent ability and the able eloquence always displayed by our famous 'Old Westminster,' as the following quotations will prove: 'Murray, who at the beginning of the session was awed by Pitt, finding himself supported by Fox, surmounted his fears, and convinced the House, and Pitt too, of his superior abilities; he grew most uneasy to the latter.'— 'Murray, the brightest genius of the three, had too much and too little of the lawyer; he refined too much, and wrangled too little for a popular assembly.' And, speaking on the same subject, Lord Waldegrave says: 'Murray,—the ablest man, as well as the ablest debater in the House of Commons;' and the same authority declared that, with the exception of abuse, Murray was but little Pitt's inferior in any style of oratory, and in point of *argument* had greatly the advantage. In March 1846-7 Murray was appointed one of the managers in the impeachment of Lord Lovat; he executed the task of observing on the evidence, prior to the Lords' delivery of judgment, in such a candid, moderate, and gentlemanly manner that, at the conclusion of his speech, Lord Talbot was moved

to compliment him in the following handsome terms : 'The abilities of the learned manager who just now spoke, never appeared with greater splendour than at this very hour, when his candour and humanity have been joined to those great abilities which have already made him so conspicuous, that I hope one day to see him add lustre to the dignity of the first civil employment in this nation.' The impeached nobleman himself testified to his opponent's skill, and spoke as follows : 'I thought myself very much loaded by one Murray' (the name of one of the witnesses against him), 'who, your Lordships know, was the bitterest evidence there was against me; I have suffered by another Murray' (the subject of this memoir), 'who, I must say with pleasure, is an honour to his country, and whose eloquence and learning is much beyond what is to be expressed by an ignorant man like me. I heard him with pleasure, though he was against me. I have the honour to be his relation, though perhaps he neither knows that nor values it. I wish that his being born in the North may not hinder him from the preferment that his merit and learning deserve.'

In 1753 a charge of a serious character was brought against Murray and others who were old school-fellows of his. The three implicated in this accusation, which alleged that they had drank the health of the Pretender, were Murray, Stone, and Johnson. The charge originated in the manner described below :—An attorney of Newcastle, one Fawcett, dining at Lord Ravensworth's table, casually mentioned the supposed circumstances which were contained in the charge afterwards officially brought forward. The matter being rumoured abroad, Fawcett was summoned to appear before a Cabinet Council in London—before which assembly he prevaricated in the most astounding fashion. The subject was then discussed in the House of Lords—the mover in the matter being Lord Ravensworth, who was backed up by the Duke of Bedford. Bishop Johnson defended himself with great energy. Murray and Stone were defended by that elegant and eloquent speaker, Dr. Hay-Drummond, Bishop of St. Asaph, who, like his brother Lord Dupplin, was himself an 'Old Westminster.' Johnson's share in the proceedings was soon ended—the accusation against him having been withdrawn at an early period. The debate terminated in the exoneration of Murray and Stone without a division of the House. The Cabinet Council had also, in their report to the King, acquitted all implicated in the charge. Lord Melcombe, alluding to the motion of the Duke of Bedford, says : 'Upon the whole, it was the worst judged, the worst executed, and the worst supported point that I ever saw of so much expectation.' In the year following this honourable acquittal, on April 20, Murray was promoted to the office of Attorney-General, in place of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was elevated to the Bench; and he continued to render great and highly valued assistance in the House of Commons to the Duke of Newcastle's party until 1756, when, Chief Justice Ryder being removed by death, Murray became his successor on the Bench. He was sworn in on November 8, and took his seat on the 11th

of the same month. The motto on his rings was *Servate Domum*. At about the time of his promotion to Judicial Honours, William Murray was raised to the Upper House of Parliament as Baron of Mansfield in the County of Nottingham. Great improvements in the practice of the Court followed, and were due to Lord Mansfield's accession to the King's Bench; and, in course of time, all causes that could be brought there were entered for trial in his Court by litigants who knew of the regularity, punctuality, and despatch of Mansfield's administration of the law. We will here quote certain remarks upon this subject, made by Sir James Burrow, who says: 'I am informed that at the sittings for London and Middlesex only there are not fewer than eight hundred causes set down for hearing a year, and all disposed of; and though many of them, especially in London, are of considerable value, there are not more, upon an average, than between twenty and thirty ever heard of afterwards in the shape of special verdicts, special cases, motions for new trials, or in arrest of judgment. Of a bill of exceptions there has been no instance. I do not include judgments upon criminal prosecutions; they are necessary consequences of the convictions. My Reports give but a very faint idea of the extent of the whole business which comes before the Court; I only report what I think may be of use, as a determination or illustration of some matter of law. I take no notice of the numerous questions of fact which are heard upon affidavits—the most tedious and irksome part of the whole business. I take no notice of a variety of contestations which, after being fully discussed, are decided without difficulty or doubt. I take no notice of many cases which turn upon a construction so peculiar and particular as not to be likely to form a precedent for any other case. And yet, notwithstanding this immensity of business, it is notorious that, in consequence of method, and a few rules which have been laid down to prevent delay—even where the parties themselves would willingly consent to it—nothing now hangs in Court. Upon the last day of the very last term, if we exclude such motions of the term as, by desire of the parties, went over, of course, as peremptories, there was not a single matter of any kind that remained undetermined; excepting one case, relating to the proprietary lordship of Maryland, which was professedly postponed on account of the present situation in America. One might speak to the same effect concerning the last day of any former term for some years back.' The same authority also tells us that it was a remarkable fact that, with the exception of two cases, there had not been, from November 6, 1756, to the time when he wrote, May 26, 1776, a final difference of opinion in the Court upon a case; and that no judgment, with the two exceptions mentioned above, given during that period had been reversed, either in the 'Exchequer' or in Parliament; and even in the two cases excepted the reversals were only made after the expression of a diversity of opinion among the Judges.

The great Judge had a particular aversion to procrastination, and a good anecdote, relating to that trait in his character, is told. One day, in Court, Lord

Mansfield declared his intention to proceed with a certain case on the following Friday. One Sergeant Davy reminded him that the date fixed happened to be *Good Friday*. 'Never mind,' observed the Judge; 'never mind, the better the day the better the deed!' To which the Sergeant replied: 'Your Lordship will, of course, do as you please, but if you do sit on that day, I believe you will be the first Judge to do business on a Good Friday since Pontius Pilate.' Another anecdote is told of Lord Mansfield, which I give here. When he was raised to the dignity of a peer the following epigram was spoken by that witty man, Charles Townshend, addressing the newly created Lord and Chief Justice: 'I wish you joy, or rather myself, for you will ruin the Duke of Newcastle, by quitting the House of Commons, and the Chancellor by going into the House of Lords.' In the confusion resulting from the intrigues which turned Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge out of office, Lord Mansfield was persuaded to accept the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, vacated by the last-named gentleman. His appointment dated from April 9, 1757, and he held it until other arrangements could be satisfactorily concluded on July 2 in the same year. That he had, as instanced above, accepted office of a political character on purely unselfish and patriotic grounds may be gathered from the fact of his refusing on more than one occasion the offer of the splendid post of Lord High Chancellor. In October 1759 he was appointed a member of the Cabinet Council, at the instance of Lord Hardwicke, an honour that Horace Walpole characterised as 'uncommon' and ascribed to his 'high abilities.' The same eminent man wrote as follows upon the oratorical power Lord Mansfield displayed in his speech opposing the Bill for Extending the Provisions of the Habeas Corpus Act, 1758: 'I never heard so much argument, so much sense, and so much oratory united;' and Walpole adds: 'I did not know how true a votary I was to liberty till I found that I was not one of those who were staggered by that speech.' He acted for a second brief period as Chancellor of the Exchequer, from the death of Charles Townshend to the time of Lord North's acceptance of the office—September 12 to December 1, 1767.

While the Great Seal was in Commission, in the year 1770, Lord Mansfield presided in the House of Lords as Speaker, and virtually acted as Lord Chancellor. The limited space at our disposal has prevented our referring at length to Lord Mansfield's doings in the Lords from 1766 to 1770, but we must briefly allude to one of the most important measures in which he was concerned during that period. He differed from the ministry headed by the Marquess of Rockingham on the question of the propriety of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and is said to have drawn up the celebrated protest which followed the repeal, which protest was regarded as the most able performance of the kind ever entered in parliamentary records. When the movement in favour of the repeal of the Stamp Act commenced, Lord Mansfield expressed his disapproval of such repeal, maintaining that it would be a tacit surrender of British authority in America.

His Lordship defended with great zeal and skill all bills of coercion against that rebellious country.

We ought not to omit mention of his judgment upon the question of the outlawry of John Wilkes. On May 7, 1768, the eminent Judge declared that outlawry to be illegal. This decision gave rise to much discussion; and some vile beings even went so far as to write anonymous letters containing threats against the life of the Chief Justice; but his dignified defiance of all such correspondents bore him safely and triumphantly through the currents of adverse criticism and threatened danger to his person. Nor, when alluding to his celebrated judgments, can we forget other instances of note besides the case mentioned above. In the trials of the publishers of the famous Junius's Letter to the King, the Chief Justice laid down the doctrine, which at that time was called in question by several lawyers, that what a jury had to consider was *fact* and not *law*. I believe that in these days all are agreed that such principle is absolutely correct. In the celebrated case of the '*King versus Woodfall*,' Lord Mansfield ruled 'that the printing and sense of the paper were alone what the jury had to consider of.' This ruling was, however, successfully opposed by Lord Camden. On October 19, 1776, Baron Mansfield was raised to the dignity of an Earl of Great Britain, with descent to his male issue, but, as he had no children, the title, on his death, was allowed to descend to his nephew, Viscount Stormont.

In the famous riots of 1780 Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square was attacked, on the night of June 6, by the mob, who set fire to his residence and destroyed his valuable collection of books and manuscripts, his private papers, pictures, furniture, and other valuables—an act of wicked, wanton destruction which no language can sufficiently condemn. Mansfield's reply to a request from the Treasury that he would send in a return of the extent of the damage done on that occasion does him infinite honour: he declined handing in an estimate 'because it might seem a claim to or expectation of indemnity.' In June 1788, finding increasing years and bodily infirmities prejudicial to the fair and proper administration of his onerous duties, Lord Mansfield resigned his judgeship. From that time his bodily strength decreased more and more, albeit he maintained to the last his vast mental faculties, until the hand of Death, on March 29, 1793, removed him from the midst of his many admirers, his few enemies, his few superiors and equals, and his many inferiors.

As a scholar, William Murray Lord Mansfield held a brilliant position among his contemporaries; as a judge, the eminent Lord Brougham declared him to be without an equal in all great judicial essentials and qualities; as a parliamentary orator, he was regarded as the Cicero of the age; Horace Walpole wrote concerning him in that capacity: 'When Lord Mansfield is absent, "lost is the nation's sense, nor can be found";' as a private individual he was 'the charm of society.' In every sense of the expression, William Murray was a *gentleman*—a noble example. This glorious 'Old Westminster' ever

took a warm interest in all matters affecting his old School, and, so long as strength permitted, attended regularly the 'Plays' and other annual meetings. It is not a little curious to note that at Westminster School he was educated, in the Courts at Westminster he practised his profession and obtained celebrity as a Judge, in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster he won eternal fame as an orator, and, finally, in Westminster Abbey his remains were reposed, there to remain until the great Day of Judgment.

We will conclude by quoting some verses spoken in College Hall by J. Kidd, Esq., Captain of the King's Scholars, on 'Election Tuesday,' in 1793, the subject being the death of Lord Mansfield:—

Ecquid in his epulis, geniales inter agendos  
Hos lusus, orietur acerbi?  
Immo, ortum est,—oculis animoque requirimus illum,  
Qui fato placidissimus etsi  
Cesserit, at nobis heu! flebilis occidit: Eheu!  
Spes juvenum, columenque salutis!  
Illum, ex quo puerum primò suscepit Eliza,  
Ex quo nutriit Isis alumnus,  
Et chorus Aonidum, et jam tum tenebat Apollo  
Esse fori patriæque futurum  
Præsidium; Latio ditem dabat ubere venam,  
Graiurumque marem Eloquii vim.  
Illum animi virtus suavissima gratia morum,  
Ingenium facilesque lepores  
Æquævis charum, charum senioribus æquè,  
Præstiterat, dignumque Camœnâ  
Quem, Tu, Pope, tuâ, juvenum, senis ipse, putâres  
Immortali carmine dignum.  
Esto bonus civis, custos sanctissimus æqui  
Esto judex, esto Senator  
Integer, et populo dissuasor prava jubentis,  
Et patriæ consultor honesti.  
Si quid in his curis pulchrum est, memorabile si quid,  
Murray, non omnis moriere.  
O juvenes, magni nomen tueamur alumni,  
Nos itidem tueatur Eliza!  
Busta coronate, et non raros spargite flores,  
Et tumulo superaddite carmen.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this society, this term, was held in the Library on the afternoon of January 26, when, after the usual voting, the following new officers were elected for the election term.

President . . . . . H. R. James.  
Vice-President . . . . . W. L. Benbow.  
Secretary . . . . . F. E. Lewin.  
Under-Secretary . . . . . S. Bere.

(It was understood that the Seniors and Major-Candidates would not take any office owing to election work.)

The first debate of this session took place on Thursday, January 22, on which occasion the motion before the House was, 'That the present Liberty of the English Press is too great, and requires to be restricted.'

C. W. R. Tepper (mover) placed his arguments under two heads—(1) Civil, (2) Military. He said that the Liberals employed the Press to put the country into a state of ferment. He touched upon the evils which such papers as *Reynolds's News* gave rise to, in the columns of which articles of the most treasonable nature are often to be found. Moreover, the number

of libel cases that have taken place lately show that restriction is necessary. He asked why war correspondents should be permitted to send home such exaggerated accounts of every event to which might be attached the least importance? General Roberts himself had given us a precedent for the treatment of such correspondents, since he gave orders that a member of that staff should be turned out of the camp. The practice of publishing full details of military plans was, as he thought, very prejudicial to the interests of the country. The Russians always kept their plans secret; nothing was ever known of their movements; a solitary and doubtful despatch announced a reported victory or defeat. The same reticence used to be observed in France. He did not see why the same course should not be adopted in England.

F. E. Lewin (seconder) strongly advocated the suppression of all papers of an immoral tendency, and dwelt upon the evils which resulted from their free publication. He also thought some restriction ought to be put upon the publication of the reports of divorce cases, sensational murders, and other matter of a like description, as merely furnishing food to depraved and morbid tastes. He then passed on to military matters, and strongly opposed the publication of intended plans of attack. He expatiated on the harm that must arise to British interests from the ill-advised letters of correspondents revealing the plans of a campaign, and cited, as well-known facts, that the late Ameer Shere Ali, and even the Zulu King, had availed themselves of this failing of the English Press. Moreover, he touched upon the injustice of the scandals which one often comes across in the columns of the so-called Society journals. These scandals are couched in such language that, although they cannot be exactly termed libels, yet they approach as near as possible to that character. In support of this argument, he referred to a recent article in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, on Westminster, which, although not a libel, yet, in his opinion, was written with a malicious intent.

W. A. Peck (opposer) agreed with the American in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who remarked that through the channel of the Press the bubbling passions of his country found vent. He thought that all members who voted in favour of the motion would practically wish to destine themselves and their posterity to Pan-Slavonic slavery. There were some 'scurrilous rags' the circulation of which had been increasing; but why should the liberty of the entire Press be restricted for a few trifling papers such as these? The Society journals, such as the *Whitehall Review*, the *World*, &c., often degenerated into scandal. The restriction of the Press would leave everyone in the dark about politics and all other matters of importance. Should an article distasteful to the Government appear in foreign papers, a 'posse' of gendarmes is at once marched down and takes forcible possession of the office. Thus the Press is deprived of all its freedom, and if so, the loss of freedom of speech and person is not slow to follow. He disagreed with the theory that accidents should not be reported. It is advantageous that accurate details of every accident, of whatever nature, should be given in every daily

paper. Surely no member present would wish that England, like Russia, should be subjected to a despotic government. In the latter country the Press never missed an opportunity of extolling the courage and good management of the national forces. Moreover, people at home should always receive full details of campaigns. If the liberty of the Press *must* be curtailed, this is not attained by a sweeping attack on the entire mass of journalism, but by some slight restriction. England and America alone had retained their freedom, and, if this motion were adopted, America would alone remain in enjoyment of that privilege.

C. W. R. Tepper replied that the arguments of the honourable opposer were altogether beyond the scope of the motion, and that by confessing that some restriction might perhaps be adopted with advantage, he had virtually supported it. He did not by any means object to the accounts of accidents being full and particular; he thought it necessary that national disasters should be fully inquired into; it was the suppression of falsehood and exaggerated accounts that he advocated. As for the continental Press, the dangerous growth of Nihilism has necessitated stringent measures.

H. N. Robson did not approve of the line of argument adopted by the seconder of the motion. The laws of libel, far from being too lenient, he considered far too strict. If one did but say of a man that he had been summoned at a police court, however true it might be, he was liable to prosecution for libel. It was quite right that the mistakes of Government and Opposition should be shown up in the papers. Public scandals ought also to have attention called to them.

W. L. Benbow said that this would be all very well if only the papers could be trusted. The *Daily News* actually wished for the downfall of England.

S. Bere did not at all object to the publication of anything, provided it was true. It was false and scandalous inventions that ought to be guarded against.

The House then divided, with the following result:—

Ayes.....	5
Noes .....	7

The motion was therefore rejected.

At a meeting held in the Library on January 30, the following were elected members of the Society:—

S. A. Bird.	P. H. Fulcher.
H. T. Clarke.	S. F. A. Cowell.
G. Stephenson.	C. J. Shebbeare.

F. Higgins.

## POETRY.

### POETS' CORNER.

GUMBLETON ENGLISH VERSE PRIZE 1879.

Oh resting-place of glory and of grief!  
Oh home of wearied wit and weeping woe!—  
Wherein the broken-hearted find relief  
And where the mighty ones of earth lie low!

Oh grave! Oh death! that thou art blind we know:  
Thou canst not spare the charm thou canst not see;  
But can thy deaden'd ears no mercy show  
To those who breathe the raptured melody  
That fills the soul with fire?—hath it no charm for thee?

What spot is this within the holy place,  
Where kings and princes lie in peaceful sleep?  
What words are these which time can ne'er efface?  
Whose bones within the tomb cold, dark, and deep,  
Moulder away to dust, yet ever keep  
Their lowly bed midst potentate and king?  
Lo! these are they who scaled Parnassus' steep  
And drank the wave of the Pierian spring,  
And whom the Muses taught their heaven-born strain to  
sing.

It is a sacred place; for here is found,  
Beneath each tomb, below each stone, a friend;  
Familiar in our ears their voices sound,  
Though long ago their labours found their end.  
And here their dulcet harmonies they blend  
In one majestic symphony; the strain  
From their cold lips for ever shall ascend  
Midst death itself immortal; and again  
In death, as erst in life, in raptured song they reign.

When through each arch the pealing anthems ring,  
And the deep organ rolls its solemn swell,  
Think we of those to whose dead ears they bring  
The cadence of an everlasting knell.  
And when the golden dawn's enchanted spell  
Hath tinged the vaulted roof with rays of fire,  
Or when pale even, with her vesper bell,  
Doth bid the beams of purple light expire,  
Think we of those bright lights whose splendour cannot  
tire.

And some are here who first their strains have sung  
In gladsome youth beneath the Abbey's shade:  
The dim, dark cloister with their laughter rung,  
While, joyous, round these solemn courts they play'd.  
And in this narrow corner are they laid,  
To their first home restored; far had they fled  
To seek the laurel crown which could not fade,  
And here, at last, among the mighty dead,  
Lies the last wreath of fame on each immortal head.

Look where yon window from the golden east  
Casts tinted glories on the hallow'd ground:  
Lo! here there sleeps, from earthly toil released,  
The sire of all the bards that rest around.  
O Chaucer, sweetest songster! hast thou found  
The weary pilgrim's bourne and resting place.  
It is no earthly shrine; the solemn sound  
Of thy melodious strain, the matchless grace  
Of all thy golden song—they cannot reach that place.

Thou art not dead, thou morning-star of song!  
The midday brightness cannot put to flight  
The radiance of thy glory; far along  
The azure heaven shine thy beams of light.  
So shall they shine until the dark, deep night  
That knows no end within its gloomy pall  
Shall wrap this world; and, marvellously bright,  
Another sun shall rise and ne'er shall fall,  
And earth's poor fleeting fame be found no more at all.

And thou who erst by Mulla's limpid stream  
Didst breathe the rapture of thy mighty song,  
A faery pageant like a fleeting dream  
Of melody and beauty; sweet and strong  
Sweeps on thy strain of harmony; a throng



Of mystic shades by weird enchantment wrought  
Flit through thy vision, and are lost among  
The vast creation of thy fancy's thought.  
Thy vision e'er remains ; but thou thy rest hast sought.

'O rare Ben Jonson!' on the hoary stone  
Fond memory graves her tribute to thy name,  
Small but eternal ; for those words alone  
Have wrought a deathless glory ; still the same  
To endless ages shall they bear the fame  
Of thine immortal genius ; and when age  
Shall crumble stone to dust, shall still proclaim,  
Graven in human hearts, thy wisdom sage,  
The wit that cannot die, from all thy storied page.

And thou, O Milton, who with eagle wing  
Didst seek the starry portals of the sky ;  
Thou, Shakespeare, mightiest of all who sing,  
Here stands the record of your memory.  
But who can tell of all who round ye lie—  
Of Dryden, Cowley, Drayton?—dime and quail  
Before the wondrous sight the dazzled eye  
Of mortal weakness ; mortal language fails  
To tell the bright renown which the immortals hail.

And e'en to those who far from here are laid,  
Whose cherish'd graves to other shrines belong,  
Here, too, hath Fame her debt of glory paid ;  
For lo ! the graven busts which stand among  
The storied tablets of the mighty throng  
Whose bodies here have perish'd,—these unite  
In this Valhalla of the sires of song,  
Who ne'er together saw the day spring bright,  
And all for ever reign among the sons of light.

Lo ! here beneath the Reaper's scythe they lie,  
The flowers which in the Muses' garden grew ;  
The sun that gilt Parnassus lit their sky,  
They quench'd their thirst in Helicon's pure dew.  
The stems are broken now, but still the hue  
That tints with beauty every graceful bell  
Can never fade ; and time will but renew  
With endless bloom, as by some magic spell,  
The scents they cast around ere from their stalks they fell.

No blaze of gold, no flashing jewels, grace  
The little spot where now in peace they sleep.  
The cold grey pillars meet the moon's bright face,  
As her pale beams among the arches creep.  
But theirs who here their last long vigil keep,  
Theirs be the good, the beautiful, the pure ;  
And though beneath our feet their dust lie deep,  
Yet their immortal part remaineth sure ;  
And though they pass away, it ever shall endure.

W. A. PECK.

## POETS' CORNER.

### I.

TREAD lightly, stranger, lightly tread  
Above the ashes of the dead  
Who sleep beneath thy feet !  
Let not thy echoing footfall wake  
The sleepers, nor thy laughter break  
Their slumbers soft and sweet.

They are not dead—they cannot die—  
Those glorious ones who round thee lie ;  
But o'er their earthly tomb  
In shadowy mist they linger still,  
Unseen they seem the air to fill,  
And hover in the gloom.

In stately calm the warriors sleep,  
Where crest and scroll emblazon'd keep  
Their mighty deeds of yore :  
In measured chant the night-blasts swell,  
And proudly grand they ring the knell,  
The martial dirge of war :

But different far this aisle remote,  
Where noiseless forms return to float  
Around the Poet's grave ;  
Wakes at their touch the broken chord,  
And echoing strains, in whispers pour'd  
Steal in melodious wave.

In troubled sleep the bard would lie,  
If shrouded in the pageantry  
Of that dead warrior train ;  
E'en though his Muse had sung of arms,  
Of martial deeds, and war's alarms,  
Short lived th' aspiring strain :

Most pure the dying chord that rings  
In quivering cadence o'er the strings,  
Most beautiful in death :  
So peaceful Chaucer sank to rest—  
Peace—the true keystone of that breast  
Died on the Poet's breath.

### II.

Thus flow'd my thoughts when, with long echoing roll,  
The full-voiced organ o'er my senses stole ;  
'Mid pillar'd arch on high, and vaulted dome,  
With mellowing swell the sounds resistless roam ;  
Wave following wave floats the all-hallowing strain,  
And every stone rolls back the flood again.  
Oh sacred spot ! fond fancies round thee throng,  
As though thy dust still breathed the breath of song !  
See how the sun still lingering casts its rays  
To gild thine arches with its glorious haze !  
As though unwilling yet to veil its light,  
Unwilling yet to bid its last 'good-night.'  
One parting ray gleams softly through the gloom,  
And for one instant lights on yonder crumbling tomb.

### III.

There Chaucer lies—the morning-star of song—  
Like yet unlike, for in the purpling skies  
As orient Phœbus casts his beams along  
Th' expanse of heaven, he veils his light, and dies ;  
But, Chaucer, thou dost live though others rise,  
Though Spenser wake, like to the noonday sun,  
The voice of nature with sweet harmonies ;  
Still doth each orb its course unfading run,  
One in their mystic life, so in their death still one.

Shakespeare ! we envy not the guardian urn  
That holds thy dust ; while still, from age to age,  
Unaged, untarnish'd, doth thy genius burn  
With lustre fresh upon each facund page,  
And sheds its halo o'er the buskin'd stage.  
Nor, Milton, art thou in this Minster laid—  
This boon denied by patriotic rage ;  
More lasting is the name that thou hast made,  
For thou in it shalt live when bust and marble fade.

Sleep ! sleep ye blest ! on either hand arise  
The last memorials man can here bestow ;  
Sleep ! gently sleep, till, summon'd to the skies,  
Ye find that peace ye long'd on earth to know,  
Whose image ye but faintly caught below.  
'Twas not by man inspired that ye have striven  
A balm to pour upon this world of woe ;  
Perchance that power, which dimly here was given,  
May serve to swell on high th' angelic strain of heaven.

Call it not vain :—in the still evening hour  
 May we not feel their presence round us here ?  
 Far from all earthly care, their magic power  
 Each favourite haunt may still be lingering near,  
 Those spots once loved in life, in death still dear.  
 And hark ! amid those stately arches tall  
 Methinks a voice is wafted to my ear—  
 A voice that seems those wanderers to recall  
 Ere from the wings of night the sable darkness fall.

## IV.

## SPIRIT'S SONG.

Come away ! Come away !  
 For the sun on the mountain  
 Is gilding its peaks with the last glow of day !  
 Come away ! Come away !  
 Forsake forest and fountain,  
 And seek the dark aisles of the old Minster grey !

Lo ! the gale, the soft gale,  
 Of the ev'ning descending  
 Will waft you away over woodland and dale ;  
 And the brooklet's low wail  
 Its sweet whisper is blending  
 To bid you return ere the dim twilight fail.

## POET'S ANSWER.

Far away ! Far away !  
 O'er the land and the ocean  
 The breath of our song has been echo'd to-day.  
 See ! the billows at play  
 Heave their breasts in devotion  
 And swell in grand chorus the voice of our lay !  
 See ! the star-bedeck'd sky  
 And earth's tongues without number  
 In unison murmur our soft lullaby ;  
 And the pale moon on high  
 Bathes a world wrapt in slumber,  
 And breathes on the dreamer 'The Bard cannot die !'  
 H. C. BENBOW.

## School Notes.

WE are sorry to hear that we are likely to lose Mr. Gibson owing to the ill-health of his wife. The air about here, it unfortunately seems, does not suit her constitution. We hope he will not find it necessary to leave the School, but if it does turn out so, that he may succeed in obtaining a satisfactory appointment.

The Gumbleton English Verse Prize has been this year awarded to W. A. Peck, Q.S., and H. C. Benbow, Q.S. The competition was, we are glad to say, better than usual, and accordingly Mr. Gumbleton kindly gave a second prize. We fear this announcement comes rather late, but owing to a delay in the settling of the subject, the result was not known in time for the December number of *The Elizabethan*. The subject set was the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Those who take an interest in Library, will be glad to hear that something is again going to be done for it. As a preliminary measure it is already being cleaned out, and will be subsequently re-arranged and, if possible, catalogued. The cleaning is necessarily, however, a somewhat lengthy operation, since the cases can only be

done piecemeal and on holidays, in order to avoid entirely suffocating the sixth, who use the room in the daytime. The Head Master has also a sum of money amounting to about 30*l.*, received in donations at various times for that object, which he offers to place at disposal for the purchase of new books, when this has been accomplished. Contributions in books or otherwise will be very acceptable, and may be addressed to the 'Librarian, St. Peter's College, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.'

This new effort at reform in Library is on a humble scale, but it is greatly to be hoped it may be permanent, and that the modern portion may by the kindness of friends grow slowly, but surely, until it forms a useful and valuable addition to the institutions of the School.

The Debating Society began its meetings again on Thursday, January 29, and it is to be hoped will be as prosperous and well attended as last term. It is well to remember, however, that there is still much room for improvement in some respects, especially if intending speakers would take more pains to get up the subject thoroughly before coming up to the debates. Last Thursday's meeting was scarcely a brilliant commencement, either as regards the attendance or number of speakers, but no doubt this will be remedied next time.

R. F. Macmillan has passed Head of the Law Tripos at Cambridge ; and C. C. Macnamara has obtained a Second Class in Law at Oxford.

W. A. Cuppage, who left at the end of this term last year, has passed the examination for Sandhurst.

The subject chosen for the Phillimore Prize English Essay for 1880 is, 'The Comparative Strength and Weakness of Painting and Poetry.' Essays to be shown up by April 3.

The subjects set for examination at Election this year are as follows :—

Æschylus, Sept. contra Theb.

Plato, Rep. bk. i.

Tacitus, Hist. bk. iv.

Lucretius, bk. ii.

Greek Test. 1 Cor. xiii. and 2 Cor.

Davison on Prophecy, ch. v. to end.

Stubbs' Constitutional Hist. ch. x. to end.

Extras—

Hom. Il. bks. xix. and xx.

Virg. Æ. bks. vii. viii. ix.

## Obituary.

WE regret to have to add several names to the long list of Old Westminsters who have been carried off this Christmas. The first is that of the Venerable Henry Cotton, D.C.L., who died on December 3, at the advanced age of 89. Concerning this aged and eminent author the *Academy* writes as follows :—  
 'The loss of an author whose works, from being placed on the

shelves of the great reading-room of the British Museum, have been our constant companions in business and pleasure for many years, affects us as the death of a friend.

This was my feeling on reading in the obituary column of the *Times* the announcement of the decease, on the 3rd instant, of the Venerable Henry Cotton, formerly the Archdeacon of Cashel. He was admitted into Westminster School so far back as 1803, and was then aged 13. Four years later he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, and, after having obtained a First Class in classics in 1810, became Greek Reader at that house. While at Christ Church, Mr. Cotton came under the notice of Cyril Jackson, its former Dean, and to Jackson's memory his work on the various editions of the Bible is dedicated; probably it was through the Dean's influence that Cotton was appointed, in 1814, to the post of sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1820 he received the degree of D.C.L., and in 1822 vacated his post at Bodley. Shortly afterwards he withdrew to Ireland, to become, in June 1824, the Archdeacon of Cashel. When the temporalities attached to the deanery of Lismore were transferred to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, he was elected by the chapter to the honourable, if unremunerative, dignity of Dean of Lismore. The foundations of his bibliographical tastes were laid during his connection with Bodley, and the first of his works in the science of bibliography—so strange to its despisers, so seductive to its devotees—was printed in 1824, during his residence at Oxford.

As a dignitary of the Irish branch of the English Church, he was naturally interested in the popular creed of Ireland, and in 1855 published, under the title of "Rhemes and Doway," a treatise on the editions of the Bible printed by Roman Catholics in English, and the inconsistencies in the notes appended to these versions of the Scriptures. His volumes entitled "Fasti Ecclesie Hibernice," chronicling the succession of its prelates and cathedral dignitaries, are monuments of patient industry, and will never be superseded. This noble work is printed in five volumes, the first appearing in 1845, and the last, devoted to additions and corrections, in 1860. It does for the Irish what Hardy's "Le Neve" has done for the English Church, but excels its English rival in supplying skeleton biographies of all the bishops and the more distinguished members of the cathedral foundations. On the death of Archbishop Laurence, in his seventy-ninth year, it devolved on Archdeacon Cotton to superintend the passing through the press of the Archbishop's reproduction of the first *Visitation of the Saxon Reformed Church in 1527 and 1528*. Seven years ago the Archdeacon republished the privately printed poetical pieces of Archbishop Laurence and his illustrious brother, French Laurence, the well-known friend of Fox and Burke, but the work, "through the unfortunate blindness of the editor," was sadly disfigured in its course through the press. Archdeacon Cotton's translation of the *Five Books of Maccabees in English* (1832) contained the first English version of the fourth and fifth books which had appeared in this country. In the prefaces to his varied works he feelingly laments over his residence in the remote country parts of the south of Ireland, far away from libraries and literary converse. Had he spent the whole of his long life *inter silvas academi* at Oxford, the world would probably have gained by many bibliographical works; but who would ever have been found to take upon himself the wearisome labour of tracing the record of the rulers of the Irish Church?

The following is from the *Times* of December 20:—

Our columns yesterday contained the name of a gentleman once well known in political and Parliamentary circles, and as a leader of the Liberal party in the eastern division of Kent—Major Edward Barrett Curteis, of Leasam, near Rye, who died at the beginning of the present week at the age of 74. The second son of the late Mr. Edward Jeremiah Curteis, of Windmill Hill, Sussex (many years M.P. for Sussex), by his marriage with Mary, only daughter and heiress of the Rev. Stephen Barrett, Rector of Hothfield, Kent, he was born in the year 1806, and served for several years in the 7th Dragoon Guards, from which he retired with the rank of major. He was a magistrate for Kent, Lincolnshire, and Sussex, and also Deputy-Lieutenant for Sussex. He represented the borough of Rye, as a supporter of Lord Melbourne,

from 1832 down to the general election of 1837, when he retired. Major Curteis was twice married—first, in 1837, to Charlotte Lydia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Law Hodges, M.P., of Hempstead Park, Kent; and secondly, in 1841, to Frances, daughter of the late Mr. William Henrick, M.P., of Brome Park, Surrey.

The School has lost another old friend in the death of Rev. William Heberden, who was elected fourth into College in 1811 at the age of 14. The Captain of his election was Henry Bull, afterwards Second Master at Westminster, who still takes such a kindly interest in the School. He was a pensioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he graduated B.A. 1819; and M.A. 1822. He was appointed Vicar of Bookham in 1821.

We regret to announce the death of Henry Shirecliffe Otter, which occurred early in January last in London. He entered the School about 1868, and was admitted head into College in 1870, being Captain for 1873-4. He was elected Head to Oxford at election 1874, and obtained a first class in Mods. in 1876; in 1878 he passed the examination for the Indian Civil Service, but came back from India early in the present winter, his liver having been deranged by the climate, to die a few weeks later. At Westminster and at Oxford he was celebrated for the excellence of his football playing.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Allow me, through the medium of your office, to thank 'Scholæ Amicus' for his letter in your last issue, and to assure that gentleman that I had not forgotten 'John Locke' or 'Dryden,' but intend at some time to include both worthies in the series of 'Eminent Westminsters.' Permit me also to further the request that any 'O.W.'s' will kindly oblige me with any information in their possession, or offer any suggestions upon the subject of distinguished men who have received their education at the dear old School. I shall be very grateful to all who will render me assistance in the matter, and beg to assure anyone who may take the subject into consideration that even the smallest contribution of matter may prove of great value.

Letters on this topic may be addressed:—

'Captain Salusbury,

'Glan Aber, near Chester,'

and all such letters will be thankfully acknowledged by

Yours very truly,

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLES,  
'OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly insert this correction of an error in my letter on 'Singing in Abbey,' in your last number? I am made to say that one of the points previously discussed about the choir is 'the music taught by it.' For 'taught' read *attempted*. A talent for teaching music is nearly the very last thing that the choir could be fairly credited with! I am glad to see there has been even a slight improvement in the singing.

I remain, yours truly,

H. M. C. M.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I wish to reassure 'T.B.,' whose anxious letter appeared in the December number of 'The Elizabethan.' I have reason to believe that the machine in 'Gym.' which he finds fault with is and has been very little used. I have never except, perhaps, once or twice seen any of the first or second 'eights' making use of it, and I have heard complaints from those who have used it of such a nature as to show that they are not likely to try it again. All the faults he finds in it have been noticed, but as there has been no successful attempt

made to rectify them the machine has almost entirely fallen into disuse, except among the very small boys, who either do not go up water or are employed as coxes when they are up.

Hoping I have allayed the anxiety of 'T.B.' I beg to subscribe myself  
Q. S.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Poor Tom's a-cold! at least he always is in the Library. That Library, which is being abused on all sides, is certainly a very cold place. In order to keep one's hands in writing condition, one either has to dive into one's pockets very often or to rub them together or blow into them, both of which noises are not pleasant. But why should the sixth be frozen? Could not something be done? I think the fire might be lighted earlier and a really good fire kept up. The gases might be lit always in the morning; although they do give an unhealthy warmth, still it would be better than continually catching colds.

Hoping that something will be done to prevent the sixth being frozen out,  
I remain, yours truly,

ZERO.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I noticed in the December number of 'The Elizabethan' a letter from a correspondent who styles himself 'T.B.,' criticising rather severely a 'machine' in gymnasium, which, he says, is prejudicial to good form in rowing. This may or may not be true, but when it is considered that the ostensible object of the 'machine' is not to improve rowing, but to develop certain muscles which strengthen the back, and this purpose it undoubtedly answers, I cannot help thinking that 'T. B.'s' attack is out of place. When, however, we further add that it was specially contrived by Professor Creagh, and put up in 'Gym.' at his expense, the attack must be characterised as not only out of place, but ungenerous.

I remain, yours truly,

JUSTITIA.

## Our Contemporaries.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of *The S. Andrew's College Chronicle* (2), *The Blundellian*, *The Carthusian* (2), *The Cinque Port* (2), *The Cliftonian*, *The Durham University Journal*, *The Eastbournian*, *The Fettesian* (2), *The Forest School Magazine*, *The Elizabethan* (Barnet), *The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, *The Glenalmond Chronicle*, *The Harrovian*, *The Laxtonian*, *The Magdalen College School Quarterly*, *The Melburnian* (3), *The Meteor* (3), *Our School Times*, *The Reading School Magazine*, *The Rossallian*, *The Salopian*, *The Tonbridgian*, *The Ulula*, and *The Wellingtonian*.

*The S. Andrew's College Magazine* is noticeable for a curious—in fact, unique—production, entitled 'Echoes.' In this allegory we find the various School newspapers personified in a remarkable way. Westminster appears as a fussy old lady, with extensive ruff and stately farthingale—a negative compliment, as we are terribly reviled just now. Queen Elizabeth, no doubt, would feel flattered, only we may remind the writer that, like Queen Anne, she has shuffled off this mortal coil and these articles of apparel some years ago. He kindly acknowledges, perhaps from experience, the medicinal properties of the 'old lady's black draughts,' i.e. *our critiques*.

*The Blundellian* is off—that is to say, the School is—to fresh fields &c. Our good wishes go with it. From a description of Woolwich in this paper, one would imagine that the dialect of the 'Shop' consists of a couple of verbs and a dozen substantives, judging from the varied and contradictory meanings of the hard-worked vocables which the writer quotes. However, *verbum sap.*

*The Cinque Port* astonishes its readers with a picture of some fresh-water *algæ* with fearfully unpronounceable names. This is a very enterprising paper. The article on 'Boys: by a very Naughty Little Boy,' and a very foolish one, too, deals chiefly with the petticoat history of the latter. However, if you do survive the first page or two, you will learn a hard fact or two. For instance, 'boys play cricket.' No, really!

*The Cliftonian* provides its subscribers with a respectable sixpennyworth of football news—fourteen pages, to wit.

*The Eastbournian* encourages its correspondents by saying that letters are the skin eruption of a school paper, better out than in, and best not there at all. 'Our Sphinx' is rampant, suggesting, as it does, a new stimulus for Acrosticomania, in the shape of 'Doublets.'

Readers of *The Forest School Magazine* should not pass over the notes on 'Some of my Playfellows.' In this number three varieties of the histrionic section of the school are satirised. The remarks on 'The Super' are prefaced with a *recipe* for 'observing this genus in a state of nature' (!) We mistook the 'Poet's Corner' for a page out of the *Matrimonial News*, for it contains a 'condensed extract' of *bosh*, entitled 'The Love Dream.' We should like to extract the nonsensical ideas altogether, only there would be nothing left but a row of asterisks.

*The Glenalmond Chronicle* contains some poetry of a high standard, 'On the Cliffs of Boulogne,' though who was, or what was on the cliffs, or what Boulogne had to do with it, we haven't found out as yet. There seem to be more footnotes to the piece than allusions, and more allusions than necessary.

*The Laxtonian* muse versifies on half a dozen modern topics, translates classic passages right and left, and reduces an agony column of the *Times* to Latin elegiacs.

The Modern Sermon on Old Mother Hubbard—an excellent satire, by the way—turns up in *The Magdalen College School Magazine*. We saw it last in a west-country 'local,' which, perhaps, derived it from that mother of invention, America. Good stories are great travellers.

The obituary column in *The Meteor* is of a melancholy length.

The critical remarks on Hamlet *v.* Electra in *The Reading School Magazine* are very good and to the point, except when the writer tells that 'if Sophocles had represented Orestes as playing Ægisthus, there would have been no moral to the play.' Can it be a joke? Is the former gentleman on a football field or by a trout stream? 'Conventional Idol' runs itself down severely and explodes with torpedo-like violence against all the modern usages of society. Fashion, France, *ménus*, and Lady-helps are all so many red rags to this '*laudator temporis acti*.'

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions for insertion in the March number of *The Elizabethan* should be sent in before February 22, to the Editor, S. Peter's College, Westminster.

All other communications must be addressed to the Secretary of *The Elizabethan*, and on no account to the Editor or printers.

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