



The Elizabethan.

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OLD WESTMINSTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

I.

THE Universities are just meeting again for another academical year, and accordingly a few remarks at this time on the position and prospects of O. W.'s at one of them may not be out of place. And here let us at once express our hopes, that in dealing with this subject, any criticisms we may have to make may be received in all good will, and that we shall not be accused of indulging in unnecessary "flouts, and gibes, and sneers," when our sole object is the good of the School.

Cambridge is to many persons synonymous with Trinity College, and we may at all events take it as such, since so few Westminsters ever find their way to any of the other colleges. The doings of O. W.'s at Trinity may be taken therefore as considerably more than representative of those of the whole body, and to these we shall confine ourselves.

Reading, Athletics, and Society, are three principal objects of University life, or rather of University men in the present day. No one,

however, as a rule, cares to devote his energies to more than two of them; for many one is amply sufficient, and a few, as in larger spheres, are perfectly content to have no object in life whatever. As to reading then, it can hardly be denied that the traditions of Westminster Scholarship at Cambridge are anything but creditable; the mere fact of the School having been deprived of its foundation scholarships and consequent fellowships, on account of the unfitness of those who were appointed to them, is sufficient evidence on this point. Satisfactory, however, as this deprivation may have been as an act of justice to others, it has certainly failed as a corrective to Westminster incapacity, since a considerable effort of memory is required to recall the last occasion, before the present year, in which an O. W. obtained a first class in any tripos whatever. Of course it may be replied that the best scholars go to Oxford, and since it is only the second-rate ones who get their election to Cambridge, it is idle to expect to see O. W.'s figuring high in the Cambridge triposes. But surely we may ask what does election mean, but that those who obtain it have proved themselves fit for something, and not only that, but

that something more is expected of them? Exhibitions at least are not given away merely as prizes for work already done, but are meant to be an encouragement and help to their holders in endeavouring to do more and higher work still. It would be an ill compliment to those who have left Westminster for Cambridge, to tell them that though they have attained a certain standard at School, they are not good for much, that their exhibitions have been given them as a sort of compliment, and that nothing more is expected of them, except that they shall wear their laurels with grace and dignity. There would be very few, who if the case were thus put to them, would not say that to them at all events, it should never be applicable. And yet we continually see Westminsters who have gone to Cambridge with fair reputations for scholarship and application, gradually sink from the higher triposes to easier ones, and at last come away supremely satisfied that they have achieved an ordinary degree. We have no wish to be exacting or overcritical, but under such circumstances, "difficile est satiram non scribere." We may, and probably shall be told that this represents a bygone state of things, that last year saw one Westminster get an open scholarship at Trinity, that this year another obtained a first class in the classical tripos, and that there is ample promise of more good things to come. Nobody has rejoiced more at these successes than we have, but is there any hope or sign that they are more than a spasmodic and passing effort, or that they are the first fruits of a fresh growth of Westminster energy? We fear not. We see no certainty of O. W.'s five years hence doing more in this respect than they did five or ten years ago, or devoting themselves with any greater energy to this the first object of a University life. If such be the case, then what is the good of calling attention to the subject at all, or making any attempt at draining such a Slough of Despond? Surely it is no reason that because a task appears hard, and perhaps hopeless, no effort should be made to perform it. If that were taken as a rule of life, the world would not be a desirable place of abode, even in the nineteenth century. The task, however, is not ours, but of those who now and in the future get their election to Cambridge. If they have no personal ambition, or much regard for the credit of their School, they ought at least to have a care for the interests of their successors; interests which may easily be endangered by thoughtlessness and want of energy on their part. We may be sure that a time which sees idle fellowships freely criticized, will not be very sparing of what are in a far more

real sense idle exhibitions, and a cry once raised would not be easily hushed. Were the Trinity exhibitions swept away like the scholarships they represent, there would be no recalling them, and the prospects of many a Westminster would be irreparably injured. It is in the earnest desire that the past may be past, and that the future may confirm the promise of the present, that we have ventured to risk any popularity we may have with a body to which it is an honour to belong—the Old Westminsters.

A GRIEVOUS sorrow has fallen upon the School in the sudden death of the late Captain H. R. K. Rogers. He was found one morning in September, in his bedroom at home, hanging from a peg on the door of the room, and lifeless. Though he must have caused his own death, there is every reason to suppose that he was trying some strange experiment, fancying that he could release himself at pleasure—for his feet were on the ground, and the knees bent—but that the pressure of the noose produced instantaneous insensibility.

He had just gained a certificate with distinction from the University Board; he had won, and not yet received, the Phillimore Verse Translation Prize; he had made appointments for the coming days, ordered clothes, and was looking forward to his return to school, where his character stood very high, both with his schoolfellows and with the Masters—and had bright hopes for the future; all blighted in an instant.

To mark this sad loss, there will be no Play this Christmas.

To the Memory of
HENRY REYNOLDS KNATCHBULL
ROGERS,

Captain of the School, who died at Oxford, Sept. 11th, 1876.

It was this day, six years ago,

When* Ernest fell asleep:

And now it brings another woe,

A sadder theme to weep.

Ye sons of Westminster, awhile,

Forgetful of the banish'd smile,

Memorial vigil keep;

For Henry's star has set in gloom

Into a grief-encompass'd tomb.

That lonely night no moon look'd in

Upon the unruffled bed;

No brother there, nor friend, nor kin,

To lift his drooping head;

* Ernest Gore Stapley died Sept. 11th, 1870, being then a Junior in College.

No one to bless, no solace by,—
 But he, poor boy, so soon to die,—
 And morning found him dead.
 What ail'd thee, child of sorrow, thus
 To die without one adieu to us?

In life thine heart beat true and warm,
 Thy spirit erst was brave :
 Then wherefore at the rising storm
 Didst fear to meet the wave ?
 Oh was it grief, or guilt, or pain,
 Or murmurs of the untuned brain
 That bid thee seek thy grave ?
 Or didst thou shrink to bear the strife,
 And battle in the war of life ?

That solemn night, from pole to pole
 Dim clouds went sweeping by ;
 Yet darker far that troubled soul
 Than all the curtain'd sky.
 A tongueless tumult sway'd that breast,
 There toss'd an anguish unconfess'd
 Save through the tear-dash'd eye,
 Which, ere its lustre quite forsook,
 Darted one long, last lingering look.

Then is it that in early years
 When all seem'd bright and gay,
 There lay a hidden fount of tears,
 A darkness o'er his way.
 Perchance some longing undefined,
 Some beckoning shadow of the mind,
 Haunted him night and day,
 And with maturing manhood grew,
 To assume a yet more darksome hue.

And maybe too, when twilight hours
 Made yonder minster grey,
 He caught new sadness from its towers,
 For very sad are they.
 And peradventure throes of pain
 Came trespassing on sleep's domain
 And nurtured his dismay,
 And waking wheresoe'er he turn'd
 Unquench'd his silent sorrow burn'd.

Let Oxford mourn in every street,
 In neighbouring wood and dell ;
 For there have roved his infant feet,
 And there he last did dwell.
 Oh sigh, ye autumn-tinted trees,
 Sob o'er his grave, lamenting breeze ;
 So shall your sad notes tell
 That earth in all her blossoms grieves,
 And sheds her "tribute of the leaves."

Then Westminster shall swell the cry,
 Her voices shall not fail ;
 But through the echoing courts reply
 In antiphonal wail.
 And startled ears in cities twain
 Shall mark the burden of the strain
 And many a cheek shall pale,
 While parents' tears with our tears blend,
 Mourning a son, and well-loved friend.

Young hours to eld are render'd bright
 Through Time's transparent screen,
 And falls a gleam of hallow'd light
 O'er every boyhood scene ;
 But, on the horizon of my youth,
 One mournful witness to the truth
 Of what hath joyless been,
 Thy pensive form shall stand apart,
 Mute,—pleading to mine inmost heart.

E'en as I mourn thy name recalls
 One noble act and more
 Thou didst, while walking in the halls
 Which I had trod before ;
 One generous deed beyond the rest,
 That wrought a wonder in my breast ;—
 For brave thy heart, which bore
 Rebuking jeer and insult rude
 With high and heavenly fortitude.

Yes, thine the sweet Humility
 That stoopeth not to shame,
 The self-forgetting Charity,
 The pure, unsullied name.
 And here, by sorrow sanctified,
 With us thine image shall abide,
 Serener, yet the same,
 As, when the sun has sunk to rest,
 Calm memories linger in the west.

And what though when wild thoughts were rife
 A madness led thee wrong,
 The end is not the all of life,
 And thou wert patient long.
 What though at last thine heart wax'd weak,
 Yet was it ever gently meek,
 And God shall make it strong ;
 And leading thee where sorrows cease
 Shall stay thy pangs in endless peace.

Farewell ! Farewell ! we onward sail
 Over an unknown sea,
 Nor dream what tempests may assail
 Ere all at rest we be ;
 But in each torture of the heart,
 As, one by one, our friends depart,
 We'll yet remember thee,
 Who hast too soon essay'd to ride
 Eternity's unmargin'd tide.

Then mourn, ye boys, and mourn again,
 His lot was passing sad—
 Mourn for his heritage of pain
 And all the toils he had.
 Weep, Westminsters, and weep anew,
 Your tears shall be as evening dew
 That makes the meadows glad,
 And o'er the memory of the dead
 These drops shall fresher verdure shed.

Beneath the silence of the skies,
 Beneath the autumn air,
 Oh think how now your comrade lies
 Alone in death ! Then where,

Beyond the measure of the eye,
 Yon Abbey's column'd majesty
 Lends stature to your prayer,
 Below those spaces dark and dim
 Upon your knees remember him. P. G. L. W.

HENRY REYNOLDS KNATCHBULL
 ROGERS.

*Died (the way he came by his Death being unknown)
 the 11th September, 1876.*

WHAT strange mischance, what fate unfathom'd,
 Could—though in narrow limit, for short space—
 Brand with a coward's dastardly disgrace
 The pride of our community and head:
 While some still hold him—though they can but
 show

An unsolved riddle mingles with his death—
 A traitor to his colours and his faith?
 But *he* deserter? No!

What could persuade us he would basely fly,
 And friends and comrades treacherously leave,
 Selfishly heedless how their hearts might grieve,
 Or where the burden of his shame might lie,
 He whose firm judgment and stout heart, we trow,
 Had unto both been equally well proved;
 Comrades who honour'd him and friends who
 loved?—

What, *he* deserter? No!

Should not the Bible open by his bed
 Suffice that judgment to have overborne,
 And all the love to wake for him at morn,
 And all the hopes that circled round his head?
 The helplessness of pale and nerveless woe,
 Th' untrain'd tribunal, rash, presumptuous,
 Allow'd it, but they wrong him not with *us*—
 What, *he* deserter? No!

The scholar-soldier, proud to have cast down
 The outworks of the enemy, and thence
 Quick driv'n them to their innermost defence,
 Flush'd with success and ripe for victory's crown,
 Full in the presence of the yielding foe,
 His foot firm set high on the well-won breach,
 And all he fought for close within his reach—
 What, *he* deserter? No!

To leave, without a warning—a complaint—
 Us, whose regard was ever on his lip,
 Who look'd for glory from his leadership,
 And never, surely, for dishonouring taint,
 And all the blessings homebred loves bestow—
 His brother's kind "good-nights" did but just
 speak—

His mother's kiss was warm upon his cheek—
 What, *he* deserter? No!

Oh! you who dare to think of him so ill,
 A moment's rash assumption trusting more
 Than all the acted good his life could store,
 And all the promise his high gifts fulfil;
 If questioning yet, if yet in doubt you go,
 Come and be answer'd by this angry crowd,
 Whose scornful indignation cries aloud—
 What, *he* deserter? No! P. R. S.

School Note.

WE have received a letter on the old subject of the Athletic Committee from a correspondent who styles himself an "Impartial Townboy." But as his suggestions seem so impracticable we have refrained from publishing it. At the same time, we cannot deny that there was some sense in it. We should like to know first what the "scene" at the Election consisted of. As it happened, there was far less noise and chaff going on than has been usual for several years. He complains of the manner in which year after year Q.S.S. and T.B.B. vote each exclusively for their own side, and seldom, if ever, voting for those whom they think would manage the business best. We lament of course that this should be the case, and we are afraid it must continue until someone suggests an alteration that will be practicable and satisfy both parties. His main idea is to exclude from the "jus suffragii" all those who are subject to fagging, viz. juniors and all T.B.B. below the Upper Fifth. We ask in common fairness if it is supposed that a junior in the Shell or Sixth, who would of course be liable to be fagged, is to be classed, to use an expression of one of our late correspondents, with the "rabble of the lower forms." Here, having finished all he has to say that is really to the point, he talks of the letters in our last number concerning Lamprobaties. He says the Town Boys are accused of unfairness. We ask him to read it through carefully once more, and he will find no such charge brought against them. As a parting shot, he hopes that his consideration, which he expects will meet with much scorn and disapprobation even with T.B.B., may not utterly be disregarded by lovers of fair play and equity *even in college*. With this before us we simply ask if he is justified in signing himself "An Impartial Townboy." Our readers must ask themselves this question and answer it in their own minds.

The Water.

Q.S.S. v. T.B.B.

THIS annual race was looked forward to with more than usual interest, as in the event of the Q.S.S. being victorious, the cup presented by John Hawkshaw, Esq., would practically become their property. The day was beautifully fine, but a strong wind was blowing against the tide, and the water in consequence was very lumpy.

The race was originally fixed for a quarter past five, but owing to refractory steamers, no start was effected until fully a quarter of an hour after that time,—a little too late for the best of the tide. H. B. Gray, Esq., officiated as starter. W. B. Wildman, Esq., as umpire and referee.

The two boats came away to a very equal start from the Aqueduct, the T.B.B., who had the Middlesex Station getting hold of the water a little before the others, who seemed slightly flurried.

Mead, however, rowing a longer stroke, drew level

in half a dozen strokes, and at the boathouses was a quarter of a length to the good. At this point the rowing of the T.B.B. was erratic, they evidently not feeling quite at home in the rough water, while the rowing of the others showed a marked improvement to their form in practice. At the Crab Tree Mead drew further away, rowing a steady stroke of 34. Here, however, he was taken too far over to the Surrey side, partly to avoid the wash of a passing steamer.

Though the Q.S.S. lost a little by this détour, they continued to increase their lead, and though Compton Smith quickened up to 36, they were fully three lengths to the good at the Soap Works, and gained Hammersmith Bridge and the race, four-and-a-half lengths in front of their opponents. They owed their hollow victory principally to the peculiar tactics of the T.B.B. who shifted their crew almost at the last moment. This seems to us suicidal policy. It can hardly be expected that those who have never seen "the water" during the season should suddenly develop into a crew fit to cope with one which has had the indispensable advantage of rowing together and of being "coached." Both the strokes rowed very well, but we think that Mead will be almost too heavy to occupy that position next year. It is a golden rule that the heavy weights should be put into the middle of a boat, and no systematic departure from this rule will ever succeed, however excellent the crew and the stroke may be.

The names of the Eights were as follows :—

<p>Q.S.S. bow W. A. Cuppage. 2 F. R. Clarke. 3 H. W. De Sausmarez. 4 E. A. Bulkley. 5 J. A. Turner. 6 F. M. Lutyens. 7 G. Dale. st. R. Mead. cox. E. W. Pole.</p>	<p>T.B.B. bow B. Kitchen. 2 H. Westmorland. 3 J. Hamilton. 4 E. R. Frere. 5 A. F. M. Gamble. 6 C. U. Simson. 7 A. M. Hemsley. st. W. Compton Smith. cox. P. J. C. Randolph.</p>
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The following is a list of races already rowed between the Q.S.S and T.B.B. since 1859.

- 1859. Q.S.S. won by 3 feet.
- 1860. T.B.B. won by 3 lengths.
- 1861. T.B.B. won by 1 length.
- 1862. T.B.B. won by 1 length.
- 1863. Q.S.S. won by 7 lengths.
- 1864. Q.S.S. won by 4 lengths.
- 1865. Q.S.S. won by 5 lengths.
- 1866. Q.S.S. R.O.
- 1872. T.B.B. won by 4 lengths.
- 1873. T.B.B. won by 1 length.
- 1874. Q.S.S. won by ½ length.
- 1875. Q.S.S. won by 4 lengths.
- 1876. Q.S.S. won by 4 lengths.

Cricket.

THE following matches were played last half, but owing to want of space we were unable to insert them in our last number.

FIRST ELEVEN (WITH BROOMSTICKS) v. NEXT ELEVEN (WITH BATS).

This match was played towards the end of last half and was obliged to be left unfinished on account of the wet weather. The eleven when the stumps were drawn evidently had the best of it, as the "Bats" had to get 126 runs to win. The Broomsticks took first innings, and Ryde, Abernethy, and Hicks, by hard hitting soon put together their runs. For the "Bats" Black was the only one who could stand against the bowling of Fox and Hicks. Aston and Hemsley, who played as substitute for Hicks, in the second innings scored very fast. Score.

BROOMSTICKS.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
A. M. Hemsley, b. Black . . . 0	b. Olliffe 0
H. W. Abernethy, b. Secretan 27	(subs.) not out 3
W. N. Tayloe, b. Wilks 4	c. Eddis, b. Olliffe 3
G. A. Hicks, c. Williams, b. Black 14	(subs.) c. Secretan, b. Black 27
B. M. Rogers, b. Wilks 5	run out 4
W. C. Aston, c. Black, b. Wilks 1	b. Secretan 30
H. C. Benbow, b. Wilks 1	b. Secretan 0
C. B. Ryde, b. Olliffe 29	b. Olliffe 0
J. Fox, b. Black 2	c. Eddis, b. Olliffe 2
C. B. Vyvyan, not out 2	b. Secretan 0
A. F. Gamble (subs.) b. Olliffe 5	b. Olliffe 0
Extras 5	Extras 5
Total 95	Total 74

BATS.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
A. E. Black, c. Rogers, b. Hicks 24	not out 2
T. F. F. Williams, b. Fox 0	
H. P. Robinson, b. Fox 2	
H. G. Olliffe, l. b. w. b. Hicks 2	
J. A. Abernethy, b. Hicks 0	
E. U. Eddis, l. b. wkt. b. Hicks 0	
C. Secretan, c. Fox, b. Hicks 0	
W. R. Egerton, c. Abernethy, b. Fox 1	
H. R. K. Rogers, b. Fox 7	
C. V. Wilks, not out 0	c. Ryde, b. Hemsley 0
E. P. Guest, c. Aston, b. Fox 0	
Extras 6	
Total 42	Total 2

Q.S.S. v. T.B.B.

The cricket season as usual was wound up by the match between the Queen's Scholars and Town Boys, which was played up Fields on Monday the 31st of July. The ground was in anything but good condition, as it rained all Sunday night and till about 10.30. on Monday morning, when it cleared up. The prepared pitch was so wet that we had to abandon it for a drier one. The Town Boys were favourites, as they numbered no less than seven "pinks" in their ranks. It was the Queen's Scholars' turn for first innings, and they accordingly sent in Ryde and Williams to the bowling of Fox and Hicks. Williams was the first to leave, being bowled by Hicks without scoring. Black then came in, but was not destined to stay very long, as he was bowled the first ball of Fox's

second over. The ground proved to be very wet, and shooters followed close upon one another. Ryde was bowled by Fox for 4. This was the top score for some time as the wickets fell very fast, seven of them being down for the small score of 15, but the eighth did not fall till 26, Eddis making a fine drive for 5 off Fox, who had up to this time delivered seven overs for 6 maidens, 4 wickets and 1 run. The Queen's Scholars were all out for 29, mainly due to the wet state of the ground and the good bowling of Hicks and Fox. The bowling of Fox was especially good, as it obtained 6 wickets at the small cost of 6 runs. The Town Boys commenced their first innings with Hemsley and H. Abernethy to the bowling of Ryde and Black. Ryde bowled first over, and off the very first ball Hemsley was badly missed by Egerton at long on. Abernethy did not stay long, as he was bowled by Ryde in his second over for 4; Hicks, who came next, did not seem at all at home, as he was very easily caught in the next over off one of Ryde's. Rogers was easily bowled and let in Fox, who seemed bent on a long score, playing very steadily, and together with Gamble raised the score from 19 for 4 wickets to 59 for 5. These two batsmen brought on a change in the bowling, Vyvyan taking the place of Black. The new bowler started very well, and at last succeeded in effecting a parting, Gamble being caught by Black. No one else could be found to stay with Fox, who all this time was playing very well, and eventually carried out his bat for a good 45, made up of 3 fours, 1 three, 7 twos, and singles. Ryde and Vyvyan bowled well, though the latter was very unlucky. The Queen's Scholars being 69 behind commenced their second innings with Eddis and Robinson, the first wicket fell for 1. Black inspired a little life into the game before he was foolishly run out. Olliffe quickly knocked up 19, hitting 3 fours, 1 three, and 2 twos, Aston and Egerton played very steadily and well, and it is owing to them that the Queen's Scholars just managed to save a single innings' defeat. The T.B.B. sent in Abernethy and Hemsley to get the one run, which they did without the loss of a wicket, although there was a hard chance at the wicket. This ended the match in favour of the T.B.B. by 10 wickets, Ryde winning the stumps and Hemsley the ball. Score.

		Q.S.S.	
<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
C. B. Ryde, b. Fox	4	b. Fox	1
T. F. F. Williams, b. Hicks . .	0	b. Hicks	2
A. E. Black, b. Fox	0	run out	8
H. G. Olliffe, c. Hemsley, b. Hicks	2	b. Fox	19
W. C. Aston, c. and b. Fox . .	0	c. Simson, b. Hicks .	16
H. C. Benbow, b. Hicks	3	b. Fox	3
H. P. Robinson, b. Fox	2	b. Hicks	3
W. R. Egerton, c. Tayloe, b. Fox	2	b. Simson	10
E. U. Eddis, not out	6	c. Gamble, b. Fox . .	1
E. P. Guest, c. Hemsley, b. Hicks	2	not out	0
C. B. Vyvyan, b. Fox	0	c. Secretan, b. Hicks	1
Byes 5; No balls, 3	8	Leg-bye, 1; Wide, 1;	
		No balls, 3	5
Total	29	Total	69

		T.B.B.	
<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
A. M. Hemsley, c. Olliffe, b. Ryde	5	not out	0
H. W. Abernethy, b. Ryde	4	not out	1
G. A. Hicks, c. Williams, b. Ryde	0		
B. M. H. Rogers, b. Ryde	1		
J. R. Fox, not out	45		
A. F. Gamble, c. Black, b. Vyvyan	20		
W. N. Tayloe, st. Aston, b. Ryde	0		
J. A. Abernethy, st. Aston, b. Ryde	7		
C. U. Simson, c. Eddis, b. Ryde	0		
H. G. Bulkley, run out	3		
C. Secretan, b. Black	0		
Wides, 11; Leg-byes, 2	13		
Total	98	Total	1

Umpires: Mantle and Holmes.

BOWLING.

T.B.B.

		<i>First Innings.</i>					
	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Wides	No balls	
Fox	8.3	6	6	6	0	3	
Hicks	9	2	15	4	0	0	

		<i>Second Innings.</i>					
Hicks	9.1	0	34	4	1	0	
Fox	10	3	22	4	0	3	
Simson	4	1	8	1	0	0	

Q.S.S.

		<i>First Innings.</i>					
Ryde	19	5	45	7	2	0	
Black	8.3	0	21	1	5	0	
Vyvyan	10	2	19	1	4	0	

		<i>Second Innings.</i>					
Ryde	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Black	0.2	0	1	0	0	0	

Football.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. H. S. OTTER'S ELEVEN.

ON Wednesday we opened our football season with a match against a strong eleven collected by H. S. Otter, Ch. Ch. Oxford. We won the toss, and, with a certain advantage of wind, had a little the best of it at the outset, the scratch team being a little slow in getting to work. A corner kick fell to each side without result; and then, after a neat dribble and cross kick by Otter, Parry put the ball well back into the middle, and Gray landed it safely between our posts. On the resumption, fortune still favoured the strangers, who were greatly assisted by the excellent back play of C. J. Fox, and before long a general scrimmage in front of the posts resulted in the second downfall of our goal. No further advantage was attained by either eleven, until the arrival of half time, though Aston, Gamble, and Jones, occasionally made incursions into the inner lines of the visitors. After the change of ends we were still for a time compelled to act on the defence, and Otter, after a very full run, put the ball so cleverly to Rawson that the latter could not miss the chance of scoring a goal for his side. During the rest of the game we played up better, Turner working with especial vigour; two corner kicks were gained, but both were unsuccessful, and at the end of an hour and a half we had lost the first match by three goals to none. Considering that eight of

the eleven are new players we played fairly well, though we want considerably more dash in our forward play. Fox is likely to be a useful back, and Vyvyan, Cuppage and Turner should make good forwards. For the strangers C. J. Fox played back in brilliant form throughout, and Otter dribbled with all his wonted skill.—*H. S. Otter's Eleven*: H. S. Otter (captain), P. G. Webb, F. L. Rawson, E. H. Parry, F. D. Simpson, E. H. Holthouse, and H. B. Gray, (forwards), N. C. Bailey, and M. P. Betts (half backs), C. J. Fox (back), and A. M. Hemsley (goal). *School*: W. C. Aston (captain), A. F. Gamble, T. B. Jones, J. A. Turner, C. B. Vyvyan, W. A. Cuppage, A. Abernethy, and T. Secretan (forwards), J. Fox, (back), R. Mead, and H. Abernethy (half backs).

The matches already arranged for the present season are as follows:—

1876.

- Oct. 21st,—Upton Park.
- Oct. 25th,—Wanderers.
- Oct. 28th,—Herts Rangers.
- Nov. 1st,—South Norwood.
- Nov. 4th,—Old Harrovians.
- Nov. 8th,—Civil Service.
- Nov. 18th,—Clapham Rovers.

1877.

- Jan. 27th.—Clapham Rovers.
- Feb. 10th.—Upton Park.
- Feb. 14th.—Civil Service.
- Feb. 24th.—Herts Rangers.
- March 3rd.—Old Harrovians.
- March 10th.—South Norwood.

The date of the Charterhouse match has not yet been fixed.

Our match with Old Wykehamists ended in a draw, each side obtaining a goal.

THE HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

II.

SEBERT, who built the first church dedicated to Saint Peter at Thorney, built also a church in London, and dedicated it to Saint Paul; these two churches he called Westminster and Eastminster respectively, the latter name, applied to Saint Paul's, soon fell into disuse, but Saint Peter's retained its name and has always been known as Westminster Abbey.

The Confessors' Abbey remained untouched for 179 years, when it was pulled down by Henry III., who desired to rebuild it in a more magnificent style. Henry began the new abbey in 1245, and it was finished as far as the choir forty years later, in the reign of Edward I. It now came to a standstill until it was completed by Henry VII., who, being desirous of building an edifice worthy to contain his tomb, pulled down the Lady Chapel and some houses which stood against the Abbey, and had the wonderful chapel, which bears his name, erected for him by the architect Sir Reginald Bray; the foundation stone being laid by Abbot Islip in the February of 1503.

At the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., Westminster was given up by its monks and their Abbot Benson, who was made first dean.

Later on, Westminster was made a bishopric, Thirley being the first and only bishop.

The Protector Somerset next declared his intention of destroying the Abbey and Saint Margaret's to furnish material for his palace in the Strand, and he actually did begin to work on Saint Margaret's, but was driven off by the parishioners.

The monks of Westminster were reinstated in the Abbey by Mary, but were expelled by Elizabeth, their superior Feckenham being confined in Wisbeach Castle. Westminster now became a collegiate church, and the school was founded in 1560. There is reason to think that it existed much earlier; this, however, must be discussed in a future paper.

In 1629 the Abbey was reported to be in a very ruinous state, and it was repaired at the private expense of Dr. Williams who was then dean.

It was restored by Sir Christopher Wren, who built the two towers over the west door.

Wren intended to have added a lofty steeple over the transepts, but his death put an end to this scheme.

The choir was erected about the end of last century by Keene the Abbey surveyor; it was much damaged by a fire about 1803.

The fire arose from a cause from which nearly all our cathedrals have suffered, namely, the carelessness of some plumbers repairing the roof. The restoration of Henry VII.'s chapel has been carried out; and the cloisters and chapter-house only lately finished bring down this sketch of the history of the Abbey to the present time. E.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE yearly subscription to *The Elizabethan* has been fixed at 4s. (including postage).

All Subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions are requested to send them immediately by P.O.O. to L. Renouf, 1, Dean's Yard, Westminster; if at Oxford, to P. G. L. Webb, Christ Church, and if at Cambridge, to E. H. Holthouse, Trinity College.

Post Office Orders are to be made payable to L. Renouf at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Contributions for our next Number, which will contain a full account of the Athletics, should be sent immediately to the Editor.

Copies of any of the back Numbers of *The Elizabethan* can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his Correspondents.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Etonian*, the *Wykehamist*, the *Carthusian*, the *Meteor*, the *Radlean*, the *Malburian*, the *Ulula*, the *Melburnian*, the *Blue*, and the *Wellingtonian*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—There is one improvement in the Athletic Sports which I should like to call before your notice, and that is, to have the mile race after instead of before dinner. I know the objection has always been raised, when such a proposal has been made, that boys are too short-winded after dinner: but, on the contrary, I think they would be fresher and stronger, and consequently the time would be better. Besides, many people who would rather see the mile race than any other cannot come down before dinner; and they might have the cricket ball under fifteen (which I think it would be a great pity to do away with)

and some other of the little boys' sports first. While speaking of mile races, I entirely disagree with L. R. when he wishes for a two miles race: for as so few come in for the one mile race, a longer one would be impossible. And as boys will not even practise for one mile, it would be useless to think they would do it for such a long one. Hoping I have not trespassed too much on the space of your valuable paper, I sign myself,

Yours faithfully
AN OBSERVER,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—Now that many of us are turning our attention to Athletic Sports, might I suggest the introduction of some new races into the programme, such as a "sack race," or "a three-legged race;" I think they would considerably lessen the monotony (if I may so call it) of our ordinary Athletic Sports. I know of several who would wish to see these two races instituted at Vincent Square. Why should we not have one on each day of the Sports? Hoping that this will not be found impracticable,

I remain, yours truly,
"ONE INTERESTED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—Notwithstanding the numerous criticisms passed on the introduction of Skating Rinks, &c., I perceived in the last number of your paper an article signed W. A. P. proposing the introduction of a chess club at Westminster. Now, there is not, indeed, the slightest doubt that *if* a chess club were formed, some or even many of the Westminster boys would volunteer to support it. But the difficulty which W. A. P. himself puts forward is where shall the club meet? Now this *is* a real difficulty, though evidently W. A. P. does not think so, and I think that if he wants to institute a chess club, he might suggest also some way of overcoming the difficulty, instead of simply mentioning it.

Sincerely yours,
A READER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I think that more fellows, who have no chance of getting into either of the cricket Elevens, and who could do more good with an oar, might be induced to come up water, and that more interest would be taken in the rowing, and consequently better Eights made, if house races were brought into practice; and that those who do not care for the monotony of rowing every day up to the "Crab Tree" and back, and rather further on half-holidays, would join for the sake of taking a part in the races. Of course rules might be made which would lay a restraint on some of the fellows rowing, or the time when the races should take place. For why should there not be house races up water, as there are cricket and football matches up field? Hoping that you will find room to insert this,

I remain, yours very truly,
J. A. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I am not going to inflict another "lengthy epistle" upon you, and must begin this letter by apologizing for having taken up so much space before. I am sorry to differ from such a good authority as R. W. S. V., but I deny that a cinder path is in any way injurious. How on earth can the "poor feet of professional runners" who are in training on and off the whole year round, stand the dreadful effects R. W. S. V. ascribes to the ash path, and the burning sensation L. C. F. had in his "understandings"?

As for the latter's remarks about not "tending to facilitate the speed," and recommendation of a sawdust track, I would only observe that I don't think ash paths would be in existence if anything better had been discovered. Mr. Editor, either "go the whole animal," and have a real path, or else keep to a level properly measured grass track. Time is nothing of any worth between the two.

I am glad the idea of a handicap meets with approval; I feel sure it would be a success.

L. R. recommends a two-mile race, I am not quite sure if he would make it a handicap. By all means try it, but I do not think he would find the pace of the mile improved by it, as he seems to expect; for if a fellow pounds away at two miles, he won't find he gains much speed, however much his wind may be benefited.

Now, at the risk of bringing down L. C. F.'s wrath on my head for again saying too much, I am going to ask you to allow me to write one or two lines on the manner in which boys train for sports.

We always used to think it necessary every day to run the full distance of the race in which we were going to compete, and consequently, they, before the eventful day, were as "stale" as last Good Friday's buns. There is no other animal (excuse the word) that wants so little preparation for a race as a schoolboy. The boy who is constantly playing cricket or football, can't want the same amount of training as the "ped" who spends his spare time in a pot-house. And yet, if a professional were to train as a boy does, he would be (to use his own expression) as slow as a hearse. Don't always try and improve your wind, and neglect speed, which is just as important as the other. If you are trying for a quarter mile, practise 300 yards at top speed, and occasionally spurts and starts with other fellows. Three times over the trial course will be enough to develop all the extra wind you require for the trial 140 yards. So if you are in for a half-mile race, practise occasionally a quarter or 600 yards, and you will find yourself able to run round the fellow who has been jogging over the full distance every day, and has lost all his speed in the endeavour to get his wind right.

I feel sure, that as a rule, the boy who has had the least so-called training wins, for if, when you have been at cricket and foot-ball for a month or two you cannot run half-a-mile well, all the training in the world would not make you improve ten seconds on your speed.

Yours truly,
C. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—Among the many and various suggestions made for new amusements, there are, I think, some worthy of consideration. The letters which crowd your columns generally contain novel and original ideas, but are, unfortunately, in most cases impracticable. Such, however, is not the case with all of them, and I view with satisfaction, the proposal made a short time since, of introducing a Chess Club, which would in my opinion go far to suppress the "rowdiness" which takes place in some houses on a wet day.

This half is the more adapted for the introduction of such a novelty, as its chief amusement is now unavoidably removed. When the Athletics are over, there will be plenty of time for debate on such proposals. I urge therefore, that a committee be elected by boys not below the Fifth Forms (as in the Athletic Committee), to consider this and other suggestions, which, unless some interest be felt and some energy be shown, will surely be cast aside and forgotten.

J. A.

Floreat.