



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE PAST YEAR.

THE close of another year once more brings with it the duty of briefly reviewing such events as may have characterised the School's history during the past twelve months, and of considering the present condition and prospects of the various branches, scholastic and athletic, of the ordinary School curriculum. We are, however, bound to confess at the outset that there is little of importance to chronicle, and we can only offer a simple record of plain facts. The past has been a very ordinary year, marked, if by no signal success, by no striking failure; and we venture to hope that, if any progress has been made, it is on the favourable side. No changes have been made in the internal working of School or College, and we have not even been favoured with the excitement of the adverse criticism of those who wish us no better than necessary.

The numbers of the School, without having reached a particularly high figure, are larger

than they have ever been since the golden age of Westminster came to an end; so much so that we could not well add to them without additional accommodation. The increase is possibly greatest in the home-boarder element, but all three boarding-houses have kept full: Old Westminsters, too, at both Universities, are in greater force than usual. The Headmaster's Report last Whitsuntide was very fairly favourable, more so than usual, and it contained a decent list of O.W. distinctions. An event of considerable moment has, however, befallen us before the conclusion of the year, in the retirement of the Rev. H. M. Ingram from his arduous duties as Under-master to the less trying and wearing ministration of a country parish. We have already expressed the general feeling of regret that the School has lost the assistance of an old and valued friend, and can only repeat those sentiments here. The powers that be have decreed that his office shall cease with him, and Mr. Sloman, in whom he finds an able successor, will bear the title of Master of the Queen's Scholars, retaining the

Upper Fourth as his Form. The Under School, with its partially independent jurisdiction, in effect ceases to exist except in name, and will be taken by the Junior Classical Master.

On turning to the Athletic world, the event most worthy of note is the revival of Water, which we trust may now be considered an accomplished fact, and not a desirable contingency. At all events, one great point has been gained—one which is of the utmost importance, and one which has long been striven for—Westminster has entered for the Public School Fours, and a crew has been sent to Henley. The efforts of our representatives were not crowned with victory, it is true, but neither they nor we have any cause to be ashamed of their performance. The disadvantages under which we labour in regard to the river, and the actual cessation of Water only two years ago, in addition to somewhat hasty preparation, combine to make it very creditable that they held their own as they did. However that may be, the important point has been secured; the Pink has appeared at Henley, and, as the venture has not been attended with disaster, we surely need not fear but that the privilege will be permanent. For the approaching summer, with probably four of last year's crew remaining, and under conditions in all respects more favourable, we may, perhaps, without presumption, hope that our chances of success may be greater. Every possible effort will no doubt be made by all connected with Water to gain one more step towards the recovery of Westminster's ancient reputation on the Thames. Tubbing from the steps still seems as visionary as ever, though it continues to afford food occasionally for the pens of aquatic enthusiasts. It would be at least satisfactory to know that the question had received careful consideration, or, still better, had been practically put to the test. Another advantage would be further assistance in the way of coaching from O.W.W., to some of whom we are already indebted in this respect. Besides that at Henley, only one eight-oared race was rowed against a strong scratch crew of University men, mostly belonging to the Leander Club, which resulted in a victory for the School.

It is with somewhat less pleasure that we look back on the past Cricket season, though we have the comfort of having done better than we expected. With only three of last year's Pinks left, it was with anything but bright anticipations that we looked on our Cricket prospects for 1880. Nevertheless, by dint of careful

practice, the praiseworthy exertions of our eleven were so far rewarded that, out of nine matches played, four were won against five lost. The ninth and last, against Charterhouse, was undoubtedly a crushing defeat, but we have ere now come off worse when the disparity between the elevens has been less apparent. Last year Charterhouse was acknowledged to be uncommonly strong. Besides, we have learnt to expect at Godalming somewhat rough handling on the cricket field, together with the most courteous and hospitable treatment off it.

In Football we have to notice the conclusion of one season and the beginning of a new one. Last Whitsuntide term, with a good eleven, we were very unfortunate, and the whole was only moderately successful. Our hopes of victory, which had been raised to the highest pitch during the Charterhouse match, were effectually damped by a driving shower of rain shortly before time. The defeats were finally slightly in excess of the victories, but the balance of goals showed in our favour. Very commendable energy has been displayed in the preparation of the card for the new season, and, with some further additions, there is scarcely an available half-holiday unoccupied. The result of last term's matches was very fair on the whole, the only serious defeats being those received from Upton Park and the Old Westminsters. Out of eleven matches played, four were won, one drawn, and six lost.

We hope that, despite the serious hindrance to Football caused by the extraordinary weather which has signalised the opening of the new year, the present term may produce a still better average. Football is one of the few things not charged with degeneration here, and it would be well to make every effort to prevent such a possibility. No slight impulse has been given to Westminster Football by the establishment, after long discussion, of an O.W. Club, greatly to the satisfaction of all interested in the subject. Branches, with Secretaries attached, have been formed at Oxford and Cambridge, and on the Committee are many names familiar in the annals of Football here. The Club is apparently established on a firm basis, and we trust that a long and distinguished career awaits it.

Little remains to be said upon other heads. The Debating Society and Lawn Tennis continue to flourish in a humble way. Racquets offer little hope of improvement. The Concert was unavoidably put off from the Election to the Summer term. The programme was more

ambitious than usual, and may be considered distinctly successful. The Athletic Sports fortunately secured the best of some bad weather, and were marred neither by rain nor fog. The cold and the heavy ground were decidedly not favourable, but we must be thankful for small mercies. The performances were generally up to the average, and the times of the long races were better than usual, while the Pole Jump was also good. There is one branch of Athletics which we could wish received more attention, viz. Gymnastics. They are scarcely in a fair position at Westminster, and have little chance of flourishing under the present system. We have reason to believe that a special class might be organised, if a sufficient number expressed their willingness to join. The noble art of Self-Defence and the Foils are patronised by a select few, and it is a pity more do not seek proficiency in these useful accomplishments. On behalf of the *Elizabethan* itself we would plead that, whatever may have been its literary shortcomings, the due amount of numbers, all exceeding the original size, has been issued during the year, and with tolerable regularity. We have at least one cause for self-congratulation. In great measure, owing to the efforts of an energetic Treasurer, the financial position of the *Elizabethan* has been so far improved that, in spite of a considerably increased expenditure, the accounts show a modest reduction in the debt, which seems in a fair way of being disposed of.

We observed at the beginning of this article that the past year had been somewhat quiet and uneventful, and such, taken by itself, it certainly is. But, perhaps, if we consider the period in the career of the School of which it forms part, and examine the causes which are at work within and without, we may be led to conclude far differently. No obvious dangers at present threaten; the malicious attacks of enemies have apparently ceased, though security may be only temporary. Still, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the School is, as it were, on its trial, and the greatest care is necessary that it may emerge in safety from the ordeal. The opportunity for quiet progress must be made the most of, for it is impossible to tell how soon a crisis might occur. There is the greatest need that all should unite to do their utmost in whatever way they possess ability. Steady, general improvement is more important now than individual brilliancy. To this result all, without exception, can contribute, if they will, and all should remember that on their efforts now the

future welfare of the School is dependent. It must not be forgotten that, however great may be the advantages of antiquity, traditions, a glorious name and a brilliant past, the welfare of a school, as of a city, after all mainly rests on those who compose it.

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## 'OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

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No. X.\*

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

LONG ago—far back in the last century—was born a man whose reputation will certainly survive the close of the current century, and will probably live far beyond a period when men not now born will have passed away and been lost sight of.

The son of a poulterer, who pursued his business in Newport Street, Westminster, the subject of this notice was born in 1736, and at a proper age was sent to Westminster School.

From Westminster young Tooke was removed to Eton. How he fared during his public school career we know not; but, doubtless, as these schools were eminently aristocratic in those days, the poulterer's son would have no very pleasant time with his higher-born schoolfellows.

At school it does not appear that the young man, whose name has been so celebrated in English history, played any distinguished part, but we are told that he became a diligent student when he left the scene of his early education, and entered the University of Cambridge as a member of St. John's College.

In accordance with his father's wish, Tooke, on leaving Cambridge, selected the Church as a calling, and was ordained deacon; but this religious office did not suit the views of the man principally concerned, and, shortly after ordination, he made up his mind to adopt law as a profession, and became a student in the Inns of Court, where he made the acquaintance of two men, who afterwards rose to eminence in the learned profession—Dunning and Kenyon.

As a law student Tooke showed promise of becoming a proficient, but, as his relatives preferred his following the associations of a divine, he gave way to their desire, and, in 1760, was admitted by Doctor Thomas, the Bishop of Sarum, to the priesthood. As a reward for the compliance, his father purchased for him the living of New Brentford, which produced an annual income of some two or three hundred pounds, and was enjoyed by him for eleven years; during which term he not only preached in his own parish, but also in the metropolis on several occasions. In 1763 he accompanied a son of the celebrated

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\* No. IX of this series will be concluded as soon as possible. The Author regrets that circumstances have prevented the conclusion of that number in the present issue of the *Elizabethan*.

Elwes as tutor on a tour in France, with equal advantage to his charge and to himself.

Soon after his return from abroad he embarked upon the stormy sea of politics, and it was to his zealous and untiring exertions during the well-known Middlesex election that the Liberal success was in no slight degree due. Referring to Horne Tooke's share in the exciting contest, it has been written, by one who was perfectly capable of the task of making history, that 'His courage, which was of the coolest and firmest kind, shrunk from no hazard; his resources of argument and declamation were inexhaustible; his personal applications had every diversity of address and persuasion; his very moderate pecuniary means were freely devoted; and his measures and exertions to preserve good order, and to prevent all violence, beyond that of language, on the popular side, proved how well he was qualified to manage the populace, and how much influence he must have previously acquired over their minds. This care to prevent violence was strongly contrasted with the conduct of the Government party, who hired and embodied a gang of ruffians for the purpose of perpetrating it. In consequence, several unoffending persons were desperately wounded, and one man was killed. Horne's zeal and intrepidity were eminently displayed in his unsuccessful efforts to bring to justice the criminals in this and one or two other deeds of partly similar nature. Why such efforts should be unsuccessful, when those criminals were ascertained, it is not difficult to conjecture. The share he took in this contest would be to him of the nature of an experiment on his own powers; and the manner in which he had borne himself through so various and turbulent a warfare would greatly confirm and augment his consciousness of extraordinary strength. While this would tend to impart a tone of provocation and defiance, the exercise of so ardent, and, in his constant opinion, so virtuous an hostility, excited a passion for war which could not, in a mind constituted of such "stern stuff" as his, become extinct as soon as the particular occasion was past. A heated piece of iron retains its power to burn longer than slighter substances. The passion was prolonged in a keen watchfulness to find an enemy, and a fierce promptitude to attack him.

'When we add to this, that from his childhood his hatred had been directed against the sins of governments, we shall not wonder to find him, from the period in question, the unrelenting persecutor of statesmen, their corruptions, and their adherents. Among the first objects of this inextinguishable spirit of war was a right honourable person of the name of Onslow, a member of the Administration, who was publicly called to account for an imputed delinquency in so peremptory a style, that he was provoked to make his ultimate answer by a prosecution. Horne, defeated at first, stoutly fought the matter through the courts to a third trial, in which he was completely victorious; and it was a victory over a much greater personage than his immediate antagonist, for he defeated Lord Mansfield, and in a manner so marked and decisive that it must have caused that personage

extreme mortification. This was a proud commencement of that series of interviews which Horne was destined to have with his Lordship, under the relation of judge and culprit, and might contribute not a little to his maintaining ever afterwards such an attitude of intrepidity and equality as no other man did, in the same relation, to the great despot of law.'

It will be noticed that, in the above quotation from the *Eclectic Review*, Tooke is alluded to as *Horne*; and it may be interesting to anticipate a little by accounting for the change in the name, or rather the addition of the *Tooke* to the *Horne*, and we may premise by stating that in 1773 he resigned his Church appointment, and again applied himself to the study of law.

For a time he met with little to vary the even tenor of his way, but at last an opportunity was presented, of which he gladly availed himself, to come to the front.

One Mr. Tooke, who was possessed of some means, and was a political friend of the subject of this memoir, sought his advice in a case presenting great difficulties. Mr. Tooke, having purchased an estate called *Purley* (which gave the title to Horne Tooke's great philological work), had come into contact with a neighbour of influence concerning certain manorial rights, and his opponent had sought the assistance of Parliament in the matter. The Bill sought came on for its third reading on a certain night, and Mr. Tooke appealed to Horne but the day before. Horne said to his friend, 'If the facts be as you represent them, the House shall not pass the Bill,' and he then proposed to execute a plan which was strikingly original and characteristic, and he took into his own hands the task proposed. In language particularly offensive, he attacked Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker of that time, in a letter, which appeared in the same paper that the 'Letters of Junius' were made public in, upon the Bill in question. By this means he hoped to compel the House to devote more attention than would have been paid otherwise to the measure before it; and he heeded not the consequences to himself, but directed the printer to divulge his name if called upon to do so. A great commotion was caused on the appearance of this letter, and the House of Commons, determined to maintain its dignity, sent for the printer of the paper in which the letter had appeared. He attended, and, as directed, gave in the name of the writer of the article, who was then in the House.

The whole House was taken by surprise, but Horne's arguments and explanations were so powerful and convincing that eventually the obnoxious portions of the Bill were struck out, to the delight of Mr. Tooke, who bequeathed a large sum to his courageous friend, and authorised him to assume his name—which, as all students of history know, Horne did.

In July, 1777, Horne Tooke, as we shall henceforth call him, was prosecuted, found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for having issued a libel in the newspapers under his name, and an additional punishment of a fine of £200 was imposed

upon him. The libel was, in effect, that he proposed a subscription on behalf of the widows and children of those American soldiers who were killed in the affair of Lexington; or, as he termed them, 'Englishmen inhumanly butchered by the King's troops for preferring death to slavery.'

Upon the expiration of his term of imprisonment he applied to be admitted to the Bar, but the Benchers of the Inner Temple twice refused to grant his request, although he had kept the required terms.

Having failed in this his great hope, he bought an estate of no very considerable extent near Huntingdon, and devoted his time to the pursuits of agriculture.

Pitt's proposals of Parliamentary reform, in 1782, met with Tooke's warm approval, and received his able assistance.

In 1790 he entered the lists against Fox and Wood for the representation of Westminster, and rendered the occasion famous by the presentation of a petition praying the House to look into certain corrupt practices, which he declared the Commons to be guilty of.

In 1794 he was arrested on a charge of High Treason, arising from his having hoodwinked a spy employed to watch, and, if possible, entrap him. The spy was not so clever as Tooke, and was completely duped by his intended victim, who saw through him from the first, and pretended to play into his hands. After his arrest, Tooke was sent to the Tower, and from thence to the Old Bailey. He was much elated by the chance he now had of expressing in the most public manner the political principles he professed, and he prepared a speech, of a portion of which we furnish a quotation, only part of which, however, was actually delivered, owing to the marked complaisance of the Court before which he was tried.

The intended oration ran as follows:—'My Lord,—The intentions of your Lordship, and of those by whom you are employed, are sufficiently barefaced and apparent to me; and no man who has read my petition to the House of Commons can doubt of the motives and causes of this prosecution against me. The minister pledged himself solemnly to the House that I should be punished, and thus he keeps his word. My Lord, I have the same taste of sweet and bitter in common with other men—I love life—I dislike death. But I believe there never was, and I trust that I shall find there never will be, in my mind, a single moment's hesitation or reluctance to lay down my life deliberately and cheerfully in defence of the rights of my country; and I never was more ready to do it than now.' In conclusion, Tooke went on thus:—'My Lord, I will die as I have lived, in the commission of the only crime with which I can be charged during my whole life—the crime of speaking plainly the plain truth. And I doubt not that I shall plainly prove that I never spoke more truly than I do now, by pleading to this indictment—*not guilty*.

'I shall surely one day be tried by God; and, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I will hope now to be tried fairly by my country.'

Tooke was almost immediately acquitted. He again contested an election for Westminster in 1796,

and was defeated, his opponents being Fox and Sir Allan Gardiner. In 1801 he was elected Member for Old Sarum, having been nominated by Lord Camelford.

After the Dissolution in the following year, he was prevented by the Ministry from again taking his seat by an Act, since repealed, which debarred the election to Parliament of persons who were or had been in holy orders.

His conduct in the House, during the short period he occupied a seat therein, was marked for its moderation and extreme good common-sense.

The remainder of his life was spent in retirement at his Wimbledon seat, where he engaged himself in literary and rural pursuits.

On the 18th of March, 1812, Horne Tooke's career was terminated by death. In regard to his personal characteristics, we are told that, although not exceeding middle size, he was strong and athletic, his limbs well knit and compact, his countenance comely, features regular, his hair cut close behind, and hanging loose about the temples, and his eyes full of expression and piercingly keen.

He was witty and gay in ordinary conversation, but particularly bitter in his political speech. Naturally open and communicative, the accidents of his career made him reserved and wary. Without any intention of seeking popularity, he always espoused the popular side and fought for perfect liberty.

As a preacher, Stephens says that Tooke's eloquence only wanted cultivation to place him in the first rank, and to put him in a fair way to becoming one of the pillars of the Anglican Church. As a writer, he himself admitted that he 'spoke too sharply for philosophy,' but there can be no question of his learning and his ability. Upon this point we quote the following extract from a work which has afforded us great assistance:—'In 1770 he [Tooke] quarrelled with his quondam friend Wilkes, and a most vituperative correspondence ensued betwixt these two worthies. According to the opinion of some, Wilkes was the victor in this contest, but a very able critic has given it as his opinion "that Horne's part of the correspondence, though it may not completely vindicate himself in all points, perfectly explodes his opponent to atoms." Junius, in his celebrated "Letters," espoused the cause of Wilkes, but Horne [Tooke] took up this new and more formidable antagonist with great promptitude and boldness; and, in the opinion of most, came off victor. His next efforts were directed to the important object of making public the proceedings of the Legislature. The House of Commons long resisted the attempt, but were at last obliged quietly to submit to this infringement of their rights.'

It is a curious coincidence in the above quotation, where I have inserted in brackets the word *Tooke* to complete the name, that after 'Horne' the next word in the original should be *took*—the subject of this memoir being at the time entirely ignorant of the fact that one day his name would receive the addition of *Tooke*.

He was particularly careful to avoid any appearance of being slovenly or indolent in composition of his literary works, we are told; and in the most familiar correspondence he held it to be necessary to be as minute and particular as if engaged in special pleading, and he maintained that every loose, doubtful, or equivocal expression should be eliminated in writings of all descriptions, which should be entirely plain and intelligible.

Westminster and Eton have every reason to be proud of the fact that Horne Tooke received his education within their walls.

### ‘JOAN OF ARC.’

BENEATH an ancient beech-tree's pleasant shade,  
In the cool twilight of a summer's eve,  
The village children often laughed and played,  
And on the boughs their garlands used to leave;  
For, as they thought, the fairies came by night  
To frolic on the greensward 'neath the tree; |  
And where the shadows fell, the glowworm's light  
Illumed the scene in all its gaiety,  
Where fay and elf, 'twas said, besported merrily.

The honeysuckle lovingly entwined  
With the white bindweed o'er the tangled brake,  
And the rank mushrooms, in dull earth confined,  
At the fays' word, their prison bed forsake.  
Hard by the gliding stream, with waters clear,  
Mirrored the moonbeam's cool and placid ray,  
And there the rush and arrowhead abound,  
Making the surface of the stream look gay,  
Where the white water lilies, too, in summer lay.

Amid such scenes as these the maid did dwell,  
Tending her father's flocks upon the moor,  
Or heard with dreamy passion the church bell,  
As she sat spinning at the cottage door;  
For close at hand the little chapel stood,  
Where day by day she knelt before the shrine,  
Bending before the crucifix of wood,  
Round which the lighted tapers dimly shine,  
Tinting with gold the images of quaint design.

Now as she walked amongst the shady trees,  
Holding sweet converse with the birds and flowers,  
Hearing soft whispers in the summer breeze,  
And spending 'mongst the ferns her leisure hours,  
She saw strange sights, heard voices sweet and low  
Beside her, as she lingered in the glade,  
Which seemed to bid her from her parents go,  
To save her country: she, the peasant maid,  
How could she hope to bring her stricken country aid?

Her peaceful life was o'er: that awful sound,  
The voice of war, was heard throughout the land.  
The dead and dying strewed the fields around,  
And fire and death appear'd on either hand.  
Then would the maid relieve the suffering poor,  
Tending their wounds, wounds from the sword and lance,  
And her own bed she gladly would give o'er  
In answer to some mute soul-stirring glance,  
For she 'felt pity for the once fair realm of France.'

Sweet visions came to her by day and night,  
The angel Michael bid her rise and arm,  
And other saints, in crowns of blazing light,  
Bid her but trust the Lord, and fear no harm.  
Urged by the voices, by the sight of woe,  
The little chapel cruelly burnt down,  
Her dear old home by foreign troops laid low,  
Her friends all forced to seek the neighbouring town,  
She rose, and started forth her exiled king to crown.

Behold her now! Is this the peasant maid  
Who once sat spinning at the cottage door?  
It is the same, in armour bright arrayed,  
Midst armèd men: those peaceful days were o'er.  
While people throng around of all degrees,  
Now see her mounted on a charger fine,  
Her silken banner fluttering in the breeze,  
Embroidered with the cross, that holy sign:  
'Whether to see or hear, she seemed a thing divine.'

Now see her, too, in battle's stern array,  
Her bright blade flashing round her plumèd head,  
Urging the soldiers to renew the fray,  
Though all the plain around was strewn with dead.  
'God and our King!' she cries; and then a cheer  
Rises above the battle's furious din.  
'Forward, ye French!' 'the victory is near.'  
At the first shock, the English line gives in,  
And then the hated foes their headlong flight begin.

She mounts the scaling ladders on the walls,  
Though arrows fall around like summer rain;  
Alone, she gains the top, but—ah! she falls  
Into the trench beneath, among the slain.  
And is she killed? Ah, no, 'tis but a wound;  
Though sore in pain, she quickly gains her feet,  
And sees the dead and dying all around,  
The English men-at-arms in full retreat,  
The fortress nobly won, the victory complete.

Her king once crowned, she tired of war and strife,  
And all the horrors of the battle plain,  
Sighed for her whilom sweet and peaceful life,  
And yearned to see her village friends again.  
Her sighs, her tears, entreaties, all for nought,  
No heavenly voices now her steps to guide;  
Reckless, again the battle's din she sought,  
Though sword in hand she gladly would have died;  
Yet she was captive ta'en, the battlements beside.

As some sweet flower blooms brightly for a day,  
Spreading its petals to the vernal air,  
Then slowly shrivels up and fades away,  
Leaving the wasted stalk alone and bare;  
E'en so the maid, doomed to a dungeon cell,  
To hideous taunts and ribald soldiers' jeers,  
Deserted by the friends she loved so well,  
Spent the long nights in prayer and silent tears,  
Perplexed and frightened with grave doubts and fears.

Day after day, led into open court  
To answer there the charge of heresy,  
Tired out with ceaseless arguing and retort,  
She passed long weeks in hopeless misery.  
Threatened with tortures to confess her sin,  
'That Satan helped her in her purpose fell,'  
Her spirit chafed her pious breast within;  
The voices which she once had loved so well  
Ne'er came to comfort her within her lonely cell.

One morn revealed a grim and ghastly sight—  
 A wooden stake and fagots piled on high,  
 Soon to be wrapt in flames of lurid light :  
 'Twas there the maiden Joan was doomed to die.  
 Forth from her prison on that fatal day,  
 Through the vast crowds of people standing round,  
 Towards the pile she slowly took her way,  
 With folded hands and eyes bent to the ground.  
 Her mission was fulfilled, though she in chains was  
 bound.

Now, in the sight of all, the flames uprise,  
 Leaping and crackling in their fierce career ;  
 The maiden raised to heaven her tearful eyes,  
 And many turned away to hide a tear.  
 ' Jesus,' she cried with her fast failing breath,  
 ' My voices were from heaven,' they heard her say ;  
 Her saints were with her in the hour of death,  
 She could not feel the flames around her play :  
 No—she was with the saints above—far, far away.

E. C. BEDFORD.

## SECOND PRIZE.

WHAT time the King of Terrors comes to speed  
 The farewell exit of thy fleeting breath,  
 How skills thy life's long effort, an thou need  
 A poet's art to speak thee fair in death ?  
 A Cæsar lies the mossy sod beneath,  
 O'er Cyrus' bones the lion has his den.  
 Fond earth, the common parent of us all,  
 Yields her dead children only to the pen ;  
 They live renowned again, live in the mouths of men.

Yes ! Gracchus slain appeased Rome's selfish rage,  
 Leonidas for Sparta fought, and bled,  
 A Wallace graces Scotland's brightest page,  
 A Tell his country's arms to freedom led.  
 Is sunny France, then, barren in her dead ?  
 Hath never star gemmed her horizon bright ?  
 And were her sons 'mongst those who, life's day fled,  
 Must sink forgotten in oblivion's night,  
 Nor find the thorny path which leads to glory's light ?

Tread lightly, France, o'er Rouen's fair domain,  
 And long beside the consecrated spot,  
 Wrapt in reflection's chequered robe remain,  
 Where death omnipotent hath conquered not  
 The glories it hath hid, where sin's dark blot  
 Fears to approach the chamber of decay,  
 And Lethe's livid shades scorn to allot  
 A place to her amidst the meaner clay  
 Whom fame's clear light preserves until the last dread  
 day.

Upborne on airy pinions of the mind,  
 Follow the footprints of receding years,  
 Till fain to pause, yet pausing not, they wind  
 Where earth's green mantle beams with heaven's bright  
 tears,  
 And rosy dawn, bright child of darkness, fears  
 To mar with careless and too fond caress  
 The tree which, free from winter's spell, appears  
 Clad in its garb of summer loveliness,  
 And quaffs its morning fill of Nature's kindness.

Yet Nature's self, all beauteous though she be,  
 Is here ; the cloud which oft the setting sun  
 Lures to enhance his own soft brilliancy,  
 And leaves all cheerless when his course is run.  
 For, 'neath this tree, there lies reposing one  
 With whose fair hair the morning breezes sport,  
 And round whose form a filmy web is spun  
 Of light and shade, harmoniously wrought,  
 A maid of beauty far surpassing mortal thought.

The very angels hover round her sleep,  
 And breathe sweet comfort and abiding love :  
 ' So, now, before thee rises plain, yet steep,  
 The path which leads to holier realms above.  
 O, fear not then thy maiden arms to prove,  
 For, when glad victory crowns the conflict o'er,  
 Thy free and spotless soul, like some pure dove,  
 To calmer scenes and sweeter rest shall soar,  
 Where sin lies prone, but love can perish never more.'

Gaze, next, on all that favoured France could boast,  
 Of wit, wealth, wisdom, gathered round her king :  
 In vain he plans 'gainst England's hostile host,  
 In vain his courtiers their counsels bring,  
 Yet, hark ! whose foot scarce makes the paved hall ring,  
 A maiden's voice thrills through this sad domain :  
 ' O let me 'gainst the foe my gauntlet fling,  
 And France o'er all yon merry meads shall reign.'  
 She speaks, the echoes hear, and yield her voice again.

E'en now, methinks, I hear the organ peal  
 Harmonious rapture o'er each hallowed dome ;  
 E'en now, methinks, a crownèd king doth kneel,  
 With all the rich, rare ritual of Rome ;  
 And near him, like the surging sad sea foam,  
 Which bursts in fury 'gainst the fearful beach,  
 Yet peacefully reseeks its watery home,  
 There stands a maid, who, through the foeman's  
 breach,  
 Stern glory's chaplet from its throne hath dared to  
 reach.

Yet once again the mystic veil withdraw,  
 Which shrouds the sure, sad footsteps of the past,  
 And, aye, shall shroud, till time shall bow before  
 Eternity, and gazing, gaze thy last.  
 For here thy sun's declining glories haste  
 To sink within the chambers of the west.  
 And France's maiden saviour longs to taste  
 The promised joys of heaven's glad bridal feast,  
 Where love for ever fills the mansions of the blest.

Ye stones, how dared ye then to hold your peace ?  
 Ye heavens, why scorned ye not to yield your dew ?  
 Thou ingrate earth, O why didst thou not cease  
 To wander o'er the vast ætherial blue ?  
 Ye fiends in human guise, how could ye view,  
 Unmoved to tears, such holiness consigned  
 To the consuming, fiery curse which knew  
 No pity for a maiden's spotless mind,  
 When e'en stern Death himself relented, and was kind ?

Mourn not for her ; she lives, yea, reigns above ;  
 Her spirit hath returned to Him who gave  
 Its sweet, pure life on earth, and mortal love  
 Hath vanquished death, and triumphed o'er the grave.  
 She lives with Him, who lived and died to save,  
 She quaffs the cup which angels long to drain ;  
 She waits to welcome home the pure and brave,  
 And, like some star, whose glories cannot wane,  
 Sheds a soft flood of light on all our doubt and pain.

H. MUNRO.

## FOOTBALL.

WESTMINSTER *v.* WANDERERS.

THIS match was played on November 17th, Wednesday, at Vincent Square, in fine but bitterly cold weather, and resulted in a victory for the School by one goal to none. Robson started the ball for us at 3.15 P.M., and the School at once assumed the aggressive, and narrowly missed scoring a goal. The Wanderers now rallied and carried the ball into our territory. Bain and Bury now distinguished themselves by some good dribbling, but all their attempts failed through inaccuracy of shooting. At length, shortly after half-time, Bain ran down the left side, and, middling the ball capittally to Bury, the latter put the ball between the posts with a hard shot (1—0). This he soon afterwards repeated, but the goal was disallowed. The victory therefore remained with the School by 1 goal to none. The sides were :—

## WESTMINSTER.

H. N. Robson (captain) and S. A. Bird (backs), R. C. Batley and E. C. Frere (half-backs), W. W. Bury and C. F. Ingram (centres), F. W. Bain and O. Scoones (left-wing), R. T. Squire and T. Morison (right-wing), F. E. Lewin (goals).

## WANDERERS.

A. H. Stratford (captain) and C. W. Foley (backs), A. C. Whitehead and F. W. Janson (half-backs), W. F. G. Sandwith, P. G. L. Webb, C. Maitlock, W. J. Maynard, F. Barry, C. W. Crowdy (subst.).

WESTMINSTER *v.* CASUALS.

THIS match was played at Vincent Square on Wednesday, November 24th, in fine weather, but on a very wet ground. The visitors turned up a very hot team, notwithstanding which the School made a very good fight of it. Hardly had the ball been started when Pitman secured a goal. Both sides now played up hard, Barry making some especially fine runs for the visitors, while for us Burr ridge and Squire were not idle. Presently Ingram, by a very pretty shot, obtained our first goal (1—1). Before half-time Barry succeeded in adding to the visitors' score (2—1), after which no alteration took place until just before the end of the game, when Ingram equalised matters with a splendid shot (2—2). But our success was short-lived, for, just before the call of time, in a scrimmage in front of our goal, Lloyd-Jones managed to put the ball through our posts, and thus a good game was lost by 3 goals to 2. The sides were :—

## WESTMINSTER.

H. N. Robson (captain) and S. A. Bird (backs), R. C. Batley and E. C. Frere (half-backs), W. W. Bury and C. F. Ingram (centres), R. T. Squire and O. Scoones (left-wing), W. A. Burr ridge and T. Morison (right-wing).

## CASUALS.

A. L. Bambridge and M. F. Tweedie (backs), C. H. Last and F. Last (half-backs), C. A. Lloyd-Jones, H. Lafone, W. Pitman, A. J. Barnett, F. Barry, F. L. Woolley, J. H. Roberts.

In this match, Ryde, Stephenson, and Bain were unfortunately unable to play for us.

WESTMINSTER *v.* ROYAL ENGINEERS.

THIS match was played on Saturday, Nov. 27, in fine weather and on a splendid ground. Our opponents were a most formidable team, being, with only one or two exceptions, the team which had lately been playing for the cup. Successful in the toss, Robson chose to play with the wind ; by this means giving the Sappers further disadvantage, in a strong sun-light in their faces. Massy kicked off, and forthwith both sides set to work in earnest, the Engineers having the best of it, as they thoroughly overmatched us both in speed and physique. In the first few minutes they made a combined rush at our lines, and Lewin only just succeeded in saving a goal. Squire and Burr ridge made some fine runs for the School, which unfortunately ended in nothing. Meanwhile the Sappers scored two goals, kicked by Massy and Learoyd ; and upon changing ends, in spite of all our exertions, we were still more closely penned, and Barnett made a splendid shot, thus scoring the visitors' 3rd goal. Burr ridge and Squire then made a fine run, and the former middling the ball to Bury, he made a splendid but ineffectual shot at our opponents' goal, the ball being knocked over the tape by Druitt, their goal-keeper.

When time was called, the Sappers remained the victors by three goals to none. The sides were :—

## WESTMINSTER.

H. N. Robson, W. A. Burr ridge, R. T. Squire, F. W. Bain, G. Stephenson, R. C. Batley, W. W. Bury, C. Ingram, S. A. Bird, E. C. Frere, F. E. Lewin (goals).

## ROYAL ENGINEERS.

E. Druitt (goals), B. Russell, H. Nullaby, H. Paterson, W. S. Vidal, H. Massy, R. S. Maclagan, C. Learoyd, H. Barnett, L. Quill, R. Allen.

WESTMINSTER *v.* SOUTH NORWOOD.

THIS match was played on February 2nd, in very unpleasant weather, and during an intermittent rain. At first the game was pretty even, but, after a short time, one of the Westminster forwards ran the ball down the right side and middled it to Stephenson, who scored our first goal with an easy shot (1—0). Directly after the ball was started, Barry ran the ball down the centre, and Leete equalised matters (1—1). Bury soon after scored another goal for us out of a scrimmage (2—1). Before half-time Barnett kicked another for them (2—2). After half-time the game underwent a complete change ; the ball was kept



constantly in the South Norwood quarters, and 5 more goals fell to Westminster before time was called—the first two being kicked by Bury, the third by one of their own backs (Wilson), the fourth by Burrige, and the fifth by Bury. As nothing of further importance occurred, the School remained the victors by seven goals to two. The result of the match was very creditable to the eleven, who played well together and passed splendidly. All the backs played well, and Bury and Burrige were especially good forward. The sides were :—

#### WESTMINSTER.

G. Stephenson (captain), W. A. Burrige, R. T. Squire (back), F. W. Bain, R. C. Batley, W. W. Bury, C. F. Ingram, S. A. Bird (back), T. Morison, E. C. Frere (half-back), H. Wetton (goals).

#### S. NORWOOD.

C. Wilson, captain (back), W. Robertson, J. Muspratt (half-backs), B. Bennett, F. Barry, F. Leete, N. Leete, J. C. Ferns, Barnard, Reynolds (goals).

### School Notes.

OWING to the severe frost and snow, which did some damage to the heating apparatus in School, the holidays were prolonged from Wednesday, January 19, to Tuesday, January 25. Notice was sent to such as had not already arrived to put off their advent till that date, but not in time to prevent some of the more hardy turning up, full of adventures, but empty in pocket, owing to exorbitant cab-fares, only to be told that they might go back again if they liked!

This came very hard on those who had been two days on the journey from Liverpool, the greater half of which had been spent in the snow.

*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* It is a very new and sad sensation to miss the well-known face of the Under-Master amongst us. The Rev. A. Sloman has entered on his duties as Master of the Q.SS. Coming, as he does, after one who so ably and efficiently filled the post of Under-Master for twenty years, and who is remembered and regretted by all who ever had to do with him, he will have a trying ordeal to pass through in the sight of all O.W.W. We wish him every success in his School career.

We are glad to see that inside the walls of College—that *sanctum sanctorum* so carefully screened from all rude and curious eyes—there are at present, to use an apparent tautology, no new innovations imminent. There have been so many startling changes recently, that it imparts quite a sense of relief to have some respite.

*Apropos* of changes, Mr. G. G. Robinson has left us unexpectedly, at least to the School, to undertake magisterial duties at Charterhouse. During the short

stay he made here, he was generally popular in the School, and we are heartily sorry to lose him, especially to our rivals, Charterhouse. Two new masters, Mr. Robinson and Mr. E. M. Blackburn, have come to supply the places of the two who have left.

Not the least important of recent alterations, especially to those concerned, will be the introduction of new and proper goal and boundary posts at the 2nd and 3rd games up Fields. There has been a great deal of outcry about this lately, both in School and in our pages, so we hope the younger members will at last be satisfied.

We are glad to see the O.W.W. Football Club, which was started after a meeting held after the Athletic Sports last October, flourishing. Now, at last, may we hope to see the Association Challenge Cup carried off by an Old Westminster Football team.

The subjects in which Candidates for Election will be examined at Whitsuntide are as follows :—

Æsch.: Agamemnon.  
Plato's Republic, Bks. ii., iii.  
Cicero's Selected Epistles.  
Propertius and Catullus: Selections.  
St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.  
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.  
Butler's Analogy.  
Homer's Iliad, Bks. xxii. and xxiii.  
Virg. Æn., Bks. x., xi., xii.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Debating Society, held on Friday, January 28, the seniors having according to custom declined office, owing to Election work, the following new officers were elected :—

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	T. MORISON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	J. B. HODGE.
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	E. POLAND.
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	W. W. BURY.

At a subsequent meeting, held on Monday, Jan. 31, five new members were elected :—G. E. M. Eden, G. Viner, H. C. Peck, G. V. Sampson, G. Lavie.

On Thursday evening, February 3, there was a debate held in School, at which the following motion was discussed :—'That, in the opinion of the Society, it is the duty of England to abolish the Opium Trade.' H. R. James was the mover, T. Morison and S. Bere respectively seconder and opposer. After a protracted and somewhat conversational debate, the House divided, and the motion was found to have been gained by a majority of 14 to 7.

It was proposed on this occasion by R. C. Batley, and carried unanimously, 'That the number of the Society, which at present consists of 40 members, be increased to 50.' The Society will subsequently meet to elect new members.

## Obituary.

SHORTLY before the end of last term, the sad news reached us of the death of Thomas Drury Rumball, who scarcely six months before was in our midst. Not long after leaving the School last Whitsuntide, he went out to join his father at Constantinople. He was there seized by fever, which, after a lingering illness of over 40 days, terminated in death on December 8. While here, his cheerful disposition and hearty good humour made him a general favourite, and his simple kindness and genuine frankness won the affection and respect of all those who enjoyed his more intimate society. His untimely end was heard with unfeigned regret by all who knew him, and has left a genuine feeling of sorrow which will not quickly be effaced.

We have also to record the death of the Rev. Frederick Biscoe, who died on December 14, 1880. He was admitted into College in 1822, obtaining the fifth place in the examination; and was elected to Oxford in 1826. He obtained second-class honours in both classics and mathematics, and graduated B.A. 1829; M.A. 1832. He was appointed Vicar of Turkdean, Gloucestershire, and held that benefice till his death. The captain of his election was the Rev. Robert William Goodenough, late Vicar of Whittingham, Northumberland, who died on October 21 last, only two months before the death of his old schoolfellow.

Also of Ernest Gee-Smith, who was admitted into College in 1866. He got his election to Cambridge in 1870. He was 5th senior optimé in the Mathematical Tripos in 1874, and became mathematical master of Cheam School. He graduated as M.A. in 1879, and died in December last.

## Our Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Alleynian*, *The Blundellian*, *The Bradfield School Chronicle*, *The Brighton College Magazine*, *The Cambridge Review*, *The Carthusian*, *The Cinque Port*, *The Eastbournian*, *The Epsomian*, *The Felstedian*, *The Fettesian*, *The International College Gazette*, *The Laxtonian*, *The Lorettonian*, *The Malvernian*, *The Marlburian*, *The Meteor*, *The Newtonian*, *Our School Times*, *The Ousel*, *The Radleian*, *The Reading School Magazine*, *The Rossallian*, *The Tonbridgian*, *The Ulula*, *The Wellingtonian*, and *The Wykehamist*.

*The Blundellian* attracts attention by an elaborate plan of the new School buildings, whence we conclude the long-talked-

of move is about to be made. We wish 'success to their housewarming.' There is a clever translation of 'The Needy Knife-grinder' into Greek Sapphics, and an amusing account of the infancy of *The Blundellian*, which was born in 1861. Three MS. copies were issued at a time, to be seen like a peep-show, and read for the sum of one farthing.

*The Brighton College Magazine* sends seventy odd pages of matter—we can hardly call it *news*, as much of it relates to what happened in May and June last.

*The Carthusian* shortly sums up their chief out-of-school 'characteristics'—football and footlights: and with some truth, as all the matches recorded were victories for Charterhouse, not to speak of the defeat of both 'Varsities by the Old Carthusians; while the entertainments included some harmless gambols by a 'Professor of Magic,' some gusts of melody from the Wind Band, and various plays and farces throughout the term.

For out-of-the-way trifles we turn to *The Cinque Port*. We have come to regard it as the oracle of all the ologies and a few others. And in the number before us there is much to interest and much that is 'mighty diverting.' We gaze with wonder on the fell series of puns in the School Notes, and, in fact, we read through this part with the constant suspicion of having missed a latent joke. Two of the many good articles are headed respectively 'Wild Bees' and 'Those Terrible Hexapods.' The last word is vague enough. Why not 'Wasps'? The word, we believe, is still used in ordinary English. The interest of the School during the last term has been absorbed, it seems, by the Cambridge Examination, the 'Tempest,' and—the manufacture of cocoa-nut wedding-rings! The latter, we suppose, are easier to make than cocoa-nut dolls or cocoa-nut rattles. Through both numbers before us runs a log of a three months' voyage from London to Adelaide. This diary, if anything, shows how exceedingly dull it must have been. Most of the remarks relate to the longitude, or the weather, or the number of puffins which followed the ship. We pity the writer. The 'Nursery Drama' is simple and silly.

*The Eastbournian* sends an average—very average—number. The even tenor of its way is broken by some proverbs from Hendyng, which make a little variety. By the way, if one must have acrostics, would it not be as well to have them correct? No amount of Shakespeare quotations can make 'Tempest' begin with a couple of E's.

*The Epsomian*.—It seems, when a football match is extra commonplace, the fashion is to 'do' it into Latin hexameters, which is a mistake. '*Vixit are vibrato*,' '*metis mulatis*,' and '*Nostrorum solitus risus nil est nisi sudor*,' are phrases of the kind called 'shop,' and not at all Virgilian. The supplement describes some very successful theatricals. They are greatly in vogue at schools now, judging from the various papers.

*The Felstedian* produces some very original verses on 'Saturday Pie,' with three woodcuts—a great addition. They celebrate how the abhorred and rejected pie triumphed meanly but decisively over the 'politeness' of certain small boys, guests at a master's table. We quote a verse:—'Now the lads couldn't see what fare it might be, On the sideboard behind did it lie; They thought it all right, so they filled themselves tight, And they did it on Saturday Pie.' Such is life! Felstedian profundity divides the world into two classes—those who make jokes, and those who do not. Happily the former are rare.

*The Lorettonian* acts as a dictionary of Yankeeisms and Lorettoniana, which, in the words of *Truth*, are good and—otherwise. Our readers may judge for themselves. For instance, we find in 'A Glance at American Cricket' the verb to 'bunch' (present a young lady with flowers)—'a cocktail of peace'—'cricket was not such a jug-handled affair'—'panned out poorly before the wickets'—'five flies were let fall'—and some most euphonious football terms, 'hoicking,' 'gouging,' and 'scragging.'

The November issue of *The Malvernian* publishes a leader on 'Epea Pteroenta.' This is a protest against the vagaries of Malvern slang. The next number publishes a letter in reply. Whether this letter is serious or ironical matters not, but the state of affairs revealed is alarming. To descend to particulars, the more frivolous section of the School has got a fit of economy on, and finds it can express all its ideas with four words. The unfortunate words which it delighteth to honour are 'to spurn,' which it substitutes for every verb, 'a machine' for every noun, while 'playful' and 'chaste' split the duties of epithets. There must be a charming simplicity and beautiful clearness about its conversation. Altogether, Malvern seems in a rather unhappy state, and the Editors are bothered with grumbles on every conceivable and inconceivable topic. 'Painless Dentistry' and 'My Wedding' are two pieces written in the same style, casual but amusing. *Playful* and *chaste* of course occur.

*The Meteor* publishes some interesting recollections of Rugby Football, by a well-known contributor who entered the School in 1813. Amongst other things, he tells us that the rule of running forwards with the ball to the opposite goal—the vital principle of Rugby Union Football—accidentally originated in 1823. The *Vive-la* of blessed memory reappears with a fresh stock of most virulent and uproarious puns. Here is one we have just managed to survive: 'By *wigging* their foe they secure a *victory*,' οἱμοι ἀνταρταί, as the Greek tragedians used to observe after a bad joke of the chorus. Can it mean *whig-story*?!

*Our School Times* gives a long notice of Walt Whitman, the American poet, and a liberal selection from his works. But as a *critique* on a *critique* must of necessity be a very second-hand affair, we will content ourselves with saying that the poetry is very striking, but gloriously independent of rhyme and rhythm. Two letters from the Head Master occupy much of the paper. They show forcibly that 'one can *teach* a boy, but cannot *learn* him.'

Let the present nervous declaimers of football refer to a description in *The Ousel* of the game as played in the sixteenth century, and thank their stars the days have gone by when the sole object of the game was to dismember and destroy your adversary—'a murdering practice . . . and no mervaille, whereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholera, hatred, displeasure, emmitie, fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murder, homicide, and great effusion of blood,' says a vehement and tautologous old writer.

*The Radleian* would like to see a little more 'elbow-room' in *The Elizabethan*. The offending passage, as quoted by *The Radleian*, might perhaps admit of excision, but then it is quoted wrongly—*solid* for *stolid* makes a great difference.

The leading idea of 'A Name,' in *The Reading School Magazine*, is laughable enough, but the poetry is of a sorry type. The nymph in question is named *Jemima*; and she must have been a paragon, judging from the poet's attempts to do her justice. But his fancy wofully exceeded his powers of expression in describing 'such a loveable face, o'er which not a trace of her thoughts as they rise need be missed,' 'grace and tact so combined in a touch,' and how 'when she laughs 'tis elation, and you feel a sensation of music and sunshine and birds.' We don't recollect ever having felt a sensation of birds, but then we are not poetic. This piece is followed by a strong 'Plea for Science,' wherein the details of the regeneration of various refuse into eatables are practical, if slightly disenchanting. The comic element apparently predominates in the Debating Society.

There is a good deal of quiet humour in a description of a football match in *The Rossallian*. It relates how the captain of football 'took a team' to play the Preparatory School, and incontinently defeated them. The illusion is well kept up, and it is only by reference to the list at the end that an outsider dis-

covers that the 'team' consisted of one player besides the captain, the two beating the tiny XV by seven goals.

*The Tonbridgian* commences with a leader full of reflections on 'Change.' It passes gently, like a dissolving view, from the change in the generations of schoolfellows to meditations on the Old Boy as a class, thence to the help which the magazine has received from the pens of Old Boys, and finally the help which it has *not* received from present Tonbridgians. The subtle way in which the inevitable homily at the end is deduced from the text, with which it has no apparent connection, at the beginning, cannot fail to commend itself as a curiosity of logic. We are sorry the article on Epitaphs has come to a close. We now and then fetched a sepulchral smile at a queer bit of grave-lore.

An English translation of 'Integer Vitæ' and 'To the Land's End and Back' occur in *The Útula*. Both are excellent, though perhaps it is not the first nor the second time, by any means, that we have been taught the praises of Lalage, or the wonders of the Logan Rock. The 'Glimpses of Undergraduate Life,' in the November number, were at times painfully incorrect, but did not merit the ferocious criticism of 'Puck.' The 'Ballad' is very sublime, possibly too much so, when it comes to 'the moon's wan hand,' 'fiery hope,' and a 'knife-edged morn.' A School Cricket Club is to be formed after the holidays. Better late than never!

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## Correspondence.

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*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—I write to your most valued and interesting paper to propose the institution of a Scientific Society at Westminster. Were we to follow the example of other Schools in establishing such a Society, there is no doubt that in a short time we should have a number of members ready and willing to discuss scientific subjects with the persistence and fervour which such subjects demand. The meetings might be held in the Shell Room at some convenient hour, should the approbation of the authorities be obtained. Trusting that you will find room for this letter, believe me to be, yours very sincerely,

AARD VARK.

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*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—Allow me to suggest, through the medium of your pages, the advisability of establishing a Chess Club in the School. Though I am, Sir, but one of the minor pieces on our School chess-board, and therefore do not possess sufficient influence to assist in starting such a club, yet, once started, I should be very glad, and I am sure, Sir, I am not alone in this position, to encourage and support it as far as lay in my power. Trusting, Sir, that you will find room for this in your valuable columns, I beg to remain, yours very truly,

QUEEN'S PAWN.

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*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to the fact that, this term being very long, our summer term will be accordingly curtailed, and therefore Water will suffer. Could not we institute a voluntary team to practise on half-holidays towards the end of the term, when, I daresay, we shall be able to obtain some good coaching? Hoping that something will be done to further this subject, believe me, yours truly,

STRETCHER.

*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

DEAR SIR,—Since Westminster is already on a career of improvement, we may hope to see some on the way in which the Fencing assault is conducted every Election term. As it is in itself one of the most graceful of all athletics, and perhaps the very best of all indoor exercises, it would be very desirable that more enthusiasm should be produced by the Fencing Badge. It is my opinion that if, instead of being contested almost noiselessly in the Shell Room, an assault were held either in the School-room or the Gymnasium, the fellows might be induced to enlist with more eagerness, and thus a most satisfactory result would be attained. Hoping that this may meet with your approval, I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A FENCER.

*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

DEAR SIR,—I have very little expectation that you will receive my complaints; since so many of your late articles have been devoted to the support of monitorial authority. But I should wish that some curb might be put on those

'That prank them in authority  
Against all noble sufferance.'

For there are many in my position who, despising the much-abused right of appeal, have no other remedy against abuse of authority, especially in house matters. And this comes with more bitterness when the ignorance of the punisher is the chief cause of the punishment. Excuse me thus outraging your cherished feelings, and believe me, yours truly,

ANOTHER WAIL FROM THE UNDER-SCHOOL.

## 'ELIZABETHAN' ACCOUNTS.

THE following statement of *The Elizabethan* accounts for the past year has been received from the late Treasurer, from which it will be gathered that our School Paper has been able, not only to pay its own way during the past twelve months, but has also succeeded in lessening the standing debt by a sum amount-

ing to about £3. We sincerely hope that this present year may see that debt not merely diminished, but abolished altogether.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
O. W's . . . . .	21	12 0	Paid to Messrs.		
Masters . . . . .	2	7 6	Spottiswoode . . . . .	64	3 6
College . . . . .	11	5 6	Wrappers, &c. . . . .	4	3 0
Rigaud's . . . . .	7	18 0	Deficit from 1879 . . . . .	9	3 11
Grant's . . . . .	7	0 0			
Home-boarders . . . . .	9	1 0			
Mr. Dale's House . . . . .	0	14 0			
Dr. Scott . . . . .	3	0 0			
E. A. Bulkley . . . . .	0	10 0			
H. W. De Sausmarez . . . . .	0	10 0			
Back Numbers . . . . .	4	13 0			
Non-Subscribers . . . . .	2	3 7			
Extra Contributions . . . . .	0	9 4			
		71 4 5			
Deficit . . . . .		6 6 0			
	£77	10 5		£77	10 5

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions for the March number of *The Elizabethan* must be sent in before February 24, to the Editor, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

All other communications must be addressed to the Secretary of *The Elizabethan*, St. Peter's College, Westminster, and on no account to the Editor or printers.

The yearly subscription to *The Elizabethan* is, as usual, 4s. Subscribers, whose subscriptions fall due at this time, or who have as yet omitted to do so, are requested to forward their subscriptions to R. H. COKE, Treasurer of *The Elizabethan*, St. Peter's College, Westminster. Post Office Orders to be made payable at the Westminster Palace Hotel Post Office. Subscribers resident at Oxford can pay their subscriptions to W. A. PECK, Esq., Christ Church, Oxford.

Most of the back numbers of *The Elizabethan* can be obtained from the Secretary, price 6d. each.

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary.

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

Floreat.