



The Elizabethan.

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A DAY ON THE HIGH ALPS.

'TWELVE O'CLOCK, Sir—twelve o'clock!' Such were the words which, dimly mingled with a vigorous knocking at the door, remorselessly aroused us from our first sleep one night in August last, at the 'Hôtel Mont Rosa,' Zermatt. In bustles the indefatigable 'boots,' and lights the candles with an alacrity positively hateful to our slowly returning consciousness. A most notable functionary is the 'boots' at the 'Mont Rosa.' His physical powers of endurance are astounding. During the mountaineering season he is never known to go to bed. If you sit up late, Joseph is to be seen busy about many things up to 11 P.M.; if you are starting on an early expedition, Joseph calls you at any time between twelve and five o'clock with cheerful punctuality. His character would be an excellent subject for those philosophers who study the development of habit; for 'calling' has been Joseph's chief occupation for so long that now it has become his great delight.

At 9 P.M. you suddenly discover that your

boots have lost a number of nails, absolutely essential for to-morrow's rock-climbing. Joseph is summoned, and can be seen chuckling with glee as he shuffles off, boots in hand, to rouse the village *cordonnier* from his hardly earned repose.

So now his face broadens into a grin at our too evidently painful awakening.

However, no time was to be lost, and in a few minutes we were anxiously peering out of window to see if the weather promised well for our expedition. My friend F. and myself had arranged to make the ascent of the Gabelhorn, if possible, on that day. The Gabelhorn is one of that magnificent range of rocky peaks which shuts in Zermatt on the west. It is 13,366 feet in height, and is considered by some men who have climbed both mountains to be quite as difficult as the more famous Matterhorn.

As leading guide we had been so fortunate as to secure Jean Antoine Carrel, a man famous in Alpine history as the first to scale the beetling precipices of the Matterhorn from the Italian side. Carrel's son, a lad of about eighteen, yet serving his apprenticeship among the Alps, was our second guide.

On this occasion it must be confessed that the Carrels somewhat tried our patience. At the hour fixed for starting, 12:45, they had not appeared. Joseph is sent to the guides' barrack on a welcome message. Past one, and still no guides—Joseph returns from a second embassy, and reports, grinning, how he has given both the guides 'cold pig,' and expects them at once. Finally we got off at 1:30 A.M., and immediately began climbing the steep and stony path leading over the shoulder of the Matterhorn, which is sufficiently precipitous to render careful walking necessary in such very bad light. Our guides, not being Zermatt men, were not well acquainted with the local paths, and we lost some valuable time by winding too far up the face of the Matterhorn, and having to come down again. After the customary grind over loose *moraine*,* we got on the ice at about 5 A.M., and halted in about half an hour more for a second breakfast. 'Little and often' is the principle of feeding on the Alps. The guides usually carry sufficient provision of bread, meat, butter, cheese, and red wine; but as we could not eat the coarse half-frozen beef produced from a knapsack of not unimpeachable cleanliness, we had provided two boxes of sardines; and no one who has not had a similar experience can imagine how delicious the oily little fish taste in the keen stimulating air of an Alpine glacier.

Soon after starting again we put on the rope, J. A. Carrel leading, myself second, then the younger guide, and lastly F. The first part of the ascent lay over snow-fields, sometimes easy, sometimes very steep, the snow being for the most part soft enough to admit of steps being kicked in it, though sometimes the ice-axe was necessary. The mountain was on the whole fairly free from crevasses, but one place was rather nasty, when the snow was hollowed out by some sub-glacial streamlet, and had left only a comparatively thin crust with numerous rifts, through which one looked down into icy caverns of uncomfortable depth. It may be imagined that we avoided any unnecessary stamping under such circumstances, and I think both of us breathed more freely when we regained more solid footing.

The serious work of the day was now to come. The last 3,000 or 4,000 feet of the Gabelhorn consists of a loosely piled wall of rocks, with patches of snow here and there, where the inclination of the slope permitted it to lie. On this day the ascent was unusually difficult,

* *Moraine* is a term applied to the mass of rocky *débris* forced up on each side of a glacier as it grinds its way down to the valley.

because fresh snow had recently fallen, filling up the little crevices which afford hand-hold, and making the rocks more slippery. Such being the case, Carrel thought it best to ascend diagonally so as to strike the northern *arête*,* and gain the summit by the snow slope on the other side. On arriving at the ridge after a toilsome climb we were stopped by what is technically termed a *cornice*, an overhanging bank of snow drifted by the wind along the crest of the *arête*. Our only alternatives were to go back or to cut through the cornice, so Carrel at once set to work with his axe. Our position meanwhile had its drawbacks. We were standing on a small patch of snow of exceeding steepness with a precipice of unknown depth below. Showering down upon us came the snow from Carrel's strokes, insidiously making its way down our necks, into our boots, and even through the small openings near the buckles of our knickerbockers. As only one at the time could work at the cornice we were in forced inactivity, and were naturally growing very cold, and to add to our discomfort the wind had risen, and a little snow had begun to fall. Though we were only roped about 12 feet apart, such was the steepness of the ground that I alone could see the elder Carrel at his work, and heartily glad was I to be able to report daylight through the cornice to my half-frozen friend below. We wriggled through the hole, and laboriously plodded up the steep snow slope on the other side, having to pass over one or two very ticklish pieces of rock on the way. At length, about 10.30 A.M., we reached the top, that is to say the highest rocks, for the Gabelhorn is peculiar in possessing a false top of snow, formed like an overhanging cap on a crag just below the real summit; and this cap is a few feet the higher than the true peak, but as it is exceedingly dangerous we did not go upon it.

The view, which ought to have been magnificent, was quite spoilt by the snow, and as the cold was intense, we did not remain long on the summit.

Our descent lay straight down the face of the rocks, and a most tedious affair it proved. The elder Carrel, of course, took the responsible position of last man, and the younger, who led, had not yet acquired that almost instinctive perception of the easiest route which characterises the best Alpine guides. Our method of proceeding was as follows: J. A. Carrel having fixed himself in a secure position, with a firm hold on the rope in case of a slip, would ejacu-

* *Arête*—the sharp ridge or spine of the mountain dividing one side from the other.

late '*descendez maintenant.*' Only one moved at a time. First Carrel, junior, scrambled down as far as the rope permitted—about 10 or 12 feet—then F., and next myself. Then Carrel, senior, after receiving assurance that we were secure, followed us, took up a new position, and the process was repeated. For nearly six hours we cautiously climbed down in this manner, till our ears were sickened by the eternal '*Étes vous bien fixés ?*' '*attendez—je descends,*' our toes aching with our protracted prehensile efforts, and our waists nearly cut in two by pitiless hauling at the rope. Often, of course, the positions in which we were compelled to remain for want of more rope could by no stretch of the imagination be called *bien fixés*, wedged, for instance, between two large rocks, with one knee touching the chin, the other foot blindly feeling about for some pretence of a foothold down below, and both hands convulsively clutching at the slippery rock. Nor were matters made more pleasant by a biting wind and driving snow. Once off the rocks, however, our progress was comparatively rapid. Much of the walking was, of course, very heavy, as the snow, soft as usual in the afternoon, let us sink in to the knees. But some of the steeper slopes were free from crevasses, and so we sat ourselves down and 'glissaded' to the bottom, very much in the same way as luggage is shot down a plank on to a steamer. It was most exhilarating after our tedious grind over the rocks to glide down the slopes like a railway train.

The difficulties of the descent were now over. We quitted the glacier for the moraine about 6 P.M., having been roped for no less than eleven hours. Our adventures, however, were not quite over, for darkness overtook us on a grassy plateau from which the cliffs of the Mettelhorn lead directly to Zermatt, and Carrel could not find the zigzag path by which alone we could descend. The situation was provoking. Straight beneath us, some 2,000 feet, shone the lights of Zermatt, and we, hungry and tired, could positively distinguish those of our hotel, while there appeared every probability of our passing the night beneath a rock. However, Carrel had a candle-end in his pocket, by the aid of which he found the path, and we began slowly to descend, continually halting to relight the candle. This was, however, soon burnt out. The path was too precipitous to descend quite in the dark, so the ingenuity of our guides manufactured an extempore flambeau from some butter rolled up in newspaper well moistened by the mouth. This was not a perfect success. Where there was too much butter and too little moisture our

torch flared bravely, but where there was too little butter and too much moisture it fizzled and went out. As we were coaxing an unusually damp piece to light, a *deus ex machina* appeared on the scene in the shape of two men with a lantern, who had been sent out by our excellent host, M. Seiler, to search for us. By the aid of a steady light we at last reached the 'Mont Rosa' at about 10 P.M., after continual walking and climbing, with brief stoppages for refreshments, for over 21 hours. However, a change of clothing and an excellent dinner soon restored us to comfort, and the last event of the day was Joseph's facetious question, 'Do you want, Sir, to be called at twelve o'clock?'

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

No. II.

MR. JACKSON, IN LITTLE DEAN'S YARD.

TURNING in through the arch which faces the Crimean monument and the Westminster Hospital, we find ourselves looking upon 'Green,' whose name now belies it, for few traces of the grass which covered it in the summer have been left under the treatment of the many ardent lovers of football. We saunter on through the cloisters, and in a few minutes find ourselves in Little Dean's Yard. There, on the left, is the 'grimy old portal' covered with the names of Old Westminsters, and beyond it College and the racquet courts, and in front of us the boarding houses. We take in all this at a glance, and resume our stroll—for such it may be called—and are proceeding to ascend the steps into school, when a voice from behind bids us stop; we turn round and find ourselves face to face with the subject of this article. A short, bow-legged man, of some four or five and sixty summers, stands before us, clad in a coat of sombre black, and trousers of that peculiar hue commonly known by the name of 'pepper and salt,' with a low cloth cap upon a head which seems to us, as we glance at it, to contain a fair allowance of brains; two dark flashing eyes meet ours, and upon a nose of small proportions rests a pair of spectacles. Such is the personal appearance of Mr. Jackson, better known among the boys as 'Stoker.' Standing in the doorway of his very miniature domicile, with yesterday's paper in his hand, he asks us what may be our will and pleasure; at the same time informing us that work is going on in school, and will continue until half-past twelve, but that should we particularly wish to see anyone, he will take up our card. We look at our watch, a scarcely necessary proceeding, for, as we replace it, Big Ben booms out the hour of twelve. We decide to wait, and to while away the half-hour that must elapse before we can see our friend by making the acquaintance of Mr. Jackson. We therefore express a wish to see his room, which he informs us is irreverently styled by the boys his 'hole,' as if, forsooth, he were a fox or a badger. Immediately opposite the door is an arm-chair, and to his left, as he sits in it, is a window,

through which he is able to see all who go up the school steps. Almost every conceivable corner and part of his diminutive room is filled with racquets, books, balls, and portfolios which have been left under his charge by the boys in the lower part of the school in fact there is only just room enough left for him to move in and out. We hazard a remark upon politics and affairs in the East, and to our surprise we find we have touched upon a pet subject, for in five minutes he has given us his opinion on these matters, and his ideas for the settlement of the Eastern Question. After some little time spent in talking politics, he tells us how he has filled for more than forty years the post of 'stoker,' which office consists of lighting the gas and fires in winter, opening and closing the school doors at the proper hours, guarding the school during the time of work, and in winter also keeping up the huge fires by which the pipes are heated which warm the school. He has always held the Upper Elections in high esteem, with whom he has most to do, and from whom he gets the daily paper which serves to while away his time. But the bane of his life, he informs us, are the lower boys in the school, who are always, on a wet afternoon, worrying him to open the school doors earlier than he ought, and plague him when he refuses. 'Would we like to see his other room?' he asks. Most certainly we should, and he conducts us across the racquet court to a small room in which are the fires which warm the schools. Coals, wood, shovels, and pails meet our eyes on all sides; and a strong smell of tobacco, which pervades the air and everything here from his chair to the fire-shovel, tells us that our host indulges pretty freely in the 'noxious weed.' As we leave his apartment, redolent of tobacco smoke and coal, the half-hour strikes, and bidding Mr. Jackson good-day, we stand aside to avoid the rush of the boys as they hurry headlong down the steps. We find our friend, with whom we transact the business that brought us here, and then we depart with the happy feeling that we have made a new and valuable acquaintance; convinced that under that good-humoured countenance is a mind raised far above the cares and troubles of a stoker's life, and that that sable waistcoat covers a heart that can feel for others.

—♦—
POETRY.

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RIENZI.

(GUMBLETON ENGLISH VERSE PRIZE, 1878.)

Across the dark'ning vault of Heav'n on high
As shoots a star, and, with its radiant light,
Lends sudden lustre to the summer sky,
Then in an instant dies and fades from sight,
And leaves the spangled orb to deeper night:
Thus didst thou rise, Rienzi, thus appal
The pride of Rome with sudden splendour bright;
Thus didst thou rise, admired, beloved by all,
And thus as sudden fade; and in an instant fall.
But ere it die and fade in deepest gloom,
Oh let me try that transient light to stay,

To banish for awhile Rome's pending doom,
And feast mine eyes upon that glorious ray
That lights the heaven awhile: then fades away:—
Last of the Tribunes! Oh, how sore the need
That call'd thine aid in that degenerate day!
How brave the heart that dared that cry to heed,
And in that cause to live, and for that cause to bleed!

Freed from the Tyrants' dreaded power and pride,
The joyful Commons bring their offerings rare;
But fame and glory, all he lays aside:
What cares he for the crown, the curule chair,
The Lictor's axe, the purple robe to wear?
Towards Rome's salvation now his lofty aim,
Tribune the modest name he seeks to bear;
Last of the Tribunes! How with generous flame
Still glows each heart at mention of that name!

As bursts the sun from out the rolling clouds,
For one short space, and with its piercing light
Enchants all nature, then once more enshrouds
Its influence soft, beyond the longing sight,
Behind the misty veil of gathering night;
Thus, thus, oh Rome, 'neath that majestic reign,
Arose thy glory to its former height,
With peace and plenty following in its train,
Till cloud and darkness soon conceal its rays again!

Oh that my muse might linger here awhile,
Might on this gleam of sunshine ever dream,
As Rome once more sees wealth and justice smile!
Oh! would that this might ever be my theme,—
To mark the rise—the pending fall to screen!
But no! Fast rolls around the gath'ring gloom,
That closes dark about thy sun's bright beam;
This short-lived sunshine bursting from its tomb,
Serves but to hasten on thy fast approaching doom.

Last of the Tribunes!—Tribune now no more:
No more the modest but majestic face,
The face that told the title that he bore;
The humble dress to robes has given place
Which might more fit an Eastern monarch grace;
A crown thy brow encircles: round thee bend
Thy cowering subjects, and thy flatt'ers base.
Pride and injustice mark the Tyrants' end,
No more the Noble's judge, no more the Commons' friend.

As lulls the wind before the rising blast,
And deathlike silence ushers in the gale,
Hush'd lies the ocean; motionless the mast;
While slowly flaps aloft the drooping sail,
Naught breaks the calm, except the sea's sad wail:
So cease the fierce Colonne from their rage,
Th' Ursini cease their country to assail,
Together seek a deadlier war to wage,
Which but the Tribune's blood naught else may now
assuage.

Baffled once more, entrapp'd by basest fraud,
Their doom in chains and dungeon they await,
And curse the craft that foully broke their sword:
Released again, they hasten to their fate
With hearts unthankful, and unminished hate:
Lo! on the plain they all unburied lie,
Revolting corpses strew Rome's stately gate!
Lo! boasts the victor to the gods on high,
While fast Rome's life-blood flows, as thus her children
die!

Faded the light, which with its glorious rays
Had erst with hope Rome's darkest troubles cheered,
Far from his home he spends his blighted days,
An exile sent by those to him endeared,—
He who their hopes had formed, their country reared

Nor granted e'en in lonely peace to die,
Though far from those whom he both loved and
feared,
But Fate decreed he should unpitied lie,
And die the traitor's death, beneath his country's sky.

Lo! see the exile, now in mean disguise,
Seek once again his home, no more his own,
Which he had loved so well, more fond than wise!
Oh, Rome! whose ev'ry hope with him has flown,
Thou know'st not how thy champion to bemoan!
Behold him now in chains and prison fast!
E'en here far better death, a captive lone,
To meet, than on Rome's savage mercy cast,
At bay to fall, alone 'midst thousands, free at last.

With roseate beams behold Aurora rise,
To shine upon a seething, struggling crowd:
Red is the tint that streaks the morning skies,
And redder yet the ruddy sunset cloud.
'Tis o'er: that noble head in death is bow'd,
Recoils the Muse such bloodshed to recite:
And cries that fleeting soul for vengeance loud,
Fallen the star, which shed such brilliant light,
And Rome is helpless left to never-ending night.

H. C. BENBOW.

RIENZI.

Last of the Tribunes! who with iron will
Didst stem the torrent of Rome's factious tide,
Who the fierce clamours of the mob couldst still,
And beard the nobles in their haughty pride,
E'en through the mists of time thy story hide,
And dim the glorious lustre of thy name;
Though Prejudice thine honour hath denied,
And envy cast her tarnish on thy fame,
Be thou my theme; be mine thy glory to proclaim.

Oh, Rome! the glory of thine ancient name,
The long remembered tales of days gone by,
Could yet the champion of thy sons inflame
With that brave zeal that in his soul ran high.
He scorned beneath a tyrant's yoke to lie,
For he had read in Livy's storied page
How men of old the tyrant could defy,
And all the records of a glorious age
That glow in Tully's words of patriotic rage.

He dreamed a second Brutus might arise,
His city's saviour as of old to be;
To loose the scales that closed her darkened eyes
And guide her in the path to Liberty.
He dreamed that Rome again the day should see
When tyranny should flee without her wall;
When once again her people should be free,
When justice evildoers should appal,
And equity again should mete their right to all.

But though he dreamed, he did not only dream,
And let the fire within him die away;
His days ran not in one unruffled stream
Of fruitless thought and profitless delay.
Not his to let his energies decay,
But while the tyrant's cruelty was rife,
He saw the rising of the longed-for day,
And headlong rushed into the patriot strife,
That glory ever shed o'er his devoted life.

The proud Colonna bowed his haughty head,
And prostrate fell like some earth-shaken tower;
The fierce Orsini for his rapine bled,
And, vanquished, yielded to the victor's power.

Tremble ye tyrants! for Rienzi's hour,
The Tribune's hour of victory is come;
And though in sullen silence still ye lower,
Your city now again is ancient Rome,
The people's strongest hold, and freedom's proudest home.

Would that your mighty foe had been content,
To be of low degree like those of old,
Who, while their blood for their loved land they spent
In labour thankless and in toil untold,
Despised the purple robe, the crown of gold,
And e'en the very name of king did hate;
But he aspired a monarch's rank to hold,
And grasped the crown, the sceptre, and the state,
With eager hand, and met ambition's mournful fate.

But not ambition's chill could ever freeze
The flowing current of his lofty mind,
Whether he lived all prosperous in ease,
Or misery and care had striven to bind
His ardent soul, as iron bonds confined
His body when an exile from his land.
The radiant glory of his star declined,
Nor longer swayed he kings by his command,
And Rome no longer lay beneath his conquering hand.

For it had come; the destined hour had come,
The hour of his inexorable fate;
And once again the angry Plebs of Rome
Rebelled against the ruler of their state.
With furious clamour, thundered at the gate
Those who to him before had bent the knee,
Howling fierce execrations in their hate
Of him, their Tribune, who had set them free
From tyranny; but now a tyrant too was he.

Yet undismayed above the crowd he stood
That fought and struggled in a mass below,
And then to those who thirsted for his blood
The silver accents of his tongue did flow.
Full well did they those words persuasive know,
And oft had greeted them with loud applause:
But now a craven missile dealt a blow
That felled the champion of their ancient laws,
And ruined both themselves and all their country's cause.

The setting sun had kissed the deep blue sea,
When the fierce mob within had forced their way;
Full well they knew their victim could not flee,
Full sure they were of their defenceless prey.
He stood not as the lion stands at bay,
But fled without, unknown in servile guise,
Till a rough voice discourteous bade him stay—
'Thou art the traitor,' it exulting cries,
And a triumphant shout arose and rent the skies.

The end was come; he fell to earth and swooned
As the first dagger smote him on the breast;
And then with blow on blow, and wound on wound,
His frenzied murderers o'er his body pressed:
All unabsolved he died and unconfessed.
And as his life on earth had troubled been,
Troubled he sank to his eternal rest,
And left for ever this the weary scene
Of all his weal and woe for death's repose serene.

W. A. PECK.

FIELDS.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. UPTON PARK.

On Wednesday, November 6, we played, under the name of 'Upton Park,' a scratch team brought against us by Bambridge. There was not much done for the first twenty minutes,

with the exception of some splendid dribbling by Cuppage, who was in grand form, while the brothers Bambridge played well for our opponents. After that time, however, their umpire gave in their favour a throw in, which certainly seemed to be ours by right. Our umpire protested against it, but we gave in to avoid a general quarrel, and they, of course, scored a goal. Nothing then occurred till half-time, after which our forwards began to play up hard, and soon a goal was obtained for us from a scrimmage in front of their goals. Soon afterwards Bury made a good run down the side, aided by Acton, who middled the ball to Cuppage, who put it between the posts with a splendid shot. Both sides now played up hard, and shortly before time a second goal was scored to our opponents from a throw in. A cry of 'time' had been raised just before this, and we were scarcely ready when the ball was thrown in. The game thus resulted in a draw. We were unfortunately deprived of the services of three of our forwards, whose presence might have altered the result of the game. For us Cuppage played splendidly, making some grand runs down the whole length of the ground; Bury and Acton also played up well, and Whitehead was good behind. The Elevens were:—

UPTON PARK.

A. L. Bambridge (captain) and E. C. Bambridge (half-backs), E. A. Elmsley and J. Stuart King (backs), J. Dorling, H. Ince, J. Todd, J. C. Hudson, H. St. J. Jarrett, and N. Jackson (forwards), and H. Burmester (goals).

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

W. A. Cuppage (captain), O. Bury, F. W. Janson, W. Stephenson, J. Acton, A. B. P. Boyd (forwards) E. U. Eddis, A. C. Whitehead (half-backs), W. Ritchie, H. N. Robson (backs), and W. F. G. Sandwith (goals).

OLD HARROVIANS v. WESTMINSTER.

This match was played on November 9 at Vincent Square, and resulted in a draw, after a well-contested game, each side securing a goal. Cuppage set the ball in motion at 3.25, and a combined rush carried the ball into the enemy's territory. It was, however, quickly returned, and a goal was kicked for them by Colbeck after a 'hands' had been given in front of our goals. Westminster now began to play up to form, and several ineffectual shots were made at their goals. Eventually Cuppage, who had all through been well on the ball, succeeded in equalising matters. After half-time, although the Eleven scarcely played up as well as we have seen them, we had much the best of the game; and although Paton and Colbeck made several good runs, we completely passed them. The Eleven now showed a marked inability to turn many easy opportunities into goals, and just before 'time' Cuppage had a good shot, which glanced off from the posts. The back play of our men was not very steady, and the half-backs seemed to be rather slow in getting at their men. Cuppage and Westmoreland left little to be desired, while Paton, Gibney, and Welch played well for them. We were deprived of the valuable services of H. C. Benbow and E. P. Guest, whose presence would, I think, have probably made a difference in the game.

WESTMINSTER v. CLAPHAM ROVERS.

This match was played on Saturday, November 16, and resulted, I am sorry to say, in our first defeat during this season. Cuppage won the toss, and elected to play with the wind, but we were at first, and indeed almost throughout the game, outpaced by our opponents. After several shots, Giles, who had been making some brilliant runs, succeeded in kicking their first goal, which made us play up; and Westmoreland, after a splendid run down the side, crossed the ball to Guest, who placed it beneath the tape; but the goal was disallowed on the ground of off side. (The umpire, Richmond, proved himself, as he did last year, most unfair, and I should recommend any successor never to allow him to officiate again.) Two more goals were now added to their score, while Westmoreland again almost succeeded in getting a goal. After half-time nothing further occurred, and the Rovers were left victors by

3 to 0. For the visitors, Giles and Growse forward, and Prinsep back, while for the School Cuppage and Westmoreland forward, and Eddis (the only back who did anything) were best. The sides were:—

CLAPHAM ROVERS.

R. A. Ogilvie (captain) and Carter (backs); Prinsep and C. Taylor (half-backs); H. S. Smith, S. F. Growse, H. S. Scott, Giles, W. M. Taylor (forwards); Birkett (goals), and another.

WESTMINSTER.

W. A. Cuppage (captain), O. R. Bury, H. S. Westmoreland, E. P. Guest, T. D. Rumball, J. Acton; E. U. Eddis, A. C. Whitehead (half-backs); W. Ritchie, H. N. Robson (backs); W. F. G. Sandwith (goals).

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. WANDERERS.

This match was played on Wednesday, November 20, and resulted in a draw, each side obtaining one goal. At the beginning of the game the Wanderers had perhaps a little the best of it, and Kenrick made two fine runs down, but with no result. Stephenson then, after a good run, aided by Dale, nearly succeeded in obtaining a goal for us, but the ball unfortunately went over the tape. Soon again we had another chance of a goal, and, from a throw in, Stephenson put the ball through for us. Two corner kicks fell to us just before half-time, but neither resulted in anything. After half-time the Wanderers played up well, and Kenrick succeeded in placing a goal to their credit.

For us, Cuppage, Benbow and Bury played very well, and were well backed up by Acton and Stephenson. The goal keeping on both sides was very good. For the Wanderers, Kenrick, Tyndale, and Kinnaird were most conspicuous. The elevens were:—

WANDERERS.

J. Kenrick (captain), Denton, Tyndale, Maynard, Heygate, Newman (substitute) (forwards); Hon. A. Kinnaird, Stanley, (half-backs); Stratford, Hotham (backs); and G. R. Hill (goals).

WESTMINSTER.

W. A. Cuppage (captain), H. C. Benbow, O. Bury, W. Stephenson, J. Acton, G. Dale (forwards); E. U. Eddis, F. W. Janson (half-backs); W. Ritchie, A. C. Whitehead (backs); and W. F. G. Sandwith (goals).

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—In the last number of *The Elizabethan* you published a letter from an 'Athlete,' suggesting that the 'tug of war' should be pulled off between the houses: that the Upper Elections should count as one house and the Under Elections as another. It is very obvious that 'Athlete' is himself an Upper Election, or he could not have given birth to an idea so manifestly foolish as the latter part of his suggestion. The Upper Elections could, of course, almost always make up a team which could beat any from one house or from the Under Elections. A more feasible mode of dividing the Q.SS. would be to count the Seniors and Juniors as one house, and the Third and Second Elections as another. But why should not the tug of war remain as it was this year? There is a cricket match, a football match, and a boat race between the T.BB. and the Q.SS., to which no one objects, so why should there be any objection to a tug of war between T.BB. and Q.SS.? There may be tugs between the houses, as there are cricket and football matches, and, as I hope, there may be boat races, but I hope that the Committee for the Athletic Sports of 1879 will not think it necessary to make the tug of war then other than T.BB. v. Q.SS.—I am, Sir, yours &c., T.B.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—I am about to make a suggestion, which has figured before in your columns in one form or another, but which I trust you will pardon me for again bringing before your notice. It is this—that there should be an open handicap at the Sports.

I am quite aware, Sir, that there are, and always must be, difficulties attached to school handicaps; but there are so many schools at which these difficulties are surmounted, and where the handicaps are a decided success, that I really think we ought to succeed at Westminster. I believe I am not mistaken in stating that the open half-mile handicap is one of the most popular races at Charterhouse, and I am in a position to affirm that last year there were over three hundred entries for it.

What I venture to propose is this:—1. That a half-mile handicap should be established at Westminster at the Sports. If it is deemed necessary, in the event of the adoption of this suggestion, to expunge some event from the list in order to make room for the handicap, allow me to recommend the under sixteen pole jump to the notice of the authorities. 2. That intending runners shall give in their names during the first week of the Play half, at the expiration of which the entry list should be finally closed. This would give plenty of time for the handicapping, which may be of some little trouble. 3. That the handicapping should be arranged by the committee, whose decision should be final.

I really think, Sir, that this might be tried on next year, and I see no reason why it should be a failure. If it succeeds a defect in our sports, which many people have remarked, will be removed; and if it is a failure, of course it can be dropped in the following year.—I beg to subscribe myself, Sir, yours truly,
HANDICAP.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Several times I have seen in your columns letters advocating the establishment at Westminster of a Debating Society. Now I am afraid that I shall be accused of only bringing up an old suggestion, but I feel that I have sufficient excuse in the subject itself. I think that it was said that no time could be found for debating, but why could not time be found at Westminster as at any other school? I feel sure that there must be many a sprouting politician who would like an opportunity of letting off his 'hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.' And I would suggest that the fellows eligible for admission to the society should be the Sixth and Shell, the two Elevens, and the Eight.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
W. F.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Will you permit me to revive in your columns a proposition which, when brought forward in *The Elizabethan* last year, was, it would seem, generally approved, but unfortunately not acted upon—I mean the establishment of a Debating Society. There is, I believe, Sir, no public school in England without some form of debating society, and the benefits derived from such an association in the art of speaking in public and with facility, inducing fellows to take some interest in the affairs of the day and so on, seem too evident to be enumerated here. What the obstacles in the way are which prevented the realisation of this scheme I am at a loss to understand; now, at any rate, I do not think we should find any. Members of the senior forms only would, I presume, be eligible. A committee of the Sixth might draw up the necessary rules for the debates, and the meetings might be held in Library, or in the Shell Room, according to circumstances.

Any necessary subscriptions might easily be arranged. The debates could, I think, come off most conveniently after afternoon school, once or twice a week, as was proposed last year, and the Society would sit only during the winter terms, so that it would in no wise interfere with fields or water. Finally, I may suggest that a *résumé* of the debates should appear from month to month in *The Elizabethan*.

Crude and hasty though these suggestions be, they will, I hope, by calling public attention again to the subject, aid in establishing what I believe will be a source of great and lasting benefit to Westminster School.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant.
VOX.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I saw with horror and dismay a letter in your last number from one signing himself 'Harmony,' asking that a band should be engaged for the Sports. Pray what band would 'Harmony' like? Does 'Harmony' know anyone who would care to listen to the band at Sports? Those who are *patriotic* surely are more interested in the Sports than in the whines of wheezy brass instruments. The attraction of the Sports draws plenty of barrel organs from the neighbourhood, and surely they 'discourse sweet music' enough to gratify even the ardent aspirations of 'Harmony.'—I am, Sir, yours, &c.
TRUE HARMONY.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—I believe that a few years ago there was a challenge cup given for an annual swimming race, and I do not think that it has been competed for since McMillan won it. I believe that this cup is still in College. May I ask why it is kept there and not competed for, as was originally intended? Apologising for intruding on your valuable space, I remain yours, &c.
QUERIST.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Might I suggest that a rope along the side of the football ground on match days, and about a yard and a half from the line of the flags, would be a very great improvement. One can't help noticing how, whenever a match is being played, the lookers-on press forward to such an extent as often to be several yards within the line of play. Not only do they shut out a view of the game from others who keep well behind the flags, but they also render it a matter of extreme difficulty, in many cases, to decide whether the ball has been out or not.

A rope would only be required along one side of the ground, as matches are generally played at the side of Vincent Square.

While I am on the subject, might I add that a white line or little trench, carried round the ground to mark the line of play, would be useful not only to the players, but also to the umpires. For I think there should always be two, one to look after the interest of each side, or that at any rate we should have one, and not trust to the tender mercies of our opponents' umpire and suffer by it, as has been the case at least once, and that recently, this Term.—I am, Sir,
C. C.

School Notes.

THE Dean's Greek Testament Prize has been awarded to A. F. Maconochie, Q.S.; W. A. Peck, Q.S. *proxime accessit*.

The Gumbleton English Verse Prize has been given to H. C. Benbow, Q.S. As W. A. Peck took it last year he could not receive it again, although he was first in order of merit.

We regret to say that the Rev. H. B. Gray, M.A., will leave the School at the end of this term, as he has been appointed Head Master of Louth Grammar School.

We have received two letters, which are published among the Correspondence, on the subject of a Debating Society at Westminster. Such a Society is certainly very desirable, but we believe that when it was proposed some time ago, it was objected to on the ground that the house-masters would not allow fellows to be out of the houses after lock-hours. We hope, however, that something may be done on the subject before long.

Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of *The Meteor*, *The Cliftonian*, *The Radleian*, *The Carthusian*, *The Ulula*, *The Blue*, and others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Vox.—Such an article would be very acceptable. The information required could be obtained from the Head Master.
R. S.—Nothing of the kind at present exists.

THE PLAY.

Owing to the death of the Princess Alice upon December 14, the second and third performance of the play were not given. A full account of the first Play will appear in the next issue of *The Elizabethan*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions for insertion in *The Elizabethan* must be sent before January 30 to the Editor, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

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

Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper ONLY.

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The Editor begs to state that he is not responsible for the opinions of his Correspondents.

Floreat.