



The Elizabethan.

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LOVE OF SPORT.

EVERY nation has its peculiarities. Every nation has its own pursuits in which we may see mirrored the character of the nation itself. No people in the civilized world is more strikingly characterized by their national amusements than are the English. For years the "*boul-dogue*" in the imagination of our Continental neighbours has been no less the companion of the Englishman than was the owl the bird of Athene, or the eagle the emblem of the sovereignty of Zeus. For long years we have been regarded as specimens of muscular Christianity, a people whose very amusements and relaxation are imbued with an almost ferocious earnestness, a semi-barbarity unintelligible to men who are constituted differently and whose habits and manners are so diametrically opposed. Among the enigmas in the constitution of the English which seem so inapplicable to the mind of a Frenchman is the innate love of "*Sport*." This is transmitted as surely as physical peculiarities, and each successive generation of Englishmen is found as ardent as the preceding one in its sporting pro-

pensities. Before proceeding to examine and discuss the various forms of "*Sport*" now prevalent among us, let us briefly try to account for this peculiarity of our national nature. Why is the love of sport one of the birthrights of our race? Without doubt we may say that our climate is better adapted for the pursuit of sport than that of any other country. But this is after all but a secondary consideration. The chief reason is to be found in the nature of an Englishman; he is differently constituted to the native of any other neighbouring country. He is a compound of pugnacity and love of adventure to a degree not shared by his neighbours. The traditions of his fathers are all in accordance with his natural bent, and he follows out his inclination in this respect in accordance with established custom. To show how completely sport and things appertaining thereto have become a part of our national character, let us but instance the picture in *Punch* which appeared but a short time ago, where the squire's little son, on being asked for the reason for the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, gave as his only conjecture, "*Perhaps they shot a fox.*" It is a hard task to find reasons for the existence

of such ideas in our minds, but without doubt they exist and will only be eradicated with the extinction of the nation. As time goes on we find that there are manifest changes of feeling upon many subjects. Popular opinion and sentiment admit of certain practices in one age which they forbid in another. In the days of our grandfathers it was a fashionable amusement to indulge in "cock-fighting," now it is looked upon as a disreputable practice and forbidden by law. Some years hence doubtless some of our present sports will be characterized as "brutal," and they in turn will come under the ban of legislation, and cease to exist as unworthy of the age.

On the whole we may confidently say that our sports are not to be considered *brutal*. There is nothing in them tending to lower the character; there is nothing likely to blunt the sensibility of those engaging in them; nothing to show that the character is already degraded. They are invigorating; they are healthy; they bring out the manly part of our constitution, which, without them, would remain undeveloped or more likely would resort to more doubtful forms of amusement. We are justly proud of them; those who are not Englishmen are justly envious of them. They ape our amusements just as they imitate our manners, and they fail egregiously in both.

What, then, are we to call National Amusements? What may we rightly designate as "Sport?"

Imprimis, there is a subject upon which we must not speak much. It must be a forbidden topic to us in this discussion. It is a form of sport which, while highly characteristic of our country, has admitted into itself so many errors and has become so polluted with vice from without, that it would be unwise in us to touch upon it, lest by any laudation of it we might induce our readers to wish for a more intimate acquaintance with it. Suffice it for us to say that the Turf has its good points, but it has become so utterly vitiated that, as in many other things, the good has been swallowed up by the evil.

Let us now turn for a moment to the two national sports in which England justly delights. Hunting and shooting may be well considered fine, manly exercises. To those who have made acquaintance with the hunting-field, it were a mockery to detail its charms on paper. To those who have not had an opportunity of doing so, we would offer the suggestion to seize upon the first chance that falls within their power. Whatever *Mr. Freeman* and other anti-hunting authorities may say upon the subject, Englishmen would not be half what they are or a quarter of what they boast to be if it were not for their

country sports, among which hunting does, and always will, hold the first place. In spite of the Frenchman's taunt that the characteristic remark of the Englishman upon leaving his bed on a sunny morning is, "*What a fine day, let us go out and kill something!*" shooting has always held out special attractions. We grant that there are objections to it when exercised in certain forms. We deplore the "battue," we despise the laziness of "drawing-room sportsmen," and we consider "pigeon shooting" as unmanly and disgraceful. To walk your bird up in the heather during August, or in the turnips in September, to listen to the crackle of the dry covert during the Christmas holidays, and to wait for the shout of "*Hare up!*" or "*Mark Cock!*" with the satisfaction of getting an open shot and killing your bird, what, we ask, can be a greater pleasure or more unalloyed enjoyment?

On the subject of cricket there cannot be two views. It has become of world-wide fame, and we are glad to know that to all classes alike it has yearly become a greater pleasure and more sought after. Of Football of course there may be different opinions. The forms of the game differ. The players of each set of rules swear only by their particular rules. Again, there is a great question as to the desirability of one set at least. Is Football to be considered "*brutal*"? Ought it to be encouraged? To these questions we would fain give no reply. The reply must come from the personal experience of each of our readers. Far be it from us to talk down the fine old game, but upon the incidental questions now being raised around us we would be silent.

For Rowing endurance is necessary no less than pluck for Football. In Athletics which have of late years come into prominence the quick step and muscular development are aimed at. Splendid exercise is to be found in running and jumping, and, provided they be not carried to excess and not practised by those whose constitutions are unfitted for them, they cannot fail to be wholesome and conducive to muscularity and nerve.

We have tried briefly, by touching upon the chief forms taken by outdoor amusements of the present age, to give our views upon this extensive subject. We have avoided discussion upon debatable grounds, as they are generally questions to be settled by individual opinion. Before concluding this rambling dissertation, we wish to point out what we think to be a real danger to be got by too much thought being expended upon "Sports." We regret to see arising in England, sometimes in one form and sometimes in another, what may be termed a "*professional*" spirit: the spirit of competition coupled with a

desire for publicity. We know Athletics are disgraced by a love of "pot-hunting;" Shooting is spoiled by a desire to kill the largest bag; Rowing is robbed of half its attractions by amateurs rivalling professionals and thrusting themselves before the eyes of the world. A wholesome blow was struck indirectly at this system a year or two ago when a University crew declined to dine with a high civic dignitary and so make their contest more of a public exhibition than it has already become. Of this spirit we warn our readers. Do your Cricket, Football, Rowing and Athletics as much as you like, or as much as is good for you, but do not, in your desire for "professionalism," forget that you are "*gentlemen*" at the same time as "*Englishmen*," so will you, by keeping this in view, find full enjoyment in our healthy and invigorating National Sports.

O.W.

School Notes.

At the School service in the Abbey on St. Matthias' Day, a collection was made in behalf of the Endowment Fund of St. John's College, in the Province of Manitoba.

With reference to this College, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota writes in *The Churchman* (American), in a letter dated August 16th, 1875, "I have just returned from the first meeting of the Synod of Rupert's Land. It is composed of the diocese of Athabasca, a part of which is in the Arctic Circle; the diocese of the Saskatchewan, which extends east from the Rocky Mountains; the diocese of Moosonee, which extends west from Hudson's Bay; and the diocese of Rupert's Land, which lies along our Northern boundary. I was invited to preach the opening sermon. It was the first visit of an American Bishop and clergy to this distant field, and we were welcomed with such hospitality as only Christian hearts can give. . . . Bishop Machray, of Rupert's Land, has a noble school in St. John's College. It is patterned after Westminster, and for scholarship, discipline, and religious tone worthy of the name of an English school. The Bishop is the Father, the Head-master, and the Bishop in one, and as I looked into the clear, manly faces of his boys, I felt sure he was training the men to mould the State. The country is very rich, and none of you Eastern folk know what an Empire lies away beyond us. I believe that the Red River valley and the valley of the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan has the finest wheat land in the world."

The collection amounted to 20*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

EVERY lover of the School will be pleased at hearing of the proposed formation of an Old Westminster Foot-ball Club. Westminster has always been, and we hope always will be, famous for its foot-ball. Year after year we see former members of the Eleven taking part in the most important Association matches played throughout England, and we may be pardoned in anticipating, that, if this Club should be established, it will boast one of the best teams sent out by Association players, and also that it will (if successful) reflect glory and credit on the old School of which its members once formed a part. A match is played every year, on the day after the last Play, by the Old Westminsters against the Eleven, which is, usually, rather a scratch affair on both sides, as, generally speaking, more than half our Eleven, certainly all the Town-boys in it, have gone home. There seems to be no reason why we should not follow other schools, in having a club composed of those who have left us; we see the Old Etonians, and Harrow Chequers, playing for the Association Cup—why should not we too send a representative to try for it? Next year, perhaps, this may be the case, as steps have already been taken to secure the names of members for the club, and, no doubt, all Old Westminsters who take an interest in Foot-ball will be only too glad to join it.

WE are rather surprised that so little notice is taken of the match against Charterhouse. The daily papers, with very few exceptions, say nothing about it, and the sporting papers do not give more than a short account. Considering that it is the only football match played between *two* public schools, this is rather to be wondered at. It may be that football is not such an attractive sight as cricket, but still there is much excitement in witnessing a game at football. Another reason may possibly be that the match is played on a ground that is not accessible to many, this being especially the case when the event takes place at Godalming. But for all this we might expect to hear more about it in the papers, or at any rate to find a correct account given when anything is said. Most accounts are entirely wrong, not even reporting rightly who kicked the goal, which side won the toss, &c. In fact, in some respects the reporters seem to confuse the two Schools together.

IN our last number a mistake occurred in the account of last year's elections to Cambridge. It is there stated that the Captain gained a Triplet by special vote, when, in reality, he resigned the Triplet he had gained, but received a gratuity by special vote.

THE date of the Cricket Match against the Incogniti has been fixed for the 6th of May.

LADY A. STANLEY.

WE should be ungrateful if we permitted the great loss which all Westminster has sustained in the death of Lady Augusta Stanley to pass without a word of sympathy and sorrow from the School. Her kindness towards every one connected in any way with the Abbey was unfailing; she endeared herself alike to high and low, to young and old; she ever seemed to be thinking of others, and not of herself; her life here was spent in active benevolence, and there was no scheme of charity in the neighbourhood which she was not ready and anxious to promote. None of the Q.S.S. who have had the privilege of being invited to the parties at the Deanery whilst she presided there, will forget the considerate kindness with which she invariably received them.

IN MEMORIAM.

AT last the fatal blow is struck—Ah, me!
 Too cruel death! why wilt thou ever blight
 The fairest flowers? Why dost thou so delight
 Ever to rend our hearts with agony?
 Hast thou no pity? Look around and see
 How many worn by age pray for the night
 To end their cares—but no! in thy fell might
 Thou art resistless, we must bend to thee,—
 But yet thou shalt not triumph—she is gone,
 And we lament—but her fate is the best,
 For care and pain must flee the pulseless breast—
 And now, beneath the cold, sepulchral, stone
 In happiness and peace she sleeps alone,—
 And let her sleep, and triumph in her rest.

The Fields.

THE weather lately has been rather more favourable for football, but still not nearly so good as could be desired. The rain has made the ground very heavy, and has caused the games to be as a rule more slow than they usually are. The Eleven are getting into something like last half's form, and are playing much better together than they did at the beginning of the year. Owing to some misunderstanding, our programme of matches has been somewhat altered, there being some confusion as to when we were to have played the Wanderers. The match against them was originally fixed for the 23rd of February, but as they had another match on that day, it was put off till Shrove Tuesday, on which day the Sixth generally plays the School. For this reason we played the Nine and Fifteen on the 23rd, and on the following day the Sixth and School. The former of these matches produced rather a better contest than was anticipated, the

Fifteen having the assistance of three masters. The School played a drawn match against the Sixth, and what appeared certain defeat was averted by the fine play of their backs, Fox especially distinguishing himself. The match against South Norwood was won by us after a hard struggle; and that against the Wanderers, contrary to expectation, resulted in a victory by one goal to none. The match with the Crystal Palace fell through owing to the inability of that Club to get together an Eleven to play us! and that against the Gitanos has been unavoidably postponed.

We are sorry to see that some members of the clubs that play against us, when they find themselves beaten, give assumed names to be published in the papers. Surely it is not such a very great disgrace to be on the losing side that they are ashamed to own their proper names! Besides, it is unfair to us, for if any one were to see the list of those who play against us, he would think that it was not so creditable to us to have beaten a powerful club. For, instead of seeing the names of celebrated players who took part in the match, he would only find one or two that are at all well known, while the rest who are really the best players, are disguised by assumed names. Let us hope that this objectionable practice will be at once and for ever put down.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. SOUTH NORWOOD (return).

This match, a return to the one played up Fields, Oct. 23rd, 1875, which we won by two goals to nothing, was played Saturday, Feb. 26th, and but for the prudence of our adversaries in playing four backs, it would have resulted in a signal victory; as it was, we only won by one goal, kicked by Alington off a free kick from "hands." At first the game was remarkably even, but towards the end we completely penned them; Waddington at one time put a free kick through the posts, but as unfortunately it did not touch any one, it was not allowed to score. Our goal was never once endangered, owing to the fine form shown by our backs: C. E. Smith made one or two good runs for them, and Crowdy and Hicks played well for us. N. Bailey and Yates, two old Westminsters, were of great use to South Norwood as backs, and saved several goals.

Westminster.—E. H. Alington (capt.); E. Waddington (half-back); F. D. Crowdy, C. J. Fox (half-back); W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams (back); C. S. Davson, A. F. Gamble (goals); G. A. Hicks, T. B. Jones, R. Mead.

South Norwood.—W. H. White (capt.); J. H. Vigne (back); C. E. Leeds (back); N. C. Bailey (half-back); J. M. Yates (half-back); C. E. Smith, L. H. Neame, A. F. Stevens, G. W. Denny, H. B. Gray, F. White (goals).

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. WANDERERS.

Feb. 29, 1876.

We have at last been able to score a victory over the Wanderers, after having been regularly beaten every

year since 1873 : this year we were rather afraid of a licking when our visitors put in an appearance with such a strong team. They won the toss and chose to play with the wind, which was blowing almost straight down the ground. Throughout the match was most evenly contested, nothing being scored before half time except a disputed goal for our opponents, which they were obliged to give up because one of their men handled the ball. The Wanderers played 4 backs, and though Hicks, Crowdy, and Jones frequently made good runs up to half time, nothing had resulted. Kenrick and Green also showed some very good dribbling. After half time both sides redoubled their efforts, and Cloete made a good try at our goal, which did not come off, but the ball being got well away, Williams and Jones ran it down and the latter middled it to Alington who tried a shot, but ineffectually. However, Crowdy, who was backing up well, put it through, scoring the only goal in the match. For the Wanderers, Lindsay played well behind and Bevington forward. Our goal once nearly fell before the attack of Kinnaird, but it was just saved. Sides :—

Westminster.—E. H. Alington (capt.); E. Waddington (half-back); F. D. Crowdy, C. J. Fox (half-back); W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams, C. S. Davson, A. F. Gamble (goals); G. A. Hicks, T. B. Jones, C. A. Jones (back).

Wanderers.—J. Kenrick (capt.); A. F. Kinnaird, F. T. Green, A. H. Stratford (back); W. Lindsay (half-back); F. B. Maddison (half-back), W. D. Greig (goals); H. S. Bevington, W. B. Cloete (back); E. W. Wylde, T. B. Hughes.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

FIRST NINE v. NEXT FIFTEEN.

THIS school match was played on Wednesday, Feb. 23. Owing to a mistake on Alcock's part, the Wanderers did not put in an appearance, and this match was played instead. The Fifteen had the advantage of Messrs. Grey, Gibson, and Wildman's assistance, who by their united efforts encouraged the others to greater exertions, and an extremely even and well-contested game was the result. At first the superior number of the Fifteen told, and 2 goals were quickly obtained for them by Grey and Wildman. Shortly before half-time Alington scored a goal for the Nine. After change of ends superior training began to tell, and the Fifteen were completely penned, and about ten minutes before "Time" three more goals were added to the score of the Nine by Crowdy and Fox (2). For the Fifteen, Watson and Brinton were useful as backs and Cuppage and Mead played extremely well.

The Nine.—E. H. Alington (capt.); E. Waddington (half-back); F. D. Crowdy, C. J. Fox, W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams (back); C. S. Davson, A. F. M. Gamble (goals); T. B. Jones.

The Fifteen.—C. A. Jones (capt. and goals); R. D. Brinton (back); J. H. Watson (half-back); C. B. Vyvyan, W. A. Cuppage, R. Mead, G. A. Bolton, J. Fox, W. Tayloe, W. Egerton, B. M. Rogers, J. Abernethy, H. B. Gray, Esq., J. Gibson, Esq., W. B. Wildman, Esq.

SIXTH v. SCHOOL.

This match was played on Thursday, Feb. 24, and resulted in a draw, neither side obtaining a goal, this result being chiefly brought about by the splendid back play of Fox who averted what appeared almost inevitable defeat. The Sixth had it all their own way nearly the whole time, the ball being very rarely past half-way. Several corner kicks were obtained by the Sixth, and nearly every one in the eleven had 2 or 3 shots. For the Sixth, Hicks, Aston and Brinton played well, and for the School, Fox, Mead, and Cuppage.

Sixth.—E. H. Alington (capt.); E. Waddington (back); F. D. Crowdy, W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams, (half-back) G. A. Hicks, G. A. Bolton, R. D. Brinton, A. Black, C. B. Vyvyan, H. R. Rogers.

School.—C. J. Fox (capt. and back); C. S. Davson, A. F. Gamble (half-back); T. B. Jones, C. A. Jones (back); W. A. Cuppage, R. Mead, H. Hollis, C. Secretan (goals); A. Hemsley, T. Secretan.

A CONCERT OF CORRESPONDENTS.¹

Held at Dean's Yard, Westminster, on the 30th Feb., 1876, in aid of funds for establishing a few new recreations at St. Peter's College.

PROGRAMME.

Ballad . . . THE SPELLING-BEE . . . "A. B. C."

How doth the friendly Spelling-Bee
Improve each evening hour,
And gather boys, that so we see
Their *orthographic* power.

Until its puzzling tests I knew
Hard words did much perplex,
While "colander" I spelt with *u*,
And "ecstasy" with *x*.

But never by such blunders I
Again shall be undone,
Give two p's to "apology,"
And "appetite" but one.

Then, quick, from Spelling-Bees such skill
As mine in spelling take,
For Ignorance finds some blunder still
For Bee-less boys to make.

In Spelling-Bees—that healthful play—
Let all your eyes be pass'd,
That when to spell you shall essay,
With fools you be not class'd.

Solo (to the accompaniment of the rod) "A CONSERVATIVE."

Song . . . THE WORKSHOP . . . "TOOL."

Oh, were it not nice to do carpenter's work
When sated with "blue-books," "fields" anxious to shirk,
And when cricketing, "water," lawn-tennis, foot-ball,
Athletics, "Gym," racquets, and skating-rink pall?

And 'tis but for a workshop, remember, I press—
I think every tool we already possess :
At any rate many we have—how say *you*?
Let us think. . . . With permission I'll just name a few.

¹ See the Correspondence in our last number. We must not be held responsible for the sentiments of our contributor. We insert his contribution because we wish all sides to have a hearing, and it may amuse, but how he can be so illiberal as to grudge, as he appears to do, the *one or two* amusements open to Westminster boys, we are at a loss to conceive.—ED. ELIZ.

To begin, you'll confess our friend *A.*'s an old *file*,
While *B.* is a *screw*, of mean nature and vile;
And I think I shall have your concurrence again
That, while *Z.* is a pretty boy, *C.* is a *plain* (plane).

We may look for an "*ax*" to inquisitive *E.*,
For a *vice* to the smokers we too often see,
While *F.* on a fund of good proverbs can draw,
And will always be ready to find us a *saw*.

When *G.* tells a tale, long and stupid I ween,
We can but pronounce him a *bor-ing-machine*,
And *H.* who last Saturday swopped knives with me,
His knife being worthless, a *chisel* is he.

Ah well! through the Alphabet thus I could go,
But niggardly Time puts a veto, and so
I will end with the pledge that, *I* being in the school,
Whether workshop or not, there at least is one "*Tool*."

Duett . . . On the Oldboy² . . . { "*ANTIQUARY.*"
" *CONSERVATIVE.*"

Song . . . THE NEW SKATING-RINK . . . "*H. P.*"

I love it, I love it, and who could think,
To chide me for loving the Skating-rink?
'Tis a new-found treasure, I must confess,
But for *that* I don't love it a bit the less.
Nay, I like the new skating far more than the old,
Which was rare in its coming and always cold.
Will you try a spell? If you do, I think,
You will love, as we all love, the Skating-rink.

If you fall, it may prove a bit harder than ice,
But then to a bump or two who would be nice?
And if you don't fall 'twill be strange to me,
You alone will escape of the company.
But, then, there are some who are all black and blue,
And the less you get bruised why the better for you:
Down to-day only thrice, I was up in a wink,
And vow'd I still worshipp'd the Skating-rink.

'Tis over, 'tis over, alas! for to-day,
But to-morrow will see me again scud away,
In graceful curves, while I freely pledge
My neck that I do you the "*outside edge.*"
Oh, say it is folly and deem me weak,
But I'll stick to the rollers though limbs I break,
For I love it, I love it, and cannot sink
The ineffable joys of the Skating-rink.

Solo (On his own trumpet) "*Forlorn Tennis*" . . . "*A. P. L.*"

Ballad . . . "*THE ELIZABETHAN.*" . . . "*PATRIOT.*"

The talents of the school combine
With learning and with sense
To bring our monthly journal in,
Regardless of expense;
And yet it is'nt bought, Alack!
By half the Dean's Yard tribe.
Why don't the boys subscribe, dear Mac,³
Why don't the boys subscribe?

True wit and wisdom page by page—
Pray, read it, do!—provides
Variety for every age,
And for all sects and sides,
Yet many numbers are sent back—
Do buyers want a bribe?—
Why don't the boys subscribe, dear Mac,
Why don't the boys subscribe?

² Have we here an illustration of the need of the Spelling-Bee?
Should this be hautboy, otherwise oboe?—ED. ELIZ.

³ We hope the singer has the sanction of our worthy Treasurer
for addressing him thus familiarly.—ED. ELIZ.

Why! were it dull as *Punch* (to laugh
At whose flat jokes few can),
Tall-talk-y as the *Telegraph*,
Low as the *Englishman*,
I'd buy it, were it but to pack
My clothes in with a jibe—
For the School's sake I'd buy it, Mac!—
Why *don't* the boys subscribe?

Solo . . . On a Special Steamer . . . "*E. M. R.*"

"*Walk round*" and "*Break-down*"

by the various Correspondents, concluding with the following
General Chorus, in which "*Common Sense*," "*A. P. L.*,"
"*H. P.*," "*Tool*," "*A. P. C.*," "*Patriot*," and "*E. M. R.*,"
are the leaders.

We think you'll allow
We're "*a-going it*" now,
But when we have got
All that's ask'd by the lot,
To own we'll be glad,
That "*it's not so bad.*"
And so it may seem—
With a football team,
And a cricket eleven
On a ground new and even,
And a racing eight,
Who are taken in state
In the Queen's own yacht
To the practising spot,
And lawn-tennis (for him
Who likes it) and "*Gym*,"
And the racquet courts,
And the Autumn sports,
And the concert in May,
And the Christmas play,
And a workshop cramm'd full
With lathe, anvil and tool,
And the new Library,
And the Spelling-bee,
And the skating-rink,
And—dear me!—let's think—
Is there aught else?—Yes,
There's our own private press—
(But *that* none of us read)—
And we almost concede
There's but one thing more
We could agitate for,
Within *reasonable bounds*
A pack of Fox Hounds!

Exeunt saltantes.
P. R. S.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

As the pancake and Shrove Tuesday are inextricably associated in the popular mind, and although this connexion cannot be accounted for, at least by the managers of the *Elizabethan*, still it is as well to impress the minds of our readers with this connexion, considering the importance and gravity of the position which the pancake holds among us. We do not wish to enter into a question of etymology, but we ask pardon for informing the ignorant that pancake is derived from cake and pan, and means a cake fried in a pan. What the connexion is between this article of domestic use and the god of the same name cannot precisely be determined. Shrove Tuesday derives its name from the ancient practice, in the Church of Rome, of confessing sins and being shrived or shrove, i. e. obtaining absolution, on this day. In Scotland it

is called Fasten's E'en. The merriment of this season, strictly speaking, began the day before, being what was called Collop Monday, from the practice of eating collops of salted meat and eggs on that day. Another custom, the mention of which will hit some of us very hard, is said to have been that of presenting the first pancake to the greatest "slut or lie-a-bed" of the party, "which commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due." It was a practice once at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow (an ancient equivalent of a knocker) upon the school door. We can trace allusions to the festival in many authors, but we think we must claim for ourselves the remarks of Herodotus in a fragment of his Tenth Book, a translation of which will be subjoined later on. In the immortal bard we find the clown in "All's Well that Ends Well" speak of something being "as fit as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday."

The parishioners of the Vicar of Wakefield "religiously ate pancakes at Shrovetide."

Taylor, the Water Poet, says:—"Shrove Tuesday, at whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung called Pancake Bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical, magical enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused, dismal hissing (like the Lernian snakes in the reeds of Acheron) until, at last, by the skill of a cook, it is transformed into the form of a flipjack, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily."

Many other customs might be mentioned, but owing to want of space we shall trouble our readers no further than with this translation from Herodotus, commented upon above:—

"The barbarians, indeed, then told me of this ceremony, which takes place once a year in their country, about the summer solstice—that at the rising of the sun the priest of their temple, coming with his staff, and having behind him the cook bearing a pancake, and clothed in a white cloak and helmet, approaches the bar which the barbarians use in their schools for boys, in order that they may divide those on the one hand of much learning from those on the other hand the more ignorant. And he, having twirled the pan and having pronounced words, hurls the cake over the bar into a crowd of boys, who are contesting in order that they may gain the pancake; and when any one may have obtained it he endeavours to keep it, but I think this is by nature incredible, but the barbarians in their country say that he having obtained the pancake receives donations from the king about a quarter of a mina. The barbarians then told me that at one time the cook having failed to reach the bar, and being enraged they (the boys) hurled their books at him, but he being enraged, and turning,

hurled the iron vessel at the foremost and struck him on the forehead, and he being wounded, obtained from the king the iron vessel, which his family keep to this day. This is the custom in boys' schools as the barbarians told it me in their country."

Owing to the shortness of the actual contest of this year, we have not a long account of it, but before we say one word we must make the remark that we were very much surprised to see a great number of fellows (principally Home Boarders) starting home before the "grease." We merely ask them this question, "Is this patriotic?" Precisely at seven minutes past ten o'clock the Panchachaical procession came in sight; before this, all those who intended making a fight for it had taken their stand above the bar. The ceremony was shorn of much of its grandeur owing to the absence of the "poker," no one having been elected to the place of the late beadle. The struggle began very awkwardly, owing to the crookedness of the "toss," which landed the pancake in Mr. Gibson's form; indeed there is a dispute as to whether the pancake went over the bar at all—whether it did or not no attempt was made to give it back, but it was immediately seized by Fox, who had time to conceal it inside his coat before the mass of fellows could get at him. However, Waddington managed to get it away from him, and he certainly retained most of it till the end. The remainder seems to have been got rid of upon the fellows' coats. Owing to the "smash" of one form the "grease" was stopped, and the fourth struggle without any victor came to an end; the last time it was got whole was in 1872, when R. W. S. Vidal bore it off in triumph. After the "grease" ceased there was a sudden stampede towards the door of school, the object of which cannot be ascertained. Luckily, this also came to an end before reaching some ladies at the end of school, who would certainly have been squashed as flat as that whose tossing they had come to witness. We must conclude with a wish that this time-honoured custom will hold its own, although neither its origin or its utility can be discovered.

CERTIFICATES.

WE are glad to be in a position to state that at last we can enter candidates for the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate examinations. Hitherto we have been under a decided disadvantage compared to other schools, this being due, as most of us know, to the different divisions of our terms. Now all has been conveniently settled, and by a special arrangement we are allowed to take up our school work instead of the subjects set by the examiners. Unfortunately, however, candidates who intend to try and pass this way will be obliged to present themselves during the holidays at some "centre" for the examinations in unseen pieces, grammar, &c. Those who cannot do this can enter for the examination in July, but in that case they must take up the regular subjects. Candidates for the June examination will have to take up the following books:—

Sophocles Philoctetes,
Thucydides, Bk. viii.,
Cicero De Naturâ Deorum, Bk. i.,
Juvenal, Satires.

In addition to these, candidates must pass in Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, up to the end of Simple Equations, Euclid, Books i. and ii), History, or Divinity and "Trials."

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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

All Subscribers at Oxford who have not paid their subscriptions must send them immediately to P. G. L. Webb, Christ Church, or by P.O.O. to H. M. C. Macpherson St. Peter's College, Westminster; and at Cambridge, to E. V. Arnold, Trinity College.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to H. Macpherson (Treasurer), at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Contributions for our next Number are to be sent in by March 22nd, but correspondence only will be received by the Editor up to March 25.

All other communications to be addressed to J. A. Turner (Secretary), St. Peter's College, Westminster, and on no account either to the Editor or Printers.

Copies of any of the back Numbers of *The Elizabethan* (except No. 2) can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Several communications have been excluded from want of space.

E. G. M.—Please write English.

PLAIN FACTS.—Your letter is too personal to be inserted.

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

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed with some surprise in your last number another letter in support of the proposal to establish a skating rink on the racquet courts. The notion seems to me to be too absurd to be entertained for a moment, but apparently some misguided individuals are of a different opinion. To begin with, the cost of starting one would be something considerable, and I have not the smallest doubt, that, when the novelty of the thing wore off, scarcely any one would be found to skate on it. Besides, where is the money to come from? I do not suppose it would be collected from the school, as a great part of its members do not care in the least for "rinking." The only advantage that I think would arise from starting one would be that of improving, in some degree, the condition of the racquet-courts, but I suppose that the same reason that prevents us from having the courts repaved is an obstacle to the establishment of a rink. Even suppose it were once set up the constant walking over it of the Queen's Scholars, when going in and out of college, would in a great degree contribute to wear it out. Lastly, it is, I believe, generally considered necessary in a skating rink that the ground on which it is laid down should be level, and not, as is the case in the yard, sloping several feet. Trusting that such a proposal will be at once abandoned,

Believe me, Sir,
ANTI-RINK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—It was with great surprise that I saw in an *Elizabethan* of a month or two back, a letter from a correspondent signing himself 'W.' on the subject of turning Little Dean's Yard into a skating rink. Hoping that an abler pen than mine would take up the subject I remained silent; nor was I disappointed, for in the following number a School note appeared showing how perfectly impossible such a thing would be. This I should have thought would have silenced anybody; but no: in the last number a letter appears from H.P., saying, that if Westminster chose

to have a rink it *could* have one, for "where there's a will, there's a way," he says, and he winds up the letter in a way perfectly absurd and unwarranted. "It is absurd," he says, "to talk a lot of rubbish about a subject, as you did in your School note, instead of bringing arguments of weight to bear upon it." Now I referred to the School note in question, and found that they had given the very best possible reason for not having a skating rink in Little Dean's Yard, viz. that most palpable of reasons, that if it became a rink racquets would have to withdraw. Now let us take each in its turn,—I mean racquets and skating,—and see which is the best, or rather which is the most useful to the School. First, let us take racquets. I acknowledge that racquets as played at Westminster are very nondescript, half racquets half fives—whence the reason that Westminster is not represented in the Public Schools' Racquets; but what exists is a useful recreation, and could scarcely be done away with. Now what is skating? A nice pastime I grant;—pretty perhaps, but scarcely useful. Of course, Westminster would like to have a rink if it could, but I venture to say that it would not give up racquets for rinking; for such indeed would be the case. Little Dean's Yard would if paved with asphalté make a very fair rink, but is there any place sufficiently near where we could have racquets? It stands to reason that if a rink is made in Little Dean's Yard, racquets must either go somewhere else, or go altogether. By all means let Little Dean's Yard be paved with asphalté, but for racquets, not rinking. Besides, if a rink is made, we shall have all the small boys, who I am sorry to say are only too fond already of shirking station, disporting themselves on the asphalté, and football will therefore suffer materially. These are in my opinion convincing arguments for not turning the yard into a rink, for though fond of rinking myself, I am not as yet, I am thankful to say, a sufferer from

RINKOMANIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I read with horror sometime ago of the proposal to make a skating rink of the School premises. Now I read of the natural sequence in the race of Fashion, a wish for a "Spelling Bee." Although the second of the two proposals might fairly be entertained, and amusement coupled with instruction might be the result, still even to think twice upon a subject like the former is folly scarcely credible to any one in his right mind. It is true the fashion has set towards those resorts of combined idleness, flirtation and danger, but why, I ask, in the name of common sense should Westminster School of all places seek to encourage the latest absurdity that has taken such a powerful hold on the more foolish part of the English community? Surely to those in the School who are anxious to figure on a rink there are (*unfortunately*) plenty of opportunities of indulging their fond desires, but all Westminster's young and old should join in extinguishing an idea which would stamp upon the School an appearance of insanity by no means in keeping with its real character.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours obediently,
T. C. O.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—I have many times noticed, that in your paper no remarks are made on the publications sent to you by other schools. I have lately had an opportunity of reading several, and I find in most of them a column devoted to the news of other schools, reviews on articles in their papers, &c. It struck me that if the *Elizabethan* would take a hint from this custom, and would give a little news from Public Schools as well as from the Universities (where, of course, you have your own correspondents), it would give an additional interest to the paper, especially as many of your subscribers have friends at other Public Schools, and would be glad to hear what is going on there. Of course if there was a reading-room here this step would be unnecessary, but as we know this in our case is impossible, I venture to suggest that the course which I have taken the liberty of proposing would in a manner make up for the deficiency.

Very truly yours,
V.

Florat.