



The Elizabethan.

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WATER.

In venturing to offer to the readers of the *Elizabethan* some remarks on the subject of Water, we feel we have taken upon ourselves an invidious task, more especially because the recent change in the School hours, in endangering its very existence, has given rise to so many diverse opinions; it is rather, therefore, with the object of stating facts than of advancing theories that we have undertaken to say anything on this point.

To think that Rowing at Westminster is in a debilitated condition, compared with what it has been in the last twenty years, is an entire mistake, and chiefly confined to those whose comparatively recent acquaintance with the School gives them but little experience in its institutions, and therefore can scarcely qualify them as judges in such matters.

In the year 1868, owing to various difficulties, Water was entirely discontinued till 1872, when owing to the timely exertions of W. E. Bovill, then Bursar of the School, and the suit-

able character of the South Western Company's trains, it was renewed and kept up till 1877, when it was again dropped for a year. During all this time it must be remembered that the Water List numbered little more than twenty, and that the School was entirely dependent on a railway company for the means of locomotion. In 1878 a steam launch was bought by the Elizabethan Club and kindly lent to the School, but owing to its deficiency in pace, and the undesirable character of the water and boats at Wandsworth, its use was discontinued five years later, and a contract made with Dawe and Co. for brakes to hold the requisite numbers, and to go up to Putney in rather less time than it took formerly to get up to Wandsworth. Here the water and the boats were good, and the Rowing showed every sign of maintaining its prosperity. There was a distinct improvement in form, and the performances of the smaller fry bade fair for future years.

It cannot, therefore, be rightly supposed that the Rowing is in anything like its worst condition; on the contrary its popularity is fast increasing, and during the present uncertainty

it has often been defended by those whom we have never heard speak in its favour before.

Perhaps those who are responsible for the recent change in the School hours do not realise what they are doing in annihilating Water. We are a London school. If Water were not to prolong its existence, all those who would not otherwise play cricket (and they are no small number) would be compelled to relinquish the hope of obtaining healthy exercise. Let us repose our confidence in the influence of the Elizabethan Club, and hope that the powers that be will come to appreciate the worth and importance of the institution whose existence they are imperilling, and that Rowing at Westminster may continue to flourish and not exist as a mere shadow of its splendid self.



'OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

No. 26.

JOHN HACKET, BISHOP OF LICHFIELD
AND COVENTRY.

STRANGE enough in the biographical sketch of Bishop Duppa, which has already appeared in your pages, there is no mention of him whose name heads this article among Duppa's contemporaries. This, we think, must have been an oversight. Bishop Hacket was a contemporary of Duppa's, and is worthy of being numbered amongst his illustrious fellow-scholars. Having his lot cast amongst the troublous times of the Civil Wars, his trials were many, his difficulties not few; but he surmounted them all. He was, as his epitaph truly says, 'a prelate of mediæval piety and consummate eloquence, a faithful defender of the Church of England and the orthodox or true faith, a diligent preacher, even to the last, . . . a character eminently distinguished for integrity and innocence, goodness of manner and candour, eminent charity to the poor, and liberality to his friends.' Who could wish for a higher eulogium than is here given? Who more worthy of being enrolled amongst Westminster 'worthies'?

John Hacket was born in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, near where Exeter House formerly stood, on the 1st of September, 1592. His father was Andrew Hacket, a zealous Protestant, who was senior burgess of Westminster, and later on Keeper of the Robes to Prince Henry, son of James I. The exact date of his being sent to Westminster School is apparently unknown,* but we are told that

* This may be quoted as an instance of the usefulness of keeping a record of the date when 'new boys' enter the school, as pointed out by your correspondent 'Conservative,' ante, p. 101.

he was sent there at an 'early age.' The school was ruled over at this time by Mr. Richard Ireland. Fortunately for John Hacket the decanal stall in the Abbey was then occupied by Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, who was successively promoted to the Sees of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, and who took a great interest in the intellectual improvement of the scholars. The extent of the learning of this gifted man is too well known to be enlarged upon here; and, besides, some account of the man himself and of his abilities has already been given in your article on Bishop Duppa. It was the custom of this Dean to examine the boys in the absence of Mr. Ireland, and in the course of his examinations he soon found out the talents of young Hacket, to whom he shewed great and continued kindness, which only death terminated.

Of his life while at school nothing has been recorded, but we may readily conclude that he acquired great proficiency in his work. In support of this conclusion, too, the headmaster is supposed to have given utterance to the following prophetic remarks about him and George Herbert. Mr. Ireland said of them 'that he expected to have credit by them two at the University, or would never hope for it afterwards by any while he lived'; and added withal, 'that he need give them no counsel to follow their books, but rather to study moderately and use exercise: their parts being so good, that if they were careful not to impair their health by too much study, they could not fail to arrive at the top of learning in any art or science.' This prophecy was completely fulfilled in the case of George Herbert, and that Hacket also realised his master's expectations and speedily rose in his calling, we shall see anon.

He was elected head to Trinity College, Cambridge, with 'that sweet singer of the Temple,' George Herbert, in 1608, where his abilities shewed themselves to as great or a greater extent, and so struck was the then master of the College (Dr. Neville), with his talents, that he is reported to have said that 'he would rather carry him on his back to Cambridge than lose him from his College.' Such, then, being the opinion of his learning and attainments, we are not surprised to find that he was ere long elected a Fellow of his College. In 1616 he took his degree of M.A. at Oxford, having previously taken the same degree at Cambridge. He entered into Holy Orders in 1618, being ordained by Dr. John King, Bishop of London; and, in 1621, he was offered and accepted the chaplaincy to Dr. John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, who was Keeper of the Great Seal, and subsequently Archbishop of York. In the same year he was appointed to the living of Kirkby-under-Wood, in the county of Lincoln, which he no doubt obtained through the instrumentality of Dr. Williams, the Bishop of the diocese. It was by his influence, too, that he was nominated, two years later, a chaplain to King James, who gave him the living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to which he added not long afterwards that of Cheam, in Surrey—his patron, Dr. Williams, remarking that Holborn was intended for *wealth* and Cheam for *health*. While at Cambridge he was

a 'tutor of great repute,' and retired for one month during the long vacation with his pupil, Sir John Byron, to Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire.* During his sojourn here he composed his Latin comedy, 'Loyola,' which was twice performed before James I. In this play he attacks the Jesuits with great vehemence; so much so that when King James, in 1625, nominated him himself to accompany an ambassador into Germany, his friends dissuaded him from going, fearing that he would run great danger in doing so owing to his treatment of the Jesuits in his play. This play was published in 1648, with some others of which he was not the author. In 1623 he was made a Prebend of Lincoln.

While in charge of St. Andrew's, Holborn, 'he was distinguished as well for his excellent preaching as for his good order in his parochial charge.' In addition he was blessed with a 'prodigious memory,' as an anecdote to be presently narrated will show. Throughout his life he always proved himself equal and ready for emergencies, and apt in surmounting drawbacks. St. Andrew's Church was at this time in a thorough state of dilapidation, and one of the first acts he set himself to do was to collect the necessary funds for its repair and restoration. Here, as at a later date at Lichfield, he was ready for the exertion, though unfortunately the end he premeditated was after all frustrated. From his friends and others he collected several thousand pounds for the purpose of rebuilding the church, but he was doomed to bitter disappointment. The members of the Long Parliament—for the Civil War had now broken out—consisting for the most part of Presbyterians, seized on the fund, together with another sum which had been collected for the repairs of St. Paul's, and appropriated the money to their own baneful purposes—to help them carry on their rebellious war against King Charles.

Nothing shows so well his moral courage, and sense of duty, as his conduct at St. Andrew's when the liturgy was forbidden to be publicly used in churches. 'Although subjected to heavy penalties during these barbarous and bloody times, he continued to read the service in the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. One day, while on his knees, like a second Daniel with the lions in view, a sergeant with a body of soldiers entered the church and threatened him with instant death if he did not leave off. "Soldiers," said the intrepid soldier and servant of a higher and better Master, "I am doing my duty: do you do yours;" and with a louder and firmer voice he continued the service. Thus, in the language of the psalmist, "he made even his enemies to be at peace with him"; for the soldiers, awed by his courage, left him to finish the service.'

Besides being a good preacher he was a fine elocutionist. His memory we have already adverted to. 'After the Restoration he had notice to bury a Dissenter of the parish, so he learnt the burial service by heart. He said the service with such feeling and grace that the whole congregation was moved by it,

especially the friends of the deceased, who thought they had never heard a more beautiful discourse. Their astonishment may be imagined when they learnt that it was word for word from the Liturgy, a book, which, although they had never read it, they affected to despise and hate.' The authority for associating this story with Dr. Hacket is, says Mr. Harwood, from whose work we have already quoted, Mr. Granger, and he adds that a similar anecdote is told by Bishop Sprat in his 'Discourse to his Clergy,' published in 1695. This 'pious fraud' was also practised by Bishop Bull, when a priest, and with a like success, but the office of the Liturgy used was not the burial service. We have no doubt that it has been resorted to by other prelates as well.

In 1628 he proceeded to D.D. or S.T.P. His next preferment was the Archdeaconry of Bedford in 1631, to which charge he generally paid an annual visit. His exhortation to his clergy gives some insight into his views of religion. He wisely exhorted them 'to all regular conformity to the doctrine and discipline by law established, without under- or over-doing, asserting, in his opinion, that puritanism lay on both sides; whoever did more than the Church commanded, as well as less, were guilty of it; and that he only was a true son of the Church who broke not the boundals of it either way.' A member of the Committee for considering the proposed reforms in the Liturgy of the Church, and in Cathedral institutions, he was selected, in 1641, on a Bill being presented to Parliament for the abolition of Cathedral clergy, to plead the cause of the Cathedral music and service at the bar of the House of Commons; and so powerful was his speech on this occasion that the catastrophe was postponed, the originators not putting the question to the vote, perceiving that the majority would refuse to sanction the spoliation. He concluded his eloquent speech with the following words: 'Upon the ruins of the rewards of learning no structure can be raised up but ignorance, and upon the chaos of ignorance no structure can be built but profaneness and confusion.'

He was appointed in 1642 a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. In the same year a Bill was passed depriving the bishops of their seats in Parliament, and denuding them, and other clergy, of all temporal jurisdiction. In consequence of this Dr. Hacket retired to his living at Cheam, while St. Andrew's, and all other his preferments, including the Canon-Residentiaryship of St. Paul's, which he never enjoyed, were taken away from him. Even in his retirement at Cheam he was not free from persecution, and for a time suffered imprisonment by the Earl of Essex. Before long, however, Parliament, in spite of all its efforts to do so—not being able to substantiate its charge against him—was forced to set him at liberty. From this date to 1648-9, he seems to have been left unmolested; and nothing is recorded about him until the latter year, when he is known to have attended Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, in his last hours, when he was beheaded for his attempt to relieve Colchester.

With the Restoration came happier times. He

* 'The History and Antiquities of the Church and City of Lichfield,' by Thomas Harwood, F.S.A., 1806.

was nominated to the bishopric of Gloucester by Lord Clarendon, but this he declined, saying that 'He would rather future times should ask why Dr. Hacket had not a bishoprick, than why he had one.' In the following year (1661), however, he was persuaded by his friends to accept the see of Lichfield and Coventry, which had been refused by Baxter.

Lichfield Cathedral, at the time of his appointment, was in a woful state of dilapidation and ruin; its glass windows had been broken to atoms, or stolen; the lead stripped off its roof and melted down for bullets; its towers battered down; its stalls burnt; its organ destroyed; and other wanton acts of desecration perpetrated against it. During the Civil War it had been held by the Royalists against the Parliamentarians, and it was the last place in the town that held out for the king. Against it Lord Brooke led his troopers after taking the rest of the city, and his fate, while viewing its destruction from Dane Street, by being shot through the eye, is well known. One of the opposite side remarked, says South in his Sermons, that 'he asked of God a sign, and so God gave him one, signing him on the forehead, and that with such a mark as is likely to be known by all posterity.' Truly, according to the poet,—

'Thanks to God and good St. Chad,
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.

By a curious coincidence, remarked with superstition by the Royalists, he was killed on St. Chad's Day (2nd March) by a shot from St. Chad's Cathedral, through the very eye with which he hoped to view the destruction of all cathedrals. The troopers of Lord Brooke, undismayed by his death, continued their attack on the cathedral, inflicting heartrending damage; and when the loyalists were forced to surrender, it was little more than a confused mass of ruins.

We have thought it better, even at the risk of being accused of digressing, thus much to recapitulate the part which Lichfield played in the war, and the damage which the noble Cathedral sustained, in order to realise what a distressing spectacle it must have been for the old bishop—now upwards of 70 years of age—whose love of Cathedral institutions and services, before his elevation to the bench, has already been pointed out; as also to fully understand the magnitude of the task he was called upon to undertake in its restoration, which was effected in eight years. He visited the city in 1662, and was the first to begin the pious work by setting his own carriage horses to work to remove the rubbish. Although he was well stricken in years he entered on his duty with indefatigable zeal, and at once commenced raising a large fund for defraying the cost of restoration from his friends and the neighbouring gentry, contributing a large sum himself. The exact amount of his own personal contribution is variously stated, some asserting it to be £20,000; but whether this figure is correct or not the sum was a considerable one.

Notwithstanding the work of restoration, he in

nowise forgot or overlooked his episcopal duties. His visitations were frequent, and large numbers of people flocked to him to receive the rite of confirmation, lately a neglected rite. That his clergy should dress in a decent and modest manner was a constant care and anxiety—especially in the wearing of their hair. Under his *Signification Papers for Orders* on the Cathedral door he sometimes had written, *Nemo accedat petulum sacros cum longâ casarie*. He seldom, again, we are told, dismissed his clergy at a visitation, or after ordination without reminding them that they were 'ordained to *cures* and not to *stneccures*.'

At length the restoration of the Cathedral was completed, and on Christmas Eve, 1669, it was rededicated. In commemoration of this happy event he gave three splendid entertainments to the members of the Church, to the nobility and gentry, and to the bailiffs and magistrates of the city. These were given in the Prebendal House, which he also restored, and towards which he gave a large sum of money.

In 1670, and though now weak and enfeebled in health he ordered a new set of bells for the Cathedral. Only three of these, however, were cast, and one—the tenor—hung in his lifetime. 'He went,' says Dr. Plume, his biographer, 'out of his bedroom into the next room to hear it, seemed well pleased with the sound, and blessed God who had favoured him with life to hear it; but at the same time observed that it would be his own passing bell, and, retiring into his chamber, he never left it until he was carried to his grave.' These were eventually completed by his son.

He died on the 28th of October, 1670, and was buried in the south aisle of the Cathedral, where a monument has been erected to his memory by his son, Sir Andrew Hacket, a Master in Chancery. The service was performed by Dr. Scattergood, his chaplain. He sleeps by the side of Langton, the builder of the Cathedral: the builder and rebuilder rest side by side. His epitaph is too long for reproduction, but it may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796.

Among his other benefactions ought to be mentioned his gifts of money to Clare Hall and St. John's College, Cambridge; his bequest of all his books to the University; and his collections during the plague of London for the relief of the sufferers. In addition, he added a building to Trinity College, called 'Bishop's Hostel,' at a cost of £1,200, and directed that the rents of the chambers should be utilised in buying books for the College library.

He was the first to be styled Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. Before his time the bishops termed themselves sometimes Bishops of Coventry, and sometimes of Lichfield, and afterwards of Coventry and Lichfield; but Dr. Hacket reversed the order of the two names, and since then they have always been designated Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry.

'Loyola' was the only production of his pen that was published during his lifetime. After his death 'A Century of Sermons' was published by Dr. Plume, in 1675, with his Life. A year after he was ordained he wrote some Latin verses on the death of Anne,

Queen of James I. He also, according to Chalmers, meditated writing a life of King James I., and 'for that purpose the Lord Keeper Williams had given him Camden's MS. notes or annals of that king's reign; but, these being lost in the confusion of the times, he was disabled from doing it.' In the edition of 'A Century of Sermons,' published in 1675, there is an engraving of him by Faithorne. Over his head is his motto, which he always acted up to, 'Serve God and be cheerful;' under it the following lines:

'His face this Icon shows, his pious wit
These sermons; would you know him further yet,
Yourself must die, for, reader you must looke
In heav'n for what's not of him in this booke.'

The last three lines, to compare large things with small, we would, in conclusion, reiterate.

ALPHA.

School Notes.

We are grieved to hear of the death of T. A. Mantle, the late School professional, which took place on Thursday, May 1st. He came to Westminster in 1862, at the age of two-and-twenty, and for more than twenty years proved an efficient coach. For some time past ill health had rendered him incapable of performing his accustomed duties, and last Christmas he was forced to resign his post. For the last six months he has had a shop for cricket materials close to Vincent Square, where he died of consumption at the age of forty-two.

A new arrangement of hours for the summer months came into use a week after Easter. Morning school is prolonged till 12.30 on Thursdays, Saturdays, and Saints' Days, while afternoon school ends at 5.0 P.M., lock hours at 7.0. It will be seen that by this arrangement Water will become impossible, except on half holidays. This will practically mean the abolition of the most venerable of our School sports, after its recent eminently successful revival. We trust that the Head Master will be induced to modify his scheme, so that it may not lead to so disastrous a result.

The chief argument which can be preferred for the abolition of Water is that it will benefit Cricket. It is reasoning on a false analogy to argue, as we have heard some do, from the example of public schools in the country, that except with numbers far larger than ours, two games cannot be supported; for those who in the country find occupation in long walks, botanising, and so forth, have not the same outlets for their tastes in town, and would very probably find Water more congenial than Cricket. In most cases those who attend Water would never become cricketers.

May we venture to express our opinion that the Games Committee should have some opportunity of stating their views upon such a change as the aboli-

of Water, as well as the Elizabethan Club, which, with its accustomed liberality, has spent a great deal of money upon the revival of boating at Westminster.

We notice that a new brass Lectern has been provided for use at the morning services in the south transept. It is a decided improvement upon the ungainly desk and seat which has hitherto served for this purpose.

The Debating Society has adjourned till the Christmas term.

The Literary Society finished 'Antony and Cleopatra' on April 25th, the trio, 'Plumpy Bacchus,' being well rendered by A. W. Kitcat, F. H. Coller, and M. R. Bethune. The Society is now reading Sheridan's play, 'The Rivals.'

The Bellingring Society held its last meeting this term on Tuesday, April 29th. At the conclusion of the meeting the Society presented the steeple-keeper with a suitable testimonial.

C. C. J. Webb, Q.S., has gained the Gumbleton English Verse prize, as well as the prize for Latin Prose. The prize for Greek Iambics has been awarded to A. M. T. Jackson.

The Theses for School Epigrams are:—

'Α χεῖρ τὰν χεῖρα,' and 'Standard gold or token?'

The following is the result of the Easter Examinations. Recommended

FOR FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

J. B. Chapman.	F. W. Marshall.
J. H. Cumming.	E. L. Clapham.
A. J. Lee.	E. J. Preece.
F. Street.	H. F. Whittaker.
C. S. W. Barwell.	C. C. Sharpe.
W. S. Cox.	R. E. Olivier.
J. H. Clarke.	

FOR EXHIBITIONS.

W. A. W. Last.	A. E. Balfour.
J. Liberty.	G. H. Fry.
P. Williamson.	J. B. Farrar.

As two of the Minor Candidates declined to accept Foundation Scholarships, there will be only thirty-eight Q.SS. next year.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

CREST OF THE ELIZABETHAN.—In looking back at the first volume of the *Elizabethan* I notice that the crest at the head of numbers 2, 3, and 4, is different from that of the first number, and from that of the fifth and every subsequent one to the present time. Can you inform me (1) Who was the designer of the crest? (2) Why the alteration in numbers 2, 3, and 4 was made, and (3) Why the 'wire' racquet bat has been studiously left out in all

numbers except the three above mentioned? The 'wire' racquet is to all appearances such a *bête noir* that its insertion in numbers 2, 3, and 4, is the signal for the flight of everything else which promptly returned as soon as the 'wire' had taken its departure. Why it has been so snubbed I am at a loss to discover, for though not so popular at Westminster as 'Woodens,' it was by no means unpopular as far as I could see. I live in hope that the time will come when Westminster will be able to take her place amongst the claimants for the Public School Racquets, and should that happen I much fear that the 'wire' will have its revenge for its slight by turning up its nose at, and ousting from its present position, the 'Woodens.' C. H. F. in your last number has just cause of complaint, I think, as regards the 'Fives Court' so liberally offered by the late Head Master. The refusal by the governing body, without further explanation, is certainly inexplicable. That Westminster will not be able to compete with the other Public Schools until she has a proper racquet-court *va sans dire*; but I do not see why in time this could not be provided.—CURIOSUS.

PUBLIC SCHOOL WORDS AND PHRASES.—May I ask through your columns whether Mr. Alsopp's promised work on the above subject has yet been published, or if you can tell me when it is likely to be ready?—CURIOSUS.

REPLIES.

AUTHOR WANTED (vol. iii. p. 275).—I am now enabled to answer 'J. L.'s' query at the above reference on the authority of Mr. Forshall's recent work on Westminster School. The author of the song was Gerrard Andrews, who was elected to Cambridge in 1769. He was appointed to the Deanery of Canterbury in 1809, and died in 1825. Mr. Forshall does not give the date of the composition, but states that it was recited in 1836 at the Westminster dinner by one of the stewards after the toast, 'The Immortal Memory of Queen Elizabeth.' At page 256 of Mr. Forshall's book 'J. L.' will find the song given together with the music. He adds, 'The music is supposed to be a Scotch air. It was once heard in the streets in 1837, and has been altered and added to by a lady who had four brothers at Westminster.' Who was this lady?—CURIOSUS.

THE CONCERT.

Few more successful School Concerts have been held at Westminster than that which attracted a crowded audience to College Hall on the evening of Thursday, May 1. It was certainly much above the average of late years, and contained very few pieces which could be called distinctly bad.

The Head Master on arriving with his party took the opportunity of expressing in a few graceful words Mrs. Rutherford's thanks for a handsome bouquet which Mr. Ranalow had been deputed to present to her on behalf of the members of the Singing Classes, and as soon as the applause which followed his remarks began to die away the opening chords of

Handel's Concerto, performed by Mr. Dale and C. L. Freeman were heard resounding through the hall. This, a happy augury of the evening's success, went with great spirit. Freeman's performance was not unworthy of the company in which he found himself, but we feel sure we only represent the general wish in recording our hope that on the next occasion Mr. Dale will be induced to favour us with a solo of his own. This will be a pleasure we have not enjoyed for some years.

The first part of the concert—following an old precedent—was devoted entirely to sacred music, and great credit is due to Mr. Ranalow for the success achieved in rendering Spohr's choruses, works that present very serious difficulties to young musicians. The first of them, 'God, thou art great,' was perhaps best performed, and showed considerable precision and careful training. But in it, as well as the others, there was of necessity a want of the volume of sound which is required to make music of this class thoroughly effective. Handel was again represented by the choruses 'May no rash intruder' and 'Music, spread thy voice around,' which appeared to give general satisfaction, though the conclusion of the latter was a little spoiled by hurrying the *ritardando*. The solos were sustained in this part by O.W.W., to whom our best thanks are due for the trouble they take in coming annually to delight us with their finished performances. We thought Mr. Bray's voice was never heard to better effect than in 'If with all your hearts'; to hear Mr. Pownall is a musical treat of the highest order, for voice, style, and execution are alike beyond all praise; Mr. Gumbleton's solo was a work of much art, while Mr. S. Rawson threw a large amount of feeling into Gounod's pathetic song 'The Worker.'

The second part opened with the 'Jackdaw of Rheims,' Fox's well-known and popular setting of the still better-known Ingoldsby legend. We thought the choruses were sung with much more interest and animation than those of the first part. Solos were taken by Messrs. Rawson, Collier, Bethune, Bellairs, Liberty, Doherty, Hanmer, and Kitcat. Mr. Rawson displayed great humour in his only-too-short solo; and 'the terrible curse' was delivered with a vigour uncompromising as its own denunciations, and sufficient to scare the whole race of Jackdaws, dead or alive, and all other birds of thievish propensities. As a whole the piece went off extremely well, and was much appreciated at the lower end of the hall, where some of the audience, more unconscionable than their neighbours, loudly called for an *encore*. This, for divers weighty reasons, and because the performance takes at least twenty-five minutes, was declined. Of late years far too many *encores* have been accorded by the facility of the authorities. The practice seems to us one much to be deprecated, as in most cases the demand for *encores* has varied—to borrow the cabalistic language of the mathematicians—directly with the popularity of the performer and inversely with the merits of the performance. When Mr. Pownall had again enraptured the audience with 'O ruddier than a cherry,' C. Ritchie came forward

to play his violin solo, Raff's Cavatina. We may compliment him on the sweetness of his tone and his evident promise of excellence, but it was unfortunate the piece he had chosen contained so much double stopping, in which he was not so well in tune as when playing on one string. A word of praise must be given to Erskine's excellent accompaniment. To this succeeded Marzials' canon 'Friendship,' in which Messrs. Druitt and Liberty hardly exhibited as much concord as the title of the song might lead us to expect. The other canon by the same author was very fairly rendered by E. Sharpe and Kitcat. Every one was pleased with the firmness and delicacy of touch, as well as the style, of Erskine's piano solo. We thought it a pity he did not play with notes, and so avoid a slight uncertainty which a little impaired in one place his very tasteful performance. A charming song of Jensen's, charmingly rendered by Mr. Bray, led the way to Coller's solo, 'Can'st thou believe?' He sang well, and the clearness of his articulation was generally remarked, while the despair embodied in his attitude might have melted the heart of a rock.

Then we came to what was the gem of the evening—W. Doherty's performance of 'The Lark now Leaves.' Everyone knows that graceful and impassioned song. It is not too much to say it was sung as it deserves by Doherty who, to a national and natural talent for music, adds a voice of extreme sweetness and purity, combined with unusual richness. He received the unique honour of an *encore*. Mr. Blackburn's solo followed. The Mustel organ is not a very widely-known instrument. It may be described as a glorified harmonium, with a bewildering number of stops, great power of light and shade, and a capacity for imitating almost any instrument, from a flute to the bagpipes. Mr. Blackburn's execution of the fantasia from 'Semiramide' was quite one of the features of the evening; it was replete with taste, and he showed himself a thorough master of his instrument. Then came two songs by Bethune and Rogers, creditably rendered, and the concert concluded with 'God save the Queen.'

This notice would be unpardonably imperfect if we omitted to observe how largely the success of the evening was due to Mr. Pettitt's admirable accompaniments; and in the choruses, further support of the most valuable kind was given by the O.W.W. and by the Mustel organ.

We hope the result of this Concert may be to resolve once for all any doubts that may be entertained about the use of teaching boys singing at School. Even if music had no other value, it provides another pursuit and theme of conversation; and in view of the impetus now being given to music in England, it would be a great pity if the Public Schools discouraged it. On the contrary, we could wish that when the long evenings come round steps could be taken to start at Westminster a system of house singing, as has already been practised at Harrow and elsewhere with great success. The singing in Abbey, and at the Concert, would benefit to no small extent.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL *v.* HARRIS' ELEVEN,

On Saturday, April 26th, Harris brought down a scratch eleven to play a trial match with the School, who went in first, and put together 94 runs before being dismissed. C. Sherring headed the score with a well-played 23, while Armitage, with some vigorous hitting, brought his total up to 19. Our opponents then went in, and when the stumps were drawn they had hit up 98 for the loss of only four wickets, of which total Mr. Blackburne scored 52 with some brilliant play. Of the bowlers, Robinson obtained 8 of the School's wickets at a cost of 41 runs, while Armitage for us took two wickets for 11 runs. Full score :

SCHOOL.

C. Gibson, b. Robinson	0
H. Harrison, run out	10
C. Sherring, ct. Gale, b. Robinson	23
R. A. Ingram, b. Robinson	0
A. Armitage, st. Rose, b. Hearne	19
W. R. Moon, ct. Tanner, b. Robinson	11
A. R. Hurst, ct. Hearne, b. Robinson	8
A. Fevez, b. Robinson	12
R. Sandilands, ct. Warsop, b. Robinson	0
E. M. Leake, not out	3
H. Berens, b. Robinson	1
C. Barwell, run out	1
Byes 2, l.b. 4	6
Total	94

HARRIS' ELEVEN.

R. Tanner, Esq., ct. Berens, b. Armitage	5
E. M. Blackburne, Esq., b. Gibson	52
R. Warsop, b. Hurst	7
G. F. Hearne, st. Moon, b. Armitage	28
Corporal Robinson, not out	0
C. B. Tritton, Esq., not out	3
Byes 1, l.b. 1, w, 1	3
Total	98

Messrs. E. L. Fox, J. Rose and Harris, Gale, Shannon, to bat.

THE SCHOOL *v.* MR. E. M. BLACKBURNE'S ELEVEN.

In unfavourable weather this match was played at Vincent Square on Saturday, May 3rd, and resulted in a victory for our opponents. The School won the toss and went in first, and put together 58 runs before being dismissed. On our opponents taking the wickets it looked at one time as if the School stood a good chance of winning, as six wickets were down for 41 runs; but then a change came over the game, and by some good batting Messrs. Blackburne, Bambridge, and Tanner, brought the total up to 164. It is worthy of notice that the last wicket compiled 70 runs. Armitage bowled well at the beginning, taking the first six wickets; while for our opponents

Sandwith took four wickets at a cost of only 7 runs. Below is the full score :

THE SCHOOL.

C. Sherring, b. Sandwith	11
H. Harrison, b. Bambridge	1
C. Gibson, ct. Fox, b. Bambridge	0
R. Ingram, b. Tanner	0
A. Armitage, b. Bambridge	10
A. Fevez, b. Sandwith	9
R. Sandilands, ct. Freeman, b. Bambridge	0
W. R. Moon, not out	8
A. H. Harrison, b. Bambridge	1
R. M. Leake, b. Sandwith	7
H. Berens, b. Sandwith	1
Byes 6, l. b. 3, w. 1	10

Total 58

MR. BLACKBURNE'S ELEVEN.

N. C. Bailey, Esq., ct. Harrison, b. Armitage ...	3
O. B. Martyn, Esq., ct. and b. Armitage	9
E. L. Fox, Esq., b. Armitage	4
W. F. G. Sandwith, Esq., b. Armitage.....	16
E. Tanner, Esq., b. Armitage.....	0
C. B. Tritton, Esq., b. Armitage	2
R. Tanner, Esq., ct. and b. Sherring	39
E. H. Bambridge, Esq., ct. Sherring, b. Harrison	31
Rev. A. Sloman, b. Sandilands ..	3
C. E. Freeman, Esq., b. Sandilands	0
E. M. Blackburne, Esq., not out.....	40
Byes 15, l. b. 2	17

Total 164

RACQUET TIES.

WOODENS.

FIRST ROUND.

G. G. Phillimore beat C. A. Sherring.
11, 11. 5, 3.

Both players at first kept pretty even, but Phillimore soon forged ahead, and finally won, while Sherring had only scored 5. In the second game Phillimore went ahead at once, and never gave his opponent a chance.

H. Harrison beat R. H. Bellairs.
11, 11. 1, 2.

In the first game Harrison beat Bellairs easily, though the latter managed to score 6 points; the second game was not played, as Bellair scratched.

R. A. Ingram beat A. E. Crews.
11, 11. 1, 2.

Ingram had it all his own way, and won easily, as the score shows.

R. Vavasour. A bye.

SECOND ROUND.

G. G. Phillimore beat H. Harrison.
11, 6, 11. 3, 11, 10.

This tie in the second round proved most exciting. Phillimore had little difficulty in winning the first game, but Harrison quickly went ahead in the second, and won with the score at 11-6. In the third game both kept very equal, but Phillimore after a time went ahead, and the game was called 10-7. Harrison, however, gradually crept up to

10 all, when he was put out by Phillimore, who gained the required point by a rather doubtful one, which was given in his favour.

R. A. Ingram beat R. Vavasour.
11, 11. 10, 9.

This proved to be another exciting tie, but Ingram just managed to pull off both games.

FINAL TIE.

R. A. Ingram beat G. G. Phillimore.
11, 11. 1, 0.

The game requires little description, as Ingram won easily, Phillimore appearing to be rather nervous.

GUMBLETON ENGLISH VERSE.

THE CONFESSOR'S ABBEY OF THORNEY.

O venerable Church, beneath whose shade
Have I been nurtured, where I oft have prayed,
Or wandered, as the reverent fancy led
Amid memorials of the mighty dead,
Where round the sainted dust of Edward lie
Great kings and holy priests and poets high!

Inspire my Muse, ye ancient aisles sublime
Where after all the frets and cares of Time
The flower of England in their death are laid;
And some there are whose glory ne'er can fade
And some who had perished but for these
Vast piles that keep for some their memories.

Inspire my Muse, O most beloved name
That e'er has lit this precinct with thy fame:
Thine hands were laid in blessing on my head,
And I was 'mid the crowd that mourned the dead
When all that England had of good and great
The long procession swelled thy funeral state
To that proud chapel where thine ashes lie;
But thy pure soul has immortality.

And all our courts and long dim cloisters keep
Blest memories of thee. We dare not weep
For one so full of life we scarce could deem
Thy death was more than is a darksome dream,
And that with morn the form we knew so well
Would be with us once more. The passing-bell
But rang thee into some blest land above,
The native land of charity and love.

Be thou my guide, for all this love was thine.
How the meek king who lies within this shrine
Reared on the isle of thorns this house which stands
The joy of England and all the lands
Where England's tongue on English lips is heard:
This house above her sisters far preferred
To be an Empire's hearth where all may kneel
And sweet constraining bonds of kindred feel
Amid their fathers' ashes. Long ago,
Ere Edward yet bade Westminster to grow
From great and greater, legends strange and old
Of Thorney's minster and its founding told:
How on the night ere this should blessed be
Edric the fisherman was wearily
Spreading his net for fish 'mid herbage rank
And long sharp reeds that clothed the marshy bank
Of old imperial Thames. And as he lay
He saw a stranger, reverend and gray,
Come from the southward, saying, 'Take me o'er
To the new minster on the island shore.'
So Edric ferried him: and as they went
With the sad ripple and the oar-splash blent

A murmur soft and musical as 'twere
A seraph-choir that whispered in the air
Around the boat : and mystic radiance
Upon the heaving waves of Thames did dance.
Then on the shore of Thorney, ' Wait,' said he,
' Till I return,' and vanished silently
Into the night.

And at those words once spoken,
A stillness fell around, 'twas only broken
By the long ripple and the wild-fowls cry,
So waits all nature when a storm draws nigh.

Anon the odour of sweet frankincense
Smote on the fisherman's bewildered sense :
Then through the windows, rich with blazoned glass ;
He heard the solemn singing of the mass ;
He saw the candles on the altar flame,
And o'er the marsh the angel voices came
In melody that tranced the soul to hear,
And died upon the night. Then fell a fear
On Edric standing in the dark alone,
The lights, the fragrance and the music gone,
And dreadful silence reigning. Then he knew
The stranger coming dimly into view
Through the great darkness and he heard him say :
' Thou simple fisherman, rejoice to-day
For all that thou but now hast heard and seen :
For few of earthly men so blest have been
To see the holy angels and to hear
The songs of heaven. Morning draweth near,
And I go hence : but thou till dawn abide,
For hither then shall London's bishop ride,
With him the King and many a chief of fame,
To bless this place and call it by my name.
Then tell the King, and all his company,
That Peter the Apostle spake with thee,
And bade thee tell him that himself of late
This minster did with angels consecrate.'

Then vanished he from out the fisher's sight,
Who waited till the grey dawn through the night
Came from the dim and fog-veiled East, and then
Beheld a noble company of men

Riding at hand, and spake as Peter bade :
And all with wondering eyes the truth assayed.

The vision faded and ages roll away :
Another scene appears. 'Twas Easter Day,
And throned amid his Court in royal state
At his new palace good king Edward sate,
Keeping in princely wise high festival
For Jesus Christ, the Lord and King of all
Who harrowed hell, and vanquishing His foes,
From death to immortality arose.

Then fell upon the King a trance which lapt
His senses for awhile, and waking rapt
With memory of his vision, thus he said,
' Lo, in my trance to Asia was I led,
To ancient Ephesus, where yet doth sleep
The holy John in age-long slumber deep.
And there in mystic trance the sleepers seven
Rest evermore beneath the unclouded heaven.
I saw them turn on their left sides to lie
For three score years and ten ; and heard a cry
That while they thus should lie, on earth should be
Famine and war and plague. Ah ! woe is me,
Who see my country's doom, yet may not stay
The stern avenging angel on his way.'
And thus within the shade of coming woes
The last of Alfred's line his sad way goes
Toward the grave.

And pilgrims twain one day
To Edward hasted, while the King yet lay
In Essex, waiting for the hallowing

Of his great minster ; and they brought a ring,
Saying, ' In Holy Land we late have been
And many holy places there have seen.
But once belated in a starlight night
Beheld the path with sudden glory bright,
And angel's twain two shining candles bare :
Then one came following, round whose silver hair
A light was dancing, and he asked of thee.
And as he brought us to a hostelry,
Bidding bear this ring to thee, he said,
That thou Lord King, when six short months were sped
Should be with him. Then asked we of his name
Marvelling at his presence : ' Even the same,'
Said he, ' That at the Passover did rest,
Nearest of all, on Our Redeemer's breast :
He to whom Edward gave this royal ring
For love of sweet Saint John of Clavering.'
So vanished he, and hither hasted we
And bring the ring, most holy Prince, to thee.
Then Edward heard, and bowed him to the will,
Which all things in their courses must fulfill.
Then at the feast of Christmas came the king
To Westminster to see the hallowing
Of the great Church he had builded there,
And hither all the Court with him repair.
But while they hallow it in solemn wise
And through the high, fair gleaming minster rise
Glad hymns and solemn prayers, the Founder stays
Nor lends his voice to swell the song of praise,
Nor sees his labour crowned, his life complete.
Soon higher strains his weary soul shall greet,
For on that day when in their Master's stead
The spotless babes of Bethlehem lay day dead,
His childlike soul from this hard world took flight
To dwell with that sweet virgin-host in light.

So died the King : but in that shrine there lies
All that was mortal of him. Time yet flies,
And many a change of custom, creed and thought,
Hath swept o'er the proud land for which he wrought
This noble Church ; in other stones is shrined
This chiefest utterance of his blameless mind.
Another's work in aisle and vault we see,
The minster's very soul yet speaks of thee !

C. C. J. WEBB.

Our Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks: *The Cambridge Review* (2), *The Alleynian*, *Birkenhead School Magazine*, *The Blundellian*, *Bradfield School Chronicle*, *Carthusian*, *Durham University Journal*, *Felstedian*, *Lily*, *Marlburian*, *Meteor*, *Newtonian*, *Pauline*, *Philologist*, *Radleian*, *Rossalian*, *Salopian*, *Ulula*, *Wellingtonian*, *Wykehamist*.

The Bradfield School Chronicle contains an account of Bradfield Church, which smacks of the guide-book ; there is also a poem, 'A Dream of Another Old Boy,' from which we quote—

' Next strides a form whose "beetle-squashers"
Must frighten now the Light Blue "mashers,"
One of your constitution walkers,
Eheu fugaces.'

Two other poems, school news, and abundance of correspondence complete the number.

The Carthusian is a good number ; it contains, among other things, extracts from the poem that won the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge.

The Newtonian consists chiefly of school news. There is also an article on American literature and humour.

The Wellingtonian is a good number; the best thing in it is a poem on the Olympic games (a cricket match between gods and mortals). At the time their reporter arrived—

The score already stood a hundred and ten;
The blue-eyed one had got her blue eye in.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that the gods were successful, owing mainly to the deadly execution wrought by Jupiter, who 'bolted' all the other side. For the defeated mortals Ulysses did good service by drinking up Proteus, who, in a weak moment, had turned himself into a pint of turtle soup.

The Wykehamist consists entirely of school news.

Correspondence.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to make some reply in your columns to the remarks that appeared about me in the last number of the *Elizabethan*. I refer to the report of my speeches at the meeting of the Debating Society on March 13th. On that occasion I brought forward a motion to censure the Secretary for the account of the doings of the Debating Society which appeared in the previous *Elizabethan*. The Secretary was censured by 18 votes to 7, and accordingly resigned his office. Having gathered from G. C. Ince that if re-elected he would endeavour to write a less biassed account of the proceedings of the Society, I and several other members did not oppose his re-election, and he was successful by a majority of two votes. In spite, however, of his promises, the Secretary, as before, gave in the *Elizabethan* a brilliant account of his own speech and of those of his supporters, and as before *satirised the style of his opponent's oratory*. The remarks about me to which I take exception, were: 'The President (H. C. Peck), in moving the vote of censure, said nothing in particular, and said it very badly. He referred with much bad taste to the Editor of the *Elizabethan* as incapable, a remark which alienated from him the support of C. J. Shebbeare.' In spite, however, of my saying nothing in particular, and saying it very badly, in spite of P. M. Francke's long and brilliant defence, in spite of E. F. Allen's much appreciated remarks on the humour of the Secretary, in spite of G. Berens' opinion that the report was very amusing, and in spite even of G. C. Ince's splendid peroration on his own merits, the motion was carried easily by 18 votes to 7. I did not, as the Secretary implies, come up to the meeting and out of *malice prepense* make depreciatory remarks on the abilities of your predecessors in the editorial chair, but it was in the heat of debate, in reply to P. M. Francke, that I spoke of the inefficiency of the Editor, and I explained subsequently to the Society my reasons for so doing. 1. Because he inserted the report of the Secretary, though requested not to do so by the President and several other members of the Society; which I contended he should not have done. 2. Because of his assertion that, if the Society expelled the Secretary, he should still retain him as reporter to the *Elizabethan* of the Debating Society. An abler pen than mine shewed up the bad taste and style of the Secretary's reports in the last number, and his shortcomings are so painfully apparent that it is unnecessary for me to make any more remarks on the subject.

In the last *Elizabethan* I contributed a leader at the request of the Editor, and I stayed in for a day at Easter writing the accounts of the football matches, which he had neglected either to report himself or get reported. I think, therefore, that it was the worst possible taste on the part of the Editor to insert those remarks about me.

Apologising for trespassing at such length upon your space,

I remain, Sir, yours sincerely,

H. C. PECK.

'OUR CONTEMPORARIES.'

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The reviewer of 'Our Contemporaries' in the last number of your paper, was apparently unacquainted with the phrase 'Shooting Niagara—and after?' styling it contemptuously 'unintelligible.' Now, it is rash of your reviewer so to characterise a phrase which was made famous by Carlyle, as the title of a chapter in 'Past and Present,' which, if your reviewer had ever read that great work, would have shown him that the words he condemns so severely, *have* a meaning nevertheless. Whether Carlyle invented or borrowed the phrase I do not know, but his sanction should be sufficient to secure it against the criticism of your reviewer.

But I have a graver charge to bring against the Secretary of the Debating Society. The report in your March number of the proceedings of that assembly, which called down the indignation of the Society itself upon its author, I could well excuse, for it was so obviously unfair that it ceased to be serious, and we could enjoy the humour of it without outraging our feelings; but the report in your Easter number went further, and I am compelled to protest against his remarks about the President. Is it seemly that the official reporter of the Debating Society should say that the President 'said very little, and said it very badly': still less, that he should record with triumph 'the disgust of the President'? I am sure that such bad taste must have struck many of your readers, and struck them as something far worse than the mere partiality of the preceding report.

I remain, yours, &c.,

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

DETENTION.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—It is with extreme regret and concern that I have seen 'Water' practically abolished, and that now unless the system of 'detention' on half-holidays be modified, or some other means of punishing offenders be adopted, 'Cricket' will also cease to exist, and its place we shall see a few boys playing 'Lacrosse' or some other second-rate game 'up fields.'

'Detention' may be a grand thing for a school where games are thought nothing of, and where boys immediately after school rush home to their books or to their dinner. By the present system both football and cricket are interfered with, but more especially the latter as, now that an hour in the evenings of the summer term has been taken off, there is hardly time for a decent game, except on half-holidays; and if there is a foreign match half the eleven is unable to play. Cricket has never been Westminster's strong point, and therefore surely we ought to do all in our power to improve it. That this error may be rectified before it is too late is the earnest wish of

PINK 'UN.

THE GAMES COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It is now nearly a year since the 'Games Committee' was appointed by the late Head Master, and it then seemed a bright look-out for School Games in general, as the new body was to do great things. Have these expectations been justified? I think most people will answer emphatically, No! It has proved itself incapable and unpractical; it has shown absolutely no energy, except in pestering other people with the few pet fads which are fostered in the fussy brains of some of its members. And though, from its formation, it ought, perhaps, theoretically to work well; yet, if we look at it more carefully, it seems scarcely possible that it should work well in practice. For instance something like this may happen;—in fact, I believe it did happen, but I do not say it for certain. A motion was brought forward about the arrangements 'up fields' for the coming cricket season; the representative of cricket was away, and the only other member from the School who knew anything about it opposed the motion strongly, but the arguments of the proposer, who naturally carried more weight by reason of his position, and whose cherished scheme the proposal was, had not much difficulty in winning over the other members, who

were entirely ignorant of the subject. And so motions on the subject of Cricket, Football, and Water, can be, and no doubt frequently are, carried in direct opposition to the respective captains of each. But are there any advantages accruing to us which can be brought forward to counterbalance the grave flaws in this system? We can find none. From want of proper care in choosing a horse for the ground 'up fields,' one was procured which was totally unfit for its work and which had to be immediately sold at a dead loss, and another—let us hope more useful one—bought. And now we hear we are to have no Athletic Sports this year *from want of funds*. Surely the Games Committee has had a fair trial, surely it has been proved that the system is impracticable, and the body itself, from its formation, incapable of the work it professes to do. The old régime, or at any rate a modification of it, would be infinitely preferable to the present one, which is so alarmingly prolific in fads, blunders, and complications.

I am, Sir, yours,
PHILISTINE.

RACQUET COURTS.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—I wish to call attention, through the medium of your all-powerful paper, to the present disgraceful condition of the nets above the Racquet Courts. What an effect it must have on strangers when the first thing they see, as they enter our precincts, is a few tattered rags fluttering about on a bare framework; and what an enormous number of balls must be lost through these yawning gaps, which once, it is said, were nets. I suppose we shall hear that the Games Committee have not yet passed a resolution to the effect that it is their duty to mend the nets, but must we wait until that august, but ever-tardy, body begins to think about the matter? Could not some fund be started in the School? Any such movement would be enthusiastically welcomed and responded to by

A RACQUET PLAYER.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Your readers will not expect any further excuse for my troubling you in your correspondence columns when I tell them that I (alas!) unite in one poor weak flesh all the innumerable faults and foibles of the contributor who has recently been darkening your columns under the various *aliases* of 'The Secretary of the Debating Society,' 'G. I.,' and the so-called 'captious critic' of 'Our Contemporaries.'

Sir, when I anxiously perused the Easter number of your sparkling periodical, and saw the way in which I was unfeelingly and relentlessly pulverised therein by several different correspondents in every different degree of anger and contempt; when, sir, I saw all my statements thus exposed by the finger of scorn to the harsh criticism of your large and distinguished *clientèle*, my anguish was too awful to be depicted. The extremely careless and unmathematical assertions of Προθησαυροφύλαξ had a distinctly jarring effect upon my somewhat untheoretical mind; the very well-founded complaint of your correspondent 'W.' stung me to the quick, and left me in a condition of dire distress; but the lunatic lucubrations of your correspondent 'Bedlam' (whose signature, by the way, was entirely superfluous, as your most superficial reader could not fail to divine the source from which his epistle emanated—unless, indeed, he derived its origin from the rival establishment at Colney Hatch), induced in me such a state of complete mental and physical prostration, that my bodily frame, never noted for its robustness, is rapidly wasting away and leaving me a wreck; and, to judge from the terrible effect which this farrago of idiocy has already produced on my mind, I am in a fair way to become a companion, both in misfortune and domicile, of your—well, if I may borrow a metaphor from *Judy*—of your Lunatic Contributor. Now, sir, there are many kinds of lunacy; some harmless, some amusing, and some aggressive, but all equally idiotic; but this particular form, this lunacy of the genius 'Quixotic' is, perhaps, the most amusing and the most aggressive of all. Your correspondent in assuming the rôle of the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, is very faithful to his

original in not knowing anything about the merits of the cause which he has rushed in to defend. He eagerly takes the opportunity afforded to him of winning his spurs in the warfare of 'Quips and cranks, and quaint conceits,' and valiantly 'goes for' the offending windmill in the person of your humble servant, and your humble servant will do his best to follow the example of his inanimate mechanical prototype, and unhorse his adventurous adversary from his Rosinante of triumphant sarcasm.

But away with 'high-falutin.' Let us take your unfortunate correspondent's wanderings one by one, and let us begin with the *exigencies of space*. Now, sir, it has frequently been found utterly impossible to condense a long speech into two or three lines; former secretaries have made the attempt, and the result was invariably a miserable failure; the delight of all these 'wielders of the pen' being to take one or two of one's least important remarks, garble them somewhat, and then triumphantly hash them up in the D. S. Ledger as a full report of one's principal arguments. I am careful not to say in the columns of the *Elizabethan*—no, indeed, in that invaluable periodical the report of the D. S. was generally conspicuous by its absence.

Now, sir, I recognised the failure of my predecessors, and knowing full well that the unfeeling *exigencies of space* would not allow of much more than a skeleton report, I carefully avoided, where it was possible, the responsibility of condensing other people's speeches, and endeavoured, failing the space for a full report, to write a faithful and interesting commentary on the proceedings of the Society; and, in view of the fact that my opinions on most subjects are of a somewhat strong and uncompromising character, I found it impossible—as I maintain anyone else would have found it impossible under the influence of the same peculiar circumstances—to conceal those opinions and restrain myself from furnishing a record which, from my own point of view, is perfectly impartial, and I think I may claim, without too great an expression of that superlative opinion of the merit of my own performances which has been laid to my charge, that my efforts have not altogether failed to amuse some few of your readers.

It is said (perhaps with some truth) that the report in question was concocted; if it was, then I am in good company, for at least two of my accusers are well known as being not altogether free from that somewhat natural weakness. But I have carefully abstained from any positive approbation of my own efforts, and if I had a great opinion of my own abilities I should certainly not let any degree of false modesty induce me to commit greater *suppressio veri* than that I will chronicle nothing but facts, but I will not 'pitch into' myself.

I will conclude my reply to 'Bedlam' by remarking that I am prepared to substantiate the truth of every item of my commentary, and by recommending that promising penny-a-liner at once to apply for a position of responsibility on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

And now for Προθησαυροφύλαξ whose extraordinary *nom de plume*, evidently intended to display his classical ability, even my Modern Side knowledge of Greek has been able to torture into a high-flown but isolated rendering of the commonplace word Treasurer. This ill-used individual contrives to introduce into one brief epistle an extraordinary number of utterly erroneous and misleading statements. He begins by saying that the D. S. always has been reported, though perhaps not with doubtful taste, as in your last number. The first half of this sentence is utterly (though no doubt unintentionally) untrue, and the second may be dismissed as a natural ebullition of wrath, seeing that I recognise under this signature the orator who is described by 'Bedlam' as 'a hopeless wreck on the rocks of satire.'

Then as to reporting the Bell-ringing Society. I do not wish, as your classical correspondent seems to think, for long reviews of their exceedingly monotonous proceedings; but surely a short paragraph on the nature and character of each week's ringing would be of some interest to those of your readers who are of a tintinnabulatory turn of mind.

The next sentence is too wonderful and awful for my poor enfeebled comprehension. What does this individual with the

classical *sobriquet* (who is himself, by the way, a distinguished ornament in the opinion of others, as well as of himself, to each and all of these Societies), what does this talented but muddle-headed individual mean by this: '*Again, the text of every reading in the Literary Society could not always be printed, as notice from time to time is all that the most patriotic member could desire*'? What does he mean by the *text*? If we take the ordinary acceptance of the term, your correspondent is apparently suggesting that I wished every play read by the Society to be reprinted bodily in these columns! I can see no other meaning. But Προθησαυροφύλαξ has entirely misunderstood my contention. My idea was that the Literary Society should be reported in this way: viz., that the name of the play and the full cast should be given, and that the esteemed President—than whom no more able or impartial critic could be found—should be asked to furnish an opinion of both the general and individual merits of the performance and the performers.

Then as to the pecuniary effect of raising the *Elizabethan* subscription to 5s. What has the Treasurer to say on the subject? *Speaking from experience, he knows that the only effect of increasing the O.W. subscription would be to reduce the number of O.W.W. subscriptions by one half.* Now, sir, what is the *experience*, to take this sentence categorically, which the Treasurer has brought to bear upon this question? It is not so very long since he began to conduct the finances of the *Elizabethan*, with the same distinguished ability, be it said, which characterised his predecessor in the control of the journalistic purse-strings. In fact, I believe I am right in saying that it was only this term that he succeeded to that honourable and responsible position. Has he during this short period had any experience in the results of such experiments as the raising of the O.W. subscriptions? None at all, and I believe I am right in saying that he has never taken any steps to ascertain the opinions of O.W.W. on the subject.

So, sir, we are reduced to this, that the Treasurer's much-vaunted 'knowledge by experience' resolves itself into a simple expression of his own independent opinion, founded upon some unfathomable process of reasoning, by which he came to the somewhat unfair conclusion that the patriotism of the average O.W. might amount to the approximate annual value of 4s., but could not by any possibility run to that of 5s. !!! And, continues he, *the only result of having 6d. paid monthly would be that the fellows would forget to pay them, and the object of the treasurer, which is to get as many subscribers as possible, would be entirely defeated.* Why should the fellows so far sacrifice their practical patriotism as to forget to pay their sixpence? Would not a little extra trouble on the part of the Treasurer (and I know that Προθησαυροφύλαξ would be the last to grudge any amount of personal exertion for the benefit of the *Elizabethan*) prevent any such unfortunate result? Could not he keep the *Elizabethans* under lock and key instead of leaving them in a well understood place for anyone to take, as has hitherto been the custom, and refuse to allow anyone a number until he has paid for it? I am sure that every one of the forty Q.S.S. would contrive to pay cash down for their number on the first solicitation.

If these suggestions were carried out, the *object of the Treasurer*, in college at least, would be something better, to get as many subscriptions as possible, unless, indeed—best of all alternatives—the subscriptions (not merely the O.W. subscription, that is not what I meant), could be raised to 5s. for every body.

Now, sir, for 'W.', who, I think, would be more easily recognised by most of your readers under the batrachian nickname hinted at by 'Bedlam.' With regard to his letter, I can only say that if he continues to write epistles so well founded in complaint, and so moderate in tone, and if he positively *did* write the text of this letter himself (which, judging from his former success in the arena of English composition, he will excuse me if I am very much inclined to doubt) he will no doubt long continue to enlighten and amuse your readers.

There, sir, I have eased my mind of a great deal of my affliction, but must still be allowed to sign myself

Yours in sackcloth and ashes,

THE BEST-ABUSED OF SCRIBBLERS.

P.S.—I forgot to remark, by the way, that the Debating Society ought to know best how it likes to be reported, and that that august assembly re-elected me Secretary against the real promoters of all the agitation on this point, although I rigidly abstained from giving any promises or soliciting any votes, and my adversary was most influentially supported.

[We fear that the exigencies of space will prevent our inserting any more personalities from G. I. The Treasurer wishes to thank him for his patriotic advice, but wonders why that 'Best-abused of Scribblers' does not send his own subscription, now some three months overdue.—ED.]

ERRATUM.—For 'text' read 'caste' in letter from Προθησαυροφύλαξ.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. D.—Thanks for the waste paper.

ONE INTERESTED IN WATER.—Your scheme has often been projected before, and will doubtless receive due consideration from the head of Water.

JIM CROW.—We hardly think a school paper is the place for tales; we have several ghosts of our own, and don't think any addition to the number would be desirable.

IGNORAMUS.—Rawson, the college porter, puts them up for 2s. 6d.

NOTICES.

All contributions for the July number of *The Elizabethan* to be sent in before June 25, 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.

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

Contributions cannot be inserted unless they are written on one side of the paper only.

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