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WESTMINSTER—A DAY SCHOOL.

AMONGST the various schemes proposed from time to time by our disinterested well-wishers, the abolition of our boarding-houses has of late years occupied a prominent position, and it may therefore be well to consider the probable results of such a change. In the first place, the authorities would be assailed by a not unnatural desire on the part of parents that school hours should begin later and conclude earlier; and if the school is to depend entirely on the day-scholar element, some such concession must naturally be made. The natural results would follow: the school-work would be less carefully performed, and the boys themselves more exhausted by five hours of almost uninterrupted work, than by six hours' work arranged with proper intervals for recreation.

Some may say that this danger is purely visionary: but there is anyhow another danger of real importance—Westminster could scarcely

continue to be a public school in the true sense of the word if it was once deprived of the boarding element. Not only does the more valuable portion of a public school training reside in the intercourse of the scholars out of school hours, but to the boarding element all *esprit de corps* is clearly referable. On this subject we speak neither heedlessly nor dogmatically; hardly a year passes without the appearance in our pages of a complaint signed 'Home Boarder,' accusing the unpatriotic sentiments of his fellows. If further proof is wanting, we would ask how many pinks have, during the last few years, been awarded to half-boarders? Very few, we should fancy; and yet the half-boarders and home-boarders together are more than equal in number to the boarders. We do not blame the half-boarders for being less patriotic than the boarders; we might as well upbraid air on the mountains for being more rarefied than that of the valleys; we only wish to express our belief that the abolition of our boarding-houses would remove Westminster from the ranks of public schools. A small

nucleus of boarders will effect a considerable elevation of sentiment through a whole school, for enthusiasm and patriotism are contagious; but if Westminster were to be turned into a day school, of which event we are heartily glad to be able to say we see no prospect, *maugre* the prophecies of the above-mentioned well-wishers, Westminster boys might receive the moral, but certainly not the mental, advantages of a public school training.

'OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

No. XX.

JOHN MYTTON.

WE introduce *Jack* Mytton, as he was generally called, into this series, not because he was a credit to the School, nor as an example to be copied with advantage by young Westminsters, but simply on account of his fame, so to speak, and his really extraordinary career. It is the story of a life almost entirely frittered away, of rare opportunities utterly disregarded, of too generous prodigality, sad in the extreme, and with but few redeeming features. Blessed with an iron constitution, a strong will, exercised in the wrong direction; wealth, squandered upon objects of mean worldliness; and a social position of the first order—with all these to help him, Mytton declined to occupy himself in a career of public usefulness, and availed himself of them to indulge in a life of uneasy ease. Descended from an ancient and honourable family of the highest importance in the proud county of Shropshire, which was resident at Halston from 1549 down to the time the subject of this sketch succeeded as the head of the house, John Mytton, born on the 30th of September, 1796, was left fatherless before he was two years of age, the heir to a fortune, which, by the time he came of age, amounted to more than ten thousand pounds *per annum*, and sixty thousand pounds of ready money. In addition to the Halston and Habberly estates, there fell into this boy's possession three other properties in Shropshire, and one, with a manor and right of free warren, in North Wales. Halston, Holy Stone as it was called formerly, the principal Mytton home, is distant some three miles from Oswestry, and five from Ellesmere. Before he was ten years old he made for himself the foundation of the reputation by which he became known in later years, and by which he will remain famous for many a day to come. So many were his boyish freaks, and so spirited, that his neighbour, Sir Richard Puleston, Bart., bestowed upon him the nickname of *Mango*, King of the *Pickles*. But albeit full of tricks, he attained much popularity, even when so young, among the country-folk, on account of his kindness of heart, his unflinching generosity, and his honest frankness, redeeming qualities which, continued throughout his short

career, must go far towards saving his character from complete condemnation. Young Mytton went to Westminster, most probably when Doctor Carey was Head Master, and distinguished himself there, not by his zeal nor by his scholarship, but by the fact that he succeeded in spending *eight hundred pounds* a year, a sum that we are told was exactly double his annual allowance. Fancy a Westminster boy with four hundred pounds a year pocket-money! From Westminster he was expelled, and he removed to Harrow, where the same fate awaited him. He now entered his name on the books of both Universities, but with the exception of an order he gave that three pipes of port wine were to be sent to Cambridge for him, he proceeded no further in a College career, not even matriculating. At eighteen years of age he made a tour on the Continent, and on his return from his travels he settled at Halston, and occupied his time, or a good portion of it, in hunting with a pack of harriers he had kept from early childhood. A year later he joined the 7th Hussars, then under the command of Lord Anglesey, a more celebrated O.W. than his young cornet. The regiment was in France, being part of the Army of Occupation, and it was unfortunate that the fighting was over before Cornet Mytton assumed duty with this fine corps of light cavalry. Not having come into actual possession of his property, the young Dragoon was, during his sojourn in France, often involved in sundry pecuniary transactions of a disadvantageous nature, and became dreadfully reckless. On one occasion he borrowed three thousand pounds of a banker at St. Omer, and lost half of the sum gambling the following day; by way of revenge he broke the table into pieces. At Calais he became indebted to an officer, whose conduct was open to suspicion, to the amount of sixteen thousand Napoleons, lost at billiards. This debt Lord Anglesey refused to allow his subaltern to pay.

At the age of twenty-three years he left the service and married Harriet, the eldest daughter of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., of Stanley Hall, Salop. Among the groomsmen attending on the occasion were Lord Uxbridge, Lord Denbigh, Sir Watkin Wynn, Bart., and Sir Edward Kerrison. The newly-married couple went to the Duke of Marlborough's seat, Blenheim, after the wedding ceremony. Mrs. Mytton did not live many years, and the only issue of the union was a daughter, who seems to have been adopted by Mrs. Corbet of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, the widow of John Corbet, Esq., Master of the Warwickshire Fox Hounds.

We have to depend more upon anecdotes than upon any sounder and deeper foundations whereon to build the materials of the memoir of this strange character, but, as a relief to the more matter-of-fact and harder lines of the other contributions to this series, this will not be unwelcome.

Mytton, as we have said, had a wonderfully powerful constitution. Had such not been the case, his life could not possibly have attained to the number of years—few as they were—it did reach. It is on record that the biceps muscles of his arms were larger than

even those of the famous pugilist Jackson; he stood about five feet nine inches in height, and his weight, during his maturer years, ranged from eleven to thirteen stone. His style of dress being characteristic, we will borrow its description from his biographer, *Nimrod*, Charles Apperley, who writes: 'He never wore any but the thinnest and finest silk stockings, with very thin boots or shoes, so that in winter he rarely had dry feet. To flannel he was a stranger since he left off his petticoats, even his hunting-breeches were without lining. He wore one small waistcoat, always open in the front from about the second of the lower buttons. About home he was as often without his hat as with one.' [Westminster boys are accustomed to dispense with a head-covering, and do not, therefore, suffer from the want of a hat when they have left school.] 'His winter shooting gear was a light jacket, white linen trousers, without lining or drawers, of which he knew not the use; and in frost and snow he waded through all water that came in his way. Nor is this all. He would sometimes strip to his shirt to follow wild fowl in hard weather; and once he actually laid himself down on the snow, in his shirt only, to wait their arrival at dusk. On one occasion, however, he out-Heroded Herod, for he followed some ducks *in puris naturalibus* on the ice, at Woodhouse, the seat of his uncle, and escaped with perfect impunity. Among other peculiarities, he never carried a pocket-handkerchief, for he never had occasion for the use of one. He very rarely wore gloves, for his hands were never cold. Although he never wore a watch, he always knew the hour.'

Some idea of his marvellous powers of endurance may be formed from the fact that often during a week he would ride from Halston to covers nearly fifty miles distant, hunt with his hounds, and return home to dine. At least, that is stated as fact in print, but whether it is to be believed is a matter for the riding reader to form his own opinion about. His digestive powers must have been uncommon, as may be imagined when we are assured that he and a friend of his ate eighteen pounds of filbert nuts in the course of a carriage drive from London to Halston, and, as he himself said, they sat up to their knees in the nutshells: a curious mode of enjoying life! Jack Mytton was so fond of filberts that in one season alone he had two cart-loads of them sent to Halston to gratify his appetite in this particular. His hair-breadth escapes were so numerous that to recount them would, we are told, fill a volume, and in this connection it should be said that the perils were self-sought, and not accidental. So notorious became his rash riding at almost impracticable fences, that, in the hunting-field, it was commonly said, where a fence of more than ordinary size and difficulty presented itself, '*it would do for Mytton*,' and to this first-flight-man it would be left for negotiation. No man could be more reckless. Once he galloped as hard as he could make his horse go across a *rabbit-warren*, simply for the purpose of finding out whether his horse would fall: the animal did fall, and rolled over his rider. One day he was driving a friend in a gig, and during the drive he asked his companion, 'Were you ever much

hurt by being upset in a gig?' To this question his friend replied, 'No, thank God! for I never was upset in one.' 'What!' said Jack Mytton—'what! *never upset in a gig!* What a slow fellow you must have been all your life!' and he promptly turned his horse so as to cause the gig-wheel to run up the bank by the road-side, and upset both his friend and himself, strangely enough without any serious injury resulting. He seems to have a curious partiality towards gig escapades. When he was scarcely twenty-one years of age he purchased a couple of horses to drive tandem in a gig, and, taking them out on trial with the dealer seated by him, he asked whether '*the leader was a good timber-jumper*'—a point on which the horse-dealer had some doubt. 'Then we'll try him!' observed Mytton, and without further ado he put his horses at the closed Hanwood turnpike gate, gave his leader a smart cut with the whip, and let his head loose. Snapping the traces, the animal cleared the gate in grand style, but Mytton, the dealer, the other horse and the gig were left in a tumbled-down confusion on the near side of the obstacle. The trap was smashed to pieces, but that was the only injury done. One day he dislocated three ribs in a bad fall, out hunting, and was in other ways seriously damaged, but having received next day a bag-fox from a Welsh friend who had not heard of his accident, with an intimation that, as Reynard was only just caught, he would afford rare sport if turned out at once, he made up his mind to hunt him without delay, saying, 'To-morrow, then, will we run him.' Accordingly, on the morrow, Mytton, swathed in rollers, was lifted on his horse, known by the name of *The Devil*, and, albeit suffering fearful agony, he took the lead of the field, and kept in the first place throughout an hour's run, with a kill at the finish. He nearly fainted at the close, but his wonderful spirit kept him up, and he told Mr. Apperley that he 'would not have been seen to faint for *ten thousand pounds*.' A similar instance: he fell in the field and displaced two ribs, but simply to cut off a corner he rode his horse at, and succeeded in jumping, a high railing.

He was always full of spirits, and this may be read perhaps with a twofold meaning. On one occasion he invited two friends, a doctor and a parson, to dine with him at Halston. Late at night they mounted their horses to ride home. Mytton, hastily donning a smock-frock, and putting in his pockets a brace of pistols loaded with blank cartridge, mounted a horse and galloped along a bye-road which led into the highway along which his guests were jogging homewards. As soon as they appeared at the point of junction, 'Jack' rode at them, and calling out 'Stand and deliver!' exploded both pistols close to the ears of the reverend gentleman and his medical companion, who, frightened out of their senses, set spurs to their horses' sides and fled to Oswestry at racing speed. In his possession was a bear, which together with a monkey he had purchased for thirty-five pounds from a travelling showman, and on this animal he rode one evening, arrayed in full hunting costume, into his drawing-room, which was full of friends, who were terrified: the bear carried him quietly enough until

he gave her the spur, when she turned round and bit him severely in the calf of his leg. Another story told touching this curious house-pet is that one evening a well-known horse-dealer, named Underhill, called at Halston, and was brought into the dining-room to Mytton, who made him very drunk, and then had the unfortunate man put to bed with the *bear and a couple of bull-dogs* as his companions. Another of Mytton's jokes was played upon a very talkative gentleman who was holding forth, being the worse for liquor, to the company in a Chester hotel coffee-room, as he stood with his back to the fire. 'I'll stop him!' said Mytton, and, without being seen, he succeeded in dropping a red-hot coal into the coat-tail pocket of the individual, who was verbose with the exuberance of his intoxication. Underhill, the horse-dealer already mentioned, was the victim of another of Mytton's little jokes. He called upon the owner of Halston one day for the payment of a large sum due to him. Having rendered him somewhat stupid with drink, in that condition which is described by military witnesses in an Orderly Room as being *Not quite drunk, Sir, nor yet quite sober*, he put a letter into his hands, with the remark, 'Well, George, here is an order for all your money: call on this gentleman (naming a banker) as you pass through Shrewsbury, and he will give it to you in full.' The banker was also a governor of the Lunatic Asylum, and the note Mytton wrote to him ran as follows: 'Sir, admit the bearer, George Underhill, into the Lunatic Asylum.—Your obedient servant, John Mytton.' *Nimrod* relates some curious stories bearing upon Mytton's indifference to personal risk. He called, on his way home from hunting, at a farmhouse near Whitchurch, in the yard of which was chained a savage bull-dog. Said the farmer to his visitor, 'Pray don't go near that dog, Mr. Mytton, for he will tear you in pieces if you do!' This kindly advice was, to its recipient, merely a challenge. Taking a silk handkerchief from a friend's pocket, Mytton wrapped it round his left hand, and walked up to the dog, who immediately seized the extended hand with his teeth. The Shropshire Squire caught the animal round the neck with his right hand, and lifting him up from the ground by pinning his nose with his (Mytton's) teeth, he removed his left hand from the dog's mouth, and with it pounded the poor beast until his life was nearly beaten out of it. In my opinion, this does not redound to the credit of the hero of the anecdote.

He made fun of nearly every matter, however serious it might seem in the eyes of most men. It having been announced that he intended to part with one of his properties, a relative of his endeavoured to dissuade him from the proposed sale. Pleading the relation, 'The estate has been so long in the family.' Asked Mytton, in reply, 'How long?' The answer was, 'About five hundred years.' Upon which Mytton remarked, 'The — it has! Then it is high time it should go out of it!'

There are two rather amusing anecdotes told about Mytton's chaplain, who was his tutor both before and after his Westminster School career. While Mytton

was at Halston, on a Sunday his chaplain always provided himself with two sermons. If his patron, whom he loved very dearly, came to church, the chaplain took from his pocket a sermon having in it nothing which could hurt Mytton's feelings, but in case the Squire did not put in an appearance, the other sermon was produced, and in this the reverend gentleman, to use his own words, '*hit him hard.*' One Sunday morning Mytton attended Divine Service, and, by some means or other unknown to the chaplain, he abstracted both sermons, and put in their place a number of the *Sporting Magazine*. The would-be preacher, innocent of the trick played upon him, at the proper time mounted into the pulpit. Putting his hand into his pocket with the intention of bringing out the sermon prepared 'in case the Squire should be in church,' he found, to his astonishment, the sporting treatise, and was obliged, with a blush that was strange to his cheeks, to apologise to his congregation, and abruptly close the service.

For a brief period Mytton represented Shrewsbury in Parliament, his first contest taking place in 1819, but he is said to have sat in the House no longer than half an hour on the single occasion of his visit to the place of meeting of the country's representatives. He tried to win Shropshire as a Reformer, but Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., defeated him at the poll. What his political opinions really were is difficult to lay down: his biographer calls him a Church-and-King man, or a Tory; but it is more likely that he was that mixture known in these days as a Liberal-Conservative.

For five seasons, from 1817 to 1821 inclusive, he was Master of the Foxhounds hunting what in later days was termed the Albrighton country. He had two distinct packs of hounds, to which he added a third for his own particular amusement, and kept for hunting purposes from twenty-five to thirty horses in his stables. Among his horses was a famous one-eyed animal named *Baronet*, which had served him as a charger when he was a 7th Hussar, and carried him to hounds for nine seasons. *Baronet* on one occasion jumped nine yards of water with his master in the saddle. John Mytton was one of the hardest riders ever seen out with hounds, and was very difficult to beat in the field. The muscular strength of his legs and arms gave him a wonderful grip of his horse, and, although no one rode at a more punishing pace, yet few were able to live with him and ride a run without changing horses. It is stated on the best authority that Mytton never tired his horse so much as to prevent his riding the same home after a day's hunting.

With the gun he was as good and as hard to beat as he was in the saddle. One day he and his brother-in-law, between 11 o'clock and dinner-time, in the winter season, bagged no less than 600 head of game; and another day he and a friend brought down, during five hours that they were out shooting, on an average a head of game every three minutes. This was in the days of sporting weapons that were not so perfect as those used at the present time.

He was as fond of racing as of any other kind of sport, and subscribed to every race fund he was

invited to lend his assistance to. His green and white jacket and black cap were often seen in the run at races held principally in the neighbourhood of Chester; and on his sideboard at Halston stood thirteen gold cups and two silver trophies, the prizes won by his horses.

He played a good trick in racing—it was done for fun, and no money depended upon it—upon three of his friends one day. Seeing four waggon-horses belonging to him as he was walking out with his friends, he suggested that each should mount one and compete in a race. Accordingly the waggon trappings were taken off the cart-houses, and Mytton and his friends mounted and started on their way to a fixed goal. But Mytton had really arranged his game beforehand, and when the horses and their riders reached a certain point in the course, the waggoner, to whose voice the animals were accustomed, called out 'Whoa!' in obedience to which signal the horses stopped suddenly (it was down hill they were going), and shot their respective riders over their heads into the road, with the exception of the schemer himself, who, of course was prepared.

His feats in the saddle were, as already observed, quite out of the common. Once, with his left arm in a sling, he rode his horse *Baronet* at Lord Berwick's park railings at Atsham, near Shrewsbury, and cleared them without touching, safely landing in the road where Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart., and his hounds were standing. There is a picture of this feat, and the leap was evidently one that few men would have dared to essay, even if they had both arms at liberty. Sir Bellingham called out as Mytton landed, 'Well done, *Neck-or-Nothing!* You are not a bad one to breed from!' Another time the whole field was 'pounded' by the Severn, during a run from Bomer Wood to Haughmond Hill. Jack Mytton could not swim a yard, but without a moment's hesitation he forced his horse into the water, and exclaiming, 'Let all who call themselves *sportsmen* follow me,' swam across the river, which is wide and deep, and, landing in safety on the further side, continued the run, and killed his fox.

Perhaps one of the most out-of-the-way things, if not the most extraordinary venture, Mytton ever performed, was the following. After dinner one evening, the conversation turned upon the dangers of tandem driving, and, Mytton holding the opposite view, made a wager of twenty-five pounds with each and all of the company at table that he would, that night, drive his tandem *across country* into the turnpike road, a distance of half a mile. The nature of the undertaking may be imagined from the character of the proposed course: there was a sunk fence, nine feet wide; a broad, deep drain; and two big quick-set fences to be encountered and conquered. Twelve men were employed with lanterns to point the course, and at a signal given Mytton started on his perilous journey. Apperley gives the following account of the incident: 'The first obstacle was the sunk fence, into which, as may be expected, he was landed; but the opposite side, being on a gradual slope from

bottom to top, the carriage and its extraordinary inmate, by dint of whipping, were drawn out without receiving injury. Nowise disconcerted, he sent his team at the next fence, the wide drain, and such was the pace he went at that it was cleared by a yard or more; but the jerk pitched Mytton on the wheeler's back. Crawling over the dashing-leather, however, he resumed his seat, and got his horses again into the proper direction; and taking the two remaining fences in gallant style, got safe into the turnpike road, and pocketed the cash (£150). This occurred at Mr. Walford's of Crowhill, about four miles from Shrewsbury.'

It would be almost impossible to imagine a more foolhardy freak than that just described; yet Mytton thought nothing of driving at fences and jumping them without any serious damage being the result: there are many instances of this on record.

Had Mytton been content to live comfortably and not extravagantly, he might have lived longer and more happily, but he would not listen to any reasonable suggestion. When it was too plainly manifest that he was bent on a course of recklessness, his agent assured him, through the medium of a friend, that if he would be content to live on £6,000 *per annum* for six years, it would not be necessary to sell the old Shrewsbury estate, and at the end of that time all his debts would be cleared off. To this proposal Mytton replied, 'Tell Longueville to keep his advice to himself, for I would not give a — to live on six thousand a year.'

During the fifteen years preceding his death—and some portion of this time was spent under circumstances preventing any large expenditure of money—it has been computed that he threw away half a million sterling!

In his wardrobe were counted at one time *one hundred and fifty-two* pairs of breeches, and trousers, and coats, and other garments in proportion.

How careless of money he was may be gathered from this incident. One night he was returning in his coach from Doncaster races, when the wind was high, and the carriage windows were open. He placed on the seat by his side a quantity of bank notes—his winnings, to the value of many thousands of pounds—and he fell asleep. When he awoke the notes had gone; they had been blown out of the window. He laughed at this loss, which he termed a *capital joke*. It was a joke few would smile to witness played upon their *capital*. Matters came to such a pass at last that all Mytton's effects at Halston had to be sold; and in November 1831 we find Mytton obliged to fly to Calais for safety and preservation from the hands of the bailiffs. His wife had been compelled to leave him and return to her friends. This was his second wife, a daughter of Mr. and Lady Charlotte Giffard. There can be no doubt that by this time poor Mytton's mind was seriously affected. Indeed, it is most probable that such had been the case for some years past, for it is stated that he was drunk for *twelve* successive years, a terrible record.

One night at Calais he returned to his hotel in his usual condition, intoxication; and shortly after he had entered his bedroom, before any one could prevent him, he applied a lighted candle to his night shirt, saying, as he did so, 'This hiccough! but I'll frighten it away!' Hit body was dreadfully burned, and his sufferings were awful: yet he seemed to take a pride in them, and gloried in his display of absolute indifference to the pain he himself had caused. The doctor directed him to abstain from intoxicating liquors, but the patient paid no attention to his orders, and drank and drank until he became a raving lunatic. Occasionally he had fits of repentance, and on one of these occasions he said to one of his acquaintances, 'I never intentionally injured any person in my life, and I hope God will forgive me,' and then he burst into tears, a rare incident in his career.

Although as mad as man could be, he often proved his knowledge of the classics, and showed in this way that had he but turned his attention when at school to study he might have left behind him at Westminster some reputation. One day he sent his attendant to the landlord of the hotel, Mr. Roberts, for some article. The man could not obtain what was required from the host, but he managed to find it elsewhere; and on returning to Mytton with the thing wanted, he observed, 'Mr. Roberts hain't got no such thing, sir!' Mytton stared in the man's face, and remarked, 'Why! you are a Greek!' 'No, sir, I arn't,' was the answer. 'But I'll be — if you are not; for in Greek two negatives make the affirmative stronger: *χωρίς ἐμοῦ οὐ δύνασθε ποιεῖν οὐδέν*, says the Bible,' roared Mytton, to the astonished valet, who fled under the impression that his master must be past all hope of recovery.

After this came a brief period of comparative happiness. Then Mytton's downward course recommenced at a faster rate. He returned to England, and was lodged in gaol; first at Shrewsbury, later in the Queen's Bench, London. His friends begged him to intrust his affairs to them, and promised, if he would do so, they would soon enable him to live in freedom and comparative affluence. But he refused to accept their offer. About three weeks after his last incarceration he was seized with paralysis of the lower limbs; and, in a short time after this affliction had settled upon him, John Mytton died, having lived for thirty-eight years only.

We are assured that, for some days prior to his death, this unfortunate man gave evident signs of a sincere repentance for his ill-spent life.

The *Globe* alluded to him, in announcing his decease, in the following words: 'His princely magnificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay circles, both in England and on the Continent. His failings, which leaned to virtue's side, greatly reduced him, and he has left numerous friends to lament the melancholy fact of his dying in a prison; which, contrasted with his former splendour, furnishes a striking illustration of the mutability of mundane affairs.'

Mytton's death provoked much grief among the humble Salopians, to whom he had endeared himself by many acts of kindness done for their assistance. At his funeral *three thousand* of these poor friends attended, and gave vent to their feelings of sympathy by weeping and great lamentation. High and low, rich and poor, were present in numbers to follow poor Mytton's remains to their last resting-place, and among the sad cortège was a detachment of the North Shropshire Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry, in which corps Mytton had held the commission of Major. He was buried in the family vault, under the communion table of his chapel at Halston.

There descended, by entail, to his son, who was an acquaintance of my father's, an estate of £4,500 per annum, and that was all left by John Mytton out of his large fortune.

Mytton's character has been spoken to by one who knew him well in the following terms: 'His cardinal virtue was benevolence of heart; his besetting sin, a destroying spirit not amenable to any counsel, and an apparent contempt for all moral restraint. To a prodigality of heart he added a prodigality of hand which no such fortune as his could suffice. But although his extravagance might have reduced Mytton to want, he would have remained a man of unblemished integrity in rags, and nothing would have engaged him in dishonest practices. He was faithful to his friends, an indulgent landlord, and a most kind master; and, last but not least in the novelty, with all this consideration for the happiness of others he appears to have possessed very little for himself. Once he borrowed ten thousand pounds on an annuity at high interest, and *lent nine* of it to a friend who was never seen in Europe afterwards. Mytton by nature was kind and beneficent to a degree very rarely witnessed; with a pretended insensibility to the common sympathies of our nature, he never saw misery that he did not wish to relieve it. In his temper he was sudden and violent, and, like Achilles, impatient of restraint; yet his wrath endured but the twinkling of an eye, and in forgiveness of injuries he had no equal. He has left a good name behind him that will be remembered and cherished in Shropshire for many, many years to come, and for deeds that would have done honour to an apostle. He was charitable to the poor, and gave them two bushels of wheat a week the year round, but no one knew half the extent of his beneficent acts. This man, who sometimes assumed the character of a fiend, and appeared to strive against the native goodness of his heart, was of an unquestionable beneficence and unimpeachable veracity. Nothing could have induced him to have uttered a premeditated untruth for any unworthy purpose; and again, he was no backbiter. In his dealings with the world he was a man of strict honour and probity; and without justifying his extravagance, it may be said that his chief concern, after the last estates he could sell were disposed of, was, not whether himself might be left destitute, but whether there would be *enough to pay his creditors in full.*'

Such was poor Jack Mytton, a man by himself, a

character not wholly bad, but with many redeeming features. We do not commend him as a good example to any, but we do say there have been many worse men, and there have been many better men with less estimable points.

In closing this short memoir, let us borrow the words used in relation to Mytton by his chaplain: 'Only *think* what the Squire, with his abilities, *might have been*; and only *see* what he *is*.'

EPIGRAMS.

WE gave notice in our last number that it was our intention to continue a series of selections from the College Epigrams, which was begun in 1877, and left incomplete. It appears that in that year the editor obtained the books containing the College Epigrams from the year 1862, and, after producing selections from them up to the year 1877, announced in the last number of the year that the series would be finished in the first number of the following year. Apparently, however, with the entrance of the new staff upon their offices, the subject was forgotten or at all events unaccountably passed over in silence. We, therefore, now propose to take up the thread where it was dropped, and to continue the series up to the present year, hoping thereby to establish a principle of publishing the epigrams, or selections from the epigrams, yearly, in the first number brought out after election time. We intend, as a rule, to print the English epigrams in preference to the Latin and Greek ones, as being more intelligible, and consequently more interesting, to many of our readers, but we shall occasionally insert some of the latter, for the benefit of our more classical readers, especially as some years are singularly deficient in English epigrams.

Among the epigrams of the year 1877 the first English one that occurs is the following, relating to the Conference in which the late Earl of Beaconsfield took such a prominent part as peace-maker:—

We fondly hoped that Truth and Sense
Had triumphed at the Conference;
Each dagger soon would find its sheath,
Each brow be girt with olive wreath.
Alas! it is the same old story—
Bright morn, but 'fumus ex fulgore.'
Much brilliant talk, much skilful fence,
All ends at last in mere pretence.
Yet should the flames burst out once more,
Bright swords flash out and cannons roar,
And hands, whose grasp good-will denotes,
Fly fiercely at each other's throats,
When War Dogs meet, what power can loose 'em?
We only pray 'ex fumo lucem.'

The following, relating to the question of 'Coercion,' has been neatly turned into English. We give both versions:—

Lenibus imperiis, an sit feritate demandus
Insanus, medici querere sæpe solent.
Priva domus, quidam, captis ubi mente patebat,
Querit ancillâ mane lavante fores:
'Numquid herus solet iste coërcitionibus uti?'
'Nil nisi saponem nos adhibemus,' ait.

Idem Anglicè.

When a friend of humanity happened to pass
A private asylum, he questioned the lass,
Who, while washing the steps, and intent on her cleaning,
And down on her knees, didn't jump at his meaning:
'Your master don't use here coercion, I hope!'
'Oh no, Sir, we use only best yellow soap!'
N.B.—From this it is evident that the best treatment for such patients is to '*charm them with smiles and soap*.'

The thesis '*Medio tutissimus ibis*' received the following application: it is indeed one of wisdom's wisest warnings:—

A maid undowered oft proves a weight,
That one poor purse doth sorely wring;
Rich brides have large ideas of state,
And squander twice the share they bring.
If neither form nor beauty please,
Regard is often apt to cool;
Whilst beauties that surpass in these
Some wider world than home would rule.
Too keen a wit 'tis wise to dread:
Its edge will sometimes work for harm;
But dulness or of heart or head
Robs wedded life of half its charm.
Then those who well would consorts choose
Should ever seek the golden mean:
Discreetly each extreme refuse,
And keep the way that lies between.

There is a great deal of truth in the above stanzas, but, at the same time, the author seems to forget that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush,' and not every bird will be caught, even with grain, so, doubtless, it is most profitable '*carpere diem*' while you may.

The following is the English version of an epigram, supposed to be an 'extract from a recent debate in the House of Lords,' in which Lord Beaconsfield and the Duke of Argyll are the principal *spokesmen*:—

'Don't speak to the man at the wheel, if you please, sir!
Nor to skipper, who cons, nor to boy who cries "Ease her!"'
'That's good,' says the Cockney; 'why, who of all folks, man,
But the *man at the wheel*, should be counted "the spokesman"?'.

Exceptions prove the rule, and '*Medio tutissimus ibis*' must have its exceptions as well as other rules. We must confess, however, the latter part of the epigram suggests painfully the idea of the clown's trick on the pantaloons, in the act of taking a chair:—

One foot on Broussa's towers set,
The other upon old Stamboul's,
The 'sick man' totters to his fall,
An Ottoman between two stools.

The person mentioned in the third line of the next may be unknown to most people, but the joke, especially in the last line, is obvious:—

No wonder Home Rulers in Parliament cut,
As a party, a very ridiculous figure;
For they place in the van one who's always a Butt,
And they bring up the rear with another that's Biggar.

'The incentive to us' in the next one, as probably many of our readers know, is the 'Munificentia Sladiana' mentioned in all the school prizes:—

MEDIO NON TUTISSIMUS.

'Slade prizes,' so fair! Slade imposture so muddy!
Name to us an incentive; to Lankester tedium!
With us 'tis a medium to prosecute study:
With him, 'tis a study to prosecute Medium.

The epigrams for the year wind up with a beautiful one 'In memoriam senis desideratissimi Jacobi Mure, M.A., domus nostræ olim alumni præclari et poste amici fidelissimi.' The whole epigram bears a striking resemblance in style and expression to the touching Prologue of last year in memory of the late Dean. We subjoin the first and last few lines:—

Decessit eheu! carus ex oculis Senex,
Hujusce deliciae Domûs!
Inter Coronam nobilem solito loco
Nequicquam, ut olim, quærimus.
Mitem, facetum, candidum, probum, pium,
Nostrum equis haud agnovèrit?
Nemo unquam amicis exstitit jucundior,
Nemo omnibus magis placens.

. Alumni te, Senex amabilis,
Te jure lugent mortuam;
Te prosequuntur debita reverentiâ,
Nectuntque vati laureas.
Saltem hic locorum nulla abhinc laudes tuas,
Aut nomen, eximet dies.

THE PANCAKE GREEZE.

THE arrival of Shrove Tuesday on February 21st brought with it the time-honoured custom of the Pancake Greeze, a custom which survives, we believe, in Westminster alone, as a relic of 'ye mearye oldene tymes.' As soon as prayers after morning school were over, and the would-be partakers of the greeze were assembled beneath the bar, the College John, clad in the true costume of a *chef de cuisine*, preceded by the Abbey Beadle and followed by a few privileged spectators, entered the school door.

With a certain perceptible amount of nervousness, he took his stand below the bar, and, after adjusting the Pancake conveniently for the throw, sent it flying into mid air.

For the last two or three years it has always fallen on Mr. Marklove's side of the school room, and consequently the greater number of the enthusiastic combatants had taken their stand on that side of the room, anxiously waiting to pounce upon their prey. Their prey, however, contrary to expectation, striking the bar in its upward flight, avoided the enthusiastic ones by falling just below Mr. Sloman's horse-shoe upon a certain unfortunate, unenthusiastic, and unexpectant small boy, who, being unwilling to make himself the centre of general attraction, eagerly resigned the prize to Lynch, who rushed upon him in his bewilderment, and somewhat unceremoniously abstracted the said prize, the greater part of which he managed to retain till the end, which was brought about, as usual, by Dr. Scott,

utterly regardless of all danger to life and limb, rushing in among the combatants, and separating them by a combination of physical and moral force. Dr. Scott had another opportunity afforded him that morning of exerting his influence for a similar object; for on the dispersion of the fellows to go down school, a block was caused in the doorway by certain fellows being either unable or unwilling to move on. This second greeze lasted almost as long as the genuine one, but was put an end to at last in a similar manner.

Lynch's share of the Pancake was so small and so defaced that no attempt was made to obtain the customary sovereign awarded by the Dean to the happy possessor of the whole Pancake. A suggestion was made that the Greeze should be allowed a certain time of duration, at the end of which the crowd must disperse. We believe that an attempt was made to do this, but with little or no effect; for if the authority of the Head Master has considerable difficulty in checking the impetuosity of the heaving mass around him, we doubt whether the information that 'time's up' would have any better effect.

School Notes.

The Ambulance Lectures have begun, two classes being taken a week, on Wednesdays and Thursdays. The lectures are held in the drawing-room of Ashburnham House, and are largely attended by masters as well as boys.

The reduction of the top storey of Ashburnham House into two large examination rooms is progressing favourably and fast. The room in the wing of the house on the first story has been fitted up for the Upper Remove class-room; the drawing-room, at present being used for the Ambulance classes, is to be the Shell-room, while other rooms are to be converted into Mr. Jones's room, and a masters' common-room. The singing-classes are now being taken in a room at the back of the drawing-room, where the assistance of a new piano is a considerable improvement on that of the somewhat ancient instrument which stands in College Hall. The arrangement of the ground floor renders any immediate attempt at utilising it a matter of considerable difficulty. We were glad to hear that notwithstanding the alleged sanctity of the dust-bin and washhouse, mentioned in our last number, permission had been granted for the removal of these unnecessary and inconvenient appendages. The appendages have since disappeared. We hear that it is intended to pull down the wall between Little Dean's Yard and the small yard belonging to the house, leaving only the gateway standing as a memorial to future generations. The operation has begun, and been almost completed.

The week before the Charterhouse match, strangely enough, contained four half-holidays. Ash Wednesday

was made an exception to the general rule, being a half-holiday instead of Thursday, to prevent the concurrence of three consecutive half-holidays.

The *Elizabethan* accounts for the past year are published in the end of this number.

Fulcher and Rogers have obtained their 'pink' in the place of Wetton and Bird; and Waterfield and Heath forward.

The account of the Charterhouse match is unavoidably postponed till our next number.

In the Easter Examinations for Exhibitions and College, there will be a paper set in Roman and Greek History up to the dates 150 B.C. and 404 B.C. respectively.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE Debating Society has begun this term with increased vigour, and the debates, thus far, promise well for the rest of the term. The late officers having resigned, as usual, the following new ones have been elected:—President, A. G. L. Rogers; Vice-President, R. G. E. Forster; Secretary, A. Soames; Treasurer, C. J. Shebbeare. The Major Candidates were prevented by their Election work from putting up for offices. The first Thursday after the election being a *dies festa*, or half-holiday, the first meeting of the Society was deferred till the following Thursday, when no less than twelve new members were proposed, for five only of whom there was room, and the proposal for an enlargement of the Society by ten seats was rejected by a small majority. The new members are E. F. Peck, G. G. Phillimore, E. R. Ellis, J. M. Dale, and B. Ince. J. B. Hodge proposed a motion, contrasting favourably the new Government of the country with the old, but it was lost by three votes, twelve voting for the motion. On the second day the meeting was so disturbed by three or four excitable and talkative members, that J. B. Hodge proposed, that the President should, on the next meeting, bring forward a new set of rules for the better maintenance of order, which was duly seconded and carried without a division. Several motions were proposed, chiefly upon political subjects, which is a good sign, as the political motions are always attended with far better speeches, though it is always noticeable that the Conservatives are much stronger in voting than in speaking, as the great bulk of that faction are young members.

FOOTBALL.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. OLD CARTHUSIANS.

This match was played at Vincent Square, on Saturday, February 4th, in weather which, although foggy,

was much better than was expected. Owing to the late arrival of some of the visitors, the game was not begun till 3.30, when Waterfield started the ball for the School, which was defending the Hospital Goal. Soon after the start W. R. Page and Parry made a good run down, and Page had a shot, which, however, failed. Then good runs were made by Bain and Page for their respective sides, and after a goal had been kicked by Morison, but disallowed on the plea of 'hands,' Bain with a fine run succeeded in putting the ball through the posts, thus making the score 1-0. Nothing further happened up to half-time, but in the second half Bain got the ball well away, and middled to Higgins, who shot a goal. Thus the School was left victors by 2-0, after a fairly even game. The eleven, as a whole, did not play well, there being a total absence of combined and steady play. Bain and Squire, however, played splendidly, while of the visitors W. R. Page, Rogers, and Carter gave us most trouble. The Carthusians had four substitutes, all of whom played well. Sides:—

OLD CARTHUSIANS.

H. A. Carter, R. A. Ingram (sub.) (backs); C. J. Perkin, A. G. L. Rogers (sub.) (half-backs); E. H. Parry (capt.); W. R. Page, H. M. Page, C. G. L. Page, A. H. Wood, G. H. Viner (sub.) (forwards), E. T. Logan (sub.) (goals).

WESTMINSTER.

R. T. Squire (back); E. C. Frere, R. H. Coke, C. B. Crews (half-backs); F. W. Bain (capt.); T. Morison, F. T. Higgins, H. W. Waterfield, O. Scoones, A. C. W. Jenner (forwards), H. T. Healey (goals).

SCHOOL v. OLD FORESTERS.

This match was played at Vincent Square on Saturday, the 11th, and resulted in a victory for the School by 2 goals to 1. The visitors brought a strong team, and the School was deprived of the valuable services of Scoones and Jenner. The game was begun at 3.10, and soon after the start Bain got the ball down the side, and shot, but failed; a 'corner' then fell to the School, but nothing resulted from it. The visitors now made a good combined rush, and Burrows obtained a goal (1-0). The School quickly rallied, and taking the ball into the enemy's quarters, Waterfield kicked a goal (1-1). Rogers followed up this success by kicking a second goal for the School. The ball was kicked from the centre of the ground, and dropping out of reach of the goal keeper, jumped over his head (1-2). After half-time nothing further happened to either side, although each goal was several times attacked. For the Old Foresters, Sewell, Burrows, and Cazenove, and for the School, Bain, Squire, and Higgins, were the most brilliant. The sides were:

OLD FORESTERS.

F. W. Sewell, L. Horner (backs); J. L. Woolley, F. A. Charrington (half-backs); R. W. Burrows, G.

Gilbey (centres); C. J. Horner, E. Cazenove (right); G. E. Moore, F. Webb (left); J. H. Matthews (goals).

THE SCHOOL.

F. W. Bain (capt.); A. J. Heath (left); F. T. Higgins, A. C. W. Jenner (centre); T. Morison, H. W. Waterfield (right); E. C. Frere, H. A. Fulcher, A. G. L. Rogers (half-backs); R. T. Squire (back); H. T. Healey (goals).

SCHOOL v. CLAPHAM ROVERS.

This match was played at Vincent Square on Wednesday, 15th, and resulted in a victory for the School by four goals to none. The visitors were not a strong team, and Scoones was still absent from the School eleven. The ground was very wet, but the rain stopped soon after the beginning of the game, which was started at 3.18. The game needs no description, as from the beginning the School penned their opponents, Sprigge and White only occasionally taking the ball out of their own quarters. The School played much better than in any previous match this term, although their crossing was not perfect. For the visitors, Janson and White, and for the School, Bain, Squire, Higgins, Fulcher, and Waterfield, played best, but the last-named should cross rather more. The goals were kicked by Higgins (2), Waterfield, and Bain. The sides were:—

CLAPHAM ROVERS.

H. G. Poland, R. W. Shepherd (backs), W. Hooper, F. W. Janson (half-backs), R. G. Dutton, S. S. Sprigge, O. Prior, H. Sedgwick, C. H. White (forwards), G. Roller (goals).

SCHOOL.

R. T. Squire (back), E. C. Frere, H. A. Fulcher, A. G. L. Rogers (half-backs), F. W. Bain (captain), A. J. Heath (left), F. T. Higgins, A. C. W. Jenner (centres), T. Morison, H. Waterfield (right), H. T. Healey (goals).

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL v. OLD ETONIANS.

This match was played at Vincent Square, on Saturday, February 18th, the ground being in a splendid state, having been softened by the rain of the previous Wednesday, and yet dry enough not to impede the pace. The School won the toss, and elected to play against the wind, while the visitors kicked off from the Hospital end. They were by no means a strong team, as the School penned them from the very first, only one or two attempts being made on our goal for the first half-time. The first shot on our part was made by Jenner, which took effect, but was declared off-side. He quickly, however, redeemed the failure by putting another through the posts. Soon after this Waterfield shot two goals in quick succession, one of which was rightly disallowed on the same plea as our first attempt. After half-time the ball only once or twice passed the half-way post, the School having everything entirely their own way. Jenner shot

two goals, one after the other, from excellent middles from Bain, and Waterfield again shot a goal from off-side, and another, which was allowed. Shortly before time was called, Morison shot the last goal for the School, leaving us victors 6-0. For the School, Bain, Squire, Fulcher, and Rogers, were best, while Hollands and Whitfield worked well for the visitors.

Unfortunately, the Captain of the Etonians omitted to leave the names of his side. The School eleven consisted of F. W. Bain, A. J. Heath (left), F. T. Higgins, A. C. W. Jenner (centre), T. Morison, H. W. Waterfield (right), R. T. Squire (back), E. C. Frere, H. A. Fulcher, A. G. L. Rogers (half-backs), H. T. Healey (goals).

POETRY.

The e'er green laurel binds Apollo's hair,
The oak leaves hang among the locks of Jove,
The ivy decks the brow of Bacchus fair,
But Pan the long, low-whistling reed doth love.

He never roams upon Parnassus' height,
No frenzied priestess for his answer waits,
Ne'er round him dance the Theban matrons bright,
His image standeth at no city's gates.

But where the silver moon, in saddest thought,
Ponders her face in some Arcadian mere,
There lonely Pan in his one love-dream sought
Syrinx, the only nymph he counted dear.

She fled and he pursued, for love's dear sake,
Her flying figure in the clear moonlight,
Until she came unto that treacherous lake,
And slipped, and fell therein, that fatal night.

Then Pan in sorrow bade the reed upspring,
To whistle sad and low where Syrinx died,
And evermore the desert-haunting king
Wears the sharp reed for her, his long-lost bride.

C. C. J. W.

Our Contemporaries.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Cambridge Review* (3), *The Carthusian*, *The Meteor*, *The Blue*, *The Ulula*, *The Marlburian*, *The Bromsgrovian*, *The Tonbridgeian*, *The Berkhamstedian*, *The Epsomian*, *The Glendalmond Chronicle*, *The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, *The King's College Magazine*, *The Wesley College Chronicle*, *The Laxtonian*, *The Ousel*, *The Wellingburian*, *The Felstedian*, and *The Durham University Journal*.

A member of the VIth form of *Wesley College* is under the impression that 'there were three Gorgons, the chief of whom was Minerva; Pallas cut her head off,' while another member of the school has discovered that 'paltry' means fowls, ducks, &c. If *Wesley College* does really possess two such brilliant specimens of humanity, we wonder that they care to publish the fact.

A correspondent to *The Ousel* seems to think that orange peel and sawdust on the Fives Courts have sometimes the effect of not improving the game, while there is no broom or 'long-talked-of-squeegee,' whatever the last-named article may be.

Another correspondent seems to think that 'coercion' ought to be employed with regard to attendance at football. N.B.—Try our 'Station!' Warranted to act!

After eight verses, in *The Laxtonian*, of which the title and burden is 'Jam Satis,' we have had *quite enough*, which is proverbially 'as good as a feast.' The Editor seems to think so too.

The anxious parent of a Rugbeian laments that his offspring has joined with 'divers youths, who so far aim at subsisting on lilies, air, and such-like Postlethwaitian fare as to refuse a second help at dinner.' Such is not our ordinary conception of a Rugbeian. *The Meteor* also contains the following compliment to Dean Bradley in the vive-la song:—

For Westminster's Deanery needs a Rugbeian,
So for Bradley, the Dean, let us sound a loud pæan.

The Wellingburian contains some amusing accounts of Country Cricket, in which a certain hot-headed umpire gave a certain unfortunate red-headed young parson 'bacca in about two minutes' for venturing a doubt about his decision: another gentleman, on being requested to umpire, remarks, 'All I wants to know, sir, is, *which side be I to umpire for?*'

The Marlburian sham who wails from the sick-room appears disappointed at the prescription of pills and castor-oil as a cure for a sore throat. The verses on the 'Voice of the Sea' are fair.

The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly has succeeded in filling three pages with accounts, and seven with Honour and Prize Lists. 'The not impossible She' is a person of doubtful existence. Has she any connection with the more impossible *She*, 'Mary Queen of Scots, who was king of Scotland,' mentioned in the latter part of the paper?

Unwilling as we are to throw a damper on the zeal of the Editor of *The Bromsgrovian*, in his second number, yet we must confess we did not expect to find an imitation of 'Aunt Judy's Nursery Tales for Children' in a school paper. The notice 'Trespassers will be vaccinated' might be generally adopted with good effect. The following curiosity—

'Nos et nox atque ego hic reliquimur una'

is a pentameter.

The Tonbridgian contains 'Christmas in Manitoba,' 'The Sloper' (N.B.—Not Alley), and 'Ye Fondaccion of ye Schole': *Butte wee say, Goe to! fonde foole* to the 'Monkey who exhibited the Magic Lantern,' and to the Author. The verses on Cambridge are good.

A 'Modern Side Conservative,' writing to *The Glenalmond Chronicle*, thinks that the School need not be so Conservative as to 'conserve' the very dust in the Library. We agree with X in his opinion that applause lends greater energy to the part-takers in a football match. We, however, can never complain of a 'foreign match being played in dead silence,' as we always have a large and enthusiastic gallery of *the great unwashed*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I am unable to give 'Conservative' any information as to where there is any account of the 'struggles on the water with Eton,' but the following piece of witticism, exchanged between the rival schools, may be new and amusing to some of your readers. The rivalry, however, was maintained on paper, and not on the water, as in 'the good old times.' It is taken from Walcott's 'Westminster':—

'The Westminsters represented in a caricature three of their body outweighing three Etonians in a pair of scales.' To this George Canning immediately retorted:—

'What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous,
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows?'

Hook, however, turned the laugh against Eton by sending this reply:—

'Cease, ye Etonians, and no more
With rival wits contend:
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend.'

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

ALPHA.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Can you give me any information as to when the *Trifler*, the Westminster rival of the Etonian *Microcosm*, was started, and when and for what reasons discontinued or exchanged for the present *Elizabethan*? Any information on the subject will much oblige

Yours truly,

'A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.'

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Having had several opportunities lately of watching the management of the Debating Society, might I suggest, as it is now beginning life again under the auspices of newly elected officers, that a strong movement be made against the disorderly conduct which characterises many of the debates. A few new rules, if strictly enforced, would be quite enough to put a stop to it. Hoping that this will not cause any ill-feeling,

Believe me,

Yours truly,

M. U. T.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—'A stitch in time,' it is said, 'saves nine,' so I shall not apologise for writing about cricket now. To come to the point, are the good results attained by lawn-tennis, as played 'up fields,' equal to the bad effects produced by it, directly or indirectly, on the Westminster Eleven? If not, why not abolish it? Dr. Scott himself has expressed his opinion that this had better be done, and so have many O.W.W. It is agreed that lawn-tennis gives employment to the water fellows in the morning, and to those on the 'in' sides in the evening. In the first case, I would ask, what did the water fellows do before 1878, when, I am told, lawn-tennis was first started up fields? Secondly, is the fielding of every Westminster boy perfect? If not, why cannot those on the 'in' sides practice fielding and bowling (the 'next man in' might practice taking the wicket) whilst waiting to go in? With the increased numbers of the School, the extra number of bales required would be easily supplied. As it is, fellows are seldom ready to go in in their turn, and many are only too glad to get out. Moreover, Mantle must have enough to do, without having to prepare lawn-tennis ground. In conclusion, I would suggest that the money at present spent in lawn-tennis balls, &c., might, with immense advantage to the School, be expended in cricket nets for the morning practice of the small games, which are in a dreadful state, mainly from the want of these articles. Hoping that the cricket authorities will do away with lawn-tennis,

I remain,

Yours truly,

AMICUS SCHOLÆ.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—As you will probably have arrived too close to the Water Season, before the publication of your next number, to render any suggestions on the subject available, excuse my making these somewhat early remarks with regard to the way in which 'Water' is usually managed this term. As a rule there is no boating except on half-holidays, when fellows have to take the penny steamers and change at Coates's. Now this entails a great amount of inconvenience to the water fellows, and, besides this, takes up such an amount of time, that fellows rarely get much more than an hour on the water out of the time between afternoon and evening hall; and then,

by missing a train, or by the lateness of a train back, they are generally late for hall and lock-hours. Now, surely it would be a matter of no great consequence if evening hall were postponed, even half an hour. Again, is it not possible to have the launch on half-holidays? Is there no man who can be persuaded, for love or money, to drive the engine once a week? There is some difficulty, I acknowledge, with regard to having 'water' every day for everyone, but I think that the idea of hiring two fours last year at Lambeth was a step in the right direction. A further solution of the difficulty I will leave to more ingenious heads than my own, but I cannot help thinking that something might be done to improve the existing state of things. With best wishes for the coming season, I beg to subscribe myself

A WATERMAN.

‘ELIZABETHAN’ ACCOUNT FOR 1881.

Receipts.		Payments.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
O.W.W.	22 0 0	To Messrs. Spottiswoode	52 14 9
Masters	2 5 6	„ Postage expenses	4 10 9
College	8 17 6	„ Deficit from 1880	6 6 0
Grant's	3 11 6		
Rigaud's	4 6 0		
Home-boarders	5 5 6		
Mr. Dale's house	1 4 6		
Donation from the Seniors	7 0 0		
Other donations	6 19 0		
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	61 9 6		
Deficit from 1881	2 2 0		
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NOTICES.

All contributions for the April number of *The Elizabethan* must be sent in before March 22, to the Editor, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

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

The yearly subscription to *The Elizabethan* is 4s. It is requested that all subscriptions now falling due, or not yet paid up, should be forwarded to O. SCOONES, Treasurer of *The Elizabethan*. Post Office Orders to be made payable at the Westminster Palace Hotel Post Office. Subscribers resident at Oxford can pay their subscriptions to W. A. PECK, Esq., Christ Church, Oxford.

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

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

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

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