



# The Elizabethan.

No. 5.

WESTMINSTER, DECEMBER, 1874.

PRICE 6D.

## GREEN.

**G**REEN has so long been a perplexity, and perhaps an eyesore, to all those connected with Westminster, that we think some account of its vicissitudes may not be uninteresting to many of our readers, even if our suggestions for its improvement do not prove useful.

We have two things to guide us in inquiring into the ancient history of Green: the etymology of the name, and old myths concerning it. The name was no doubt originally connected with the common adjective expressing a certain colour: and it is now generally agreed that it was given to the enclosure in Great Dean's Yard, from the presence therein of herbage of that colour, and not, as some have supposed, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, from the singular absence of any such growth. Ancient myths point to the same conclusion, for all football matches are said to have been played in Green till very recent times; so that we may regard it as certain that there once was grass in Green. But within historical times the first evidence that we have is an account of an old and valuable manuscript, now unfortunately lost, purporting to be a Petition from boys at Westminster to the Dean and

Chapter, praying that whereas the capabilities of Green for holding indefinite quantities of water in natural basins scattered over its surface was highly detrimental to the pursuit of the noble art of Football, the Dean and Chapter would kindly order it to be drained. The date of this manuscript was MDCCCLXI. The prayer of the petitioners was granted: Green was intersected by drains in all directions, and no more complaints as to the undue quantity of water in Green were heard. But fresh causes for dissatisfaction soon arose. The turf, which had been taken up for the purpose of draining, never recovered itself, so that lines of bare earth intersected the ground; whilst the basins of the former oceans left the surface rugged and uneven. About this time the house in the N.W. corner of Great Dean's Yard was demolished, and the present houses, Nos. 1 and 2, built in its place. The builders having occasion to dig down for the new foundations lower than the level of the old ones, found themselves in possession of a quantity of loose earth which was entirely useless to them; and the happy idea of using this material for levelling Green was no sooner suggested than acted upon.

From this time the miseries of Green seem to have begun in real earnest. The new earth,

taken from the foundations of an old house, was not of the quality best suited to the growth of grass in London air: and the turf positively declined having anything whatever to do with it. The state of the grass became worse each year, until it was at last clear that decisive measures must be taken with it. The relaying of the whole surface with fresh turf was then thought of: but London air and London earth cannot maintain the growth of country sods: ultimately the whole of the soil to the depth of nearly a foot was taken up and sifted, and the surface sown with grass-seed. A good crop arose, but perished in its turn. Next year grass was again sown; but an untimely drought seems to have prevented any real improvement in the state of Green ensuing, and though during the summer months there was a good supply of grass, no one could help noticing its inferior quality, and after a few weeks of Football there is now little vestige left. We have, however, become accustomed to this in the winter months; it is in spring that it is important to take care of the ground. In the old times Pole-jumping, Quoit-throwing, and sometimes Prisoner's Base were played in Green during the summer months, and saved it a considerable amount of wear and tear: and we cannot see any valid reason against the revival of these sports: in fact, it is only by some such compromise that we can hope to keep Green for football even in the autumn months, when its loss would be most detrimental to our play. Another thing which we must specially avoid is using Green when at all wet; for the trampling of the ground at such times may do more harm in an hour than ordinary play in many weeks. Neither money nor trouble have been spared to improve Green, and it will certainly not speak well for Westminster if all that has been done is made useless by our own heedlessness.

### The Play.

THE Play Nights this year are Thursday, December 10th, Tuesday, December 15th, and Thursday, December 17th. The play is the "Trinumus" of Plautus, which is now to be acted for the third time since its revival in 1860. The doors will be open each night at half-past six, as usual.

THE Gumbleton English Verse Prize has been divided between L. S. Bristowe and P. G. L. Webb, æq.; C. F. Brickdale, proxime accessit. We print one of the successful compositions in this number, in deference to a generally expressed wish.

### School Notes.

No Westminster past or present can have read the notice of Ginger's approaching departure without regret. For forty years he has done his duty faithfully, and has always tried his best to please his numerous customers: a difficult task, in which Ginger seems to have succeeded as well as most people. We think no one will doubt that it is our duty to present Ginger with some substantial testimonial of our gratitude for his long services, and of our regret at parting from him; and our readers will notice a letter from an Oxford friend in our correspondence columns making this very proposal. What form our testimonial should take we do not venture to say; but if a Committee were chosen for the purpose of settling this, we are convinced that ample funds would be forthcoming not only from present Westminsters, but also from those who are now scattered over all parts of the kingdom. We also wish to inform our readers that it is proposed to complete the *Census Alumnorum* up to date, and to sell the remaining copies at a reduced price. We hope that many Old Westminsters will thus be induced to procure copies of this work, as a considerable number remain in Ginger's stock.

WHO our correspondent "Agilis" may be, we are not exactly in a position to state, but it may be pretty confidently surmised, after a glance at his letter, that he is not one of that highly privileged class who are permitted to affix the legend O.W. to their illustrious signatures. It is perhaps needless to inform him that the term *Victor Ludorum* was never heard of at Westminster before he introduced it to our notice; and the only "mistake" that we can think of was our omitting to consult "Agilis" when making up our prize-list, a gross one, we admit, but which we venture to hope was not unpardonable. Where prizes are given, it is obviously preposterous (though we allow it to be usual) to add an extra one to the stock of him who has the most already, and the only consistent way of adopting this custom, would be, by returning to the primitive usage of no prizes, to offer the personal decoration under discussion to the final victor, a suggestion not unworthy of the attention of future committees, considering how much more boys think of the number of prizes they can secure, than of the pursuits of which they are supposed to be the adjuncts. The other "usual" custom of giving a prize to the winner of the Old Westminsters' race, we need hardly state has no existence, except in the fertile brain of our correspondent, who seeing or hearing that a prize accidentally left over was once presented to the winner of this race, probably chose to build thereupon his superstructure of experience, of which the result appears in the extraordinary statements to be found on our last page.

IN the present number will be observed two alterations, which we hope we may be allowed to consider improvements. The Heading has been re-engraved, for which we are indebted to the Head Master, and will now be found to contain a large assortment of



"stock," in which we hope that every interest has been adequately represented; while a flagrant heraldic error in the shield has been corrected; in fact the only avowed mistake, and let us hope the only actual one, is to be found in the proportions of the Abbey Towers, which will be found on inspection to be deficient in height and elegance. Let criticism henceforth be silent; we cannot afford to pick any more holes in our own work, and after so candid a confession it would be very disagreeable for anybody to find any more fault. It would do no good if he were to—*rem actam ageret*.

Of the additional leaf we are not so confident. It was only by urging the consideration that it was better than nothing at all that our artist in ordinary prevailed upon to sanction its publication. If, however, it should meet with a favourable reception, he promises others of a perfectly different and superior character, begging at the same time to submit that etching on copper is by no means as simple an operation as (what some people call etching) drawing in pen and ink.

### The Fields.

ON the first Saturday after the Athletic Sports, F. Noyes brought down a team of Old Westminsters to play against us. The weather, at first anything but pleasant, improved as the afternoon went on, though the ground was decidedly slippery throughout. Since only nine of their men appeared, they took our twelfth man, E. Frere, and played us with ten. After about a quarter of an hour's play, the ball, being neatly middled by Aston, was put under the tape by Webb; and shortly afterwards Alington, being well backed up by the rest, was able to accredit his side with a second success. At this point the Old Westminsters put a little more spirit into their play, and the result was a goal from the foot of Boyd after a fast run down. Subsequently Webb and Aston obtained two more goals for Westminster, and just at the end a long shot by Leggatt lessened the odds to 2-4.

Aston and Alington played up well and hard for the School; while on the other side Haden and Boyd were chiefly conspicuous.

*Mr. F. Noyes' Eleven.*—F. Noyes (Capt.), A. Bovill, H. Leggatt, J. R. Boyd, E. H. Ryde, N. C. Bailey, H. I. Haden, C. W. Stephenson, H. S. Jackson, E. Frere (subs.).

*Westminster.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams, C. C. Macnamara, C. S. Davson, F. Rawson.

*V. Civil Service.*—This match played on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, was the only one of the season in which the Eleven were worsted. It was a fast game; and Alington and Waddington worked very energetically as forwards, until the latter, coming into disagreeable contact with the boot of one of the Civil Servants, was forced to retire into goals for the rest of the game. Until this unfortunate occurrence we were getting the best of it, and indeed had once

put the ball into our opponent's goal, although it was decided afterwards to have been the result of "offsiding." However, at this point our play for a short time fell off, and White by a hard kick effected an entrance into our fortress. After this we did our best, but to no purpose. For the Servants, Giffard, Farmer and Deacon played well; for us, Rumball and Fox.

*Civil Service.*—J. H. Giffard (Capt.), J. Kirkpatrick, W. Lindsay, W. G. Butler, F. R. Round, W. H. White, C. E. Farmer, H. P. Deacon, L. Heygate, G. Congreve, W. Eton, W. Synge.

*The School.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, W. C. Ryde, C. C. Macnamara, J. H. Williams, H. Rumball, C. Leeds (subs.).

*V. Harrow Chequers.*—This annual match was played on Saturday, Oct. 31st, and after a very fast and exciting game ended in a draw. The Chequers were much the fastest team, but we counteracted this by our playing together, which, by the way, showed a great improvement on that of former matches. After some ten minutes' play, Webb, Alington, and Crowdy, by a well-supported run-down, took the ball in front of the Chequers' goal posts, through which it was easily sent by Whitehead. Stung by this disgrace the Harrovians played up furiously, and two pieces of success crowned their efforts from the feet respectively of Bowlby and Walker. Fortune now shone on us, and twice more the leather found its way through the posts under the guidance respectively of Rumball and Crowdy. We resigned, however, Crowdy's goal, as they alleged that he was offside; so the game remained "two all."

*Harrow Chequers.*—E. E. Bowen (Capt.), J. J. C. Black, C. C. Bowlby, E. H. Bowyer, C. M. Burns (goals), C. J. Colbeck, P. Fowler, W. H. Hadow, (half back), A. Hadow, C. J. Longman, G. B. Walker.

*Westminster School.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox (half back), F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, W. C. Ryde (goals), H. Rumball, J. H. Williams (back), E. R. Frere, F. Rawson.

*V. Crystal Palace.*—We played this club on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, for the first time, and gained an easy victory. Since they had only brought down ten men we gave them a substitute, and the game was started at 3.20. We had it all our own way the whole time, and before long Rumball secured a goal for us, which was objected to on the score of offside, and we were reluctantly obliged to give in. We soon made up for this by a brilliant run down, in which Alington, Webb, and Crowdy took a leading part, the decisive kick being given by Whitehead. The Crystal Palace now made strenuous efforts to retrieve their loss, and Smith by a neat kick equalized matters. But their success was only momentary, and we completely penned them; and one of their side, in attempting to save their goal, accidentally sent the ball through the posts. Shortly before time another goal was got by Waddington, which was also objected to, as they denied that the ball had passed the goal line;

but as every one on our side who was near declared it was a goal, and none of their side were positive of its not being so, we decided to count it. For us Alington made several good runs, while Smith, Neame, and Fleet played well in a losing cause. The sides were,

*Crystal Palace.*—C. E. Smith (Capt.), L. H. Neame, G. R. Fleet, A. W. Borman, F. Thornhill, K. W. Elmslie, A. Morten, A. A. Brewer, T. H. Vigne, W. Forster, and A. P. Longstaffe (subs.).

*Westminster.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, H. Rumball, J. H. Williams, C. C. Macnamara, and C. S. Davson.

*V. Clapham Rovers.*—On Saturday, Nov. 21st, we played the Clapham Rovers in a dense fog, which must have prevented lookers on, who were more numerous than usual on Saturday matches, from seeing anything of the game. The ball was started by Ogilvie at 3. 15, and for sometime both sides played up hard, but neither were able to gain any advantage owing to the good play of the backs. Shortly before half time, however, by a good rush, the leather was carried down in dangerous proximity to our goal, and Worledge by a good kick, which proved too much for our goal keeper, scored the first success for his side. Ends having been changed, before five minutes had elapsed, Aston by a neat piece of dribbling made matters even. This roused up our opponents, who played up better together, and before long Field accredited his side with a goal. After this we had it all our own way, and Rumball by a fine side kick successfully passed the ball under the tape. No other advantage was gained on either side, so the game remained drawn. In this match we only played for an hour, as everybody agreed it would be enough, considering the state of the weather. The sides were,

*Clapham Rovers.*—R. Ogilvie (Capt.), G. Holden, C. E. Kolle, A. T. Stanley, A. E. Robinson, W. Field, R. O. Warren, T. E. Worledge, A. P. Vansittart, E. H. Ryde, C. C. Tayloe, and A. Percival.

*The Schools.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, H. Rumball, J. H. Williams, W. C. Ryde, C. S. Davson, and F. Rawson.

The following School Matches have also been played:—

*Eleven v. Twenty-two.*—This school game, which was played on Wednesday, Oct. 21st, remained, after a good game, in the hands of the Eleven by two goals to none. Crowdy, having sprained his knee, was unable to play forward, but made himself very useful in goals. The goals for the Eleven were secured by Macnamara and Waddington, the last mentioned of whom made good use of his weight and proved very effective. Aston also showed some good dribbling powers. No one in the twenty-two distinguished himself, although Hill and Olliffe, despite their size, made themselves very useful as backs. Had the Eleven been harder pressed, they would probably have given a better account of themselves, but they seemed to think two goals were sufficient. The sides were:—

*For the Eleven.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, E. Waddington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, W. C. Ryde, C. S. Davson, C. C. Macnamara, and E. Frere.

*For the Twenty-two.*—W. H. A. Cowell (Capt.), G. M. Hill, G. A. Bolton, R. D. Brinton, J. H. Williams, F. Rawson, H. Rumball, R. F. Macmillan, H. R. K. Rogers, C. B. Vyvyan, A.

E. Black, H. Olliffe, A. P. Longstaffe, H. P. Robinson, A. Dury, T. B. Jones, O. R. Borradaile, A. A. N. Jackson, R. Mead, C. A. Jones, B. Rogers, and J. A. Turner.

*First Nine v. Next Fifteen.*—Played on Thursday, Oct. 29th, and won by the Nine, five goals to none, after an uninteresting game. Though deprived of the services of Waddington, the Nine had no difficulty whatever in scoring their five goals, which were kicked by Fox, Williams, Crowdy, Rumball, and Webb successively. Of the Fifteen Rawson did most work, while on the other side, since there was no need of any particularly good play, nobody particularly tried to distinguish himself. Sides:—

*For the Nine.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, J. H. Williams, H. Rumball, C. S. Davson.

*For the Fifteen.*—W. C. Ryde (Capt.), G. M. Hill, R. D. Brinton, C. C. Macnamara, F. Rawson, H. Rogers, H. Olliffe, H. P. Robinson, A. Dury, C. Secretan, A. Longstaffe, E. Frere, O. Borradaile, A. Jackson, R. F. Macmillan.

*Sixth v. School.*—This contest of mind with matter came off on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, but unfortunately the usual triumph of mind was not secured by its votaries the Sixth. The School were considerably the best team of the two, for the Sixth had rather a tail. However, "Esprit de corps" went a long way and helped, though not to avert defeat, at any rate to make a very good fight of the whole match. The first goal was obtained by Macnamara for the School from a confused bit of play in front of goals. This roused the dormant lion in the Sixth, who played up most furiously, and for a long time the ball was kept well in the middle of the ground. At length their perseverance was rewarded, and a run down resulted in a goal from the foot of Alington. The long struggle having somewhat exhausted the Sixth, the superior training of the School began to tell and they pressed the Sixth hard, and Aston after some time obtained a goal, a good deal through the agency of the Sixth goal keeper.

*The Sixth.*—P. G. L. Webb (Capt.), E. H. Alington, W. C. Ryde, W. H. A. Cowell, G. M. Hill, J. H. Williams, E. V. Arnold, H. R. K. Rogers, A. B. Cartwright, M. M. Rodocanachi, R. H. Ellis.

*The School.*—F. Whitehead (Capt.), F. D. Crowdy, C. Fox, W. C. Aston, H. Rumball, C. C. Macnamara, C. S. Davson, F. Rawson, C. Secretan, E. Frere, H. P. Robinson.

*Rigaud's v. Home-Boarders.*—This match was played on Thursday morning, Nov. 5, and resulted in a victory for the Rigaudites by three goals to two. Rumball kicked the ball off first for the Home-Boarders, and the game was evenly contested for the first half-hour, perhaps slightly in favour of Rigaud's, when the Home-Boarders' Captain managed to secure a goal for his side. The Rigaudites now began to play up hard, and a good though unsuccessful try at goals was made by Fox, who followed it up with a splendid run-down which resulted in a well-kicked goal. After this the Rigaudites pressed their opponents hard for some time, and several unsuccessful attempts were made, until a goal from the foot of G. Abernethy increased the Rigaud's score to two. Shortly afterwards Cuppage by a good piece of play in goals saved a try which was near resulting disastrously for Rigaud's; soon after which, Fox managed to obtain another goal for his side. Borradaile added one more to the score of the Home-Boarders a little before time was called: thus leaving the match, which was evenly contested throughout, in the hands of Rigaud's by three goals to two. For Home-Boarders Rumball and C. Secretan played up well, whilst Leggatt proved a useful back. For Rigaud's Fox played very well, as might have been expected, and Rogers (forward) and Gamble (half-back) were also conspicuous. The sides were:—

*For Rigaud.*—C. Fox (Capt.), B. Rogers, J. Abernethy, H. Abernethy, Rodocanachi, J. Fox, Horne, Gamble, Barber, Cuppage, Tayloe.

*For Home-Boarders.*—Rumball (Capt.), T. Secretan, C. Secretan, A. B. Cartwright, Ellis, H. Frere, E. Frere, Noyes, Borradaile, Leggatt, Hollis.

*Third Elections v. The School.*—On Wednesday the 11th, as we were disappointed in one of our annual matches with the Wanderers, who were unable to put in an appearance, the Third Elections finding that they could muster eleven players, challenged the School, and partly from their superior weight, and partly from their energetic play managed to secure a tolerably easy victory by three goals to one. The first goal was kicked for the School by Aston, whose play was excellent throughout: after the





Little Dean's Yard. A.D. 1874.

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change of goals, the Third Elections redoubled their efforts, and three goals were successively scored for them by Macnamara, Mead and Waddington, the latter being the result of a very good run-down. For the School, Webb, Aston, Rumball, and Secretan did most service, while all the Third Elections played well together. Sides :—

*Third Elections.*—E. H. Alington (Capt.), E. Waddington, G. A. Bolton, R. D. Brinton, J. H. Williams, F. D. Crowdy, J. H. Watson, R. W. Mead, C. C. Macnamara, C. S. Davson, and R. P. Macmillan.

*The School.*—P. G. Webb (Capt.), C. J. Fox, F. Whitehead, W. C. Aston, H. Rumball, W. C. Ryde, G. M. Hill, F. L. Rawson, C. Secretan, H. Olliffe, and H. P. Robinson.

With December this Half's Football comes to an end, with the exception of a few house-matches, and the Old Westminster match that usually takes place on the Friday following the last Play and,—the Play Supper. The following important matches have been played with the results stated :—

v. F. Noyes's Team	won	4—2
v. The Twenty-two	won	2—0
v. Civil Service	lost	0—1
v. Harrow Chequers	drawn	2—2
v. Crystal Palace	won	3—1
v. Clapham Rovers	drawn	2—2

The match with the Gitanos was to have come off last Wednesday (28th ult.) but was postponed, owing to the unfavourable aspect of the weather. Besides this, we have missed our usual match with the Wanderers through being unable to find a day convenient for them and us at the same time. The play of the Eleven has been on the whole good; and latterly especially, they have worked better together and shown themselves more skilled in passing the ball on from one to another, which is the true secret of success. There are still two vacant places in the Eleven, which is composed as follows :—P. G. L. Webb (Captain), Q.S., E. H. Alington, Q.S., E. Waddington, Q.S., F. D. Crowdy, Q.S., C. Fox, T.B., F. Whitehead, Q.S., W. C. Aston, Q.S. (Sept. 30th). H. Rumball, T.B., (Nov. 2nd), J. H. Williams, Q.S., (Nov. 19th).

#### FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

THE great event of the last few days has been the Athletic Sports, in which several Westminster men have gained successes. In the Christ Church Athletics W. S. Rawson won the 120 yard Nurdles, and was second in the 200 yard hurdles; he won the long jump and the sack race. W. Brinton won the mile and half-mile handicap. H. S. Otter won throwing the hammer, and was also third in the two-mile race. L. P. Beaufort also won several prizes in the Queen's Athletics. The annual Westminster breakfast in Christ Church took place on the 28th of October.

#### FROM OUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

TIME hung very heavily on every one's hands in the last days of October, when residence for this term was beginning; but no sooner had the old trees of Trinity Walk doffed their "tarnished livery"<sup>1</sup> than several unexpected incidents began to enliven the cold

<sup>1</sup> "— of the burnished sun," vide "Merchant of Venice," written by Shakespeare as a holiday task.

fenny dampness of November. It is true that a strong force of the A division kept the streets tolerably clear of Town and Gown Rows on the 5th, still one or two majestic guys redeemed the day's credit, and shortly after midnight a great glare of fire in the very heart of the town called thousands of people from their beds in alarm. Trinity Hall and Caius turned out almost *en masse* to the scene of action, a photographer's shop in Rose Crescent, and although defective hose and ill-fitted hydrants for some time neutralized their efforts, the fire was prevented from spreading beyond the upper stories of the two adjoining houses, and was effectually put down by daybreak. Hardly anything was saved out of the house first attacked, and its front wall bulged outwards so much under the action of the heat, that it had to be shored up next day. Nothing but the extreme stillness of the atmosphere saved the whole Crescent, and probably one or two of the Colleges from destruction.

This is pre-eminently the season for athletic sports. The Freshmen's came off on the 14th and 16th, but *turpe dictu*, Westminster was not represented by a single competitor. The best performances were those of Loder in the hurdle race, and Bayley in the long jump. Third Trinity and King's Sports took place on Saturday the 21st inst. A. P. Hill ran second both in the level and handicap quarter-mile; in the latter of which he had 17 yards' start. C. E. Robinson won the hurdle race.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOME BOARDER.

##### No. II.

If my description has been clear, it will be seen that, as often as not, the half-hour from ten to half-past, found school tenanted by all the boys below the sixth, unrestrained by master or monitor; and the opportunity was regularly seized for a book-fight, in which the Shell, ranged against the rest of school, hurled grammar and lexicon in fierce defiance at their opponents' heads. Glad was I to be out of the turmoil, and, cuddling up my books as safely as I could from any ruthless depredators short of ammunition, to take my allotted task of watching for the first appearance of the usher, when my shrill voice, suddenly raised, restored order in a manner scarcely to be expected from such an atom. Woe, then, to the luckless youth, whose dictionary flung into the middle of the room had not been gathered up, or had not lost its title-page in its flight! an examination of the name led to the owner's summons to the master's desk, whence a good Westminster buck-horse sent him reeling half way down the room, a good deal faster than he had come up.

I have mentioned that in the Under School we were frequently left without a master all the morning, except when we went to the house to say the lesson; but in the summer afternoons we were usually honoured by the Hypodidasclé's personal superintendence. In those days school began at half-past two, and a few minutes before the clock struck it was a regular thing for some of the boys to place his arm-chair in such a position that the sun, shining through the west window,



would in another quarter of an hour shine on his venerable bald head; and so experienced were they in carrying out this act of affectionate solicitude to guard him from the cold, that the "Construe" had seldom advanced far before he dropped off under the combined influence of the heat and luncheon, and we enjoyed our well-earned interval of idleness. We used to be ordered, when he was getting sleepy, to rouse him if he dropped off, with the observation 'Experiscere te' (always with a careful admonition not to leave out the accusative case, as if nothing short of the best grammar would restore his faculties); and, on an emergency, we were to accompany it with a pinch of the arm: it is, however, a somewhat serious matter to rouse a sleeping lion with a pinch, and, as too thorough an awakening might have brought on the operator a series of after-kicks from his companions, I think our respected pedagogue had little to complain of in the way of undue disturbance.

Peace be to his Manes! I heartily liked him, with all his eccentricities; and to him many owe, for the thorough manner in which he grounded them, a deep debt of gratitude, since it was thus that they were enabled to acquire the solid rather than brilliant qualities, which have made of so many Westminsters in modern days the useful men that they have turned out, able to make their way with success in the station of life in which their lot has been cast.

A CONSIDERABLE improvement was noticed in the singing at the Abbey in the last Saints' Day Service; and we trust that this change for the better will be permanent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for a School Testimonial to Ginger will now be received by A. B. Cartwright, who has undertaken this duty. Enough has already been said on the subject to prevent the necessity of adding anything to this notice. Old Westminsters are requested to send their subscriptions to him at No. 1, Dean's Yard.

## Poetry.

### LIVINGSTONE.

(*Gumbleton English Verse Prize.*)

WE know that death doth cast a gloom,  
We can but mourn a comrade dead,  
We mourn him on the dying bed,  
We mourn him in the senseless tomb.

And why? Because one doom'd to strife  
And sorrow on this earth, did see,  
A little earlier than me,  
The sunset of his little life.

We all must die; e'en as we talk,  
The flower to-day so gay and fair,  
That sweetly scents the tranquil air,  
To-morrow droops about its stalk.

The insect in the happy sun  
That flies and sparkles all to-day,  
To-morrow where its feathers gay?  
Its little race of life is run.

Rise but one stage and come to man—  
What then? to-day a thing of life,  
To-morrow dead to earthly strife—  
Pass'd all too soon life's little span.

Then why lament? Our life is short,  
And fleeting as the winds that blow,  
Then to an unknown shore we go—  
Our clay the storms', the billows' sport.

Shall man, whom every wickedness pollutes,  
Who scarce deserves his place above the brutes;  
Shall man, who rolls from birth to death a thing  
Where vice and sin are hourly revelling;  
Shall he presume to bind in loathsome chain  
His fellow-men and liberty profane;  
Shall one race think the earth is theirs alone,  
The rest no more than blocks of wood or stone,  
Whose rights may e'en be trampled on, denied;  
All laws of nature and of God defied?  
What? Are they not all mortal? Is not death  
The same dread king to all? And is their breath  
Less fleeting? Shall not they die in their turn,  
Like those whom in their little pride they spurn?  
Then let us honour him, who not in vain  
Gave e'en his life, his labour to maintain  
The rights of untaught savages—the man  
Who strove as but the brave and noble can;  
Who strove till life had ebb'd into the grave,  
Regaining freedom for the free-born slave;  
O'erpowering those who for a selfish gain,  
Careless, unfeeling for the victim's pain,  
Would wife from husband, child from parent sever,  
Dissolve the dearest natural ties for ever.  
He needs no sculptured stone to grace his grave,  
No marble such as kings and princes have;  
He needs no arch, no column to proclaim  
To ev'ry eye his glory and his fame;  
The unmix'd love he bore for humankind  
Has graven his deathless name on every mind—  
Man dies at last and all his works decay,  
But his the glory of an endless day,  
Unveil'd by night. What are the great in war  
Who spread their banners over the fall'n afar?  
What are the laurel crowns that wreath the brow?  
What is the glory they receive below,  
To that of him who labour'd long and hard  
Without a hope of comfort and reward,  
And but to human ills to bring redress,  
Toil'd on till sorrow ended in success?

\* \* \* \* \*

Ambition fill'd his soul, not that which fires  
The little mind to gain its mean desires.

\* \* \* \* \*

Till ocean greeted his glad eyes, and fate  
Gave the well-earn'd reward to toils so great.  
Nought now remain'd for him, but once again  
To cross the hitherto mysterious plain;  
Then home he sail'd to taste the world-wide fame  
That shed its lustre o'er his lowly name.  
Praised by the world, yet he was not content,  
On some yet greater work his soul was bent;  
Rest had no life for him. He sail'd once more  
To Africa's inhospitable shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

No danger turn'd him from his labours there,  
Until his wife, in hope his toil to share,  
Came to him there—to die; swift on her track  
Sped death, and fever stretch'd her on its rack,  
It struck her down; no love, no skill could save—  
She died, and there they hollow'd out a grave—  
A giant Baobab there spread around  
Its arms—beneath them in the grassy ground  
They laid her mourning, and one simple prayer  
They spoke above her dust and left her there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again he started forth—a different track  
Enticed his steps—whence sprung the mighty Nile?  
The Nile, whose murmur waves the heart beguile  
With thoughts of ages past, whose fame was told  
In song and tale and many a legend old;  
The Nile, whose shores have been the seat of sway,  
The nurse of Empires, founded, pass'd away;  
The Nile, whose waters rising from their sand  
Have wrapt in plenty the surrounding land.  
Long, long he toil'd, veil'd, as it were, by night,  
His works, his dangers hidden from the sight,

Uncertain, when night-sleep relieved his pain,  
If he should ever wake to life again.  
His countrymen were rack'd by anxious fears,  
Anon, as dead, they mourn'd o'er him in tears ;  
And then hope blossom'd in their hearts, and gave  
Them faith that Heaven would not desert the brave.  
They sent a little band to that far shore  
To raise the curtain which had veil'd him o'er—  
A band determined, brave, and hopeful, nought  
Could turn their faces from the goal they sought ;  
At last, alive, their long-lost friend they found  
Teaching the hoary chiefs that stood around,  
Listening like children to each thrilling word  
That told the tale they ne'er before had heard.

\* \* \* \* \*

The end approach'd at last—disease his brow  
Had lined for three long months, alas ! but now  
It grew more sore ; he felt his death was nigh,  
That he before his task was done must die.  
Too weak to ride—upon the arms of men  
He many weary days was borne, and then  
" Raise me a little hut where I may lie,"  
He said ; " a little hut wherein to die."   
They made it there, and it was rude and rough,  
An Afric hut, and yet it was enough—  
No care of loving friends had had the power  
To stay one moment's space the fatal hour ;  
No drug, however powerful, to say  
To Death " He yet shall live—not thine to-day !" —  
Not his the silken curtains, costly bed,  
A skin sufficed as pillow for his head.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days he lay, and weaker and more weak  
Became, and paler grew his hollow cheek,  
His eye more sunken, ebb'd the living heat,  
The sluggish heart had scarcely power to beat—  
His servant mark'd the change with anxious eye,  
Yet knew not it portended death was nigh ;  
Lamenting bent he o'er his master there,  
Hugg'd hope, though he should more have hugg'd despair,  
And listen'd to the words of grief and pain  
That fell from lips doom'd ne'er to speak again.  
" And is it come to this ? Is death so near ?  
And is it now that, after many a year  
In which my soul had yearn'd it might be free,  
I tread the awful verge of not to be ?  
There was a time I fear'd thee, Death, dread king !  
When it had seem'd to be a fearful thing  
To die and leave the world I loved—but now  
The time has come I do not fear to bow  
My head before thee—No ! why should I dread,  
Who long to rest me with the hidden dead ?

\* \* \* \* \*

My greatest sorrow is, to have no friend  
To close my eyelids, or to soothe my end,  
That I must die, from those I ever loved,  
From relatives and country far removed ;  
In a strange land, a lonely wanderer,  
To find a nameless, fameless sepulchre—  
Ah ! let not that be mine, from these wild plains  
In kindness bear away my poor remains  
Across the sea, though dead, yet let me dwell  
In the same land with those I love so well—  
No more—sleep steals on me to ease my pain—  
God knows if ever I shall wake again."  
He ceased, and slumber closed his weary eyes,  
Sleep spread o'er him its wings, ne'er more to rise.  
His faithful servant knelt beside the bed,  
Arranged the skins that pillow'd up his head,

\* \* \* \* \*

And said " Sleep, sleep ! how pale thou art, how wan !  
Closed is the eye from which such life once shone.  
How pallid is thy cheek, and yet how fair !  
Scarce hath disease left any traces there.

Sleep on, forget the wild world and its sorrow,  
Wake painless, happy, lively on the morrow.  
Forget the country where so long you toil'd,  
Of happiness, and almost life despoil'd ;  
Forget the paths of sorrow thou hast trod  
In leading savage nations to their God.  
Sleep on ! I will not wake thee—I would fain  
I were as thou—oblivion is not pain.  
Now thou art happy in thy slumbers deep ;  
I love thee more than e'en myself, so sleep !  
Feel not the kiss I press upon thy brow—  
Ah God ! how deadly cold—I see all now—  
Where is thy wrist—'tis pulseless—woe is me !  
Thy heart has ceased to beat—it cannot be—  
Dead yet so fair ? No ! no ! and yet it is—  
Alas ! that it should e'er have come to this."  
With eye unmoved he gazed, no tear was there—  
His was the dreadful calm of dark despair—  
He saw his hopes destroy'd, his master lost,  
Yet cared not now for what he loved the most.  
To him no power was left for grief or thought,  
The past was but a dream—the future nought—  
The present no existence had for him,  
He joy'd not, hoped not, every sense was dim.  
Upon a rock he sat, careless, alone,  
Though living, dead, a portion of the stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas midnight and the moonbeams rippled still  
O'er forest, desert, over vale and hill ;  
The night, the calm unstirr'd by sound or breath,  
Was fit companion to despair and death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tolled the loud bells a nation's grief, to-day  
About to mingle with the parent clay—  
Toll'd the loud bells, as in the sounding aisle,  
In mourning and in pomp, reading the while  
The burial service o'er his senseless head,  
They laid him with the great and mighty dead.  
They lower'd his coffin to his glorious grave,  
Down amid all the noble and the brave—  
His last wish was fulfill'd, from Afric's shore  
His faithful servant boy had borne him o'er  
The salt-sea billows ; and his pulseless breast  
Consign'd within a glorious tomb to rest.  
He died alone on desert wilds, removed  
From home and country and the friends he loved—  
'Mid mourners, in the land which gave him birth,  
In pomp and state they laid him in the earth.

L. S. BRISTOWE.

A special number of *The Elizabethan* will be published a few days after the Third Play Night, containing a full account of the Play. There will be two editions, at 1s. and 6d. respectively, the former being illustrated with engravings, &c. All our ordinary subscribers will be entitled to the 1s. edition. The Editor will be glad to receive any suggestions for this number, if sent in promptly. All profits will be devoted to the Testimonial Fund for Ginger, and the names of any new subscribers should be sent in as soon as possible to the Secretary.

No. 1. of *The Elizabethan* is unfortunately out of print. We shall be glad to publish a second edition if a sufficient number of our readers wish for copies; and by making the type used uniform with the later numbers, this edition would be more suitable to be kept with the others. In the meanwhile, we shall be glad to return the full price to any one who has a spare copy, in good preservation. A few copies of Nos. 2 and 3 are still left.

We hope to be able to reduce materially the price of *The Elizabethan* next year. If all who wish to continue their subscriptions, and any new subscribers, will kindly send in their names by Jan. 20th, we shall then be able to fix the subscription.

All correspondence for our next number must be sent in by Jan. 25th; any other contributions by Jan. 20th. Correspondence relating to the Play only will be inserted in the Christmas number, and should be sent in as soon as possible, or by Dec. 15th at the latest.

Contributions for insertion in *The Elizabethan* should be addressed to the Editor; all other correspondence to the Hon. Secretary, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of several School papers. We are much obliged to A. D. for his verses, which we have not room to insert.

P. R. S.—Your contribution will be inserted in our next number.  
H. 2. Your letter is trespassing on forbidden ground.  
Several letters have been omitted from want of space.



## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—I think that at this season, while Athletics still occupy a prominent place in every mind and on every tongue, it will not be out of place to write a few lines on the subject of the election of the committee. A change was this year introduced in the mode of election, and an attempt was made to put down the pernicious custom of canvassing. But this must always exist to a certain extent, and even when each voter is free to follow his natural bent he gives his vote to a candidate, not because he considers him most fit for the post, but because he likes him personally, or what is still worse, because he thinks it his duty as a Granite not to vote for a Rigaudite, or as a Town Boy for a Queen's Scholar. Under these circumstances any change would be for the better. For my part, I think the simplest way would be that all the members should be on the committee *ex officio*. Why should not the Seven (if that mystic number be too venerable to be tampered with) be composed of the Captain, the Head Town Boy, the two first of the cricket and football Elevens, and the head of the Water? Some bye-laws might be arranged to provide for the contingency of any two or more of these coinciding: e.g. if the Captain of the Cricket Eleven be also one of the two first of the Football Eleven, he should count for that in which he first got his pink, and the Captain and Head Town Boy should never count for the eight or either eleven. The only difficulty that I see lies in the question "Who is to effect the change?" but I think that if the Sixth agreed to consider it, and all bound themselves to stand by the opinion of the majority, no one could complain. That the present system is radically bad is certainly the opinion of your humble servant

ALTA PETENS.

\*\* The above letter was intended for our last number, but arrived too late for insertion.—ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—The proposal which I wish to make through the columns of your valuable paper is one which may have occurred to many old and young Westminsters besides myself. I noticed with deep regret in your last number that the College Bookseller, Mr. G. Ginger, is, after a forty years tenure of office, shortly to become a thing of the past. I hope, if no one has already made the proposition, that I may be allowed to suggest to readers of *The Elizabethan* and to the School in general, that we should not allow him to retire without showing him some token of our esteem and appreciation.

I am sure, that both among Old and Present Westminsters the call will be readily responded to, and the scheme adopted under proper management, so that we may not be accused of treating an old friend with coolness, not to say ingratitude. I am, dear Sir, yours,

OXON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have a grievance, you (I presume) have a grievance; we all, in fact, have grievances; but the particular one to which I wish to call the attention of your readers is of unusual magnitude. I allude to the restrictions placed upon the movements of Old Westminsters, in and about College on the Play Nights of last year: not only was the Sanatorium closed against us, but we were also shut out from the lower part of College, a measure which caused us the greatest inconvenience. Surely we might be allowed *this* small privilege, even if the authorities will not give us one more chance of enjoying ourselves noiselessly in the Sanatorium, a concession which would not be abused, but on the contrary be highly appreciated by all Old Westminsters. I have the honour to be, yours very truly,

E PLURIBUS UNUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As the Play is now so close at hand, permit me to say one word with regard to the plan introduced last year, of depriving Old Westminsters of their accustomed privilege of passing through the lower part of College and into the Sanatorium on the nights of the Play. I would be far from defending their behaviour in the past few years, and the disturbance made behind the scenes and on the stage between

the acts, and I thoroughly admit that it was quite necessary to take some steps to prevent it; but I venture to say that the means adopted last year, although very effectual, were somewhat arbitrary, and led to no good result, adding much to the discomfort of young Old Westminsters for whom so small a space is set apart in the Auditorium, and doubtless if continued, will very considerably lessen their numbers at the Play in future years. Let me suggest that the door at the south end of the Dormitory, I mean the "Electio" door should be closed, and none but actors allowed to pass, and the other doors thrown open as before; Old Westminsters would gladly submit to the rule being carried out so far, and would do their best to promote order. At any rate, I trust you will give them one more trial this year. I am, yours truly,

HISTRIO.

\*\* We have received several other letters on this subject, which we have not room to publish.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—I am quite at a loss to conceive why Under-Elections should be proverbially discontented; in fact I think they contrast favourably in this respect with any other portion of the School. I should also like to know what there is unfair in ventilating one's grievances through the medium of a School paper, and why this should be called "whining." Did "An Old Q.S.," before he wrote his very cutting letter, go up fields and inspect the ground he speaks so confidently about? If not, let me inform him that the ground played on by the Under-Elections was *not* on a par with that on which the T.B.B. played, as several members of the Eleven noticed. It certainly is hardly fair that Under Elections, who are almost all in the highest forms of the School should have a *worse* ground than T.B.B. Hoping that you may find room to insert this, I remain

AN UNDER ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—May I call attention to the lowest part of the wire above the College Racquet Court, which is just turned up enough to allow a ball to slip through; whilst the slanting bit of stone underneath the wire leads up to the hole just enough to send any ball hitting it through. Hoping that some improvement may be made in this, I beg to subscribe myself

A BANKRUPT RACQUET PLAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that every applicant for admission into the choir must be able to read music; that, at least with few exceptions, this is the rule. Now I am certain that there are but few boys in the school who can read music, and yet many who have tolerable voices. The effect of the rule therefore is that boys who would be desirable additions to the choir are often excluded. Might not an effort be made on the part of the singing authorities to form a class of boys for the purpose of instructing them to read music? Out of this number, those who were best fitted would be drafted in the choir, for which this class would be the nursery. Yours truly,

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I was greatly surprised that at the distribution of prizes for the Sports, no medal was given as usual to the Victor Ludorum; surely there must have been some mistake. Also it seemed strange that no prizes were given as usual to the successful Old Westminsters. Would any of your readers, or members of the Committee, kindly enlighten me on these subjects? Hoping that you will excuse me for troubling you, I remain, yours, &c.,

AGILIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—Now that a medium has been re-established for those to express their opinions whose forte lies in the pen, might not a medium also be formed for those whose forte lies in the tongue? *The Elizabethan* is a monthly source of much pleasure and profit to all of us, and I venture to think that a Debating Society would secure not less practical benefit. If the boy learns to stand on his legs, and say with confidence what he ought to say, then the man is spared the pain and possible failure which diffidence and self-consciousness inflict upon him when he has to teach himself to speak in public without early preparation. Yours truly,

DEMOSTHENES INFANS.

Floreat.