



The Elizabethan.

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THE RACQUET COURT.

THAT 'ugly bare wall' is, after all, a very good old friend, and to the Westminster has a beauty which no architectural adornment could ever supply. It gets too, or has got in its day, a lot of hard hitting, and its reply is always true if you don't hit that particular round spot under the middle window, in which case all you get is a hollow exclamation of reproach, and the ball falls down with scarce any bounce—presumably the region of the heart—for who will deny a feeling heart to the Racquet Court, however inanimate it seems to our eyes? Much has it 'seen and known' of 'men' (or boys) 'and manners,' (very odd manners too sometimes). It has seen the shortcomings and otherwise of generations of us, yet still remains the same.

Very unlike its neighbour the pavement, for whom, however, we yet have a certain sympathy as the object of reproaches undeserved, the subject of abuse long years before it had attained the irregularity and bumptiousness it now dis-

plays. 'Oh, these courts are awful!' 'You never know where the blick's going,' are a style of remark, we have good reason to believe, anterior in date to any other cause than the player's own awkwardness, and descending from ancient times. In the long run even the lowly pavement has had its revenge on the sons, or sons' sons of its first detractors; and many the knee it has cut and many the ball it has 'dished'; it has been much trampled upon, and has naturally sometimes risen in its own defence, and could we expect otherwise?

When last *The Elizabethan* discussed the subject of racquets, anxiety was expressed that the line should be raised, and this was soon afterwards done with undoubted advantage to players; but now that we have given up the College court which was no doubt the 'wooden' court *par excellence*, and have taken more to the big court, the advantage is less obvious. We cannot help doubting, too, the wisdom of the present rule, which somewhere in the seventies superseded the old—that hitting on to the gravel counts 'out'—for the great court does not present many

difficulties, as did the College, and consequently we should imagine that the addition of the necessity for volleying which the old rule entails would be a welcome one to the game as now played, as calling for a more extensive display of skill; this might well be considered by players.

Another good old rule seems vanishing—that anyone on the small court, be he the smallest boy in the school, once in possession and knocking up could not be turned off by any amount of quantity or quality of his schoolfellows: the strength of the whole eleven would be brought against him in vain. There is a sound of antiquity about it, of the days when possession was nine-tenths of the law; it was always an inestimable boon to the small boy, and should be kept, we think, rigorously untouched.

Another old institution connected with the racquet courts is the Racquet Court Ghost, about whose origin we have heard much discussion. His appearance is annual on the second play night, when the clear ring of the ball on racquet wall and pavement is heard in the dead silence which follows the day's proceedings, and it is very unearthly, as those who have listened to it can testify; but for the last three or four years we have not heard of his having paid his visit to the spot which years ago as a king's scholar he loved, a fact doubtless due to the absence of interest in racquets displayed by the School, which must have been a sore grief to the patriotic soul, but which from the increasing number of racquets which encumber one's path down College and elsewhere, will, we hope, not again give him occasion to stay away.

GENIUS.

ARE there geniuses among us at Westminster? The genius of to-day is so degenerate a creature that it is no easy matter to detect him. There was a time when your genius was expelled for allowing his powers to vent themselves on those other powers whose distinguishing mark is that they 'be,' when your budding Poet Laureate might be known by his fondness for 'flagellating' authorities; but now it is very different. How shall you know him? Where are you to look for him? In the serene and dignified heights of the Sixth and Seventh, sitting as it were sublime 'at the top of the tree,' or laboriously scaling that part of the

trunk where the branches are so very scarce, and the climber finds so little support for his foot—in the Petty?

All geniuses do not distinguish themselves at school; all do not, like a great Old Westminster, write 'readable verses at ten'; indeed, school discipline and the methodical course of school teaching are no favourable atmosphere for them to grow up in. It has been said that if Gibbon had lived to-day he would have been accounted but a poor hand at history. And there is some truth in the cynical paradox. Certainly a school career opens a fairer field to the talented mediocrity than to the real genius. Denied the ordinary channels, the poor genius must find some other way of discovering himself, if not to the world, to the discerning few. Some modest eccentricities of dress, some uncommon hobbies which he rides with ostentatious vehemence—these are the insignia of his birthright.

But a great English genius defined his tribe as 'men whom their friends admire more than they love.' And from this some consolation may be drawn by those who, though they can hate, have the misfortune to be unable to hate well. Are there not some whom we cannot help admiring, but whom, try as we may, we cannot bring ourselves to love? These, following the dictum of Pope, we may continue to dislike with a clear conscience, stilling the lurking scruple that we are unjust in our dislike by mentally esteeming them as geniuses. But we fear the test will not hold water. The untalented misanthrope, too stupid not to admire, naturally unable to love, would people half Westminster in his mind with such geniuses.

But if he is so hard to find, once found he is a joy for ever. You think with a secret satisfaction as you walk with him with what an easy pride you will one day be able to tell your grandchildren of him: 'Know — (Poet Laureate)? Oh, dear me, yes; one of my greatest friends at school!' You think with joy how you are paving your way for an entrance into lives and memoirs of the future great man; how you will be able to creep into fame hanging on his skirts; how, if you cannot be Shelley, at least you can be Mr. Halliday.

Yet your genius has not usually a multitude of friends: his eccentricities of dress will keep away the shallow, his nature the unintellectual. Indeed, the average schoolboy regards a boy who can write poetry as a kind of mild madman, a person to despise if he were not so much

to be pitied. Thus you will see him often alone, for it is but rarely that he can find a kindred spirit.

It is a theme on which there is much to say, but we will stop here; to write more might be to betray that some special person has been in our mind's eye throughout: *ὃ μὴ γένοιτο*.

I.

WESTMINSTER WORTHIES.

No. 25.—JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH.

THIS distinguished naval officer was not the first of his name to receive his education at Westminster. His father had been in College in 1797, and after being elected head to Oxford became in time headmaster as Dr. Edmund Goodenough. This position he held for nine years, and then was appointed to the Deanery of Wells. Before this there had been Samuel Goodenough, Election 1760, who conferred lustre on the School as Bishop of Carlisle, and it was of him that the well-known epigram was written, in reference to a sermon which he preached before the House of Lords:

'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach,
For sure enough, full bad enough
Are those he has to teach.

James Graham Goodenough, the subject of this memoir, was born at Stoke, near Guildford, in Surrey, on December 3, 1830, his father being at that time Canon of Westminster, not having then been appointed to Wells. At the age of 9½ years he was sent to Westminster, and there, as a boy, showed himself what he continued to be as a man—honourable, true, tender-hearted, modest, brave, and a hater of all things evil. We are told that everybody liked him and rejoiced in his successes (and he *was* successful) in school, or on the water, which were extraordinary for so young a boy. He was placed in the third form at the beginning of his school career, and had reached the shell by the end of three years. Little is recorded of his life at school, save that he was involved in one or two fights in 'green,' and that more than once he underwent a flogging for not putting in an appearance at the midday calling of names on an 'early play' day rather than have his long day on the river spoilt.

After an examination very different from that which the naval cadet of to-day has to pass, in 1844 he joined the 'Collingwood.' Here he first applied himself to the study of foreign languages when he was off duty, and the knowledge proved very useful to him in after life. Once, for example, having to verify the nationality of several filibusters, he accomplished it, speaking to them in no less than seven different languages. During the voyage of the 'Collingwood' to Valparaiso and the Sandwich Islands, young Goodenough soon took the lead among his shipmates as the best linguist, first in navigation, in seamanship,

in gunnery, and foremost in all expeditions. After two years in the 'Cyclops' coasting round Africa, he passed into the Royal Naval College and received his lieutenant's commission in 1851. When the Crimean War broke out Lieutenant Goodenough was present in the 'Hastings' at the bombardment of Sveaborg, after which, in command of the gunboat 'Goshawk,' he took his part in the grand naval review at Spithead.

China was his next station, he being first lieutenant of the 'Raleigh,' which ship was wrecked on a reef not marked on the chart, though there was no loss of life. And now came a time of active service for him. In command of a small hired steamer, the 'Hongkong,' he took part in the action of Fatshan, engaging the Chinese junks on the river; then he found employment in chasing the pirates who infested the shores and creeks, and at the taking of Canton and the Taku forts he commanded the field guns and men of H.M.S. 'Calcutta,' becoming, as he says, 'half a soldier.' At the capture of Canton, after the action was over, the humane Goodenough saw one of the enemy, a tall Tartar soldier, enduring extreme agony from a wound in his thigh. Bending over his fallen foe he gently poured the contents of his water bottle down the sufferer's throat, and the poor man's look of gratitude was abundant reward for his self-denial.

On his return from Boston, whither he had been sent on a special mission, Captain Goodenough married, and, by a curious coincidence, soon after was given the command of a ship—the last sea-going three decker—bearing the same name as his wife, 'Victoria.' As an officer he was known as a strict disciplinarian, with a stern sense of duty, coupled, however, with a strong sense of justice; though it will be seen that his severe manner when on duty could be laid aside, and no commander ever loved or cared for those under his charge more than did the Commodore. In appearance he was of middle height, of spare, nervous frame, with a keen, deep-set eye, a firm yet tender mouth, and rather prominent chin. In character he was dauntless, self-sacrificing, resolute, endeavouring always to raise the religious tone and intellectual condition of the men and the younger officers under him. And here is a fitting place to mention the deep religious feeling which all his life actuated him. Not that he often spoke of it or paraded it, but quietly and earnestly he did his duty to God. On shore he would teach in the Sunday school, while on board he had a class for the ship's boys. He attended the Bible-readings which Sir Edward Parry gave in the Haslar Hospital, and, with the chaplain, was instrumental in introducing the Holy Communion on board ship, a thing almost unknown at the time of the Crimean War. Then, too, he took up most warmly the cause of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institutes, then just started, which are so well known now in our seaport and garrison towns, for providing quiet, sensible recreation for sailors and soldiers on leave. He was an early supporter of the temperance cause, not only advocating its claims, but himself becoming a total abstainer, and working

earnestly to stop the sale of spirits aboard. In the same earnest religious spirit he volunteered his services in assisting to distribute food to the starving peasants in the neighbourhood of Sedan during the Franco-German War, and earned the golden opinions of those who inaugurated the fund and those who worked beside him.

And now comes the closing scene in his short life. It was in 1873 that, in command of the 'Pearl,' he took up his post as Commodore of the Australian station. Making Sydney his home, he employed himself in cruising around and framing a report for the Government on the annexation of the Fiji Islands. To this end he travelled from place to place, interviewing native chiefs, inspecting plantations, and ascertaining the capabilities of the country and the disposition of the natives. To show that he did not rashly run into danger, he avoided Nakapu, where Bishop Patteson was killed; but Carlisle Bay, in the Santa Cruz Islands, he was anxious to communicate with. He seems to have had some foreboding of catastrophe, for he finished a letter he was writing before going ashore in a boat with his men. The natives met the boat as it ran ashore, and seemed so friendly that the officers were induced to follow them inland for a short way towards another village. But they had gone a little way only when the order was given to return to the boats. When all were nearly in, a native, not four yards away, drew his bow, and shot the Commodore in the side, and this was the signal for a flight of arrows, by which five men were wounded and he himself was again shot, this time in the head. He drew the arrow out and one of his companions sucked the wound, fearing that the weapon might have been poisoned. When all were in the order was given to fire, but *only with blank cartridge*, to scare the men upon the beach; which done, they landed once more and set fire to the huts, as a mark of their displeasure. When the ship was reached, and the Commodore was seen by the doctor, in less than a week symptoms of tetanus set in, and it was seen that he could not live much longer. They told him he must die, and he replied that he had no fear, but perfect trust in God, and during the severe spasms which shook his poor body he asked them to read the Psalms to him. Not long before the end he called his officers to him, kissed them and said some appropriate words to each, and told them of his love to them. The ship's company he was very anxious to see, saying, 'If I can turn only one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy on board the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it.' He was carried on deck. 'Good-bye,' said he; 'I have lived a happy life; happy in the sense of God's love, the love which God Himself will give you if you trust Him; it will guide all your doings and goings. When you are tempted think of the love of God.' Then he forgave them all, and spoke of those by whom he had met his death, bidding the others not think hardly of them, for they knew not right from wrong. He asked them, before they

carried him back, to say 'God bless you,' which they did, and he then said, 'May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me.' All through the time of his illness his patience, faith, and acceptance of God's will never failed, never a complaint passed his lips, and all his thoughts were for others. On August 20, 1875, in the morning, he woke up from a short sleep, looking a little dazed, and said, 'I have forgotten quite about everything!' then, seeing the Commander standing by, he said, 'Hastings, you will do all that is right,' and so quietly and peacefully passed away. Thus, its voyage done, the soul of the brave mariner passed away from life's troubled sea, to find a sure anchorage in the haven of heavenly rest. He was buried in St. Leonard's Cemetery, Sydney Harbour, and on either side of him lie two sailors who were wounded at the same time, and died like him. Over their grave is a marble cross, with 'Santa Cruz' above, and an inscription setting forth his name and fame, and the manner of his death. The news of his death was received in England with universal regret, and in the course of a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey the Dean (Stanley) spoke of him words such as may fitly close this short memoir of a brave seaman and earnest Christian:—'He rests far away, with other gallant sailors, in the burial-ground of Sydney in Australia. But he, though dead and far away, speaks yet to us here. He tells us by his life what a happy and glorious thing is a good and Christian service of our country and our fellow-creatures. He tells us in his death that it was the great love of God which sustained him in that happy life, and in that agonising but triumphant death. Englishmen! young Englishmen! soldiers! sailors! yet not soldiers, nor sailors, nor young men only, take courage by his example. When you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable; when you are tempted to think lightly of sin or to waste your time in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure, or Christian life—remember Commodore Goodenough, and remember in him self was absorbed in duty, and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory.'

F. C.

School Notes.

THE Commemoration Service is on Monday, Nov. 17, in Abbey, at 8.30 o'clock p.m. The *Conversazione*, Up School will be after the Service is over. The Very Rev. Dean Butler, of Lincoln, will preach.

We beg heartily to congratulate the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon of Westminster, on his appointment to the benefice of Bishop's Auckland, county Durham. This living was presented to him by Bishop Westcott. Mr. Price has always been a good

friend to the School, and everyone will be sorry to hear he is leaving Westminster.

Our congratulations are also due to Archdeacon Farrar, who has been appointed by the Speaker Chaplain to the House of Commons.

Orations were held Up School on Thursday, October 23, and the piece chosen for recitation was Browning's, 'How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.' The competitors were more numerous than usual, and came to about ten. The piece was not easy; Paget was first, and his recitation was spirited enough but hardly tragic enough. Watherston, who was second, lacked spirit, though he was as tragic as one could wish. We are glad to see that orations are exciting more interest and drawing more competitors than last year.

Practices for Commemoration are growing more frequent. The hymn, 'Salvator Mundi Domine,' belonging to the old Order, 'Preces in cubiculo dicendae,' of the Queen's Scholars, is to be sung to a Tallis Chant.

We are much pleased to announce that the Society of Westminster Youths for Bellringing in St. Margaret's Church Tower has been revived. It is an old Society, and we wish it all success and renewed vigour after its temporary decease.

More coats-of-arms are painting Up School. The new ones are only just begun as yet, so we reserve comment on them till our next number. It is hoped that a good many of them will be finished by Commemoration time; they improve the appearance of the Great School immensely, especially by gaslight.

G. G. Phillimore came down to Prayers on Saturday, November 1, to ask for a Late Play in honour of his First Class in Literæ Humaniores.

The exeat began on Friday, November 7, at 12.45 p.m., ending at 9.15 a.m. on Tuesday, Nov. 11.

It may interest some of our readers to know that Vincent Square is not used during the day only. We learn from the *Westminster Times* that 'scis' may be found playing football there at midnight.

It is gratifying to learn that there are more freshmen from Westminster at Oxford this term than from any other Public School.

A scheme is afoot for instituting 'Sixes in Green,' i.e., football ties of six a side, towards the end of this term when there are no more matches. It is an excellent notion, and we hope it may be carried out successfully.

Here is the Football Card for this Term up to date:—

Sat.	Sept. 27	Old Westminsters	Lost 2-8.
"	Oct. 4	Clapham Rovers	Won 4-1.
"	" 11	F. Bickley's XI.	Lost 1-4.
"	" 18	J. P. Paul's XI.	Won 3-1.
"	" 25	Casuals	Lost 2-4.
Wed.	" 29	University Coll., Oxford ...	Drawn 2-2.
Sat.	Nov. 1	Christ Church, Oxford	Lost 1-5.
"	" 8	Crusaders	Scratched.
"	" 15	Lancing Old Boys
Mon.	" 17	Cambridge O.W.W.
(Commemoration Day)			
Sat.	Nov. 22	Old Harrovians
Wed.	" 26	Trinity Coll., Oxon
Sat.	" 29	Royal Engineers.....

Matches played, 7—won, 2; lost, 4; drawn, 1. Goals for, 15; goals against, 25. Matches to play (including next Term) 15.

We omitted in our last number to record that the Junior House matches have been played with the result that Rigauds beat Grants 6-0, and H.B.B. 1-0.

In future we shall have a special column for House News of this kind, if we can get someone to undertake to be correspondent in each House.

THE FIELDS.

FOOTBALL.

THE SCHOOL v. J. P. PAUL'S XI.

Played 'up fields' on Saturday, October 18. Result: The School won by 3-1.

The School were handicapped by Blaker being unable to play, and Hollocombe, though he played well, was no equal substitute. The School's goals were got by Page (2) and Powell (1), and Longhurst was very useful indeed on the right. Wodehouse shot the visitors' goal.

The play of Shearme at back and Guy at half-back deserves mention.

J. P. Paul twisted his leg and had to retire a little after half-time.

Teams:

WESTMINSTER.

H. Langton (goal), J. Shearme and Hollocombe (backs), Sherring, Campbell, Guy (half-backs), Doherty, Powell (left), Page (centre), Barwell, Longhurst, captain (right forwards).

J. P. PAUL'S XI.

Morris (goal), Paul and Crawley (backs), Oliver, Shattock, Thorne (half-backs), Shoubridge, J. P. Paul (left), Wodehouse (centre), Hemmerde, Heath (right).

THE SCHOOL v. CASUALS.

Played 'up fields' on Saturday, October 25. Result: Casuals won by 4-2.

This match was played in the most wretched

weather; it rained most of the afternoon before and during the match. The School team was again without Blaker.

The teams were:

THE SCHOOL.

H. Langton (goal), J. Shearme and G. Hollocombe (backs), F. B. Sherring, G. Campbell, A. W. F. Guy (half-backs), R. F. Doherty, J. O. T. Powell, C. Page, W. T. Barwell, and A. L. Longhurst (forwards).

The visitors went away without leaving their names.

THE SCHOOL *v.* UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Played 'up fields' on Wednesday, October 29. Result: A draw—2-2.

The visitors brought down a strong team, but we ought to have won the match.

Shearme and Powell were best for the School, while Hemmerde was very good at back for the visitors. The School were without Longhurst.

Teams:

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Farquharson (goal), Hemmerde and Cobbett (backs), Sowler, Hartley, and Clayton (half-backs), J. Willett, Gordon, C. Cooper, H. Willett, and Trouncer (forwards).

THE SCHOOL.

A. C. Morris (goal), G. Campbell and J. Shearme (backs), G. Hollocombe, F. B. Sherring, A. W. F. Guy (half-backs), E. A. Gates, W. T. Barwell, C. Page, R. F. Doherty, J. O. T. Powell (forwards).

THE SCHOOL *v.* CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Played 'up fields' on Saturday, November 1. Result: Christ Church won by 5-1.

The visitors, consisting almost entirely of O.W.W., were pretty strong. The School's play fell off greatly soon after half-time, the visitors getting four goals in about a quarter of an hour; towards the end, however, we played up far better.

Page shot our one goal, and G. G. Phillimore got four for the House. Blaker was again playing, and was most valuable at back, while Barwell and Longhurst were good forward. Teams:

CHRIST CHURCH.

A. J. Booker (goal), P. Williamson and H. Metcalfe (backs), W. V. Doherty, G. Littledale, and another (half-backs), E. Palin, A. Maclean, G. G. Phillimore, L. James, A. R. Hurst (forwards).

THE SCHOOL.

A. Morris (goal), H. R. Blaker and J. S. Shearme (backs), A. W. F. Guy, G. Hollocombe, F. B. Sherring (half-backs), A. L. Longhurst, W. T. Barwell, C. Page, E. A. Gates, and J. O. T. Powell (forwards).

GRANTS *v.* UPPER ELECTIONS.

Played 'up fields' on Tuesday, October 4. Result: Upper Elections won by 4-0.

Teams:

GRANTS.

D. Fitzmaurice (goal), G. E. Campbell, E. G. Burton (backs), R. A. Yeld, M. Leake, A. R. Severn (half-backs), E. J. Woodbridge, Stanhope-Jones, J. O. T. Powell, W. T. Barwell, Lambton (forwards).

UPPER ELECTIONS.

A. M. Andrews (goal), A. L. Longhurst, J. S. Shearme (backs), E. H. Cox, F. B. Sherring, R. Balfour (half-backs), P. E. Knapp, D. Shearme, J. H. Alderson, B. E. Strauss, A. C. Nesbitt (forwards).

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE House met on Thursdays, October 9 and 16, to discuss the motion 'That the vulgarity and degeneracy of the present day is the natural result of a too great material civilisation, and that this civilisation is fatal to all artistic development, the only test by which the greatness of a nation can really be measured.'

For the motion G. G. S. GILLET (*Proposer*); E. H. MARSH (*Secunder*); Mr. G. LENOX-CONYNGHAM; D. SHEARME.

Against the motion R. BALFOUR (*Opposer*); J. S. SHEARME; A. L. LONGHURST.

J. S. PHILLIMORE and Mr. J. SARGEAUNT also spoke but did not vote.

The motion was lost by a majority of 9.

The chief characteristic of this motion was the variety of views taken by the different speakers, notably the Proposer and Secunder; the former taking a very high and unworldly view, the latter keeping to the more practical side of the question. The motion was certainly a difficult one to form a decision upon, as each of the three points in it afforded to everyone a chance of treating it in a different way. A very good debate, however, resulted, and we venture to think, had it not been so early in the session, and the shyness of the new members removed, that the House would have heard some more speeches on this ample question. A great improvement, too, was seen in the length of the speeches, the Proposer occupying the attention of the House for five and twenty minutes, while the Opposer, Secunder and J. S. SHEARME divided the remainder of the time on the first night between them. We venture to think that, if this method of speaking fully on a motion be kept up, instead of the short and personal speeches of last year, the Society will be considerably benefited by it, and it will cease to offend those who are so fond of writing and suggesting schemes for its improvement to *The Elizabethan*.

The House met on October 23 and 30 to discuss the motion 'That in the opinion of this House, the English Royal House of Stuart were an utterly con-

temptible and degraded race of princes, as well as the most abandoned and profligate of men.'

For the motion : D. SHEARME (*Proposer*), C. T. AGAR (*Secunder*), L. R. HOLME, R. BALFOUR, J. S. PHILLIMORE.

Against the motion : E. A. GATES (*Opposer*), E. H. MARSH, J. S. SHEARME, Mr. G. LENOX CONYNGHAM.

The speeches for and against this motion, except that of Mr. GATES, showed a careful study of the subject. Most of the speakers dealt separately with each of the kings, and proved their faults and explained their policy. The opinion of the House seemed to incline against the motion, and we were somewhat surprised on taking a division to find that the motion was only carried by a majority of 1. J. S. SHEARME'S speech, in which he poured a torrent of invective on the Proposer, and proved nothing against the motion, was not appreciated by the House, and was severely criticised. The debate was very well sustained throughout, but it seemed to us that there were many members who would speak if it were not such a trouble to get up the subject. We venture to hope that they will get over their objections on this score.

The House then devoted the money in hand to the purchase of a book in which every member on entering the Society should sign his name.

POETRY.

BABYLON.

GUMBLETON ENGLISH VERSE PRIZE COMPOSITION.

There was a goodly plain of fruitful land
Of corn, and wine, and oil ; on either hand
The broad Euphrates stream his waters roll'd,
Enriching all the field ; an hundredfold
The sower gathered in ; and here of old
On either side the river did the sons
Of Accad build them habitations :
Two sister cities joining hand in hand
O'er the dividing stream, on either strand
Temple, and tower, and mart, and arsenal ;
'This, Cadimirra 'Gate of God' they call,
That, 'Seat of the Tree of Life' : thereafter on
Their site uprose a prouder, Babylon.
Which royal Ninus' consort raised there
With mighty walls and towers of strength foursquare :
Euphrates roll'd on his majestic way,
'Twixt vasty piles that caught the light of day
On rich emblazoned roof and portico,
And gazed at their own loveliness below
Reflected in the river's glass and flow.

He was a mighty monarch, whose wise hand
Could well perform what his great spirit plann'd,
And when he went a warfare—such the tale—
The lordly town of Bactra to assail,
He did encounter that proud queen, who fought
Full long against him, and—tho' brought to naught

Her city and her people and laid low—
She, daughter of a goddess Derceto,
Her vanquisher espoused, and when he died
Herself was queen o'er all his empire wide ;
And not unworthy such high heritage,
In battle fearless and in council sage,
Outshone the glories of her lord's emprise ;
And as the comet thro' the amazed skies
Sweeps great and glorious, dimming all the light
Of lesser stars, and ominously bright
Brings plague and battle in his ghastly train
To whelm the world in ruin once again—
E'en so she pass'd in dreadful triumph forth,
Smote those unconquered peoples of the north
Furthest Armenia, and Cilicia's plain ;
Bowed Egypt down before the hurricane
As bows the reed ; from Nile to Indus' flow
With her all-conquering armies did she go ;
Four oceans she had seen ; and men might know
By mountains levelled, valleys raised on high
The road where Queen Semiramis pass'd by :
At her victorious feet the nations bent ;
New cities sprang to birth where'er she went :
'Nature,' she said, 'gave me weak woman's frame,
'Where is the man can put my deeds to shame?'

Yet the proud city that ne'er knew distress,
In ease, and opulence, and carelessness,
Lady of Kingdoms, couched upon her streams—
Euphrates' thousand children, where the steams
Of that fat land and fertile to the sun
Arise like homage to his godhead done—
Drew nigh unto her day. Belshazzar sate
Within his gay and gilded halls of state,
And all the wealth of Araby and Ind
Came to her mighty marts, and not a wind
Of all the winds of heaven that blow, but sped
New treasures, new abundance gather'd
From all the world ; for commerce all was hers,
Privileged to her princely traffickers.
So she was very fearless and secure
And thought for aye a lady to endure.
But Cyrus came—resistless, pitiless
As raging fire, and she that in idlesse
And softest ease had dwelt effeminate
Could not at all avail to stay her fate
Against his Persian warriors fierce and keen—
She bowed, she brake, she fell ; she was no more a queen.
So falls the oak, that grew three centuries
And added branch to branch in canopies,
Enlarged his base, increased his massy frame,
And spread abroad in glory, and became
King of the forest ; yet three hundred years
He flourishes amid his leafy peers,
The pride and marvel of ephemeral man,
Whose fleeting generations wondering scan
The mighty bulk that sees them wax and wane,
Unmoved unbent, in undisturb'd reign ;
And yet three hundred years and slow decay
Begins to work its dark insidious way,
The changeless rule of age he must obey ;
And so his centuries three times three complete,

The ageless winds, with strong, exulting feet,
 Trample him down to earth powerless and effete.
 But yet not all her pride was vanished, for
 What time the Grecian sage—who travelled o'er
 A hundred lands, and saw the ways of men
 And knew their thoughts, and with a golden pen
 Wrote all he saw, and left a speaking page
 To all succeeding time an heritage—
 Came unto Babylon; he marvelled much
 To see her splendours; tho' she was not such
 As she had been, yet she was very fair
 And beautiful: gardens in upper air
 Suspended, wherein every herb and tree
 That blows the wide world over he might see;
 And lofty temples, and wide porticoes
 Of countless pillars, where the sunlight glows
 On carven forms and richest blazonry,
 And those great streams that spread fertility
 O'er all the plain, and by their banks of old
 Hanging their harps, the Jewish exiles told
 Their griefs in saddest plaint their sorrow to unfold.
 On that stout bulwark Queen Nitocris raised
 Indissolubly strong, astonished he gazed:
 And now my muse in melancholy strain
 Proceeds: there is a mound upon the plain,
 A mighty mound, of huge and shapeless bulk;
 Around the lions and the jackals skulk
 In undisturbed possession, for therein,
 For superstitious fear, the Bedouin
 Dares not to pitch his wandering tent; he deems
 It is the haunt of evil spirits; the streams
 Are choked and gone, Euphrates' solemn flood
 Alone divides the plain, for many a road
 Is desolation spread and naught beside.
 Imagination sees her dim descried
 Upon the swelling plain; where, once a bride,
 A widow now, she sits in solitude
 Amid the wilderness desert and rude;
 Daughter of Babylon waste with misery;
 A place of heaps, a wild immensity,
 And not a stone, nor broken shaft thereon,
 Are all that now remain of Queenly Babylon.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I see in the last number of *The Elizabethan*, 'bosky' mentioned as a name for a gown in College. In my time (1871-5) its use was restricted to one's *best* gown, reserved for Sundays, and Election and the Play. Has the use changed? W. H. A. COWELL.—[The use of the word is still restricted to the new gowns which Q.SS. get a little before the Play; but the time when they cease to be 'bosky,' and become 'gowns' is hardly well defined. ED.]

ROGER. Can any one give me any information as to this word beyond that which occurs in an MS.

kept in College and which runs as follows:—July 27, 1603. Item that there shall be such and so many servants as are necessary for that Company, namely, a Butler, a Cook, a Curie, a Scull, and Roger. This is quoted in *Eliz.* vol. iii. p. 275.

CANON'S SIXPENCES. What is the origin of this tax levied by Q.SS. on new Canons? Does the custom of claiming sixpences from every new Canon still remain?

'INTERESTING RELIC.' In *Eliz.* vol. i. p. 215 an account is given of the original challenge sent by Eton to Westminster in 1820. Does this document still exist in College and if not can any one inform me as to what has become of it?

SALISBURY SCHOLARSHIP. N. S. John's College, Cam. What was the origin of this scholarship, and when was it last held by a Westminster? It is mentioned in *Eliz.* vol. iii. p. 264. CAROLUS.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following critique:—

ALAPAE WESTMONASTERIENSES.*

THE authors of this *brochure* may be congratulated on having produced a series of poems which, for fineness of conception and brilliancy of epigram, far surpass any *magnum opus* which it has been our lot to review in these columns; in fact, so subtle is its nature, and so carefully is the genius of the master-minds that wrote it concealed, that it is doubtful whether the little book will meet with the attention its authors would have it receive, not so much from lack of appreciation of its superficial merits (which we feel sure will be fully recognised), as from the unwillingness of a conservative public to welcome a new departure in the field of literature, and discover beneath the apparently commonplace an undercurrent of original thought; and we shall rest content if we, though unsupported, shall have shown in their true light the merits of a production which, if it does not attain the highest standard of excellence, *quâ* poetry, at least challenges attention for its sublimity of purpose and its daring disregards for conventionalities of metre, grammar, and diction.

The first part of the book may be subdivided into epic and satiric poems, in the former of which the style differs as much from that of Homer as the music of Beethoven does from that of Stephen Adams, while the vigour and acrimony of the latter only serve to throw into stronger relief the insipid toadyism of Horace, and the still weaker efforts (by comparison with the 'alapae') of Juvenal in the same direction. Most of the heroes in the poems are so wrapped in antiquity, that not even the authors themselves, with all their daring, have ventured to assign fixed dates, but have contented themselves with the bold statement, 'There was' (obviously borrowed, without

* 'Alapae Westmonasterienses.' Westminster: Women's Printing Society.

acknowledgment, from Aristophanes' ἦν ποτέ), which from our point of view—that of a concise scholar—is to say the least unsatisfactory.

The metre adopted is Hibernian, each poem consisting of five lines, of which the first, second, and fifth are made up of an Ionicus *a majori* and a choriambus, while the third and fourth consist of a choriambus preceded by one or more hypermetric syllables, the whole stanza forming a limericus major. We quote the first poem as a specimen:

There was an old | man in the moon |
Who would really do | nothing but spoon ; |
He made | love to the stars |
But their | prudent mammæ |
Put their foot down on | that very soon. |

There having been some dispute as to whether the first line should or should not be regarded as a hypermetric Archilochus minor—thus : There | was an old | man in the moon |—we take this opportunity of setting the matter at rest once and for all.

Amid such an array of masterpieces it is hard for us to particularise, but No. 1 (quoted above) may be noticed as (if the authors will pardon this comparison) an 'Odyssey' of the Don Juan of antiquity, with a subtle and graceful sidlight tribute to the ascendancy of the chaste goddess Mater Grundia, while the conception of No. 47, dealing with the lower classes (with whom the authors are evidently in sympathy), is so fine that we are tempted to quote it *in extenso*, with the original punctuation:

There was a bold brawny bargee
Who got dreadfully stung by a bee
'Yer horrid young brute, yer'
Said he, 'For the future
I'll always go armed *cap-à-pie*.'

On the surface there does not appear in this much out of the ordinary, but our enlightened mind enables us to perceive the masterly foreshadowing of the civilisation of to-day. What idea could be more sublime than to make a brawny bargee quote French when under strong provocation to give vent to expletives in a more familiar tongue?

No. 51, of the satiric class, is a gem: it depicts, only too faithfully, the terrible scenes enacted daily in our metropolis (concealed, with true satirist's prudence, under the name of Lud). It tells of the husband

'. . . of Lud,
Who murdered his wife in cold blood :
And when asked, 'Where's your wife?'
Said, 'Twas well worth her life
To hear her go down with that thud.'

Space will not permit of further quotations, but we would ask our readers to study carefully No. 42, concerning the Vice (*sic*) Champêtre; No. 62, which deals with the peccadilloes of some students at an educational establishment in the south-west of London; and No. 45, where a startling theory is propounded as to the loquacity of corpses when in a state of torment.

Turning to the humorous part of the book, which our readers will perceive begins after L'Envoi (where,

by the way, a very true word is spoken, we hope not in jest), we find the authors even more in their element. These pieces, though of quite a different style from their predecessors (and probably this fact is in their favour), are really excellent, and one is tempted to express a wish that the book had begun on page 33, or, as the list of contents has it, page 36, keeping of course the masterly title page, which its composers must have found a severe drain on their inventive powers. The authors, with becoming modesty, have concealed their identity under quotations from the classical dictionary (*vide sub litera B. passim*), and have paid a graceful tribute to the shades of Dryden and Cowper by surnaming their offspring Westmonasteriensis.

The book under notice is tastefully got up with more than the usual number of misprints inseparable from a first (and, *Di boni*, last) edition, while the defective punctuation of No. 31, where we read of a gentleman who

. . . practised the oddest behaviour
He danced in the street
Till the kerb hurt his feet
And then fell to cursing the paviour

leads one to imagine that the 'kerb' gave the 'paviour' a sound rating, thus bearing out the truth of Shakespeare's remark that we find 'sermons in stones,' and 'good in everything.' But Shakespeare had not read the 'Alapæ.'—Φ Ψ S-t-d-y R-v-w.

Correspondence.

FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—This being my first letter of the year I must go back some months in my 'news,' and give you a list of the honours gained by O.W.W. in the Final Schools in the summer. G. G. Phillimore got a First in Lit. Hum., R. M. Towers a Second, H. Withers and R. H. Bellairs Thirds, and C. L. Freeman a Fourth. In Law, C. N. Clarke and T. W. Wheeler got Thirds, and P. C. Probyn a Fourth. In History, J. W. Aris got a Second, and P. Dearmer a Third. In Theology, T. E. T. Shore got a Second.

We are very glad to welcome the following O.W. freshmen:—F. V. Eccles, C. A. Phillimore, and H. L. Stephenson, the House Scholars; S. Liberty, P. Williamson, and F. Gilbert, the House Exhibitors; F. J. Maclean (Ch. Ch.), J. A. Willett (Univ.), and V. Francke (Trinity).

J. A. Willett played in the Freshmen's Match, and F. Street and A. R. Hurst in the Seniors' Match. No Oxford O.W. matches have yet been played.

The Club is in a very flourishing condition, and now numbers forty-one members, all our freshmen having joined. As last term, the special club-night is on Thursday.

Apologising for lack of exciting information,

I remain, yours obediently,
BOSPOROS.

Oxford: Oct. 27, 1890.

FROM OUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—In the first place it is my duty to record the names of those O.W.W. who have left the University, and of those who have lately come among us. It will be seen that

owing to a most deplorable preference for Oxford shown by those who have come up to the Universities from Westminster, our numbers here have been reduced. The names of those who have gone down are J. G. Veitch, H. W. Smyth, H. B. Street, J. E. Phillimore (who has by this time departed for India, where we wish him all success), B. P. Hurst, G. P. Stevens, and E. N. Sharpe. It will be almost unnecessary for us to dwell upon the gap made by these departures, more especially by the departure of Veitch and Smyth. Westminsters past and present can realise well enough the immense loss which we, and I may say Association football at Cambridge and the river respectively, sustain. The freshmen from Westminster are R. W. Knox at Caius, W. H. W. Covington and the Hon. A. H. Maitland at Trinity, H. S. L. Davidson at Trinity Hall, and H. C. Scott at Corpus.

The first meeting of Cambridge O.W.W. was held in A. E. Balfour's rooms in Trinity, and I may add that it was not very well attended. A. H. Harrison is now our president, and C. C. Sharpe our secretary. Of business there was not much to do, but it was decided to have scratch fours as usual at the end of this term. Turning to the doings of O.W.W. in the football field, I have not much to record. We have played one match *v.* Old Carthusians, but were beaten 1-4; a match *v.* Trinity Old Harrovians was unfortunately scratched. A. H. Harrison, we regret to hear, has again hurt himself. As to the river, Third Trinity will, I hope, do well in the Fours, which commences on Wednesday, November 5, though I would not go so far as to predict their final success; no Westminster man is rowing in the crew. On Wednesday they row against Clare, and on Thursday against Pembroke, so with ordinary luck they will row in the final, as the other two crews are not very formidable. P. G. Power may be seen every day of the week instilling into a number of Eton and Westminster freshmen the rudiments of the art of rowing, and we hope his labours may bear fruit. I fear I have no other news to bring to the notice of your readers. I will not conclude, however, without expressing a hope that the attendance on Commemoration Day will be large, and that it will be as great a success as it was last year.

Trinity College, Cambridge :
November 1, 1890.

H.B.B. CRICKET.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to see the terrible slackness of most of the H.B.B. To increase the interest in cricket and to bring forward any talent among junior members of the school, Form Matches have been instituted. One would have thought that this would have made fellows wire up, but this does not seem the case.

The Upper Remove twice turned up with only five fellows out of, I believe, eighteen. This Form is the worst offender, but some others are nearly as bad. The head of H.B.B. is, I think, a great deal to blame for this state of affairs, as H.B.B. seem to be able to get leave off station for the most trifling excuses.

Another instance of this slackness is that only six H.B.B. were present on the evenings of the House matches, to see their own house play.

I hope this state of things will not continue next year, as it is very disheartening after taking the trouble to introduce Form matches to find so little interest taken in them. I am sure if this slackness continues we shall never beat Charterhouse again, as Westminster Cricket in future years will have to depend on the fellows who are now in the lower part of the School.

Yours truly,

H. R. BLAKER,
Capt. of Cricket.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—A correspondent who subscribes himself an 'Ex-Member of the Debating Society' has written you a letter which, I think, is open to a good deal of comment.

He is obviously an ex-member of long standing, or at any rate one completely out of touch with the Westminster Debating Society as it is. This is shown by his first suggestion 'that the members should no longer elect into their body every Junior Q.S., simply because he is a Q.S.' Now, Sir, the real fact is that last session, at any rate, there were no T.B.B. wishing to be elected, and the T.B.B. in the Society very rarely condescended to put in an appearance, preferring to say that 'Deb. Soc. is rot,' to trying to improve it. A second reason for the failure—generally speaking—of last year's session was that the President was not severe enough in enforcing the rules preventing a debate from becoming a conversation, and was not ready to take the trouble of seeing that a certain number of speakers could be relied on, or of speaking himself to prevent a debate from languishing. Again, though the debates may have been a failure from the reader of *The Elizabethan's* point of view, I am not prepared to allow that they were a failure from the point of view of members. They frequently excited plenty of interest, and at worst gave members something to think and talk about out of the routine of work and football.

Your correspondent suggested that an Essay Society would be a good substitute, and mentions that though such a change would eliminate oratory, it would substitute lessons in reading. Here again he betrays a lack of local knowledge. Speeches are at present allowed to be read, and apparently, as only the opener would do any reading, the advantages of his system could be obtained by insisting on the proposer reading his speech.

His notion that motions should be given in to a committee of selection strikes me as unobjectionable, though as the usual difficulty is to get more than one motion on the books at a time, the Committee would enjoy as a rule an absolute sinecure.

I am convinced that it would be a mistake to have a master president, as it would increase the shyness of new members, and a master who was strict in enforcing rules would often be placed in a disagreeable position, and besides, it is always possible to get an efficient president in the School.

My own view is that it is quite unworthy of Westminster to abolish its Debating Society because it is for the time being in a bad way, if indeed it is so still; and that keenness on the part of Westminster both in and out of the Society is the only remedy for such a temporary depression.

Any idea of substituting a Society to discuss literary questions, &c., is mistaken, as it is much harder to get members with any knowledge of such subjects, than to get members who can discuss School questions or even politics. And it should be borne in mind that it is more important to learn something about politics than about literature.

With apologies for troubling you with so long a letter,

I remain, your obedient servant,

ANOTHER EX-MEMBER OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY.
Ch. Ch., Oxon.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I read with the greatest astonishment a letter from an Ex-Member of the Debating Society. As a regular frequenter of last year's debates, it is news to me to hear that the Society is on its last legs. Last year's debates were certainly amusing, and an improvement on those of the previous year's. As, however, the reporter never did them justice, I can understand that a reader of *The Elizabethan*, who had no other knowledge of the facts, might easily be deceived. This year again the debates, I should say, are still improving, so that it is much to be regretted that a letter so well calculated to chill the ardour of the more enthusiastic and painstaking members should have found a place in your columns.

It is much to be hoped that the writer will give himself the trouble to ascertain and verify facts, which will certainly induce him to adopt a less despairing view of the Society, and that he will then make use of your columns to undo the harm his letter may have done.

Westminster, Nov. 5, 1890.

J. C. F.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—I wish once more to call attention to a much-discussed subject.

There is absolutely no reason at all why H.B.B. proper, and those who hang up their hats in Ashburnham House, should continue to combine for purposes of cricket and football. The amalgamated Houses consist of far more than a hundred fellows, while neither of the Boarding Houses contain forty. One would have thought that H.B.B. themselves would be the first to desire to struggle for the shield against more equal adversaries.

Surely this change is not beyond the grasp of the Games Committee. It might be a good thing for the Committee to give a sign of life.

Yours,
PEWHIT.

'ALAPAE WESTMONASTERIENSES.'

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—In the first place, a correspondent who addresses you should be able to write English, or else there is always danger of his disgracing the School which produced certain gentlemen he alluded to.

In the second place, he cannot be a reader of *The Elizabethan*, or else he would have seen that in your preceding issue you yourself, so to speak, advertised the publication he now writes to ask you to condemn. He obviously feels a little sore at having bought a work he cannot understand, and a desire to get up a controversy in your columns on what can at best be purely a matter of individual opinion. Possibly as he grows older he may grow wiser. It may interest him, then, to know that the editors have received several requests for a second edition, which they have now under consideration, in which edition he may possibly again figure. At any rate, 'Alapae' compares not unfavourably with the 'Sextus.'

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours,

MISO-DISGUSTED.

P.S.—If 'Disgusted' should inflict another on us, perhaps he will kindly explain this sentence: 'who were evidently of opinion that it was worth giving to the world, for several reviews of it have appeared in the papers;'—though perhaps it would be the lesser evil that an explanation should not be forthcoming.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—To a man of that modesty I pretend to, it cannot but be in some measure distressing, to find his name, so often as controversies do arise, dragg'd into the struggle, and held up by the one side against the other, as if to say they should forbear to shame that School which hath produced John Dryden. The gentleman, whatever his name, who in your last sheet us'd that very way of shewing his adversaries ridiculous, took (let me tell him) a very great freedom with my name and others'; and more than that, with the laws of Grammar, which I must suppose he thinks a School fam'd for Poets may very well shew disregard to.

But since I am (most unwillingly) concern'd, let me say that I saw t'other day a copy of 'Alapae Westmonasteriensis' lying at Mr. Abraham Cowley's; who appear'd so well satisfy'd with them, that he continued a-laughing by the space of half-an-hour, nor could by any means be induced to stay his mirth, and tell us what the matter was: however, I perus'd them, and, if my judgement be anything worth, for the most part perfectly approv'd, being particularly taken with those 'quintains' which have in them somewhat of the acidity and invective, or Attick salt, for the which my own day was renown'd. Such were several of those which treat of natural disadvantages: to me they seem'd almost to have been writ of set purpose upon Jac. Tonson, that very Judas of booksellers; at whom, were he

still living, the venerable Ecclesiastick, who lately rebuk'd his class, might have rail'd with good reason; and one or two which, from the little I perceive of the gentleman's character, should be reckon'd fit to make Mr. Disgusted (I crave pardon) wiser.

The book, Sir, is not to be contemn'd; and I speak but the sense of many of us Manes, when I hope a new impression may very soon issue: since we have but one copy among us, and, though all read with diligence, yet so much of Lethe toucheth us, that we remember not all we would.

Let me subscribe myself, then, a votary of the present Collegiate Muse, and, Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient Servant,
J. DRYDEN.

Given at The Dead Wits' Coffee House,
Elysium.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Is it not time to give up the farce of calling *The Elizabethan* the School paper? Why not frankly call it a College paper? Matters of T.B. interest, it must be admitted, are treated with the scantest of courtesy. For example, the two Shield Matches, which are of much greater interest to Town Boys than the T.B.B. v. Q.S.S. Match, only receive 17 lines between them, while the other comparatively insignificant event receives 21. The bowling analysis also is so curtailed that, out of seven innings, the analysis of only three is given. All the notice that the T.B. Junior House Matches received last term in your College organ was among the School Notes. A few years ago this treatment was not so marked. T.B.B. who don't subscribe are called unpatriotic. It is on their support that the paper, to a large extent, depends. Yet how are their interests consulted? A few years ago, when the insignificant little body of Town Boys ventured to bring out a poor penny pamphlet, as a humble chronicler of School affairs, *The Elizabethan* aroused itself from its lethargy and indulged in the most violent and undignified vituperation. After an existence of but two terms this poor penny inkslinger withdrew. Was it because it was unable to hold its own? Rumour says otherwise.

With the usual apologies,

Believe me, dear Sir, yours,

T.B.

November 2, 1890.

[We consider your complaint unjust. It is based chiefly on one point, that our account of the House Matches was four lines shorter than that of the T.B.B. v. Q.S.S. Match. The House Matches, you say, excite far more interest in the School than that Match. (i.) Now, in each particular House, we have no doubt its own House Match or House Matches excite paramount interest. But we do not believe that the T.B.B. as a whole have this feeling for the House Matches. (ii.) We had intended to publish an account which should gratify the feeling in each several House, an account which was promised us by a T.B. as much interested in them as anyone could be; and only on his failing at the last were we obliged to take the best account we could from the T.B. Cricket Ledger. It is unfortunate, but we fear that some people will always think, however minute an account may be, that their own doings are slighted. We have a plan under consideration for getting some T.B. in such House to supply news for a 'House Column,' in which Junior House Matches and the like would figure. But after all it must be remembered that such things are of very ephemeral interest, and that *The Elizabethan*, being monthly, and professing to be not only a *news*-paper but also a 'historian and mentor,' cannot fill itself with things which can be of no interest in the future.

You say that *The Elizabethan* depends largely on T.B. support. True; but it has also an O.W. subscribers' list of some 200, and are they not to be considered?

The complaint that *The Elizabethan* is a Q.S. paper is usually made at times when T.B.B. do least to help it in the way of contributions. At present we always insert any T.B. productions which are sent in, if they appear eligible, but of course

the Editor must use his judgment, as it would be absurd to put in a contribution which he felt to be unworthy merely because some people might raise a cry that *The Elizabethan* was reserved for Q. SS.

It is not our intention here to discuss the merits of *Westminster Review*. But we challenge you to produce any instance of 'violent and undignified vituperation' of it by *The Elizabethan*. Several letters appeared which no doubt said some sharp things, but how often must it be repeated that the Editor is *not* responsible for the opinions of his correspondents? We hope indeed we shall not draw down on our head the wrath of some patriotic persons for publishing your letter at all.—ED.]

To the Editor of '*The Elizabethan*.'

DEAR SIR,—I wish to make a proposal which I am sure must meet with your approval.

This is, that whenever you print a parody on a piece of poetry which has appeared in *The Elizabethan*, you should reprint the original with the parody.

I think the wisdom of this suggestion is most obvious, for an excellent parody like that signed by 'Creveur,' which is really exceedingly clever, makes absolute nonsense unless it is compared with the original; so that anyone who by chance reads the October number of your paper without having seen the July number would think 'What a fool "Creveur" is,' whereas if he saw 'Reveur's' lines, 'Creveur' would appear in the light of a very witty person.

Yours, &c.,
T. C.

To the Editor of '*The Elizabethan*.'

DEAR SIR,—May I point out that the list of classes obtained by O. W. W. in Final School at Oxford last term as given in your last number is somewhat defective? Besides the names you mention, may be added the following:—

R. H. Bellairs	}	3rd class in Lit. Hum.
C. L. Freeman		
T. E. Teignmouth Shore	}	2nd class in Honour Theology.
C. L. Clark		
T. W. O'Wheeler	}	3rd class in Honour School of Jurisprudence.
P. C. Probyn		
		4th class

I remain, yours truly,
C. E.

Oriel, Oxford:
Oct. 23, 1890.

To the Editor of '*The Elizabethan*.'

DEAR SIR,—As 'wires' have been done away with at Westminster, owing to so many windows having been broken in Little Dean's Yard, I think a very good game could be played

with the ordinary 'wire' racquet and the balls used in 'squash racquets.' These balls could not possibly break windows or anything else, and the game would, I think, become very popular at Westminster, and would very much resemble 'squash racquets' on a large scale. Perhaps the Games Committee would give some small challenge trophy to be competed for annually. Trusting that I have not trespassed too much on your valuable space,

I am, Sir, yours truly,
RALPH.

ERRATA.

Vol. vi. No. 15, p. 173, col. 1, line 26 from bottom of page, for *and managed it*, &c., read *and 'managed it*, &c.

Vol. vi. No. 15, p. 173, col. 1, line 9 from top of page, for *and that he need*, &c., read *and 'that he need*, &c.

Vol. vi. No. 16, p. 189, col. 2, line 21 from bottom of page, for *Dupont* read *Duport*.

NOTICES.

All contributions to the December number of *The Elizabethan* must be sent in to the Editor, St. Peter's College, Westminster, not later than November 25.

All other communications should 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, may be forwarded to A. L. LONGHURST, St. Peter's College, Westminster (*not* addressed to 'The Treasurer'). Post-Office Orders to be made payable at the Broad Sanctuary Post Office, Westminster.

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

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

Contributions can only be inserted if written on one side of the paper only.

Back numbers of *The Elizabethan* may be had from the Secretary, at 6d. each.

A few copies of the 'cast' of the 'Andria' are still to be had from the Captain, St. Peter's College, Westminster, at 3s. 6d. each.

Moreat.