



The Elizabethan.

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WESTMINSTER IN THE COUNTRY.

WESTMINSTER stands now at a momentous crisis in its history. Never, perhaps, have the supporters of its removal into the country been so numerous or so active. The arguments which are urged in favour of such a step are the same as ever. The unhealthiness of our present position, the increased space which would be at our disposal in the country, the use which might be made of the money which, according to some, would be realised by the sale of our school-buildings, and the ill-success of the School in its present site, as displayed by its 'decreasing' numbers, are all strongly insisted on by those who wish to see Westminster follow the example of Charterhouse, and migrate to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Such is, when fully stated, the case on which those active well-wishers of Westminster, whose sentiments find expression in *The Athenæum*, *St. James's Gazette*, and *The New Quarterly*, base their demand for the

removal of the School. The present site of Westminster is said to be unhealthy, as it very probably was in the days when at high tide Westminster Hall was frequently flooded; but since the present Houses of Parliament have been built the sanitary condition of the houses round the Abbey has undergone a considerable change for the better. During the last ten years there have been few serious illnesses at the School, and when such is the case we have no right to complain of our present quarters on the ground of unhealthiness.

A more real argument in favour of the proposed change lies in the promised increase of space for recreation. This the country would afford us; but even the institution of a Rifle Corps, a bathing place, and paper-chases would scarcely compensate us for the loss of water which would almost necessarily follow the removal. There would be the more cause to regret such a loss, since through the additional facilities for practice so liberally supplied to us by the Elizabethan Club, our boating prospects have considerably improved within late years,

and a Westminster four has made a fairly successful first appearance at Henley. Cricket and football would flourish perhaps better (?) in the country than in London, and we might rejoice in the enjoyment of a larger number of racket-courts. This, perhaps, is the only argument which can be allowed any weight in favour of the proposed change, since the sum of money derived from the sale of the school buildings will never exist save in the imagination of some who wish to see the School removed; for if the removal were carried out we should, *ipso facto*, forfeit all claim to the possession of those buildings. Nor is the argument drawn from the 'decreasing numbers' of the School of more weight. At Christmas, 1876, there were 193 boys under tuition here; at Christmas, 1877, 197; and at Christmas, 1878, 207. By Christmas, 1879, the number had increased to 215, and by last Christmas, to 227, thus showing a gain of 34 within four years, not to mention the numerous applications for admission which have been refused owing to lack of space.

'Against these arguments,' say the advocates of the removal, 'only sentimental considerations can be urged.' But in such a case as this sentimental objections must be allowed some weight. To move into the country would be to sever the School from the Abbey, with which it has been connected since its foundation. Few Westminsters, past or present, but would be sorry to lose the Abbey; and with the Abbey the School would lose most of those special customs which, for better or for worse, make Westminster boys what they are. The Play could never flourish in the country, and it is quite possible that College itself would not long survive the Play. The propinquity of St. Stephen's and Westminster Hall has afforded to all, and especially to the Queen's Scholars, considerable instruction and amusement, and these advantages would be lost for ever when the threatened removal is carried out. The result of such a step would be the abolition of Westminster, and the foundation with its endowments of a school somewhere in the country having nothing but its name in common with the Westminster of to-day. Such a college might call itself Westminster, but it would bear no resemblance to the School which produced John Locke and John Dryden, Ben Johnson and Warren Hastings.

If Westminster were turned into a day-school its identity would not indeed be totally destroyed. Still a certain nucleus of boarders is absolutely indispensable for the maintenance of that *esprit de corps* which ought to exist in a

public school. Our little bark is now sailing over troubled waters. Certain periodicals seldom appear without containing some jeer at the present state of Westminster. It therefore the more behoves all Westminsters, past and present, to stand firmly, shoulder to shoulder, and fight the battle of their School; and it is the duty of every one of them to take care that their conduct is in all respects worthy of the School where Busby once exercised his despotic sway, of the School to which England owes the verses of Cowper and Dryden and the philosophy of Locke, the judicial ability of Lord Mansfield, and the political ability of Lord John Russell, and, in a more substantial sense, the reform of her coinage and the consolidation of her Indian Empire.

'OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

No. XII.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE descendant of what was originally a Huntingdonshire family, but more immediately of one settled in Northamptonshire, the famous poet whose name figures at the head of this notice, and is carved (it is said by his own hand) on one of the old forms in use in my Westminster days, was born at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, in the county of Northampton, in 1631 or 1632, his father being Erasmus, the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Baronet, of Canons Ashby.

Dryden received his earlier education at Titchmarsh, or Titchmersh, as it is spelt by some authorities, and removed to the great School, to the glory of which his fame has so much added, when he was about eleven years of age.

Busby was Dryden's head-master, and loyal Robert South must have been one of his schoolfellows.

'King's Scholar' Dryden has not left much to remember him by as a 'Westminster,' except his handiwork upon the form and a poem he composed on the death of Lord Hastings. In 1650 he proceeded to the University, being elected to Trinity College, Cambridge. He did not distinguish himself; at least, there is no evidence to the fact of his having attained any distinction at Cambridge; and we may dismiss his student's career with a quotation of what he noted at the end of the Third Satire of Persius—'I remember I translated this Satire when I was a King's Scholar at Westminster School, for a Thursday night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.'

Of the affectionate feeling he always maintained with regard to his old school, there is powerful evi-

dence in those letters addressed by him to Busby, which are to be found in 'Nichol's Illustrations of the Literary History of the 17th-18th centuries.' Derrick, in his biography of Dryden, asserts that the famous poet was an Anabaptist: and Dr. Johnson remarks that he was inclined to partially believe such to have been the case. In January, 1653-4, he was admitted to the degree of B.A., and in the following May his father's death caused him to leave the University for a short time. Derrick tells us that Dryden was left an estate of two hundred a year by his father, but another authority informs us that young Dryden's property was but some 186 acres of land, let for sixty pounds per annum, and charged with a payment of twenty pounds a year to his mother. Most probably the latter was nearer the mark than the former, for we are told that, although not improvident, yet he always suffered from the distress of poverty.

In 1657 he left Cambridge and went to London to live.

In a note to Dr. Johnson's memoir of Dryden we find it stated that his degree of M.A. dated from 1657; but elsewhere we read that he became Master of Arts by virtue of a dispensation from Archbishop Sheldon, on the 16th of June, 1668.

In 1658 Dryden took the opportunity afforded by the death of Cromwell to make his first bid for public fame, by issuing 'Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector'—an effort that gained for its author no slight praise. The next great change in the administration of English affairs caused as great a change in the mind of our poet, whose pen promptly wrote lines of welcome to the new star. These lines were entitled 'Astrea Redux: A Poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second,' and later in the year he added to this specimen of his loyal poetry another poem of rejoicing in the Restoration.

It would be quite impossible to deal with the numerous effusions—the offspring of Dryden's genius—at any length within the confined limits of this article; it must suffice to touch upon those by which his reputation was chiefly promoted.

The date of the exhibition of his first play has not been clearly fixed: it was a comedy entitled 'The Wild Gallant,' and did not win the unmixed approbation of the public.

In 1664 the 'Rival Ladies' was published—his first attempt at dramatic rhyme, adopted by Dryden in order to please the expressed taste of the King for that kind of writing.

'Annus Mirabilis,' one of Dryden's most celebrated works, written in quatrains, heroic stanzas of four lines, was published in 1667. The measure of quatrains was copied from Davenant's 'Gondibert,' and the poet declared his opinion that as this measure was the most majestic, so also was it the most difficult to attain with success.

On the 18th of August, 1670, he was appointed Poet Laureate, but his patent was antedated to the time of the death of Sir William D'Avenant (whom he succeeded), which occurred in 1668; and the two

years' salary was also allowed him. The wages of this honourable office, it may be noted, were one hundred pounds and a tierce of wine a year. In the preface to 'An Evening's Lore, or the Mock Astrologer—a Comedy,' published in 1671, Dryden states his opinion of the great English dramatists, and observes that the plots used by Shakespeare were to be found in the hundred novels of Cinthio, those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish stories, and that only Johnson composed his own plots.

In 1678 appeared 'All for Love, or the World Well Lost,' a tragedy based upon the story of Anthony and Cleopatra. This, he says, was the only play he wrote for himself—the rest being for the people.

Of it Doctor Johnson writes: 'It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that by admitting the romantic omnipotence of love, he has recommended as laudable and worthy of imitation that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.'

The prologue and epilogue of the play to which we have been alluding are noteworthy for their elegance and spirit.

In 1690 was presented 'Don Sebastian,' which is held to be, if not the best, the second best of Dryden's dramatic productions.

It 'drew' the public for some time, but is too long to be acted all at once. Dryden was the author of some eight-and-twenty dramas. The reward for the labour spent upon these was not considerable.

A play, we are told, seldom returned more than one hundred pounds to Dryden's exchequer. His prologues were considered so excellent that, unless his verses preceded a play, it was not esteemed likely to succeed. Yet Dryden's prologues fetched but from two to three guineas apiece.

In 1678 he published six complete plays, but his rule was to produce four in the year.

As a dramatist he had his foes as well as his friends. Among his enemies the two foremost in every sense were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, who charged him with plagiarism. He gave no emphatic denial to this, but it was an accusation that, nevertheless, vexed him exceedingly, and made him show a good deal of temper. In spite of his enemies, Dryden made so great a reputation for himself, that in time few authors hoping for success would venture to launch their works without obtaining the assistance of a contribution in some form from Dryden's pen.

In 1681 was published that famous satire of Dryden's, 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

This was written against the party headed by the Duke of Monmouth, and in it are combined poetry, politics, and personal satire.

The sale of this work was large, and the interest excited by it was in excess of that caused by the trial of Sacheverell, with which popular excitement it has been compared.

Dryden must have had an elastic conscience and mind. We have seen how he changed with the times in the matter of the Government; and when James the Second came to the throne we find it noted that Dryden arrived at the conclusion that he was a Roman Catholic, and accordingly he announced a change in his religious professions.

In order to further the Catholic Church interests in England, Dryden was engaged to translate and publish, with a copious preface, Maimbourg's 'History of the League.' The 'Life of Francis Xavier' in English is also ascribed to the Laureate. He wrote the poem of 'The Hind and Panther,' for the purposes of his new faith; the *Hind* being an allegorical representative of the Church of Rome, defending itself against the attacks of the *Panther*, representing the Church of England.

When the *Revolution* occurred, poor Dryden had reason to regret having transferred his religious allegiance to the Church of Rome. The salary of Poet Laureate was taken from him and handed over to his old enemy Shadwell; but, it is said, Lord Dorset, who, as Chamberlain, had to perform the office of ejecting Dryden from the Laureateship, gave him, from his own purse, the same allowance as that he had enjoyed when in possession of the Laurel.

The deposed Laureate criticised his rival's appointment, in the extremely satirical lines of the poem called 'Mac Flecknoe,' which formed the framework of the 'Dunciad,' as Pope has admitted.

Dryden wrote but one piece for the stage during the reign of the second James: that solitary example of his dramatic genius was 'Albion and Albanus.' In 1693 he gave to the public a translation of Juvenal's 1st, 3rd, 6th, 10th, and 16th Satires, and of the whole of 'Persius.'

Two months of 1694 were devoted to the turning into English prose of 'Fresnoy's Art of Painting.' In the same year he commenced the most laborious of all his tasks, the translation of Virgil, and this work, when completed in 1697, he dedicated in three divisions to three important personages, viz., the Pastorals to Lord Clifford, the Georgics to Lord Chesterfield, and the *Æneid* to Lord Mulgrave. His life was now drawing to a close, but before the end came he published his 'Fables.'

For three hundred pounds he had agreed to write ten thousand verses.

The 'Fables' contains poems originating from Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale,' 'Palamon and Areite,' also the 'Cock and the Fox; or the Tale of the Nun's Priest,' 'The Flower and the Leaf; or the Lady in the Arbour,' 'A Vision,' 'The Wife of Bath, Her Tale,' and 'The Character of a Good Parson.' Among Dryden's translations we should mention those from Ovid, Theocritus, Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Boccaccio. Dryden was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and had three sons, Charles, who was Usher of the Palace to Pope Clement the Eleventh, and was drowned in 1704 in attempting to swim across the Thames at Windsor; John, the author of a comedy, who died at Rome,

and Henry, who entered into a religious order, all three being members of the Church of Rome.

On the 1st of May, 1701, the famous Poet Laureate and historiographer died at his house in Soho, No. 43 Gerrard Street, an abode made all the more celebrated as that of the great Burke.

For ten days his body lay in state at the College of Physicians, where a Latin oration was delivered by Doctor Garth, and 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' the last Ode of the Third Book of Horace, sung. He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, long time after his death, by the Duke of Buckingham, bearing the simple inscription 'Dryden,' which tablet was in 1731 added to by a bust presented by the Duchess of Buckingham. Congreve, who was very intimate with Dryden, says that he was 'of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. He was of a very easy, of very pleasing access, but diffident in his advances to others; he abhorred intrusion into any society. He was very modest. As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of everything that he had read.' Others do not write of him with such kindness as Congreve; but we have only quoted those points dealt with by that famous writer which do not seem to have been so much challenged as other characteristics by other critics.

Dryden seems to have had a strong animosity to the clergy, and various reasons have been assigned, which need not be dilated upon.

Dr. Johnson says: 'Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition.'

Again, to quote the Doctor's opinion of this famous man: 'It cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. Every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth.'

Pope, whose reputation as a poet is itself so high as to constitute him one of the first among critics on the abilities of others, declared that from Dryden's works he could select 'better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply.'

Harrow points with pride to *Byron*, but *England* will never cease to remember among the greatest of her poets the name that is engraven on the old form at Westminster, the name dear to all 'Westminsters'.—*Dryden*.

We will conclude our imperfect notice with a quotation from the outpourings of one of the greatest of England's pens:

'Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To Dryden we owe the improvement, perhaps the

completion, of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught "sapere et fari"—to think naturally and express forcibly.

'Though Davies has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that Dryden was the first who joined argument with poetry.

'He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty.

'What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden—"Lateritiam invenit : marmoream reliquit."'

THE PANCAKE 'GREEZE.'

WE read in an old number of *The Elizabethan* an account of the 'greeze' when the pancake fell in the centre of the school room, instead of pitching in the midst of forms and horse-shoes as it has done of late years. We sigh for those happy times, but can scarcely realise them; and although every year we come up to the bar with hopes of a thoroughly honest 'greeze,' we seem to be doomed to disappointment.

This year, Shrove Tuesday, with its usual associations of pancakes, and our most thoroughly Westminster custom of a 'greeze,' came somewhat later than usual, and fell precisely on St. David's day, on which Sir Watkin Wynn paid his annual visit to the School. In honour of our celebrated Old Westminster's visit we obtained, as usual, an early play, and the pancake was tossed sooner than usual. After the monitor had read prayers, the usual tokens of a 'greeze' were seen—Q.SS. taking off their gowns and divesting themselves of their watches; whilst all who intended to stay for the 'greeze' were standing in expectation below the bar—not without certain exclamations of impatience at the cook for his delay. That worthy official had perhaps a certain qualm about appearing, if he remembered the fate of a predecessor of his who was 'booked' for having failed to throw the pancake over the bar; nevertheless, owing to the kind exertions of Dr. Scott he was finally induced to make his way up school. He entered amid a general hum, with the ordinary insignia of office, preceded by the beadle, and took his stand beneath the bar in silence. The pancake came flying right over it, but unfortunately not in the centre of the school-room; it fell between Mr. Robinson's and Mr. Marklove's horse-shoes, to which there was a general rush, and the whole form was soon a seething mass of struggling bodies, amongst which a spectator (who perhaps did not like the look of the 'greeze') might perceive well-known faces rise and fall; for

Now backward and now forward
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see the pancake,
And none wist where it lay.

After several minutes of shouting and struggling the 'greeze' dissolved of itself, and those who were in the centre and suspected of having the pancake were allowed to emerge with their clothes torn and their hair dishevelled. It was then found that the pancake had been first seized and held for a short time by H. G. Gwinner, who was able also to carry off about half as a trophy; the rest was broken into tiny fragments, with which their owners paraded in the highest glee. One remarkable fact deserves especial notice in our record of the 'greeze' of 1881, namely, that although the pancake fell in the middle of the forms nothing was broken; not even a desk was pulled up, as is usually the case; and fortunately no one was hurt.

The origin of this custom, and the name itself, is wrapt in mystery. *The Elizabethan* has already had to record the fruitless search of etymologists on the subject of the word 'greeze,' and this time-honoured custom is equally obscure. We therefore pass over the elaborate comments made on the subject by Herodotus, and the dark allusions, and will briefly trouble our readers with a short passage from Sir John Mandeville, which, for the sake of our readers, we spell in a more Christian fashion:

'On a certaine daye of the yere, all the boyes of this parte of the countrie do collect themselves in a large room to celebrate the following religious custome. A prieste dressed in pure white, with a man holding a certaine silver wand in front, marcheth slowly to the middle of the temple, and hurleth a holy cake or flip-jack over an iron barre that runneth across the temple, and all the boyes and partakers of this curiose ceremonie do rush zealouslie after the pancake (for so the people call it), desiring to touch thereof, since it worketh certaine marvellous cures, and the ignorante do believe it is good for divers sicknesses: wherefore if one of them can get the cake whole he is publicly rewarded, and the king giveth him a donation; because thereby are many cured. But it often happens, I was told, that these foolish people, in their eagerness for the reward, do tear it into many small fragments, and thus it is lost and spoiled.'

Our friend Sir John Mandeville seems to have drawn considerably on his imagination in the last part of his description, and in spite of all this fund of knowledge we have not arrived at the origin of the custom. There can be little doubt that the throwing the pancake in the air and over the bar has some reference to the mode of turning that luxury when it is half cooked; but why that should necessitate a scramble for it we cannot guess.

We may as well remark that the cook gets a sovereign if he is successful in his throw; but on a certain occasion, as we mentioned above, after three failures, the cook was obliged to withdraw down school without any 'greeze,' and was accordingly pelted with books by the fellows, who were cheated out of their lawful amusement; but he turned on the nearest of his opponents and hurled the frying-pan at him, and cut his forehead open; the injured boy, however, obtained

leave to keep the pan as a memorial, and was probably rather satisfied than otherwise at the result of that year's 'greeze.' More recently the pancake was carried off by R. W. S. Vidal, in 1872, and in 1879 C. Campbell held his own in spite of a furious struggle which lasted for almost a quarter of an hour in the middle of the forms. Last year O. Scoones was kindly presented with the sovereign by the Dean, although he was not successful enough to present it whole.

We hope it will soon be our task to add another winner of the pancake to the list, which is at present very small. We hope, at least, never to have to record any accident during the 'greeze' in the shape of broken bones, or any bodily injury sustained; for the head-master has told us that it would at once necessitate the abolition of this time-honoured custom, which we like to fancy is a venerable relique in the nineteenth century of Westminster's palmy days; and we may be forgiven if we imagine to ourselves that long ago Warren Hastings and Dryden enjoyed their 'greeze' with as much relish as we all do nowadays.

School Notes.

We have to acknowledge, and apologise for, an error in our last number. We stated that Mr. Hammond was engaged at the time of his death in maturing a plan for transforming Westminster into a day school: our authority for which was *The Globe*. We have since learned that the statement was utterly without foundation, and we greatly regret having been deceived into inserting in our columns an assertion which was such, both for our own sakes and that of others.

The 2nd Latin Prose Prize was awarded to J. B. Hodge, and the Second Greek Iambics to W. C. Dale.

On Wednesday, March 9th, Mr. R. H. Scott, Secretary of the Meteorological Office, kindly came down and gave us a most interesting lecture upon the distribution of temperature.

The Theses for the Election Epigrams for this year are: 'Audentior ito,' and 'Mira, sed acta.'

The Racket Ties will shortly be played. By the bye, *à propos* of rackets, we wonder why the authorities do not interfere and raise the line some ten feet or so for woodens. As we play wooden rackets, it is a mere farce to have a low line, since, if the ball is hit only a little way over the line, no one ever counts his advantage thus gained. The raising of the line would certainly make better games.

We give a list of our matches played this Term and last:

Matches played, 21; won, 9; lost, 9; drawn, 3.

		Played on
XI. v. XXII.	won 3-0	Wed., Sept. 29.
The School v. P. G. L. Webb's XI.	won 3-1	Sat., Oct. 16.
„ v. South Norwood.	won 3-1	Wed., Oct. 20.
„ v. Remnants	lost 0-2	Thurs., Oct. 28.
„ v. Sandhurst, R.M.C.	lost 1-2	Sat., Oct. 30.
„ v. Old Wykehamists	drawn 1-1	Wed., Nov. 3.
„ v. Upton Park	lost 0-4	Sat., Nov. 6.
„ v. Old Carthusians	lost 0-1	Wed., Nov. 10.
„ v. Clapham Rovers	won 3-1	Sat., Nov. 13.
„ v. Wanderers	won 1-0	Wed., Nov. 17.
„ v. Casuals	lost 2-3	Wed., Nov. 24.
„ v. Royal Engineers	lost 0-3	Sat., Nov. 27.
„ v. South Norwood	won 7-2	Wed., Feb. 2.
„ v. Old Harrovians	drawn 3-3	Sat., Feb. 5.
„ v. Casuals	drawn 2-2	Wed., Feb. 9.
„ v. Wanderers	won 1-0	Sat., Feb. 12.
„ v. Clapham Rovers	lost 0-5	Wed., Feb. 16.
„ v. Old Carthusians	won 4-1	Sat., Feb. 19.
„ v. Charterhouse School	lost 2-3	Sat., Feb. 26.
„ v. R.M.C. Sandhurst.	lost 0-3	Sat., March 5.
„ v. Old Westminsters	won 7-1	Wed., March 9.

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Goals kicked for the School by Bury (17), Stephenson (9), Ingram (8), Bain (3), Scoones (2), Burrige (1), Morison (1), Higgins (1), and Wilson kicked one against his own side in the South Norwood match.

FOOTBALL.

T.B.B. v. Q.SS.—On Wednesday, March 23rd, the T.B. and Q.S. match came off up-fields, and for the first time since 1865 resulted in a victory for the T.B.B., and that a most decisive one. On behalf of the vanquished it may, however, be said that they were deprived just at the last of one of their best forwards, F. W. Bain, the loss of whose services they could ill afford; and, besides, their opponents were playing all the backs who represented us at Charterhouse. The ground was in good condition, but an unpleasant wind was blowing at an angle across the ground, which doubtless accounts for the frequency with which the ball passed the touch-line, and the extraordinary number of hands that characterised the game. Burrige won the toss for the T.B.B., and elected to play against the wind. The ball was kicked off by Stephenson about twenty minutes past three, and first visited the T.B. end, where two unproductive corner kicks were obtained. The T.B.B. retaliated, and for some time the game was very evenly contested; but at last Burrige, who had been making several determined attacks on the right, ran the ball down, and made a brilliant but somewhat lucky shot from the corner, which passed just beneath the tape. Both sides renewed their efforts, and the ball travelled from end to end with the result of several unsuccessful corners and shots. Presently a combined advance of the T.B. forwards enabled Crowdy to put the ball neatly through the posts (2-0). The Q.SS. tried hard to recover their lost ground, and Bury, Stephenson,

and Scoones several times carried the ball into the vicinity of the T.B. goals, and were more than once within an ace of scoring. All was, however, in vain, for the opposing backs were equal to every emergency, and the forwards made no less energetic reprisals, which were a third time crowned with success by a well-put shot from the foot of Ingram (3-0). After half-time, as the wind was now in favour of the T.B.B., the gravest fears were entertained by the partisans of the Q.S.S. as to the result; but, rather contrary to expectation, the latter, with a courage begotten of despair, made a much better fight of it, and, indeed rather pressed their opponents the greater part of the time. Bury and Lewin at once took the ball into the T.B. quarters, well backed up by the sides, but were repulsed by Squire and the half-backs. Good runs were made by Burrige, Crowdy, and Benbow for the T.B.B., and by Bury and Scoones for the Q.S.S., and shots on either side were well stopped by the respective goal-keepers. But fortune once more favoured the T.B.B., and a fourth goal was cleverly secured by Jenner. The Q.S. forwards made still more strenuous exertions in some measure to retrieve the day, but the resistance was too strong, and, though once or twice they succeeded in breaking through the backs, no actual advantage was obtained. Squire's pace and ubiquity were invaluable, and Rogers and Bird were useful behind for the other side. In the last few minutes the T.B. forwards made a dangerous attempt to increase their score, but the Q.S.S. succeeded in warding off any further disaster, and the game remained 4-0 when time was called. The sides were :

T.B.B.

W. A. Burrige (captain), R. T. Squire (back), R. C. Batley, E. C. Frere, and H. Fulcher (half-backs); C. Ingram, C. W. Crowdy, A. C. W. Jenner, W. L. Benbow, F. T. Higgins, and H. Wetton (goals).

Q.S.S.

G. Stephenson (captain), W. Bury, O. Scoones, F. E. Lewin, H. Waterfield, H. C. Peck, S. Bird, and R. H. Coke (backs); E. T. H. Brandon and A. S. L. Rogers (half-backs); W. C. Dale (goal).

THE OLD WESTMINSTERS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

THE Old Westminsters' Football Club, which came into existence last October, having completed the first season of its career, we purpose very briefly to review the steps of its progress. After the Athletic Sports, an impromptu meeting of O.W.'s was collected in the bat-room, and a provisional committee chosen for the purpose of organising a Football Club. The first thing needful was to collect the names of those who were willing to be enrolled, and with this in view a circular was issued to a large number of members of the Elizabethan Club, which informed them that at their next monthly dinner a statement would be made

to them with reference to the new Club, and their sympathies sought for the project. Subsequently Mr. Vaux presided at a meeting held by his permission in the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, at which the rules of the Club were discussed and sanctioned, and a Committee elected as follows :

<i>President</i>	Rev. R. W. Sealey-Vidal.
<i>Hon. Sec. and Treasurer</i>	P. G. L. Webb.
<i>Assistant Sec. for Oxford</i>	W. Clifford Aston.
<i>Assistant Sec. for Cambridge</i>	H. C. Benbow.
E. H. Alington.	C. W. Stephenson.
N. C. Bailey .	E. Waddington.
F. D. Crowdy.	J. H. Williams.
W. S. Rawson.	Capt. of School XI.

Of these no less than five were in their school days Captains of the Eleven, and all the others were prominent players. Of the rules we need only remark that the annual subscription is fixed at five shillings, with no entrance fee, and that present Westminsters are 'accepted as honorary members,' or, in other words, are allowed to play for the Club when required. Although the season had begun before the Club was as much as thought of, the Secretary contrived to arrange fourteen matches, all against first-rate clubs, which were played with the following results :

		Goals won.	Goals lost.
Nov. 6.	v. Clapham Rovers	2	2
" 10.	v. Oxford	0	2
" 20.	v. Old Foresters	1	0
Dec. 11.	v. Old Harrovians	9	0
" 15.	v. Old Wykehamists	0	1
" 17.	v. Westminster	3	1
" 18.	v. Old Carthusians	1	2
Jan. 1.	v. Upton Park	0	2
" 29.	v. Royal Engineers, not played	owing to weather.	
Feb. 5.	v. Charterhouse	0	3
" 12.	v. Barnes	2	4
" 19.	v. Cambridge	0	2
" 26.	v. Oxford	0	0
March 9.	v. Westminster	1	7

Thus out of thirteen matches played, three were won, two drawn, and eight lost, while nineteen goals were kicked for, and twenty-six against the Club. These figures are not so discouraging as they seem, if it is remembered that the conduct of a club, during its first season, is obliged to be to some extent experimental. Players have first to be collected, and then sifted. Some, who were heroes at school, have now lost part of their cunning; others, then held in small account, have grown to be towers of strength. Again, several good players were already pledged to play during the season for other clubs, from which, it is confidently hoped, that next year they will secede to the O.W.'s. And yet, again, many of the matches, fixed in a hurry, had to be played off at such short notice, that it was hard to find efficient O.W.'s who were not already engaged elsewhere. These and similar causes have combined to rob the Club of the success it might otherwise have obtained. But in the coming season, with these defects remedied, we shall look for more striking results, and indeed we have reason to know that great efforts are being made to secure a victorious season. One source of weakness was the fact that the best players were congregated, not in

London, where the matches were mostly played, but at Oxford, and it is satisfactory to hear that two or three of these will next year be resident in London, and therefore available for all matches played in the vicinity. But enough of apology. In spite of all drawbacks, the past season has not been barren of success. The very first match resulted in a draw with the Clapham Rovers, who then held the Association Challenge Cup. The match with the Old Harrovians was a signal triumph, and the magnificent play of the president made one regret that his clerical duties allowed him so rarely to show the enemy what was once meant by Westminster 'dribbling.' The return match with Oxford, ending in a draw, was remarkable, because the O.W. team was, with one exception, composed of present Oxonians. Only once did the Club fail to make a good fight, and this was against the School on March 9, when, in a fit of excessive chivalry, they came down so weak as to suffer condign punishment at the hands of their juniors and betters. The matches have all been played on the opponents' ground with the exception of those against the Old Carthusians, Harrovians, and Wykehamists, which Dr. Scott very kindly allowed to be played during the play-week in Vincent Square. It may be interesting to add that the Club already numbers over one hundred members, of whom between forty and fifty have taken part in the matches of the past season. Besides these, several present Westminsters—Crowdy, Morison, Bain, Bury, Squire, Crews, Jenner, and Benbow—have come to the rescue in emergencies, and Crowdy in particular has on several occasions played the rôle of O.W. with distinction. Of the goals won, Vidal kicked four, Sandwith three, Benbow and Dixon two each, and Alington, Bain, Oldham, Rumball, Taylor, Webb, and J. Williams one apiece.

In conclusion, let us hope that the Club has begun a long career of prosperity, and that it will prove itself for many years a rallying point for Old Westminsters, and a means of healthy exercise during the winter months for many an embryo barrister and jaded man of business in London, for whom 'Green' is no more, and 'Up Fields' is a consecrated memory.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB.

A TIME when attacks are made upon the School which threaten to eradicate it from its position as one of the oldest public schools in the kingdom, is not inappropriate to bring before the notice of our readers the existence of an old Westminster institution, *i.e.*, the 'Elizabethan Club.' Founded in the year 1861, the Club owes its origin to some of the fellows then at the School, who formed themselves into an association under the somewhat peculiar name of the 'Bounding Bricks,' for the purpose of playing cricket and football matches, and occasionally dining together. The first match at cricket played by the 'Bounding Bricks'

was against Charterhouse, and resulted in the defeat of the latter by one innings. In 1864 the Club was reorganised under the presidency of the late Secretary for Ireland; it was then called by its present name, and confined to Old Westminsters. The objects of the Club, as expressed in its rules, were to promote mutual intercourse amongst Old Westminsters, and to preserve the associations and to further the interests and prosperity of the School. These objects the Club has always steadily maintained in view. The water and cricket have both from time to time received its assistance; and last year, by the exertions and aid of the President, together with a further pecuniary gift from the Club funds, an impetus has, we hope, been given to the rowing at the School, which ultimately may result in the revival of the old Eton and Westminster race.

The popularity of the Club is attested to by the fact that whereas in 1865 the numbers were 122, this year there are 353 members on the list. The Club has been always sociably inclined; dinners being from time to time held, formerly at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Piccadilly, but of late at the St. James's Hall Restaurant, Piccadilly, where a Club dinner is provided on the first Tuesday in each month, as a rule well attended, at the reasonable cost to each member of four shillings. These dinners afford opportunities of meeting old friends, and of hearing of the doings and so assist to keep up a feeling of companionship amongst those who are and have been at the School.

In conclusion we may add that the annual subscription to the Club is ten and sixpence, and a fellow is eligible for election as soon as he leaves the School.

Our Contemporaries.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Alley-nian*, *The Blue*, *The Blundellian*, *The Cambridge Review*, *The Felstedian*, *The Fettesian*, *The Harrovian*, *The Marlburian*, *The Meteor*, *The Newtonian*, *Our School Times*, *The Ousel*, *The Salopian*, *The Ulula*, and *The Wellingtonian*.

An article in *The Alley-nian* condemns, not without justice, the ultra-'scientific' tone of Modern Athletics, meaning their complexity and abnormal development. The writer thereof regrets the decay of the old simple, slow-going, rustic sports, and denounces clubs and all other institutions which have tended to elevate or to reduce pastimes to a science. There is perhaps another view of the question. Hop-scotch and leap-frog have had their day, deplorable though it be; and if modern sports are more advanced, it is the necessary penalty of the march of intellect. As for clubs, it is but trite to say that every game, properly so called, must be social, and that space, companions, and funds can only be obtained by combination.

The Blue is in great form with some 'Freaks of Genius,' or 'howlers,' in the vernacular, the joint produce of the plodding, the muddle-headed, and the desperate. Some of the English specimens are rather astonishing. We select a few that occurred in writing from dictation. The following is very pathetic towards the conclusion:

'He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the saw-dust.'

The next is a graceful compliment to some north-country burghers :

'The red glare on Skiddaw
Roused the *burglars* of Carlisle.'

Another quotation points to the original hunting parson or fighting bishop :

'Herminius on black Auster
Grave chaplain (champion) on grave steed.'

In the next passage a wonderful amount of bathos can be obtained by a very simple transformation. We have Sanger's *al fresco* in this little touch of nature, where

'From rock to rock the giant *elephant* (element)
Lepaed with delirious bound.'

The writer of the article has also collected some classical 'freaks,' but space forbids us to quote at length. We may be pardoned if we extract one or two of the shorter happy-thoughts. Dido, for instance, after Æneas has absconded, notifies the fact apparently with a sigh of relief: 'By Jove! he's going' (Proh Jupiter ibit). The epicure complacently observes, 'Truly I always feed' (Vere fruor semper); while 'Insignis Turnus' is modernised into 'Ensign Turner.' The Memorial Lines to Carlyle are the best of the many similar odes we have seen on the same subject. Further on we find about as poor a parody on some well-known lines of Tennyson as they make nowadays. The Laureate would writhe to find 'Cheer'd by the grunt of German bands,' substituted for 'Close to the sun in lonely lands'—one of his finest lines. It is a nervous batsman, by the way, that is cheered (?) by the soul-stirring *Wacht-am-Rhein*—rather improbable on a cricket-field. This number, which is larger than usual, contains a French fable after La Fontaine's own heart. We are fain to pass it over, having been sickened of French fables, raspberry jam, and many other good things, in our nursery days. The Debating Society at Christ's Hospital is in a high state of training. It tackled and polished off with great freedom four knotty subjects at an impromptu debate. Judging from three letters, the juvenile custom of whipping-tops is in vogue throughout the School demesnes—a state of things which would gratify our friend in *The Alleyman*. Much execution has been done, and a fair amount of damage to life and property, by these same whip-tops.

The Blundellian would have been very reasonable about a couple of months ago, with 'An Account of a Storm,' and 'On the Snow,' and many other remarks on 'the late frost.' There is a very creditable Latin verse translation of 'That Heathen Chinese'—one of the last things one would think of attempting.

The Felstedian gives an account of an Election to the School Committee. The proceedings seemed to have been marked by 'corrupt practices,' according to the most approved fashion. One candidate is said to have made a persuasive statement of his merits and qualifications, his policy and past history, to have invited the 'electors' to a supper, and to have explained to them minutely how his name was spelt, while they were inscribing the voting tickets—a gentle hint, which had the desired effect.

The Fettesian chiefly attracts our notice by a hymn to 'old Sir William'—the *genius loci*—to the tune of 'The Hardy Norseman.'

The Harrovian opens with a vigorous attack on Julius Cæsar, his habits, morals, and everything to do with him. Quite 'the most unkindest cut of all,' after Mommsen's tremendous laudation of the deceased gentleman in question. Turning to the School News, a series of Football Ties, *one* aside, seems to us a decided 'curiosity.'

According to *The Marlburian*, the order of the most interesting places in Europe is the following: Athens, Rome, Florence, Ravenna, Nuremberg, Granada. We would take the liberty of adding Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, unless, indeed, it comes first in the order. 'Interesting' is, as the

writer says rightly enough, a rather vague expression. From many points of view we ourselves think London claims a place among the six most interesting cities. What other city can vie with it for fogs, dirt, and Bumbledom? Of what other place can it be said that if all the public-houses were placed in a row they would reach as far as from here to Northumberland? For size and population it easily beats Rome at its best; and as for age, though Ravenna may have been founded 640 years before Rome, is not the legend that Brutus of Tyre, or possibly Japhet, fixed his quarters here in London equally credible? And if Florence can boast of its art, Nürnberg of its Gothic, and Granada of its Moorish remains, if Athens pride itself on having been the cradle of culture, have we not the Griffin, the Needle, and the Kyrle Society in our midst? But to return from our digression, the history of Ravenna is the subject considered in *The Marlburian*. We are glad the sketch is to be continued. 'Flowers from Over-seas,' is another instructive essay. We were hitherto ignorant of the construction of the *Pantoum*, the *Villanelle*, and the *Chant Royal*, which—for the benefit of similarly unenlightened readers we speak it—consist of mechanical systems of recurring refrains. In the *Pantoum*, for instance, 'the second and fourth lines of each stanza are used as the first and third of the next.' We should think the cultivation of such conceits would lead rather to 'word-jugglery' than to true poetry.

The extravagant absurdity of mediæval heralds is noticed in a paper in *The Meteor*. These worthies, we are told, manufactured a coat of arms from Joseph's coat of many colours, while Adam's armorial bearings were gravely declared to have been his own shield *gules* with Eve's impaled *Argent*, the latter being an heiress! A lecture on Greek athletics states some curious facts—an athlete, for example, is recorded to have jumped 55 feet, merely using dumb-bells to give him greater impetus. Greek pot-hunters had the agility of fleas apparently.

We failed to observe anything in *The Newtonian* worth comment except a commendably laconic grumble in the correspondence: namely, a letter a line and a quarter long—an example which might be copied with advantage.

Our School Times, we are sorry to say, is suffering from its periodical fit of Examination Papers and Class Reports. *Faute de mieux*, we will look at the Class Reports. We learn a complete lesson in phraseology from the verdict of the Examiner on the work of the several classes. To use his words, the top class 'carefully studied,' the next 'made considerable progress in,' the next 'read,' the next 'obtained a thorough knowledge of,' the next 'went through,' and the bottom class 'got through' their work. All this is exquisitely fit and proper. The terms used are a report in themselves, and indicate clearly the ascending degrees of pressure in the mental barometer. But this is an unsavoury subject, and we pass on. The number before us contains a clear and concise description of *The Merchant of Venice* and a fair stock of advertisements.

The Ousel sends only School News, and that chiefly referring to House Recitations, which, in the words of our contemporary, 'flourish and abound.' A calendar of coming School events is also given, and is a good idea.

The Salopian begins with a sad and monosyllabic leader. 'A great change is presently to come over us. . . . The grey will be red, the crooked will be straight, the dark will be light, the narrow will be broad, the far will be near, the one will be many, the old will be new' &c. This would make a very fine parable or burst of oratory, but the English of it all is, that Shrewsbury School is soon to depart to a place called Kingsland, just as Tiverton School has migrated to Horsdon. It may be our turn next to be evicted, which Heaven forbid! From 'Famous Salopians' we gather that Chief Justice Jeffreys commenced his career at the school.

The doings of the Manchester Grammar School Philosophical Society are duly chronicled in *The Utula*. It seems a thorough success, and has covered a wide range of subjects during the past year, from obesity to the County Franchise.

The Wellingtonian contains some clever articles. We should like one of the titles—'Panaphronology'—clearly explained to us. Till then, we are content to consider it equivalent to 'Rot.' This issue closes with a list of the Football Teams since 1860. This, on referring to the multiplication table, should give about 300 names, but the numbers in the First Fifteen vary surprisingly from 6 to 23.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mr. Granville Robert Henry Somerset, D.C.L., Q.C., which took place at his residence, Queen Anne's Gate, after a short illness, at the age of 57. He was the eldest son of the late Right Hon. Lord Granville, Charles Henry Somerset, and was born on January 7, 1824. He was admitted to Westminster in the Fifth Form on June 15th, 1835, and was placed 'up Grants.' Graduating at All Souls' College, Oxford, he afterwards became a Fellow of that College. He was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple in Hilary Term, 1841, and joined the Oxford Circuit, practising also at the Monmouth Sessions. He was appointed Q.C. in 1868, and he was also Recorder of Gloucester.

Correspondence.

FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

OXFORD, *March 24, 1881.*

The long-postponed return match between the O.W.F.C. and the 'Varsity at length came off on February 26, and resulted in a draw, 0-0. The 'Varsity kicked one goal, which was disallowed on the plea of off-side; and another, kicked by Aston for the O.W.'s, was likewise disallowed, as it went off a spectator who was standing in the goal.

For some unexplained reason there were not more than half a dozen O.W.'s rowing in the Torpids. E. U. Eddis and G. Dale were in Ch. Ch. 2nd, which went up three places; and J. M. Stuart-Edwards stroked Lincoln, which went up five.

Several O.W.'s were successful in the Ch. Ch. sports; among others, W. C. Aston, E. W. Pole, E. U. Eddis, and W. F. G. Sandwith.

I should have included in the list of O.W. freshmen last month the name of C. B. Westmacott, Worcester.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Might I ask through the columns of your valuable paper whether it would be possible to form a Bicycle Club in the School. I know of several enterprising cyclists who

would be very glad to join. I am sure there are many fellows, who on Saturday are oppressed with a feeling of not knowing what to do, who would only be too glad to have some companions for a run. At many other public schools there are bicycle clubs, so why should not Westminster start one? A letter appeared in your columns the other day saying that Westminster was not so conspicuous in bicycling as it had been. I think, if a club were formed, that many fellows would be improved by competing against other riders, and that Westminster might perhaps produce another Hamilton.

Faithfully yours,
CYCLIST.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—There is one thing which has often struck me, and, I should think, many Westminsters, both past and present, and that is the fact that we have the same colours for both our Elevens and our Eights. Now that the football eleven wear a sash, there is nothing to prevent a fellow in the football eleven from sporting a pink cap and sash, if he happen by any chance to be impressed in a cricket eleven anywhere in the country—the exhibition which would follow would not give anyone a high idea of Westminster cricket. Why not do as they do up at Oxford, and have the letters W.S.C.C., W.S.F.C., W.S.R.C., on the caps? or at water, it would be a good thing to revive the mauve—the colour under which we used to win our old victories. The sash for the football eleven might be pink and white. At any rate, the sooner some difference is made the better; among other things, it being very ridiculous that a man in the Eight may not wear his 'pink' up fields, and *vice versa*.

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
E.

P.S.—To my certain knowledge the case of the football man playing cricket in pinks did actually occur, and the result was, as I have said, sarcastic comments.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All contributions for the May number of *The Elizabethan* must be sent in before April 24, to the Editor, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

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

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

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

Floreat.