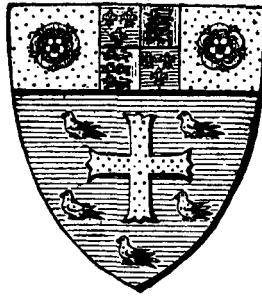


The Granite



Review.

Nascitur exiguus,

vires acquirit eundo.

Vol. I. No. 3.

JUNE, 1884.

Price 4d.

It has been suggested by many to increase as soon as possible the size of our magazine, and no doubt the addition of a page or so would be an improvement. But let us remind our readers that there are two reasons for not increasing the size.—Firstly, if we add many pages we shall be approaching to the same size as the *Elizabethan*, which would not do at all; secondly, one of our chief objects is to keep out of debt, and *that* we certainly should not do if we were to enlarge the paper in its present condition. But though, *just now*, we are not permitted to do this, yet we have been able to improve our paper by the addition of the school crest, and we hope this addition will be approved of by all our readers. In conclusion, we may as well give notice, that all who are so disposed as to wish to help to defray the expenses lately incurred, will greatly oblige if they will deliver to the editor himself any donations they shall think fit to give. We beg, with this short introduction, to present to our readers our third number, hoping, at the same time, that it will as fully meet with their approval as our previous numbers.

It would be hard to imagine a year more disastrous to games and athletics than the present one promises to be. We are rapidly going from worse to worse, instead of progressing, as we might reasonably expect to do. The promised five-courts are still far in the future. A most incompetent games committee have done away with athletic sports for this year, and to crown all "Water" has been practically abolished—for the miserable permission to go on the river every Wednesday afternoon will be just sufficient to make us the laughing-stock of other schools. Why has water been stopped? "To help

cricket" is the generally accepted answer to this question. But why can't we be good at both? Time was when we could race Eton and, at the same time, were considerably better at cricket than we are now. And what good reason is there for these changes? None, as far as we can tell, absolutely none. Perhaps, the vague hope that fellows will take more to cricket; perhaps, the still more groundless thought that they will employ the time they devoted to rowing in hard work. These explanations are both absurd: for those "Water" fellows who don't care for cricket will loaf about, having no other resource. But let us say no more on this subject. It has, doubtless, been discussed at greater length, and by greater minds than mine. There is this to say: all the talking in the world would not give us "Water" again if it really is doomed. Doubtless, all will admit that the abolition of "Water," under the present auspices, can but prove detrimental to the interests of the school.

I am, yours, etc.,

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.

[If our correspondents and contributors assume such lengthy *noms de plume*, we shall have to establish a rule restricting the number of letters in them. Ed.]

We have to apologise to our readers for some slight omissions in our list of those who have been elected into College; but since by this time so many lists have appeared in print, we think it hardly worth while to insert another.

NOTES.

The changes that have taken place since last term are very numerous. The book shop, better

known as "Perry's," has been moved into Ashburnham House. The way "up fields" is also changed. We now go *via* Victoria Street, Artillery Row, and so on to Vincent Square. Simpson's, one of the acknowledged "tuck shops," has been put out of bounds; but to compensate for this loss, a new one has been instituted in Vincent Square.

* * *

On Saturday, the 31st of May, one of our masters, the Rev. A. Sloman, was married to Miss Penrose, of Glenmore, Queenstown. We heartily congratulate them both on the event, and wish them a long and happy life.

* * *

The following new boys have come "up Grants" this term:—C. A. Phillimore, A. R. Woodbridge, J. O. Cuthbertson, F. and H. Oliver, and H. C. Barnes.

THE CONCERT.

We do not consider that this paper should contain a strict criticism on the concert, as so excellent a report appears in the School Magazine; nevertheless, we feel that the event should not pass altogether unnoticed. Grants were not so well represented this year as usual, there being only seven Grantites singing in a chorus of about fifty. Kitcat, a new boarder "up Grants," sang two duets, besides a solo in "The Jackdaw of Rheims." Hanmer would have sung more, but owing to his absence until a few days before the concert, rehearsals with him were out of the question.

By far the most successful event of the evening was Doherty's solo "The Lark now leaves," by *Hatton*. He was received in a most enthusiastic manner by everybody, and obtained a well-deserved encore. His voice is, I suppose, without exception, the best the School can boast of having possessed for some time. The addition of Mr. Blackburn's

Mustel Organ was a great improvement, and his solo on it was certainly one of the features of the second part.

The piano duet by the Rev. R. F. Dale and C. L. Freeman was excellent, though its reception was not as hearty as it deserved. This, with Erskine's solo, *Mendelssohn's* "Duetto," was the only piano-forte playing of the evening.

In the first part, "The Angel," by *Rubinstein*, was sung by W. S. Cox and E. Kitcat. Their voices were, however, hardly strong enough to supply sound sufficient to fill such a room as College Hall. The choruses from *Spohr's* cantata, "God, Thou art great!" were all admirably rendered; and, in the second part, "The Jackdaw of Rheims" was well sung all through, with the exception, perhaps, of a want of "go" in last chorus. (Perhaps the singers' feelings had been touched by the "death of the little jackdaw.")

The following Old Westminsterers kindly gave their assistance:—E. Bray, Esq.; F. Pownall, Esq.; G. Gumbleton, Esq.; and S. Rawson, Esq.

The only violin solo was *Raff's* "Cavatina," played by Ritchie, which was well received.

All Westminster's solos were left until the end, and came in such a heap that one had hardly time fully to appreciate one before another followed.

The concert was, decidedly, the best that has been heard at Westminster for some years; and the thanks of all Westminsterers are due to Mr. Ranalow and Mr. Pettitt for the great interest they have taken in it.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

We are bound to confess that the number of essays received is not so great as we expected and hoped for. Perhaps this is owing to the difficulty of the subjects; though we considered the assortment very wide. Or, perhaps, some of the rules were objected to, for instance (4).

We have much pleasure, however, in announcing to our readers that the prize has been awarded to T.L.D.Y.

It may interest our readers to know that the book selected for the prize is "Martin the Skipper," by James F. Cobb.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Fighting Green is a nearly square plot of grass, bounded on all sides by the cloisters. Fifty years ago it was the fighting ground of the Westminster boys, and no fights were allowed by the boys to take place anywhere but there. Midday was the usual hour for these contests, and they never occurred on Saturdays. Each champion was attended by a second (generally a volunteer); a ring was formed by all present, and a "ring keeper," armed with a cane, was appointed. There were time keeper and umpire, the one to call half-minute time between the rounds, the other to settle all disputed questions; the champions stripped to their jerseys began the fight which was carried on just like a prize fight, except that the only reward was honour: the battle over, they shook hands, and the crowd dispersed. Such were the "mills" of old, which have now degenerated into fights carried on in the cloisters, without any ceremony, and whichever manages to hold out longest is counted the winner.

In 1842,—we read in Westminster Past and Present,—the high constable of Westminster, accompanied by some policemen, entered Fighting Green to attempt to stop a fight, but they were received with derisive shouts and the contents of certain pitchers brought into the ring for the use of the combatants, and eventually retired discomfited. We first hear of this spot as a burial ground for monks, and in the reign of Edward I, it is reported to have been planted with rye, so as to conceal certain tools used for breaking into the Chapel of the Pyx, and taking therefrom the king's treasure: some say this crime was enacted or aided by certain monks whose ears are now nailed behind a door in the vicinity of the Chapter-house: others declare that the thief was a Dane, whose skin still exists in the spot just mentioned. T.L.D.Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the extreme carelessness of many of our contributors in the way of writing, which necessitates letters being re-copied before going to press, the editor is obliged to make the following regulations, and wishes now to assure his readers that they will be strictly kept. It is decided that *all contributions* for insertion will be cancelled at once (1) if any words are omitted and put in above; (2) if any words are altered by writing one word above another; or if, indeed, there is any indistinctness in the writing of words. It is at the same time to be understood that all contributions must be written in ink and on *one* side of the paper.

Rejected contributions will only be returned if stamps and address of sender are enclosed; but the editor will not be responsible for any MS. that is sent without these enclosures.—ED.

ANSWERS TO LAST NUMBER'S ENIGMAS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 2.

M or E
A be L
H ar T
D anc E
I sti B

MAHDI. EL TEB.

SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATION.

"For sweetest things turn sour by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds."

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

DAVID.

Correct answers to all have been received from Abracat and M. A. Green. A. F. answered all rightly except the Shakespearean Quotation.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 3.

1. Beloved jelly! may'st thou never cease
To hide within thee cutlets and green peas!
2. Nothing there is—whatever its condition,
But halves itself by taking this addition.
3. In all his compositions you will find
The tuneful and the classical combined.
4. The sort of poetry's mostly found in Tennyson,
Inspired by "sylvan glades," and also venison.
5. A Frenchman owned this horse, whose little name
Is scarcely shorter than his hard-earned fame.
6. Here 't was for him to strike on to forbear;
His king and foe lay sleeping helpless there.
7. Who once was asked the hostile camp to spy;
Now serves the members of the "Varsity."

The initials name a conclave grim, whereat
The actors-in-chief would rather not attend.
The finals give the course this conclave takes,
And, from its shape, the course can have no end.

CHARADE.

My first is distilled from the flowers of the spring,
My second is counted a changeable thing,
My whole is, by many philosophers, reckoned
To taste like my first, but to change like my second.

ENIGMA.

If away from my answer a letter you take,
No change will take place, as you see;
And it still is the same if more changes you make
By subtracting four letters or three.
Now take all the letters quite away,—
I'm just the same, you'll rightly say.

Answers to these enigmas must be sent in before June the 31st.

All communications concerning, and contributions for No. 4 must be sent in not later than the 31st of June.

We omitted the name C. C. B. as having answered all the enigmas of No. 1 correctly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I saw a letter in your last number saying that "our worthy Captain" had given it as a goal when the ball was kicked into the area in the yard ties, "which was never given as a goal aforetime." I have good reason to know that "our worthy Captain" knows perfectly well what he is about. I cannot see that it is unfair, since it is the same for both sides, as they change at half-time; and our worthy Captain had said beforehand that he intended to count it as a goal. On the whole, I do not agree with "A Grantite" that it is "an absurd mistake." Hoping that I have not encroached too much on your space,

I remain, &c., DUCIS FAUTOR.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to point out what I consider a slight fault in the "Grantite." Do you not think that in so small a paper, so many puzzles, enigmas, &c., are a mistake, for they interest few, and can be got in dozens from "Little Folks" and such magazines. Apologising for intruding upon your valuable space,

I am, sir, yours obediently,
EDITOR, B.A.S.M.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

Dear Sir,—Would you kindly inform me through your valuable columns, what was the origin of the phrase "To go up to station"?

Yours truly, NURE.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

Dear Sir,—I see in your last number a remark about "pinks" being given at Gym., with which I venture to disagree. Surely there are enough "pinks" as it is, with cricket and water both having their colours, and also there are very few fellows who are much good there, as most athletic fellows prefer spending their leisure time "up fields" or on the water.

Yours truly, NAUTICUS.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

Sir,—Your article in your last number on water displayed, I am inclined to think, great ignorance in the matter, and I feel it my duty to draw your attention to some of the worst errors in it, and in some measure stand up for water against such an unwonted attack. Your correspondent says that water has so fallen off "as to threaten on the one hand speedy extinction, and on the other hand but faint hope of recovery." Now, Mr. Editor, this is not the case; if water is in danger of speedy extinction (which I flatly deny), it is because there cannot be found sufficient time between afternoon school and lockers, under the existing arrangements, for boating at Putney. As to recovery, no one, not even Phoenix, can say what sort of a "four" we shall have a few years hence. If only we could have a few more fellows at water, we should be able to produce, I am confident, a very good boat. From his next paragraph about the "good old days," &c., I should say that Mr. Phoenix was very hard to please, for he seems to find it a matter of great hardship to be at all satisfied with the results of our races with Eton, and if not with them, how shall we ever satisfy him? He next says that we regularly get beaten at Henley; it is only the last three or four years we have sent up a boat, and when we consider that not more than 30 fellows go to water, and yet that out of this small number we can send up a "four" to Henley and win our

heat; surely we should rather congratulate ourselves than the contrary. He asks a little further on "why has water so degenerated?" I think one reason probable is that we have so few fellows, nearly every one going to cricket, and that we cannot get sufficient coaching. From his exhortation further on for "wiring up," your correspondent must think us a very lazy set at water, in which he is somewhat mistaken. The only sensible sentence in the whole thing that I can see, is his last, wherein he apologizes for taking up so much space *with rubbish*, though he is too bashful to insert the last part of the sentence.

I remain, &c., A WATER FELLOW.

To the Editor of the *Grantite Review*.

Sir,—I saw in your last number a letter (from some one signing himself "Driotos"!) in which the writer kindly informs us that all extra classes are after dinner, and begin at 2.15. This is very true, but has nothing to do with fellows getting leave off station for colds, &c., as he may see, if he thinks for a moment.

Yours truly, PATRIOT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDITOR, B.A.S.M.—We certainly don't agree with you, and cannot refrain from expressing our extreme indignation at being compared with such a paper as "Little Folks."

A WATER FELLOW.—Your indignation is undeniably just, but your defence is groundless, since water at Westminster is, if not permanently, yet temporarily abolished.

ANTLER.—Your essay is good but it does not convey to an outsider much idea of what "fighting green" is. The description of the "cold blood struggles, and the ground trampled and torn up, and reddened by blood, which presented a sight positively loathsome," is exceedingly thrilling but gives but little information to those who know nothing about it.

ENIGMA.—You ask if prizes will be awarded to the subscriber who answers most acrostics. We refer you to Number 1, where you will find all the information you require.

NOTICES.

All Contributions to be clearly written on ONE side of the paper.

All Contributions and communications to be addressed to the Editor of *The Grantite Review*, 2, Little Deans Yard, S.W.

The yearly subscription is half-a-crown; all wishing to subscribe are requested to send in their names to the Treasurer, at the same address.

Back numbers may be obtained by applying to the Editor. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

All donations will be thankfully received.

All subscriptions and payments *must* be given to the Editor.

FLOREAT.