



The Elizabethan.

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WESTMINSTER.

THE Degenerate State of Westminster" is a phrase with which all who take any interest whatever in the school must at this time be only too well acquainted. It has been rung on with all sorts of variations through nearly the whole circle of public papers; some individual who considers himself "a friend of the school" takes hold of it and swells it into a column of indignation; a number of members of society,—friends of the school again,—are soon brought to light who are only too eager to take up the cry and hunt it headlong over all obstacles and worry it out of all shape. It does not lie with us members of the school to fight out on paper the question whether we are degenerate, our Head and Under Master have ably undertaken that duty in places more suited to its discussion than the school's own magazine; but one thing we can do, we can disprove the grounds on which these indignationists—pardon the word—found their uncalled-for attack. Of course the immediate cause of this sudden downcrying of the school lies in the fact that Westminster only sent up four candidates

to the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Examinations, and out of those four, only passed one. Now the Examinations for these certificates were held in the beginning of June, and of all times of the year certainly none could be chosen more inconvenient than that; Westminster, unlike most—in fact we think all—other schools, does not terminate its spring term at Easter but at Whitsuntide, by which that term is made of disproportionate length, winding up with Election; and in working for the Election Examinations is spent the whole time and energy of those who are then of an age to go to the Universities. This year, of all those who were of the requisite age for these Elections none omitted to try, and of all those who tried none found time to give to the Certificate Examinations, for it must be known that, with the exception of one Greek one, no single subject was common to both Examinations; and therefore we were deprived by this prior Examination of the whole of the senior year; and let any other school lose all the boys of the senior year, and we feel sure that the number of candidates that they will send up for any honours will be materially diminished.

Again, when we say that the whole of the

senior year are prevented from competition, this implies that all those who remain know that they have another year at the school which will terminate with another Certificate Examination, in which they will be more competent to pass with ease, for we conclude the average of boys improve in a year at school, than they are at present; wherefore, since it is left to their free choice whether they will try or not, the majority naturally, it seems to us, refuse, and those few who do show any inclination to try, knowing that they will be better fitted for passing the next year, are not induced to put forth their full energies. And whether it can be taken as an infallible sign of degeneracy that boys who have only just passed through a long course of examinations should prefer postponing setting up as competitors till the end of another year, when they will have improved, and when their gaining a certificate at all may be rendered entirely unnecessary by their winning an exhibition to either University, we leave to the public to decide.

It has not unfrequently been alleged that an incontestable proof that Westminster is degenerate lies in the supposed fact that the Governors are seriously contemplating the removal of the school into the country in consequence of its degeneracy. Now, first of all, we must be allowed to state that the whole project of our removal is a myth, nothing more nor less than a groundless myth. There has, we believe, been some talk of giving the school land in place of money payment: now beyond a doubt this land would be in the country; we do not see how it *could* be forthcoming from London; but that a new school should be built upon that land is purely an effort of imagination on the part of some individual with whom "the wish was father to the thought." No project whatever, as far as we can learn, has been seriously entertained among those coming from whom alone the idea of removal could have any weight. In the school itself and among those immediately concerned in it, there exists a very strong feeling of attachment to the old associations which cling to the present site of the school and with which no other school can be more closely intertwined. Westminster, if once it left its old position, might as well drop its name and be a thing of the past. Removed from the shade of the Abbey, Westminster would be Westminster no longer. What could more vividly bring before a boy's mind the disgrace of dishonouring his school than the feeling that it has been crowned with honour by the exertions of those who have raised themselves from the scenes in which he now moves to the foremost rank of England's heroes? Few schools

boast a longer list of these worthies than Westminster: taken away from the scenes where those worthies were educated, Westminster—the then Westminster,—Westminster in the country could lay but little claim to them as her children—they were the children of some former institution whose name the school now bears, but which has gone and left us no other remnant of herself than the name; and when Westminster was deprived of all claim to these names, Westminster boys could no longer be stirred with the idea that truly great men of whom England is proud have trod the same path as they are now treading, whom, if they will, they may follow through life. And after all the passion for being associated with a noble name is far stronger than that for opening a new list, so that after generations may be proud to be associated with you. Remove Westminster to the country, and you must deprive Westminster boys of the spur of emulation, which would go a long way to deaden the vitality of the school and bring it to true degeneracy—a consummation, we think, which can hardly seem desirable to any true friends of Westminster.

ALEXANDER NOWELL.

AMONG the illustrious names of Westminster's Head Masters we find that of Alexander Nowell. It stands high on the list, he being the successor of Adams, who was the first Head Master under the present foundation of Queen Elizabeth. His successor was Nicholas Udall, who, like the great Busby, was famous for his learning and love of the rod, that is of using it.

Nowell was Fellow of Brasenose, Oxford, before he was elected Master of Westminster, and was afterwards Rector of Saltwood, Prebendary of Canterbury and of Westminster, and finally Dean of St. Paul's.

On the accession of Mary, he with many others was obliged to leave the country to escape the persecution of Bonner. After the accession of Elizabeth he was enabled to return to his native country, in company with Jewell, Sandys, Grindall and many others.

Archdeacon Churton, who wrote his life about the year 1800, says of him, "As a divine he was not one of those 'strawberry' preachers which come once a year; his learning was solid, durable, and polished. . . . His capacity for teaching, tried first in the shade of the University, became more conspicuous when he was placed at the head of the first seminary of the metropolis."

The following sonnet, as it is called, being from an exceedingly rare book, "Ecloges, Epytaphes, and Sonnetts, newly written by Barnabee Googe 1563," is addressed to

MAYSTER ALEXANDER NOWELL.

The muses ioye, and well they may to se,
So well theyr laboure com to good successe,
That they sustayned long agoe in the
Minerua smyles; Phcebus can do no lesse.

But over all, they chyeſly do reioyce,
That leanyng thyngs, which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddeſt chuſe (O good and happye choiſe),
In ſacred ſcoles thy lucky yeares to trayne;
By whiche thou haſt obtayned (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyve, whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy life, to pleaſe the immortal Kyng,
Then whyche ſo good, nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyves the gayne, and Phyſycke fyls the purſe,
Promotions hye gyves artes to many one,
But this is it by whiche we ſcape the curſe,
And have the blys of God, when we be gone.
Is this but onely Scriptures for to reaſe?
No, No. Not talke, but lyfe gyves this in deade.

A. A. de N.

EPIGRAMS.

THOUGH it ſcarcely comes under the heading of Epigrams, yet inasmuch as it is found in the Epigram book of the year 1865, it may not be out of place to give the reader a ſhort account of the wonderful event that happened in that year, with regard to the tossing of the pancake, which has been immortalized in a very fine Greek poem after the ſtyle of Homer, by Dr. Scott, and equally well put into Pope's English by an old Weſtminſter, whoſe name we are not quite certain of. It appears that the College cook, Tolfrey by name, miſſed for the third year in ſucceſſion tossing the pancake over the bar, and that a general cry of "Book him!" aroſe, as the ancient cuſtom was, if the cook failed. The cook, becoming enraged, hurled the pan into the crowd, and hit one Daſent on the temple, and blood flowed. Upon which, one Morgan,

βίβλον ἔχων μεγάλην, τήν γ' οὐ δύο παῖδε φέροιεν,

ſmote the unlucky Tolfrey on the head, for which he was puniſhed, as the English hath it:—

Thus the gods gave him vengeance, but eſcape
And ſafe retreat denied. In mortal ſhape
Like to a potent Don, the honour'd James,
Stern Nemesis, th' exulting victor tames.
Five hundred lines 'tis his ſad doom to write,
And pay with pen the glory won in fight.

Daſent, it appears, repairs inſtantly to the Deanery and complains to the Dean, how that the cook has three years running miſſed tossing the pancake over the bar, and after begging that Tolfrey may be puniſhed, craves the frying pan, which it is almoſt needleſs to ſay was given him.

After this digreſſion, which brings us to 1866, let us turn to our ſubject and quote ſome epigrams. To explain the point of the following it may be as well to ſtate that an old-boat houſe, "Searle's," was where St. Thomas' Hospital now ſtands. The theſis was "Non forſ, ſed ſors ſua cuique loco eſt."

Searle's Yard is taken from us, and embankments ſore provoke us, We've no acceſs to the river, where we uſed to ply our oars. If the poet truly tells us, there's a "forſ" for every "locus," Then doubly ſore our fate is, with no "locus" for our "fourſ." While to Searle's Yard ſucceeding, by a ſlightly different reading,

The patients of St. Thomas' find a "locus" for their SORES.

When we ſay that the Right Hon. E. Horſman, M.P., and J. Bright, Eſq., M.P., are the ſubjects of the epigram that we are now going to quote, the point will be ſeen. "Sors ſua cuique loco eſt" is the theſis.

Post equitem (cecinit vates) cura atra ſedebat ;
Post *Equitem* ſedem *Clarus* habere fugit.

Another on the theſis "Fors ſua cuique loco eſt."

Quo ferrea ſtrata viarum !
Opus hocce latebricolarum !
Non hic Metropolis,
Sed eſt necropolis.
O! ſit modus inde *minarum*.

The year 1867 ſeems to us ſadly lacking in good and worthy epigrams, and the only one of that year that we quote is not a very ſtriking one. The theſis was "Impotenſ voti."

Imberbis juvenis faciem illinit omnibus horis ;
Exſpectans ſegetem ſcilicet inde comæ !
Hirsutus fieri ſi vis imitare puellas !
Cæsaries meliùs creſcat in occipite.

N.B. "Occipite" is ſuppoſed to be chignons.

Remarking that in this year a very good rendering of "My God, my Father, whiſt I ſtray," occurs, we paſs on to 1868. In that year a Fenian outbreak occurred, and as in the year 1798 one Emmett headed a Fenian outbreak, the joke in the following will be clear.

Decipit Exemplar.

"Warm work this laſt Fenian outbreak muſt be ;
'Tis as well that no Emmett is leading."
"Yes, it is rather warm," was the answer, "to me
NINETY-EIGHT IN THE SHADE ſeems the reading."

On the theſis "Pacto ſtatur" the following occurs— a rather witty English one:—

A lawyer rich, a lady ſought
In marriage, but without ſucceſs ;
She will'd not cheaply to be bought,
And he forbore his ſuit to preſs.
Once more they met ; ſhe, diſinclined
To loſe her prize, ſpake bluſhingly,
"Since laſt we talk'd, I've changed my mind !"
Answer'd the lawyer, "So have I."

We will quote one more on the ſame theſis:—

"Heads I win, tails you loſe."

As dirimat litem : facieſ dabit omnia duplex.
Sit bene, ſi Janus ; ſi ratis, eſto male :
Nunc ſurſum hoc pacto jaciamus. Decidat ille
Si male, tu victus ; ſui bene, victor ego.

The year 1869 is noticeable for ſome good ones, and we think moſt of the following will be underſtood. The theſis of the following is "Probitas laudatur."

Tailor's bill unpaid? I dread it !
Safer he who duly pays ;
Though the one gets "greater credit,"
Yet give probity the praiſe.

Dandy! my coat is threadbare ; yours bran new.
You never pay your tailor, but I do.
My HABITS are the better of the two !

The next is on donkey races, and the theſis is "Mora non eſt libera nobis."

νικῆ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.—Æsch., *Agam.* 314.

Cursus aſellorum fit conditione ſub iſtâ,
"Qui reſcit extremus, præmia prima capit."
Sic tamen ut proprio, ne quis vectetur aſello
Cunctandi cupidus quem ſinat eſſe pigrum.
Quod poteſ, heu, aſinum vicini fortiter urge :
Qui, quo plus vincet, plus ſuperatus erit.

We quote the next for three reaſons: 1st, that it is very eaſy for any one to conſtrue ; 2nd, that it is a very witty one, and ſhows how eaſily a boy can get

off a day's school by getting his mother to write a letter on account of a trivial illness; and 3rd, that the reciter of it, H. G. Rawson, was also the author of it. The theses were "Mora nimis libera est" et "Probitas laudatur et alget."

PUER. "Dic mihi, mater," ait blandâ cum voce puellus,

"Numquid jam noceat paullulum abesse scholæ?"

MATER. "At quibus est sanum corpus, mora libera non est."

P. "Sin frangat tussis cor simulata meum?"

M. "Quanti sit, reputa, probitas!" P. "Laudatur et
" alget :

Parva mora est, tecum et tam libet, esse mihi!"

M. "Improbule, ah! quàm scis me tangere!"—Deinde
magistro

Crastina pro puero litera verba dabit.

We do not consider the following as good a rythmical version of the "Old Man of Tobago" as one to be found in *Arundines Cami*. We will quote it, and let others decide for themselves.

"Mora non est libera nobis."

Senex insulâ in Tobaginâ

Pulte languet et coctâ farinâ;

Sed nemo sic vixit

Cum medicus dixit;

"Perna cras tibi detur ovina."

1870 was not remarkable for its epigrams, and we shall only quote two English ones.

"Non locus est pluribus."

Past were the city feast and fuss,

Turtle and toasts and din,

When at a crowded omnibus

An eager face look'd in.

"No vacant seat? no room for more?"

It ask'd, "All full inside?"

When Lamb, who sat beside the door,

Look'd round and thus replied:

"I cannot speak for others; I

Speak for myself," said he;

"But that last piece of oyster pie

Completely settled me!"

"Non locus est pluribus."

Says a true Irish Member, "I find that 'tis said

By the ancients that 'plures' means those who are dead.

Since to be most in number is therefore most horrid, I

Think we had better all join the minority!"

(To be continued.)

School Notes.

It is a matter for great regret that Home Boarders will not understand that their presence is occasionally desirable—up fields at least; and it is because they were noticeable by their absence on the T.B.B. and Q.S.S. match-day, that we again bring up the hackneyed subject,—the unpatriotism of Home Boarders. When one comes to take into consideration that the Home Boarders are half, or nearly half, the school, one would imagine that they would be present in quite as large numbers as the rest of the school. Far from such being the case, on the match-day in question they might have been counted on one's fingers. Some there are who always come up—and we wish the rest would follow their good example,—but what a few those are! and then, why will those few always play a game of their own behind the tent,

to the detriment of the applause, and the annoyance of the scorers? We should imagine that every one, be he Queen Scholar, Grantite, Rigaudite, or Home Boarder, would be only too glad to come up on such a day as the T.B.B. and Q.S.S. match, instead of absenting himself; and we think the reason for not attending ought to be the very best. We are getting sick and tired of for ever inveighing against the Home Boarders and their lack of spirit, but if they cannot see it for themselves, they must be told. Weather could have been no reason, as it was a lovely day, and surely no match, be it ever so great a one, ought to rank higher in the estimation of any Westminster, than the Town Boy and Queen's Scholar!

We are pleased to say that Lawn Tennis has been a great success this last term, and what the water fellows would have done without it we cannot tell. Unfortunately, we were unable to make up any matches at the end of the term, as had originally been intended; but considering it has been so lately started, this is not so great a loss as might be thought. Some fairly good play has been shown; but we scarcely think any one has stood out pre-eminently good; and to handicap all the members of the Club on their merits would be a difficult task. Let us hope, when next cricket season returns, Lawn Tennis may continue to flourish up fields, as it undoubtedly has this season.

ON Saturday, 29th September, we had a school collection for the famine in India. The result was over 26/., the highest sum ever obtained from a school collection here.

OUR Sports take place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th inst. Of course it will be wet;—we gave up hoping for fine weather in despair three years ago.

No list of football matches has reached us yet, one shall be published in our next.

PHILLIMORE VERSE TRANSLATION.

EUR. IPH. IN TAUR.

THOU bird that sittest on the rocky shore
Beside the roaring sea!
Thou halcyon that dost thy fate deplore
With mournful elegy!
The meaning of thy sadden'd strain
The wise alone can know;
That thou bemoan'st thy husband slain
With songs that speak thy woe.
And I, a wingless bird, compare
To thine my mournful song;
I long in intercourse to share
The noble Greeks among.
Thee, too, I long for, Artemis on high,
Who bringest safe the birth to light,
Who dwellest on the Cynthian height,

Where the tall palm-tree rises to the sky,
 And all its feathery foliage upheaves ;
 And where the bay, thy brother's tree,
 Puts forth its boughs luxuriantly,
 And the gray olive boasts its holy shoots and leaves ;
 Scene of fair Latona's throes,
 Where the lake's calm water flows
 In a circle ; and swans raise
 There with song the Muses' praise.
 But oh ! the tears which pour'd apace,
 And chased each other down my face,
 When crashing to the earth our towers fell,
 And I unto these distant shores,
 Among the foeman's spears and oars,
 Was carried in a ship far from my friends to dwell.
 And then, with precious treasure bought,
 To this barbarian land was brought.
 And Agamemnon's child obey,—
 The priestess of the shrine ;
 And at the altars victims slay
 To Artemis divine.
 I envy the unfortunate
 Who constant misery knows ;
 For those repine not at their fate
 Who ne'er felt aught but woes.
 Unhappiness doth often change
 On earth ; but ill to fare
 After prosperity is strange
 And hard for men to bear.
 And, mistress, thee an Argive ship
 Shall carry to thine home ;
 Its fifty oars shall gaily dip
 Into the salt sea foam.
 The reed of mountain Pan, waxbound,
 Shall pipe, and cheer the rowers on.
 Prophetic Phœbus too shall sound
 Sweet notes his seven-stringed lyre upon ;
 To the rich land of Athens he
 Shall bring thee with prosperity.
 But thou wilt leave me here behind,
 And by the rushing oars wilt move ;
 The halyards lifting to the wind
 The sails, the lofty stern above.
 And oh ! that I might wend my way
 Where the fair beam of Phœbus goes,
 Till o'er my chamber I might stay
 My course, and grant my wings repose.
 And oh ! that once again among
 The dancers I might take my stand,
 From honourable wedlock sprung,
 A virgin, with a virgin band
 Of fair companions, and-might pace
 Again at my loved mother's feet.
 And rivalling each sister grace,
 Might bound right gaily to compete
 In contest of our tresses' pride ;
 And don again my raiment fair,
 And casting forth my ringlets wide,
 My cheeks might shadow with my hair.

W. A. PECK.

Fields.

WESTMINSTER v. OLD WYKEHAMISTS.

PLAYED in dull weather and a bad light, on Saturday, the 29th of July, at Vincent Square. Concluding that they would send up a team as weak as that which played against Charterhouse, we hoped to make a fight of it, but we were greatly surprised when we read the names of those who came to play against us, and instantly gave up all hopes of even making a fight of it, much less winning. They won the toss and went in, and matters began to look bad when 10 was scored off the first over. Birley, after making 16 in about 4 or 5 hits, was bowled by Hemsley ; and then Savory joined Bridges, and our bowling was fearfully knocked about, till at 163, Bridges played a ball of Owen's on to his wicket. Lindsay now came in, and at luncheon the telegraph showed 210, 2, 70. After lunch, Savory added 11 runs to his score and was exceedingly well caught by Robinson, having shown very good cricket for his 113. Luttmann-Johnson after making 3 was caught by Gamble from a tremendous skyer, and Awdry, a left-handed man, came in, and began by slogging, but running out to Gamble was soon bowled. Lindsay was well caught by Benbow at point for a faultless 53, and then after having disposed of Moon for 6, Bird and Toynbee got together, and they added between them over 100 runs, till Bird was run out for a good 26. Rooper was got rid of for 10 and Toynbee got out, last ball, after making 90 in very fine style. All out for 424. Such an outing we have not had for a long time, but we have some consolation in knowing according to Mantle, that "they are the best team he has ever seen down here," and he can't be far wrong. Every one batted well, especially the double-figure scorers, but had Wilks appealed to the umpire when Savory had made 4, he would have been out l. b. w. He was also missed by long stop at 72. At 6 o'clock we went in, and we conclude fatigue was the cause of our poor display, as 7 wickets were down for 39 when stumps were drawn, Rogers having made 11, Benbow 11, and Gamble not out 10. We must congratulate Winchester, should this meet their eye, on such good players, as those who came against us are undoubtedly. Moon and Rooper, who are very young Old Wykehamists, having played all this year for Winchester, showed good cricket, and the former's wicket-keeping was excellent. Score as under.

OLD WYKEHAMISTS.

J. H. Bridges, b Owen	71
F. H. Birley, b Hemsley	16
J. H. Savory, c Robinson, b Wilks	113
W. Lindsay, c Benbow, b Wilks	53
J. A. Luttmann-Johnson, c Gamble, b Wilks	3
C. Awdry, b Gamble	12
P. R. Toynbee, c Wilks, b Owen	90
A. W. Moon, b Wilks	6
W. H. B. Bird, run out	26
A. H. Rooper, b Wilks	10
G. K. Lyon, not out	5
Byes, 9; leg-byes, 6; wides, 4	19

Total 424

SCHOOL.

B. M. H. Rogers, b Savory	11
H. P. Robinson, b Savory	1

W. F. G. Sandwith, c Savory, b Rooper	2
H. C. Benbow, c Lyon, b Rooper	11
A. M. Hemsley, b Rooper	1
A. F. M. Gamble, not out	10
J. Abernethy, b Luttmann-Johnson	1
C. V. Wilks, c and b Luttmann-Johnson	0
R. S. Owen, not out	1
Bye	1

Total 39

H. Abernethy and T. F. F. Williams did not bat. Umpires, Mantle and Constable.

THE TOWN BOY AND QUEEN SCHOLAR MATCH.

ON Monday, the 8th of August, the above match, which always ends up the season, came off at Vincent Square in charming weather. This is the only match that we play which has to be finished, and not decided on the first innings if two each are not completed, and as will be seen from the score, the match resulted in a draw. It looked indeed a certainty for the Town Boys, as with 6 "pinks," the 3 first bowlers, and 4 of the best bats in the Eleven, the Queen Scholars seemed far inferior; what the result would have been had it been played out, is not for us to know or say, but we rather fancy the finish would have been exciting. The Town Boys went in first, and Patrick and Rogers proceeded to the wickets, to face the bowling of Owen and Sandwith. Runs came slowly but surely till at 21 Rogers was clean bowled by Owen, having contributed 3. Hemsley filled up the vacancy, and both batsmen played carefully, until Patrick, somewhat to his surprise, was given out l. b. w. The retiring batsman had made 16 without a chance in beautiful form, and he was loudly and deservedly applauded. The next to come in was H. Abernethy, and he and Hemsley gave the Queen's Scholars a deal of trouble, and the score was about 70, when Hemsley was out l. b. w. from Owen, having played very well for his 27. Wilks came in, on slogging hard intent, and though he stayed a short time he made 19, and was run out, as indeed he has been all through the season with one exception. Gamble played carefully but gave one or two hard chances for his 20, when he was easily caught by Eddis. None of the remaining men did much, and they were all out for 158. The Q.S.S. sent in Owen and Benbow against the bowling of Wilks and Hemsley, and it was soon evident that Wilks was off the spot, as his third ball was hit splendidly for 5 by Owen. After 11 had been scored, Owen was most foolishly run out, when he looked likely to make a good score. Sandwith and Benbow got together, the latter slogging, and the former playing carefully, and when 30 was up, Gamble went on to bowl, and in his first over bowled Sandwith for 10, made in his usual patient manner. Robinson was bowled by Hemsley without scoring, and Eddis came in playing wildly; he managed to make 8, when he ran out Benbow in the most ridiculous manner possible, as the ball was in slip's hands when he began to run the second. Benbow had made 20 by hard hitting, but his runs were got when they were wanted; Eddis was beautifully caught at point left-handed by Hemsley the very next ball, and Dale came in; he made 7 in good form, but Guest, though he made 3, did not appear much at home, in marked contrast to Dale (ii), who

played in a most careful and finished manner; and though Reece and Sercombe helped very little to the score, when Mead joined Dale, though the score was 74 for 10 wickets, and there was every prospect of the Q.S.S., who were then 84 behind, having to follow on, so good was the play of both batsmen, that they were not separated till 118 was telegraphed, of which Dale had made 24 by some of the best cricket of the day, and Mead 15 not out. It would be hard to praise these two performances enough, Dale on account of his size, and Mead for his being a "water" fellow; and to these must the Q.S.S. owe the match ending in a draw, and not in a defeat for them. The same or nearly the same order was maintained in the second innings of the Town Boys. Patrick and Rogers again were the first to bat, and they played very carefully, Rogers being the first to retire, falling a prey to Robinson's slows, for 9. Hemsley, after making 9, was caught off Robinson's bowling, and Patrick was also caught off the same bowling, for an excellently played 18. H. Abernethy was clean bowled by Owen for 2, and Wilks was bowled by Robinson for 5. J. Abernethy was absurdly run out after making 11 in good style, and thus the sixth wicket fell for 63. Gamble and Westmorland kept in, and the total stood at 86, when stumps were drawn, Gamble having made 19 not out and Westmorland 3 not out. The fielding of Reece and Mead for the Queen's Scholars was very good, as also of Patrick and Hemsley for the Town Boys. Owen took 6 wickets in the first innings of T.B.B. and Robinson 4 in the second. The Q.S.S. made a good fight considering the odds, both in batting and bowling, against them, and had the match been finished the result would no doubt have been exciting. Mantle and Holmes umpired. Full score appended:—

T.B.B.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.	
D. Patrick, l b w, b Sandwith	16	c Benbow, b Robinson	18
B. M. Rogers, b Owen	3	b Robinson	9
A. M. Hemsley, l b w, b Owen	27	c Mead, b Robinson	9
H. W. Abernethy, c Reece, b Owen	36	b Owen	2
A. F. M. Gamble, c Eddis, b Sandwith	20	not out	19
C. V. Wilks, run out	19	b Robinson	5
J. Abernethy, b Owen	6	run out	11
H. S. Westmorland, c Reece, b Owen	0	not out	3
C. Secretan, not out	7		
F. F. Caiger, b Owen	0		
H. N. Robson, b Robinson	0		
Byes, 12; leg-byes, 8; wides, 4.	24	Byes, 8; leg-bye, 1; wide, 1	10
Total	158	Total	86
Q.S.S.			
R. S. Owen, run out	5		
H. C. Benbow, run out	20		
W. F. G. Sandwith, b Gamble	10		
H. P. Robinson, b Hemsley	0		
E. U. Eddis, c Hemsley, b Gamble	8		
G. Dale (i), b Wilks	7		
E. P. Guest, c Robinson, b Wilks	3		
G. Dale (ii), c Rogers, b Wilks	24		
G. H. Reece, c and b Gamble	0		
W. Sercombe, c Gamble, b Wilks	1		
R. Mead, not out	15		
Byes, 19; leg-bye, 1; wides, 5	25		
Total	118		

SERVIA.

Two months with Tcherniaeff in Servia. By Philip H. B. Salusbury, Lieut. 1st Royal Cheshire Light Infantry.

FEW of us who knew Salusbury at school would have ever thought that some day he would become an author, and few indeed of us who were intimate with him here, on reading this book will be able to realize that the author of this book is the Salusbury who was at Westminster but five years ago. Still such is the case, and here we have as pleasant and bright an account of a two months' campaign as it would be possible to find. It is refreshing in these days to see such modesty as Salusbury shows in his preface, and yet we think the apology he gives is scarcely needed. He throws himself on the mercy of his critics on the ground of being but twenty-one years of age, of having written his words down as they came into his head, and of pretending to no style whatever. Though absent from home only two months and a half, he contrived to see a good deal of men, places, and events. With but little difficulty he reached Belgrade, but in that tour he was in some danger of being treated as a spy, through the name of a Servian prince, to whom he carried a letter of introduction, being misspelt. He proceeds to give an amusing account of the modes of riding of some of the men who joined the squadron, and after receiving a lieutenancy, he journeyed to Deligrad. On nearing their journey's end, he says: "It does not often happen to one to see the heavens as though they were on fire, as I saw them that night, for it must be recollected that these watch-fires were spread over ten miles of country, and that, in addition to these, there were villages and hamlets in flames at the same time. On we rode to the camp, and at last through the camp, past the forms of men lying around the camp-fires with nothing but the firmament above them; it was a weird, strange, unearthly scene, as I turned round in my saddle and watched the dark train of cavalry behind me, winding its way like a huge serpent through the trees." Of course Salusbury, being with the Russian army, would try and produce anything to show how kind and how merciful the Russians are; but in our minds this anecdote of the Russian officer does not atone for the alleged barbarity of the Russian troops. We give the story in full for its plain, simple narrative, and to afford our readers an opportunity of judging from this, if possible, to what extent the Russians are kind and merciful.

I will now proceed to relate a circumstance that reflects the greatest credit on the humanity of Gen. Tcherniaeff and the Russian officers. On the other side of the road, with a sentry standing over him, was a Servian prisoner, with his arms tied behind his back, seated on the ground; and on making inquiries as to the nature of his offence and punishment, I was told that he had been tried the day before by a drum-head court-martial for having twice deserted in the face of the enemy, and also for having killed one of the escort sent to apprehend him. For this double offence he was sentenced to death, which punishment all, I think, will admit was one that he richly merited. The sentence was to be carried into effect at three o'clock in the afternoon; but in the morning the wife of the doomed man came into the camp carrying her child in her arms. The poor thing was nearly dead with grief and fatigue. She came to beseech the general to spare her husband's life; and, ah me! it was a sad scene I witnessed that morning. Standing as near to

the prisoner as the sentry would permit her to come, and with a look of intense hatred in her eye, was the mother of the murdered man, gloating over the revenge which she expected to have in the afternoon. She had been present at the court-martial, and had thrown herself on her knees before the court and prayed to God that they would give her permission to slay the murderer with her own hand. Of course such permission was not granted; but nevertheless, though balked of the revenge she had hoped to carry out herself, as the court had sentenced the man to death, she had remained in the camp on purpose to see the execution carried out. Once I saw her carry a gourd of water to him, and just as he was about to apply it to his parched lips, she drew it away and laughed at him. Little did she think that blood for blood would be denied her that day. The sentenced man's wife went up to the general, who was pointed out to her, flung herself on her knees at his feet, and, holding up her baby, prayed, with tears in her eyes, that her husband might be spared the awful fate hanging over him. We all stood round the general, ready, should he show no signs of relenting, to second the woman's petition. But Gen. Tcherniaeff, though a war-worn soldier, was a man, and had a heart which was deeply moved by the poignant grief of the petitioner. He turned away his head to hide the tears that were welling in his eyes, and, his throat being too full for utterance, gave his hand to the woman, to show that her prayer was granted. Who could describe the feelings of that woman on such an occasion? I, for one, am quite unable to do so, and therefore will not attempt it. She left the camp far richer in every respect than when she had entered it, as every officer gave her some gold. The sentence of death was changed to one of twenty years' imprisonment, and it was a terrible thing to see the rage and hear the maledictions of the mother of the murdered man when she found herself thus balked of her revenge. It required the strength of several men to prevent her from rushing at and stabbing the man whose sentence had just been commuted. There is no romance in this description of mine, and those who read it may perhaps change their opinion of the Russians, and admit that the "devil is not always quite so black as he is painted."

Alexinatz was the scene of Salusbury's first battle, and under General Dochtoureff and Count Bracciali he first saw fighting. Oct. 18th, with General Dochtoureff, he again witnessed severe fighting in the valley of the Tinok river, and he speaks very strongly of the cowardice shown by some of the Servians. Oct. 20 saw him under fire again, and he speaks very highly of the bravery of some Russian troops. After this, at the advice of the Russian officers, having suffered much from cold and exposure, he returned to England. Space has prevented us from giving more extracts from Salusbury's charming book, but we hope that what we have given will afford our readers some idea of the whole. The book is well worth reading, and though we may be accused of being prejudiced, in praising a book the author of which is an O.W., we feel no scruple in saying our praise is richly deserved.

Obituary.

WE have here to record the sad death by cholera of one who, by his noble zeal in labouring for his fellow-creatures, has reflected honour on England, and on the school where he spent a large portion of his too short life. The following is from *The News of the World* :—

"An affecting story has just reached England, proving that amongst our young men the heroic spirit still prevails. Mr. Edward Ernest Mason, a young man of 25, returning home at Christmas from Japan, where he had been employed in the Imperial Treasury, saw that work was to be done in Madras, and away he went to do it. He was appointed by the Duke of Buckingham to the charge of a famine relief camp containing 6000

persons. He was anxious as to the appearance of cholera in the camp; and when it did appear, with wise provision he isolated the cholera cases, and gave himself up to their care, but unfortunately he was seized by the Destroyer, and died in a few hours, on the 20th July, at Ranipett, in the Madras Presidency, a martyr to an heroic conception of duty."

This appeared in the *Windsor Gazette* of August the 25th:—

"Mr. Mason returned to England for a short time at Christmas last, but early in the present year he proceeded to India, and was appointed by the Duke of Buckingham, Governor of Madras, to the care of a famine district, employment not of the most agreeable or profitable nature, but which he said he would undertake 'with all his heart and soul.' During the brief period of his occupying this position, he had attacks of ophthalmia and fever, from which he wrote four days before his death that he had quite recovered, and spoke of cholera cases having at length appeared, and that he was using his utmost endeavours to isolate them from the thousands who were in a shocking condition from the effects of starvation. He added that he fully expected to be himself one of the victims, and so it unhappily proved, for he died on the morning of the 20th July, at the early age of 25 years. His loss is deplored by a large number of attached friends.

He was educated at Westminster, and at the age of 20 was appointed to a cadetship in the Straits Settlements, whence he went to Japan as an attaché to the Japanese Ambassador.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Carthusian*, the *Blue*, the *Glenalmond Chronicle*, the *Wellingtonian*, the *Laxtonian* (Oundle Grammar School), the *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, the *Newtonian*, the *Ousel*, the *Bloxhamist*, the *Wykehamist*.

The *Carthusian* rejoices over the completion of the fifth year of its starting. This number contains some verses: "Youth," in which we hear that as soon as early youth is gone—

"Then ne'er again will life be sweet
Until its Sun has spent his heat
And shed its placed light around;
The welcome haven nearly found."

That is being rather hard on the prime of life. It also contains a review of the Cricket Season and Eleven, and a double acrostic.

Exactly one-half of the *Blue* is filled up with a "Glimpse of Venice,"—well, they might have found worse matter. "A few Lessons from Nature" too are worth learning: we are glad to see that the Present Blues beat the Past, as they deserved it after the long series of defeats they have suffered. They had a "most magnificent day" for their athletic sports at Christ's Hospital: we hope we may have the same, though they would hardly seem like Westminster Sports in fine weather.

The *Wellingtonian* would answer well as a pocket dictionary to the aboriginal language of Queensland, as it contains a vocabulary of words from the Devil to a Cockatoo; a translation—in verse—of some Horace has some merit in it. Some might take interest in a "Walk in the New Forest."

We would there were more news in the *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, we like to hear from schools across the water, but the *Quarterly* contains little more than a Class List, indeed the last half professes to be no more. We cannot say much of the verses on "the Twenty," however we congratulate the said team on their being "so nearly the ever victorious twenty," only one defeat out of seven matches is good.

A very large part of the *Laxtonian* (Oundle School) consists of poetry, chiefly translations from the Latin of Horace and Martial: an original scrap on "A Summer's Day" is worthy of notice. We also see a long article on Architecture in Northamptonshire. Their athletics appear to have passed off well, seven feet being a very fair height for the pole jump under 14.

The *Newtonian* seems in a bad way rather: the Editor complains that, not only have no members of the school sent him any contributions on general subjects, but not even an account of a Cricket or Football match can he get "without strong provocation." We conclude he must have always had a large stock of

"provocation" always on hand, as something like two-thirds of the number is filled up with accounts of cricket matches,— "linked sweetness long drawn out!"

The *Ousel* has really nothing in it—a piece of poetry on the "Death of Harold Hardrada" is readable; a few pages of "Cricket," two more of "Boating," and an account of "Speech Day" complete the contents of this number.

The *Bloxhamist*, strange to say, is worth reading, the greater part of it at all events. This number of "Before the Bell Rings" headed "Back again" is decidedly preferable to its predecessors. "Bank Holiday" too is by no means badly written. The following bowling analysis by a present Bloxhamist is worth recording. First innings *v.* Magdalen School, Oxford, 8 wickets for 16 runs, 2nd innings, 8 wickets for 11 runs. Four wickets falling to four consecutive balls.

Correspondence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

Imberbis.—We are tired of those subjects. Try a new one.

Θεαρχς.—By no means a new suggestion. Long worn out.

A.Z.—We should hardly think it possible.

Patriæ amans.—We cannot understand you.

The subscription to *The Elizabethan* for one year is as usual 4s.

All subscriptions now to be sent to J. Troutbeck, Treasurer of *The Elizabethan*, 1, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

The back numbers of *The Elizabethan* may be had of the Editor for 6d. each, the engravings which accompany some do not alter the price.

Contributions on no account to be sent to the printers, but to the Editor of *The Elizabethan*, St. Peter's College, Westminster.

All contributions for the next number are to be sent in by November 1st.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—I beg to bring before you one more proposal, one more innovation, though I fear you have lately been overwhelmed with them. Rinks, Spelling Bees and the like were on the face of them impracticable, but this I think you will find on mature consideration is not so utterly impossible, or such a monstrous absurdity. There was no sense in rinking, though a little in hockey, but in my latest suggestion I think there is a good deal. To come to the point without further delay, why should not quoits be started up fields? I myself heard Mantle say that it would not be a bad idea; in fact he told me he could with the greatest of ease make a quoit ground, without injuring the cricket or football grounds: and his idea was not his own, for if I understood him aright, he said one of the masters had told him that he was very fond of quoits, and should like to see it started. If the scheme is approved of by even a select few, to get the quoits will be quite a secondary consideration, and to get the ground no consideration at all. I simply submit the proposal, but at the same time hope that soon one of the latest revivals will be the Ancient Roman game, throwing the—

DISCUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed with pleasure in your last number a letter which called attention to the disorderly state of the books in the Library. I think that the general appearance of the room would be improved if certain members of the school, who are apparently funny spirits in a small way, would abstain from using their pencils, when in the drawing classes, to ornament the walls, &c., of the Library. I hope the two donkeys and the pig which have been drawn above the mantel-piece are not intended to be taken in any way as emblematic of the mental acquirements and personal appearance of the sixth form; nay, rather, I should be inclined to suppose that the aforesaid wags have obligingly provided the community at large with portraits of themselves, as nearly as possible drawn from the life. I have also observed of late that the bust of Sir Francis Burdett has developed an imposing pair of moustaches in addition to various other embellishments. Hoping that this state of things will be altered,

I remain, yours truly, ZOOLOGIST.

Floreat.