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The Abingdonian.

Misericordias Domini

in aeternum cantabo.

CHRISTMAS ✣ NUMBER.

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ONE SHILLING.

Misericordias Domini

in aeternum cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are in sore need of defensive armour! Generous donors of Xmas boxes please note. We have of necessity rejected many articles offered for this number, and postponed various items of school news, in particular, all accounts of rifle-shooting: and the rejected writers vow vengeance.

Yet we hope they will acknowledge some slight method in our madness. Our endeavour has been to make this number representative of all connected with the school. We have therefore included not only articles sent by our most veteran contributors, but also "*pour encourager les autres,*" two sent by youngsters quite low down in the school.

Will those whose articles are crowded out please accept this explanation, and not suppose that we despise their admirable efforts.

The rest of our Editorial was (please believe us) excellent. But consideration of space forces us to reject even that!

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. *v.* BLOXHAM SCHOOL. Played on Saturday, October 26th, on our ground. Play for a time was very even. Harvey opened the scoring about halfway through the first part of the game. After this reverse Bloxham played up

well and quickly equalized. About 10 minutes after this Harvey gave us the lead from a long shot and half-time arrived with the score 2—1. During the second half we pressed continually, and our efforts were amply rewarded, goals being scored by Harvey (4), Read and Mortleman. Thus a very even game ended in a victory for us by 8 goals to 1. The school was represented by:—(Goal) F. E. Parker; (Backs) L. G. Drewe, E. V. Dyke; (Halves) R. B. Leach (ii), O. B. Challenor and W. J. Read; (Forwards) W. R. Mortleman, C. W. Edgington, E. H. Harvey, L. W. Holland and J. H. Bridgwater.

A.S.F.C. *v.* EXETER COLLEGE 'CAPOTTERS.' Played on November 2nd on our ground. Our visitors were much stronger than usual and were the first to score. The school forwards then got together, and Holland and Mr. Rudd soon put in successful shots. At half-time the score was 2—1 in our favour. After half-time both teams played up very well. Directly after the restart our opponents scored. Then we added two goals through Mr. Rudd. Our visitors then pressed and managed to add two goals. A very even game thus ended in a draw 4—4. Team:—(Goal) F. E. Parker; (Backs) Mr. H. H. Gibson and E. V. Dyke; (Halves) R. B. Leach (ii), K. G. Stevens and W. J. Read; (Forwards) W. R. Mortleman, Mr. W. A. Rudd, E. H. Harvey, L. W. Holland and J. H. Bridgwater.

A.S.F.C. *v.* BLOXHAM SCHOOL. Play-on Saturday, November 9th, at Bloxham. At the outset it was evident that play would be very even. We were the first to score, Harvey putting in a shot that the goal-keeper had no chance of of saving. Directly after this our opponents scored, but Mortleman soon gave us the lead. Just before half-time our opponents equalized. After recommencement Bloxham scored and maintained their lead. The school team did not play up to their usual form:—(Goal) F. E. Parker; (Backs) L. G. Drewe and E. V. Dyke; (Halves) R. B. Leach (ii) C. J. Butler and O. B. Challenor; (Forwards) W. R. Mortleman, C. W. Edgington, E. H. Harvey, L. W. Holland and J. H. Bridgwater.

A.S.F.C. *v.* C. J. ELLISON'S XI. Played on November 16th on our ground. Soon after the start our visitors had the misfortune to lose their outside left. In a few minutes Harvey scored and Holland soon followed suit. Harvey then shot three goals in rapid succession. Half-time arrived with the score 5—0. After the recommencement we completely outplayed our opponents, and increased our total to 13. The goals were obtained by Harvey (5) Edgington (2) and Bridgwater. Our team was the same as in the return match *v.* Bloxham except that K. G. Stevens took the place of C. J. Butler.

A.S.F.C. *v.* H. WINSHIP'S XI. Played on Wednesday, November 20th, on our ground. Winship brought a very strong side. Our opponents at once took the offensive and soon scored. Then the school team got well together and R. B. Leach (ii) scored a good goal.

After this we got another goal from a rush, and at half-time the score stood 2—1. In the second half the play continued to be very exciting and it was not until about 10 minutes before the end that Harvey kicked our third goal. Then our opponents scored and a very even game resulted in a good win for us by 3 goals to 2. We played the same team that beat Ellison's XI. except that Mr. Rudd took the place of Edgington.

A.S.F.C. *v.* DORCHESTER COLLEGE. Played on Wednesday, November 27th, at Dorchester. Play for a time was fairly even, but about 20 minutes after the start Harvey scored. At half-time the score was 1—0. In the second half play continued to be very even, but soon after the re-commencement Bridgwater scored for us. Then our opponents managed to get a goal and thus ended a good game. We played the same team as against Winship's XI.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. *v.* MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL 2nd XI. Played on the School ground on November 23rd. A few minutes after the start we obtained the lead through Tame. Play was then fairly even until, just before half-time, Read headed in from a good corner by Cory. The score was 2—nil. in our favour at half-time. During the second half the game was much harder and more even. Rice scored from a scrum in front of goal. Soon afterwards Magdalen scored from a free kick granted against our goalkeeper, who evidently thought he was out for a walk. After a few minutes they again appealed against the goalkeeper, but could not score. There were no more points and we won a good game by 3—1. Team :— (Goal) T. Johnston; (Backs) J. H. Wakefield and J. E. E. R. Chanter; (Halves) R. B. Leach (iii), H. V. Stone and R. M. Cory; (Forwards) F. Read, E. F. Harvey, G. C. Rice, E. G. Tame, H. R. Hobday.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

F. E. Parker (Goal). A really good goal-keeper. He has played consistently and well throughout the season. Perhaps his only fault is his inclination to stay too long in goal. His kicking is very strong.

E. V. Dyke. Has developed into an excellent back. He kicks neatly with either foot and makes good use of his head.

L. G. Drewe. A very useful back. His tackling is good and he uses his head well, but his kicking is very erratic.

R. B. Leach (ii). A really clever half. He tackles and feeds his forwards exceedingly well, and always plays a hard game.

O. B. Challenor. A hard-working player, but has not had sufficient experience of the game.

K. G. Stevens. Has improved wonderfully since the beginning of the season, and is always in his right place. He feeds his forwards well, but his tackling is weak. Very slow.

J. H. Bridgwater. Works hard and makes use of his pace. His kicking

has much improved but his centres are still weak.

C. W. Edgington. Though he has played some good games he is not heavy enough for a centre-forward. Should be useful another year.

L. W. Holland. Has come on wonderfully since last year, and is now a very good forward. His dribbling is neat and he combines very well with his outside. Might improve his shooting.

W. R. Mortleman. On his day a very good forward. His shots are hard and low, but his centres are far too rare.

E. H. Harvey. A very clever dribbler and an excellent shot with either foot: might pass oftener. Has made a good captain.

A SURVEY OF ABINGDON IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

Having lately had occasion to examine a volume of Berkshire Surveys at the Public Record Office, I therein met with a Survey of Abingdon taken 2-6 October 1 and 2 Philip and Mary (1554) and apparently relating to such portions of the town as had been "*p'cell' possssion' nup' monasterii beate Marie in Abyngdon.*" The holders of the various properties are arranged under streets, which for the most part bear the names of the thoroughfares still existing, save that the present Bridge Street appears as Burford (i.e. Borough-ford) Street, and that no mention is made of Bath Street or High Street: the former is, I suppose, represented by Bore Street, under which is a long list of occupiers; and the latter by Bury (i.e. Borough Street) which also has a long list. Littlebury Street, Otwell lane and St. Edmund's lane are also mentioned. Among the names of tenants are many with which we are familiar, such as Drynge, Reade, Tesdale, Ballard, Hyde, Braunche, Langley, Fisher, Bostock, Denton and Orpwood: these also include the Master and Governors of Christ's Hospital, and the Churchwardens of St. Helen's and St. Nicholas'. But the most important owner of monastic property in Abingdon at this date was Sir John Mason K^t, who is said to hold by letters patent, dated 4 Jan 36 Hen. VIII (1545) "for the terme of his life without any rent therefore paying: All that the scite and precincte of the late monastery of Abingdon with all houses, gardens and orcherds, ponds and grounds within the said scite and precincte, and to the same late monastery belonging." The descriptive account of this property includes a gatehouse of stone, covered with lead, probably the existing gatehouse: Mr. Stone's lodging, built of timber and covered with slate, with an attached garden and orchard: another gatehouse entering the base court, all covered with lead, with two stables in the same court and five chambers and the King's almshouse. Also a malthouse, brewhouse, and bakehouse; a granary, the late Chequer, a long gallery, stable, and slaughter house. The Chequer, then and since used as a granary, is the Decorated stone building, with bold buttresses forming the western portion of the block of

building still extant, and the long gallery is the rest of the block running eastward which has an open passage or gallery along its whole length on the north side leading to an original stairway with a wooden newel at the east end. There was also the Cosyner's (i.e. cuisinier's or cook's) gatehouse standing on the mill stream, the Cosyner's house with garden and orchard, all of stone and slate or tiled: the abbot's lodging, which contained "a fayre gate," buttery, pantry, and kitchen: two large apartments, called the King's and Queen's chambers, a chapel, and divers other chambers and houses of office, and there were other buildings called "the ffermery" (i.e. infirmary) standing on the mill stream, and houses and lodgings called "works," besides the sextery or sexton's house and the charnelhouse, with a gatehouse leading into the late abbey churchyard. The site further included a little court between the porter's lodge and the gatehouse leading to the churchyard of about half an acre in extent: the base court of 3 acres: the churchyard, with all the stones and walls of the late abbey church and also the soil of the frater (i.e. refectory) the cloister, chapter house and dorter (i.e. dormitory): from which it is clear that at this date the walls of the church, or some of them, were yet standing, but that the other buildings specified had been entirely pulled down. Mention is further made of the workyard and a little orchard at the east end of the church, which together covered four acres: the privy garden or orchard of half an acre: an orchard of one acre on the backside of the parsonage of St. Nicholas: and the Prior and convent's orchard and apple house, covering six acres. Then there were the convent ditches and a piece of marshy ground called the "pitensary," once the site of the offices of the pitancier or manciple of the abbey, and three acres in extent, with other ditches belonging to it, and three closes of pasture called "the convent close" and covering ten acres. Sir John Mason also held a mead of 14 acres called "the Brewerne heys," extending from the lock to the fishhouse-close, and in breadth between the Thames and the mill stream.

At the end of the Survey are some interesting memoranda relating to the lead removed from the roofs, that of the gutters and pipes, and to the timber on the site. In the first case no reference is made to the great church, but among the unroofed buildings are mentioned St. John's chapel and the porter's lodge next St. Nicholas' church, the gatehouse entering the base court, the great hall, the King's chapel and the Abbot's lodging. The whole of this lead is estimated at 47 fothers and the value at £369, and the value of the gutters and pipes at £66-13-4. As to the timber it was chiefly elm and walnut, but there were some ash trees growing in the "pitensary." The other trees were mostly distributed over the various orchards and closes, but 13 were in the churchyard, and 3 elms and

a walnut tree in the base court: and all are valued at 2/- each except the ash trees, which are stated to be worth 3/- apiece, and the total value of the 504 trees is estimated at £59-4-8. Of course these figures require considerable multiplication, say by 10 or 12, to bring them up to present day value. These memoranda further include an account of the foundation and objects of Christ's Hospital in Abingdon, the endowments of which are stated to amount to £65 yearly, and there is also a somewhat detailed and therefore valuable account of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, described as "situate streight fore ageynst the churche of St. Nicholas, well built of square stone, and covered w^{t} leade, together w^{t} a comon hall and vi seuerall chambers for vi poore men and vi seuerall woodhouses to the same chambers belonging, and also one garden in thoccupienge of S^{r} John Mason, Knight, a courte and a woodyerd over the newe sterte, a comon well and a comon jakes." To this Hospital was attached the chapel already mentioned and elsewhere described as standing without the porter's lodge adjoining the market place, and being 63 feet long and 25 feet wide. These details are sufficient to show that the Hospital buildings must have partially, if not wholly surrounded the courtyard, and the old School, if it does not incorporate, as is quite possible, part of their structure, at any rate must occupy a portion of their site. Lastly, mention is made of "another poore house, called the old Almeshouse, standing uppon the ryuer of Thamys w^{t}in the whyche is one hall and xii seuerall chambers, wher in ben xx poore creatures releved at this present only by the charitable Allmes of the good devout Christen people of the Towne of Abingdon." This, I assume, is possibly the building east of St. Helen's church, which has sometimes been called the Hospital of St. Helen, but in recent years converted into a dwelling house by Mr. C. A. Pryce and now bearing the curiously adopted name of "Helnestow." But it also appears from Pat. 10 Edw. III (1336-7) that there was once in Abingdon a Hospital of early foundation dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen and situated on the bridge over the Ock, I suppose near its confluence with the Thames, and therefore perhaps this is the "old almeshouse" referred to. Whether any traces of it remain, I do not know.

I may add, as a matter of incidental interest that the circular metal seal of St. John's Hospital, of which I have an excellent impression, is now in the Mediaeval Department of the British Museum. It bears a figure of the Saint with the Agnus Dei between two trees, and has round the margin the legend:—

S' * ðom' * S'c'i * ioh'is * Aby'ðo'ie.

W^{LL} H. RICHARDSON, (O.A.)

THE LITTLE PEASANT ARTIST.

It was a cold winter night in Russia, and in a small cottage round a blazing

fire sat four people. One was an old woman about 70 years of age, the second was a man about 45 years old; and his wife about the same age. The fourth and chief character of my story was a small boy about 9 years of age. The boy was sitting by the fire arranging a number of rough yet beautiful drawings. They were traced with charcoal on wood roughly smoothed with a hatchet. One drawing in particular he greatly prized. It was one of a great cathedral window, representing angels playing upon harps. But the child little dreamed of what was going to happen, for suddenly his father, seeing that there was no more wood with which to make up the fire, snatched up the child's pictures and threw them into the grate.

After that whenever the child was was told to amuse himself with drawing he would say "How can I when the best is burnt." Not long after that the child was wandering in the forest which surrounded the house, and by chance he lost his way. He wandered on and, at last, coming to a large house he knocked at the door. After some time a servant came to the door and asked him what he wanted. "I want" said he "rest for the night, for I have lost my way." Just then the gentleman to whom the house belonged came to the door, and when he heard that the boy wanted a day's rest he willingly gave it to him. Till it was time for the the boy to go to bed he took him to his studio, for he was an artist, and he gave him paper and a pencil to draw with. The boy tried to draw a picture like the one which had been burnt, and when he had finished he took it to the artist murmuring "the best was burnt" "No" replied the artist the best is yet to come:" and, indeed, that little boy became in time one of the most famous artists of his day.

W.H.W.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JABEZ EDWARDS.

Looking over my old sketches the other day, I came across a little water-colour done in the West Country many years ago, which reminded me vividly of one of the strangest passages of my life; I mean the passage associated with my intercourse with Jabez Edwards. It was a sunlit sea-scape, roughly enough executed, yet suggesting its original to my own memory well enough: a great seaward slope of wood and sward breaking into roseate cliffs; these again running out into a low cape crowned with a cluster of towers, and flinging a spray of golden rocks into the smooth, crisped, sapphire sea. I remember the scene well, almost unreal in its dainty prettiness as it was. I painted it, as I said, some ten years ago, many years after I had met and known Edwards, and when in fact that particular chapter of my life bade fair to be forgotten. Why it should have so vividly recalled his name to to my remembrance I will now proceed to narrate.

I am an old man now, and the days I am going to speak of were those of the

first enthusiasms of youth. I shall have to look for them far into the "dark backward and abysm of time." Jabez and I were fellow-clerks in a mercantile office in a big city of the Midlands. It was chiefly from charitable motives, if I remember rightly, that I was first impelled to cultivate his intimacy. I have always been attracted by odd personalities; but Jabez had little to recommend him, even in the way of singularity, except his extraordinary incapacity for any of the pursuits and interests of ordinary life. A great, gaunt, large-handed, clumsy lout of a fellow he was, inert, silent, associating with no one; always on the verge of dismissal by his employers for unpunctuality and general remissness. We understood that his people were very poor, and that he had obtained his place, and was in some way still overlooked, by the influence of a distant relative. He joined in none of our pastimes, and engaged in none by himself, as far as we could ascertain. He could not afford to go away for his holidays, as most of us managed to do. Instead, he moped in the dusty atmosphere of the City. His days seemed to be passed in a continual sad and sluggish and vague reverie.

More from pity than any other motive, as I have said, I began occasionally to patronize him, walked the country with him, and soon attained, by force of custom, a certain degree of intimacy; though for a long time without eliciting more signs of character and personality than such as I have indicated. He was always very uncommunicative, generally seemed destitute, in fact, of any ideas to communicate. He scarcely roused himself at all from that joyless, motionless mood, too absolutely uninterested to be positively gloomy or despondent, which seemed stamped to perpetuity on his large, pallid, equine features and heavy, unchanging gray eyes.

And yet, stupidly as he seemed to live, I found after a while some traces of qualities in Edwards which interested me. When he spoke of his affairs, as he occasionally did in a listless way, there was an attraction in the odd aloofness of his outlook. I began to suspect him to be devoid neither of intelligence nor of imagination. The impression he gave one, in fact, was of possessing unknown potentialities in both directions, which some strange temperamental disinclination prevented him applying to any particular object. Through our long rambles he shewed little interest in country scenery, for which I was then, as always, a devout enthusiast, but I discovered in him a real feeling for the sky and all its forms and pageants, a peculiarity which I atttributed to his city up-bringing, allowing no other visitations of nature but such as descended from the wide and common firmament. He had a quaint affection, too, for ponds and pools and wide stretches of water. One evening as we returned over the long iron structure that bridged the reservoir, whence the water-supply of the city was drawn, he confessed to me,

in one of his occasional confidences, that he never passed the spot without a peculiar sensation of pure and calm exultation. He once said, looking up into the quiet turmoil of clouds that flooded an afternoon sky of midsummer, that such skies always seemed to contain patches of the days one had known long ago. I wondered what kind of days of long ago Edwards could look back to.

Little hints like these made this solitary and silent fellow a little more to me perhaps than he was to the rest of our little group. But such manifestations were very fitful and faint, scarcely emerging from the perpetual insensibility of his existence. Nor in judging Edwards at the time should I have given them the prominence which our later intercourse has led me to give them here.

I had known him for a year when it occurred to me to invite Edwards to spend a fortnight with me at the house of some relatives on the East coast.

He had never seen the sea before, and from the first it had the most singular influence upon him. He would watch its changing phases from the cliffs with the first real enthusiasm and absorption that I had ever seen him evince in any external object. Lower down on the immediate margin,—in that debatable land of cleansed rocks and clear grey pools and weeds, and curious and manifold life which the sea engenders, where all things undergo from year to year the eternal process of its "pure ablution"—here he would wander with a luxury of enjoyment which seemed incapable of satisfaction. To one who had known him in the common place drudgery of city life as I had known him, there was something very strange too, in the rapidity with which he learned the various crafts of the sea. He became deft with the oar. In sailing he seemed to have an instinctive sympathy with breezes and currents, which enabled him to acquire a subtlety of watermanship such as I have seldom seen surpassed. But he was most wonderful in the water itself, Though I am a very fair swimmer he was better than I in the first week, and soon attained so consummate a command of the element that, though I have before and since seen some of the finest swimmers of the time, I never saw one who seemed to me to possess such a perfect combination of ease and power and speed. But I could never persuade him to compete for a prize. He swam low, with an indefinable undulation of his long body such as a water-rat uses, and which I always thought propelled him more surely than any stroke of arms or legs.

Such a change in a man as came over Edwards with this visit surely never was before nor since. In the next three years he spent many such fortnights with us, and I count them as some of the happiest spells of my life. He became a kind of interpreter for me of the sea's moods and the sea's lore. He taught me invaluable tricks of seamanship, of swimming, of weather foresight, such as he never learned as

far I could see from anyone or anything beyond his own uncanny experience. We wandered on the sea-face of the cliffs together, and he came to speak of the pageant of ocean-sights with a subtlety, and truth, and power of fancy, with a cunning of expression born of accurate and profound receptivity, which affected me as the finest poetry has scarcely done. It was this faculty for which I prized his society most, and which seemed to me the most truly magical thing in the man as I knew him. I have heard since many examples of that strange gift for 'improvisatien' possessed by some of the peasantry of Southern Europe. They have always brought Edwards' manner of speech to my mind, but with him startling depth of insight took the place of their easy and superficial grace. And yet, to shew that this was still the incapable Edwards of the city office, even in his best days he was beset by a certain ineffectiveness. His inspiration never came to order. Friends of literary pretensions to whom I introduced him, found him as often as not silent and commonplace. He never could, or never would, converse, preserving always his sudden, oracular way of saying his fine fancies and his exquisite epigrams, as it were, of natural observation. His expression too was often difficult, and at times he would lose the definition of his idea in a sudden mist of reverie. The phenomena of his mind were as shifting and unaccountable, as they were often as splendid, as those of the ocean that was his study. Again, for all the new press of life which now woke in him, he never developed any strong humanity or depth of personal feeling. Though we spent many weeks together during three long years, I do not think he was bound to me by any strong attachment. I attributed his reserve to pride, but I have since thought that it betokened a deeper natural incapacity. He clung to me as the only means whereby he obtained these occasional weeks of full-blooded vitality in his dreary years; but this almost anxious following of interest on his part, and strong curiosity and admiration on my own, were almost the only ties which fastened our strange intimacy.

That intimacy came to an end a little over four years after I had first spoken to him. I ought to have said that our sojourns by the sea, so far from brightening Edwards' long months of work in the city office, only added tenfold to the lifeless lassitude with which he underwent them. I could never understand how our employers overlooked so much laxity and seeming incapacity and unpunctuality as Edwards evinced during those three years. But the end came at last, though not from them, for one morning he failed to appear, and the next, and the next; and then I had a short letter saying that he gone to a small fishing-village on the Yorkshire coast and obtained employment and a home among the people there, and begging me not to follow him.

He was not sought for, and the daily life, and indeed the daily business, of

the office missed him very little. I visited him several times and tried to persuade him in a half-hearted manner to return, always getting to see him with difficulty, and finding him reserved and glum and even uncivil. I heard that the people of the place considered him crazy, but that he had obtained a footing amongst them on account of his extraordinary skill in the "infinite book of secrecy" of the seas and winds. Of this the simple fisherman always spoke with a kind of mystified awe. Then one day when I went to the place after a longer interval than usual, I was told he had been some months missing, and had left no trace by which his whereabouts could be guessed. I enquired in vain for him continually for the next few years, and then the thought of Jabez Edwards and his odd career gradually faded from my life.

That was in the late sixties, and it was a good sixteen years later that the strange thing happened that I am about to relate. I was staying with a friend in a large seaport down in the West. One morning I made up my mind to renew a certain former jaunt of mine, taking train and ferry for the little village of Hamyll, and spending my day on the wild and beautiful promontory on the neck of which it stands. I took sandwiches and a bottle of claret and my sketchbook, and reached Hamyll in the middle of the forenoon, seeing with delight as fresh as ever its steep, irregular, dusty, little streets, with their dwarf houses, and swarming barefoot children, and ever-recurring new glimpses of wine-dark sea-horizon. Just above the village I turned back towards the ferry which had brought me and spent an hour making that sketch, the sight of which just now led me to undertake this narrative. Then I ate lunch, packed my little load, and struck out through some of the loveliest scenery in England for Wave Point, my afternoon destination. The road runs through woods, and far below between the sun-flecked stems shewed blue waves and rocks rainbow-hued in the sun: then one emerges on the bare side of the promontory, whence there opens out a mighty prospect of sea, variegated with a thousand influences of tides, and currents, and breezes, and mists, and shadows: and so on to the Wave Point itself, which is joined to the rest of the promontory only by a narrow causeway of rock which the storms and the spring tides ride right over. It stands far out to sea, cone-shaped, a solitary place, haunted only by sea-birds, hawks, hares and rabbits which shelter in the tangle of briars and gorse, and one or two autochthonous goats: on its top a tiny ruin, the bare shell of an ancient chapel of S. Michael.

Here I wandered for the most part of a summer day. I climbed to the windy summit, and listened to the voices of old Cornish legend and mystery that seem to sing yet about the walls of that little desecrated shrine, with its dark interior, serving now only as a stable for goats, and its prospects of distant sea framed in tall bare window-

apertures. Underneath was a kind of crypt, where in the near past an anchorite was said to have lived for several years, feeding on fish and such other wild life as his rugged home afforded, conversing with none save by signal with vessels rounding the headland towards the open sea. As I wandered about the solitudes that summer afternoon I seemed capable of sympathizing in a peculiar manner with the life of fellowship with the sea which the thought of that eremite typified for me. High up, in sight of that illimitable blue, lower among the crowding rocks that the great seas clothed and unclothed again with sheets of dazzling foam, I seemed to realize as he must have realized the life of the sea as of some primæval personality, of a scale and power and beauty worthy of a worship of contemplation and service such as he had given it. I thought much of the hermit, and much too, as I could not but do amid such associations, of Jabez Edwards who had first taught me these things. The thought, indeed just crossed my mind whether these two names might not cover one and the same person, for the career of that hermit was no unfitting close to that of my old companion. The hermit disappeared, they say, he and his boat, some four years before this time in a storm of midsummer—the fisherfolk in their superstition hold that the devil took him. So might old Jabez have served his last years, till the sea was pleased in due course to take him to itself. That passing thought has often recurred to me since.

At length the sun shone yellow from the West, turning every object in the landscape to its own colour but that intense blue. I prepared to consummate my day of ecstasy in the presence of the sea-gods, as it were by one crowning rite, in a swim far out into the azure levels.

There is a terror and a reverence of the sea that a man never knows till he has plunged in the element itself, and feels what small power of motion he has independent of its mighty motions: till he sees the land he has left loom high above his head, and the ring of rocks he put out from strange and inaccessible from without, and the strange hindward aspect of the breakers. All this I felt more nearly than ever before, as I struck out with steadfast purpose into the open of the utter seas.

I swam on strongly and rhythmically for awhile, when I became aware of another person moving leisurely round and about some hundred yards in front. There was a fair breeze, and I caught sight of the figure and lost it again by intervals as the waves rose and fell. I slackened, but travelled towards it by easy strokes. I was surprised to see long black hair like a woman's.

The next minute Jabez Edwards turned and looked at me with unrecognizing terror in his eyes, and then sped with an arrow-like impetus into the wall of waves. I knew him in spite of long ropes of hair and beard twisted with weed, and features weather-gnarled beyond description, and a frame

and limbs more rugged and powerful and even larger, I thought, than I had ever known them.

The mid-sea is as hushed, and solitary, and over-powering as the midnight, and as apt for ghostly visions, and at first a superstitious panic overcame me. I stared helplessly at the dissolving veins of foam where he entered the wave-slope. Then strength returned to me, and I plunged ahead calling his name, and so swam on calling in a frenzy while twilight fell. I did not find him. Outcoming fishers found me and took me out, though that part of the day I do not remember.

Was it 'his angel' that I saw thus among the solitary waves, revisiting the haunts he loved? or did he still—and *does* he still—tell out his uncouth human years in some inaccessible cavern under the Channel cliffs? think, reader, what you will. For myself, I like sometimes to think that neither was the case; I like to think that in Jabez Edwards we knew the incarnation of some unnamed power of the sea, doomed for a penance to pass a certain span in dusty haunts of the human mid-land, and after penance taken again to his home.

It is a strange and incredible story, the story of the old Greek Glaucus over again in our century of prose and of natural philosophy.

But I am an old man, and a strong believer in those 'more things in heaven and earth' than are dreamed of in your twentieth century sciences.

O.J.C.

CHEIRON'S SONG TO THE DEPARTING ARGONAUTS.

And now the Argo vanished in the haze,
Which ever rests upon the dancing sea:
But still old Cheiron bent his wistful gaze,
Where long 'twas swallowed in obscurity.
What thoughts crowd in upon that noble mind?
For see! the tears have flooded to his eyes:
In magic song the swelling heart must find
A vent for feeling that oppressive lies.
And now that song thrills on the mountain air,
Telling of love and grief and deep despair,
But pride triumphant wins a louder note,
Pride for the heroes wafted in that boat.

SONG.

My pupils, children, will I see you more;
Will your glad voices echo on this shore
In future years, and sound upon my ear,
With merry cadence once so sweet to hear?
I see again the warm blood at your cheek,
As home from hunting now the cave you seek,
And golden gleam your richly flowing locks
Cheering the darkness of the sombre rocks,
Which lurk in shadow 'neath the sunlit crest

As falls the car of Phœbus in the west.
How fond remembrance lights those vanished years,
And calls up joyful scenes, but calls with tears;
For happiness that's past seems doubly great,
Deprived by time of little griefs and hate,
And seen in contact with our present woe;
But chief because in time's eternal flow
'Tis gone, and never, never can return;
And sorrow's tribute flows, while thus we yearn.
With growing pride I taught their hearts to crave
All that is noble, beautiful and brave:
With joy I saw their youthful minds mature,
Within a body that was strong and pure.
But now the young have left the kindly nest,
From there expelled by nature's stern behest.
And I remain to mourn the parted brood,
Whose memory constitutes my sweetest food.
A fitful lustre meets my steadfast gaze,
Searching the secret of yet unborn days,
Where sight prophetic tells of wonders wrought,
Of deeds performed, and glorious battles fought.
But Death's cold presence mars the happy view;
And noble blood to noble fame is due.
Yet sorrow strikes me to the very core,
Since loved and loving part for evermore.
But selfish grief begone: long lives their fame;
These are the heroes of immortal name,
Whose glorious deeds, sung by the wisest sages,
Shall echo through the womb of countless ages;
And stir the hand, and rouse the ardent heart
To play as noble and as great a part.
Then let them go, as is decreed by Fate,
And win renown at Death's dim ghastly gate.
Perforce with blood and danger have been fraught,
The noblest deeds that ever hand has wrought.

C. J. B.

FIVE DAYS OF A SUMMER CRUISE.

A voyage across the North Sea would prove interesting at any time, as there is always plenty to see. Deck games are apt to pall, and one welcomes the never ending variety of ships to be seen. We had left Hamburg on the Wednesday evening, and on waking up next morning found ourselves completely out of sight of land. The weather was glorious, and we passed the morning away watching the shipping, and the working of our ship.

The only untoward and somewhat unpleasant incident, was the gaining of an hour between 9 and 12 o'clock: this made a gap of 5 hours between our breakfast and lunch, which is no joke with a sea-going appetite. Towards evening we got near the mouth of the river Scheldt, and a "sea pilot" came on board. The picking-up of a pilot is

always worth watching, and in rough weather a very dangerous task, especially for the aforesaid pilot. He leaves his cutter in a small boat, and has to scramble up the ship's side on a very small rope ladder, which swings with his weight, and his bag and oilskins are hauled up after after him by a rope: the ship never absolutely stops for him.

We were told that we should anchor off Flushing and go up the river to Antwerp as soon as it was light. The dock strike there was in full swing, and we anticipated a lively time. About 5 o'clock next morning we were awakened by the most unearthly blasts of our syrens, which were answered all round us by the syrens of other boats. As it was impossible to sleep, we went on deck, to find that there was a dense fog: so thick that it was impossible to see the bows of our ship. We were creeping along very slowly with our syren going all the time: when suddenly a syren sounded quite close to us, and after our pilot had had a conversation with the pilot of another ship we dropped our anchor. It was most curious to listen to this little talk, carried on through a megaphone, as it was quite light, and yet we could not see a vestige of anything in the thick fog. When the fog eventually lifted we discovered that this boat was only about 40 yards from us, rather unpleasantly close! About 11 o'clock the fog lifted and we started again. Most of the 50 miles of river have to be traversed in single file, by steamers of any size, as the channel is very narrow. It was interesting, as the fog lifted, to see the various boats around us come into existence out of the fog: and we found there were eight large steamers within about half a mile of the river.

We arrived off Flushing about 12 o'clock and found about ten large ships were anchored there, which could not go up the river. Owing to the dock strike, there were not enough men to work the cargoes, and the result was, that ships could not leave, and others kept arriving, so that eventually there were too many ships and too little room in the docks. As we belonged to a regular line we did not have to wait at Flushing. The country all round us was very flat, with curious little towns and villages, some of them below the level of the river. The approach to Antwerp is extraordinary, as you can see the spire of the Cathedral from miles away, and, as the river turns and twists about, you seem to be describing circles round it: however, you get there eventually.

On our arrival, we found that the ship which occupied our berth had not yet left. Most of the ships at Antwerp do not go into docks; but lie at the side of the river. We had to turn round, no easy task for a 7000 ton boat in a crowded and none too broad river: this was successfully done with the assistance of three tugs, two in the bows and one astern. Then we had to lie in the river and wait our turn. Just astern of us we could see the masts of a steamer which had been sunk the day before in a collision, and a diver was at work, recovering anything he could find, as she

went done quite unpleasantly fast, and the crew had to swim off, and leave everything behind. At last our berth was ready, and assisted by three tugs, we moved in. There was a large crowd of people there, among them being a considerable number of military, police and civil guards: these latter are most comic people, as they seem to be very alarmed at their own guns. Their uniform is black with green lines, surmounted by a shiny bowler hat, such as one sees on a London bus-driver in wet weather, with a piece of green ribbon round it.

The moment we got alongside, a crowd of uniformed officials, and very unwarlike looking soldiers, came on board. The soldiers had loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, and remained on board all the time we were there, to protect us. They had a very easy time, as there were no disturbances near us, and they had all their meals given them: we watched them at breakfast, and judging from the way they ate, they highly appreciated English cooking. There was a large crowd of strikers outside the dock gates: but they were quiet, except at night. English people were very unpopular, as most of the dock work was being done by English strike-breakers: these men had to work with all the gates shut, and a cordon of armed soldiers all round, to protect them from attacks by the mob. There were abundant evidences in the town of the trouble there had been: in one part of the docks there had been extensive fires, and in the streets broken paving stones, sticks, bits of iron, broken windows and general disorder showed where fights had taken place. The whole town was practically in a state of siege, with armed soldiers everywhere, and, as we were warned to be careful, and not to venture from the main streets, we saw very little of it, preferring a visit to Brussels, which was safe to go about in.

We left Antwerp early on a Sunday morning, and, when we woke up, we found ourselves well down the river. We had an "easy" off Flushing, where we lowered a boat to put a stowaway ashore. After that our voyage was uneventful, save for the shipping in the channel, and various shoals of herring with a large attendant supply of gulls, which looked very pretty glistening in the sun. We saw the remains of two or three wrecks off the mouth of the Thames, and at about eight we anchored off Gravesend, where the doctor came on board to pass our bill of health, before we were allowed to go up the river. Next morning, alas, we found ourselves in Blackwell Dock.

E.A.M.

THE YEAR'S LAST HOUR.

Translated from the German of J. H. Voss (1751—1826.)

The Year's last hour is sinking; hark, to the solemn sound!
To its remembrance drinking let's pass the bowl around!
To those grey years 'tis flying, those years in distance sighing!
For joy it brought, and bitter dole,
Yet leadeth nearer to the goal!

The swift-winged Time is speeding, its
youth too soon decays;
Forgetfulness unheeding, enshrouds the
by-gone days!
Scarce heed we now the writing, on
graves that Age is biting!
And beauty, power, glory, might,
Sink, with the Time, in blackest
night!
Are those then all yet living, who, but
a year ago,
Worked, with such honest striving,
'midst friends and joys below?
Ah! more than one has left us, Death's
grasping hand bereft us.
So, drink the toast, that, in the
grave,
Rest from all trouble, they may have!
Death, cometh unexpected, as stern
resistless wave;
Who knows? The year may see us, e'en
mouldering in the grave.
Though gentle Spring come hither, the
falling leaf must wither!
With tearful eye, shall those that stay
Wish peace to those Death calls away.
'Tis gentle Sleep that closes the good
man's eyes at even,
And sweetly he reposes with happy
dreams of Heaven.
He sleeps a gentle slumber, Earth's
sorrows no more cumber.
Till God shall show his gladden'd
eyes
The greater glory of the Skies!
Then brothers, let's be cheerful, though
parting o'er us brood.
In living or in dying the good man
findeth good!
In Heaven when we assemble, songs on
our lips shall tremble.
So, clink the glass! And to the Year
That's coming, wish "Good Every-
where"!

S.H.B.

HOLIDAYS.

Every schoolboy has fixed ideas on the question of holidays so perhaps our words may fall on deaf ears. But if we succeed in making him reconsider his belief and realise the true strength or rather weakness of his position our labour will not be in vain.

The common idea about holidays is that they are necessary. That idea is entirely wrong. Schoolboys who have been persuaded that holidays are in any way justifiable must realise at once that they have been deceived.

Let us take the first argument in favour of the holidays. It is, we suppose, that they are necessary for the mental recuperation of master and boy. It may be true of the master, but to advance it in the case of the boy is pure sophistry. When schoolboys learn Virgil by heart in a wrong scansion and translate Homer by the help of the Authorised Version of the Old Testament, the argument is absurd and the excuse obviously ridiculous. For who would be so bold as to urge that such mental tonics require a rest-cure for the realisation of their full benefits? It is always formulated by Doctors of Medicine that a tonic must be taken together with plenty of exercise; and if we see that each schoolboy obtains the necessary mental recreation of Mathematics and French during the period of this classical alimentation we cannot apply the analogy more closely or expect anything but a good result.

Indeed it is agreed as regards this

question of rest that the hours of sleep are sufficient for every part of the human body. Nature, in her foresight, has intended that the brain and the muscles should alike be refreshed during the midnight hours. That this is so is shown by the ache of the stomach muscles for more work in the shape of breakfast. Every schoolboy is ready for breakfast; and this gastric restlessness has, it is said, even led boys to climb walnut trees in the early hours of the morning that by so doing their thorough refreshment might be the more easily apparent. That the brain is rested as well as the body is shown again by the relish with which boys will rise on quite frosty mornings to appease their mental hunger for work by such intellectual exercises as the writing of five hundred lines or the correction of a French exercise. Thus with the sufficiency of rest so clearly proved it is surely idle for anyone to contend that the schoolboy needs more. He himself would be the first to indignantly deny such a preposterous assertion.

The second argument advanced by the advocates of our present system of holidays is that fond parents desire the return of their young hopefuls. But this pretension, again, can impose on none but the simple. For what patient observer can have failed to notice the extreme unrest that manifests itself in the household on the threatened approach of the holidays? The paternal mind is so clearly agitated, that every valuable article of furniture or consumption, from cigarette to jam-spoon, is immediately hidden away. The anxious mother is so obviously upset, that she places an urgent order with the gardener for a large birch-rod—more ephemistically and quite commonly called the Christmas Tree. Pins and needles are procured by the housemaid, that means of acceleration may not be wanting when Master Tommy appears likely to be late for the Children's Party. The cook buys more treacle, remembering that the seasou of brimstone is at hand; and the perturbation of the coachman is apparent when we notice that in a moment of direforgetfulness the carriage and pair, instead of the donkey and governess-cart, are driven to the station when the fatal morning of home-coming has arrived. The "egregius exsul" has indeed returned to spread consternation and dismay in the camp of his friends.

But when these out-works of defence have been stormed, there is always an inner bastion ready for the shelter of these supporters of holidays. It is urged that, though the schoolboy may not perhaps need a long recreation in which to tyrannize over the home, yet as he is a boy he must have a 'good time' before entering on the cares of man's estate. And as this appears to be the last principle involved we shall perhaps be called 'schismatic' and 'heretic' for doubting its veracity. But let us examine the question with a care equal to its great importance. The first doubt we cast is simply this:—"*Do* schoolboys have

such a good time in the holidays as their friends would insist." For our part, and we have given the question our most anxious thought, we are quite unable to answer in the affirmative. Indeed all the examples offered for our consideration have gone to show that no one is more miserable than the 'puer sine magistro.' Take for example the case of Willikins, who, when trying last Xmas to expound the intricacies of the 'outside edge' to a bevy of fair admirers, parted the ice three times in one week—with disastrous results to his clothes and nervous sensibilities. Is it not plain that Willikins would have been spared much mental and corporal anguish, if he had remained at school during the 'Rule of Three'? Neither can we forget the case of Cannister Minor, who fell a victim to the Xmas charms of a little cousin, vowed eternal love, lost sixpence, and forthwith became a conformed misogynist. It is said that the Gods themselves wept at the sight of one 'so young and so untender.' But consider the probabilities of an 'Apollo Preserved' had Cannister Minor never been persuaded by an interested pedagogne to forsake the schoolroom for the conservatory. And there are other examples, too painful to quote here, all going to show that, so far from being happy in his holidays, the schoolboy is the unfortunate victim of circumstances and truly "more sinned against than sinning." And so the time has come at last for the English schoolboy to revolt against the present iniquitous system. Let him take up a strong position and not yield to the tempting inducements held out by his temporal pastors and masters. Let him determine, once and for all, that half-holidays shall be anathema, and August a month of work. For consider the satisfaction that would arise from so spirited an action. If half-holidays were refused, no sufficient excuse would remain for the election of Mayors and Scholars, and the schoolboy would realise that he had at last taken up his proper place in the van of civilisation. Imagine the supreme happiness that would result from an exchange of the usual August shrimps and periwinkles for the reading of the Georgics in an atmosphere made sweet by peppermint and suggestive by orange-peel.

The time has come indeed for this revolt against the tyranny of holidays and may the boys of Roysse's School be the first

"to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

AN APPRECIATION.

I love a Punch and Judy Show, quite as much now, when the stern realities of the world have already begun to make of life a serious prose contribution to the Human Library, as in the old Nursery days, when existence was a poetic and fairy fantasy. Indeed I am not at all sure that I was not rather afraid of Punch in those days. He was so

much more convincing than the ogres and dragons of the Fairy Tales, and even than the heroic pirates who always ended (in books) by walking the plank blind-fold with unruffled serenity. Punch you could see in the actual performance of his nefarious practices, and his callousness—he is too calm and passionless, with too set and immoveable a countenance, to be called blood-thirsty—stirred awe and wonder in my childish heart.

He has such a simple and matter-of-fact method of dealing with those who annoy or fail to appreciate him. When Judy nags at him, he whacks her over the head. Were there not times when we would have liked to serve the same treatment to a worrying nurse-maid, who was giving us in exasperating tones a recital of our short-comings, interspersed with cheap sarcasm at our expense? And what about those of us who have left our Nursery-days far behind? Well, one does sometimes hear in these days of nagging wives. Happy Punch! Then there was the heartless doctor, who used to make us swallow horrid physic, and pummel us about in tender places. Punch knows how to deal with him: he physics him with the inevitable stick. Again Punch has no fears of that dread foe of youth—the policeman. Poor Robert! I'm afraid we maligned him grievously in our childish thoughts. But that was the the nurse-maid's fault: the worst threat she ever held out to us in our wickedness was that of "sending for the policeman." Consequently we rejoiced with exceeding great joy at his discomfiture at Punch's hands. The Town Crier, the Hangman, the insulting Joey, and even the Ghost fare no better before this all-conquering hero.

When the Baby's squalling grates on Punch's musical sense, does he have to bear it in impotent silence? No, he heaves the offender out of the window. I am sure Punch was a musician at heart, though the only instrument he performed on to my knowledge was the Town Crier's bell, the name and nature of which instrument caused as much heated discussion as the merits of the latest musical prodigy do among the critics of to-day. Punch could not sing, though he thought he could, but he was none the less a musician at heart for that: other musicians have suffered from the same mental delusion. But now, as in my child-hood, I can sympathise with my hero—and not only when I hear a baby squalling. I sometimes think of Punch when I am listening to a service in Church, and envy him his drastic methods, feeling like a certain musician, who, Satan having entered into his heart five minutes after the service started, at the Commandments decided that "thou shalt not kill" could not possibly apply to organists, and with the Litany heartily delivered the curate, half the altos and all the tenors to the most horrible and speedy battle, murder and sudden death. I don't know why, but from my earliest days I have always connected Punch with music. The connection is very subtle, and I cannot in the least define

it or its origin. Possibly it is because he has music wherever he goes, and because that music issues from the earliest musical instrument ever made on earth, that which the great God Pan, lord of woodland and meadow, fashioned from the reeds by the river-side. I never hear the shrill melody of the pan-pipes and the rumble of the drum that accompany the Punch and Judy Show without a stirring of my heart-strings in answer. The sound is as good to me as the skirl of the bag-pipe to our brothers over the Border.

Yet even in the early days of our Punch-worship we sometimes had prickings of conscience, though no doubt we were properly ashamed of them afterwards. In a pious and sentimental mood we may have felt sorry for poor Judy, or dropped a tear over the unfortunate Baby. Indeed I have heard "grown-ups" seriously questioning the morality of the Punch and Judy Show, and gravely wondering if it may not have a bad effect upon the young! *O tempora O mores!* Banish Punch and Judy, and let the little ones peruse (a fitting word, indeed!) "Sandford and Merton" and "The Fairchild Family." But what can you expect of a soft and delicate age that carries humanitarianism to such an extreme that it looks askance at corporal punishment in Schools? Heaven forfend I should ever become a "grown-up," if it entail the putting away of my childish admiration of Punch. Anyway we can always console ourselves with the reflection that Judy and the Babe will be very much alive, and nagging and squalling with all their old vigour in the next performance.

But there is one character of the Show, who does get the better of Punch —his dog Toby. For once the villain's pride is lowered, and a salutary lesson is given to him and to us. Indeed it may be we were getting a little jealous of our hero. Why should he have it all his own way? We never do. So we do not feel very sad for Punch's sake—especially as his bitten nose is not long in getting better and he soon forgets all about his downfall.

In the Punch and Judy Show we have a drama of the most thorough-going realism, albeit wrapped in a symbolic and mystical veil. Punch, cheerily nonchalant, good-humouredly brutal, serenely callous, triumphs in his wickedness over the combined forces of domesticity, law, ridicule and even the unseen world, as typified in Judy, the Policeman, Joey and the Ghost. What a refreshing change from the approved victory of the virtuous over the vicious which we meet everywhere—in books and on the stage. But in the world it is only too often the other way about. In real life the smiling damned villain usually goes on smiling, prosperous and contented, while we all kow-tow before his serene High Villainy. And herein we see the tremendous realism of Punch, whose deformed figure is symbolic of his villainous character, and whose wickedness, since it is successful and unpunished, wins our unstinted admira-

tion. Ah! Punch, when we are suffering from

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, ...
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

what would we not give for a little of your go-ahead spirit, a little of your power of retaliation, a little of your mattter-of-fact philosophy! Who could ever imagine Punch "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"? In sooth he is a better counsellor than Hamlet. Yet while the tragedy of the Prince of Denmark draws thousands of the wise and prudent, it is only by children that Punch's Tragi-Comedy is fully appreciated. Verily wisdom cometh *ex ore infantium.*

H.H.

L.S. AND D. SOCIETY.

OCTOBER SESSION, 1907.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4 p.m. on Friday, Nov. 8th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

R. J. Weaving then proposed "That in the opinion of this House, Railway strikes should be made illegal." Owing to the unavoidable absence of P. E. Andrews, who was to have seconded the motion, J. H. Bridgwater was called upon to do so. H. Meredith opposed.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.*—A. L. Edwards, C. J. Butler, G. F. S. Mann. *Con.*—G. H. G. Shepherd.

Mr. H. H. Gibson, seconded by C. J. Butler, now proposed the following amendment:—"That this House warmly congratulates the President of the Board of Trade on his just and successful arbitration, but fully recognises that the railway organisations as represented by Mr. Bell were justified in their agitation."

E. H. Harvey spoke for the amendment. R. J. Weaving spoke against it.

The amendment was carried by 16 votes to 1.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4.15 p.m., on Friday, Nov. 15th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

C. J. Butler proposed the following motion, "That in the opinion of this House, the so-called advancement of modern life is no true advancement." A. L. Edwards seconded and J. H. Bridgwater opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke:—*Pro.*—R. J. Weaving, H. Meredith. *Con.*—E.H.Harvey and P. E. Andrews.

The motion was lost by 5 votes to 9.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4 p.m., on Friday, Nov. 22nd, with the Vice-President in the chair.

E. H. Harvey, seconded by C.J. Butler, then proposed "That, in the opinion of this House, members of Parliament should be paid by the State." T. S. Wilding (O.A.) opposed the motion.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.*—Mr. H. H. Gibson, Mr. H. Aronson. *Con.*—The Rev. T. Layng, Mr. C. S. T. Watkins and T. Johnston.

The motion was declared carried by 11 votes to 10.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4 p.m., on Friday, Nov. 29th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

G. H. G. Shepherd proposed "That, in the opinion of this House, war in air-ships will in time diminish warfare and make it less expensive." L. W. Holland seconded and R. M. Cory opposed the motion.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.* Mr. S. H. Baker, P. E. Andrews, G. C. Rice and O. B. Challenor. *Con.*—Mr. H. H. Gibson, E. H. Harvey, C. J. Butler, W. B. Busby, C. P. Puckridge, and H. A. N. Medd.

The motion was carried by 8 votes to 7.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4.15 p.m., on Friday, Dec. 6th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

E. H. Harvey read a very interesting and instructive paper on William Pitt the younger. The point to be noticed about the paper was its clearness and conciseness, and the avoidance of irrelevant digressions.

The following questioned the reader of the paper:—C. J. Butler, Mr. H. H. Gibson and the Rev. T. Layng. Mr. H. H. Gibson, seconded by R. J. Weaving, then proposed a hearty vote thanks to Harvey which was unanimously caried.

FOUR HOURS BENEATH THE EARTH.

It was a dull morning, the rain was gently but ceaselessly falling, and as for the sun nobody would have thought that there was one. Three of us stood on the front doorsteps wondering what to do.

"I say you chaps, I've got an idea" said Arthur. "Let us ask Robert if we may go down the coal mine with him to-day; I am sure he would let us."

"Ripping!" chimed in John and I," Let's start at once; but we must change our clothes first."

A little later four of us might have been seen at the station. We found that our train was already in, so we rushed off, and mounted just as the guard was blowing his whistle. Off panted the train, often stopping at little stations, whilst we went through a land of chimneys and smoke; but at last we arrived at our destination. Soon we were met by a dirty-looking man who called himself the manager. He, to my astonishment, shook hands with Robert, and asked to be introduced to us. After a little talk, we followed him into a big coal-yard with a huge chimney in the centre. He took us into a nicely furnished office, where we removed our wet overcoats from our backs. He then led us along the side of some railway lines, asking us as we went what we would like to see first. Robert told him that we wanted to see the whole show and did not mind where he started, so long as he showed us everything. "Well" said the manager as he led us up to another office where five lamps were standing on the window sill, "Go and collar your lamps;" and when we had done so, he took us up

into a huge room where there was an enormous engine. We examined it for some time, then we moved onwards on our journey up little bridges round a huge chimney, into which we went, but found there was no smoke. After asking the reason, we were told that this was not a chimney but a shaft up and down which the lift moved.

There in the corner of the shaft was a platform which seemed to go down to nowhere. Men were putting trucks on it, and pulling full trucks of coal from it. The manager told them to empty the cage, and we jumped in. We heard a shrill whistle and we were told to keep our hands in. The whistle reminded me of the train, but now there was quite a different sensation for we whizzed up instead of down which surprised me much, and then there was a very horrid noise whilst we slowed down, and, instead of finding ourselves in open-air, we found ourselves underground. I asked why the sensation was so funny, and the manager professed to explain, but I was no wiser than when I started.

We went into a well lighted room, and a dirty looking collier came in. "Test our lamps" said the manager to him, and after blowing down them, and pulling faces all round them, he said that they were quite safe. He told us not to drop them or they would go out.

"What an awful row there is down here!" said Robert as we walked through six inches of coal dust, dodging in and out of the way of trucks as we went; and "Where are we going now?" he asked. "We are going to see something which you did not expect to see down here," said the manager. Of course we all wanted to know what it was, but we could not get anything out of him, "Wait and see" he said. We obeyed him, and after leading us through three doors, he showed us a furnace. We were all amazed to see a furnace down a coal mine, which was not what we had bargained for. What was it for? We did not know, but we found out afterwards that it was for purposes of ventilation. He then led us down a passage where about a hundred different trucks were standing full of coal. Each one in turn was put on the cage and sent up, while all the time trucks were coming down. Then down another passage came more empty trucks, while on another line in the same passage trucks full of coal were coming up. Several boys, of about fifteen and seventeen years old, were pulling the empty trucks to one side, and pushing the full trucks into the cage. The empty trucks were fastened on to a moving chain which went down another passage.

We then went down a passage to the right, and now our little lamps, which, before we went down, we thought gave such a dim light, seemed all at once to get much brighter. Next, we went up some steps, or rather up a rickety old ladder which creaked very unpleasantly,

and we certainly felt happier on reaching the top.

After this we proceeded about half a mile, when we came across a sight which startled us all, the manager only excepted; for he knew all about these wily parts. Crouching under a huge piece of coal was a figure apparently lying on its back. Three of us drew back as we saw this, but the manager still kept on. We could see that the creature had no clothes on the upper part of its body, and did not seem to move; but as we came nearer to it, we saw one hand slowly going up and down. We thought that the man had fainted, and were about to ask the manager what was the matter with him, when a voice came from his direction saying "its a tough job;" but the manager only told him to get up at once, saying that he had told him before not to get under the coal like that. We all agreed that it was a very dangerous thing to do, because if the coal fell we could see that the man would be buried alive. He got up after a little persuasion, and began to hack at the coal again.

We moved on, the manager going first. The next sight that met our eyes and ears was not a pleasant one. Men were standing with only trousers on, black to the hairs of their head, and the noise that we could hear at intervals was not at all pleasant; it was a screeching sound from which we at once gathered that something wanted oiling. We then walked in the direction from which the noise was coming; it got louder and louder as we went, whilst now and again we had to stand aside to allow trucks full up to the brim with coal to pass by. We then approached a huge wheel, and really we could scarcely see on account of the noise it made! At this point there were two passages, one about 40 feet wide and about 5 feet high, the other a darker passage, about 4 feet high and about 5 feet wide. Up this passage trucks were coming, they were immediately fixed to a chain and then ran down the broad passage. The manager, after allowing us to examine one or two little things, ordered the man at the wheel not to work it again till he heard three knocks on the door at the bottom. We then walked down the passage, with some difficulty however, for trucks were on both sides of us and we had to squeeze through them. On one side were empty, on the other side full trucks, but we soon reached a little trap door on the side of the tunnel; we all got through this, and then the manager knocked three times, and immediately we heard the same screeching row again, which seemed to follow us as we went down some rickety steps which reminded us of the steps we had passed before. We walked on for a little, not speaking at all, when suddenly Robert broke the silence by bursting into laughter, John and I, turning round, found that Walter had dropped his lamp, and when he found that it had gone out, and that he would have to be without a lamp till he reached the open air, he looked very unhappy.

Further up the passage we noticed an air pipe which ran down to a passage below the one we were now traversing. But soon to our amazement we found we had been brought back once more where at the first we had seen the trucks running up and down. Here again we went into the room where we had gone to have our lamps tested, and after a little "tipping," and a chat with the manager we got into the cage again, and rushed up like a gust of wind, and soon found ourselves at the top. To our surprise we found that we had been in the pit four hours; and our task was not yet completed, for we were soon in the offices of the manager, scrubbing ourselves as hard as we could, but with very little effect on the coal dust that had settled on our faces. And so we returned to the station, stopping on the way to refresh ourselves with a few plums and pears. Whilst these washed the coal dust from our throats, we were hastening home, and the first thing that we did on our arrival was to turn on the taps of our baths, and, needless to say, we had a jolly good scrub down, which refreshed us all immensely.

LEW, YAK.

OXFORD LETTER.

Michaelmas Term, 1907.

Dear Sir,

We had hoped to see several new appearances from the School at the beginning of this term. We were disappointed—we saw none. Indeed, when we came up, we found that in number we were less by half than we were last term. It would be injudicious perhaps to venture upon a suggestion as to which of the two halves were the better. Still, we have the courage of our own conviction.

There were, however, two new entries in the "addenda et corrigenda" of the Abingdonian annals at the University. We were sorry to learn that illness had prevented H. L. Neligan from being with us this term. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope, no less for our own sake than for his, to observe him at Pemmy next October clad on with an unaccustomed scholar's gown and his own imperturbable geniality.

We were not surprised to find D. M. Johnston's name upon the Lincoln College books and that he himself was "over the hills and far away." We have noted before his predilection for being conspicuous by his absence. We wish him all prosperity and hope to see him up next October.

We congratulate ourselves most sincerely. O. J. Couldrey has been persuaded by circumstances absolutely beyond his control to abandon his voyage to India. At present he is an authority upon the defects of government offices, and holds that the Indian office especially needs drastic reform.

A. W. Stevens, we presume, has gone down. We wish him success in his career.

H. Hughes has left a wide gap behind him at Pembroke. He came up

this term, to take his degree and refilled the gap for two days. He is, we understand, immensely pleased with his pedagogic functions at Hereford. He was always masterful. He has assumed, we are told, a commission in the local volunteers since the landing of William the German:—we were surpised to hear that the Emperor had decided to prolong his stay. He stroked the Pemmy togger in the spring, and last term was most devoted to the Cher. We presume he sought the privacy of that purling stream to perfect his studies for Greats, and we feel it our duty to say here, with Lady Macbeth, "Proper stuff!"

H. S. Mathias went down at the end of last term "a sadder and wiser man." His intellect must be simply stupendous. We were not surprised when he passed us by unnoticed upon the same pavement sometime in July. He was engrossed in thought. He too, we are informed, has evolved into a dominie. We wish him success and "perfect adaptation to environment," which is someone's definition of happiness, and only hope he will be able to transmit the intellectual energy which he has so tediously accumulated. Probably he played everything for Teddy Hall this last year. But, since we have not been able to see him, we cannot enlarge upon his modest statements.

W. O. Betts has gone down for a year. Music in Oxford seems to have lost its vitality, and the bells of St. Mary's are decidedly "deficient in verve." "Betts is teaching." We sincerely hope he is. We wish him good luck.

We are pleased to hear a rumour that L. S. Mathias is intending to sail for Canada. We expect that colony will emulate New Zealand and South Africa within a few years, and send a soccer team to pacify the Mother Country.

It now remains, as Aristotle would say, to discuss ourselves. We are the four O.A's who are still in residence.

We sympathize with H. L. Crudgington, who has been prevented by indigestion from playing cricket and soccer for St. Catherine's. We presumed at first that the indigestion was mental. He, too, is reading for Greats. It has however turned out to be purely physical. We are not really surprised. We have seen him devour so many quills during a series of Logic Lectures. We wish him deserved success in the Schools next June.

Lord Robert Cecil, Masterman and T. S. Wilding have been speaking at the Union this term. T. S. Wilding, as an orator, has already surpassed our humble criticism. We admire the progress he has made in pantomimic eloquence. We use the word pantomimic in the its literal and not in its adapted sense. He was most imposing at a public debate in Pemmy this term. He spoke against disestablishment. We did not vote. He has been over to Abingdon, we gather, this term and so it would be unnecessary to dwell upon his merits. In private life he is devoted to criminal law. The

Druce case, he admits, is an enigma to him; but he can unravel and appreciate with wondrous perspicacity the Camden town murder and trunk tragedy. He "bulked large" at the Cosmopolitan Club Smoker, and was, we are told, sufficiently broad-minded to attend the Palmerston Club Dinner. He rowed in the Lincoln togger last Spring.

This last year we have seen more of H. W. Weaving than of any other O.A. With him alone we have had more than two meals this term, and so we think it would be ill-advised to say all we feel about him. We have seen him gazing wistfully up at the Divinity Schools. And yet architecture is not his hobby. He coxed one of the Robinson fours this term. It did not win. He is a keen supporter of the Chancellor's University reform, and interprets it far more personally, we think, than Lord Curzon would allow.

B. M. Challenor has been rowing in one of the Worcester College fours this term. We expect to see him next term in the togger. He was spare man last year. We understand that he began this term with a stupendous effort to to do some work. There was a large fall of masonry above the Chapel at the beginning of the term.

This term Mr. Ross-Barker has been up to take his M.A., and kindly made his presence felt. The Chancellor has been in residence and "an extraordinary number of undergraduates has been sent down."

And now, sir, with a hope that our numbers will be doubled instead of halved next October, and with best wishes to Abingdon School,

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

O.A.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Dear Sir,

A year has rolled by since the last letter from Cambridge appeared in your pages; so once again although harried with exams, I will try and give you news from this "Alma Mater." The year as a whole has been fairly satisfactory for us. Since I last wrote, the Association match and the sports were both won by Oxford, but the hollow victory for Cambridge in the boat-race partly atoned for this. The cricket match was a fairly easy victory for us, although the weather did its best to deprive us of our due.

Turning to matters of this term, the Colquohoun Sculls were won by E. W. Powell; and the trial eights have brought forward many new men, some of whom will be of great service to us in the boat race. I hear the crew will be quite as good as last year, and there will be keen competition for the few remaining thwarts. Diabolo has caught on, and the danger of walking in the streets has been doubly increased by the falling spool and the resurrected motor-buses. The high spirits of a certain section of our members, a few I am glad to say, have led to some disorderly scenes; the majority of us hope that this term's folly will not be repeated again either in the streets or places of amusement.

The committee collected for the purposes of suppressing these disturbers will deal adequately with them, I feel sure.

We cannot help mentioning the untimely death of L. M. MacLeod, which cast a universal feeling of regret over the whole'Varsity.

Our representatives remain the same in number, and the writer asks for other faces soon. A. A. Brown has been playing football in goal for Caius, when time has permitted.

E. J. T. Philipps has been endeavouring to obtain a scholarship at Jesus, Cambridge. We wish him success. He seems undecided which University he will honour. The decision is anxiously awaited by this University!!

Wishing all O.A's the best of wishes,

Yours,

"CANTAB.',

SCHOOL NOTES.

All friends of Mr. Summers—and they are many—will hear with deep regret of his illness, and will wish him a speedy and complete return to health and activity.

Mr. A. T. Barton, M.A., formerly Vice-Gerent of Pembroke College, has, to our regret, resigned his position on the School Governing Body.

The following members of the School were confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford in St. Helen's Church, on December the 8th :—N. L. Ball, O. B. Challenor, E. V. Dyke, Robert B. Leach, G. F. S. Mann, C. E. Perrin, E. G. Tame, G. Wilson.

H. Hughes has taken his B.A. degree at Oxford.

Members of the VI. and V. Forms have attended a series of Lectures which has been given in Abingdon upon the following subjects.

Nov. 12th.—'The New Age and the New Forces' by the Rev. E. F. Smith, M.A.

Nov. 26th.—'How Plants Spread' by Mr. G. C. Druce, M.A.

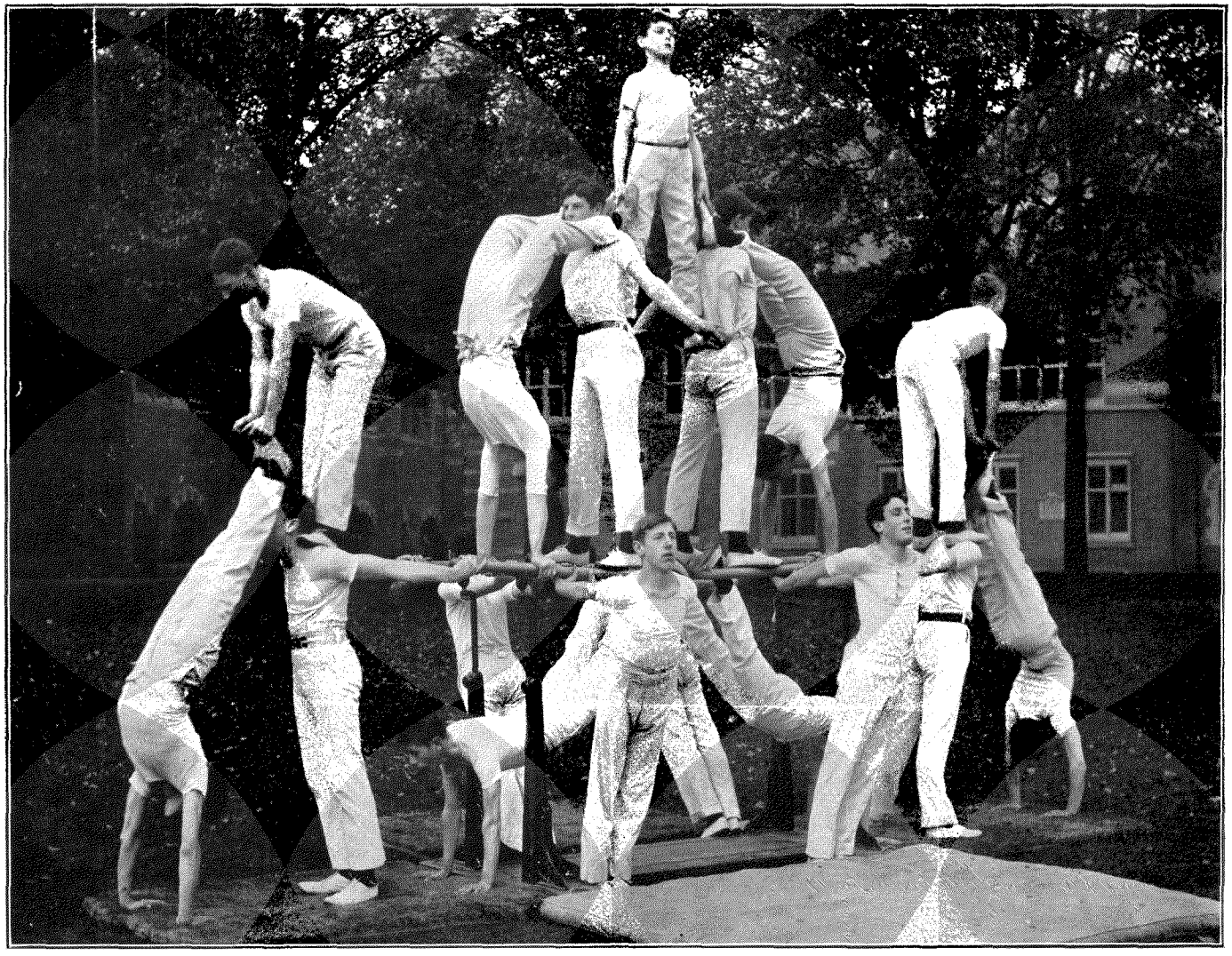
Dec. 10th.—'A March to Lake Baringo, British East Africa,' by Mr. C. V. A. Peel, M.A.

Four Old Boys whose work lies in distant lands have visited the School this term. F. J. S. Baker from South Africa, J. W. G. Mortleman from America, C. T. Baker from Klondyke and R. F. Baker from Canada. We have also received a very welcome call from Mr. C. W. Cousins, M.A., a former member of the staff who is now in the Colonial Civil Service at Cape Town.

Next term will begin on Wednesday, January 22nd, at 8.45 a.m. Boys in the two Boarding Houses return on the previous day.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the 'Bancroftian,' 'Bloxhamist,' 'Chigwellian' and 'Leightonian.'

Burgess & Son, "Ye Olde Printinge Workes," Abingdon.



A GROUP OF GYMNASTS.