

Misericordias Domini



in aeternum cantabo.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH this number we shall complete the first volume of the Abingdonian. Since its inception by Mr. Cyril Simpson, whom many Old Abingdonians will remember as a good friend to the School, the magazine has

now been in existence for five years, and in each year there have been four issues, one at the end of the Easter and Midsummer terms respectively, again at the beginning of the Michaelmas term, and during the last four years a double number at Christmas. The Editors have reason to doubt, whether the system hitherto adopted has been the most suitable that could be imagined, and would be glad to receive from their subscribers any suggestions as to the form which the new issue should take, or the times, at which it would be most convenient for the respective numbers to appear. We cannot conclude this volume without expressing our deep sense of obligation to those Old Abingdonians and other friends of the School, who whether in their own name or under a nom-de-plume, have contributed so much of interest to our pages.

SOME WEAPON-NAMES.

BY VISCOUNT DILLON, F.S.A.

Cannon and other fire-arms being, at least in Europe, of comparatively modern origin, their names, as might be expected, are of no very great antiquity, and may in very many instances be traced to animals and birds, especially those that are fierce or dangerous. In some cases mythical animals have lent their names, in others it is from natural history as opposed to unnatural history that the names have been derived. Of the latter class we may take the *Basiliscus*, which according to Biringuccio in 1560, was a later name for the Bombard, and was also at one time termed "Passe volant." Of the deadly powers of the Basilisk even to beholders there are numerous references in poetry; and Shakespeare, in Henry V., makes the French queen liken the eyes of her future son-in-law to the "fatal balls of basilisks." As a matter of fact, the Basilisk threw a shot weighing about 70 to 80 lbs. The Dragon lent its name and reputation to the Drake, the field-gun of the XVIIth century, and also to the Dragon, a hand firearm, of which later on. But the general name for artillery was derived from the Serpent, and we have this origin in various weapons, and in other countries besides England. The *Serpentine* was certainly a reasonable name for the long black merciless weapon it represented, though not in its more modern idea of a wavy line. As an early instance of "made in Germany," we have the word *Sling* with its varieties half-sling and quarter-sling.

This word "sling" is only the English form of the German "Schlange," a serpent, and it would be an interesting question as to whether Hamlet in his great soliloquy refers to the firearm or to the weapon of David. It may be urged in favour of the former idea that "sling" was a common word in those days in England, whilst the latter never seems to have been a national weapon here, though giving a name to the Frondeurs in the religious wars of France. It is curious that for certain guns the French also adopted the serpent idea, for the *coulevrine* (with us "culverin") was of course taken from "couleuvre," an adder. This word "coulevrine," however, was applied both to cannon and to hand-guns. Johnson's Dictionary incorrectly says that "culverine" was "originally a hawk," but that probably is owing to the frequent occurrence of that class of bird in weapon-names. Other names for cannon, such as "Murtherers," "Flanquers," "Port Pieces," "Topp Pieces," "Bases," &c., must be traced to the positions in which they were used and to other ideas. We may now turn to the Hawk family, and this was a favourite source for the nomenclature of those "mortal engine whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit." The *Saker*, about a 6-lber., gets its name both in French and English from the *Sacre*, or Peregrine hawk. The *Falcon* threw a 2-lb. ball, and its diminutive the *Falconett* a 1½-lb. shot. Looking now at hand-firearms, the *Musket* is so called in English from the "Musket," or male bird of the sparrow-nawk. In Italian also the

Moscardo is the male of the Sparviere or sparrow-hawk, and, from Moscardo is said to come "musquetto." Shakespeare uses the English word in "How now my eyas musket," the word "eyas" being applied to a hawk taken from the nest and bred up by hand in a room.

The *Blunderbuss* was in Dutch called "Plantier-buchse," but what this means is not known, anyhow Blunderbuss did *not* come from "Donnerbuchse," as so often stated. Fusil is from "focile" a flint, and applies only to such arms as were discharged by means of a flint, as opposed to those in which the match or iron pyrites were used; the latter of course with a wheel. Petronel has a similar origin, and has nothing to do with the commonly stated fashion of holding it against the breast. In the *Caliver* we see the reference to Marshal Strozzi's reform in having firearms made of one calibre or bore, and so procuring a desirable uniformity in the armament of a regiment. The Carbine is said to take its name from "Carabisus," a sort of light horseman in Spain, who used this shortened form of the musket. The Dragoon himself took his name from his weapon, a dragon, which no doubt received its name from the terrors of the mythical beast, rather than from any representation of the animal's head or mouth at the muzzle.

In 1637, Miles Standish in his will bequeaths "one case of pistolls and a dragoone." Pistol is a word that has given rise to much discussion as to its origin, "pistolet" being, according to Baret, a kind of cutting weapon. However, it was a late arm, and was almost im-

possible until the invention of the wheel-lock early in the XVIth century. Varieties of the weapon take names from many sources; The Terzuolo being simply the Tassel or Tercel, that is, the male bird of various kinds of hawks. These Tercels are generally spoken of as "*gentle*," and were in fact not so fierce or powerful as their mates. In Hainault a small pistol called a "Mouchoir" was forbidden to be carried, and in "Barkers" and "Bulldogs" we have modern applications of the animal source of weapon-names.

As to names given to individual pieces, that is an old idea, and in "Mons Meg" of Edinburgh and "Dulle Griete" of Ghent we have instances of large cannon so distinguished. Henry V, at Harfleur, had, among other guns, the "Messagere," the "London," and the "King's daughter." In 1430 a bombard called "Romeswalle" is mentioned; and in 1475 Jean de Troye speaks of bombards of the French king with the names, "Londres," "Brabant," "Bourg en Bresse," and "St. Omer." Later on, Charles V, and our Henry VIII, both had sets of guns called the "XII Apostles," perhaps a continuation of Louis XIth's idea, who had the "XII Pairs de France." In our collection at the Tower and at Woolwich will be found many French cannon bearing names such as "Les Parques," "La Victoire," "La Frivole," "L'Espion," &c., and the "Woolwich Infant" of our day shows that the custom of naming an individual piece is very common and persistent. In the XVIth century we find tents and even

saddles with special names, and these do not include the names which probably were given in an informal way, such as "Brown Bess." But with regard to this last we must remember that it was not till 1815 that gun barrels were ordered to be browned, and such a colour before that date, was, as in the case of swords and bills, probably only the effect of rust. Some archaeologists have held that the "Bess" referred to "Büchse," the German term for fire-arms, but it seems more natural for Tommy Atkins to have taken the name of his sweetheart.

DILLON.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAYOR OF MURKIBRIDGE.

By ABEL MORE.

Among the older inhabitants and natives of Murkibridge there must be many who remember the sensational affair which some years ago interrupted the usually monotonous course of events in that quaint but unimportant borough, and which, so long as it continued to form a topic of conversation, was known as the "Mumpford Mystery." The changes of years have removed all objections to the disclosure of the whole truth concerning the matter, which I alone know; and though lacking many of the conventional elements of a Christmas story, I trust that this account will not be without interest to at least a few readers.

Samuel Mumpford was a great personage in Murkibridge. I have alluded to Murkibridge as an unimportant place,

and in so doing I have little fear of offending the local patriotism of even its most public-spirited sons. This last adjective indeed was one much liked, and often to be read in the local press; but so long as the dear old town maintained an equable and fair standard of prosperity—so long as some half of the leading tradesmen remained as yet outside the bankruptcy-court, and the annual suicide rate was not augmented by drink or bad times to more than one in a thousand—no one saw any great cause for complaint, or any call to disturb in one way or another the very stable equilibrium of the affairs of the town. Nor had any new-fangled spirit of democracy, at the time of which I write, found its way into the streets or market-place of Murkibridge. The leading spirits in the town were few, and they were undisturbed in their informal authority. The worshipful office of Mayor had for many years been held in turn, for longer or shorter periods, by two or three senior citizens; nor was there a mind in Murkibridge so radical as to suggest, or even suppose, that any better system of government was worthy of contemplation.

Perhaps Samuel Mumpford, corn dealer and alderman (likewise churchwarden, guardian of the poor, and many other noble things), might have claimed to be *primus inter pares*. At the time of this history his priority was of right, since he was Mayor. He was a man upon whom honours sat well. His fine presence—he had enemies who called him obese—was combined with an

air of conscious but unassuming dignity—spitefully, though succinctly, described by the said enemies as pomposity. His moral character was absolutely without blemish. No one could so much as suggest that he had ever cheated or defrauded his neighbours, even in the legitimate way of business; while his attendance at Divine Service on Sundays was as regular as that at his counting-house on week days. Samuel Mumpford, it may here be added, was not a Murkibridge man by birth; but it was long since he had come into the place, and his many estimable qualities had soon started him on the way towards that prominent position in which he was now established; so that he had come to be looked upon as a purely local man, and no one thought now of wondering what was his origin. He was a widower, and so far as was known, without relatives.

It was a few days before Christmas one winter that Murkibridge woke up one morning to find news afloat. "Have you heard...?"—"What's this I am told...?"—were the fragments of conversation that one caught at every shop-door down High street. "Mr. Mumpford of all people..." began to give more particularity to the story, and gradually the main facts (the details—as repeated—were numerous and varied) were ascertained. Mr. Mumpford was lost. It seemed that he had left home at the beginning of the week. Business frequently took him some distance from Murkibridge, and occasionally he even went to London—which by-the-bye

contributed in no small degree to his reputation as a man of knowledge and experience. He seldom, however, was absent from home for more than a day, or sometimes two, and in the present case the orders he had left at home conclusively negated the supposition that he had intended a departure from his usual habits. The most searching and most futile investigations were instituted. Ingenious and startling theories were brought forward, only to prove themselves on their own face untenable. The little community in short was agitated to its depths.

Christmas Day arrived, and the sensation was in its fulness. Even if it was to prove literally a nine days wonder it had still some time to live. But as it happened fresh events were waiting to upset still more thoroughly the hum-drum of our life. On Christmas morning Samuel Mumpford reappeared; but so far from this reappearance putting an end to the mystery its circumstances were such as even to deepen it. All the respectability of Murkibridge, embodied in the leading townfolk, was displayed in the congregation of the parish church on its way to morning service. One feature only detracted from the sameness of the scene to that which from week to week, or year to year, testified to the aforesaid respectability:—Samuel Mumpford was not to be seen among the intending worshippers. That in itself made things seem strange. But a stranger portent was to follow, when Samuel Mumpford was seen by dozens of astonished eyes, not walking to,

but *away* from the place of worship. Astonishment was intensified when it was seen that no shiny hat covered his respected head, and no black coat enveloped his portly breast. The feelings cannot be described which were roused by the sight, not only of a none-too-respectable felt hat, an almost disreputable ginger-coloured coat, but—worse than either—a low, degrading, smelly pipe—not that any one could smell it, but it looked so. I fear this unlooked for manifestation left little room in the minds of the congregation for close attention to the familiar lessons, which, as they were once more reminded, the season once more brought home to them. Everybody was wondering what had befallen Mr. Mumpford, just as they had been doing for some days past, only in a different sense. The most charitable of suppositions was that his mind was unhinged; for how else could one account for his distressing disregard of appearances, his deliberately eccentric defiance of outward respectability? But there is no need to describe at length the various phases of the sensation that pervaded the population of Murkibridge, for the curiosity and wonderment which were the most prominent elements were never completely satisfied. The day following Christmas Mumpford again disappeared. The mystery remained unsolved, though it was long talked of. The most mysterious feature of the whole affair, namely the sudden and short reappearance of the hero of the story, lent a handle for suggestions of the supernatural; and those of a

superstitious mind were for many years supplied with a stock local ghost-story.

Some years after the events above narrated I was walking down the Strand. My eyes lighted casually upon a vendor of penny toys. I was struck in an idle sort of way by the contrast between the hopeless and helpless appearance of the man and the grotesque air of the tin frog which he was making jump across the pavement; and yet there seemed a kind of family likeness between the two. Then I realized that they both reminded me of Mumpford, as I had known him in past times. This train of thought rapidly led to the recognition of the erst-while Mayor of Murkibridge in this poor mendicant. I accosted him, and taking him to a coffee-tavern in a side street, I learnt from him the story for which the curiosity of Murkibridge had thirsted in vain.

The key of the secret was this:—Samuel Mumpford had a twin-brother. He it was—Robert Mumpford—and not Samuel, either in flesh or spirit, who had astonished the town on that Christmas morning. Robert resembled Samuel only in his physical appearance. He had been a thorn in the flesh, a skeleton in the cupboard, to his good brother ever since the early days when Samuel by his uprightness and unshaken respectability had succeeded in inheriting from an uncle—to the total exclusion of Robert—a fortune sufficient to make his lot in this world (apparently) as assuredly comfortable as it already was (apparently) in the next. Readers will naturally anticipate that Robert, the scapegrace,

frequently made demands on the fraternal generosity of Samuel. Not but what the latter showed himself to be enlightened with true charity. He frequently allowed his charity to overcome his strict sense of right, when such demands were causing or promising more than usual inconvenience to himself. It was on an errand of such charity that Samuel Mumpford had left Murkibridge for the last time. When he met his brother in town it was somewhat to his annoyance that that troublesome person insisted upon stopping at the same hotel. That annoyance was trivial compared with the dismay with which he discovered next day that Robert—always a reckless and mischievous scamp—had late the night before borrowed his clothes. Little harm was there in that. Robert's own clothes were not of the best, and he might be excused. But when Robert was carried dead-drunk to a police-station, and there was identified by letters, &c. as Samuel, there arose a good chance of embarrassing complications. And these Samuel in his panic increased. If, as I believe, the whole affair was a plot of Robert's, who hoped to get a lever, as it were, to work his demands, so far he had succeeded well. Having managed, though still disguised as Samuel, to get out on bail, he induced the latter not to appear to the charge. But here his machinations failed. Samuel thought that a warrant would be issued for his apprehension. He also imagined the whole scandal would be published to the world, including Murkibridge. Consequently to return to Murkibridge, a dis-

graced and defiled man, was the one thing he resolved to avoid. Robert on the other hand, inconsiderately it may be, imagined that thither he had gone; for the scared and witless Samuel slipped off in a great hurry. So it came about that Robert came to Murkibridge in search of his brother, never intending by his hurried visit, either to raise a scandal or to masquerade as a ghost. And now comes a more inexplicable part of the story. The two brothers (whether intentionally on one part or the other, I cannot say) completely lost touch with one another; and, so far as my knowledge goes, Robert disappears from the scene. The suggested motive inadequately explains the subsequent conduct of Samuel. But the fact remains that he continued in hiding, afraid to return and face the ignominy with which he was convinced that his name was branded. I could never persuade him that the police-court episode had never reached the ears of Murkibridge, and can only believe that his mind was slightly unhinged by the agitation it had suffered, and that it magnified the importance of his embarrassments. And this idea was supported by his behaviour when I have met him. For I met him more than once after my first discovery of him, and when I constantly failed to persuade him to return to his proper place in life I did my best, though that was little, to render easy the lot which he chose to adopt. But it was not long before he died, full of days indeed, but alas! not of the riches and honour which once had been his. Yet whether it were not

better thus, who can tell? nor shall I speculate: my tale, such as it is, is told; and those who wish to draw a moral no one will prevent.

LOST IN VENICE.

By ROWILL.

It was a lovely evening towards the end of July. During the day the heat had been intense but now that it had moderated my friend W. and I found a perfect relief in the cool breezes as they came lightly across the Lagoon and found their way into the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice. We promenaded for an hour or so, listening to the military band which performed in the centre of the Square, and watching with interest the faces and sights around. The well-dressed crowd, walking up and down or occupying the hundreds of seats attached to the restaurants on both sides, possessed many features worthy of note in the eyes of an Englishman. The gorgeous uniforms, fantastic helmets and prominent swords of the police put the dark blue of our guardians of the peace very much in the shade. The Venetian beauties in their light and gay costumes, the clean-shaven priests in their long black robes and dark beavers, the engineers of some half dozen river gun-boats lying at anchor near the Molo, with here and there a flower-girl, darting to and fro, trying to dispose of her wares in a more or less seductive manner, made a scene not easily forgotten.

Turning to the right, past the Campanile, we entered the famous Piazzetta. The moon shone brightly over the broad

waters in front, lighting up the entrance to the Grand Canal, and bringing into bold relief the dome of S. Maria della Salute. We made our way to a neighbouring caffè, and time passed so quickly that when we arose to depart we found it much later than we expected. On repairing to the Molo to seek our gondolier we made the unwelcome discovery that Giovanni had vanished, and not another was to be had. The vaporette—the tram-cars of the Grand Canal—had ceased running an hour and a half ago, so we were reduced to the extremity of finding our way on foot to the Marittima. This was by no means a pleasant prospect, as besides having a very indefinite knowledge of the direction, we had heard a good deal of the perfect labyrinth of narrow calli—it would be flattery to call them streets—that must be traversed by those proceeding through Venice on foot. Circumstances however rendered it necessary we should be there that night. Passing under the Clock Tower we went along the Merceria, now almost deserted, and by the aid of sundry directions reached the Ponte Rialto without much difficulty. Thence we thought our course would be easy, and began to congratulate ourselves upon not getting lost in the city. But instead of keeping to the right we crossed the bridge, and unknowingly made an unfortunate mistake.

The calli became darker, shorter, narrower and dirtier than any we had hitherto passed, and the number of persons of whom we could inquire the way became less.

while the tall pine trees on the banks of the railway were moaning under its bitter blast.

A regular jolly Christmas for those who could sit by the fire all day, and roast chestnuts and apples, and tell ghost stories, but Tom Edwards did not think so when he woke that morning and remembered he had to repair the line in Edgcombe tunnel.

Tom was a plate-layer on the Great Northern and Southern Railway, and he lived in a small gate-house by the side of the line, between Petley and Longton. When he was at work his wife looked after the gates, and as the Company gave them the house rent-free for doing this, it helped them to eke out the eighteen shillings a week, which were Tom's wages.

The snow was beginning to drift in the cutting, and the wind to blow more fiercely still, as Tom set off on his two mile walk to the tunnel; and he found it no easy task, weighed down as he was with his bag and tea-bottle; however, he plodded along as fast as he could, once or twice having to stand aside to let a train rush by, full of happy people going home for Christmas. And merrily did Tom wave a greeting to the Enginemen, as he loved that moment's glimpse of a friendly face and wave of the arm as the train tore by. He soon got to the bend in the line which ended in the tunnel, and a wild, desolate place it was: in front of him was the black and gloomy mouth of the tunnel, full of smoke and steam which curled up into the air

above. The top of the hill was covered with sombre fir-trees, which came down to the edge of the line and stretched far away on either side, and behind the view was shut off by the bend in the line.

As soon as Tom came to the tunnel he got his tools out of the little hut by the side, and lighting his lamp, set off into the darkness. The wind howled about the entrance and drove eddying snow-flakes far inside, and he hadn't got far when a violent gust blew his lamp out. He felt about in his pockets for his matches, but there were none there; so off he set back to the hut to see if he had laid them down anywhere when he lit his lamp. He hunted about everywhere for them but they were not to be found; at last in his waistcoat pocket he found a solitary one, and treasuring this up until he could get to a recess in the tunnel, he started again.

The tunnel was the longest on the line, being nearly a mile and a half in length, and Tom's work was about in the middle. He carefully lit his lamp again and was soon there.

For some hours the tunnel resounded to the clang of his heavy hammer as he drove the old keys out and put new ones in their places. He continued working longer than usual before dinner, as he did not mean to do any more afterwards, having told his wife he would be home early, in honour of its being Christmas Eve. Every now and again a faint whistle was borne to his ears, followed by a low rumbling sound, which grew

louder and louder until at last with a crash and a roar, and a gleam of light from the open fire-door a train rushed by, its sound dying away in the distance as it sped onwards.

At two o'clock he knocked off and leaning his spade against the wall of a recess, he made himself as comfortable as he could and began his dinner. As soon as he had finished, he gathered up his tools and bag and set off back again, his lamp casting feeble flickers on the walls and rails, but only making the outer darkness seem darker than ever.

He stopped once and looked at his watch, as the up North Express was already overdue, and a down train had gone by which ought to have passed the express at Longton five miles back, but as nothing was to be heard he went on, and before long saw the faint glimmer which betokened the mouth of the tunnel. He ran on and was soon at the entrance: opening the door of the hut he went inside, and put away his tools; then blowing out his lamp he hung it up on a nail and put his great-coat on. The wind was now blowing a gale and whirling the snow about in all directions, and the tall firs were groaning and creaking with an ominous sound. He was just going to set off, when he heard a sharp crack, and then a crash and a heavy thud. He rushed outside, and uttered a cry of horror; for there across the line lay a huge fir-tree, blocking both roads. He ran to it and vainly tugged and pulled, but fifty men could hardly have moved it. What could he do? The express was already half-an-hour late

and might come at any instant, which would result in an awful accident. He had no fog-signals, and no matches and his light was out.

For an instant he stood in utter despair, when he heard a faint whistle; it was the express passing Petley Junction; it would be through the tunnel in six minutes.

"I must do it" he cried, "God help my poor wife." A look of determination settling on his pale face: and he ran forwards towards the tunnel. He saw at once that the only hope of saving the train lay in sacrificing himself; the express would be on to the tree almost before the driver could see it through the steam and smoke at the mouth of the tunnel. A shout would be drowned in the noise of the train, so the only thing left to do was to place himself in front of the train and act as a fog-signal. He knew that the shock would be felt, and that the enginemen would pull up as quickly as possible, when they felt that they had run over someone.

So he ran on into the tunnel.

He had got about three hundred yards when he heard the whistle of the train at the other end. He knew that the moment had nearly come and stopped: then placing himself on the up line in the path of the train he folded his arms and stood gazing into the darkness.

On came the express with an ever increasing roar as he stood there waiting for his death. For a moment he saw the white and green lights on the engine and the gleam of fire from the ash-pan,

and the next instant was caught up with a sickening thud and dashed lifeless and mangled into the six-foot way.

The driver felt the shock and instantly applied the brake; the sparks flew in showers from the wheels under the full power of the brake, and the train getting slower and slower at last came to rest outside the tunnel only ten yards from the fallen tree.

Sadly they went to look for him and brought him out, and laid him down in an empty carriage, and while they waited for the line to be cleared the grateful passengers talked together in subdued tones of the deed which had saved them from a ghastly death; and when the driver of their train went round to ask for some help for poor Tom's widow, they eagerly pressed round him with their sovereigns, and shillings and sixpences, only too glad to be able to show some recognition of his noble self-sacrifice.

And when all were safe at home that night, and gathered round the fire, and told of their escape, full many were the tears of heartfelt gratitude which were shed, as their loved ones gazed on the chair which would have been empty, and the face still in death, but for the heroism of him, who, at this season of joy and happiness, with no human eye to see, and no voice to comfort, had laid down his life to save them.

PRINCOX.

A STORY OF ROMAN LIFE.

By R. E.

The year 235 A.D. was a year of confusion and disorder in the Roman

Empire. The young Emperor Alexander, who had spent the whole of his brief reign of thirteen years in unrelenting endeavours to reform the State, had been slain in a mutiny of his soldiers. Maximin the Emperor chosen in his place was the very antithesis of his predecessor; he was a native of Thrace, originally a drover, but by some feats of strength he had attracted the attention of Septimius Severus, by whom he had been induced to enter the army, and in his new career his rude force had raised him to a high position. He was that type of man which the vulgar in all ages admire; his strength was prodigious, his stature gigantic,—his biographers say that his height exceeded eight feet, and that to support this immensity of body he consumed forty pounds of meat a day; they give us too many other, more or less interesting details, which are intended, we suppose, to use a Gilbertian expression to give verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative; his courage was undoubted, and even when Emperor, as we might expect of a barbarian, he always led his troops into battle. Alexander as we have said was his exact antithesis; he was an accomplished man, refined and of literary tastes; but what was far more important he had great talents for administration and a high ideal of the duties of a sovereign. His judicious reforms and his strict economy, which extended to his own private life, delayed, if they could not avert, the destruction that threatened the state, already brought almost to the verge of ruin by the mal-

administration and excesses of his cousin and immediate predecessor Elagabalus. In less troubled times he would have been almost an ideal ruler, but in the qualities of courage and resolution he was unhappily deficient; and when he took the command of his army, his pusillanimity in the face of the enemy lost him the confidence of his troops, already exasperated by his attempt to make them subordinate to the civil power, and inclined to despise him on account of his reputed subservience to his mother.

In the revolution which followed, Alexander and his mother both lost their lives, and as for their personal adherents, Maximin as cruel as he was brave put the greater part to death. Two young officers Sabinus and his friend Flavianus fled for their lives; but to fly from the wrath of the Roman Emperor was nearly as impossible as to fly from care. "He changesclime not mind, who hastes across the sea;" and so in the Roman Empire, a man might flee, but there was no place of safety; with the exception of distant Persia every nook and corner of the civilized world obeyed one chief, and everywhere were to be found his spies and informers. Fortune however favoured these two; they were pursued and overtaken, and would have perished but for the self-sacrifice of two slaves, who disguising themselves by the assumption of their masters' dress suffered themselves to be killed in their stead. It is a curious satire on human nature, that, in times of proscription, so ancient authorities say, there was found much fidelity on

the part of slaves towards their masters, little on the part of wives towards their husbands, and less still on the part of children towards their parents. Strange indeed it is that the bonds of dependency should be so often found stronger than the ties of affection.

The fugitives now had a much greater chance of escape; they were believed to be dead; all immediate danger was over, and if they took reasonable care to conceal their identity, they might hope to live concealed till the present tyranny was past; for it could not be expected that a rude soldier like Maximin would long maintain himself on his precarious throne, and after him would arise another ruler, whose natural friends would be Maximin's enemies. Till then however it was necessary to live in concealment; but wherever they should finally resolve to settle, their first step was plain; they must make their way to Carthage in Africa and apprise Sabinus' father, who was living in retirement, of their safety. Flavianus had no relatives except a sister, who like himself had at an early age been entrusted to the care of the elder Sabinus.

To Carthage accordingly they went, and there they found as might have been expected, the most affectionate reception. The young men, fearing the danger that their presence might entail on the house, had not intended to make a stay of any long duration; but when they began to discuss their plans for the future, the old man overruling all their objections insisted that his home, till danger really did begin to threaten,

should be theirs; he argued that his life, of which so long a portion had been spent in solitude, was now drawing to a close, that a few years more or less mattered little; he minimised too the risk; his slaves, he said, were faithful, and he would give out that they were sons of an old comrade, whom he had adopted in the place of those who were lost. Somewhat against their better judgment the young men allowed themselves to be persuaded, finding it—as it always is—difficult, if without a settled purpose, to withstand the definite proposals of another.

Life in this house was refined, but yet of the utmost simplicity; for Sabinus was a Stoic, and acted up to the highest principles of his philosophy, which made abstinence the key-note of life. As in the times of Horace and Martial, from whom we learn so much about life in ancient times, the members of the family usually woke at seven o'clock, and partook of some light breakfast but without leaving their beds; after this they read or wrote with the stylus on waxen tablets, and rose about ten o'clock. Men who were not engaged in business could then go for a stroll, on returning from which the more studiously disposed wrote or read till one o'clock, the usual hour for luncheon. This like breakfast was a light meal, and consisted merely of bread, fruits, and wine often mingled with honey. After luncheon young and old alike took part in a game at ball, preparatory to which they anointed their bodies with oil. Games with a ball were extremely popular in both

Ancient Greece and Rome. The various movements of the body, which were required, gave grace and elasticity, and for this reason such games were highly esteemed especially by the Athenians, who like ourselves and other highly civilized nations ever regarded with excess of admiration those, who showed more capacity than their fellows for knocking a ball about, and they kept professionals to teach their children the art. Even our own renowned Dr. W. G. Grace has his prototype in one Aristonicus of Carystus, a famous player on whom the Athenians conferred their citizenship, and besides erected a statue in his honour. In ancient times as nowadays there were various methods of playing the game. The most common of all in Roman times, was what was called the *pila trigonalis*, which was played by three persons who stood in a triangle and threw the ball from one to the other; great players, we are told, prided themselves on their skill at catching with the left hand. Amongst other methods mentioned by ancient writers are tennis and football,—this latter game was an especial favourite amongst the Spartans,—the most hardy race of antiquity.

After the game at ball came the bath, and this was followed by dinner. Three o'clock was the usual time; but amongst the ancients as amongst ourselves there was a great variety of usage, with this remarkable difference that whereas in a simple establishment like the one we are describing, the dinner hour was late (Horace for instance tells us that he dined at sunset), the fashionable hour

was early. But though the meal began early, it was often protracted far into the night. Gluttony was the first national vice, into which the conquerors of the world fell, and their banquets far surpassed in magnificence even the dreams of a modern alderman. *Exul ab octavo Marius bibit*, Juvenal sarcastically wrote, painting a very different picture to the common representation of Marius sitting sorrowing amidst the ruins of Carthage. Deep drinking however was never like excessive eating a national failing. Their wines, which were for the most part thick and heavy, were always diluted with water, and to drink wine unmixed with water was as unnatural then as to drink spirits neat is now. But to provide luxuries for the table earth and sea were ransacked; the rarity rather than the flavour of a dish was its greatest recommendation. What are we to think of men who considered a dish of nightingales' tongues a special delicacy, and whose taste was so perverted that a peacock cooked in its feathers often made its appearance on the table? But the two most nauseous facts of all are that in the middle of a feast an emetic was often taken, or else the guests, to recover their appetites, adjourned for a bath, and Juvenal records that many a premature death was caused by the diner taking with him to the bath an undigested peacock. An ordinary dinner in a simple establishment would consist but of three courses, eggs and bitter herbs as an appetiser, meat generally of a light description, or fish, and apples and other fruit as dessert.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITORIAL SPIDER AND THE CONTRIBUTIONAL FLY.

When the unwary and innocent outsider first receives the imperial mandate of the Abingdonian to "write something for the Christmas Number," he is perhaps inclined to feel flattered, and to rejoice that at last someone has recognised his literary abilities and given him the long sought opportunity. Now he thinks he has a chance of commencing that brilliant career which he has so often sketched out and dreamed over. For everyone, sooner or later, comes to the conclusion that he is a born writer, usually about the same time that he imagines himself a born actor. Therefore the innocent is jubilant. Even the Abingdonian, he reflects, may lead to higher things. And so, after some show of hesitation, he promises the required contribution. Occasionally, it is true, the Editor is met with the reply, "I am afraid I shall be too busy. Another time perhaps." But no one ever confesses inability to do what is asked of him; that would be contrary to nature. "Too busy," generally means, "I have been had that way before; but I don't want you to think that I can't do what you want."

If the victim takes the trouble to ask what shape his production shall assume, (since he usually considers himself capable of writing anything that is wanted, from a detective story to a treatise on Hyperbolic Concentric Eccentricities), the Editor kindly leaves the choice

to him. And that is perhaps the most refined piece of cruelty in the whole business. From all the subjects, suitable or otherwise, that suggest themselves, the victim endeavours to select that in which he will do himself most credit. And over this perplexing question he spends many a sleepless night and joyless day. If he starts on a venture, the result fails to please, and is at once torn up. And so he lets the time pass, periodically receiving, from the Editor, notes of remonstrance that grow more and more frantic. The printer is waiting for copy! The paper will be delayed until the term is ended! All sorts of terrible things are about to happen! But if in despair the victim asks at the last moment to be let off—oh, quite impossible! They look to him for at least four pages; and if he fails them now, there is no chance of getting those pages filled at such a short notice! And thus a promising young life is blasted.

* * * * *

What do I know about it? How am I qualified to speak on the subject? Well, you see, I have been on both sides of the wall, so to speak. I have reaped experience both as a myrmidon of the Grand Inquisitor—I beg pardon, the Editor in Chief—and as the luckless contributor. And upon my word I don't know which is the more painful position!

• SCRIPTOR MINOR.

FOOTBALL.

Abingdon School v. Cygnets 2nd XI., Oxford. Played at Abingdon, on the 2nd instant, resulting in a win for Abingdon by 4 goals to 2. This was the first fixture for the School, and the visitors were the heavier team of the two. Soon after play had begun the School forwards were round the visitors' goal but missed one or two good opportunities of scoring. In the last half of the match the home side played better and with more combination. Baker (2), Mr. Cousins and Deacon scored for the School. Teams:—Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and Mr. W. M. Wilson, backs; A. W. Morland (captain), Mr. H. C. Orpwood and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon and S. G. Greenwood (right wing), Mr. C. W. Cousins (centre); C. T. Baker and C. A. Payne, (left wing) forwards. Cygnets 2nd XI.—H. Evans goal; H. Baines and E. Freeborn, backs; J. Young, S. Baines and H. Johnson, half-backs; H. Laws, E. Schofield and H. Spurling (captain), C. Edmonds, C. Newton, forwards.

Abingdon School v. Abingdon. Played at the School on Oct. 16th, resulted in a win for the School by 5 goals to 2. The town team was not representative, and showed little or no combination. At half-time the School had scored 2 goals to 1, but in the second half they put on 3 more against the visitors' 1 and won somewhat easily. Ward, Faulkner and Clarke were the pick of the town team, whilst for the School no one

showed especial form. Teams:—Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and Mr. W. M. Wilson, backs; A. W. Morland (captain), Mr. H. C. Orpwood and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon, J. S. C. Greenwood, Mr. C. W. Cousins, C. T. Baker and C. A. W. Payne, forwards. Abingdon.—A. M. Shepherd (capt.) goal; J. C. Clarke and G. Winship, backs; Barnett, L. E. S. Ward and F. O. Townsend, half-backs; J. W. Montgomery, A. P. Ward, J. Faulkner, M. L. Caudwell and H. Swadling, forwards.

Abingdon School *v.* Cygnets 2nd XI. Played at Abingdon on Oct. 23rd, resulting in a win for the Cygnets by 5 goals to 1. This was the return match, and the Cygnets brought over a heavy and a strong team. In the first half they scored 2 goals to nil, but soon after the commencement of the second half Deacon scored for the School. The visitors afterwards added 3 goals, whilst the School score remained stationary. Messrs. Orpwood, Wilson, and Cousins did good service for the School, and Morland also put in some capital work.

Abingdon School *v.* Clothing Factory. Played at the School on October 26th. The School, with the help of the Masters, beat the Factory team, after a well-contested game, by 4 goals to 2. Soon after play had commenced Challenor scored for the School, and Deacon increased the total to 3, while the Factory obtained 1 goal in the first half. The teams having crossed over, Mr. Cousins scored the fourth point for the home

side, and the visitors responded gamely. Deacon and Morland played well for the School. Teams:—Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; Mr. W. M. Wilson and J. W. Montgomery, backs; A. W. Morland (captain), Mr. H. C. Orpwood and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon, S. Greenwood, Mr. C. W. Cousins, C. T. Baker, and B. Challenor, forwards. Factory—W. Keats, goal; G. Fisher (captain), and J. C. Clarke, backs; A. Woodley, F. Thorogood, and R. Thomas, half-backs; H. Parker, F. Parker, G. Lay, A. Porter and A. Webb, forwards. Referee: C. A. W. Payne.

Abingdon School *v.* Lincoln College, Oxford. Played at the School, on Wednesday, Oct. 30th. The visitors were a heavy lot, but the School led at half-time by 2 goals (Powell and Deacon) to nil. Early in the second half the School play was rather loose, and the visitors scored their first goal. Encouraged by this they put on two more goals and won by 3 to 2. Teams:—The School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor, and Mr. W. M. Wilson, backs; A. W. Morland, Mr. H. C. Orpwood, and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon, S. Greenwood, Mr. C. W. Cousins, C. T. Baker, and Mr. R. Prowde, forwards. Lincoln College—G. H. Cass, goal; R. C. Fowler and C. Greaves, backs; F. W. Lewis, E. A. Belcher and H. A. Lomas, half-backs; C. Curtis, G. A. Hereford, O. P. Arton, H. Smyth and J. C. Jack, forwards. Referee: J. W. Montgomery.

Abingdon School *v.* Lord Williams's School, Thame. Played at Abingdon on Nov. 2nd. The game resulted in a win for the home team by 5 goals to nil. This was the first School match, that we played this season. Directly after the start the home team pressed and should have scored, but the forwards threw away chance after chance by shooting wildly. For a considerable time Thame could not get beyond the half-way line, then the centre and right wing made several plucky attempts to force their way through, and on one occasion gained a fruitless corner. Abingdon, although they had the best of the game, played very slackly; Baker at last shot a goal, this being the only score up to half-time. After the interval Abingdon played a little more brightly, but should have scored more than they did. Baker added two more points and Morland and Deacon each added one, and Abingdon ended victorious by 5 goals to nil. Teams:—Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and J. W. Montgomery, backs; H. E. Johnson, A. W. Morland (captain) and W. R. Powell, half-backs; W. M. Austin and J. S. C. Greenwood (right wing); P. L. Deacon (centre); C. A. W. Payne and C. T. Baker (left wing). Thame School—R. Smith, goal; S. V. Sims (captain) and F. West, backs; H. S. Wakefield, J. W. Bird and J. G. Turner, half-backs; H. W. Goode, J. W. Reynolds (right wing); H. Acres (centre) S. Wakefield and W. H. N. Dean (left wing). Referee: Mr. C. W. Cousins.

A. S. F. C. *v.* O. H. S. On Wednesday Nov. 13th, we had a visit from the Oxford High School, who were a much heavier lot than our team. Winning the toss we started with a strong wind behind us, and soon got the ball in the visitors' quarters, but though several shots were made, none proved successful. At last Horne cleared and the Oxford right wing took the ball up the field, but the shot went wide. Play for some time remained in mid-field and then Baker and the left wing took the ball up past the backs, and from a good pass by Payne, Greenwood sent it through. The home team continued to have the best of matters, although the Oxford forwards made continued attempts to break through. Deacon neatly headed a second goal off a pass from Payne. A couple of free kicks for fouls gave Abingdon no advantage, and they passed over with the score—Abingdon 2, Oxford High School nil. With the wind in their favour it was thought that the visitors' weight would tell, but the home defence was much stronger than it had been before,—Montgomery in particular showing great improvement. Mayo rushed a goal, and then Andrews sent in a hard shot which Brown just managed to turn over the bar. A determined rush by Greenwood and Deacon ended in the ball going just off the goal post, but most of the pressure was by the Oxford team. They were, however, unable to score again, and were beaten after a fast and exciting game, by 2 goals to 1. The two backs showed great improvement in

their play, and Johnson was more useful than he was against Thame. Of the forwards Deacon, Baker and Greenwood were the pick, but Payne was decidedly "off colour." The two Hornes, Andrews, Tate and Mayo played well for Oxford. Teams:—Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and J. W. Montgomery, backs; H. E. Johnson, A. W. Morland (captain) and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon and J. S. C. Greenwood (right wing); C. T. Baker (centre); J. Aldwinckle and C. A. Payne (left wing) forwards. Oxford High School—G. W. Geekie, goal; M. L. Horne and F. S. Gee, backs; S. S. Matcham, H. C. L. Andrews (captain) M. J. Maller, half-backs; J. L. Parrott and P. Tate (right wing); H. E. J. Mayo (centre); L. B. Kent and A. C. W. Horne (left wing) forwards. Referee: Mr. C. W. Cousins.

Abingdon School v. Mr. H. E. Mallam's XI. On Nov. 20th, Mr. H. E. Mallam, O.A., brought over an Oxford team mostly composed of Hertford College men. The weather was horribly wet, rain pouring from start to finish, a fact that spoilt good combination. The visitors pressed at the start, but the shot went wide. Presently Varnish and Bury brought the ball up by some very pretty play and the latter put the ball through. After some even play in midfields, the School rushed and Mr. Cousins equalized. The visitors scored one more point before half-time. In the second half the visitors had most of the game in their favour, but the wet ball made accurate shooting im-

possible. Two more points however fell to them, kicked by Bury and Varnish, while the School put on one more by the aid of Greenwood. Thus the game ended in a loss to us by 2 goals to 4. Most of the visitors played well, especially Bury and Varnish, who considering the weather, played a capital game. Teams: Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and Mr. W. M. Wilson, backs; A. W. Morland (captain) Mr. H. C. Orpwood and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon and J. S. C. Greenwood (right wing); Mr. C. W. Cousins (centre); C. T. Baker, and Mr. R. Prowde (left wing). Mr. Mallam's XI.—C. Rippon, goal; H. E. Mallam (captain) and S. C. Hebard, backs; A. C. Robinson, F. H. Tothill and H. S. Cousins, half-backs; P. H. Morland, J. M. Freemantle (right wing); A. E. Varnish (centre); A. M. Bury and J. Aldwinckle (left wing). Referee: J. H. E. Morland.

Abingdon School v. O. H. S. The return match was played at Oxford, on Nov. 23rd, in cold weather, a strong wind blowing straight down the field. The High School were without Mayo as centre-forward. The School won the toss and played with the wind the first half. For a quarter of an hour the School team, especially the forwards, were all abroad and played very loosely. They were, however, the first to score; for the home goal-keeper being called upon to use his hands ran with the ball, and from the free kick Powell passed to Morland who shot through.

Even play ensued for some time until the home right wing broke through and Parrott kicked a goal, an appeal for "off side" being disallowed, no further score ensued until half-time, the score being—1 all. For a considerable time the High School pressed, and should have scored on more than one occasion, but bad shooting accounted for a lot, whilst the visitors' defence was better than usual. Several attempts by the visitors to break through proved fruitless, and then Morland took the ball up the field, but shot against the post. Horne only partly cleared, and Deacon passing to the centre, Baker put the ball through. The visitors played up better after this, as did the home team, and off a pass from the right wing Maller equalized. Only a few minutes remained for play and it was thought that the match would end in a draw, when Morland again got possession of the ball and taking it past the home defence, put Abingdon ahead within half a minute of time. Teams: Abingdon School—S. W. Brown, goal; B. Challenor and J. W. Montgomery, backs; H. E. Johnson, A. W. Morland and W. R. Powell, half-backs; P. L. Deacon and J. S. C. Greenwood (right wing); C. T. Baker (centre); C. A. W. Payne and J. Aldwinckle (left wing) forwards. Oxford High School—G. W. Geekie, goal; M. L. Horne and H. C. L. Andrews, backs; S. S. Matcham, F. S. Gee (captain) and M. J. Maller, half-backs; J. L. Parrott and P. Tate, (right wing); A. C. W. Horne (centre); F. Tyrell and L. Kent (left wing).

CHARACTERS OF THE FOUR.

Bow. (F. L. Dunlop). Improved during the fortnight before the race. His worst faults were a tendency to "bucket" and use his arms too much.

2. (W. R. Noble). His time was better and he rowed his hardest, and did not spare himself. Kept forgetting to sit up.

3. (M. G. Hannay). Was the heaviest and did most work, pulling his blade well through. Rather inclined to lean back too far at the end of the stroke. Promised to make a most useful oar.

Stroke. (A. W. Morland). Rowed with great judgment, and got his crew away very smartly. Very plucky and ready to spurt when called on. At times had a tendency to sky his blade.

Cox. (C. A. W. Payne). Steered a very good course over the first part but followed the bank too much at the end.

LECTURE ON CANADA.

On Tuesday evening, October 22nd, a Lecture on "Canada" was given in the large School Room, by Mr. E. G. Wood, one of the Representatives of the Government of Canada. Numerous excellent magic-lantern illustrations materially added to the interest of the Lecture. The Lecturer, after being briefly introduced by Mr. Layng, proceeded to give much valuable information upon the subject of Emigration to Canada.

In speaking of the climate of the country, he remarked that there was a popular belief that the larger part of the year was taken up by winter. But that this was not so, was proved by the amount of produce of different kinds, and by the various sorts of fruits which could only be grown in a congenial climate.

To illustrate the remarkable growth of their cities in a very short time, pictures were shown of Winnipeg as it is at the present time—a large and prosperous city,—and as it was a few years ago—merely a trading station, consisting of a few “shanties.”

One point upon which the Lecturer laid special stress, was the importance of Canada to England as an alternative route to India or Australia, instead of the route by the Suez Canal. In time of war, troops could be conveyed from England to Quebec (during which voyage they would be far less likely to suffer molestation than when going by the usual way) from thence through Canada by the Pacific Railway to Vancouver, and thence to India. So that a large part of the distance they would be actually under British protection, and the rest of the way they would be comparatively safe from hindrance.

The rapidity of farming operations also requires mention—a farmer has his wheat thrashed without removing it from the field, and the grain stored ready to be sent away in a single day, and receives his payment at once. Such quick proceedings as these can be well

appreciated in England, where of course the operations are much more tardy. The amount also of wheat annually exported is very large.

Life in the backwoods was also briefly touched upon, the Lecturer showing how young men emigrating to Canada must be prepared to rough it, for there is no royal road to wealth. He gave a few interesting incidents from his own experience.

The educational establishments of the country, and the facilities for learning were shown to be of the highest order. It speaks well for the education of Canada, that such a high percentage of the population are able to read and write. Canada ranks third in the world in this respect.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We notice with pleasure that W. B. Prowse, O.A. and B.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been awarded the Burdett-Coutts Scholarship for Geology at the University of Oxford, and that E. W. Johnson, O.A. and M.A., of the same college, has been appointed Professor of Classics and English Literature at Cheshunt College.

A. B. Morland, O.A., of Pembroke College, and C. H. Payne, O.A. of Merton College, Oxford, took their M.A. degree during the present term. We notice that the latter, who is now Vice-Principal of the Victoria College, Palghat, Madras, has just published Robert Browning's

"Saul," and "Clive," with notes and introduction. The book has been most favourably received by the Anglo-Indian Press.

We must congratulate Mr. H. C. Orpwood and F. Baker, O.A., on being selected to play for Oxfordshire *v.* the 'Varsity; and also M. G. Hannay, O.A., who has received his Football Colours (Association) at Charing Cross Hospital.

At Cambridge, F. L. Dunlop, O.A., and G. Brown, O.A., both passed the "Little go" and "Additional."

Mr. L. C. Hodgson, who for two years was a Master at this School, has been appointed Principal of Coimbatore College, Madras.

We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Richardson, O.A., for a further present of books, to the Reference Library,—Edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, London, 1651; *Memorials of Worthy Persons* by Clement Barksdale, O.A., London, 1661. *Discourses* by Hugo Grotius edited by Clement Barksdale, O.A. London, 1669, *Senilities*, by Rev. Richard Graves, O.A., London, 1801. *A New Guide to the English Tongue* by T. Dilworth, London, 1818. *Royal Latin Grammar*, London, 1695. To the Lending Library, White's, *Natural History of Selborne*; Walton, *The Complete Angler*; Lamb, *The Essays of Elia*.

We have to thank the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Harris, for the half-holiday which was given at his request on his re-election to the Mayoralty,

The arrangements for the end of term are:—

Wednesday December 18th, 2.30 p.m., Football, Past *v.* Present. 8.0 p.m., Concert in the School Room.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the 'Derbeian.'

OXFORD LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor.

The expiring term has passed off quietly enough—not even a Blenheim Ball and its consequences to enliven proceedings at all. True, there was a fire at Trinity, but even that was extinguished before it could become exciting. Still there have been some sources of interest. Sport, like the poor, is always with us and affords, as usual, material for our letter to the magazine.

On the river the Coxswainless fours have been won by Magdalen after a good race with New College. In this department of athletics a gloom was cast over Oxford by the sad death of H. B. Cotton, Ex-President of the O.U.B.C. Neither of the 'Varsity "footer" teams can bear comparison with those of last year; still the XV of "Rugger" persuasion have improved of late, and enthusiasts do not despair of their pulling off the match against Cambridge who appear to have a very hot team this season. One of the best "Soccer" matches played in the Parks was 'Varsity *v.* The County in which the latter won easily; not the least contribution to this meritorious performance was the play of Orpwood and Baker, the former a Master, and the latter an Old Boy of our old School. Old Abingdonians, in residence, have not been idle in the world of athletics, and notably, H. E. Mallam has

rendered good service to the Hertford "Soccer" XI.

Turning to more serious matters, we may notice the success of Oxonians in the Civil Service Exams.

W. B. Prowse, an Old Boy of some standing, is to be heartily congratulated on winning the Burdett-Coutts Scholarship, thereby adding renown to himself and his old School. Congratulations also to E. W. Johnson, who has lately been elected a Professor of Literature at Cheshunt College. J. Townsend has just been over to Paris to teach the

Parisians how to speak the English language.

If it may be allowed me to moralize a little, there seems to be a change passing over Oxford generally; a short time back the Union Society passed a Liberal Motion at its debate—this is encouraging. Perhaps our sons, in years to come, will be wiser than their fathers after all—o si sic.

Wishing all Abingdonians a happy Xmas.

I remain, Sir,

Yours truly,

OLD BOY.

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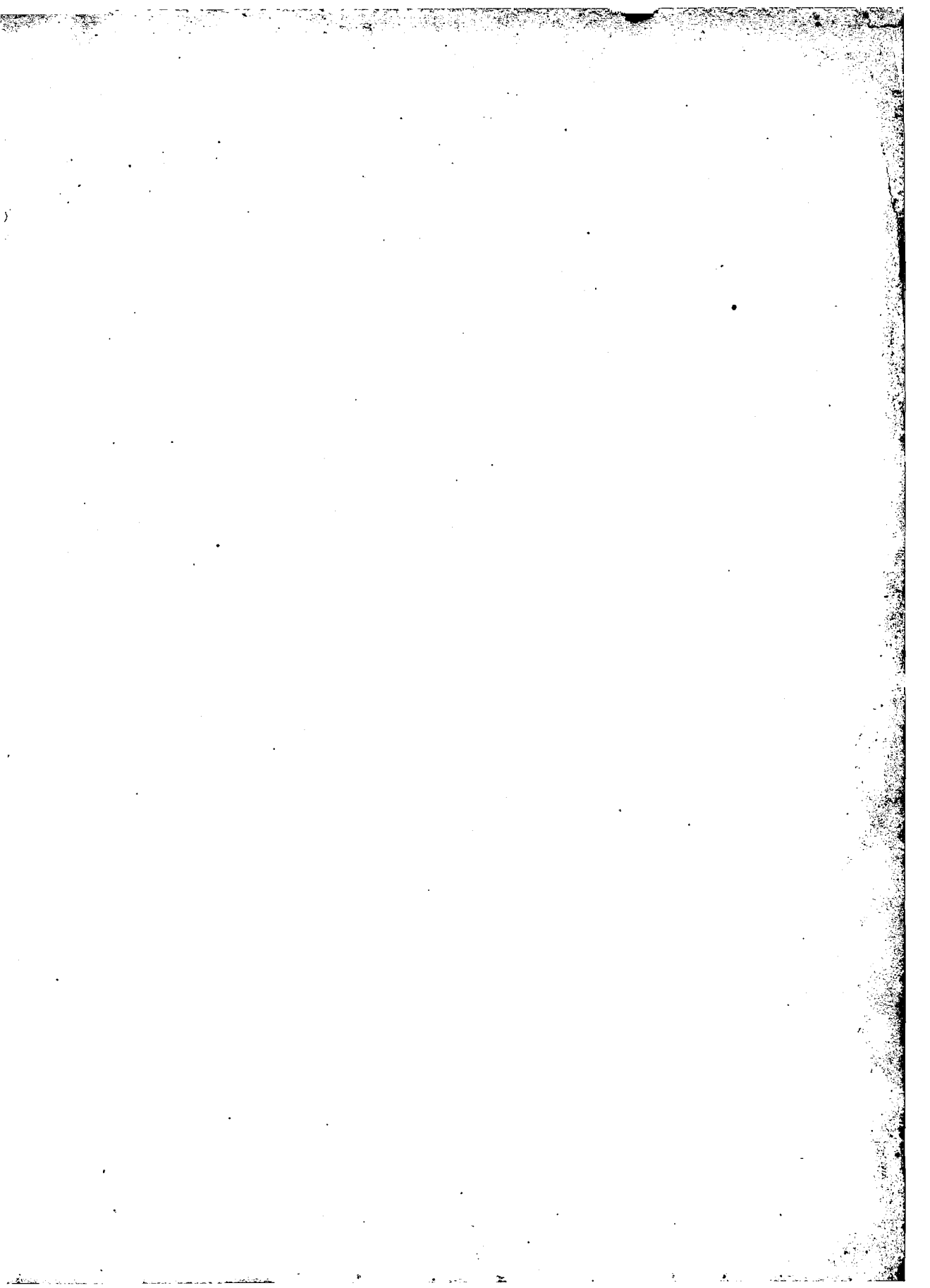
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