

Misericordias Domini



in aeternum cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL	282
ODE TO THE THERMOMETER	283
A BOY'S LETTER	284
DE GUSTIBUS	286
ROMAN BRITAIN	287
MESSRS. HO-AND-SO	290
MUSIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES	292
A VISIT TO A MAN-OF-WAR	294
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE	296
THE ABOMINATION OF THE ENGLISH ...	299
SCHOOL SONG.....	301
FOOTBALL	301
OXFORD LETTER	307
SCHOOL NOTES	307
ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS FUND	309

EDITORIAL.

WITH the issue of this number we close the second volume of the Abingdonian. Vol. 1, completed in December, 1895, extended over a period of 5 years and comprised 21 numbers, 4 of which were double numbers. Vol. 2 then will in point of size resemble its predecessor. Extending over a similar

period it comprises 20 numbers, 5 of these being double numbers. If in point of utility and interest also it is not found wanting, for this we are indebted to the boys and old boys and friends of the School, who have given to us so generously of their time and trouble.

Again by Mr. Richardson's kindness we are assured of an efficient index, without which a bound volume would lose half its value. Copies of this index, as soon as it is ready, will be obtainable from the Secretary, who can also supply back numbers of the Magazine to replenish defective sets.

The illustration given with our present number is intended to serve as a record. It will be, in all probability, the last published picture of the School Buildings as they now are and have been for twenty years: and this particular view has been chosen as showing better

than any other the new wing of 1880, upon which the further extensions are to be incorporated. When these are finished we will *perhaps* publish a complementary picture.

Signs of the times are not wanting even now. Portents in fact. Tall trees have fallen and clean vanished in a single morning, and lo! the Yew hedge, formerly the western limit of the Headmaster's vegetable garden, has conveyed itself bodily some thirty paces eastward. All this to give room for building. And meanwhile the Additional Buildings Fund is increasing steadily, as a reference to our last page will demonstrate.

For the rest, the term has passed very much like other Autumn terms. We have played 11 Football Matches and won 8, while 39 goals have been scored for us and 33 against. Three fixtures have unfortunately been scratched, thanks either to the rain or to the natural timidity of our opponents; and the Old Boys' Match on December 19th will bring us to the end of our card. No doubt we shall be able to arrange some fixtures for next term, but we can hardly hope to emulate the hundred and odd goals of last season's record, even if we play as many matches. Our 2nd XI. has played 3 matches and lost 2, the other being a drawn game.

For some weeks past the sounds of music have been ever in our ears, and if our Christmas concert is not of a high order of merit, it will not be through lack of zeal in its promoters.

We wish them all the success they deserve, and for our Dance too we look forward to a highly enjoyable evening.

And so we leave our readers until the twentieth century, wishing them all the compliments of this festive season.

ODE TO THE THERMOMETER.

By A. FARMER.

Oh! always-hated instrument,
To thee I raise my song;
Do thou, whose every day is spent
In working senseless wrong,
Bring now to me the weather that is not:
Thou know'st I like the cold,—when it is hot.

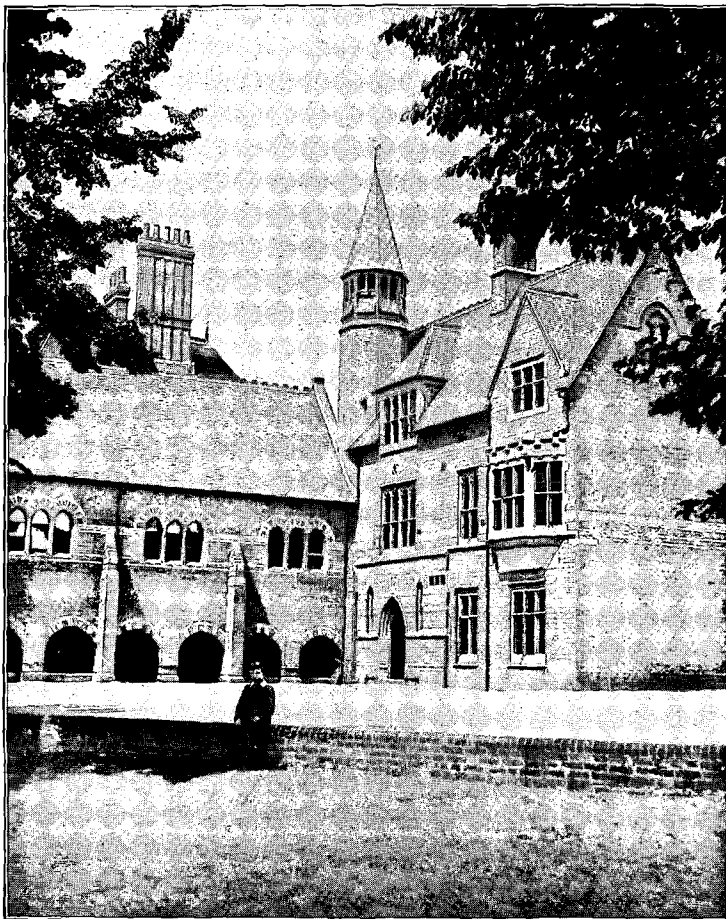
When icy is the season,
And shivering I live,
Thou, creature without reason,
No pleasant change dost give.
Come! rise and melt the snow from off the
mould:
Thou know'st I like the heat,—when it is cold.

Oh! emblem of our human life,
With constant ups and downs,
To match with our now peace, now strife,
And smiles that change to frowns.
Were any observation in thy brain,
Thou'dst see my fields are dry and parched
for rain.

The mildew stands upon the stalks
And rotten are the roots;
Among the crops Contagion walks,
And damp my harvest loots;
When wilt thou see, and wipe the welkin's
eye,
That streams with tears?—my fields for
dryness die.

Philosophy gives place to ire,
And now my heated brain
Grows cooler, casts out all its fire,
And I am calm again.
My song has shewn that, be it cold or hot,
We mortals like precisely what we've not.

A. W. S.



From a Photograph by W. H. Richardson (O.A.)

ABINGDON SCHOOL.

Big School and East Wing, 1900.

A BOY'S LETTER.

Those who are interested in Egyptology, and more particularly in the archaeological researches which have been carried on in Egypt during recent years by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie and Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell, Litt. D. of Oxford, under the auspices of the "Egypt Exploration Fund," will I think be pleased to see in the "Abingdonian" a brief notice of one of the very numerous archaic MSS which have been discovered in the course of these highly successful and deeply interesting explorations, and which seems to me especially suited to its pages. I am enabled to make this communication by the kindness of Mr. H. A. Grueber, F.S.A., of the Coins and Medals Dept. of the British Museum, who is Treasurer of the "Fund," and I learn from him that by permission of the Egyptian Government the "Fund" examines every year a certain defined area, which has been previously chosen as likely to yield good results. During the years 1896-7, or thereabouts, the explorers directed their attention to the Fayyûm province, which lies about 100 miles south of the delta of the Nile, on the western bank of the river, and especially to the Oxyrhynchus nome or district, a region comprised within that province, and which is so called from the ancient and ruined city of Oxyrhynchus, the modern Behneseh, situated 8 miles west of the Nile, and just within the desert. The ruins of this city cover an area $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, and $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile wide, but the modern town only occupies a fraction of the site on the eastern side.

Both within the city and outside of it are many rubbish mounds, rising to a maximum height of 35 feet, some being isolated, and others connected by ridges into irregular groups. To the inexperienced mind, it would, I think, hardly seem likely that the rubbish heaps of a dead city should become the depositories of the MSS of its ancient inhabitants, but Mr. Grenfell, in his report on these excavations, explains that "it was the custom in Egypt to store up carefully in the government record offices at each town, official documents of every kind dealing with the administration and taxation of the country, and to these archives even private individuals used to send letters, contracts, &c. which they wished to keep. After a time, when the records were no longer wanted, a clearance became necessary, and many of the old papyrus rolls were put in baskets or on wicker trays and thrown away as rubbish." In course of time they were covered and hidden by succeeding deposits, until at length mounds were formed of various heights, and it was upon some of these that the explorers, guided by previous experiments, began their labours, and the results attained certainly seem to be not only remarkable but amazing. They employed at first some 70 men and boys, afterwards increasing the number up to 110, working in pairs, one man and one boy, but so great was the quantity of papyri met with, that even this small army of workers was scarcely sufficient, and although, says Mr. Grenfell, "we engaged two men to make tin boxes for storing

the papyri, for ten weeks they could hardly keep pace with us." The largest find, which Mr. Grenfell supposes to be "a 'record' in point of quantity," was made on the 18th and 19th of March, 1897, and his description of it approaches the romantic. "On the first of these two days," he says, "we came upon a mound which had a thick layer consisting almost entirely of papyrus rolls. There was room for six pairs of men and boys to be working simultaneously at this storehouse, and the difficulty was to find enough baskets in all Behneseh to contain the papyri. At the end of the day's work no less than thirty-six good sized baskets were brought in from this place, several of them stuffed with fine rolls three to ten feet long, including some of the largest Greek rolls I have ever seen." It took Mr. Grenfell and his colleague Mr. A. S. Hunt from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. to stow away this 'loot' in packing cases, and on the next day "twenty-five more baskets were filled before the place was exhausted." In all, about 2,300 documents, besides some hundred thousands of useless fragments, were recovered from this site, by far the greatest part of which are written in Greek, and as a whole, "they present an immense variety of contents." The larger proportion, of about 2,000 documents, comprised "specimens of almost everything that was committed to writing with regard to civil and military administration, trade, taxation, and private affairs," but mixed up with these were found about 300 literary pieces, chiefly classical, but including a variety of

general subjects, early Christian writings, and oddments. The most notable finds were 'Logia,' or sayings of Christ, a fragment of St. Matthew's gospel, of the 3rd Cent. A.D. and thus "a century older than the oldest MSS. of the New Testament," "portions of a poem in Sapphic metre, probably by Sappho herself," and fragments of many classical authors. One of these literary papyri, dating from the 2nd or 3rd century, is a letter to a father from his youthful son, who is very anxious to accompany him to Alexandria, and strongly resents the idea of being left at home. It is written in rude uncial Greek, and the Editor of the volume in which it is published, remarks that "its grammar and spelling leave a good deal to be desired," which indeed may be said of many schoolboys' epistles even in the 19th century, as some I have by me most truly witness. I had hoped to contribute with this a facsimile reproduction, and also a rendering in ordinary Greek, but I found the expense would be too great; all therefore that I can offer is the English translation given in the volume, which is as follows:—

"Theon to his father Theon, greeting.

It was a fine thing of you not to take me to the city. If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter or speak to you or say good-bye to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand nor even greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me. Mother said to Archelaus. "It quite upsets him to be left behind (?)"

It was good of you to send me presents . . . on the 12th, the day you sailed. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink: there now!"

(Oxyrhynchus Papyri No. CXIX. Vol. I. p. 185.)

That a casual note of this sort should survive after a lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries is surely wonderful: and that it should have been found where it was seems a strange thing; but quite possibly the elder Theon was some sort of local officer, and so his correspondence and official papers got intermingled. The Editor has already criticised this epistle from his point of view. Boys who read the English version will be certain to do so from another, and will most likely say that it is more cheeky than respectful, which is true; but the idea of a boy's retaliating on his parent by refusing to eat and drink, is anyhow new and amusing: such a notion would not I am convinced be adopted by boys of the present day, and certainly not at Abingdon. That Theon should have wished to go to Alexandria was quite natural; for Alexandria was to a Graeco-Egyptian boy what London is to English boys now. Egypt had survived its Greek masters, and was then a Roman province: and Alexandria, after Rome, was esteemed the first city in the world, and a centre of learning and commerce. Possibly Theon had heard of the great lighthouse, said to have been 400 feet high, which stood on the island of Pharos, and wished to see it, besides the other attractions of the capital, but moreover, he was of a musical turn, and

wanted a lyre, which, I conclude, could not be bought in the shops of Oxyrhynchus. But from thence to Alexandria was over 200 miles, and we can hardly be surprised if his father did not desire to be troubled with him on so long and in those days tedious a journey. Whether he eventually went or no, and whether he got his lyre, possibly some future explorations may reveal to us.

The discovery of this letter furnishes a really serious warning to present Abingdonians, or at any rate to the boarders, for if by a like strange chance one of their home letters should be discovered in A.D. 3,500 from the ruins of some English provincial town, and an editor of that date should feel constrained to say that "its grammar and spelling left much to be desired," what a reflection it would be upon the School!

I am pleased to add that Mr. Grueber has kindly presented me with a copy of the plate on which the facsimile of this letter appears, and I hope to get it framed and hung up at the School, so that those who feel interested in it may go and inspect it for themselves.

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

DE GUSTIBUS.

"Do you eat to live, or live to eat?"
—"Eat to live, of course." Yes,—we don't live merely for the pleasure of eating; we are not all like the Fat Boy whose habits are recorded for us in the Papers of the Pickwick Club. But to say that the bare necessities of life in

the way of food are sufficient is a gross injustice. Eating is not so horribly prosaic that we cannot enjoy it for its own sake; nor is it entirely commonplace or plebeian. Hercules, Aristophanes tells us, was uncommonly fond of pea-soup, and Homer describes the eating and drinking feats of his heroes with as much gusto as their prowess in war. Surely with the precedent of the demi-gods, we may gratify a partiality we feel towards some choice viand without incurring the charge of greediness.

Taste and refinement are quite as important in dealing with our means of sustenance as in other matters. A person who cannot appreciate a carefully prepared and beautifully cooked dinner is like the "man that hath no music in himself," and is equally worthy of the terrible lot which, we are told, awaits that unhappy wight. The same keen power of appreciation and dissection, which characterizes a good critic of music or poetry, is needful for the correct determination of what constitutes what they call in France "*bon goût*."

Boys are proverbially supposed to be greedy; their attachment to jam tarts and the like is imputed unto them, if not for iniquity, at any rate as a failing in their moral calibre. Yet has not every one a similar deficiency? One man is fond of cream-cheese; another dotes on oysters; while the very mention of roast pork makes some people's mouths water. Tennyson, inviting his godfather to dinner, wrote

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine."

When the poet showed his appreciation of that "which maketh glad the heart of man," of course no one thought of accusing him of undue affection towards it. Why then stigmatize as greedy a boy who happens to remark that he knows of a decent tuck-shop round the corner, where you can get first-class cheese-cakes?

We all have our little weaknesses in regard to our food. A story is told of an Italian prince who was crossing the Alps with a large escort, when a mule and its rider fell over a precipice. "The cook!" exclaimed the prince in terror, "Holy Virgin, is it the cook?" "It is Don —, your excellency." "Only the chaplain: ah, the Saints be praised!" It is only to be hoped *our* little weaknesses will not make us quite as callous as this gentleman.

H. H.

ROMAN BRITAIN.

It is too little appreciated how many relics of the Roman occupation of Britain may be seen in all parts of the country: and it may be safely asserted that a considerable number still lie buried in all directions. The fact that a large number of place-names bear direct testimony to their Roman origin is probably known to most of us: and these names show the nature of the remains to be expected. Thus Dorchester, Leicester and Lancaster

indicate fortified stations, Stratford and Chester-le-street point to the course of a Roman road, and Lincoln records the site of a *colonia* or settlement. It is also common knowledge that certain main roads, crossing the country from end to end, and still reckoned among the most important thoroughfares, have been in use since they were made by the Roman engineers. Many of us, too, have been told of the existence in our neighbourhoods of the remains of "Roman villas," perhaps some of us have seen the remnants of masonry, bricks and tiles which mark such a site. It is common to hear the earth-works frequently found on high ground described as "Roman camps," though only too often these are not of Roman origin, although in the case of Celtic forts they may have been occupied by the conquerors. But in spite of these numerous marks of the skill and industry of the invaders, comparatively few people seem to realize that in every county in England, and in at least several parts of Wales, there are unmistakable evidences of buildings and roads, of towns and camps, full of interest in themselves, and often yielding to the explorer information not only interesting but important, as bearing on the history and civilization of the country during the first five centuries of the Christian era.

Of the Roman towns, many are entirely lost, owing to continuous occupation in later times. Partly buried by the raising of the ground level, partly

destroyed by succeeding generations of builders, all that remains are fragmentary evidences turned up from time to time when some excavation of more than usual depth is made. This is particularly the case in London, and to a lesser degree at Bath. The latter, however, can still show much remarkable work which was doubtless the pride of *Aquae Solis*, owing to the modern use of hot springs from which both the present and the past cities took their names. Here can be seen an extensive series of baths, the largest a swimming bath of considerable size, with lead piping, aqueducts, steps, dressing recesses and columns, sufficient to enable the most unimaginative to reproduce in their minds what the building, or at least part of it, was like. There is reason to believe that the buildings extended much farther eastward, but research is precluded by the Abbey Church which stands above. To the westward much has been uncovered of a most interesting character, but in this direction also the modern buildings on the surface have prevented further examination of the ground. The Roman walls of Lincoln and of York still stand to a considerable height, though patched and altered at many periods. At Lincoln the gateway leading out of the town on one side still stands, and has been in use, probably without intermission, since it was built at some date prior to the fifth century.

But in addition to these and many other places, there are a number of sites which did not commend themselves to

later generations; the buildings on which were either destroyed by fire or simply suffered to decay, and have thus remained untouched by the hand of man until recent times. Of these the walls at Richborough (Rutupiae), close to Sandwich, still stand to a height of thirty feet, and with massive masonry, of which the mortar is practically as hard as the stones themselves, seem destined to endure for many centuries to come. Situated close to the spot on which St. Augustine afterwards landed, they have a peculiar interest, as being the very walls on which our Saxon forefathers looked when they came to the shore to receive the missionaries who were bringing the Christianity which laid the foundations of our present See of Canterbury. But beyond the walls and a solid mass of masonry within them, which was perhaps the foundation of a pharos (or lighthouse), nothing of the town itself is known to remain, and there may possibly in this instance have been no more than a castle. Far different, however, is the case of Silchester (Calleva Atrebatum).

Here, nestling in the pine-woods in the north of Hampshire, and but a few miles from Reading, there stand, not only the walls and gateways, but a considerable portion of the foundations of the public and private buildings of the Romano-British town. The Roman town evidently rose on the foundation of a Celtic settlement of much more than ordinary size and importance. An idea of this may be formed from the fact that the town walls enclose an area

of about a hundred acres, and are nearly a mile and a half in circumference, but that the earthworks which surrounded the Celtic settlement run some distance outside the Roman walls! Excavations have been made at intervals for many years in a desultory fashion, but for some ten years past the whole area has been undergoing a systematic and thorough investigation, and the greater portion has now been accurately explored. The results give us an excellent idea of the town, both in its best days and in those of its decadence; and as the Roman architects and engineers invariably worked on the same general plan, Silchester serves to show what the other towns were like. Nearly in the centre was the Forum, wherein were numerous shops which have been identified by the character of remains excavated from their floors. Here, too, may be seen the remains of the Exchange, or hall in which the merchants held their meetings. The whole of the west side was taken up by a magnificent Basilica, the Town Hall and Law Courts combined, in which public business was transacted and legal matters were brought to the tribunal. The Hall was 276 feet long and 60 feet broad, and was adorned with massive and lofty pillars with magnificently carved capitals. It was lined with Italian marble to a height of four or five feet from the ground, and the front of the tribunal was faced with polished marble which was probably also brought from Italy. Adjoining the Hall were several large rooms, probably council chambers

and committee rooms, and one of these was either the Aerarium or a room in which records were stored, since a number of seals such as were attached to documents were found in it. In one of the smaller rooms was found a relic believed to be unique—a Roman Legionary Eagle—which is carefully preserved by the Duke of Wellington at Strathfieldsaye. In different quarters of the city have been uncovered the remains of Temples, Public Baths, Dye-works, and houses large and small; and immense quantities of coins and the remains of tools and domestic implements in profusion prove that the civilization of the inhabitants corresponded to the dignity of their buildings.

W.

(To be continued.)

MESSRS. HO-AND-SO.

"Dash you! Boil!" "I shall say something soon."—These and such-like expletives were punctuated with a full-stop, until the knowing-looking kettle on the fire could hold out no longer, but had to boil over, "with indignation at the language," as my friend suggested. I was sitting in the room of a chum, Soames, who was then living in retirement at I——. I made his acquaintance quite late in life, but soon got fond of his society, and the way he would describe his experiences was of un-failing interest to me, who never went further afield than Boulogne. He was a great hand at making coffee, and I found the drinking of it one of the

many attractions of his bachelor establishment. I have introduced him, the kettle, and myself to you on a lazy evening in October, when coffee, scandal, cake, and yarns constituted a most enjoyable bill of fare. 'Soames, old man!' said I, while drinking my fourth cupful, 'hasn't that bat up there a history? Whatever possessed you to stick a life-belt round it?' 'It has a history' came the reply from behind a cloud of smoke, 'a tolerable long one too!' 'Let's have it then; I can rake up another engagement if I find it boring.' And so he began. 'You know I was at Radfield: well, I made a friendship there which it beats me to describe. I was a new boy the same term as Holmes, and we went through school together as "inseparables." We used to take our walks together as youngsters, and, when we took to sport, we stuck together so well, that we entered on the honour of "colour" hand-in-hand, so to speak. Schoolmates with laughable wit,—laughable because so scanty,—used to call us "Messrs. Ho-and-So," and as our names lent themselves to mutual rhyme, all the budding perpetrators of verse used to pounce on us for their maiden efforts. Holmes had only one fault,—he thought too much of me. Goodness knows, I deserved little of his regard. He was always doing something for me, secretly if he could, and—but I am straying from the subject of the bat. One season "Ho," as I liked to call him, and I were running pretty even for top average. By way of parenthesis I may say that many old

"crocks" have shaken their heads knowingly, when I have told this tale. Poor beggars! I suppose they have never seen anything more wonderful than a clown jumping through a hoop, or a guinea-pig with a tail in a travelling museum. Well, we two kept together all through the matches, and when we had but one more fixture on the card, our figures only differed very slightly. I was just ahead; but you know how it is sometimes: Holmes was the bat, and I the slogger,—the hit-jolly-hard-and-jolly-often kind of man. The Old Radfieldians had a team out that day; four "blues," half-a-dozen county men, and our last year's captain. I know we had to face a score of over 200 on a precious crumbly wicket. I remember going in, with two men out for 40, to join the dear old chap at the other end, who for fifty minutes had been batting like a book, while he got himself as firm set, as his face used to be, when anything big had to be done. In five strokes I was ahead of him, although once I had an awfully near "squeak." But I became aware in an indistinct kind of way, that the air around me was buzzing out "steady!" so I settled down a bit, and "Ho" and I piled on the runs. We made the record stand for Radfield that day. Saints on toast! the youngsters on the bank couldn't speak for a week, when it was all over. But as the score mounted, time was moving on, like it always does, compelling you to strain every muscle before the victory comes, so making it worth the laurel.—Forgive me, old man, for

moralizing—We wanted but five runs and I was about ten ahead of the man at the other end, when he "called" me to run a short one. We saw our mistake when we got to the middle of the pitch. I was turning to go back, when Holmes flew past me saying "Congrats, So!" and before I could collect my wits, he was walking up to the pav. with 80 to his name, and a terrific accompaniment of Cerberus-like noises. He had chucked away his wicket to save mine. The next two hits won the match, and I got the "bat." I had to make a speech at the club dinner. I also made a big ass of myself; for as I was gassing something about, "the strange, nay, almost incredible machinations of fortune, which had conduced to bring to my willing fingers the present enviable success," something rolled down my cheek—and it wasn't lemonade.

Neither of us stayed long at the 'Varsity. You remember the Boer war of nineteen hundred? Well, we both joined the Yeomanry, and went out to fight. We were in the trenches at Wepener fourteen days together, and the man next to us got an expanding bullet in him, while the enemy sang hymns not far away. I remember the look we gave one another, when we had to charge. But we did no Boer-sticking. *Meinherrs* were brave enough, but it wants a Dervish to stand for a bayonet thrust.

We stopped in the colony after the settlement, and I used to chaff Holmes that some fair "Boeress" must have

"smitten" his heart, to keep him in so vile a country; while he would go one better and congratulate me on winning the affections of what he called "The Kaffir's lovely daughter." But after a year we started home in the "Fair Runaway." You remember that disaster? Well, we were in that.

I noticed the speaker's huskiness, so I broke in, 'I say, Soames, were you present, when Alfred burnt the cakes?' I knew he had experienced the great fire of St. Petersburg, and that awful Madrid earthquake; and now he was on board the "Fair Runaway," when the great liner struck off Finisterre. Soames laughed to clear his voice and went on. "When the final shock came, away went the women and children in the boats, and the male passengers began a rush for the life-belts. I saw Holmes with one round him; and he fought his way to my side, and tried to put it on me. I remember saying, I'd be blown if I did,—as if being blown was worse than being drowned!—then an awful wave went over us. I remember nothing more, until I was picked up by a French fishing-boat, and I had a life-belt round me. There it hangs with the bat stuck through it. That belt was round "Ho" when I saw him for the last time. He had chucked away his wicket to save mine."

Silence followed, and Soames bent his head, and something rolled down his cheek,—and it wasn't coffee.

A. W. S.

THE MUSIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Music was only cultivated by Churchmen and was of the simplest description—confined to melody only, and very uncertain in pitch and rhythm.

About the fourth century, there were a certain number of modes which were authorised for Church use. There are two divisions of modes—Authentic and Plagal. The earlier modes are assigned to Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who died about 397 A.D., and are called Authentic; the latter ones are usually attributed to Pope Gregory the Great, and are called Plagal. We can trace the present system of writing music to the Neumes, which were marks placed over the words to be sung in a vague manner, but which were subsequently coloured, and thus made the pitch and intervals more definite.

There is a work called *Musica Enchiridis* commonly associated with Hucbald (circa 840-930 A.D.) a monk of St. Amand in Flanders. This contains information about Notation. Another monk Guido d' Arezzo (circa 1000 A.D.) is commonly supposed to have invented "Solmisation," which is the naming of the notes in each hexa-chord by the syllables, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La. We perceive there are only *six* notes mentioned by him, whereas at the present time there are *eight* notes made up to form the scale. Thus one more was added—Si. Ut, being found an unsuitable syllable for the voice, has now been changed into Do.

Franco of Cologne first attempted to deal with relative length of notes. It will be seen that until part-singing was begun, the means of defining the relative length of notes was of no consequence. Franco's book of "Measured Long" deals with four standards of length, 1, Maxima or Duplex Longa, 2, Longa, 3, Brevis, 4, Semibrevis. Their relations to one another varied with a time signature which was put at the beginning of the music, which showed whether each long note was to be equal to two or three shorter ones. In course of time the long notes dropped out of use, and the longest note now in common use, the Semibreve, is the shortest in Franco's series. He also showed superior knowledge in Harmony by preferring to mix up 3rds and 6ths with the so-called perfect consonances, instead of proceeding by 5ths and 4ths.

Descant.—This art, the forerunner of modern counterpoint and harmony, grew out of the earlier system *organum* or *diaphony*. Elaborate rules for descant are to be found in old treatises on music.

Diaphony, in Greek music consists of discordant sounds, or dissonances; but afterwards was applied to the harmonic combination of voices.

In early days the parts were always added to the Cantus Planus, or Plain Chant; and even in modern times it is represented in teaching counterpoint by the practice of adding parts to a "Canto fermo."

The musicians of these days adopted

the method of singing in parts, by singing several tunes at once. This indeed was polyphony! They accommodated them by modifying the tunes a little when the dissonances were too conspicuous! They were called Motets.

The music of the Hebrews, which was probably derived in part from the Egyptians, is yet Semitic or Eastern in its character. It was unmeasured, both diatonic and chromatic and possibly enharmonic (*i.e.*—consisting of intervals smaller than semitones). The names, among others, of Olympus, Terpander, Euclid, Pythagoras, Plutarch, may be mentioned as being of much service to the culture of music.

Paris seems to have been the centre of musical development in the 12th and 13th centuries, and the most distinguished musicians of the time were Leonin, Peutin, Robert de Sabillon, and Walter Odington, an Englishman. The Troubadours, in the South of France, cultivated lyric poetry and the tunes which are best adapted to it (circa 1080). Among them were William of Poitiers, and Richard Coeur de Lion.

In England the remains of early musical art are much scantier than in foreign countries. There is one conspicuous Round, "Sumer is icumen in," which is written for four tenor voices with a "ground" or pes for two basses. The author is probably John of Fornsete, a monk of Reading Abbey, about 1226.

As in England and France secular music had its exponents in the min-

strels and troubadours, so also in Germany a similar position was held by the Minnesingers, who flourished about 1150 A.D. The Meistersingers, who were the burgher poets and musicians of the towns, were of a still later period. The Netherlands, including Belgium, Flanders and Holland, produced men occupying a prominent position. The Netherlands' theorist, John Linctous, mentions John Dunstable, who is foremost in the "source and origin of the new art."

From the wars of the Roses until the Tudor times little sign of musical ability can be traced. The musical energy in Paris passed on to the Netherlands, which held the pre-eminence for a century or more. Dufay, (1400), was the first composer of rank in the Netherlands. He shows that his writings were influenced by the style of John Dunstable. Closely following Dufay was Antoine de Busnois, (circa 1460), who attracted attention by adopting smoothness and equality of style and well-managed imitation. Next came Joannes Okenheim or Okeghem, who excelled in Church music. He was famous as the master of Josquin des Près (1450) the first genuine genius in musical history. A contemporary of Josquin was Obrecht, a Chapel Master at Utrecht when Erasmus was a choir-boy there, who lived from 1430 to 1506. During the lives of Josquin and Obrecht the art of painting was developed.

From 1400-1600 may be mentioned the names of Clemens, Adrian Willaert,

Jacques Arcadelt, who were famous for their compositions.

The first Italian of any note was Constanzo Festa, (circa 1490). His advent marked the time when the pre-eminence of music in the Netherlands passed into Italy.

Cyprian Van Rere, the famous Orlando di Lasso, Zarlino, the two Gabrielis, Andrea, Giovanni, Claudio Merulo, Marenzio, Rierluigi Sante de Palestrina, were all Italians of fame.

Palestrina should be specially mentioned for his Mass known as "Missa Papae Marcelli."

Martin Luther was also a great composer of the Chorale, which was the predecessor of our modern hymn tune. Contemporary with Luther was Heinrich Isaac (1500), a composer of Masses, Motets, and other writings.

The early predecessor of the modern Pianoforte was the Clair-chord (1500). It was of horizontal shape, being an oblong of from 4 to 5ft. long and 2ft. broad. The Organ had pedals attached in the 15th century. Y.

A VISIT TO A MAN-OF-WAR.

As we were strolling aimlessly along the parade at Weymouth during the earlier part of the summer holidays, we heard the town crier, a most important functionary at Weymouth, approaching. His duties there, especially in holiday time, are by no means light and he was to be heard, if not seen, at all hours of the day. We approached him, therefore,

to hear what piece of news he was giving the world in general this time, and heard that at three o'clock punctually a steamer would start from the pier-head bound for the Channel fleet, then at anchor in Portland Harbour, with the intention of landing her passengers on one of the ironclads. When the town crier had ended his speech with the customary "God save the Queen," to which I as piously responded 'amen,' it being then close on the hour appointed, we hurried with what speed we might to the boat, paid our shillings and took seats. Needless to say, we were ages too soon and had to wait, while our less punctual fellow voyagers turned up long after the advertised time. However eventually we did start and steamed slowly and unsteadily to our destination. As we turned the corner of the bay, a magnificent spectacle met our gaze. For in front lay some thirty men-of-war which composed the Channel Squadron, including cruisers and battleships, gunboats and destroyers. As we wended our way in and out through the ironclads, it was impossible to repress a feeling of pride at the sight of all these monsters of the deep. Guns peeped at us from every side and I wondered, if they fired at us all at once, where we should be. However they took no notice and we went on our way. Men were scattered about their decks, in knots, some at work, others idle; middies looked at us through their glasses as we passed, feeling very small by the side of those giants. At last we drew up alongside of H.M.S. Resolution, our

destination. One of the Officers made some business about letting us come on board, but we appealed to the Captain, who gave us leave.

After coming on board with all the self-confidence of a joint owner, the first thing that struck me was the vastness of the whole thing. In spite of the fact that there were about 200 or more of us "miserable trippers," as the officer politely put it, and there must have been over 300 men on board, half the ship's company being on leave at the time, yet there was plenty of room for us to do our sightseeing comfortably without running up against people at every turn. Another thing I noticed was the order and tidiness of everything. 'A place for everything and everything in its place' would be well said of a man-of-war. Unfortunately the upper deck was being painted, and so things up there didn't look so spick and span, but down below everything was in order.

We had an hour given us for our exploration ('and very generous too,' as someone remarked.) So we started gaily along the upper deck, peering about and examining everything, chiefly guns of every size and description, and presently we came across an old party who was being initiated into the mysteries of one of the big guns by a sailor, who was evidently anxious to show off his knowledge to us 'land lubbers.' We stopped to listen. It was all very interesting and it struck me as being wonderful that such an enormous gun could be moved and pointed with so little trouble. All you had to do was

to turn a handle and the figure worked. Having done this deck, we went down a bit lower.

And now I get as much lost in my reckonings as we did on board that man-of-war. I know that we went down deck after deck and saw all sorts of things, but in what order they came I cannot remember. In fact we got lost absolutely. Now this may seem to be exaggerating in earnest, but to any one who has thoroughly explored the lower decks of a man-of-war it should not be surprising. However, we came to the armoury, where all the cutlasses and rifles were kept. Having examined these closely, and receiving a gentle reminder from a sailor that they were to be seen and not touched, we went on a bit further, passing various little rooms belonging to butchers and bakers and candlestick makers, besides cooks and carpenters, etc. In fact a man-of-war is very like a small village. It is full of shops of all sorts down below.

We also came to a corridor which led to the midshipmen's quarters. We peeped in one room and saw a somewhat small but comfortable-looking cabin. In this quarter we heard sounds of revelry issuing from one of the midshipmen's rooms. It turned out that he had a piano and he was regaling himself and his comrades with the "Belle of New York." We fled.

On another deck we saw more guns, rather smaller than those we had seen above, and shells. It was then explained to us how the torpedo was fired off. Presently we came to the officers' mess-

room. The door being open we went in and saw a beautifully furnished room and came to the conclusion that life in the Navy must be very pleasant. But even this room was nothing compared to that of the captain, which we alone of all the visitors had the good fortune to see.

We went down lower still, and the lower we got, the darker and stuffier was it. We soon had enough of it, and though we hadn't been as low as we might, we were glad to come back to the fresh air and sunshine above. We then went on the bridge on the upper deck, on which a sentry was pacing backwards and forwards. A few adventurous spirits climbed the rigging and got into the crow's nest, as I believe it is called, from which we could see two or three guns pointing out. As it was necessary to crawl through a narrow hole to get into it, we decided to do it next time. We were in the midst of a deeply interesting conversation with a sailor, when the whistle of our steamer warned us that time was up, and we left the ship unwillingly, thinking over all we had seen. As we pushed off we heard the sounds of the middy's piano, which was now contributing the "Geisha" with more energy than accuracy. In wonder that such levity should be allowed on board a man-of-war we started for home, albeit with many a backward glance.

P. L. D.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It was a lovely evening at the end of June, and the cool sea breeze was softly playing around the huge boulders and

ruffling the salt-water pools on the rock-strewn beach not far from the picturesque village of Tintagel in Cornwall. Two young men were strolling arm-in-arm down to the sea, with cigars in their mouths, looking the very essence of laziness. One of them, Arthur Tressilian, was a tall, athletic, loosely-built young fellow of about 24, who had just finished his course at the Varsity and was now about to marry his companion's sister, Mary, a charming girl of about 19. His friend, Leslie Burke, was somewhat older, about 30, and of a much more staid and quiet disposition than Tressilian, and on this account rather resented his frivolous friend's numerous practical jokes.

Burke was speaking: 'I wish you and Mary good luck next month; I am awfully sorry I shall not be there to see the wedding. Mind you look pretty!' They were both in good spirits, which was quite natural as they were on a trip, and intended to enjoy themselves. After they had walked on some distance, Burke said, 'We'd better turn back now or the good people will imagine we are lost and send out search parties. It's nearly 11.30.' 'Right you are,' replied Tressilian, and they retraced their steps to the miniature 'pub,' where they were then quartered. After the inn-keeper had provided them with the 'where-withal for a wet,' he retired leaving them in peace and tranquillity in the parlour to drink their 'pint of bitter.' In a moment of excitement, however, Tressilian upset his glass over his friend's trouser legs, calling forth a

loud and heated eulogy from the irate recipient of his bounty,—so loud in fact as to reach the ears of 'mine host,' who remarked to his sleepy wife that 'them gen'lemen seem to be rowin' it a bit downstairs. Can't you 'ear 'em?' Then they retired to bed.

About midnight Tressilian's nose began to bleed so violently that he was obliged to get up and look for a handkerchief. Recollecting however that all his clothes were in Burke's room next door, he uttered some peculiar ejaculations. 'Confound it all,' said he, as he beat a hasty retreat to the door, 'I hope I don't wake him, but I must have a rag.' The rough shelf, on which as it happened were all Burke's shaving utensils, razor, soap and brush, was on the other side of his bed, and to reach it Tressilian had to lean over his friend and fumble about among the above-named articles before he could find what he wanted; and all the while his nose was bleeding copiously, to the detriment of his friend's bedclothes. Had Burke not slept like the Seven Sleepers he must have been awakened. At last the poor student found the handkerchief, and set out for the shore at a point just behind a jutting rock, to see if the sea breeze would improve his condition.

Arriving there, he was startled to find a number of men, smugglers, as he rightly conjectured them to be, at work, rolling casks to a cave, while a small sloop waited in the offing. He was about to retire quicker than he had come, when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder and a gruff voice said

in his ear, 'What be you doin' pryin' about here, my lad?' There was no retreat left him now, so he thought it best to put a bold face on the matter. Putting on his most injured look he informed the unknown that he was not prying, and had only come upon the scene by chance. Before he had concluded, the first speaker, who was the smugglers' Captain, impatiently broke in with 'We can't stand talking here all night, so truss him up and bring him aboard; he must'nt be left here to tell tales of us.' In spite of Tressilian's violent expostulation, he was 'trussed up and carted aboard,' nothing being left of him but a few drops of gore to tell the tale.

At an early hour the landlord and his fat wife came down to light the fire, and were very much surprised to find drops of blood all down the steps and across their nice kitchen floor. After some consideration of this problem, they began to be alarmed as to whose blood it could be. 'Be it the cat, John?' said Madame. 'Noa, thur's th' ole cat asleep acrost theer,' rejoined her spouse in a stage whisper, evidently to avoid waking the said cat. 'Well then, let's see whur't goes then, John,' and forthwith they tracked the trail, as Crusoe first tracked the foot-prints in the sand, until it came to the sea, where it suddenly ended. They then pursued it up the stairs, into the snoring Burke's room, and cautiously peering at the sleeping occupant they saw his bed was bespattered, as well as his razor and soap. Thence they followed it to the empty

bed of Tressilian. With horror depicted on their honest faces they rushed pell-mell to the coast-guard station, and there with much detail and many repetitions they stated their reasons for suspecting Burke. 'And we 'eard 'igh words between'em over-night,' added the landlord with judicial sagacity.

That morning Burke, after a refreshing sleep, looked at his watch, and finding that he had overslept himself, jumped out of bed and went into Tressilian's room. He there first noticed the blood, but, knowing that his friend's nose was in the habit of bleeding, he thought no more about the matter, although it did once occur to him to be very strange that Tressilian should come into his room. Just as he had begun to dress, he heard footsteps outside his door. In rushed two bobbies and a detective; he was closely pinioned, and, after being duly informed of the charge laid at his door, he was handcuffed. At first he was inclined to laugh at the charge, but soon he was struck with the serious faces of his captors. He then gradually realized in what a tight fix he would be if anything had happened to his friend, but he did not think that this was likely; so he determined to see the matter out calmly. But when after weeks of weary waiting he was tried and found guilty at the Plymouth assizes of having murdered Tressilian and then thrown his body into the sea, he became very gloomy; for the drops of blood on his razor and the same leading to the sea formed quite strong enough evidence to hang a better

man than himself. A gleam of hope was afforded him by his having another trial in London allowed him. Two weeks came and passed, and then one dull morning he found himself being conducted in a cab to the Old Bailey, where he was condemned to 'death by hanging,' the sentence to be carried out in a week's time.

Meanwhile poor Tressilian was being carried over the seas, a close prisoner, in the smuggling craft. For three weeks and a half he sailed about, touching at numerous ports in France and England. Indeed had he not been a captive he would have enjoyed the voyage extremely, but as it was he spent most of his time longing for Mary and freedom, and wondering what Burke would think on finding that he had disappeared. It never crossed his mind that his unhappy friend might have to bear the burden of his absence. At last came a day when the smugglers anchored in Plymouth Sound, and after extracting from him a promise to keep their secret, they told him that he was free.

He hurried to the nearest hotel, ordered a meal, and sat down to read his paper. What should he see but, under the heading of a 'Dreadful Murder and its Consequences,' the very story of his own disappearance. He read a little further, but suddenly coming to the account of the trial and its result, he sprang up like one possessed, and rushing to the Telegraph Office, he sent his message flying to the Police Authorities at Scotland Yard,

and shortly followed himself. One day more and he would have been too late! It was too dreadful to think of.

A fortnight afterwards he, his wife, and his brother-in-law Burke, stood talking in the vestry of a country church. Our old friend Burke was speaking. "Three weeks ago I didn't think I should be here. Near shave, wasn't it? It'll just show them how dangerous it is to depend on Circumstantial Evidence in matters of life and death. However;—'All's well that ends well' "

A. M. A.

THE ABOMINATION OF THE ENGLISH.

When the career of the islands of Britain was first mapped out upon the books of fate, a bright and glorious career was there transcribed. Strong in their position in the lap of Ocean, set in a gentle climate, and fruitful and fair to see, they were ordained to give birth to a race of heroes whom the gods endowed with every blessing—but one. In one only of its gifts was Heaven inclined to be economical: the Dauntless Race was almost denied the faculty of appreciating the Beautiful.

The privation was most unfortunate. The Englishman, sent to make history in the world with this restriction, is instinctively ever doing his best to make his lovely island home the shrine of a deity whose name he professes to abhor, but whose sinister personality has for him as strong and as strange a fascination as the dark brute-gods of Moab

and Philistia had for the Israelite of old,—the daemon of Ugliness. For this fell Spirit he has and has ever had a strong and deep-seated predilection, which every good influence is insufficient to eradicate. It is in vain that judges and champions, men like John Ruskin, arise to deliver him. He only falls back more deeply into his cherished idolatry, hastens to build new fanes to his god, and sends his children through the fire to Moloch with yet greater gusto than before.

At the present time the unnatural and barbarous cult, long rampant and ever growing, has reached the climax of its power. Its baleful influence has inwoven itself into every phase of our existence. Our daily habits, our literature, our architecture, our clothes, our furniture, our very vices—all shew deep grained in their foundations the evidences of the grim mythology. Wherever we turn, its devotees are ever busy before our eyes. Go forth into the streets. Everywhere workmen are busy dragging down oak-beamed and gabled dwellings, the relics of a purer age, to make room for erections that shame the face of day. Look at the people who are bustling around. Can anything be more hideous than the raiment in which these children of Adam are parading? Leave behind you the town with its late Victorian terraces, and chimneys, and top-hats. What has the country in store for our sense of beauty? The immortal meadows are gay with other colours than those of the cowslip and the marigold: the forest-roads are lined with other

stems than those of oak and ash. The gaudy advertisement placard and the yawning telegraph-pole flaunt themselves in the very *penetralia* of Nature. Even the simple rustic folk, surrounded as they are by an order of things which old Time at least has endowed with a certain halo of worth and sanctity, are doing their best to break from these surroundings, and limping in base imitation after the atrocities everywhere prevalent in the towns. It is only the lack of opportunity which prevents country Corydon from being a yet more depraved fanatic than his cockney cousin in the service of the national idol.

It is indeed an unhappy condition for so fair a land, a land which has not been behind others in its noble history, and whose roll of honour includes the names of Milton and Shakespeare, Flaxman and Turner, and many another of almost equal fame. To what end do these great names adorn our island story? They are indeed not without honour, but it is least in their own country, and the ever-present *jinn*, in whom the Englishman trusts, forbids him to appreciate them as they deserve. They remain the delight of the few.

And this Few, these seven thousand in Israel that have not bowed the knee to Baal, still live on, and grumble, and dream of happier times—of old-world Nineveh and sunny Memphis, and the marble streets of ancient Athens, and other places they don't know much about; and if they happen to be of a sanguine turn of mind, they continue to hope that the Spirit of the Beautiful,

which there received its true acknowledgment, may yet be induced to turn from one of the scanty spots that still remain sacred to her on earth, and smile one smile across the Channel upon benighted Britain.

O. J. C.

(Will nobody defend our Country from this dreadful charge?—Ed.)

SCHOOL SONG. "INVITATION."

Would you know how to throw
a cricket ball a hundred yards or so-so-so?
Come to us, emulous,
without bumpfousness or fuss,
and we'll show you how to whack it in with
go-go-go.

Would you run next to none,
and call yourself the champion of the mile-
mile-mile?

Come and train on our plain,
caring nought for wind or rain,
and you'll ramp in like a valiant crocodile-
dile-dile.

Would you learn how to earn
a lasting reputation as a bat-bat-bat?
Practise here for a year,
cut and drive and persevere,
and you'll never help a bowler to a hat-
bat-hat.

Would you know how to row
and attain to high distinction as an oar-oar-
oar?

Join our club and our tub,
and refrain from too much grub,
and you'll soon be stroking grandly in a
four-four-four.

Would you glide o'er the tide,
or disport yourself like unto a real fish-fish-
fish?

Make a trial of our isle,
chuck your funk and watch our style,
and you'll soon swim like a dolphin with a
swish-swish-swish.

Would you show that you know
how to save a game or kick a winning
goal-goal-goal?

Then 'tis here you should steer
if you aim at a career;
for it's footer that invigorates the soul-soul-
soul.

Would you care through a Mayor
to get yourself an extra holiday-day-day?
If you'll come, as a chum,
and will promise to be mum,
then we'll let you know—quite privately—
the way-way-way.

WILL H. RICHARDSON, (O.A.)

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. Wallingford. This match, the first of the season, was played on the School ground on Wednesday, October 17th. The Wallingford team was in some respects similar to the one which rather easily disposed of the School last year; but it was very much better, as the town this time brought almost their full strength. It was really a contest between agility and weight, and agility, as represented by the School, eventually triumphed. The School kicked off at 4 o'clock and immediately commenced to attack. Within the first ten minutes Austin scored two goals, which were, however, responded to by the visiting team scoring two as well in quick succession. After this the lead of the home team was ensured by a centre from P. L. Deacon (outside right), which was converted by G. S. Deacon. The second half was more exciting, and the issue was in doubt till the last moment. After the interval Wallingford had matters all their own way for some time, bombarding the School goal incessantly and scoring twice, despite the efforts of the custodian. Deacon, however, just before time scored with a long shot, which equalized matters. The excite-

ment of the onlookers was here intense. Almost directly afterwards Deacon added another with a good shot after a tricky run. Then the whistle sounded leaving the School victors of a hard-fought field by 5-4. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); J. R. Hewer, H. F. Shepherd, E. Ross-Barker, Esq. (half-backs); P. L. Deacon, T. F. Bowman, H. E. Armstrong, Esq., A. M. Austin and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. This match, played on the School ground on October 27th, at the outset bade fair to be both fast and exciting. The two teams were on the whole very well matched in weight, though the visitors had slightly the advantage, but their lack of good forwards became very conspicuous after a little play. The School began by immediately carrying the ball well into the enemy's country, and after a quarter of an hour, Deacon was able to score with a tricky run. The rain, however, at this point fell heavily and the field became so slippery as to materially injure the play on both sides. During the first half Deacon scored two more goals, while Bloxham succeeded in scrumming the ball through the School goal, thus making the score 3-1. After half-time the School had it all their own way, though the combination of the forwards cannot be commended. Soon after the interval Austin scored twice, while G. S. Deacon scored once after making several good tries. Shepherd notched the next goal with a

lovely shot, and when time was called, the School were victorious by seven goals to one. The School team, probably on account of the wet, were evidently only in moderate form, though Bayley's play was capital and he displayed some good passing both to wing and centre. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); R. W. Sells and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd and J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. F. Daw, T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. S. W. Brown's Keble College XI. This match was played on the School ground on October 29th. Unfortunately for the School, they were deprived of the main-stay of their back division, in the person of Mr. Ingrams, who was unluckily ill and unable to play, and this largely accounted for the disastrous termination of the game. The School started off in their usual dashing style, and in the first few minutes' play G. S. Deacon scored with a good shot. Then P. L. Deacon got away, and taking a flying shot with his left foot, scored a magnificent goal. Here the opposing forwards seemed to gather strength, and in quick succession scored four goals. Deacon, however, equalized with another good shot, but the visitors, returning to the attack, pressed the School backs with vigour, and got three more goals, despite the efforts of Saxby, who played well throughout the game. The second half was very monotonous, the ball remaining the whole time in the quarters of the

School, whose forwards rarely got away. Keble scored two more goals, and it was not till just on time that Deacon replied with another clever but somewhat doubtful goal, making the final score 9-4 in favour of Keble. The combination of the visitors was magnificent, and it was not in the least discreditable to the School backs that their opponents scored so largely. Of the School, perhaps, Deacon, Austin, and Pryce were in best form. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); R. W. Sells and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd, J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., H. E. Armstrong, Esq., P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Pembroke College. This fixture for Wednesday, Oct. 31st, led to a well-contested and interesting game on the School ground, the School after some good play managing to beat the visitors by 3-1. The first half was especially noticeable for its evenness, both sides attacking in turn. At the interval, however, the School were ahead with 2-1 to their credit. On the game being resumed, the School dashed away, but failed to pierce their opponents' defence for some time, till at length P. L. Deacon found the net and notched the third goal. Pembroke afterwards strove hard to score, but failed, leaving the School victorious. Pryce and Saxby played excellently for the School, the goal-keeper playing the whole game without a single mistake. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); A. O. C. Pryce and H. E. Armstrong, Esq.

(backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd and E. Ross-Barker, Esq. (half-backs); G. S. Deacon, A. M. Austin, P. L. Deacon, T. F. Bowman and E. F. Daw (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Town. The School ground was again on Saturday, Nov. 3rd, the site of a most interesting game. The School were most opportunely reinforced by the reappearance of Mr. Ingrams, who had been unable to play in the last two matches. The fine coolness of the weather gave promise of a good game, though the ground was rather heavy. The Town team appeared in full strength, and shortly after 2.45 the game commenced. It was evident from the first that the visitors were far too weighty for the School, but nevertheless the latter's backs prevented them from scoring for some time. The shots put in by the Town forwards were throughout the game most erratic, many of them showing a disposition to soar. The School forwards on the other hand seemed to be more hindered by the heaviness of the ground, and although Deacon made several fine dashes, the ball was for the most part in front of the School goal. Half-time found the score 1-0 for the Town. The second half was far more exciting. Shortly after the interval the Town again managed to score, but after one or two good runs Deacon sent in a very neat shot into the corner of the Town goal, which utterly beat the custodian and gave the School one point. The combination on both sides began to improve at this point, and the play

became much faster. The next and last goal was scored for the Town by Randall off a neat centre, which was shortly followed by a fierce rush by Faulkner, happily ending in his own discomfort, owing to the good judgment of Saxby. Time was called leaving the score 3-1 against the home team. The School play, especially of the backs and centre-forward, was much to be commended and it cannot be called a disgrace to have been slightly worsted by so big and weighty a team. Of the School, Pryce, Deacon and Saxby were in best form. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); H. E. Armstrong, Esq., H. F. Shepherd and L. Bayley (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Mansfield College. Played on the Mansfield ground at Oxford on November 7th. The School as usual on first starting took the initiative, and proved far more than a match for the College backs. The first attempt at scoring on either side was made by Deacon, who sent in a hard but too highly elevated shot, hitting the bar and rebounding to one of the home backs, who cleared with an effort. Soon after the same player ran through the backs again and this time succeeded in scoring. The Mansfield forwards, after the kick-off, began in their turn to press and soon pierced the School defence, thus equalizing. The latter, however, almost immediately replied with a second goal, scored again by

Deacon with a powerful grounder, and at half-time led by 2-1. The second half was very even, both Mansfield and the School attacking in turn, and both scoring. Taking into consideration the condition of the Mansfield ground, the game was throughout a fast one, and not by any means devoid of interest. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd and J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, H. E. Armstrong, Esq. and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Queen's College. Played on the School ground on Saturday, Nov. 10th. The School appeared in full strength, and at the outset the game seemed likely to be a good one. The combination among the School forwards was throughout the game much better than usual, and several good centres were put in from both wings; indeed had it not been for the inability to score on the part of several of the members of the team, the School would have inevitably come off victorious with far greater odds than was the case. From the very beginning the School took the offensive, and although from time to time the College forwards made smart runs, the School goal cannot be said to have been in great danger at any period of the game. Deacon scored all the three goals for the School, two in the first half and one in the second, whilst the visitors failed to find the net. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq.

and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd and H. E. Armstrong, Esq. (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Wallingford. Played at Wallingford on Wednesday, Nov. 14th. The home-esters had out a strong team in view of their Cup Tie on the Saturday next, with Abingdon. At the start both sides attacked, and the first half was fairly even. The superior weight of the Wallingford men enabled them twice to pierce the School defence, while the light School forwards met a stubborn resistance in Weedon and Wells. The School played up well for the first portion of the second half, and Mr. Ross-Barker scored. Several shots were put in and three fruitless corners ensued, but the visitors failed to add to their lead. Wallingford then came again, and their forwards exhibited rare dash, one of them performing remarkable aerial antics. They quickly added two more goals, and in spite of fine saves by Saxby, had scored six when the whistle sounded, leaving them winners by that number to one. A feature of the match was the fine display given by Saxby, who brought off several clever saves in goal. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); H. E. Armstrong, Esq., H. F. Shepherd and J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. A. E. Cannon's XI.

Played on the School ground on Monday, Nov. 19th. The School kicked off and after some exciting play in front of their opponents' goal, P. L. Deacon scored well from a long range. This was the only success of the School in the first half, whilst the visitors repeatedly bombarded the home goal and notched two goals by Philips and Eade. In the second half, however, the School powers of endurance soon began to tell on the very much out-of-training scratch team. The efforts of the latter began to flag and their attack to relax before the sturdy resistance of the School team, and before long P. L. Deacon was able to equalize. The home team scored five more goals (P. L. Deacon (2), Mr. Ross-Barker (2) and G. S. Deacon (1) before time was called, their opponents failing to add to their score. The School thus won an easy victory, though at half-time the issue looked very doubtful. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd, H. E. Armstrong, Esq. (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Wadham College '98 Club. This match was played on the School ground on Monday, Nov. 26th, no match having been played since the preceding Monday, owing to the scratching of the fixture for Wednesday against Mansfield College. The School won the toss and began the play with a stout breeze in their favour. Making the

best of this, they began at once to press, but failed at first to score. For some time the play was even, until Wadham conceded a corner, which was put through by Mr. Ingrams, thus giving the homesters the lead. Directly afterwards, on account of a weak clearance by the College custodian, P. L. Deacon scored with a hard shot. After some even play in mid-field the same player added another with a long shot, landing in the corner of the net, and the interval found the score 3-0 against the visitors. On resuming, the School had all the play, and scored three more, to which P. L. Deacon contributed two and Mr. Ross-Barker one. Wadham, however, just managed to notch a point. Result:—School 6, College 1. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); H. E. Armstrong, Esq., H. F. Shepherd, J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. Ross-Barker, Esq., T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School XI. Played on the Bloxham School ground on Wednesday, Nov. 28th. Many circumstances combined in making the issue of this match unfavourable to the visiting team. The day was rainy, and the Bloxham ground being naturally soft and spongy was in an indescribable state of slipperiness and mud. Deacon won the toss and started with the wind in his favour, but, although the Abingdonians exerted themselves to the utmost, they were outpaced, and by half-time the homesters had two goals in their favour. The second half was nearly as

disastrous as the first. The Bloxhamists seemed to be quite at home in the mud, and were enabled to score two more goals, of which Knight was responsible for one. Shortly before time was called, Austin scored for the visiting team, but although throughout the second half the ball was continually in the Bloxham quarters, no more goals were shot. The whistle sounded, leaving Bloxham victorious by 4-1. The Bloxham forwards were reinforced this time by Courteney, who has become, from a back, a very efficient forward; indeed had it not been for this change in the team, the result of the match might have been different, three goals being scored by him. Of the Abingdon School team Pryce, Hewer, Austin and G. S. Deacon played a very energetic game. School team:—G. S. Saxby (goal); R. W. Sells and A. O. C. Pryce (backs); L. Bayley, H. F. Shepherd and J. R. Hewer (half-backs); E. F. Daw, T. F. Bowman, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. Leighton Park School. On Saturday, Oct. 6th, our 2nd XI. journeyed to Reading to play the first of their matches, and though defeated after a pleasant game by 3 goals to 0, acquitted themselves creditably against a considerably heavier team. The Leighton Park boys had the best of the play throughout and at no time were our forwards really dangerous: our back division however played a hard game, Payne and Graham being conspicuous, while Bayley's performances in goal were quite the feature

of the match. Indeed had it not been for him the score against us would have been much larger, as during the second half at least the ball was seldom far from our goal-posts. Our team consisted of:—V. Bayley (goal); R. G. Rice and R. A. Sparkes (backs); A. W. L. Graham, B. Abbott and H. A. Payne (half-backs); S. Cullen, J. W. Duncan, T. F. Bowman (capt.), C. P. B. Montgomery, F. H. Edey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. Bloxham School 2nd XI. Played at Bloxham on Oct. 27th, and ended in a win for the home team by 6 goals to 3. At half-time our boys were leading, but they could do nothing further in the way of aggression while they allowed their opponents to add 4 more goals with only very moderate resistance. Our goals were scored by Payne, Graham and Duncan, of whom the first two played well throughout; but on the whole the team seemed hopelessly at sea on the Bloxham ground and thoroughly deserved its beating. School team:—V. Bayley (goal); R. N. Turnbull and R. G. Rice (backs); B. Abbott, H. A. Payne (capt.) and A. W. L. Graham (half-backs); F. H. Edey, F. L. England, R. A. Sparkes, J. W. Duncan and S. Cullen (forwards).

OXFORD LETTER.

The beginning of the 'Varsity year has brought among us two more past Abingdonians, viz:—J. E. Montgomery and A. W. Stevens, who are residing at Pembroke and Wadham respectively.

In the early part of the term the coxwainless fours were rowed, Balliol, Magdalen, New and Christ Church being represented. In the first heat Balliol easily disposed of Magdalen, whilst the second heat produced a very exciting race, New beating Christ Church on the post. The final brought out the great superiority of Balliol, who won as they liked.

The trial eights took place over the usual course at Moulsoford last Saturday, resulting in a most easy win for Huntley's crew by 3 lengths. The time for the race was much

better, but light boats were used for the first time.

The 'Varsity XV. are to be congratulated on their successful term and have proved themselves to be a very clever team. Hence the Inter-Varsity match on Wednesday next should be most exciting and we expect Oxford to win, after an excellent game, for Cambridge are not the exceptional team that they were last year, in a measure owing to repeated injuries to the members of the XV. As regards the 'Varsity Soccer it is fortunate that there is some time for them to get together as they seem to be in rather an experimental stage at present.

The final of the Inter-Collegiate Cup was played yesterday between Oriel (holders for the last two years) and Worcester. Oriel with three "Blues" and two other members of the 'Varsity XI. underrating their opponents as it seemed, played a very poor game and, with Worcester playing splendidly, a pointless draw resulted. Further time was played but without any result. The feature of the game was the fine play of the backs on both sides. The Tie is to be replayed in the first week of next term, when Oriel should win easily.

Coming to Old Abingdonians and their doings, S. W. Brown and A. W. Stevens have both won their Soccer colours for their Colleges. Stevens unfortunately was unable to take part in his College Sports, owing to an accident at football. B. Challenor and J. E. Montgomery have been playing for Pembroke, and the latter has rowed in the Robinson Fours.

Pembroke College held their Sports as usual this term. We congratulate B. Challenor on his Quarter-mile (55 2-5th secs.) which he won easily despite his penalty (10 yds.)

OLIM ALUMNUS.

Saturday, December 8th, 1900.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Bishop of Oxford held a Confirmation on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2nd, in St. Helen's Church, when the following were among the candidates:—B. Abbott, L. Bayley, D. G. Bradfield, A. A. Brown, W. E. Gall, J. S. James, M. E. Jones, P. R. Hatton, T. G. M. Lewington, G. Palmer, W. E. Staniland, R. N. Turnbull, T. S. Wilding, A. Winship.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Robinson on the birth of a daughter on November 24th.

W. Cottrell, we are glad to note, has added to his Foundation Scholarship at Durham a Thorp Scholarship of £15 per annum.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Lieutenant J. B. Robertson, who went out to South Africa with the Oxfordshire Yeomanry and has been given a commission in a cavalry regiment.

To the list of O.A.s serving in South Africa must be added the names of Major E. F. A. Carter of the 2nd Battalion, King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment, (formerly of the 4th Foot,) and of Captain E. F. Taylor, of the Royal Engineers.

Our thanks are due to Mr. J. H. E. Morland and Mr. B. Challenor for a gift of books to the Library: also to Mr. W. H. Richardson for a framed enlargement of one of his photographs, to wit a group of the boys, which has been hung in the Music Room.

We are very pleased to record that S. W. Brown and A. W. Stevens have been awarded their Football Colours by their respective Colleges, Keble and Wadham.

B. Challenor has accomplished a fine performance in the Pembroke College Sports, winning the Quarter Mile in 55 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs. although penalized 10 yards. He was also a good second in the Half Mile Strangers' Race in the Worcester College Sports.

The two Sixth Forms drove over to Radley on November 1st by the kind invitation of the Warden of Radley College. A Greek play was this year substituted for the usual Latin play, the one chosen being the Frogs of Aristophanes. It provided, if possible, an even more enjoyable evening than its predecessors of former years.

On Thursday, November 15th, the Rev. E. G. Wood delivered an excellent

lecture on "Canada" in the Big School. Mr. Wood was not wholly a stranger, for several members of the audience had heard him five years ago, when he addressed the School on the same interesting subject. Much however of the lecture was new, as were also many of the admirable lime-light illustrations reproduced for the most part from the lecturer's own photographs and sketches.

The House Boys and many others attended the inaugural meeting of the Abingdon Band of Mercy, held in the Corn Exchange, on Thursday, November 22nd. Dr. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, addressed to a numerous gathering of school-children an interesting lecture on Cruelty to Animals,—interesting not only for its matter, but, to those of us who have a turn for Education, even more so for the skilful manner in which he held the attention of his youthful audience.

On Wednesday, November 28th, a lecture was given in the Big School on "English Abbeys and Abbey Life." The lecturer this time was Mr. W. Slater, who gave us an instructive sketch of the establishment and gradual decline of monastic discipline in England, suitably illustrated with lantern-slides from plans and photographs of our principal Abbeys and Abbey ruins.

The Mayor of Abingdon, Mr. J. T. Morland, following the excellent example of his predecessors and himself, again asked for a half-holiday for the School on the occasion of his re-election to office.

For other half-holidays we are indebted to Cottrell and Stevens, whose scholastic successes at Durham and Oxford were recorded in our last number.

The date of return after the Christmas Holidays is Friday, January 18th.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our contemporaries the Aldenhamian, the Bloxhamist, the Ipswich School Magazine, the Leightonian and the Sedberghian.

ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS FUND.

Second Subscription List.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Amount previously acknowledged:—</i>	1808	14	10
Mr. G. H. Morrell, M.P.	25	0	0
*Mr. T. Hyde	10	10	0
*Mr. John Griffith	5	5	0
*Mr. James Townsend	5	5	0
Mr. James Buckle	5	0	0
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A former Colleague	2	2	0
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TOTAL £1887 18 4

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Mr. W. Stone	1	1	0
*Rev. G. D. Nicholas	1	0	0
Mr. P. Hatton	10	6	

TOTAL £1959 10 10

* *Old Abingdonians.*

N.B.—Subscriptions towards the above Fund should be sent to the Rev. T. Layng, M.A., at the School, Abingdon, who will duly acknowledge the same.