

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 8. Vol. 3.

DECEMBER, 1902.

Price 1s.

Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL.....	103
THE GOOD OLD TIMES	104
A DAY WITH OTTER HOUNDS	105
A WINTER IN CANADA	108
MONUMENTAL BRASSES	109
A DAY'S FISHING IN THE SHETLANDS	110
THE SANGUINE MAN	113
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS	117
FOOTBALL	120
OLD BOYS' BOAT CLUB	123
OXFORD LETTER	124
TO JUGGINS II.—FOR HIS ALBUM ...	125
SCHOOL NOTES.....	125
ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS FUND	126

EDITORIAL.

THE man who invented Editorials ought to be shot. Most likely nobody will dispute this obvious truism; but if anybody should feel inclined to do so, we would refer him to the front page

of almost any of our Contemporaries, where he will find the same sentiment more forcibly expressed. Therefore it must be true. Most of them, we notice, quote Horace Ode's II, xiii, Demosthenes De Falsa Leg., etc. to add emphasis to their scholarly anathemas; but we content ourselves with the references, as the Classics are so familiar.

But there is one part of our Editorial task this time which it is really pleasant to perform. We have to thank friends, in many cases present members of the School, for quite an unusual number of literary contributions. Several we have had to omit, either from lack of space or other reasons; we hope, however, that the rejected contributors will not be discouraged, but rather, now that they have begun, will continue to cultivate their literary powers to their own profit and the honour of their School Magazine.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

What a picture the words conjure up before us! Yule Logs, Boars' Heads, Flaming Puddings, Mummers and Stage Coaches are all seen in a halo of romance; and we look back with envy to those good old times of prosperity and hospitality.

But after all is not the picture somewhat one-sided? We hear a great deal about the "good old times" in reference to almost every department of modern life, and the vices and abuses of to-day are frequently contrasted, and not always fairly, with the opposite advantages and virtues of the past. To take but one instance: every day we may hear people talking about the "pale mechanic" of our large manufacturing towns, who is, they say, stunted, weak-hearted, un-muscular, and prematurely aged: and they compare him with the healthy and robust farm-labourer of England's agricultural days. But, on consideration, do we not find considerable exaggeration in both portraits? Taking the latter first: was the farm-labourer of a century back, before England's manufactures had absorbed the greater part of her population, such a mountain of strength as is often represented? History usually shows us an uncouth, uneducated man, with no ideas, and no knowledge of the world beyond his native village, often abnormally under-paid and consequently under-fed, and under-clothed. But with increased facilities of education and travel, the farm-labourers, have given up their farm-labour, unless they can get good wages, and have sought

more remunerative employment in the manufacturing towns. Then, if we look at the average artisan, he is not the miserable specimen many would have us believe. Our manufacturing towns turn out as good footballers and cricketers as the country districts. And our Army and Navy, which depend for recruits more on the manufacturing centres than any other parts of England, do not seem to be composed of men less strong, less brave, less British than of old.

But there are probably times in life when almost everyone feels in some degree a longing for a time that is past. The child would like to have lived

"In oldē dayēs of the King Artour,"
when

"All was this lond fulfilled of Faërië,"
when he could meet one of the Knights of the Round Table, riding through the copse a few yards from his home. And when he grows a little older, he hankers after Pirates and Press-gangs and Highwaymen,—all fascinating as portrayed in story-books, but perhaps not quite so entrancing when they were contemporary. Many of us, when the times seem out of joint, when disappointment and disgust at the prevalence of materialism are for the moment keen, would like to exchange this age of utility and ugliness for life in ancient Athens, or Rhodes, or in Venice of some five centuries back, when Art was at its height, and Nature unspoiled by railway stations and telegraph poles. But chiefly it is the old men who look back with longing upon the past. Nestor praises

the times far gone, when he lived among men who were giants, and with whose strength and cunning the present generation may not compare. The old men of to-day tell us "Things were not so in *their* days." And the Nestors of the future will talk with regret of the time when they were young, and will contrast unfavourably with it succeeding days.

But after all, for the young and the hearty there is no time like the present, in whatever age they live. However hackneyed the phrase may have become, the description of man as the "heir of all the ages" that have preceded him is a perfectly true one, and if it came to a matter of choice, "the good old times" would have but little chance against "now-a-days."

H.

A DAY WITH OTTER-HOUNDS.

Time, 7.45 a.m.—Place, a little wayside inn close to the point at which Somerset, Dorset and Devon meet on the banks of the rippling Axe. Here is assembled a company of every rank and age, for otter-hunting in the West Country is of the many branches of sport the most open to all: men in thick stockings and shooting boots, the most business-like equipped with iron-shod poles from eight to nine feet in length, some wearing on their cap the coveted pad mounted on silver, trophy of a well-contested struggle; ladies in shortened skirts, strongly bound with leather and weighted with a view to the exigencies of a wet passage

over the stream; farmer and hind, keeper and poacher, and among the motley throng here and there a townsman or a lady whose attire betokens an ignorance of the day's proceedings which will be a cause of tribulation ere the sun has dried the dew which has soaked the knee-high grass. Presently from the early train which steams into the station close at hand emerges a little knot of enthusiasts, whose keenness well deserves the forbearance of the master, who has been impatiently awaiting their advent. And now at last the doors of the loose-box are thrown open, and, tumbling over each other and over everyone within reach, twelve couples of hounds bound wildly into the road. But in an instant they are called to order, not without more than one strong hint from the thongs of the attendant Whips, and in close array await the sign to start. "Not much of a lot," thinks the dandy in yellow boots and starched neck-cloth, whose ideas are modelled on the symmetrical packs of foxhounds in "the Shires." Drawn from many sources, from the kennels of staghounds and of foxhounds, here and there a real otter-hound with rough coat and ringing note, appearances are certainly by no means their strongest point. But wait awhile and see them work, my friend, before you turn up your fastidious nose; you will soon learn, unless you are afraid of getting wet, that appearances will score but few points in our sport to-day. And now the Master, whose "pink" with that of a few other members of the Hunt gives that dash of brilliant colour

which adds so much to the picturesqueness of the scene, starts at a steady pace for the stream. The old hands keep close to the hounds, for they know that a trail may be hit off from the very moment when the pack is fairly on the grass. Over the fence they go, and over, too, go the rest—that is, when they can; for one small gap in a quickset hedge is a spot to be negotiated in cold blood with considerable care. And while the crowd is still dribbling over the rails a single hound gives tongue, then another, then a third, while the pack spreads itself with restless energy along the bank and over the sodden meadow. Eagerly we wait while they quarter the ground, noses down, sterns high in air; now in a mass literally putting their heads together while they discuss as it were the possibilities of the scent; again each for himself working widely round the limits of the bend which bounds two sides of the great field. But scent is stale, and the music which raised our hopes so high gladdens our ears no more. Soon the tenant of the land, taking his morning survey on his half-broken cob, stops on the farther bank to exchange greetings. His horse realizes that there is sport on hand, and in his excitement makes conversation hard; but we are able to gather that the rider spurred a big otter about a mile higher up both yesterday, and also the day before. Upon this we draw hastily forward, only delaying at a likely spot here and there where hounds mark for a movement, or where one of the wiry energetic little terriers evinces more

than ordinary keenness. But steady; under that steep bank, among the roots of the overhanging trees lies one of the strongest hides on the stream. The Whip in front gathers in his hounds, the Master glances round the field and reckons up those who can be trusted to take the water, and a general sensation of excitement lulls talk and quickens eyes and ears. And then there comes that burst of music which thrills through even the least sporting of the crowd. From eighteen practised throats swells the chorus which tells that our otter is close at hand—and more musical than all is the deeper, fuller body of sound which comes from three couple of rough Welsh hounds, less trustworthy on the trail, but worth their place in any pack for the beauty of their note. “Down to the stickle, you and you,” shouts the Master, and away dash half a dozen helpers and line up speedily on the shallow next below, foot to foot, with poles laid on the pebbles to show the passage of the otter in case he should attempt to pass. Above, a second line is formed, and here as well as below, poles are kept moving in the water to prevent any sudden bolt, which would take our otter far away ere hounds could be got out of the pool now reeking full of scent. To the lowest of these lines there comes a string of bubbles, hardly perceptible even to an accustomed eye, and by this chain we follow the brown flash which makes smoothly and straight towards our feet. An instant’s pause—he is gone—but whither? Has he got

through, or has he turned back to the bend round which the pack appears swimming hard to the scent which seems to lie on the very surface of the stream? Tally-ho! Up goes his brown head, almost into the jaws of the leading hound, but down again more quickly still, as the jaws snap together on nothing more than clear water; and with that invaluable gulp of air, he has gained energy to dive right under the whole pack, and is now esconsing himself safely in the holt which he doubtless wishes he had never left. A strong place it is, so that we cannot reach its mouth owing to the depth of water, nor can the terriers reach him within its winding depths. Now is the time for the heavy-weights to come to the front. For the otter can be dislodged, in such a spot as this, only by a miniature earthquake, which seems to cause him to cast prudence to the winds and brave even these ravening foes whom he knows to be crowding around his very door. One! Two! Three! Thud!!! One! Two! Three! Thud!!!—again and again does the earth literally shake under the pounding of sturdy frames dropping themselves in unison from the limits of their leap. While this is going on, an iron bar and a beetle have been borrowed from the mill near by, and these add effectually to the terrors by which our otter is assailed. “Will he come out?” we ask ourselves; and hardly has the question found voice, when from the stickle up-stream we hear the welcome shouts which announce that our efforts have been crowned with

success. The otter has dived again under the whole pack, and has made a bid for safety in a new direction. But our helpers have kept their post, and here too he finds that the passage is firmly barred. After him come the hounds, led on by the efforts of the Master and his Whips, and up and down the pool swim pursuers and pursued, the latter so far having the advantage from his power of keeping well beneath the surface. But the intervals between his re-appearances grow shorter and shorter, as exhaustion begins to tell its inevitable tale. Penned in above and below, with hounds around him on every side, this game otter determines to make a new effort to escape. Creeping under the roots of a thick bush, he raises himself cautiously from the water, and makes his way through the long grass across the neck of land which separates him from the mill-stream parallel with the river. Two-thirds of the journey have been successfully accomplished, and he has almost eluded the tormentors who are still quartering the pool, when a single hound seizes his opportunity of earning praise and fame. By chance a Whip is at hand, and in the nick of time half the pack is on the heels of their quarry, who has no choice but to give way. Turning on the leading hound, game to the last he makes his sharp teeth meet in his shoulder, and with a last strong rush gains the bank and rolls over into the water. But even as he falls with a splash into his native element the pack is on him, and two hounds have him firmly in their grip.

Sternly he fights, but no longer with advantage on his side. He is held up by the hounds, who haul him ruthlessly about and at last, worrying, growling, snarling, in dangerous mood, have him lifeless on the bank. In a moment the Master is among them, and with many a stern rebuke and reminder with his thong reduces to order the excited pack. Then with deft strokes he severs the mask, rudder and pads, and rewards the hounds with the relics of their prey. The prizes distributed, and the cap passed round for contributions towards the up-keep of the pack, the Master announces the rendezvous for the morrow, and all wend their various ways with contented hearts in search of dry clothes and even more welcome bread-and-cheese.

W.

GLOSSARY.

Pink—A scarlet hunting-coat.

Trail—The line of scent left by an otter.

Stern—A hound's tail.

To spur—To note marks of an otter's pads in the mud.

Hide } An otter's home in a bank.
Holt }

Stickle—A fast-running shallow in a stream.

Chain—Bubbles of air from the otter's breath.

Beetle—A heavy wooden mallet with long handle.

Mask—Head
Rudder—Tail
Pads—Feet } of an otter, distributed
as trophies among the
field.

A WINTER IN CANADA.

Winter in Canada lasts half the year, from November to April. During this time the ground is covered in deep snow. It is a fine sight to scan the country round clothed in its white mantle, which is perfectly level except where some obstruction has caused it to drift into mounds ten or even fifteen feet deep. These drifts are biggest after a blizzard, through which it is harder to see your way than in the worst fog, for the blinding particles of snow are whirled into your face. The roads become blocked, and are sometimes, in the country, impassable for weeks, and they have to be cleared by a team of oxen.

The frost, which is intense though not of a damp kind, freezes the snow so that it bears enough to allow any ordinary traffic upon it. Then tobogganing, the most exciting of winter pastimes, begins in earnest; and none that have not tried it can realize the grand exhilaration of flying down a long hill head-first at a terrific pace. In the small towns sledges are flying in every direction down every available hill, running terrible risks with the sleighs, which move quite noiselessly except for the bells on the horse's harness.

Then a change comes in the weather, there is a thaw, and floods appear in every hollow. And then freezing again, splendid sheets of ice, and there is no danger of its breaking, as ice will freeze on a pond to the thickness of two to three feet. On the big ponds there

is the regular ice-harvest to fill the ice-houses for the heat of the ensuing summer. A hole is made in the ice and then big saws are used to cut it into square blocks, which are loaded on a sledge, and carried away to the ice-house where it is packed in snow and saw-dust. The weather, which is always bitterly cold according to the thermometer, is often so warm in feeling that gloves and a cap with ear-flaps are the only protections needed. But during a blizzard the wind seems to freeze you through and through, though really there may not be so many degrees of frost as when there is no wind at all.

P.H.D.

MONUMENTAL BRASSES.

Among the many very interesting memorials that are hung in the School, for which the School is indebted to a distinguished antiquarian among the Old Abingdonians, there may be observed in the library, two rubbings of brasses.

I propose to deal with this subject, not scientifically, but as a pastime, to point out to those who have never taken a rubbing, how easy it is to produce a very effective impression at one's first attempt. The materials are of the simplest: the only requisites are a roll of lining paper, which all paperhangers have, and a few cakes of heelball, which all bootmakers use. These cost a half-penny, and since it is tedious after a while to hold them, it is best to melt about four together and mould them in

an egg-or other cup. When cold they will easily come out. A very convenient size can be got in Oxford at Tims and Fleet's wholesale leather warehouse, Y.M.C.A. Buildings, George Street, for twopence. I have not found it elsewhere. The shape makes it far less tiring to hold. When a brass is on the wall, and perhaps for beginners even when on a slab on the floor, it is necessary to affix the papers with wafers, not of paper but a form of paste. Small stationery and general shops usually keep them in penny boxes, the commonest maker being Hyde. It is as well to carry a small duster of flannel to wipe grit off the brass, to prevent tearing the paper. Before laying down the paper one should notice what is the general shape and the external portions, as children, or shields, and inscriptions. The rubbing should be done gently with firm pressure, each small portion being thoroughly finished before moving on. It should be as black as one's boots and not show, by incomplete finishing, in which direction it was rubbed. The temptation to move on and get a general idea should be constantly avoided, as, even should the paper never move, it stretches, and the lines would become blurred. When all is finished, it should be polished by making the duster into a pad, before removing. The effect will be very striking, far more than in the original, as the lines stand out clear and white on a rich black ground.

There are brasses to be found in a large number of churches, as at S. Helen's, Abingdon, of a priest, in

Faringdon of a merchant with his family, a very fine one of a knight in armour at Wantage. Probably there are few places where they could not be found in a short radius, if not in the actual town or village.

I may add a few suggestions for those who would essay this pastime. Churches are often open, but even so it is more courteous to ask at the neighbouring parsonage for permission to take a rubbing of the brass. The keys of the church are kept with the clergyman or the sexton close at hand. A book of reference which gives information about the brasses, and other things of interest in any village is Kelly's County Directory, a copy of which can always be found in a local library.

This is perhaps the most suitable time of the year to commence work, for in the absence of skating, a series of dull winter days affords slight means of recreation. Every road seems dull and uninteresting, because there is no motive to make one choose it. In summer it might lead to a pleasant spot for bathing, or be a fine field for butterflies, or recommend itself as affording scope for photography. To one who has rubbed a few brasses, each village may have a new interest, and days will seem well spent which have something to show.

A small collection can thus be made which cannot fail to be of interest. Each brass is an original work, and unlike any other. How much more interesting than the stamps so eagerly collected, where many colonial issues

are identical, simply varying in the name!

Some brasses are to be found in quite unimportant village churches, of remarkable beauty and delicacy of workmanship. But as the art flourished for three hundred years, it gives us a perfect record of the dress and armour during all that time, of which even the simplest example furnishes some stage. And as the books which deal with mediæval life and the tournaments and battles such as Agincourt are always popular, so everyone who takes an impression of a brass must be interested to have made a perfect copy of a knight or esquire in the dress and armour in which those deeds were really enacted.
H.G.B.

A DAY'S FISHING IN THE SHETLANDS.

Rap! Rap!—No answer.

Rap! Rap! Rap!—Still no reply.

Thump! Thump! Bang!!

'I believe I heard someone at the door,' says my friend turning over sleepily in his bed.

'I didn't hear anything before you spoke,' I replied rather annoyed at being awaked.

'It's eight o'clock, Sir,' says Eliza from outside our bedroom door.

'I said so!' shouts my companion looking at me.

'No you didn't say anything about the time!'

'No, I said that I thought I heard . . .'

'Oh! Shut up!'

'All right, Eliza; breakfast in a quarter of an hour!'

'Yes, Sir!'

We were both now fairly awake and my friend, whose name is Jones, was up and dressing himself. Jones always did get up before me. Somehow or other I like to think about the coming day and the temperature in the bedroom before getting up. 'Aren't you going to get up soon? you always keep us waiting,' Jones remarks.

Jones always had a nasty temper and always wanted to argue, so I simply 'scored him off' by getting out of bed at once and dressing myself quickly, arriving at the breakfast table before him. Of course no one else was ready for breakfast and I had to smoke 3 or 4 pipes before any of the rest of our party of 4 turned up! My brother, who was one of our party, is a gentleman of a particularly annoying nature; for instance, he had a way of coming into my bedroom with a salmon gaff, and if I was in bed he used to practice gaffing my legs through the bed clothes! Now, bed clothes are no protection against a gaff, and my language, well!—I don't know how I tolerate my brother: I often argue the point with him whether he is a gentleman or not!

This morning, however, we have all finished breakfast by 9 o'clock and as usual are all as 'keen as mustard' for the day's fishing. We are going to the extreme north of the island, some 5 miles away, to fish for sea trout. As there is a loch 3 miles long running in the

direction of our rendezvous, we agree to take a boat on it and fish rapidly one or two of the best places on our way down. Once in the boat, we always get on fairly well together, but the difficulty always was in embarking. The place where the boat lay was surrounded by shallow water and often we could not get her off for some considerable time. To-day we loaded her up with our rods, landing nets, and lunch, and then three of us got in and the others pushing her out as far as possible scrambled in at the last moment.

'Look out for my rod!' yells Jones to me as I had just managed to get in at the last moment.

'Why can't you put your rod somewhere else? it's always in some-one's way,' I reply, falling over one of the lunch baskets on to the bottom of the boat.

Jones laughed!

I didn't see anything to laugh at! Well, thank goodness we were all in at last. Now then for the fishing!

'It's no good getting ready to fish when the boat is on the ground,' says my fond relation sarcastically.

'Why don't you push her off, if she's fast?' Jones replies. (This was the first sensible remark Jones made that day!)

'Because I can't; I wish you would come and help instead of talking! Oh, let's all go and help the little chap,' I said. (My brother is only 10 years older and 6 inches taller than me.)

So we all push and shove, and still the boat only turns round in a circle, stuck fast in the middle.

'Why don't you put your oar against that big stone and push hard?' Jones says to me, his face purple with passion and pushing.

'Certainly I'll do it if you like' And I put my oar in the position he requires it, against a large stone on the bottom.

'Now when I say three! all push together,' Says Jones, who seemed to have taken command of the operations; 'One,-, two, thre-e-e!'

Crash! Thud!! Bad language!!! 'Now are you satisfied? I asked from the bottom of the boat, where I sat on the sharp remains of a broken bottle of Coffee.

They all laughed!

It is no good saying that I was angry; I was more!! I got up, jumped over the side of the boat into the water and pushed that beastly boat with its bleating crew out into the bubbling loch, and then when fairly afloat I got in without a word and began to fish.

The loch was in flood and we had fairly good sport all the morning, except for a short time when we were in serious trouble. I must tell you about this, just to show you how stupid my fellow fishers were. The loch, as I said above, was in flood and the water consequently covered the ends of numerous fences which ran down the hill-sides. Well, we were fishing rather close in to get at a big fish one of us had seen rise, when suddenly we found our boat stuck fast.

'Can't you row on a bit?' my brother says to Jones.

'All right,' Jones replies and pulls hard at the oars.

'I don't think we are moving much,' I quietly remark. 'If you look at the tail of that black cow on the hill and then at the daisy behind it, you will see that they are always in a straight line; ' *therefore*, we cannot be moving, Q.E.D.

'Don't be an ass!' says Jones to me.

'I think we are on something.'

'How can we be on anything out in this deep water?' my brother grunts, stretching at an obtuse angle (Question for Math., Div. V. what is an obtuse Angle?) over the end of the boat, so as to throw his fly over the fish he saw rise.

Well, we were on something; that was evident. We looked round; then one of us saw what was the matter. We had got the keel fast on a barbed wire fence, which had been covered by the high water of the loch. Then started a gigantic series of struggles to push the boat off with oars; but all to no effect. Wonderful! a boat caught and held tightly by a barbed wire fence! We all pushed, I fell down twice, Jones broke an oar, and my brother's language was worth recording; but all this to no effect.

To make matters worse there was a boat with 2 other fishers in it, who were holding their sides with laughter at us. They did not offer to help. After about a quarter of an hour by some miracle we *did* get off that fence and then, after a slight rest, we went down to the end of the lake, and lunching there we walked over some fields to

the bay in which were the sea trout. Here we were met by an old boatman with his boat. His boat would easily save a liner's passengers and crew, but we were only 4 in all, so that we had plenty of room for our luggage and ourselves.

As time was getting on we started on fishing here at once, and soon had some good fish, between 1 and 2lbs. each.

Then the monster of the day came and I was the lucky man for once. Now, if ever I hooked a good fish, every one in the boat used to give me directions as to how to 'play' it. This was more to annoy me than to help me. I hate being advised, and, to tell you the truth, I rather fancy myself as a fisherman! Such remarks as 'Do keep the point of your rod up!'—'Look at your line!'—'My good chap, do give the fish a chance!'—'Let him run!' etc, etc, were shouted at me by my friends.

However, they did not succeed in annoying me. I knew they were really angry because I had got the big fish and they hadn't, so I heeded them not. It was a good fish and was eventually landed, weighing over 3lbs. I smiled the rest of the day! Daylight now began to wane, and we had soon to stop our sport. Counting the bag we found we had 13 sea trout weighing from $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. each, and 17 brown trout averaging rather under $\frac{1}{2}$ lb each. We then walked back to our boat on the loch and rowed up to our starting place in the dark without any further adventure, arriving home for dinner at 11

o'clock at night! Just before going to sleep that night I heard a dissatisfied grunt from Jones' bed, and when I asked him in a kind and friendly way what was the matter, he replied 'Beastly luck you had in getting that fish.' I didn't reply, but I believe that fish quite upset the rest of the party. I don't know which I dislike most, Jones or my brother; anything seems to upset them; 'if it isn't one thing it's t'other.'

A.M.C.N.

THE SANGUINE MAN.

Bootles had always been a sanguine man. When I first met him he was tripping in Wales. He owed ten pounds more than he owned; but he was sanguine in the extreme. He paid his bill certainly; but I was a few pounds short for months in consequence. Still he never ceased to quote the incident, whenever I ventured to doubt the truth of his rosy prophecies. "My dear boy," he would say, "there I was without a bob; but I didn't despair, and it turned out all right; didn't it?"

Blewson was very different. If one morning he should wake up to find the Bristol Channel floating through his billiard-room, he would not be surprised; not he. He would merely remark "I quite expected this." He went through life as if round the corner of every tomorrow lurked a bulldog of misfortune, with teeth fresh-sharpened to fix into the calf of his prosperity. And yet Bootles, Blewson and I always hung together. Three confirmed bachelors we

were though for very different reasons; Bootles did not marry, because he was always expecting some nicer girl to turn up; Blewson remained single for fear his wife should prove a shrew; as for me, ah well! I will not trouble you with the reason for my lonely state.

We were now spending a month at Sandton-on-Sea. Bootles had suggested the place because he had an idea that "the ozone was very strong there." Blewson was favourable to it, as being singularly unadapted to earthquakes. I, as always, followed their lead. Well, as I said, Bootles was a sanguine man. Therefore, when he proposed a day's sail to Roxy island, it was not surprising to hear that a child could safely handle a Sandton boat, and that never a ripple had been known to disturb the four miles of water between our hotel and the island. I am not sure that we did not hear a murmur about the gulls being "rather decent to eat out there," and "awfully easy to hit with stones."

Blewson of course took a different view of the matter. "The water might look smooth, you know; but those little choppy sort of waves were really more uncomfortable than the big things they get out in the Pacific." His tone almost implied pirates. He reminded us that there had been several boating disasters that summer. "Yes" said Bootles "on the Scotch rivers." "Ah!" he replied "But they were *boating* disasters, weren't they?"

Eventually, however, we decided to go. Somehow Bootles usually got his way. This leads me, sometimes, to suppose

that the personality of a sanguine man is stronger than that of the despondent.

After that expedition was over I had learnt two things; given two men of exactly opposite temperaments and one thing for them to view, their views of the one thing will be as opposite as their temperaments! and, moreover, that temperaments, when formed, fashion circumstances, rather than are fashioned by them. Bootles did the provisioning. He said he could easily. Now Blewson was sure Bootles would not get enough; but I noticed he made no provision to meet the forthcoming deficiency.

We fixed the day a week beforehand. Bootles had consulted records, and found that the fourth of August had not been wet for five years. Blewson discovered in this an argument that the fourth of August would certainly be disgustingly rainy this year. But we fixed the fourth: and as the week slipped by, Bootles confidently affirmed we should have a sunny sailing breeze, while Blewson as confidently predicted a drizzly dead calm.

Sandton stood on the western edge of a great bay, and was protected from the outer Atlantic by Roxy Island. From the harbour to the only possible landing place on Roxy was a stretch of nearly four miles. The island always looked enticing. It was uninhabited and had been for generations. But local wives' tales told of bygone monks who lived in holy indolence around the caves. The ruins of their buildings remained empty, except for the many owls, who perched all round them, soberly meditating on

the past. It was, perhaps, this very loneliness, which formed the chief attraction of Roxy. But its heather-clad cliffs and its rocky coves had the charm of wildness, the sense of which was greatly intensified by the unceasing melancholy cry of gull or guillemot. Storms had beaten themselves into foam upon its promontories for centuries, and carved fantastic shapes upon the coast. But whether the Atlantic came down upon it with the shock of war, or calmly lapped its pebbles, Roxy itself remained a symbol of rest, the very emblem of desertedness.

Bootles came back from his provisioning expedition with his hands empty but his heart full. Every tradesman he had visited had assured him, the things should be sent in the morning. Blewson at once remarked that "the morning was so indefinite a time—anything from eight o'clock till four:" and he fully expected we should be kept waiting till it was too late.

The great day came, sunny, but with a dead calm, and both Bootles and Blewson exclaimed "Did'nt I say so?" The stores arrived, but we waited vainly till midday for a breeze to spring up. Then we decided to row. Bootles felt sure the tide would be with us both ways. Blewson thought, if his memory served him rightly, it would be against us both ways. When we discovered that we should have the help of the tide going, but coming back it would be flowing dead towards our bows, both Bootles and Blewson were delighted that they had both been right.

We started. Blewson and I took the oars. Blewson insisted on rowing. Bootles thought this awfully generous. I remembered the tide was with us, and held my peace.

Bootles spent the first ten minutes describing the stores. What a medley there was! "Here we are, my boys, chicken, pies, matches, salt, spirit stove, butter, spirits, tea, firewood, sugar, kettle, milk,"—Blewson whispered that there was nothing like milk for spreading small-pox—"several little knick-knacks, *hors d'oeuvres*, you know. Think there's enough?"

Blewson was quite astonished out of his usual frame of mind and most graciously said "Perhaps." This so delighted Bootles that I caught him chuckling to himself at intervals of about five minutes until we arrived.

It was no small business beaching the boat. It was necessary for two of us to wade knee-deep through the surf, while one controlled the oars. Blewson stuck to the oars. We tethered our craft to several big boulders and ascended the winding path up the cliff. When we got to the top Blewson wondered if we had tied it up strongly enough. I suggested he should go back and see, whereat he expected it would hold. We walked a mile across to the ruined monastery, and, having deposited our provisions, went out to explore. We discovered a charming little cove, and there sat down to smoke. Now why Blewson should at this point begin to quote fragments from Edgar Allan Poe's "Bells," I cannot think. Bootles' anti-

dote consisted in a verse of his own composition, which was perhaps more characteristic than literary.

"When there's nothing to ruffle, your laughter why muffle?"

"To be so ungrateful is sin.

"And if you've got double your due share of trouble,

"Then bear it my boys with a grin!

"Keep the laugh moving, my lad!

It's hypocrisy not to be glad.

"And if you can't laugh, because trouble is in,

"Then do the next thing, which is, namely, to grin."

The thing we chiefly explored was the inside of a tin of tobacco. Blewson suggested a diversion in favour of eating. We accordingly retraced our steps. "The grub's all right!" shouts Blewson, who had gone ahead. Bootles burnt his fingers lighting the spirit-stove, and some of its contents blazed merrily away on the crust of a pie. This, Bootles thought, would make it "nice and crackly." We had, of course, forgotten to bring any water, so we had to use the briny to make tea. "The salt," said Bootles, "will take away the indigestible properties of the tannin." Blewson's heart was cheered immensely by the taking-in process: he almost became light-headed. True it is he gave himself many mental troubles, which resulted in melancholy forebodings of poisoning; but for them he was quite "perky." Bootles on the other hand was comparatively silent. Blewson could not stand this usurpation, and broke out "You *are* doleful." "Not

doleful," replied the other, "only thinking." He went on to explain that he was trying to approximate his feelings to those of David Livingstone, the Great African explorer. "Livingstone" said Blewson "left his bones in the forests of the Dark continent." This remark completely restored the *status quo*.

Having fed, we began to take much interest in the old monastic buildings. Bootles instinctively found enchantment in the banqueting-hall, recalling as it did scenes of pious jollity; while Blewson looked round for lonely graves, and instruments of priestly torture.

It is not to be wondered at that our sanguine friend discovered relics of inexpressible antiquity, among them a stone, on which was carved the figures 136. "This" he said "must be the date of the thing, and very likely B.C." It was too bad of Blewson to observe that it was a government survey mark.

In our different ways we were so absorbed in the grand old ruins, that we were not aware that sudden clouds had obscured the sun. The first warning we had of the coming storm was a startling shaking of the old walls, and the moaning of the wind, as it passed on.

We hurried out to find a completely changed scene. The sea was a dull, angry colour, and already was foaming in little breaking patches. All the south-west was black with thunder—vapour, and the rising wind was hurrying in and out the sounding rocks. We made for

our boat at a run. Blewson was very astonished to find the boulders had held. A hurried debate took place as to our plan of action, and in a minute or two we decided to run for home, rather than spend the night on the inhospitable island. We scrambled into the boat, Blewson again displaying extraordinary generosity in appropriating the responsible, if unlaborious, office of steersman.

Soon Bootles and I were pulling as against Death. Our task was no light one. The wind blew cross-wise, and the swelling waves were catching our little craft broadside on. Our blades either dipped too deep, or else swung vainly through unresisting air. And though the island faded slowly out of sight, Sandton seemed to get further off with every thickening shade of darkness. Even Bootles was silent, and I do not believe Blewson enjoyed himself. We worked with great effort, but we seemed to progress only by inches. Every now and again some great green-black wave would put us out of our stroke, and the tide carried us back. Blewson's mood settled down thick upon us. We worked on. Bootles' forward movement caught me violently each time in the spine, but it was no time for protest. Once I remember hearing Blewson gasp. A swirling mass of water nearly unshipped the rudder, and he only saved it by a lucky movement. Now we were up on the summit of a liquid hill; now we were deep down in a prison with boiling black walls all around us. But ever the nose of the boat headed harbour-wards.

We had been rowing for about half-

an-hour, when the feeling of fear deserted me, and a mental numbness succeeded it. My action became entirely mechanical. All I recollect was the sight of Blewson's grim form at the tiller, and the monotonous thump of Bootles' oar in my back. Still we went on. At last, however, I awoke to rationality, as the stroke became easier and the water calmer. We had rounded the point into harbour.

A few long seconds and we reached the quay. Bootles' hands were in a sad state, and his pale face was out of harmony with his cheery whistle, as we walked up to the hotel. Blewson marched behind with the remains of the food. He had not forgotten the basket when the storm broke.

Late that night I left Blewson in the parlour and went up to bed. Said he as we parted, "I warned you something would spoil the day." I met Bootles on the stairs. He said, "after all, old chap, a picnic's nothing without a dash of excitement."

A.W.S.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF AN ASSISTANT CLERK IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

H.M.S. "Alert,"

St. George's Bay,
Newfoundland.

16th May, 1902.

We have been at this place about a week; got here last Friday. It is a very wild place, a huge bay, 80 miles deep. The herrings are all in here

spawning; the fishermen catch them and sell them to the French, who come for them in Schooners, as bait for the cod-fishermen on the N.E. Coast; so the reason why we are here is to find out all about the herrings, and report it to the Commodore, and also to keep the peace between the French and the Newfoundlanders.

What ho! this billet is a simply fine one. I am here as the Captain's Fishery Clerk. I have to write up a Fishery Log every day, and go with a Lieutenant on board the French Schooners, and take down notes about the quantities of fish they have bought for Cod-bait, etc. I have to land with the Captain when he inspects Lobster Factories; on an average we shall land 12 times a day when we leave S. George's, so I shall have my hands pretty full then. About twice a week I have to get up at 4 in the morning and go out with the Skipper to inspect the nets, and to see that the Newfoundlanders don't Seine. Only the French are allowed to use drag nets; the ordinary herring net is a long-shaped net with a thin mesh, so that the herring swims against it, and gets caught by the gills.

We got up at 4 yesterday morning. It was awfully rough and was raining hard, and snowing at intervals with a bitter N.E. Wind. We went to a place called Seal Rocks, about 8 miles away across the bay, in the Steam cutter. We got drenched in less than 5 minutes, as the seas broke over the boat. We anchored off Seal Rocks, and the Skipper and I

nipped out into the gig, which we had towed behind us, and tried to land. We could not, as it was so shallow and rough, so we had to jump out and wade ashore. When we wanted to row back we took $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to row 300 yards, as the wind was dead against us. I was sculling; it was awfully hard work, and we had to keep on baling out the boat, as she kept filling. I do not look forward to these morning "picnics" as the Skipper calls them.

* * * *

1st June.

We visit about 7 or 8 lobster factories now every day. Each lobster factory has so many miles of coast allotted to it, and if any other small packers settle on this area to catch lobsters they are illicit packers. Our business is to issue warnings to them and then to boot them off. We visit factories every hour or two during the day, and in between whiles, whilst we are shifting our billet to another factory, we have to write despatches and fill in lists and get our grub. I shall be writing or boat-going from 4.30. a.m. to 11.30. p.m., most days except Sunday.

The weather is awfully funny in Newfoundland: a strong wind often gets up in a quarter of an hour. This happened the other day. I had gone to see another A.P. of another ship, and went into the gun room for a bit, and then started back into the skiff with a sailor-man to row me. The waves got quite big all of a sudden, and came into the boat, so that I could not get her head round to the wind. Luckily they

saw us from our ship, and the steam cutter picked us up and towed us in.

I have been playing a good bit of Golf lately in my spare time. There are very nice sand links on Sandy Point, partially bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by a small pine forest. I was playing there with the Captain last Saturday and had a very disastrous game. My first hit was a mighty drive and it went into the sea and was lost for ever. With great difficulty I persuaded the skipper to lend me another ball, but this hit was also a mighty one, and went into the forest and was also lost. I climbed all the trees in turn but could not find it. I managed to buy an old ball from the caddy, and this also went out to sea, but I waded up to my waist and got it out. After this I had no more adventures.

Yesterday the Doctor took me for the best walk I have been, to a place called Stril Mountain, the last 3 or 4 miles through a thick pine forest. You have to be awfully careful in the underwood not to lose your way. We broke boughs of trees on either side as we walked, so as to find our way back. As it was we lost our way, but we got back all right, as I happened to remember that the lichens always grow on the north side of the trees. We were very lucky, as we saw a lynx and 3 white rabbits. The lynx is a vast cat, the size of a big grey-hound. The rabbits are white in winter and brown only in summer: these rabbits were just turning.

* * * *

H.M.S. "Charybdis,"

St. John's,

15 August, 1902.

We have been having such a gay time here lately that I don't seem to have had a moment to spare. The people here are awfully good to us: there is always tennis, and most of us go up to the tennis Club every evening, and have some sets.

There is a French Cruiser here, the "Isly." We have great sport with the Middies who are awfully good chaps. The French don't enter the Navy till they have been through the 'Varsity,' so their Middies are much older than ours,—about 23 or 24. They are about the best natured and politest fellows I have ever seen.

We went to a Ball at Government House on Monday, a splendid floor for dancing. To-morrow I am playing in a Cricket Match for one of the lieutenants against the Town. One of the latter is an Oxford Blue and bowls like anything, so I expect we shall get thrashed.

* * * *

Ariège Bay,

N.E. Coast,

4th August.

We have been over on the Labrador Coast at a place called Fortean, and right round the N. Coast. We have been doing nothing but fish since we left S. John's. Salmon fishing is the chief thing, but you can always get sea-trout. Some of the Ward Room have caught huge Salmon; the Parson caught a 26 pounder at Fortean, and the Commodore caught one weighing 18lbs.

I have not been lucky enough to catch a salmon yet, but I have caught heaps of trout; my biggest one was about 3lbs. which is a very respectable fish indeed. On the whole I like fishing very well.

We go out for the whole day generally and once or twice have camped out for the night. The flies and mosquitoes are a perfect plague on the coast: every variety of fly swarms there. On a hot day, about 9 a.m., the mosquitoes go in and the cariboo-flies come out. These are a great big fly about the size of a bumble bee and like a wasp: it bites a great chunk of skin out. About noon they go in, and the little black flies come out in myriads. They hang round you in a cloud as you fish and bite like mad; and the bitten place swells like mad at once. At 4.30. the black flies go in, and the sand-flies and great long-legged mosquitoes come out for the night in clouds. The only thing you can do to keep the flies off is to wear a veil all over your face, smother yourself from head to foot in nasty fly-goo, and smoke a pipe like a furnace. The other day I went out for the night with one of the middies. We slept on the beach so as to get as far away from the flies as possible; but we couldn't get a wink of sleep. In the morning, when the boat came in, they could hardly recognize us; our faces were about the size of a football, both eyes bunged up, and we were bleeding all over.

At Fortean we saw thousands of black seals all around the ship. A man came off with a small Arctic fox, which

he wanted to sell for \$8. You could not get one at S. John's under \$20.

When we were going up the Straits and round the North Coast we passed thousands of big Ice Bergs drifting south. They are a splendid sight. Great bright towering masses of pure white, more like big lumps of salt than anything else. We passed within 100yds. of one. It was 210 feet high (the Navigator took its height) and as 8-9ths are under water, it is considered very dangerous to be near one. We fired a shell from one of our 6 pounder guns right into the centre of it, to see the result. It merely exploded in the middle of a flock of birds that were seated quacking together, killing them all and blowing bits of ice up miles into the air, but it did not crack the Berg in the least, and was very disappointing.

The fogs on the coast are awful and delay us very much. We have just got back to S. John's. We celebrate the Coronation on Saturday;—there is to be a sort of a "March Past." Love to all at home.

Your affectionate,

ALAN M. AUSTIN.

P.S.—This is the best ship in all the Navy and the best fellows in it. I would not change it for any other.

(For the above extracts we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Austin, of Ock House, Abingdon.—Ed.)

FOOTBALL.

The team on the whole has had a very good season and at times has performed really well. Perhaps the best match was

that against the Town on Nov. 19th. On this occasion the School shewed much more dash and determination than usual and they were unlucky in not winning.

Lack of dash has been the most noticeable feature of the season; one of the Mansfield team was heard to remark—‘what a *gentle* game the School plays!’ The forwards should not allow the opposing backs to kick without any attempt on their part to get the ball; more determination in this respect would go a long way towards winning more matches.

Of the forwards Hobbs has played well and is the only one who has the idea of rushing the back against him; Deacon has shot well at times, but is too anxious to score goals himself and often chances are lost through his keeping the ball too long; Mathias might be good if he was not so slow; he should remember that it is not necessary to wait to be tackled after receiving the ball; he also waits too long before ‘centreing.’

The halves have been a source of weakness to the team; Graham at centre has done well, but the two wing halves have been very weak. Might we ask why Duncan was never given a trial?

Of the backs Bowman has played well and pluckily, and his pace has been of great use on several occasions; Rice kicks nicely but is apt to sleep!

Donkin in goal has improved very much since the beginning of the season and has made several good ‘saves.’

Finally we may congratulate the XI. on winning so many of their matches

and we hope that they will keep up their form till the end of the season.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School. Played on the School ground on Wednesday, November 5th. The School kicked off in a drizzling rain and quickly asserted their superiority. When the interval came they were leading by five goals to one. On resuming they still maintained their advantage and in the end won easily by 10 goals to 2. Deacon was in great form scoring 8 goals, while the rest of the forwards also played in splendid fashion. School Team:—Goal, P. H. Donkin; Backs, R. G. Rice, T. F. Bowman; Halves, C. P. B. Montgomery, A. W. L. Graham, E. F. Daw; Forwards, F. H. Edey, P. C. Miller, G. S. Deacon, W. N. Hobbs, L. S. Mathias.

A.S.F.C. v. J. H. E. Morland's XI. Played on the School ground on Wednesday, November 12th. The game was very evenly contested all through. In a few minutes the School were a goal ahead, Deacon getting right away and scoring with a beautiful shot. Soon after our opponents retaliated by rushing the ball through from a scrimmage, but the School got together again and after some neat passing Deacon again scored. The visitors, not to be outdone, again got through our defence, and the interval came with honours even. At the restart Hobbs scored a rather doubtful goal, and then the opposing side again drew level. Towards the close however the School scored from a penalty and Miller headed the ball in grandly, leaving us victors by 5 goals to 3. The team was the same as did duty in the Leighton

Park match.

A.S.F.C. v. Pembroke College, Oxford. Played on the School ground on Nov. 15th. At the outset play was very fast, but in a short time the School were a goal ahead, Deacon being the contributor. Soon after he added another. These reverses demoralized Pembroke and throughout the first half the School had it all their own way, scoring 5 whilst our opponents failed to obtain a point. The last part of the game was more evenly contested. Both the School and Pembroke pressed in turn and at last the visitors scored their only point, leaving us winners by 5 to 1. The School played up splendidly during the first half, but during the later stages both the forwards and the defence slackened considerably. School Team:—Goal, P. H. Donkin; Backs, R. G. Rice, T. F. Bowman; Halves, C. P. B. Montgomery, A. W. L. Graham, E. F. Daw; Forwards, F. H. Edey, A. B. Taylor, Esq., G. S. Deacon, W. N. Hobbs, L. S. Mathias.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Town. Played on the School ground on November 19th. In this, the return match, we partially avenged our former defeat by drawing with our opponents. In the first half the School had to play against a strong wind and were defending the greater part of it. Still although the Town had several narrow escapes, they crossed over with a goal to the good. After the interval the School pressed the Town hard and at last their efforts were rewarded by a goal. This was their only point however and the match was thus left drawn. The game was very exciting

and the School stuck to their doughty opponents very gamely, for whom H. A. Lowe was very noticeable. The match itself was a memorable event as it is six years since we have run the Town so close. The team was the same as that against Pembroke College.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School. The return match was played in wretched weather on Wednesday, November 26th. Leighton began with rare dash and immediately notched their first point. The School responded with rather weak attacks, but they managed to equalize before the interval. Afterwards however our opponents scored two more goals, and though towards the end of play the School got through again, we retired beaten by 3 to 2. We played worse than we have ever done before this term, the whole team seeming to lose heart, simply because our opponents were the first to score. School Team:—Goal, P. H. Donkin; Backs, R. G. Rice, T. F. Bowman; Halves, C. P. B. Montgomery, A. W. L. Graham, E. F. Daw; Forwards, F. H. Edey, P. C. Miller, G. S. Deacon, W. N. Hobbs, L. S. Mathias.

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. Played on the School ground on Wednesday, December 10th. The team returned with renewed zeal after their long enforced inaction. Deacon lost the toss and so the School had to play against a stiff wind in the first half. Our opponents pressed us hard at first, but after five minutes play ruled even, both sides attacking in turn. The School alone were successful however, and Hobbs got the first point. Half-time came with

the score 1 to 0 in our favour. On resuming the School fairly ran round their opponents, who only twice got past the half-way line, and won by 8 goals to love. The whole team played well, but Deacon is especially to be congratulated on his magnificent shooting. The same team represented the School as against Leighton Park.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. *v.* Dorchester College. Played on the School ground on Saturday, November 22nd. Owing to the one-sided game at Dorchester, the return match was played with our 2nd XI. The School forwards got to work at once and after some good passing, in which the whole line shared, Miller found the net with a neat shot. Our forwards still kept up the pressure and forced a corner, from which Mathias scored with a good kick. Our opponents struggled manfully against superior football, but failed to do more than occasionally pass the half-way line. Just before half-time Miller got a third goal. On resuming play was more even, Brown having to clear on one or two occasions, but our defence was too strong and, Miller again finding the net, the whistle blew leaving the School winners by 4 to 0. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown (capt.); Backs, H. L. Crudgington, H. S. Mathias; Halves, J. B. Hodgson, J. W. Duncan, H. W. Bate; Forwards, T. S. Wilding, H. G. Habgood, A. W. Miller, P. N. Graham, A. S. B. Payne.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. *v.* Bloxham School 2nd XI. Played on the Bloxham ground on December 10th. The School were the first to score and maintained their

lead to the beginning of the second half. Bloxham then secured their first point and just on time again got through the School defence. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; Backs, H. S. Mathias, R. Louth; Halves, H. W. Bate, J. W. Duncan, H. L. Crudgington; Forwards, A. S. B. Payne, P. N. Graham, A. W. Miller, H. G. Habgood, J. B. Hodgson.

A.S.F.C. Under Fourteen *v.* Christ Church School. Played on the Christ Church ground, on Saturday, November 22nd. Our opponents scored no less than four times in 10 minutes; but that was the full extent of the scoring, as Burge changed places with Stevenson after these disasters, and this seemed to suit the School better. The most noticeable feature of the match was the total lack of knowledge of any sort of football on the part of the School Team. School Team:—Goal, H. M. Stevenson; Backs, R. F. Baker, D. L. King; Halves, G. H. G. Shepherd, C. C. Caudwell, P. Long; Forwards, R. R. Parker, W. R. Crudgington, D. F. Mortleman, H. Goff, H. R. Burge.

OLD BOYS' BOAT COMMITTEE.

The Executive of this Committee held their Final Meeting in London on Nov. 25, at which all the remaining accounts were submitted by the Hon. Treasurer and audited. After paying all Expenses it was found that a very small balance still remained in the hands of the Committee, and it was resolved to forward this to the Hon. Sec. of the School Boat Committee. A

Final Balance Sheet will be sent to all
Subscribers to the Boat Fund.

W^{ll}. H. RICHARDSON,

Hon. Sec.

Nov. 25, 1902.

OXFORD LETTER.

Tuesday, Dec. 9th.

Dear Sir,

The first term of a new year has almost drawn to a close, leaving us to look back upon a succession of events which are characterized by their sameness with those of previous years. However, you must forgive me if I omit to speak of anything which concerns other than the river or football field.

In the Coxwainless Fours there were the usual four entries, New beating Magdalen, while Balliol succumbed to University. The result of the final heat was quite unexpected, University, who had in practice proved themselves much the smarter crew, losing to New by a couple of lengths. The Trial Eights took place last Saturday, Dec. 6th, over the Moulsoford course, the boats being stroked respectively by Messrs. E. G. Monier-Williams (Univ.) and G. C. Drinkwater (Wadham). The race afforded an excellent struggle between the two crews, which were very evenly matched. About a couple of hundred yards from home the boats were practically level and right to the finish it was a neck to neck race, Monier-Williams' crew eventually winning by less than a quarter of a length.

The Rugby XV. this year is a very formidable combination, and with Strand-Jones again able to take his place at full-back, should prove victorious in the Inter-Varsity match next Saturday. As the Association match with Cambridge does not take place till next term, it is impossible, as yet, to say anything definite as to the probable strength of the XI. Still, there is a goodly number of old Blues in residence and the present form of the team is distinctly above that of last year.

Perhaps a few words about Pembroke will not be altogether out of place in your columns. On November 22nd the Robinson Fours were rowed, and as only three boats took part, there was only one race. The rowing was well up to the standard of former years and we hope our Toggler will keep its place next term.

The Soccer XI. has met with but little success owing to our not being able to put a full team on the field. (This was especially noticeable in our match with the School, though in spite of our defeat we easily held our own in the second half of the game.)

The Rugger XV., on the other hand, is the best we have had for some years and has lost very few matches up to the present.

Let me now say a few words as to the doings of Old Abingdonians up here;—

Stevens obtained a place in the Seniors' Soccer Match and has also been elected on the committee of his college Athletic Club.

Couldrey was again conspicuous in the "Robinsons."

Good has distinguished himself as a cox, steering the winning boat in the B.N.C. Fours, and also taking part in the combined B.N.C. and Trinity Fours.

Montgomery has gained both his Rugger and Soccer Caps, and has been elected Secretary of his college Cricket Club.

Lastly, we are sorry to lose both Brown and Challenor from our numbers, but heartily welcome Shepherd, who won the School Scholarship last Easter.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

OLIM ALUMNUS.

TO JUGGINS II.—FOR HIS ALBUM.

Oh, pity the Schoolmaster's lot,
Boys never ceasing to pursue him,
Who call his thoughtful lectures "rot,"
And make his life a burden to him.
In vain he treats of concord's laws,
Explains the Active Voice and Passive,
And drums the Substantival Clause
Into their brains and craniums massive.
"What is the genitive of tres?"
He hoarsely cries—"Oh, Juggins, go on!"
"Read and translate it, if you please;—
"*Deinon gar ho pàis esti zoon.*"
And when some things perchance have stuck,
And soon, you think, the boys will know
'em,
They call your favourite classics "muck,"
Coarsely ejaculating—"blow 'em!"
No, take of my advice good heed,
Et quand vous deviendrez homme,
If you a quiet life would lead,
Never be a Schoolmaster, Tommy!
Oh, pity the Schoolmaster's lot!
Boys never ceasing to pursue me!
They'll call these charming verses "rot."
My life's a perfect burden to me!

J.A.

SCHOOL NOTES.

At the Confirmation held by the Bishop of Reading, in S. Helen's Church, on Advent Sunday, the following members of the School were candidates:—V. G. Adams, L. J. Anns, B. M. Challenor, S. H. N. Coxon, L. C. Davies, E. R. George, C. A. Hancock, W. N. Hobbs, J. B. Hodgson, P. C. Miller, A. S. B. Payne, R. G. Rice.

We regret to state that Mr. Ingrams has been obliged by ill health to take a half-term's rest from work. We hope he will benefit by the change, and will soon be back among us again.

Mr. Taylor, who joined the Staff this term, has been appointed to a mastership in St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, S. Africa. We wish him every success in his new work.

We have again to thank Mr. W. H. Richardson for a gift to the School Library,—*"Football: The Rugby Union Game,"* by the Rev. F. Marshall.

Our thanks are also due to Mr. E. H. Bartlett for presenting a framed copy of a newspaper report containing an account of the Tercentenary Celebration in 1863. It has been hung in the Wantage Room.

We regret that we omitted in our last issue to thank Mr. W. H. Richardson for his kindness in coming down to the School during the summer holidays, and adding the names to the athletic and other groups in the Reading Room. This work must have cost Mr. Richardson and his assistants a considerable amount of time and trouble, and it adds vastly to the value and interest of the photographs.

Tubbing has been continued up to the middle of November, and some Fours have been on the River. We hope to be able to keep up our Rowing reputation next year.

At the Regatta held in Abingdon, in connection with the Coronation Festivities on Saturday, August 9th, the Open Four-Oar Race was won by the following crew, consisting of Past and Present members of the School:—

bow	B. Challenor, jun.
2	H. J. A Payne.
3	O. J. Couldrey.
str.	H. Hughes.
cox	R. A. Wenn.

[Omitted by mistake from the last No. of the Abingdonian.]

Our thanks are due to the Mayor (E. J. Harris, Esq.) for a half-holiday, the work on two Monday afternoons being remitted.

The Choir attended an excellent Concert in the Corn Exchange on Thursday, Dec. 4th, arranged by Mr. E. Burgess in aid of the Abingdon Cottage Hospital.

We congratulate A. J. H. Iles on passing the Final Examination of the Incorporated Law Society.

P. L. Deacon has been playing for Jesus College. He has also played three times for the Varsity, *v.* Casuals, *v.* Middlesex, and *v.* Clapton. A. W. Stevens has been playing regularly for Wadham and was accorded a place in the Seniors' Match. J. E. Montgomery has won his Association Colours for Pembroke, and has also been playing in his College Rugby XV.

Term will end on Saturday, Dec. 20th, and not on the date announced in our

last number. The Dance will take place on Thursday, the 17th, the Concert on the 18th, and the Past *v.* Present Match on the 19th.

The chief item on the Programme for the Concert is Van Bree's Cantata, "St. Cecilia's Day."

School will re-open on Wednesday, Jan. 21st. Boys in the School House and Tesdale House will return on Tuesday, the 20th.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of:—the Bloxhamist, the Coathamian, the Ipswich School Magazine.

ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS FUND.

TENTH SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Amount previously acknowledged	£	s.	d.
*Mr. W. R. Portal	3,642	4	10
Mr. A. F. Blandy	10	10	0
Mrs. Clayton	3	3	0
Mr. C. W. Bayley	2	2	0
Dr. J. P. Postgate	2	2	0
*Mr. L. A. Strange (2nd donation) ..	2	2	0
Miss Cottman (2nd donation) ..	1	1	0
*Rev. F. K. Clarke	1	1	0
Miss Fuller	1	1	0
*Rev. W. W. Goddard	1	1	0
*Rev. W. M. Abbott	1	1	0
*Rev. F. A. Bartlett	1	1	0
*Mr. S. W. Brown (2nd donation) ..	1	1	0
*Mr. E. W. Johnson	1	1	0
*Mr. F. Mayo	1	1	0
*Mr. Mark Taylor	1	1	0
*Mr. L. Wasey	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Mobbs (2nd donation) ..	1	1	0
Mr. H. Donkin	1	1	0
Mr. H. H. Hancock	1	1	0
*Rev. W. C. Rowland	1	0	0
Mr. W. Stone (2nd donation) ..	1	0	0
*Mr. W. E. Gall	1	0	0
*Mr. A. G. Carter	0	10	6
Rev. R. W. de-la-Hey (2nd donation)	0	10	6
	£3,690	18	10

*Old Abingdonians.

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.