

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 12. Vol. 3.

DECEMBER, 1903.

Price 1s.

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EDITORIAL.

OUR appeal to our readers' conscience was not in vain. Quite a lot of them have done their duty and we thank them most heartily for their contributions.

Our illustration is from the Tesdale portrait which hangs in the Masters' Common Room. It is intended as a companion picture to the portrait of John Roysse, which we published two years ago, and it ought to prove of especial interest to Pembroke men.

OLD ABINGDONIAN CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the Old Abingdonians was held this year in London for the first time since 1896. The move was something of an experiment, but proved successful, as nearly forty were present in spite of the fog, which kept several of those expected from attending.

The day chosen, Saturday, December 5th, also proved inconvenient to a few of the London members.

It is perhaps needless to say that the management of the Hotel Great Central provided an excellent dinner, and that the service left nothing to be desired. In due course the Chairman proposed the health of His Majesty the King, and when this had been honoured the party withdrew to the reception room, where coffee was served. Meanwhile the large table was cleared and several smaller ones substituted; and after a short interval the toasts were resumed. These were limited to two. The chair-

man proposed "Success to the School," noting the many changes and improvements that have taken place. No boy of the present generation would like to return to the early school-hours in vogue when Mr. Preston first joined. With the toast was coupled the name of the Head Master, who in responding referred to the valuable services rendered to the School by its present body of Governors. The other toast was that of "The Chairman," in proposing which Mr. W. R. Portal thanked him for the able and genial manner in which he had presided.

Mr. Preston made a short reply.

In the intervals of the speech-making further entertainment was provided by Miss Gladys Ward and Messrs. Walter Montague, John Warren, Arthur Strugnell and John Bromley. The music added considerably to the success of the evening, and was due to the kindness of the President. It was nearly midnight when the company dispersed, after singing the National Anthem.

The following were among those present:—Arthur E. Preston, Esq., President of the Club, in the chair; Messrs. Herbert Young, W. R. Portal, E. H. Bartlett and Bromley Challenor, Past-Presidents; Rev. T. Layng, Vice-President; H. G. W. d'Almaine, H. S. Challenor, A. R. Thorn, J. T. Morland, J. G. T. West, R. Prowde, and several visitors.

FOOTBALL.

The team has succeeded in winning more matches than at first appeared

likely. At the beginning of the season the combination was very ragged, but it improved as time went on, and in the latter matches the School proved a formidable side.

The first XI were successful in the majority of the School matches, and, though badly beaten by a strong team brought by Mr. Nicholl, generally gave a good account of themselves in club matches. Adams was probably the most consistent of the forwards and Graff the best of the halves, while Rice and Crudgington formed an even pair of backs.

The second XI up to date has been fairly successful. Smith and Moore have shown good promise for the future.

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. Played at Bloxham on Saturday, October 24th. Bloxham scored first, but Habgood afterwards equalised, the play up to this point being very equally divided. Afterwards, however, Mathias was in form for Abingdon and obtained 3 further goals which, added to 3 scored by Adams, who also played a good game, left the final score 7-3 in favour of Abingdon. Bloxham's two other goals resulted from rushes by their left-wing towards the end of the game. Edwards the Bloxham centre-half, who was also their Captain, was quite their best man. The following represented the School:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, H. L. Crudgington, R. G. Rice; half-backs, C. E. C. Graff, P. N. Graham, T. S. Wilding; forwards A. W. Miller, H. G. Habgood, L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. v. Pembroke College. This

match, played on the School ground on Wednesday, November 4th, resulted in an easy victory for the School by 7 goals to nil. Goals were scored by Mathias (5) and Habgood (2). School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., R. G. Rice; half-backs, C. E. C. Graff, P. N. Graham, H. L. Crudgington; forwards, A. W. Miller, J. H. Franklin, Esq., L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. *v.* St. Catherine's, Oxford. The School entertained St. Catherine's, on Saturday, November 7th, and easily won by 10 to 1. The goals for Abingdon were obtained by J. H. Franklin, Esq. (3), A. W. Miller (1), F. H. Edey (1) and A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq. (1). A.S.F.C. were represented by the same team as against Pembroke College.

A.S.F.C. *v.* Queen's College. Played at Abingdon on Wednesday, November 11th. A fairly even game resulted in a victory for the School by 2 to 0, Miller (1) and Adams (1), although for part of the match they lost the service of P. N. Graham, who most unfortunately twisted his knee and has thereby been prevented from playing for the rest of the season. The team was the same as against St. Catherine's.

A.S.F.C. *v.* N. B. Challenor's XI. A well-fought game was played on the School ground on Saturday, November 14th. The visiting team were decidedly heavier than the School and their weight on the heavy ground helped them to draw, the final score being 2-2. Mathias (1) and J. H. Franklin, Esq. (1) obtained the goals for the School. School

Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., R. G. Rice; half-backs, T. S. Wilding, C. E. C. Graff, H. S. Mathias; forwards, A. W. Miller, J. H. Franklin, Esq., L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. *v.* Mansfield College. Mansfield brought a strong team over on Wednesday, November 18th, and after a fast game defeated the School by 6-2. Mathias (1) and Adams (1) obtained the two goals registered for the School. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., R. G. Rice; half-backs, C. E. C. Graff, H. L. Crudgington, H. S. Mathias; forwards, A. W. Miller, J. H. Franklin, Esq., L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. *v.* Magdalen College School. The return engagement with Magdalen was played at Abingdon on Saturday, November 21st. The game was very evenly contested and at half-time the score stood 1-0 for Magdalen. Adams equalised soon after the interval and Habgood obtained a further goal, but they also obtained a further one from a corner-kick. Thanks to Mathias however the School registered a third goal and thus won by 3-2. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, H. L. Crudgington, R. G. Rice; half-backs, T. S. Wilding, C. E. C. Graff, H. S. Mathias; forwards, A. W. Miller, H. G. Habgood, L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. *v.* Mr. S. V. Harcourt's XI. Played on the School ground on Wednesday, November 25th. The game was

very evenly contested all through, and at half-time neither side had scored. Directly after resumption however the visitors scored. This roused the School who retaliated soon afterwards through Miller. No further scoring took place and a well-fought game ended in a draw of 1-1. The School team was the same as that which defeated Magdalen School.

A.S.F.C. v. Mr. Nicholl's XI. Played on the School ground on Saturday, November 28th. Mr. Nicholl brought a strong team to play the School. The visitors had much the best of the game and scored three times in the first half. After change of ends they bombarded the School goal incessantly and added eight more goals. The School being only able to respond once had to admit defeat by 11-1. Their team was the same as in the last two matches.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Town. Played on the School ground on Wednesday, December 2nd. The School attack was considerably weakened through Mr. Franklin's absence. The School though thus handicapped played up well, and notched the first goal of the match soon after the start. Very even play then ensued, and at half-time the score stood—School 1, Abingdon Town nil. Soon after resumption the Town pressed and quickly obtained a goal through Thatcher. Even play then ensued till time was called, but Payne obtained another goal for the visitors who were thus left victors by 2-1. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., R. G. Rice; half-backs, T. S. Wilding, C. E. C. Graff, H. L.

Crudgington; forwards, A. W. Miller, H. G. Habgood, F. D. Smith, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School. Played on the Leighton ground on Saturday, December 5th. The School did most of the attacking, and half-way through the first half Miller found the net with a neat shot. In the second half the School again took up the attack, and scoring again through Habgood and Mathias obtained an easy victory by 3-0. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, R. G. Rice, H. L. Crudgington; half-backs, T. S. Wilding, C. E. C. Graff, H. S. Mathias; forwards, A. W. Miller, H. G. Habgood, L. S. Mathias, V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. v. Wallingford. Played on the Wallingford ground on Wednesday, December 9th. Soon after the kick off the School scored through L. S. Mathias, who obtained the point after a good run. Wallingford however soon equalised and at half-time the score stood—School 1, Wallingford 1. After the re-start play was very even and it was not till half-way through the second half that more scoring took place, when Wallingford notched their second point. About ten minutes from time the School was awarded a penalty, which proved abortive, and so they had to admit defeat by 2 goals to 1. School Team:—Goal, A. A. Brown; backs, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., H. L. Crudgington; half-backs, T. S. Wilding, C. E. C. Graff, H. S. Mathias; forwards, A. W. Miller, L. S. Mathias, J. H. Franklin, Esq., V. Adams, F. H. Edey.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. Magdalen College School 2nd XI. This match was played on the School ground on Saturday, Oct. 17th, and resulted in a win for the School by 5 goals to nil. The first half was evenly contested, both goals being attacked in turn, but the School forwards got together and by half-time they had registered 2 goals to Magdalen 0. After resuming, for a time play was even, but soon the home forwards got together again and scored three more goals, through Anns. Both sides attacked in turn, but neither side could score, so when time was sounded, the score stood at School 5 goals, Magdalen 0. The following represented the School:—Goal, J. F. C. Hertslet; backs, R. Louth and T. S. Wilding (capt.); half-backs, E. J. T. Philipps, G. F. Moore, W. O. Betts; forwards, W. R. Mortleman, N. Duncan, F. D. Smith, L. J. Anns, A. S. B. Payne.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. Bloxham School 2nd XI. Played on the School ground on Saturday, October 24th. Soon after the start Moore opened scoring for the School with a good shot. Directly afterwards Anns got away and succeeded in notching our second point. The visitors then took up the attack and managed to obtain a goal. When half-time arrived the score stood at School 2, Bloxham 1. Soon after Duncan still further increased our lead and when the whistle sounded for time the School were left victorious by 3-1. School Team:—Goal, J. F. C. Hertslet; backs, R. Louth, F. D. Smith; half-backs, E. J. T. Philipps, G. F. Moore, W. O. Betts; forwards, R. T. Hewer, W. R.

Mortleman, N. Duncan, L. J. Anns, A. S. B. Payne.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. Magdalen College School 2nd XI. Played at Oxford on Saturday, November 21st, and resulted in a win for the home team by 2 goals to nil. The School forwards did most of the attacking, but their shooting was weak in the extreme, and the home custodian was in excellent form. At half-time the score was one to nil for our opponents. In the second half the home team had most of the play and scored another goal, and so won as stated.

The team was the same as that against Bloxham School 2nd XI., except that Harvey took the place of Anns at inside left.

A.S.F.C. Under Fourteen v. Christ Church School. This match, played on the School ground on Wednesday, October 7th, resulted in a win for the School by 8 goals to 2. The first half was very evenly contested, and at half-time the score was two goals each. After the resumption, however, the home forwards got together and outplayed their opponents, scoring on six more occasions, Leach being the most conspicuous. The visitors played very hard and pluckily, but the home team were too heavy for them. The following represented the School:—Goal, H. R. Burge; backs, G. H. G. Shepherd (capt.) and H. Goff; half-backs, G. C. Rice, E. H. Harvey, and F. Parker; forwards, W. Leach, J. Habgood, W. R. Mortleman, K. Stevens, and P. E. Long.

A.S.F.C. Under Fourteen v. Christ Church School. Played on the Christ

Church ground on Wednesday, Nov. 18th. The home team were the first to score, but just before half-time the visitors equalized. On resuming, the School forwards got more together, and obtained four more goals through Harvey and Mortleman. When time was called the School were victorious by 5-1. School Team:—Goal, F. Parker; backs, G. H. G. Shepherd, H. Goff; half-backs, G. C. Rice, R. Bayley, P. E. Long; forwards, W. Leach, H. R. Burge, W. R. Mortleman, R. F. Burge, E. H. Harvey.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

L. S. Mathias (centre forward). A keen and energetic player. Unused to the centre but filled the place fairly well. Should pass more.

R. G. Rice (left back). Sure and powerful in his kicking and has plenty of pace. Works hard as a rule.

H. L. Crudgington (right back). Has improved greatly since last year. A sound kick. Should try to improve his pace.

H. S. Mathias (left half-back). Played well at the beginning of the term, but fell off a great deal during the latter half. His kicking is rather weak.

P. N. Graham (centre half-back). A hard-working and useful half. Rather weak in passing.

C. E. C. Graff (right half-back). Tackles and feeds his forwards well, but is rather light at present. A good kick.

T. S. Wilding (right half-back). A hard-working half. Tackles and kicks fairly.

A. W. Miller (outside right). Much improved since he went to the wing.

Should combine more with his inside man. A hard-working forward and good shot.

V. Adams (inside left). A very useful forward. Passes well. Might improve his shooting a little.

H. G. Habgood (inside right). Small, but neat and accurate in passing. Weak in front of goal.

A. A. Brown (goal). Somewhat variable, but quite good on his day. His kicking is weak at present.

F. H. Edey (outside left) (captain). A neat and hard-working forward. Passes and centres accurately. Has proved an energetic and popular captain.

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.

‘It’s time to be off!’

This, with numerous other exclamations, is shouted from the bottom of the stairs to the Governor, who at the present moment is just beginning to pack, everyone else having done so the night before.

All the luggage except the last bag (it held twice as much as any portmanteau ever did!!) was already in the carriage, and time was getting shorter than ever, if we were to catch the train, but, as we waited, only grunts mixed with the crushing of paper and the occasional muffled remark which he made to a sponge, a pair of boots, or some other obstacle which refused to fit the place assigned to it in the bag, broke the stillness!

‘It’s time to be off,’ someone ventures to suggest again, this time in rather a

softer tone, as things appear to be getting lively upstairs!

(Crash!! tut!! trr-r-r—!!!) A pair of boots followed by a hair-brush descend the stairs some little way.

‘There’s plenty of time’ (this in a voice of thunder!) “Have any of you got my thick socks, the ones which were darned last week with that yellow wool which washed pink? you *must* know the ones I mean.”

What a question!! Had any of us got his thick socks! I ask the gentle reader,—does he go about with his governor’s—I beg pardon—father’s thick socks in his pocket or under his arm? and yet here was this old gentleman inquiring in all seriousness whether any of us had this article of his apparel!

This question from the head of the house spoke volumes! Evidently things were not going right upstairs! Someone proposed going up to help, but after a hurried consultation among ourselves we thought it unsafe! No answer was given to the inquiry about the socks. No one smiled at the question! It was only afterwards we considered the matter a joke; time was too short now!

At length the huge bag and its worried owner came down the stairs, both rather quicker than they had intended; some say the governor missed a step and others say the bag did so, but anyhow, in the end it saved time!

You must not think that our troubles were now over. It is true we had the bag, but it was so piled up with things that there were almost as many outside

as inside, and as for shutting it, well, that was out of the question! Still, we took it to the carriage, and all got in ready to start. We were just shutting the door when somebody noticed that our beloved parent had not yet come out of the house! Should we *ever* get away? ‘Here he is at last’ says my brother, and sure enough he *was* coming this time. He had 2 overcoats on his arm, an umbrella, 2 brown parcels the contents of which were oozing out, a camera (which I had left behind), a dog-chain, and last but not least a pair of boots in his hand! (he had not yet got out of his slippers!) You can imagine the feelings of the coachman when in a very weak voice he asked if this was the last gentleman of the party!

You may wonder why a dog-chain was necessary for a party starting on a fishing expedition. Perhaps you may think that it was used for chaining us to the boat, so that if we fell overboard we should not drown; but no marks would be given for this answer if the question came in an exam. paper. Well, to tell the truth, the dog-chain *wasn’t* wanted at all; it was merely force of habit. Now I don’t mean by this that my father walks about with a dog-chain round his neck, and someone leading him; but what I *do* mean is that he usually takes a chain out when his dog is with him. I hope you have all grasped the above point, as if you do not thoroughly understand it then you will not be able to follow the rest of this narrative. I shall be pleased to go into the matter more fully if you will

call at my rooms at a quarter to one on Xmas Day.

Well, we got to the station without further incident, finishing the packing of the bag as we went. Arrived at the station everything was in order, but in the rush the governor had forgotten he still had his slippers on, and when a porter hauled out a pair of boots from under the seat of the carriage, and asked if we would have them in our compartment or in the luggage van, he took hold of them and nothing daunted marched up the platform, smiling serenely, his great coat in one hand, and his boots in the other!!

People looked shocked, but we were all weeping with laughter!

By the time we arrived at London the boots were on, and we were all more or less respectable; I say 'more or less,' because when one goes out on a fishing expedition and has to pass through town on the way, one does not wear a top hat and a frock coat, or have an orchid in one's button hole! We found out that we were probably less respectable than we supposed, for after meeting Jones (you remember Jones, silly old ass Jones, but he always meant well!) we dined at one of the West End Restaurants, and here, as we passed through the rank and fashion of the Metropolis, we noticed side-long glances in our direction, and no doubt a few condescending remarks were made.

"Yokels out for a holiday, I expect!!"
 "Poor chaps! I expect this is their first visit to London, but after all why shouldn't they enjoy themselves?"

We *did* enjoy ourselves, and later on in the evening we went to King's Cross and caught the night express to Edinburgh. We had engaged a carriage and after buying books and hiring pillows for the night, we tossed up who was to sleep on the seats, and who on the floor. There were 4 of us in the carriage, so two had to go on the floor, and one on each seat. I tried to bid for a seat and offered up to sixpence, but that was not enough for them, so we tossed. Good luck!! I got a seat. I don't know or care what anyone else got, but anyhow I should get some sleep. However, no sooner had this been decided, than the people to whom chance had given the floor for a bed, proposed that we should change over at half-time. Now changing over at half-time is all very well at football, and I dare say it might sometimes do at cricket; but changing over in an express train, no! there were no such rules and besides we had no referee!!

We held a committee meeting, nevertheless, on this point, and owing to Jones, who had the other seat, being of a charitable turn of mind, the majority were for a change at half-time. This made me very angry with Jones; it showed weakness where strength and determination were wanted. Jones is all very well, but he is always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. The result of the half-time rule was obvious to me at least. Every ten minutes all through the night I kept on waking up thinking that the whistle had gone. So it had, but it was not the referee's!

I eventually got so annoyed at these repeated interruptions while all the others were sleeping—even those on the floor, which annoyed me most—that out of sheer cussedness I put my foot on one of those in the lower regions and woke him up, saying it was half-time. It happened to be my brother I then awaked, and in a very sleepy voice he said, ‘No it’s not.’ But I was not going to give way now; the rule had been made and I was jolly well going to see that it was carried out! ‘Can’t you hear the whistle?’ I asked.

‘Wha—whis—tle—’

‘Referee’s whistle!’

‘Goodni—!’ (very sleepily!)

Not a bit of it! I was going to sleep on the floor now, and was not going to be shut up with a very sleepy and self-satisfied ‘good ni—!’ So I caught hold of my relative by the nose and funnily enough this quite woke him up; so much so, in fact, that he put his foot in his rage into the face of his brother lodger on the floor!! The latter now got annoyed and began to wrangle with both of us; this woke up Jones, who tried to turn over to see what was happening, and in so doing fell off the seat!! All was now confusion! On the floor appeared in the dim light a mass of arms, legs and faces, all mixed up, and all kinds of remarks were coming from the darkness! As I was fairly safe on the seat, I did the only thing left to be done, namely, I got up and sat on the lot!!

This did not last for long, as the man at the bottom soon found out that he

was not dreaming as he had supposed but that he had in reality three men on top of him, and consequently he appealed piteously for a breath of fresh air! When we had all got up, we decided that the whistle must have gone and we had not heard it, so half-time was called. I was now on the floor with Jones and save for an occasional kick in the face from his boot, which I always returned with interest, I slept quite well.

I next came to my senses somewhere near Newcastle and I remember feeling a very heavy weight on my stomach. I thought for a long time that it was indigestion, but I never remembered having it so bad before. Presently it seemed to get worse, and opening my eyes I found out that someone was standing on me! I asked if he had mistaken me for a foot-warmer, but I was told that he was only standing up to see the view and wouldn’t be long! After that I don’t think any of us got any sleep; at any rate I know I didn’t, and if I saw anyone else getting at all near it I flipped his nose!

We arrived at Edinburgh at 7.30 in the morning, and after a ‘wash and brush up,’ had some breakfast and went out to see the castle. Now you can see the castle from anywhere in the town, but we wanted to get into it. So we took a tram, and after going very slowly for about three quarters of an hour we arrived—at the same place from which we had started!

That was no good.

We now thought we would walk and after a few inquiries as to direction we

reached the gates. We were then taken round by an old soldier who preached a sermon on every stone and every gun to be seen; how that one was always fired precisely at one o'clock every day, and how another was the identical gun, a shot from which hit William the Conqueror on the big toe of his left foot, and—"perhaps gentlemen you won't believe me, but he never felt it!"

We laughed at this old man a great deal, but he seemed quite used to it and we ended up the greatest of friends.

That afternoon we went on to Aberdeen by train. The journey was not without incident; the train was very crowded and I really forget whether it was twelve or fourteen children all under four years of age that we had in our carriage, and you know what children are in the train!!! When there is only one in a carriage you can admire it and tell it's mother that it (never say *he* or *she*: you may make mistakes) is the prettiest child you have ever seen, but fourteen—!! Well, we got to Aberdeen, and I meant to have told you what happened afterwards on the sea, but perhaps I had better not; and besides I have upset the ink, no more paper, and my nib is crossed!!

A.M.C.N.

THE TRIP.

(A POEM IN NINE SPASMS).

I know not why with care I'm racked,
Or why my wits are absent far,
I only know that, as a fact,
They are.

My tutors generously to praise

My compositions once were wont;
Why is it then that nowadays
They don't?

What is the reason of my woes?

Can I have lost the skill I had?
Why is my once-famed Latin Prose
So bad?

And why is work so beastly hard, oh
say?

Why am I subject to the dumps,
So that at Bridge for nuts I cannot play
No trumps.

Is it that hack upon the shin

I got last League match?—that's
the question

That worries me,—or is it in—
digestion?

And why at Soccer, when before my foot
The ball lies close, in front the goal
is wide,

Why is it I invariably shoot
Outside?

Whate'er I do, my thoughts are far away.
What baneful thing doth make my
memory lapse?

Perhaps I am in love; observe, I say
Perhaps.

Perhaps, I say, but though the thought
doth please,

I cannot claim to be in love, I fear,
Else were I not so fond of bread and
cheese—

And beer.

But if you needs must know the monster
keen,

Who merciless doth hold me in his
grip,
And gives me awful dreams at night, I
mean

The Trip! P.L.D.

CYCLING IN KERRY.

Kerry possesses many charms for lovers of the beautiful. Its far-famed lakes encircled by wooded hills yield the palm to none, while its coast scenery is as wild and rugged as any to be found in Cornwall or Wales. One great disadvantage, however, considerably modifies its varied attractions. In Kerry it is always raining! If the traveller is prepared to face this contingency with resignation, he will assuredly return with even his highest expectations surpassed.

We left Cork by the beautiful road running westward by the side of the river Lee. The ten days which had passed since we left Dublin had been absolutely free from rain, so that the contrast with what was to come was the greater.

Blarney Castle with its famous stone we left unvisited though near at hand, my friend insisting that my tongue was fluent enough already.

Macroon we found in full enjoyment of its fair, a festivity of considerable local celebrity. The broad main street was lined with vendors of every type, ready to sell anything from an orange to a boot-lace, and, should you be unwilling to buy, equally ready to pour out a long list of grievances national and personal with surprising volubility. Stray cattle, pigs, fowls, in fact all manner of live stock filled the centre of the road. Among them the owners and purchasers made their way with scant ceremony, arguing and shouting to their heart's content. The first thing to

impress one was the noise and want of order, the second, the absolute good nature with which everything was conducted.

Shortly after leaving Macroon the rain came down in torrents and we got a foretaste of what Irish weather could be. The country gradually became more wild. Some miles before reaching Inchigeela we overtook a funeral procession. It was an impressive sight. The coffin was carried by eight sturdy men, probably small country farmers. It was followed by some sixty or eighty mourners: some on foot, but the majority on horse-back.

The dull light of the fading day, the beating rain, the background of gloomy hill and moor, the long cavalcade of strong weather-beaten men with grim, set faces all combined to form a picture that could not but have impressed the most thoughtless.

Inchigeela is a little village out of the beaten track of tourists, but dear to many a fisherman and nature lover. Here we took refuge from the elements and after a good meal by a well-stacked turf fire retired to bed.

The next day we set out amid glorious sunshine. The road—and a very dirty one it was—runs past the small lakes of Inchigeela and after gradually rising for some miles, the wild and gloomy pass of Keimaneigh is reached. In grandeur it cannot compare with Llanberris or Kirkstone Pass, but its wild and desolate character might well strike awe into a timid heart. For miles not a soul is to be seen, as we coast down the hillside,

till at last the sea comes into view and the cross-road, running by its side, is reached. From here the view across Bantry Bay is most charming. Grandeur gives way to beauty, and each bend in the road has some fresh delight in store for the traveller, till at length the consummation is reached as the road suddenly winds and shows us the little town and bay of Glengariff nestling below.

Glengariff has been termed the Mentone of the British Isles. Such a comparison is inept and misleading. Glengariff's charms are all its own. Its little land-locked bay with trees growing to the water's edge, its quiet walks through shady woods need no comparison with the Riviera to endear them to the visitor.

The next day brought with it arduous labour. Two ranges of mountains had to be crossed before Killarney could be reached. Fortunately the road was good, and the grand mountain scenery made ample compensation for all difficulties. The weather, however, proved treacherous. Before the first range was surmounted, all the hills were veiled in mist, and rain began to fall. We obtained refuge in one of the many tunnels that have been cut through the rock in the construction of the road. Here we were kept more than an hour. A stray ox from some mountain farm stood outside and gazed at us, longing for shelter, but too timid to share it with us. At length the storm passed over, and we had an exhilarating three mile coast into Kenmare. We at once started

up the next range, but were again overtaken by the rain. At length the summit was reached. All round us the mountains reared their shadowy heads to heaven. Below, cloud and vapour shut out every prospect. We seemed cut off from the world. After a descent of some miles the clouds dispersed and we caught our first view of the Upper Lake of Killarney. Under the sun's magic rays it lay glistening like a jewel in its setting of dark green woods.

The town of Killarney itself possesses but few attractions, but the surrounding country offers limitless excursions to the energetic. Muckross Abbey with its woods stretching to the water's edge is visited by all. Here the wild arbutus may be found growing in abundance. The old church of Aghadoe, the ruins of Ross Castle, the Torc Mountain all demand a visit. Perhaps the most delightful trip of all is the journey by water from the Upper Lake to the Meeting of the Waters, the shooting of the Weir,—a perilous feat when the stream is swollen—then after tea on Dinish Island the pleasant evening row to the Lower Lake.

Near Killarney I had my only encounter with the Irish police. We were riding gaily along the footpath to avoid the filthy road, when out from the hedge stepped two stalwart policemen and forbade further progress. There the comparison between Irish methods and English ended.

I explained to them indignantly that in County Down we never dreamed of riding in the road when there was a

footpath to serve the purpose, and that our two village policemen always took to the road to allow a cyclist to pass. Thereon they grew apologetic, and explained that their action was due to some new-fangled notion of the local magistrates, and on our promising, school-boy like, not to offend again, we parted the best of friends.

From Killarney we purposed to go on to Glencar, but fate disposed otherwise. We started off early, intending to ride through the Gap of Dunloe and Cummeenduff Glen and so on to the main Kenmare road. We reached the far famed Gap with the usual accompaniment of pouring rain. Then our troubles began. The road through the Gap was very rough, but still possible, and we reached its end in safety, after paying tribute to the crowd of beggars who infest it. They are of every age and either sex, indeed the fairer sex is the more importunate and according to your generosity is the blessing showered upon you. A complete refusal will involve yourself, ancestors and posterity in blood-curdling maledictions. After the Gap the road rapidly became a track, and shortly afterwards that too came to an end at the brink of a stream. Here we met a native of those parts who assured us that we should have to wheel or carry our bikes for a couple of miles before the road was reached. After a short consultation we decided to proceed. We crossed the brooks on stepping-stones with some difficulty, and then trudged along the mountain-side over boulders and through morasses for more

than half-an-hour. At length we were brought to a full-stop. On our right was the hill side, to attempt which with our bicycles would have been futile; on our left, a broad mountain-stream, and in front a bog extending as far as we could see for some hundred yards. Further progress was impossible. Reluctantly and with saddened hearts we retraced our steps to the Gap. On reaching the stream mentioned above, the writer of this narrative completed his misfortunes by slipping on the stepping-stones and falling in. This made but little difference to his comfort as the rain had not ceased since we set out, and we were both wet to the skin already. At length we reached the Gap once more, and an hour or so later were comfortably seated by a blazing fire at Killorglin, only twelve miles from our starting point, but still both thoroughly well pleased with ourselves and ready to believe we had had a most enjoyable day.

The next day we rode out to Lough Carragh, a beautifully wild and secluded spot, and well beloved of fishermen. Rain, however, again fell, and after a wet ride back to Killarney we said farewell to Kerry, taking our last glimpse of its rain-beaten hills from the prosaic comfort of a railway carriage.

Yet, in spite of all, I love them still, and often climb their misty flanks in spirit, as I sit by my fireside and hear the rain beat against my window, and should any of my readers chance to be there on a fine day—there are, they tell me, twenty-three every year—he will vow

that Ireland is earth's most favoured country and Kerry the most beautiful part of all that favoured isle.

HIBERNICUS.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

It was in the last week of the term that I received an invitation to spend Christmas with my uncle, who, having just come home from America with a huge fortune, had bought Picton Hall, in Hampshire. Now this old place is situated in the midst of the New Forest, near a little village called Chilton, its nearest station being Danton, five miles away.

It was with no little eagerness that I looked forward to the end of the term. At last that day came, and I started for Picton Hall. I was met at the station by my uncle and we drove to the Hall behind two superb bays. Having arrived, I saw my aunt and cousins whom I had never met before, and then, having been introduced to the company present, I strolled over the house, which was the most perfect one can imagine, with electric light and telephone and all other conveniences you could possibly want.

It was on Christmas Eve that my adventure happened. When we were at dinner that night, a note came up to my uncle, to say that a policeman wished to see him; so he ordered him to be shown to his study. After a short interview with the visitor, my uncle came back laughing, and told us not to be nervous, but that the police had heard that there was going to be an attempt at robbery on the place that night. So

the police (they were three in number) were ordered to sleep on the premises.

There were also stopping in the house two young Varsity fellows, who seemed to me to be very conceited; and they teased me unmercifully about my size, saying I should never be any good. When they heard that there might be a robbery, they said what fun it would be and how they would catch the burglars. Well, before I went up to bed, I happened to hear Cauling and Kemp, these two Varsity fellows, saying they would pretend to be burglars, so I stopped and listened, and this is what I heard. Kemp said "we will go down about 12 o'clock, and get in through the Blue Room French window; then we will take a few things and hide them, and then in the morning, when the company in the house discovers there has been a robbery, we will chaff the police and have a good rag."

Then I saw my chance of revenge. I went down to the room in which the police were sleeping and told them what I had heard. Then I gave them each a tip and they agreed very readily, I thought, to catch these two fellows when they got in through the window and to pretend to think that they were really burglars. So I left them, quite content that my plan for taking a rise out of Kemp and Cauling would succeed.

Just before mid-night I went down and hid so that I could chaff them in the morning. Well, Kemp and Cauling passed into the Blue Room in due course and opened the French window: then, having got outside, they waited

about five minutes and then got in again. As soon as they had done so and were stooping down to take off their shoes, so that they might walk more quietly, the police seized and gagged them rather more roughly than was needed; and having bound them, they carried them to a cupboard of a fair size and locked them up in it, and took away the key. Then I crept upstairs to my room, which was on the third floor, happy in the success of my plan.

I was just getting into bed when I thought I heard soft foot-steps along the passage. Having turned out my electric light I opened the door quietly, and peering into the darkness, nearly collapsed with surprise. One of the policemen was just coming out of a bedroom; he also had no shoes on, and was creeping along as though up to no good. So I slipped out into the passage and watched him. He crept into the next room, and when he came out I saw that he was carrying some gold bracelets and rings. Then I knew he was a thief of a most cunning kind. I crept down to the next landing, and there I found the second policeman, doing the same thing: and it was impossible for me to get to my uncle's room, so I determined to try to trap the men myself or in some manner raise the alarm.

I crept upstairs again and saw that P.C. No. 1 would enter my room next; and knowing that if I got him secured in the room, he could not get out, as the windows were too far from the ground to jump, I hid myself in the darkness and waited. He crept along

to my room and opened the door just wide enough for himself to get in, and when he was well in, I shut the door and locked it. Thus P.C. No. 1 was accounted for. Then I crept down to the next floor, but the burglar I saw there was rather a big and ferocious man, so I thought I would see what was on downstairs. When I arrived downstairs, I could not find the third one anywhere, till at last in the dining-room I heard snores. There I found my friend No. 3 had emptied the whisky decanter, and would not awake for several hours. On going outside the room I locked the door.

Then I wondered how P.C. No. 2, the big man, was going to be captured. Suddenly a happy idea struck me. Having obtained a strong piece of cord, I tied it to the bannisters on either side just so that a man hurrying down stairs would trip over it. Then creeping upstairs, leaving a way for myself to retreat if he should prove dangerous, I cried out in the most courageous tones I could muster, "who's there?" He taking fright ran down stairs, tripped over my string, and fell on a stone floor at the bottom of the stairs with a curse and a groan! My uncle rushed out and asked what was the matter, and the house was in an uproar. I briefly explained, and we picked the unconscious man up and took him to the dining room while my uncle sent the butler for the village police. Then we released Kemp and Cauling, who both looked very sheepish, and when the police arrived, they captured the robber in my room without

much trouble.

In the morning, when I came down, I received quite an ovation, my uncle rewarding me handsomely; and Kemp and Cauling said I had plenty of pluck, although I was so small. The robbers all got a long term of imprisonment, being notorious burglars and very much wanted by the London Police.

So this is the way in which, when I was just fifteen years old, I spent my Christmas Eve. Never since then have I caught a burglar.

A.B.

ESSAY ON "ARCHITECTURE."

Architecture comes from two Greek words "Arch" arch and texture which means Weaving and the I is put in for eufunny. There are two kinds of architexture the gothic, which is when you build churches an anciant abbies and people cant build them now because they wont take long enough. They are plenty in this country and very beautiful where the old monks and fryers use to live and some times you can see were they use to walk right round the abby up in the wall over the columes. And they use to cook an sleep there. When a boy is going to be an architect they learn a lot of drawing, but Latin and those things are not much good. Unless you are going to be a Classicle arkitekt and then it helps you to learn the names and things you use better then you could if you didnt. My unkle who is an architect and says he would have liked to have learnt latin when he was at school but he learnt mathimatics instead

because the head master of the school, where he went to was very clever at it and made all the boys learn it if he could. When a boy is going to be a Architect you dont keep at school long but you soon leave and have to soon go in an office, were the work is awfull druggery at first. It is a nice life but I dont think my father would like me being one because it is not expensive enough. Not unless you get well known an get put in big buildings like in our new buildings and then you get rich alright. Then there is ancient Archi-tecture which is not done now nearly all the churches in Caesar's time had this stile and in Ovid. Some houses are ancient architecture, it was much used by the Romans. Not having seen much architecture the master who corects this essay will probly scratch out most of it. But it is very difcult to right on what you dont know about eespecially when he wont let you copy down the encicylopedia an it has taken me nearly an hour to write it.

S.H.E.L.L.

CYCLOPS IN MEDITATION.

A MONOLOGUE.

Nay then, child of a ewe, if thou *wilt* feed along the very edge o' the cliff, as though thou hadst a footing like the old grey he-goat, thou must even tumble over by thyself. Out there in the open the noon is over-warm. I am going to sit me down here in the shade, where the grass between the boulders is green and soft, and the sea-wind softer and pleasanter still. Perhaps if my heart

move me presently I will sing to you, though little ye deserve it, children of perversity that ye are.

Father Zeus, how strange and shy a thing is this that we call Pleasure, and how unaccountably ever she comes and goes! Cloudless days are plentiful now in thy summer-time, and often in my daily wanderings I follow my flocks to this spot. Yet it never seemed so pleasant to lean back thus in shadow against the yet warm stone, listening to the wide whisper of the sea. How whiter than cream it breaks down there over the rocks, where the cormorants are crowding like flies, and the broad blue floor of waves begins that rises so far up into the sky! Look well upon it, my one and lonely eye. Old Telemos, the babbling seer, often told me I must someday lose the sight of thee. It may be he is right, for we Cyclopes are not deathless, as the gods are, and must grow old at last and disappear like the rocks and streams. Yet I would not that any of this fair and strong body should feel and live when thou art gone, little as thou art, my solitary eye, that ever fetchest such store of delights for my soul!

And yet it is not well to speak such wishes before the gods, since none can say in what thing next father Zeus will grant us to take delight. How often in my green youth I sat upon these cliffs and sang to Galatea, reckoning all this glorious being as nought without her, sheep that I was! Maybe she is even now bathing down there in the cold green water, and here am I that

care not a jot. It was not so in the old days. A league away I could tell her form from any swimming Triton, or Dryad on the slopes, or Satyr, half-seen among the shadows of the chestnuts. And then I would mope about the shore still half persuading myself I was beloved (for indeed it has always seemed a wonder that she so flouted me) and drew from it all much strange sweetness, in spite of the pain. Aye, and sweet it is even now to look back upon that time and laugh, so that I almost feel it in my heart to forgive the jade, and the mortal youth I found a-wooing her one autumn afternoon. Pity it was I so quashed his wooing with a piece of cliff. I mind me now that he was fair as she—nay fairer, in that his limbs were browner and firmer and liker my own, though puny withal. But it must always be thus. Life is good, but we who live it cannot all have our pleasure together. Yonder falcon, that has soared all the morning above the gorge—very happy is he to be alive, I wis, and greatly he rejoices in his swiftness and his strength, and the keenness of his eyes: and to-morrow morning, when I lead forth my sheep that way to the pasture, I shall find more than one pigeon with his back gored and his eyes picked out, and all the hill-side around smothered with feathers. Not otherwise that mortal came to woe.

But the sun's light begins already to burn yellow upon the peak of Aetna and from hence to my grot is a good league of slippery cliff-pasture. Up Cynisca, my shaggy bitch! Such baby sweet-

nesses as those cannot long satisfy the youth of giants. Give me still hale limbs to leap and climb and fling, and the clean air to breathe, and pasture for my flocks, and let the operation of the divine months not altogether fail—and Galatea and her sisters may weave for ever the mystic dance men say they hold about their father Ocean. See, four goats have wandered far from the herd down yonder swarded glen. Fetch them in quickly and let us be going, for I begin to desire my supper of milk and cheese.

O.J.C.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

I awoke at 8 a.m., and suddenly remembered that I had to breakfast with a Senior at 8.30 punctually. The scratch fours were on the first day at 10.30, and the senior in each four had to give the breakfast. When I had managed to scramble round in time, my host asked me who I thought would win the race. Naturally my thoughts turned to the scratch fours, but his mind was concerned about the Cesarewitch, which was being run that day: and so I subsided into silence. Soon the others turned up and we then proceeded to enjoy our breakfast.

Directly afterwards I had to hurry off to see my Tutor about lectures and minor details. My hand trembled as the door slowly opened, for he was reputed to have—well, not an easy-going temperament. However the interview passed off satisfactorily and then I

proceeded to change and rushed down to the river.

Our boat won its first heat owing to the numerous crabs of the other boat, and the fewness of ours *in comparison*, but sad to relate we fell victims to a boat which contained three May First-boat men in the semi-final. After this creditable display, it was time for lunch, which, needless to say, I was quite ready for.

The programme for the afternoon was a rugger squash, famous for its lack of football. Tea came after that, and then chapel, which lasted about 30 minutes. Hall directly afterwards, and then coffee which I had in the Football Captain's rooms. After spending a pleasant hour there, I returned to my own rooms, and was soon in the land of dreams. B.

THE SOUFFRIERE.

The experiences of three crowded weeks, the sum total of four several sojourns on the top of the St. Vincent Souffrière, are not easily to be focussed in the field of a single article. Time and space, moreover, play strange tricks with receding memories, and in this case the grim history of last year's cataclysm has increased the sense of unreality. But what I remember I will endeavour to relate, and perhaps the crude record will gain rather than lose in interest from its dealing with scenes which exist no longer and incidents which can never be repeated.

The Souffrière, to which St. Vincent owes its origin, is not a high mountai

but it is massive and extensive and extremely interesting. It stands at the northern end of the island, covering with its base an area of perhaps thirty square miles. There are two craters and the remains of a third; that is to say there is an arc of a circle encompassing the present craters on the North and East, like the outer shell of Vesuvius, but broken away on the south and west by the violence of subsequent eruptions. This oldest wall presents the appearance from the North of a vast round hill, ending abruptly in a somewhat jagged top. It stretches right down to the sea, not in an even slope, but by ridges like great buttresses, with subordinate buttresses supporting them, and deep, steep gullies in between.

Gaunt and terrible it must be now, with its tropical forest-mantle all burnt and blasted, and the rivers and waterfalls of its valleys converted to hot glaciers of sulphurous mud and ashes. But there was none of this when I saw it. If terror there was, it was in the loneliness and majestic silence, the wreathing mists and the awful possibilities of destruction. In a few years, perhaps ten, or twenty at the most, that lush vegetation will have sprung into mastery again, macaws, snakes, agouti, humming-birds, lizards, and all the host of wild things will have resumed their occupation, and even man, Carib, Negro or white man, will have rebuilt his shanties and replanted his yams and bananas. For life moves quickly in the tropics; ay, and death comes suddenly, and its visits are soon forgotten. In a

few years this last catastrophe, like its predecessors, will have sunk to a vanishing tradition, recalled only now and then, as when some flood or hurricane has laid bare the ruins of a factory or exhumed the charred trunk of some fallen forest-giant.

As viewed from the south the general outline of the mountain was different, though in its details it was the same. There were distinct indications of a crater at the top, parts of the far wall being visible and beyond it the loftier peaks of the outer shell.

It was from the South-west that the ascent of the mountain had to be made, and indeed it was not a matter of any great difficulty. Starting from a village called Wallibu on the west or leeward side of the island and a few miles north from Château Belair, a well cut bridle-path led right up to the crater's edge, traversed it for a mile or more and then dropped down towards the South-east to Georgetown. Many people used to ride the whole way. It was, indeed, the one and only highway across the northern part of the island. Three thousand six hundred feet is higher than Snowdon and yet, because of the impassable ridges and ravines among the spurs of the Souffrière and Morne Garu (its nearest neighbour to the South,) no easier route was practicable.

Beside this unique highway stood the Cottage, over-looking the Old Crater and the lake which lay still and dark some twelve hundred feet below. This cottage was erected about twelve years ago by the late Colonel Sandwith, who

was then Administrator of the Island. It was built of wood and contained two rooms, each about ten feet square, which used to served for dormitory, dining room and kitchen to us holiday-makers and amateur explorers, who were the first people to avail ourselves of the Colonel's hospitality. Thence it was that we were pioneers and not simply trippers; for before our time there was no possibility of passing the night upon the mountain, and without doing so it would certainly have been impossible to explore it, as the ascent and descent alone took the best part of a day. Hammocks were the sleeping accommodation, and the cooking was done over oil-stoves. Food, unless one of the party was a sportsman and shot us some wild pigeon, or a naturalist and culled the "mountain cabbage" (the heart of the Cabbage-Palm), as the fugitive Greeks did in Xenophon's *Anabasis*, was taken up by "bearers," stalwart negroes who carried your things upon their heads. An average load was about 60 lbs. per man, and they thought themselves very well paid if you gave them eighteen pence and a glass of rum. The stronger men would carry more, and a box of twelve whisky bottles full (of paraffin, of course, for the oil-stove) was reckoned a two shilling load. (Reader, would *you* carry a case of whisky on your head to the top of a tropical mountain for a glass of rum and a florin?) I met a man once on the crater's edge with a large iron bedstead on his head. His wife accompanied him bearing the mattress and concomitants, and the children followed with the rest of the household furniture. They were

moving house from Château Belair to Georgetown. But I am digressing.

With the Cottage itself there are many memories connected. Here it was, after supper, over our pipes and toddy, that we re-surmounted the labours of the day; here we took up the challenge of the morrow, when, breakfast over and housemaid's duties accomplished, we should struggle again into our wet walking-clothes (we left them outside in the rain all night: there was not room for them indoors) and set off "once more on our adventure brave and new." Here it was that one morning we entertained the old Canon of the district to breakfast. He had ridden up on an "ambler" and arrived wet through with the rain. But a cocktail and a change of raiment soon restored him to order: and indeed he looked a model ecclesiastic—in borrowed pyjamas, drinking tea out of a baccy tin! And here too we entertained another guest, a panic-stricken negro, grey with fear: for he had been benighted upon the mountain and had seen and been accosted by a "Duppy!" "This twice you interfere with me: I break you neck!" Such were the ghostly words, and it was long before the poor big baby could be comforted, for all our hot soup and philosophy.

It was from the Cottage, too, that I first heard the Souffrière bird, that sweet singer whose voice, they say, is now for ever silenced. For he was only found upon the Souffrière. A near relative of his I met on the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, but his song was different and he was differently dressed. Few people

ever saw the Souffrière bird, but we were singularly fortunate. One day, as we were returning from a scramble, he alighted on a bush not more than six yards distant, and there combed his plumage for several minutes. Then, with a trill or two as prelude, he uttered his cry like the first few bars of a tune, and flew away without noticing us at all. He was a beautiful creature of a dark brown colour, nearly black, but with lovely blue markings on his wings, and about as large as a cuckoo.

From the Cottage again I beheld that most glorious sunset. What a sight it was! From below the clouds must have been beautiful, but we were in the clouds! There was a strong wind blowing so that the changes were incessant. The sun itself we could not see until the very last minute, when it appeared to us to be still high up in the sky. We had unduly limited our horizon, forgetting that we were at such an altitude (a mistake which we made once again in a quite clear atmosphere, when we mistook for a soaring sea-bird what was really a distant sail). The wet glowing vapours were all about us, red clouds or golden, parting or combining, driven this way or that by rival wind currents between divers sheltering peaks; rising sometimes suddenly before a gust up the southern slopes, or pouring over the northern like tinted waterfalls, till they lost their brilliance in the shade of the crater's rim. Mists indeed are rarely absent on tropical mountains, even during the day-time: and there, "*sub curru nimium propinqui solis*," a little

blanketing is a pleasant change now and then. Too often, however, our best views were thus spoilt; and even when the craters were clear the outer shell to the North, whereon rose the loftiest summit in the island (4048 ft. according to the Ordnance Map) was generally shrouded in mist.

Round the coast at the back of these northern heights lived the Caribs; and a manly, generous race they were, more dignified than the Negroes, for they had never been slaves, and more ready to be helpful for nothing. Indeed money was of little account to them. Clothes sometimes had to be bought—from a shop in Georgetown, seventeen miles away: but they were not a "dressy" race, and their houses they could build for themselves out of materials ever ready to hand. As for food, for a few shillings they rented from the Government a "provision ground," which *they* cleared and planted, and Nature did the rest. If they wanted more they fished for it, or shot it on the mountain, or stole it, perhaps, from the neighbouring estate-owner's poultry run. They were great hunters, wild goats and ramier being their principal game. Indeed they sometimes spent the night in the forest, an experience in which, with a single companion, I once succeeded in emulating them, though neither of us had the slightest intention of doing so.

We were staying at an arrowroot estate house (now destroyed), and after a light breakfast we started for a scramble on the mountain. About lunch-time, fortified by some oranges, which

we had picked from somebody's garden patch on the way up, we determined to press on and try to reach the summit. By four o'clock we had made considerable progress, but it was evident that we must soon turn back, or we should be benighted on the hill. Then infatuation seized us. We left our cutlass in a tree-trunk and scrambled ahead for dear life, "forgetful of our return." And the cutlass, I ought to add, is not carried in the first place for overcoming obstacles, though it is used for that purpose very often, but rather for "blazing" the track, so that it may not be missed on the journey back again. In about twenty minutes we halted, and our senses began to return to us. We were still some way from the top, but as we had barely two hours of daylight, we began the descent. Of course we were lost on that maze of diverging ridges, most of them ending abruptly or leading away in the wrong direction. And it is necessary to keep to the ridges, as the intervening gullies, even when one can reach them, are always either too precipitous or too thick with undergrowth to be traversed. It was 6.30 when we lay down to rest, hungry and wet to the skin (the high woods are always wringing wet) and myself somewhat damaged by a very alarming tumble. Our bed was a bare rock, denuded of its covering in a recent landslide; and here we remained for twelve weary hours, with three wet cigarettes to console us, waiting for the daylight when we might drag ourselves up again to the ridge we ought never to have left.

We were met here by about a dozen Caribs, who had turned out before daybreak to look for us; and very welcome were the biscuits, and other things, which they had thoughtfully provided for us.

So we never reached the summit after all, not at least by the northern ascent, though on another occasion, when staying at the Soufrière Cottage, we succeeded in mastering it from the south. This was another stiff climb, albeit from the existing craters the distance is a few hundred feet at the most. But of these the last half were practically perpendicular, and negotiable only by reason of the ferns and brushwood, a tangle seven feet deep which was often even more of a hindrance than a help. Moreover, before the actual climb could be begun a narrow plain had to be crossed between the existing craters and the outer shell. This looked simple enough until we came to try it, but a closer acquaintance found it seamed all over with a multitude of narrow crevasses, twelve feet deep sometimes, but so filled with vegetation that the whole presented from a distance the appearance of a level lawn, the sort of place for children to romp on.

We were not on this occasion favoured by the weather, for the mist when we reached the top was too thick to allow of a view. And what a view it would have been, had the day been clear! To the north was the steep slope, four thousand feet and then the sea; and then, 26 miles off, the serrated outline of St. Lucia with its two gigantic Pitons, great conical tusks rising sheer

from the water's edge. To the South St. Vincent, peak after peak, for 20 miles or more, the two coast lines with Château Belair on the West and Georgetown on the East, and in the distance the Grenadines, perhaps even Grenada. At one's feet the craters, the old one a mile across, and clad with thick verdure on the inside as well as the outside.

Immediately at the foot of the outer heights, in the plain dividing them from the existing craters, was a bare expanse of black sand and *scoria*, about thirty yards wide and imposed on a floor of lava. This was the lava stream of former Eruptions, the Rabakka or dry river-bed, which crossed the bridle path a thousand feet below and entered the sea a mile or two north of Georgetown. And down this same channel the lava poured last year, destroying, with its occupants, a large estate too near to its treacherous margin. But to us it was a source of unexpected pleasure, for we found here the most curious of all the strange things that we saw on the top of the Souffrière. It was a genuine discovery too, for nobody else seemed to have heard of it. Following the bed of the stream and keeping always on the lowest possible level, we soon found ourselves in a regular cañon, in places a hundred feet deep or more, and so narrow that with arms extended we could often touch both sides at once. The floor was of black volcanic sand, as smooth and hard as any garden path, though barred here and there by fallen masses of rock. One such crag in its fall had got wedged between the sides

of the ravine and hung there threatening some 50 feet from the ground.

We followed this rift for about half a mile, and then came out on a flat open space, apparently some way down in a narrow folding of the hill. At the far end of this area, which was smooth and large enough for an excellent lawn tennis court, the sides narrowed again and at the same time the fall became precipitous. Giant steps there were of bare lava rock, down several of which we slid, but were finally checked by a precipice of 60 or 70 feet. On another occasion from the crossing of the windward road to Georgetown we traced the course of this lava stream upwards; but again we were foiled by an insurmountable precipice, the same one, we thought, as had ended our downward journey.

The windward road itself was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. Steeper than the leeward road it was also more richly varied. Tree-ferns were there and cactuses and palms of every description: great ceibas too and banyans and broad-leaved, white-boled trumpet trees: and from every tree hung orchids, rare ones sometimes, and trailing parasites in rich profusion. Flowers beside the path; not the tenderer ones, for how could they thrive in so fierce a struggle for existence? but arums and wild begonias with mosses and ferns in plenty, and on the tree-trunks the filmy ferns, exquisitely frail and delicate. And as the path of necessity followed a ridge, there were wide prospects here and there over headlands of wind-swept forest, far out and below to Georgetown

and the white surf breaking on the beach.

Of the existing craters the new one is a smaller thing altogether than the old. It had its origin in the eruption of 1812, just 90 years ago, almost to the day, before the outburst of last year. This eruption, like that of last year, was synchronous with great volcanic activity and loss of life in another part of the West Indies. Barely a month before its occurrence took place the terrible Venezuelan earthquake, in which Caraccas perished with ten thousand of its inhabitants; and this eruption too, like last year's, covered Barbados, 90 miles to windward, with nearly an inch of fine volcanic dust. The dust had, I suppose, been hurled above the Trade Winds into the region of the Counter-Trades, which one can often see in the tropics, driving the upper clouds apparently in the wrong direction. Then in falling it had been caught by the Trades and deposited (with gross darkness) over the coral surface of Barbados, to the terror of sinners, and the great advantage of the sugar crop. "Black Sunday" indeed used to be one of the landmarks of Barbadian chronology, like the "Great Storm" of 1831, and the "Riots" of 25 years ago.

It is the usual custom, I believe, of re-awaking Volcanoes to form a new cone in the centre of the old one, as was the case with Vesuvius, and as, I take it, was once the case with the Souffrière also, when the present Old Crater was formed. But in 1812 it chose to do otherwise and the New Crater was the result.

This is separated from the Old by a Knife Ridge, a narrow partition some few hundred yards in length. In one place indeed it was so narrow that straddle-wise was the only method of procedure: and as the drop into the New Crater was perpendicular, and some 800 feet at the least, it was not without a sense of relief that we found ourselves safe on the further side. But we only crossed it once, preferring on other occasions a longer but less laborious route.

There was no lake in the bottom of the New Crater, but a small pool of fresh water only, very cold and very clear. We bathed in it, as we did on several occasions in the Old Crater lake, but the latter was bitter in the extreme with a rasping bitterness that set one's teeth on edge. At one time we attempted to plumb it by the aid of a rough raft of logs upon which one of the party sat and held the plumb-line, while another directed his movements from the water. Near the middle we touched bottom at about 300 feet, but nearer land we found greater depth, too great in fact for the length of line we had with us. This seemed to argue the existence of a central submerged cone, and to lend colour to an old tradition that before the 1812 eruption there was an island (or two) in the middle of the lake.

To neither of the Craters was the descent really difficult. The wall of the New Crater, though very steep, was comfortably upholstered; so that it was easy to let oneself down by the aid of the ferns and wild-pines. The return

journey, however, was a very different matter. To descend the Old Crater a rope was sometimes necessary and it was advisable to take a guide with experience in rock-climbing amongst trees. We employed a gigantic Negro of local fame. "Guide, philosopher and friend," he was a cunning woodsman and mountaineer, and admirably suited for St. Vincent, though he might have felt out of place on the Alps. In spite of his huge size he was built for use rather than show; and so was his nose, which lay horizontally across his face, midway between mouth and eyebrows. It had no bridge but consisted of three round bulbs, and the smallest in the middle. His forehead was ample: so were his lips. Though a religious man (of the Baptist persuasion) and fully alive to the gravity of life, he was not without a sense of humour and withal a confidence in his own prowess which compelled if it did not merit respect. He exacted footing, I remember, the first time he set us by the Crater Lake. Had we refused it, I suppose he would have rebuked us like a father, though with his formidable cutlass he might have cloven our skulls with impunity. I hear he is alive still, though his home in Château Belair is half buried in volcanic ashes.

But I must end abruptly, like one of our Soufrière gullies. Not half has been told, but enough, I trust, to give some impression of the scenes and experiences in which we spent our days. How we loved that poor old Soufrière! How we exulted in it, in the rain and

the wind and the heat! planning and performing, failing and resolving, noting always new wonders, new beauties, new features of interest; yes, and naming them too, where necessary, for the purpose of reference afterwards. And if in the vanity of enthusiasm the names we gave them were most often fanciful, or of purely personal interest, what matters it after all? We were in all human likelihood the first who had ever seen them, and very certain is it that none will ever see them again.

Great days those were to us, too great for thought while they lasted, and full of that joy which is so thorough because it is so unconscious. And now they are memories. Only memories I was about to say; but thank God for them! Such memories are no mere sentiment or idle solace, but to the thankful spirit a source of courage and love and hope. They are among the best possessions of our lives.

R.B.

HORRIDAE UMBRAE.

The blazing embers throw their light
 Upon a ring of faces white.
 The cheeks of all are pale with fear:
 Imaginary sounds they hear,
 As though unquiet ghosts did roam
 On festive nights the ancestral home.
 "A former Earl," the legend saith,
 "One Christmas night was done to death;
 And every year at twelve o'clock
 His spook appears, as if to mock
 Those modern folks, who, with a sneer,
 Say no such things as ghosts appear."

"His ghastly form has oft been seen
With clanking sword and threatening mien,
With flowing cloak and measured tread,
Solemn and stern, straight from the dead !
And if the moon is out that night,
His pallid face shines wondrous bright."

"Unchecked he glides through bolted doors;
Rises from stairway, sinks through floors;
Wanders at will from nook to nook;
Frightens the housemaids, scares the cook;
But at the first approach of day
Fades into nothing"—so they say.

The time slips on : more tales are told
About those ghosts that dwelt of old,
Till Dame Sleep comes and calls away
Her children wearied of the day.
The nightly farewells then are said
And everyone retires to bed.

Down spacious hall, up stately stair,
With beating heart you swiftly fare.
Old paintings set in tarnished frames
Of gallant sires and ancient dames
Seem each to smile in wicked glee
Your furtive timorous glance to see.

The massive doors on hinges creak;
The mice in panelled wainscot squeak;
At ghostly sound of creaking beam
The girls all give a stifled scream,
At which you laugh, if you're a man,
As though their empty fears to ban.

With bedroom reached and door shut tight
You find no further cause for fright;
But when you sleep, grim Nightmare throws
Her awful dreams o'er your repose,
And waking up you soon protest
"That ghost plus turkey won't digest!"

T.S.W.

A DAY ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS.

It was a glorious summer morning---one of the very few with which we were favoured last summer---when we started off on our 30 mile tramp over the Berkshire Downs. We intended to make a day of it, so we started early in the morning. Two of us were armed with field-glasses in the hopes of seeing something of the manœuvres which were then being waged on the Downs.

We set off at a good pace, and soon left Abingdon well behind us. We passed through Steventon and East Hendred, and then had a good stiff climb of about half-a-mile up to the top of Cuckhamstow Hill, and now we were actually on the Downs. We had now covered nearly 10 miles since we started, and so had a short rest before we started off again, this time along the 'Ridgeway'---the old Roman road which runs along the crest of the Downs. This road by the way is covered with grass and the soft turf was a great relief after walking on hard and dusty roads. Along these Downs one can walk for miles without feeling tired, so grand is the air, and in addition to this the day was simply perfect. We soon left Cuckhamstow Hill out of sight and before long caught sight of the fine monument which has been erected by Lady Wantage to the memory of her late husband. This pillar, standing on one of the highest and wildest parts of the Downs, impresses one greatly with its grandeur. Some of the Downs' people however evidently think otherwise, for

we met later an old man—a genuine old Berkshireman—who thought that something better than ‘that ther bit o’ stone’ ought to have been put up!

Soon after this we met an old shepherd who shouted to us the exciting news that the ‘manœuvres’ could be seen! We immediately rushed up to him, and there, on the other side of the Downs, about half-a-mile away, were soldiers by the hundreds! We were glad now that we had brought our field-glasses, but as there were four of us, we had to take turns at them. We were astonished to find that the old shepherd with his naked eyes could see almost as well as we could with our glasses. He certainly had most wonderful eyesight. We spent some considerable time with this shepherd, whom we found most interesting, knowing as he did such a lot about the Downs. Later we met some scouts, but they only looked wise when we asked them questions, and refused to answer us. We might have been the enemies’ scouts in disguise of course!

It was now about 2 o’clock in the afternoon and we began to doubt whether we should be able to carry out our original intention of going right to the famous ‘White Horse.’ We summoned a council of war and decided that it would not be safe to go on to the ‘White Horse’ and perhaps lose the last train home. So we made tracks for Challow Station which was considerably nearer to where we were than was the ‘White Horse.’ We found that as it was we had none too much time to

spare, so straight ahead and no more halts was the word. We were lucky enough to meet a horseman, who had come out in the hope of seeing the manœuvres, and he enabled us to take a short cut to Challow. We now had a most glorious rush down the hillside, and very soon found ourselves on level ground again, and on hard roads instead of soft turf. We discovered that we were just 2 miles from Challow station. A little further on we found from somebody else that it was nearly 3 miles!

We began to become desperate, and wondered whether, like the far-famed ‘Flying Dutchman,’ we were fated never to reach our goal. “It’s a long lane that has no turning” however, and we eventually came into sight of the station, lifted ourselves wearily over the last stile, and tumbled into the station inn, to find that we had about 8 minutes in which to get tea and catch the train. We were really rather fagged out, and felt about ready for tea, and I believe none of us before ever eat a bigger tea in less time. From Challow we went by train to Steventon, a rest which was most welcome to us, and made us feel ready for the 4 miles walk home, by the time we got to Steventon. This 4 miles walk in the dark, during which we sang lustily, was not the least enjoyable part of our day. We arrived home about 9 o’clock, feeling that we had done a good day’s work, and I know that every one of us enjoyed that day immensely.

H.L.C.

A FEW HOURS IN A COAL-MINE.

No one who has never been down a coal-mine can fully realise the pleasures (and displeasures) of so doing.

A few weeks ago a party of us went down coal pit No. 17 Himley, not far from Round Oak Station, about 4 miles from Birmingham. Leading down to this mine are two shafts, one the down-cast shaft for the fresh air to enter, and the other the up-cast shaft for the foul air to leave the mine. Near the bottom of the latter a fire is burning so as to cause an upward draught. We descended the mine in a cage down this shaft; the cage will hold eight at a time; it has no sides except one rail along two sides only and two rails above to catch hold of. After the cage is a short distance down it plunges into pitch darkness, and this combined with the smell of smoke and hot air is not very inviting. The depth of this shaft is 450 feet.

At the bottom we were each provided with a tallow dip, and a lump of dirty clay served as a candle-stick, (I may mention that this mine is a safe mine, that is, there are no explosive gases; so Davy lamps are not needed). We were then standing in a passage about six and a half feet high and twelve feet broad: one of the chief miners then led the way while we followed. Suddenly as we turn a corner nearly all the lights go out on account of the draught which is always to be found at corners. Now we had to descend a narrow and steep passage only about four feet wide and

five high with coal-dust slush up to our ankles: it was difficult to keep our feet, and impossible to stand upright. The further we got down the higher the temperature became and at the very lowest point, which was five hundred feet down, we were all perspiring.

It was here that we first saw the miners at work, usually two together, dressed in trousers and boots only, and sitting or lying in small holes in the wall, level with the floor, and picking away at the coal, and preparing places ready for blasting with dynamite.

We now started on the return journey to the cage, and took a different passage which we hoped would be better than the one through which we came; but alas! it was far worse. It was for the first part a very steep incline and very muddy: the ceiling was lower than three feet six in places, and it was very narrow and winding. The chances were you would dab your dip (and perhaps your head) against the jagged ceiling, and then, if you were behind the rest, you were in total darkness, and this is not pleasant in such a passage as I have described, and less pleasant still if you have no matches. However, we all reached the bottom of the shaft in safety and saw one or two trucks loaded in the cage: and then we went up the same shaft as the one we came down. The pleasantest thing was yet before us in a shed close by, namely a good wash.

We then went into the winding-engine house, in which is a huge beam

engine for raising and lowering the cage; and the man who drives it has to take great care not to over-wind, or the rope which lifts the cage might break, and the result would be—!!!

E. R. GEORGE.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM
MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

SIR,

"It is to Old Boys" that you "appeal" for contributions to your Xmas Number. The School did not "teach" *me* "my Alphabet" (even Greek), nor "instruct" me "in the rudiments of grammar." I learnt these at a greater and (*pace tua*) even better school, "Merchant Taylors" in the City of London. But I owe a great deal to John Roysse's School, besides my Scholarship to Pembroke, which was the first of those that carried no Fellowship with it. And what I chiefly remember with gratitude is, that the Sixth Form (and I was never in any other) were always obliged to follow the lesson at School Prayers in their Greek Testaments. That habit laid the foundation of my present knowledge and appreciation of the original of the New Testament. I have never lost the habit of always referring to the Greek for homiletical and devotional purposes.

If this were the only debt I owe the School it is a heavy one, and the best way I can attempt to repay it is by urging present boys to get, and then keep, familiar with their Greek Test. If any boys have Holy Orders in view, I would

also urge *them* to keep up their Latin. It is a miserable thing for a Priest to be unable to use a Latin Commentary, and so to be confined to English ones. It is a grief to me now-a-days to find so very few men, even of my own profession, who can understand or recognise a quotation from the *Ars Poetica*, which might indeed be termed the *Ars Homiletica*. People are accustomed to dilate on the beauty of our English Collects. But they are "not a patch" upon the Latin originals. Latin is the language of devotion, and no one who has once got used to it will go back to English for his own devotions.

I remember Dr. Strange well. Mr. Challen (? Challis) used to interpret his motto and initials "Perseverando W.A. S." "by persevering we all succeed." Chas. R. Honey was also a master in my day; he is now a Priest in Hants. When I got my Scholarship I had to walk to Culham Station to telegraph the news to my parents. That was in 1854.

I was confirmed at St. Helen's. The School sat in a hideous gallery on the south side of the Church. That was of course long before the Church was restored. We had an eight, a safe old tub (the keel-less boat had not come in then), and used to row up to Nuneham. I often think of those days as I cross the river in the train. We used to bathe in a back stream, of course *in puris naturalibus*. Dr. Strange was very particular about his finger nails, which he continually trimmed as we stood round his desk to construe. And now and then he would say, when he was angry, "I

have other duties besides forbearance;" but I do not remember much caning going on.

GEORGE D. NICHOLAS,
Vicar of Clewer St. Stephen.
(for 30 years).

OXFORD LETTER.

Monday, Dec. 7th.

Dear Sir,

It gives me very great pleasure to be able once more to write to you about a few events up here which I think will be of most interest to your readers. I refer to the athletic side of Oxford life. First and foremost as it always has been considered in Varsity spheres comes the river. The Coxwainless Fours were rowed about the middle of term. Balliol, University, New College and Magdalen were the only entries, the two former winning their respective heats. In the final Balliol easily defeated University by two lengths. The rowing was perhaps not quite up to the usual standard, but it must be noted that the river has been in a flooded state most of the term and there has been a full stream running which naturally must have impeded practice somewhat. On Saturday last the Trial Eights were rowed over the usual course at Moulsoford. The race, which was decided in a thick fog, proved very one-sided, G. C. James's crew winning by two and a half lengths.

With regard to the Rugby XV, there is no doubt that they are quite a good side on their day, though, maybe, a trifle inconsistent. In spite of their fine record I should not be surprised to see

the Cambridge colours lowered on the 15th inst.

The Soccer XI is still far from being settled. The difficulty seems to be about the half-back line, and changes are constantly being made in the composition of the team. But there is still plenty of time before the inter-varsity contest.

Your readers will doubtless be glad of a few remarks about Pembroke, being, as it is, in many ways connected with the School.

The Robinson Fours revealed the fact that we have plenty of promising material for the Togger next term.

The Soccer XI has played very few matches this term, and only in the Cup Tie with Exeter have we had anything but an "A" team. The Rugby XV is not so good as it was last year.

It is pleasing to note so many Old Abingdonians up here now.

A. W. STEVENS is still at Wadham and keeping up his form at "Soccer."

J. E. MONTGOMERY is secretary to the Pembroke College "Soccer" club.

O. J. COULDREY rowed in the "Eight" last summer, while H. HUGHES was in the winning Robinson Four.

C. B. GOOD has been coxing and W. B. PRESTON rowing in the B.N.C. Fours.

C. P. B. MONTGOMERY rowed in the winning Keble Four this term.

In conclusion let me express the hope that the School will continue to swell our numbers up here as it is doing at the present time.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

OLIM ALUMNUS.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The annual school dance is to be held on Dec. 14th, and the concert on Wednesday, Dec. 16th.

Obituary: on Dec. 4th, at Neath, Glamorganshire;

Adam Poyntz Blandy,—aged 30.

The Master and Governors of Christ's Hospital, as Trustees of the Provost Charity, are offering scholarships at the school. The Examination for the first of these will take place on Dec. 18th and 19th, and the successful candidate will join the School next term.

Our best thanks are due to the Principal of Culham College for his gift of a Bible for the Lectern in the Chapel.

We have also to thank Mr. W. H. Richardson, for presenting a book upon University Cricket Matches to the Library.

It is a pleasure to welcome School Song composed by Mr. W. H. Richardson and set to music by Mr. Young. It is to be sung for the first time at the Concert.

We give with this number the final list of the Contributors to the New Buildings Fund, and on behalf of the School we present our heartiest thanks to all who have contributed towards it.

Our best congratulations are due to J. G. T. West, O.A., on his election to the office of Mayor of Abingdon.

We are glad to note that P. L. Deacon has been elected to play for Berks and Bucks, and also for the Casuals: and that G. S. Deacon has been selected to play for Berks and

Bucks Juniors, and that in the match against Oxfordshire he scored four goals.

O. J. Couldrey coached, and H. Hughes stroked, the winning Robinson Four at Pembroke College, Oxford: C. P. B. Montgomery rowed bow in the winning Challenge Four for Keble College: and W. Bate Preston rowed bow for B.N.C. in the final of their College Fours.

Thanks to Mr. West and his election to the Mayoralty, we enjoyed our usual half-holiday this term; and as he is an Old Abingdonian, a quarter-holiday has been promised for next term also.

We congratulate O. J. Couldrey on his two very clever drawings, which appeared in the "Varsity."

T. F. Bowman has been playing for St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, both in "Rugger" and "Soccer." He also appeared as a Hawk in the chorus of the "Birds" of Aristophanes.

The older boys attended an excellent Lecture on the Crisis in Macedonia, which was delivered in the Corn Exchange in November.

On Advent Sunday the following boys were confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford: R. F. Baker, E. F. Berry, W. A. Gibbings, I. E. Griffin, R. T. Hewer, D. L. King, A. W. Miller, H. L. Neligan.

The following have been awarded their football colours:—V. Adams, A. A. Brown, H. L. Crudgington, C. E. C. Graff, P. N. Graham, H. G. Habgood, H. S. Mathias, A. W. Miller, T. S. Wilding.

Mr. Ross-Barker has kindly offered an English Literature Prize, open to the School, the subject being, "The Poets of the first fifty years of the nineteenth century."

There was one new boy at half-term, D. L. Risdon. L. J. Anns, Form V, left at half-term.

ADDITIONAL BUILDINGS FUND.

TWELFTH & FINAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ..	3,718	0	10
Messrs. Rant & Burgis	5	0	0
*Mr. A. W. Morland (2nd donation)	1	1	0
Interest on Abingdon School Clock Fund	0	1	1
	£3,724	2	11

**Old Abingdonian.*

CHAPEL FUND, 1903.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from old fund	17	3	
COLLECTIONS.—			
First Sunday, Summer Term ..	2	11	2½
Trinity Sunday, Dedication Service	16	3	9
First Sunday, Michaelmas Term ..	2	2	5
DONATION.—			
J. Tomkins, Esq., Jun., O.A. ..	1	1	0
	£22	15	7½

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Baylis & Co., Printing for Dedication Service ..	1	5	6
Messrs. W. Birch & Co., Chairs ..	17	1	6
Mr. J. G. T. West, Carriage of Chairs	15	7	
Balance in hand	3	13	0½
	£22	15	7½

Signed THOMAS LAYNG.

H. L. CRUDGINGTON, *Senior Prefect.*

Dec. 7th, 1903.