

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

THERE once was an editor who contrived in a recent review not only in prose to unbosom his woes, but even in poetry too. A trochaic septenarius it was, and it graced the Editorial of a highly esteemed Contemporary: but the effort was not sustained. It was enough, however, to unfold before our mental vision a prospect of a happier future, when, floundering no

longer in the slough of pedestrian despond, we should go motor-careering along the macadamized road of verse, deriving perhaps from the exigencies of rhyme and metre that verbal inspiration which the lack of ideas had denied to us. But the time is not yet ripe.

We will proceed therefore to review the past half-term in language as dissimilar as possible to that used in other parts of this issue. The most notable events have been the opening of the Art Room and the founding of the L. S. D. Society, an institution so named from the wealth of talent it has revealed.

The Art Room (so named, as the Headmaster is said to have stated in his speech at the O.A.C. Dinner, not only because it violates the laws of Nature, having blinds that you pull down upwards and black boards made of green glass and visible daylight from the North and sundry other contradic-

tions, but also in deference to the Board of Education Regulations) is a room that we may well feel proud of. It is already successfully incubating a large litter of prospective R.A.s, and is felt, even by the boys themselves, to have added a new and valuable interest to the work of the School.

The *acta* of the Literary, Scientific and Debating Society are fully recorded in another column, and even an Editorial must not be expected to review them further.

Football is the only other topic that need be mentioned. Though we have lost nine matches out of twelve up to the time of going to press, if we may believe our candid critics we still seem to have something to learn about the game. But we hear so many similar criticisms in the Class Room that it is quite impossible to do justice to them all, however hard and humbly we may try. Perhaps we shall find more time to devote to them during the holidays. At any rate we ought to have a better team next season, as we have plenty of promising material in process of development. We must therefore ask our Old Boy critics to be lenient in their judgments and to grant us the present year as a period of probation.

"Concerning these things therefore let it have been said," as Aristoteles was wont to remark when he could not think of anything else; and so, with our most grateful thanks to our many and able contributors, we leave our readers to the enjoyment of their contributions.

OLD ABINGDONIAN CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the above Club took place at the Council Chamber, Abingdon, on Saturday, December 3rd. Through various causes the attendance was somewhat smaller than that of the last year or two, and the number was still further reduced by several disappointments at the eleventh hour.

The President of the Club, H. S. Challenor, Esq., occupied the chair, and was supported by three Ex-Presidents, Herbert Young, B. Challenor, and G. H. Morland, Esqs., the Head Master, the Mayor of Abingdon (E. L. Shepherd, Esq.) and two other Governors of the School, namely J. T. Morland, Esq., and E. J. Harris, Esq. Among others present were Messrs. W. H. Richardson, H. G. W. d'Almaine, G. W. Shepherd, A. M. Shepherd, and several guests, including A. E. Jolliffe, Esq., L. W. Stone, Esq., and C. R. Scott, Esq.

The speech-making was reduced to the lowest limit. (This remark applies only to the quantity, certainly not to the quality, of the after-dinner oratory.) After the loyal toast, the chairman gave the toast of the School and its Governing Body, calling upon the Head Master and Mr. J. T. Morland to respond. The latter then proposed the health of the President, which was received with musical honours. After a very brief acknowledgment by the Chairman, an adjournment was made upstairs to the "Abbey" room. Here Bridge occupied the attention of several of the company until about 11.30 p.m.

FOOTBALL.

A. S. F. C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.—Played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 2nd. We were quite strongly represented for this match. The home team opened the scoring and Weaving soon equalized, and for some time the score remained thus. But towards the end of the first half three goals were registered in quick succession, one of which was in our favour, and was scored through Duncan. During this time we were only mustering nine men owing to a most unfortunate collision between Brown and Wilding. Both were obliged to leave the field, but the former returned for the second half and played in goal. The second half saw no scoring and Mansfield won a good game by three goals to two. Our eleven consisted of the following:—R. F. Baker (goal); H. H. Gibson, Esq., and P. J. Aldridge (backs); T. S. Wilding, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., and M. G. Brinsmead (halves); A. A. Brown, H. G. Habgood, N. Duncan, R. V. Weaving, and A. S. B. Payne (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL.—This match was played on our ground on Wednesday, November 9th, and produced a very evenly-divided contest. It pleased us especially as it was a victory for us, and victories for us this season seem to be very "few and far between." Duncan was the first to score, but Leighton soon equalized and the score was 1—1 at half-time. During the first half we had been playing against a very powerful wind, the benefit of which we felt in the second half. Before time was

signalled we had scored three times more through Duncan (2) and Weaving; and Leighton scored two more goals. Result: A. S. F. C. 4; L. P. S. 3. Abingdon School was represented by:—R. F. Baker (goal); E. F. Berry and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, M. G. Brinsmead, and W. O. Betts (halves); F. D. Smith, H. G. Habgood (capt.), N. Duncan, R. V. Weaving, and A. S. B. Payne (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL.—This match was played here on Nov. 12th. Wilding had sufficiently recovered from his injuries to turn out, but Brown was still an absentee. The most noticeable point in the game was the weakness of our forward line which was decidedly *below par*. At half-time M. C. S. were leading by two goals to nil, and in the second half, although our play improved, they scored another, thus winning by 3—0. A. S. F. C.:—R. F. Baker (goal); E. F. Berry and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, M. G. Brinsmead, and T. S. Wilding (captain) (halves); F. D. Smith, H. G. Habgood, N. Duncan, R. V. Weaving, and A. S. B. Payne (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.—We were disappointed on November 23rd to find not a single Old Abingdonian among the Pembroke team, for it is the first time for a very long while that their team has not contained at least one Old Boy. They had, in spite of this, the best of the game all through and opened the scoring soon after the commencement. Duncan equalized for us with a good shot. However the

visitors continued to press and at half-time were leading by three goals to one. The second half saw each side bombarding its opponents' goal, but no point was registered. Result: Pembroke 3; School 1. The School was represented by:—R. F. Baker (goal); H. H. Gibson, Esq., and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, A. M. C. Nicholl, Esq., and M. G. Brinsmead (halves); A. A. Brown, H. G. Habgood, N. Duncan, R. V. Weaving, and A. S. B. Payne (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD.—This match, which was played on our ground on November 30th, proved to be our worst defeat. But we can console ourselves by the fact that it was partly owing to an accident that caused Mr. Nicholl to leave the field, whilst Mr. Gibson was also hurt. At half-time the score was, Mansfield College 3; Abingdon School 1; Mr. Nicholl having scored a good goal for us after a fine run up the field. We could not keep our opponents out in the second half, who, scoring five more goals, won easily by 8—1. Our XI on this occasion was the same that played against Pembroke College a week before.

A. S. F. C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL.—Our forwards changed their positions for this match and with no bad result, Parker playing outside left and Payne inside left, while Weaving was on the right wing. Smith and Brown were unable to play. The only goal in the first half was scored by the Leighton team about a quarter of an hour after the start, and early in the second part of the game they increased their lead

by netting the ball again. After some good combination by Duncan and Parker the latter notched a point for us, but we could not equalize, and the result was 2—1 against us. The match was played on the Leighton ground on December 3rd. Our team was arranged thus:—R. F. Baker (goal); E. F. Berry and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, T. S. Wilding (capt.), and M. G. Brinsmead (halves); R. V. Weaving, H. G. Habgood, N. Duncan, A. S. B. Payne, and R. R. Parker (forwards).

A. S. F. C. v. EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.—Our team went to Exeter College on Monday, December 5th (a half-holiday—through the kindness of the Mayor of Abingdon) and had a thoroughly enjoyable outing. With the exception of five minutes near the end, when a hailstorm came on, the game was greatly enjoyed and very fast. We lost the toss and the interval came with no score registered. In the latter half of the game Exeter scored first and, although a strong appeal for 'off-side' was made, the goal was allowed. Payne, however, equalized and made the game a draw, about ten minutes from time. The following represented the School:—R. F. Baker (goal); H. H. Gibson, Esq., and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, T. S. Wilding (capt.), and M. G. Brinsmead (halves); R. V. Weaving, H. G. Habgood, N. Duncan, R. R. Parker, and A. S. B. Payne (forwards).

A. S. F. C. 2nd XI. v. M. C. S. 2nd XI.—Played at Oxford on Saturday, November 12th, and resulted in a draw of four goals each. We were without Rice and

Moore, their places being taken by Nicholls and Shepherd respectively. We won the toss and went off at a rush. Magdalen scored first, but Cooksey equalized for us before half-time from a free kick. In the second half we were, on one occasion, two goals ahead, but Magdalen scored again and by a penalty kick equalized. Our goals in the second half were scored by Mortleman, Leach and Parker. Our 2nd XI for this match was:—H. R. Burge (goal); G. H. G. Shepherd and G. B. Cooksey (backs); E. A. H. Nicholls, W. O. Betts (capt.), and D. F. Mortleman (halves); H. L. Neligan, E. H. Harvey, W. R. Mortleman, W. Leach, and R. R. Parker (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. M.C.S. 2nd XI.—The return match was played here on the following Saturday. We had a full team, and managed to gain a substantial victory by seven goals to two. The half-time score was 5—0, our goals having been scored by W. R. Mortleman (2), G. B. Cooksey, W. Leach, and R. R. Parker. In the second half we fell off most dreadfully and allowed Magdalen to score twice through Fox and Venables. Moore and Mortleman, who both played exceedingly well, scored another goal each and we won, as above stated, by 7—2. Our team was: H. R. Burge (goal); G. F. Moore and G. B. Cooksey (backs); A. G. C. Rice, W. O. Betts (capt.), and D. F. Mortleman (halves); H. L. Neligan, E. H. Harvey, W. R. Mortleman, W. Leach, and R. R. Parker (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL.—We played our first match

with this school on November 30th at Oxford. Our second eleven was poorly represented and they lacked the dash that their opponents possessed. However, we decidedly had the best of the game although we had to own defeat. The New College goal-keeper (unfortunately for us) made several very fine saves and stopped shot upon shot from our forwards, of whom Leach was the pick. In the second half, at the commencement of which the score was 1—0 against us, we had very bad luck, for many of our shots either went just over the bar or resulted in fine saves. The home team scored again, after a good run down, and we had to submit to defeat by two goals to nil. Our team was:—H. R. Burge (goal); G. F. Moore and G. B. Cooksey (backs); E. A. H. Nicholls, W. O. Betts (capt.), and D. F. Mortleman (halves); H. L. Neligan, W. Leach, W. R. Mortleman, P. E. Long, and R. R. Parker (forwards).

A.S.F.C. "A" TEAM v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE.—An eleven of ours without any football colours met Dorchester College on our own ground on Wednesday, December 7th. The previous day's rain made both the ground slippery and the ball heavy. Two fouls were given against the School early in the game, but on neither occasion was our defence penetrated, as our backs were very sound. At half-time Dorchester were leading by a goal, and they scored two more in the second half, thus winning by three goals to nil. Our XI was:—R. F. Baker (goal); E. F. Berry and P. J. Aldridge (backs); A. G. C. Rice, W.

O. Betts, and D. F. Mortleman (halves) ; R. V. Weaving, W. R. Mortleman, N. Duncan (capt.), F. D. Smith, and R. R. Parker (forwards).

A.S.F.C. Junior Elevens v. CHRIST CHURCH SCHOOL.—The first match was played at Oxford on October 29th when we sent an eleven under 14 years of age. They were far too strong for the Choristers and won by 12 goals to one, our goals being scored by Rice iii. (6), Burge ii. (3), Stevens, Bridgwater, and Edgington.

For the return match, played here on December 3rd, we put a much weaker team in the field, and a very even game resulted, but unfortunately time only allowed play to continue for twenty minutes each way. Each goal-keeper received shots in turn, but no goals were scored.

CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

A. A. Brown (Captain) (left half) has been an energetic captain. He should try to feed his forwards more and be less clumsy with his feet.

R. F. Baker (goal) has turned out a useful goal-keeper, but must learn to use his hands much more and to call when coming out to the ball, also to punt to the wings when his goal is pressed and not down the middle of the field.

P. J. Aldridge (left back) has improved this season, but should think rather more of the ball and less of the man. He must also combine more with the other back and with his half. His kicking is strong, but he must learn to

volley and to direct the ball better. He is very slow.

E. F. Berry (right back). A good tackler, but rather a weak kick : he has however played some good games. He also should learn to combine with the other back.

T. S. Wilding (right half) through ill-luck has been out very little this season. When he has played he has been very useful indeed, getting the ball well and feeding his forwards. His tackling and kicking are strong.

M. G. Brinsmead (centre half). His tackling, passing and kicking are good and he works hard, but he is inclined to dribble too much. All through the season he has shown great consistency and has been of great service to the team.

F. D. Smith (right wing) has not come up to expectations. As centre-forward he lacked dash and combination but his play on the right wing has been considerably better. He must learn to combine with his inside and to keep in his place, and not follow the ball wherever it goes.

H. G. Habgood (inside right). He has not been up to form this season ; he is hopelessly slow on the ball and never goes straight at an opponent. He has the makings of a good player if he had more dash.

N. Duncan (centre). At the beginning of the season he played right wing with fair success. He has plenty of dash, but lacks combination and will not shoot enough. He would have been better with more support from the insides.

R. V. Weaving (inside left) has not improved as the season progressed. He is much too slow on the field and in front of goal before shooting. He must keep up and not play amongst the halves.

A. S. B. Payne (left wing). He has greatly improved and makes good use of his pace, but should try to start as soon as he gets the ball. He centres well and is neat and tricky.

A. G. C. Rice has played right half in a good many matches. He has come on a lot, but should try to feed his forwards more and not kick wildly. We may expect to hear more of him another season.

R. R. Parker has also played and seems to have more idea of combination than any forward in the team. Perhaps we should have done better had he played more often.

THE LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society held its first meeting on Thursday, November 10th. Mr. Gibson (vice-president) was in the chair. The meeting was opened by the secretary (T. S. Wilding), reading the rules of the Society. N. Duncan then proposed and H. W. Weaving seconded the adoption of the rules. The Chairman then called upon H. W. Weaving to propose a motion. Weaving thereupon moved that "The adoption of Conscription would be advantageous to England." He pointed out that the present army is inefficient and that the volunteers

are next to useless. He also pointed out that conscription would be a great benefit to the lower class, improving their physique and keeping them out of trouble.

A. A. Brown opposed the motion, saying that the English army was sufficiently strong, and if England were to be in a tight corner, Volunteers would come forward as they did in the last Boer War. Another objection to conscription (he said) was the fact that England was essentially a naval power and that a large Army was not required. He also maintained that conscription would injure the commerce of the country.

W. O. Betts seconded the motion, replying especially to the last argument of the previous speaker.

T. S. Wilding then spoke against conscription, laying stress on the view that, as England was a naval power, she needed no conscription. Since she had no frontier to guard, she had no necessity for a large standing army.

The following also spoke for the motion: R. J. Weaving, H. H. Gibson, Esq. N. Duncan, W. A. Rudd, Esq. and W. R. Mortleman. The following opposed: E. F. Clark, E. F. Berry, M. G. Brinsmead and D. M. Johnston.

The Headmaster proposed as an amendment that boys should be compelled to learn to shoot and to go through a physical training.

The House then divided with the result that the motion was rejected by 20 votes to 10.

The second meeting was held on Thursday, November 17th. Mr. Gibson was in the chair. After the secretary had read the minutes of the last meeting, the chairman called upon A. A. Brown to propose that: "In the opinion of this house the eventual victory of Japan in the present war would be disastrous to the rest of the civilized world." The motion was seconded by E. F. Berry and opposed by H. L. Neligan.

Brown argued that if Japan won she would at once make use of the consequent great opportunity for civilizing China, thus driving Europeans from Asia and finally flooding Europe. His next argument was that Japanese feeling is not so friendly towards England as is supposed, and that Japan, immediately she had recovered sufficiently from the war, would invade Australia and afterwards other English Colonies.

H. L. Neligan in opposing the motion argued that Japan would surely see that Europeans had done much good for them and that they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by driving Europeans out of Asia. He also pointed out that the landing of an army in Australia would be an impossibility for the Japanese with their small transport service and the immense distance.

E. F. Berry in seconding the motion argued, amongst other things, that Japan if victorious would develop a rampant militarism. He also pointed out that Russia would not civilize and Japan would—an argument that was seized upon by T. S. Wilding as telling rather against the motion than

for it. The latter also urged that Manchuria would offer more opportunities for colonization than Australia. He went on to say that for England there was a choice between having a grabbing uncivilized nation like Russia and a well civilized nation like Japan on the borders of India.

The following also spoke. *Pro*—E. F. Clark. *Contra*—H. H. Gibson, Esq. and J. H. Bridgwater.

The house then divided and the motion was rejected by eighteen votes to five.

At the third meeting of the Society, held on Thursday, November 24th, (Mr. Gibson again in the chair), E. F. Clark read a paper on "Radium and the Electric Theory of Matter."

After an introductory review dealing with the astonishing properties of radium, the essayist went on to explain that certain other elements are also radio-active, though in a very much less degree, while radium itself on the other hand has not up to the present been obtained in a completely isolated form. Radium, he continued, is procured from pitch-blende, and of this two tons are required to yield one-tenth of a grain of radium. He then went on to give an idea of the immense energy possessed by radium, and suggested that this might solve the problem of perpetual motion. He explained that radium has three separate kinds of rays named after the first three letters of the Greek alphabet, and pointed out the relation between the *gamma* rays of

radium and the Röntgen rays. Then, after reading a supplementary paper on Spectrum Analysis, he discussed the probability that radium exists in the Sun, a fact which would account for atmospheric electricity, terrestrial magnetism, auroras and other phenomena; and so ended a most interesting paper with a statement of the electric theory of matter in general, based upon the definition that "Electricity is the basis of all phenomena but is itself inscrutable."

After various questions suggested by the paper had been asked and answered, the Headmaster proposed and T. S. Wilding seconded a hearty vote of thanks to the reader. The vote was carried unanimously.

The fourth meeting was held on Thursday, December 1st. Mr. Gibson was in the chair. After the secretary had read the minutes of the last meeting, the chairman called upon T. S. Wilding to propose that: "In the opinion of this House the Income Tax should be abolished."

H. W. Weaving seconded and W. O. Betts opposed the motion.

Wilding first of all gave a short history of the Income Tax, pointing out that it was primarily started as a war tax. It had always (he said) been hateful to the English, and the real cause for this was the fact that it was unfairly apportioned, for the rich man does not notice the tax while the poor man does not have to pay it, but the man of moderate means both feels it and feels

it heavily. Was it fair, he asked, that about half the population should bear the whole brunt of the tax? He then gave a list of taxes which could be substituted for the Income Tax.

Betts pointed out that there was no reason for the abolition of the tax, since the rich people did not feel it and the poor man did not have to pay it.

H. W. Weaving was of the opinion that the able speech of the proposer needed no seconder, while that of the opposer had been very unconvincing.

The following also spoke:—*Pro*—D. M. Johnston, G. H. G. Shepherd, E. A. H. Nicholls, R. J. Weaving and H. L. Neligan. *Contra*—E. J. P. Ross-Barker, Esq., H. H. Gibson, Esq., J. M. Mitchell, E. F. Clark, R. V. Weaving and R. A. R. Townsend.

The House then divided and the motion was carried by twenty-two votes to eight.

On Thursday, December 8th, at the fifth meeting of the Society, E. B. W. Chappelow read a paper on Ancient Egypt. He sketched the history of that interesting Empire from the earliest times, those of the mythological Menes and his successors, to the conquest by Cambyes and the Persians. He gave his hearers a lively idea both of the antiquity and the extent of Egyptian civilization, as evidenced both in their buildings and in their influence upon other nations, while he roused especial interest by his description of the existing monuments and his references to the Old Testament records. It

was to a Hyksos King, he pointed out, that Joseph was Prime Minister, while Rameses II of the ninth Dynasty was the Pharaoh of the oppression, and Menephtah that of the exodus.

After a discussion of sundry points arising out of the paper, in which several of the members took part, C. B. Good, O.A., gave the House the benefit of some of his personal experiences in Egypt.

A cordial vote of thanks to the reader, proposed by Mr. Ross-Barker and seconded by Mr. Layng, brought the meeting to a close.

TRIOLET.

(With apologies to Austin Dobson.)

She intended a Cake,
But it turned to a Pudding.
They're easy to make.
She intended a Cake:
But she put (by mistake)
Not quite what she should in.
She intended a Cake,
But it turned to a Pudding.

O.J.C.

"THE ABINGDON SCHOOL POLITE LETTER WRITER."

Readers of this Magazine on catching sight of the heading above will no doubt at once say, that they never heard of any such work, and they will be largely right, for as a matter of fact, there is no volume bearing this exact title. At the same time a book does exist which might be thus fairly called,

and as it is probably unknown to most, I propose to give Abingdonians of the present day some idea of its contents. The name of the Rev. Henry Bright, M.A., who was Head Master of the School at the time of the Bicentenary, is I think now well-known, and one among the many useful things he did, was to write a book on English and Latin composition. Shortly, it is called "The Praxis," and he says that when he first entered on the work, he designed it for the single benefit of the scholars under his more immediate care, but that he was encouraged by other Schoolmasters to put it in print. Mr. Bright gives it as his opinion that "Youth generally come to the Governors of Colleges in our Universities unprepared in School Composition," a fault which he freely assigns to the smaller Schools, and therefore he says that his "Praxis" was "undertaken expressly for the special use of the Lesser Schools amongst us, as either overlook, or do not enough insist upon Composition."

Mr. Bright has much to say on epistolary composition, and especially such as may be addressed by the Scholars to the Head Master, for it seems to be his view that no request should be made to the Head Master on the part of the School except in writing; and that every such communication should be carefully composed and varied in style. "There is a species of Epistles," he writes, "used in some Schools amongst us, I mean Those which supplicate the Master for an Holiday, which Indulgence is never obtain'd, unless an Epistle be

previously presented to the Master. This is an Exercise of such Use that it ought at no time to be given up. When it is the constant invariable Condition of a Play-day, the Scholars after a while become expert in it and at length think it an easy condition for obtaining a Play-day. Only let this Exercise be properly varied, by requiring it to be differently conceiv'd and compos'd : not always in English or Latin, nor in Prose or Verse, but interchanging English for Latin, and Prose for Verse." And then he comes to the point: "I will here present the Scholar with an English Example." Then follows Mr. Bright's idea of

"An English Epistle to the Master for an Holiday."

"Hon. Sir,

Persuaded in how favourable a Light you consider all Endeavours to deserve your Approbation, and presuming our Application to Books, and orderly Behaviour for a Series of Time past have merited your Encouragement, I take the Liberty to request you would be pleased to grant a Play-day To-morrow without Exercise, and in so doing you will immediately communicate Happiness to Numbers, who now stand on Tip-toes impatient for the Word of Enlargement. But amongst all these happy Beings Nobody will be made more so than the Person who now professes Himself to be with every respectful Attention,

Hon. Sir,

Your dutiful Scholar,

* * * *

Following up his rule that the supplication for a Holiday should be "properly varied," Mr. Bright next furnishes an example in verse.

"Form of a Verse Epistle to the Master for a Play-day."

"Ah me! what countless Ills surround
The Wretch who toils on classic ground?
No Rest hath he, no sweet Reprieve

From Morn to Noon, from Noon to Eve;
But always running, still to run,
His Work is doing, never done.
By Night with frightful Dreams oppress'd,
And slumb'ring but unbroken Rest,
Early he hies him from his Nest;
Lest, if the Bell shou'd cease to toll,
He cou'd not answer at the Roll;
And thus by Drowsiness o'er taken,
Arrive too late to save his Bacon.
'Twixt writing Verses & Translations,
'Twixt making Themes & Declamations,
And speaking long-winded Orations,
For six long Week-Days we're perplex'd,
Confounded, harrass'd, puzzled, vex'd:
Nay, when the Coach & Carman keep
The Sabbath in inactive sleep:
When Beasts of Burthen, One and All,
At Ease enjoy the friendly Stall,
We wretched Prisoners, born to Woe,
'Twixt diff'rent Days no Diff'rence know:
But when the Sabbath-Day arrives,
We then lead still more wretched Lives:
With Gospels Greek and Latin loaded:
With Catechisms incommoded:
Grotius or Jewell to explain,
And tell the Simon o'er again.

Then, Sir, for Pity's Sake redress us;

A HOLIDAY will amply bless us."

I suppose we may conclude that the feelings expressed in these verses were those which Mr. Bright at any rate imagined his boys to cherish; yet the Founder's Ordinances, which did not permit of any request for a holiday being made by the scholars themselves, must have been more or less relaxed by the middle of the 18th century, and therefore I am disposed to think that Mr. Bright's estimate of his boys' emotions is a trifle exaggerated.

Probably these verses may also be taken as giving us an insight into the work and routine of the School at that date, and in this respect they are decidedly interesting. The "long-

winded Orations" clearly refer to the School Speeches delivered on the old "Visitation Days." Alas! that there is no sign of their revival.

After this, Mr. Bright turns consistently to Latin Composition, and affords us first of all a

"Form of a Latin Epistle to the Master for a Play-day."

Viro Reverendo A.M.

Vir Reverende!

Cum cā sis Humanitate praeditus ut in Animo semper habeas Te fuisse Puerum, eāque Solertiā ut haud ignores Remissionem à Libris esse non nunquam perutilem tam Corpori quam Animo, non is es qui longo Hortatu indigeas, ut Otium concedere velis, aut admonendus es Otium ex Negotio concessum Nobis inde profuturum, modo sit ex Merito concessum. Si quid est ergo Meriti Nobis, quod agnosco quam sit exiguum, si qua Diligentiae Laus ad Nos, si quis Honos nostri Profectūs in Literis ad Te redundavit, oro permittas ut hoc Die pomeridiano, sive Die crastino Ferias agamus.

Ita Condiscipuli comprecantur omnes mei,

Vir Reverende,

cum tuo humillimo Cliente."

Finally, Mr. Bright concludes this part of his subject with the following remarks:—

"What I have said of the different Manner of writing Epistles in general upon this Subject, may be repeated here concerning Verse Epistles to the Master, that they be not always cast in the same Mold: I mean, that they be not always express'd in the form of Hexameters and Pentameters, or long Verse only, but at one time in Elegiacs, at another in Heroics, at a third in Lyrics."

So, lastly, he appropriately furnishes an example of the latter in the form of a petition in Sapphic Verse:—

"Ode ad Virum Reverendum pro Remissione a Libris."

"Otium flexis Genibus Mariam

Cantaber, prensus medio Liquore,

Orat, infelix Britonum futurus

Exul in Oris.

Otium duri impatiens Laboris

Maurus, a dulci Patriā remotus,

Indico subjectus Hero, precatur

Guttur pressor.

Otium Miles veteranus optat,

Otium debens Opus in Fodinis,

Quique Sermones utriusque Linguae

Te Duce reddunt.

Ferias ergo, bone Dux, agamus,

(Feriis aspirat apricus Æther)

Sic tuum latè recinet jocosa

Nomen Imago."

These Models are no doubt to some extent susceptible of present-day criticism, but one ought rather to be grateful, I think, to a Head Master who took the trouble to compile a useful School Book. I feel sure they will be interesting to Abendonians, and perhaps serve to revive a bygone yet by no means unserviceable practice.

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

CORYDALLUS.

"What about the unhappy child writing out *tupto* for you in the schoolroom?" said my Conscience.

I was walking in the country, in the first flush of June. Around me the meadows and hedges wore already that peculiar mistiness characteristic of the midsummer, all blurred and swimming with the exuberance of blossom and tall feathery grasses. The particular afternoon, it is true, was sultry and dull. The sky hung grey and motionless and seemingly very close, heavy with indis-

tinguishable cloud. But this, as often happens in summer's fits of sadness, only seemed to throw into brighter contrast the universal blaze of Earth, the wealth and waste of gorgeous colour and swarming life she had accumulated through the long spring days. I confess myself an admirer of solitary Nature, especially in such moods as this. I passed in a kind of ecstasy through that Paradise of fragrance and singing, under the May-loaded hedges, and through fields yellow with a rime of wildflowers. "In very truth" said I to myself "a day to be lived for!"

"The more shame to have shut Jones ii in the schoolroom to write out his *tupto* six times" says my Conscience again.

But I was not going to have my afternoon spoiled because of Jones ii (the reader must have gathered by this that I am by profession a schoolmaster) for all these odious representations.

Had I not come out into that blessed solitude to forget him altogether, and his fellows, and their crying howlers, and all the inky cares of School? "How sweetly" I said to myself with a preoccupied air "comes the murmur of the stock-dove from the fir tree yonder, over the brook! And what a merry noise the sky-larks are making overhead! There must be hundreds of them singing at once—a goodly chorale."

You see, I used to suffer a good deal from a troublesome Conscience, and believe in a short way with her siren solicitations. On this occasion she had not the slightest excuse for

obtruding herself, since—to this day I verily believe it—the youth in question was really getting off rather lightly than otherwise for his rank heresies in the world of Greek accidence. Nevertheless, somehow, I could not altogether quiet her. It may be some little lurking spirit of Indigestion, working unmarked, unblamed, was her ally and abetter. At any rate she still continued to thrust herself into the texture of my day-dreams, harrying her mild Orestes like a very Fury in miniature; nor would the thought of her really subside for all the fulness of the year.

I came, presently, to a corner of a field under a great elm. A grateful nook it was, where the cow-parsley grew knee-high, its white bloom floating above the ground like foam-balls on an invisible stream. The place looked inviting and I sat down: and anon, for I think there must have been some charm in the atmosphere around, I sank to a yet lazier posture. All thought of Jones, and the class-room, and Greek verbs, had at last gone from me (of this I am sure). The spirit of Sleep, that wanders by day in the quiet recesses of the woods, came very near, and had almost taken hold on me, when suddenly I noticed a phenomenon which made me start. I thought that all the larks, who filled the sky with their piping swarms, were struggling with confused articulation to conjugate the verb *tupto*.

I listened hard. There could be no doubt about it. Their airy syllablings were becoming clearer every moment. They were going through the whole

verb, with much the same irritating fluidity our young friend had shown in the class-room at home,—*and not a word right!*

Reader, why did I feel less surprise at the miracle of this eerie performance than annoyance at its obvious deficiencies in detail? Nay, I began to experience a tinge of that baited sensation that sometimes besets one in the class-room. I rolled out from under the elm boughs, looked upward at the nearest lark, who hung melodious not many fathoms overhead, and said somewhat testily, shouting to him from my bed of parsley (position undignified for a respectable pedagogue!)

"Do you know you have got that tense all wrong?"

The bird stopped, and sinking down lighted on a stump of timber in the grasses near at hand, and (*eloquar an sileam?*) courteously begged my pardon.

"I said, where did you all learn this elegant accomplishment?"

"We only do after our kind."

"Dear brother Skylark" I said blandly (I borrowed the style of address from S. Francis, who ought to know about this sort of thing, I thought) "I never meant to be in the least sarcastic, only I have often listened to your song with real delight" here a dainty bow from my tiny auditor "but never noticed before that it consisted in the retailing of Greek accident."

"Then you can never have marked us. Have you never heard the story of our first ancestor, and how the race of larks first spread over the earth? It

is an old tale."

He stood jauntily on the stump with his little delicate feet, looking up at me birdwise with one jet eye at a time. The manner of his speech it is quite beyond my cunning in words to declare. It was not English, though I seemed to understand it perfectly, nor so far as I remember was it the real "vowell'd Greek," though not unlike. I can hear still how musically the slender vowel-note rolled or broke over the interruption of the little consonants, like a brook over pebbles. The utterances of the larks in public are always cast in elaborate metres. I, reader, perhaps alone of living mortals, have been privileged to hear and understand the speech they use in quiet communion among themselves.

Of course I was all curiosity to hear his legendary lore, and this is what, rather solemnly, he proceeded to narrate.

Long, long ago, far in fact beyond the memory of lark, the ancestor of this race had been a human youth, a pupil in a school. But his life with the tribes of men was embittered by a savage pedagogue, who, because of a certain slowness in performing his task, kept him continually shut up in a gloomy cell, so that the budding sweetness of his life withered away untimely and he prayed Minerva often that he might be changed into a bird, and escape the clutches of his tormentor. And at last, when it was now the third day he had written out the verb *tupto* twenty times, and the goddess feared for his young life, she listened to his

prayer, and Corydallus (for that was his name) became a sky-lark, and fled out of the window to "a feathered shape and a sweet life removed from tears." So the savage pedagogue was hanged on suspicion of having made away with him; but for Corydallus, still among the songs of thanksgiving for his deliverance he mingled snatches from those mournful iterations of his former sad life, both as a help to any hapless mortal who might be in like case again, and because in our joy there comes always a sweetness from stray memories that speak of tribulation past.

The little epic was over, and I had thanked my small informant: and with a flash of the silver underwing he was gone, and once more ringing out merrily in the firmament—before the strangeness of the whole thing broke fully upon me, and I rose to my feet. The next moment I was hurrying as fast as I could in the direction of School, calling myself a fool all the way, but really with the intention of letting out Jones ii before he had time to change into a lark, and get me hanged for murder.

* * * * *

A mere midsummer day-dream, you will say, strangest blending of the music of June fields with echoes from the sombre, careful world beyond. You are right, it certainly was nothing more. Yet often, since, I have been able to detect in the song of the sky-lark fugitive verb-forms, fading snatches as of a conjugation whose meaning has long ago been lost, and whose very form was

fast subsiding into the streams of senseless joyousness in which they were set. Sometimes I can trace nearly a whole tense, sometimes only a solitary barbarism, but I seldom fail altogether to note the peculiarity I look for. That is why I have retailed you my dream so carefully.

The next time you listen to a sky-lark, gentle Reader, try whether you can perceive any ground for my illusion.

O.J.C.

THE BRACELET.

(With apologies to the late Rev. Rob. Herrick).

When I close above thy hand,
Burglar dear, this steely band,
'Tis that thou may'st understand

Thou must come along with me,
And my pretty captive be—
Since the cuffs are fast on thee.

'Twas a safe thou didst behold;
Snapped the lock—thou hadst the gold.
Now 'tis otherwise: I hold

Gold and hand fast bound, and so
Have thee safe; thou wilt not go:
If thou wouldst, thou couldst not so!

P.C. 88.

BELLS AND BELL-RINGING.

Thoroughly to describe all that is contained in the above would fill very many numbers of *The Abingdonian*; but, as this is not the writer's intention, he will try to touch shortly upon a few interesting (at least, he hopes they may be so) facts upon the subject.

Perhaps there is no science or art about which the world at large knows so little as that of Campanology, or the art of Change-ringing. And, again, perhaps there is no sound that the general public dislikes more than the sound of Church-bells continuously ringing. An article in *The Granta* of the last day of 1903 was headed *Bells and their Ringers*, and the writer's first sentence was "I don't like bells." Now, whether the author of the article wrote it in bed at midnight when the bells ringing out the old year were keeping him awake, I know not, but *he* like so many other people had some objection to bells—what it was I know not.

Myself, I think no sound more melodious or sweet than, during the late hours of New Year's Eve or during the early hours of the New Year, as I walk across the snow from a dance or party towards the "Land of Nod," to hear the bells ringing out the Old Year in muffled tones or ringing in the New Year *ad lib*. Who at such a time could not recall Tennyson's words?

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

The year is going, let him go;

Ring out the false, ring in the true."

It would not be fair to continue without giving our attention for a moment to the other side of the question. And no time is more suitable for, outside my window, as I write this, not only have some energetic campanologists started for a peal of 'caters,' but two or more barrel-organs are forming

an antithesis in the next street by trying to obtain harmonious effects by the amalgamation of "Bill Bailey" and "Hiawatha" in different keys! Yes, *sometimes* (and mark that I say *sometimes*) bells are monotonous, but it is often the fault of a barrel-organ or German band!

But now let us look into the art of Campanology. Methods in which nine bells are changing are called "caters"; those when eight are changing "major"; those when seven are changing "triples"; six, "minor" and five, "doubles." So that when we hear of a peal of "Grandsire Triples," "Stedman Caters," or "Kent Treble Bob Major," we can at once tell how many bells were ringing in the peal.

Bells have to be "rung up" before they can be rung in peal, and thus they are put under control and can be made to sound when required. I have often been asked "What makes the bell stay up when left alone?" The answer is that there is a piece of wood (the "stay") on the "block" which knocks against a piece (called the "slider") on the frame work, and this slides a short distance every stroke. The latter therefore stops the former and the bell is held almost upside down and is then said to be "set."

The "Conductor" is the name given to the ringer who calls the peal, and his position is far more responsible than "captain of football," or "stroke of a boat." He has to call the "bobs," and "singles" and see that each bell is doing its right work, as well as having

to manage his own bell properly. No change is rung more than once in a peal, so that by ringing on a peal of 8 bells and by keeping the "tenor" behind, 5040 changes can be rung (factorial 7). This then is the reason why we see so many peals consisting of 5040 changes, because "triples" is a favourite method.

As regards the methods, "Grandsire" is the easiest, and no ringer ever proceeds to learn "Stedman," which involves a more difficult process called "slow-work," before he has thoroughly mastered "Grandsire." A peal always begins with "rounds," viz., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and when these have been rung several times the conductor shouts "go," and at next "hand-stroke" the changes begin. There are two "strokes" in bell-ringing, which are rung alternately, and the bell sounds every stroke: they are called the "hand-stroke" and "back-stroke." In the former the "Salley" (the soft fluffy part of the rope, which prevents the ringers' fingers being hurt) is in the hand, and in the latter the end of the rope is held above the head and the "salley" is near the ceiling of the belfry. The art of Campanology comes into force in arranging that all the changes are rung once without moving any bell more than one place. For example, if on 6 bells the change 213546 had been rung, it could not be immediately followed by 214536, because number 4 could not move two places, but the next change could be 231456 or "rounds" 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Is bell ringing dangerous? This

depends entirely upon how the ringer holds his rope. If the end of the rope is twisted round the hand (a thing which should never be done) it is always dangerous, as the bell's "stay" is always liable to break, and the bell turning right over would draw the ringer with a great jerk to the ceiling, and fatal results might ensue. A ringer always has to be on the alert and ready to let go the rope in case of accident.

Abingdon is a very interesting place for campanologists. In the first place St. Helen's Church contains a peal of 10 which (like so many others) have been pronounced "on good authority" "some of the finest in the country."

The two lightest date from 1885, and were cast by Mears and Steinbank, and the last eight (Lester and Park) from 1764, but of these the "fifth," "ninth" and "tenor" bells were recast in 1885 by Mears and Steinbank, when the two lightest were added to the peal. The "fourth" in the peal is interesting because it is different from the rest in the casting. It has about 20 coins following the name of the maker, and these are dated some 1743 and others 1749, with the head of George II.

On two of the bells (on "five" and on the "tenor") is the inscription "Peace and good neighbourhood"; while on the "sixth" is found—

"Ye ringers all that prize your health
and happiness,
Be sober, merry, wise, and you'll the
same possess."

On the "seventh" is found—

"In wedlock bands all ye who join with

hands your hearts unite:
So shall our tuneful tongues combine to
laud that nuptial rite."

On "nine" there is—

"Our voyces shall with joyful sound
Make hills and valleys echo around."
(No doubt the writer of this last inscription intended that there should be an elision in the last line, the *o* being elided before the *a* in around!)

On Michaelmas Day long ago it was the custom to let the townspeople go up among the bells, but on one occasion great damage was done and the people, on finding on September 29th in the following year that they were deprived of this right, declared that "the bells were drunk."

The inscription on the tenor bell (8½ cwt., key G), at St. Nicholas' Church, Abingdon, is—

"I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all."

The little village of Drayton, that is close to Abingdon, is well known to the ringing world. The peal there is very light and "one of the most melodious in the country." On each side of the belfry are numerous peal-boards, one side of which is reserved for peals conducted by the incumbent of the parish, who is Master of the Oxford Diocesan Guild. The tenor bell (9cwt. 1qr. 20lbs. in the key of G) has this inscription—

"I toll the funeral knell,
I hail the festal day,
The fleeting hour I tell,
I summon all to pray."

On the "treble" of the same peal

there is—

"While here we blend in tuneful sound
May peace and holiness abound."

And at Appleton, too, in this neighbourhood, is a peal of 10 bells (tenor, 14cwt.) On these bells was rung the longest peal, a record of about 14000 changes, rung about 10 years ago in a little over 9 hours: but this record has lately been broken.

No analysis of bells in this neighbourhood could be complete without a word mentioning East Hagbourne (8 miles from Abingdon). The peal here has often been called the "third best peal in England." The "tenor" (E flat) is an excellent bell and the "go" of the bells has been greatly improved in the last few years.

But now the noise outside my window has subsided; the peal of "caters" has evidently broken down, the barrel-organs have stopped (let's hope that they have broken down too) so I too had better subside and subscribe myself—

W.O.B.

NOTHING.

Dear Mr. Editor,

This is the first time I have ever written to an editor, so if I am not addressing you properly I hope you won't mind. I shouldn't be writing to you now only I've got a real grievance, it's like this. Last term I had a lot of nasty things said in my report, and one master said I had done nothing all the term. Now I don't feel a bit angry with him because you expect

them to say things like that though he might have shown a little more appreciation. But when I got home my people were quite unpleasant about it, my father, in fact, made himself really painfully unpleasant, and would not listen to reason at all. Now when you come to think of it, Mr. Editor, that's awfully unfair, because you know there is really quite a lot to be said for doing nothing. In the first place it's nothing like as easy as you might think. Of course, you often hear masters say to fellows in school you're doing nothing and things like that; but that's their mistake, they aren't really doing nothing, they aren't clever enough. Now there's Jones. He's taken a lot of masters in. He's generally at the end of the class, and when he doesn't know where his place is or something like that they say nasty things, and tell each other that Jones is doing nothing. But that's quite a mistake. He's very keen on cricket and fancies himself as a bit of a bowler, and will sit wondering by the half-hour whether the wicket will suit him next match, and why it is that fool Robinson always drops catches off his bowling. Now he knows all the big teams by heart, and when he has nothing better to do he goes through last year's cricket averages, so you see you can hardly accuse him of doing nothing.

Then again there's old — but I mustn't mention any more names or there will be trouble. Well, anyhow, he's always getting into rows about doing nothing. Well he goes down to

the river a lot and like all those boating people thinks rather a lot of himself, and can't talk about anything else. He just lives for rowing, and often when he seems to be doing nothing in school he's really thinking quite hard, and going over the whole of the last race, and wondering why we didn't win. And there are lots of other cases like that. I remember a new boy who used to think for hours in school about the white mice he had left at home, and whether they thought of him. In fact you've only got to try and think of nothing for ten minutes at a time and you'll find how hard it is.

And, after all, Nothing is a great thing to attain to. Why I've often heard people say that Nothing is better for a boy than real hard work. If it's better than hard work you can hardly want to go further. I remember a fellow on the Stock Exchange who came and stopped with us last holidays, and he and father were talking away and I heard him say, after all Nothing is better than ready money. And it's the same everywhere. A soldier will tell you that Nothing is better than courage, and a clergyman that Nothing can beat a good sermon. So you see everyone praises up Nothing and puts it above what you'd think they'd value most.

Of course, Mr. Editor, you must not think this a new idea. Because there's a piece of Greek unseen I had to do once, I don't know who wrote it but perhaps you might, where a father who has been very unhappy, and quarrelled

with all the other generals tells his son, I have forgotten their names that it is much best of all to know nothing, as everything else only gets you into trouble.

There is another Greek poet who goes even further than that and says in one of his Greek poems "Meden agan." (I have written this in English letters because the man who prints the magazine may not be able to make Greek letters). Now this means, as I expect you know, Nothing is too much. That is to say that Nothing is too high an aim for most people to go for, and he knew how hard it really was and thought only really clever people could really do it, and I dare say he was quite right as they were only Greeks he was writing to. But, of course, we're better than Greeks, so we ought to persevere and not give up till we can really say that we can do Nothing.

And I think if we only got a little more encouragement quite a lot of us would manage it.

Perhaps one of the Governors or even one of the Masters would like to give a prize at the end of the Summer term to the boy who had done Nothing best during the year. I'm sure that lots would go in for it, and my people would be awfully pleased if I got a prize next summer as I have never had one yet.

Well, I expect you're getting rather tired of this letter, and if I write any more you won't put it in so I had better stop, but I am sure you'll agree with me that your own father might try and sympathize with a fellow and understand

what he's trying for, even if the Masters at School don't. And I think if you put in this letter and they see it in print they'll have a better opinion of me.

QUINTUS.

P.S.—I have just shown this letter to a fellow in the Sixth so that he could read it through and see if it sounded alright and was good grammar and that sort of thing, and he was horribly rude. He says that it is all awful nonsense and that my Greek translation is wrong, and I am only showing my ignorance. He says every one knows even if Nothing is better than lots of money, sixpence is better than Nothing so where does my argument come in? I don't know an answer to this question, but anyhow it doesn't follow that because a fellow's in the Sixth he knows everything does it? And after all it seems rather a pity when I have written such a long letter to tear it up and not send it to you at all. So I am sending it you all the same even though it may be nonsense from beginning to end.

QUINTUS.

TO THE CITY OF PALLAS.

Athens! throne of ancient grandeur,
once the fairest state on earth!

Athens! mart of ancient learning, shrine
of Art and home of Mirth!

Where a state, in size as tiny, fair and
great as erst wert thou?

Where a place of lordlier buildings
filled with art scarce equalled now?

Came a Persian o'er the water, tried to
conquer thine and thee :
Three brave battles slew his millions,
sent him howling o'er the sea.
That was thy rebirth and founding
charred and scarred by smoke and
flame,
Whilst thy foe in inmost Asia hid his
face for very shame.
Glory great ; and greater glory followed
with unfaltering pace,
So the cowed presumptuous Persian
dared not after show his face.
Every other Grecian nation sang thy
praises on their knees :
Every bristling rock cried back the name
of great Themistocles.
Craft, deceit and double dealing after
men laid at his door :
Yes, ah yes, but says the motto, *All is
fair in love and war.*
Stoutly fought he for his country, may
his memory never cease !
Look to him, not Aristides, for the
man who rescued Greece.
Truth and honour, justice, mercy, mark
great Aristides' role,
Never thought a purer brain and never
dwelt a whiter soul.
Statesmen rose and thrived and perish-
ed, lords of wisdom, stern and true,
Statesmen false and Statesmen foolish
mid thy marble splendour grew.
Fought thy wars and won thy battles,
framed thine empire ; made thee great,
But could lay no sure foundation in a
democratic state.
Fickle, feather-hearted Demos ! thine
the blame and thine alone,
That thy culture-built glory could

not e'en retain its own.
Ne'er a city yet was suited better for
an empire's queen,
But, alas ! a fatal rashness brake thine
empire that had been.
Once the throbbing heart of all the
world, its brain, a priceless thing ;
All the world like one true clock, and
thou the all-directing spring.
But the wheels, the wheels of Fate, ran
fast and faster to the last,
Through thy yielding power a shudder
like the quivering aspen's past,
Brake thy back, and like a dying serpent
lying loosely curled
Ne'er again could'st thou in glory set
the seconds of the world.
People's voices drowning reason, ever
fickle ever rash,
Maddened by some fiery speaker through
excess's danger crash :
Plunging heedless into actions never
ponder what they mean,
Whilst they stand on melting rivage,
river ruin runs between.
On they flow as one curved billow ;
thunder on a rocky shore :
Burst, fall back upon another, and as
one they are no more.
Like a Hydra is the Demos, mystic
many-headed beast ;
Lop one off, raise many others. People's
feeling grows like yeast.
One man rose and ruled it wholly 'neath
the rod of common sense,
Pericles, the warrior statesmen—had'st
thou stayed within his fence !
Look to him for thine adornments : look
to him for works of art :
'Neath his grace the greatest sculptor,

Pheidias did his work impart,
 (Carved around the fairest buildings all
 the world hath ever seen
 Perfect shapes and perfect pictures, with
 colossal Athens' queen).
 But he died of that fell pestilence ere
 his work was well begun ;
 Evening fell and closed the setting of
 his bright and glorious sun.
 Vain ill-counselled undertakings called
 thy children from thy halls :
 Dire disasters slew thy warriors and for
 Sparta breached thy walls.
 Yet thy spirit, proud, unflinching, brook-
 ed no yielding in defeat ;
 Still thy courage checked the Spartan,
 brought his envoys to thy feet.
 But a fatal revolution blasted now thy
 tottering state,
 Then at length thy wearied foemen
 poured in triumph through the gate.
 Naught but famine could o'ercome
 thee, naught save fate could break
 thy heart.
 Though thou fellest 'neath the Spartan,
 thou did'st play the braver part.
 Greece, thou many-peopled people ! why
 could'st ne'er united be ?
 Could'st thou not look out to ocean, take
 as tutor the broad sea ?
 Lo ! there each succeeding billow is an
 all completed whole,
 All connected on one water in the rug-
 ged ocean roll.
 Ne'er united, always squabbling, thou
 betray'dst thy heart and home :
 Saw'st divided Philip's phalanx down
 from Macedonia come :
 Fellest 'neath the mastering armies of
 compact imperial Rome.

What is left now of thy greatness ?
 Tottering pillars flout the sky :
 Tattered ruins, roofless temples heave
 in every heart a sigh :
 Visions of thy former grandeur as a
 vivid flash pass by.
 Woe ! the greatness of a people like a
 shadow fades away
 When that nation's sun is setting. Thine
 had also seen decay,
 But the voices, grand, immortal, of thy
 peerless sons, e'en now,
 Ringing through the age's turmoils, bid
 the after writers bow :
 Show the world thy matchless glory in
 the mellow years of yore :
 Grant us an eternal rapture. Thou shalt
 live for evermore !

Z.

FISHING IN NORWAY.

I had some doubt as to what heading
 I should put above this article, but I
 think that the one I have chosen is as
 good as any other, as it implies that we
 angled but leaves the reader to specu-
 late on the exact number of fish caught !

Our party this year consisted of only
 five, the remaining individuals who
 usually accompany us saying that they
 could on no account come with us, as
 they had made other arrangements ! the
 true reason being that the North Sea
 lies between England and Norway and
 it is often rough !

We all started from King's Cross
 about three days after the summer term
 had ended and arrived at Hull the same
 afternoon. Here we got our luggage and
 numerous packages on to the steamer,

and it was here that the first annoyance of the large number which occurred to me on the journey took place.

This 'ANNOYANCE'—I call it so, for no other word seems to suit—was connected entirely with me and no one else of course!

We went from the pier to the steamer in a tug, and I was endeavouring to photograph the steamer in the midst of a seething mass of tourists, who nudged and pushed the camera every time I got it to point anywhere near the right direction. Eventually I found a peaceful corner and had arranged everything to my satisfaction, when, as ill luck would have it, I was seen by some members of our party, who pranced up to me as though they had never seen a camera before.

I told them it was just an ordinary camera, that it did not speak like a gramophone or grunt when you smashed it like some of the fluffy animals which you buy in toy shops at Xmas do—but all this was no good, they would not go away.—“What is that ball at the end of the string for?” one of them asked. I looked about for some time to see if my friend was referring to part of the rigging of the ship; then I said I could not see it anywhere. ‘Why, its hanging on to your camera!’ The idiot meant the bulb!! Just then I suddenly remembered that I had not calculated what exposure to give the plate, so I produced my small book on the subject from my pocket, and this seemed to please them very much. ‘He’s reading up how to take a photo,’ says my brother.

‘Now remember it’s on the sea and there’s a bright sun and the waves are blue and the ship is green and the sailors are yellow, so you will have to divide the ordinary exposure by seven and multiply the result by one fifth!’ You may think it odd, but in spite of all of this I did get that photograph and it turned out quite a success! The remainder of the journey over there was very nice, the sea being quite calm and the weather fine.

We arrived at Stavanger about 11 o’clock at night; we had some doubts while entering the harbour if the Captain could tell where he was going; we saw plenty of rocks and we thought it might help him if we went and told him how close they were, but we did not seem to hit many of them so we let him alone. When we arrived at Stavanger we all went to bed, and that night we went on by sea to Bergen where we arrived at 11 o’clock the next day.

Here we had our luggage examined by the Custom House Officers, who looked for tobacco, etc., in all the pet corners of our bags, but did not find more than the licensed quantity.

We went on by train that same afternoon and for the four following days we drove to our destination, the railways in Norway being few and most of them never seeming to go in the direction you require. Our last day’s journey was perhaps the worst, for we had to cover nearly 30 miles of country practically all up hill, and for the greater part of the way we had to look very hard to find any road at all. We finished up with

a nine mile row to our fishing hut, where we arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Next day and every succeeding day we fished, but the sport was very poor although the size of the fish was good. The fishing got so bad eventually that we asked our host to try and get us leave to fish farther down the lake, on water which belonged to the next owner. This he did for us, and on the following day with high hopes we all set out. I was in a boat with my brother and the governor and we started fishing when we arrived on the new ground, at once.

We had not been doing this long when we saw a boat coming across the lake in our direction at a tremendous speed with three men in it. We tried not to notice them, but soon it became evident that they were going to notice us; and when they came up to us we found that they were Norwegians and one of them was the keeper of the water in which we were fishing. He apparently had not heard that we had obtained special leave to fish there.

The conversation began much as follows:—'Viese mei vergen naes borgund?!!! We smiled pleasantly and said that we did not talk Norwegian and resumed our fishing.

'Viese mei vergen naes borgund?'—this time in a louder and more emphatic tone. We replied this time, since the man was apparently asking us a question, and we shouted at him the name of our host who had got us leave to fish.

The man however did not seem to understand and then one of the other men began—'Parlez-vous français?'—'Oui'

said my brother, 'Non' said the governor, 'Yes I can,' 'No, you can't! you will never understand him!'

During this altercation the learned Norwegian tried to continue the conversation by saying very stoutly, 'Avez vous la permission de pêcher ici?' My brother and governor both being very pleased that they had understood, replied together—'Oui, nous avons.' 'Go on' said the governor who had forgotten the next word. 'No, *you* began,' said my brother, 'you had better finish it.' 'Oui, nous avons la permission'—'*la permission*' corrected my brother. 'Very well, finish it since you know such a lot' replied the governor, taking up the oars as though he was going to brain my brother for his impertinence. 'Oui, nous avons la permission de pêcher ici.'

I cheered from my end of the boat when this great sentence was successfully completed, and was immediately told not to be an ass! The third man in the other boat seeing that my relations were not speaking in the French language very fluently tried to speak English, 'Thees man he say you not pearmission fish here.'—'But we have permission,' we replied. 'Theees man, he say *no*' answered our English scholar.—'Our host got us special leave and you can go and see him if you wish,' my brother replied.

'Theees man he say *No*!! The man had evidently come to the end of his English and so we thought we had better clear off, but we vowed that we would bring our host down next day and make him talk in Arabic or some-

thing worse to these offensive beings.

This we did and next day we had an ample apology in French, English and Norwegian all at the same time!

Well, the fishing did not improve even now and so we arranged to make a journey of 14 miles further up country and fish in a new lake for 2 days, living in an old Norwegian house where we had to do our own cooking and from which the man who accompanied us had to go 6 miles every day for milk!!

The fishing in this lake was better, and we had great fun in cooking our meals.

Jones wanted to cook everything and fancied he was the only one of the party who knew anything about it, but here he was quite wrong: we all knew how to cook, at least we thought we did, and we made some excellent dishes.

All the provisions we brought with us from our first hut were tinned, and these we undid and simply emptied in the frying pan, which was the only weapon of the kind which we possessed; next we put about 2 lbs. of butter on top of the mess in the frying pan and then heated it till it was red hot, finally rushing with forks each to get what he could to eat for himself.

I made tea once, but only once. I put in half a pound of tea by mistake and the stuff that came out of that tea-pot resembled treacle: you could nearly stand a spoon up in it, but we all drank it—and *slept*!!

We cooked our fish on a fire outside the hut in a somewhat primitive method.

We just burnt a pile of sticks, then when the ashes were red hot we chucked

in the fish and completely covered it, let it stay there for about 10 minutes (by Jones' watch!) and then dug it up. After a certain amount of scraping a little piece of fish may often be found remaining, which can be eaten with salt to taste!

This sort of life did not last long and we eventually returned to our former fishing hut, and two days later to Christiania the capital of Norway, where we joined the steamer for Hull.

No such pleasant passage did we have back as we had coming out. All went well on the first day, but, alas! as time went on and the second day began to draw to a close, signs of mourning and lamentations and of great woe were heard. Jones and I alone of our party attempted the evening meal, and only 3 other people were present in our dining saloon on the steamer out of 60! Jones seemed rather weary from the start, but we kept ourselves alive by watching a fellow traveller who (I should imagine, for a large bet!) tried to eat his evening meal. The steward offered him soup—'No, he did not think he wanted soup;' fish, 'no, he thought he would not have any fish,' 'Mutton or beef, Sir?' said the ever attentive steward. 'I think I'll go on deck, thanks very much,' replied the poor sufferer; and didn't he go!!

Jones survived till the mutton was handed him, when turning to me with a sickly smile he said—'I think it looks simply *beastly*!' and immediately he sought the upper deck. I manfully endured to the end and arrived in Hull without loss! There ended our trip!

A.M.C.N.

OUR FRIEND THE "POLISHED TOPPER."

Through hatter's machinations

(So they say)

And the very foolish fashion

Of to-day,

We've got something ornamental,

Which to temper's detrimental,

And which, alas! has now arrived

To stay.

If a breeze should try to elevate

Your feet,

And a lady of acquaintance you

Should meet,

That hat will lightly leave you

And next minute she will see you

In the distance madly pacing down

The street!

Or in summer if you're doing

Church Parade,

Where the sun is hot and scanty

Is the shade,

You'll spend your time in cursing,

While your temper you are nursing,

That such stifling things as "tiles" were

Ever made.

If your weather-glass is rising

Rather high,

And a topper you determine

Then to buy,

Sure the rain will be attracted

By the bargain you've compacted

And you'll leave the shop in torrents

With a — sigh!

Or in winter when Jack Frost is

Freezing hard,

And with tile from cold your head you

Think to guard,

To do justice to the feeling

As you feel your ears congealing
Is quite beyond the power of

Any bard!

T. S. W.

EAGLE RESTORATION FUND.

In the March and July numbers of "The Abingdonian" for the present year will be found notices of the Eagle Restoration Fund, and in the March number will be found also a list of the contributors, kindly supplied to us by Mr. W. H. Richardson, O.A., who has carried out the onerous duties of Secretary to the Committee.

After defraying the cost of re-gilding the Committee of the Fund had still a considerable surplus, and this they have devoted—(1.) to affixing upon the pedestal of the Eagle a brass tablet bearing a Latin inscription, in which the Eagle tells its own story from its birth in 1694, under the auspices of Brasenose College, to its presentation by that College to Abingdon School in 1743, and thence to its rejuvenescence in 1904: and (2.) to providing a new and handsome Bible, better suited in all respects to the size and dignity of the Eagle than the one which it replaces.

The inscription upon the pedestal, composed by the Rev. Canon Hicks, a former Scholar of Brasenose College, is in the following words:—

Aquila

Collegio Aenei Nasi dicata

Anno Dñi MDCXCIV

in Scholam Abendonensem

favente eodem Collegio

advolavi A.D. MDCCXLIH

ubi cum senio jam tabescerem
 juventutem renovavi
 curantibus nonnullis seniorum
 Scholae alumnorum
 A.D. MCMIV.

The Brasenose connection is still further celebrated by the fact that the first lesson from the new Bible was read on the morning of Monday, December 5th, by C. B. Good, O.A., who is also a Brasenose man; and that the Bible itself bears a dedicatory inscription by another Brasenose man, Mr. Ross-Barker, the inscription being as follows:

Ad gloriam Dei

hunc librum

anno salutis MCMIV

cum et aquilam administram

vetustate squalentem

renovarunt

Scholae suae Abendonensi dederunt

nonnulli ex senioribus alumnis

ut praeteriti memores temporis

ita posteritatis studiosi.

OXFORD LETTER.

Although the number of Old Abingdonians up at Oxford last year was exceptionally large, and several have now gone down from among us, still it has suffered no decrease. J. E. Montgomery and C. B. Good have departed and A. W. Stevens has gone to Mansfield College. The new comers are H. S. and L. S. Mathias, who are at St. Edmund's Hall, and H. L. Crudgington, Non-Collegiate.

In the Schools we have fared pretty well. C. B. Good obtained Third Class

Honours in Modern History and J. E. Montgomery Fourth Class in Mathematics. W. B. Preston has got through the Law Prelim. and C. P. B. Montgomery through Pass Mods.

On the river O. J. Couldrey rowed in the "Pemmy" Eight, while H. Hughes acted as spare man to the same boat. This term W. B. Preston was in the winning boat of the B.N.C. Fours, and H. S. Mathias was successful in the "Teddy" Hall Fours. H. F. Shepherd last term was scoring well for the "Pemmy" Cricket Club, of which J. E. Montgomery was captain. In the Football field H. S. and L. S. Mathias are playing for "Teddy" Hall.

On the whole the O.A's at Oxford are well to the fore in pastimes, and though we may not be brilliant the School has no cause to be ashamed of her sons at Oxford.

OLIM ALUMNUS.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Art Room is now equipped and was opened for use in the early part of November. We are very pleased to be able to state that the cost of furnishing has been defrayed by a grant of £150 from the Berkshire Education Committee, a subsidy for which we have abundant reason to be grateful.

This term has witnessed the founding of the Abingdon School Literary, Scientific and Debating Society. There are to be two Sessions annually, from October to December, and from January to March, and meetings are held weekly on Thursday afternoons in the Pembroke

Room. The Society consists of thirty members, with the Head-master as President, Mr. Gibson Vice-President, T. S. Wilding Secretary and N. Duncan Treasurer. An account of the meetings already held will be found in another column. *Floreat!*

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a notice of the work of those responsible for the Eagle Restoration Fund; but we would record here the gratitude of the School for their munificence and the labour they have so ungrudgingly given.

We have to thank Mr. E. L. Shepherd, the Mayor of Abingdon and a member of our Governing Body, for kindly offering a prize for proficiency on some legitimate orchestral instrument.

We have also to thank him for a half-holiday, which we enjoyed on Monday, December 5th.

On November 16th the Drill of the School was inspected by Captain Hunt, Adjutant to the Royal Berkshire Volunteers, who was acting on behalf of Col. Elliott.

Football Colours were awarded in November to A. S. B. Payne and M. G. Brinsmead; and later to P. J. Aldridge,

R. F. Baker, E. F. Berry, N. Duncan, F. D. Smith, and R. V. Weaving.

W. B. Preston was rowing in the winning boat of the B.N.C. Fours, and H. S. Mathias in that of the Mawdesley Fours at St. Edmund's Hall, while C. P. B. Montgomery has gained a place in the Keble Torpid. R. G. Rice has been playing Football for the first eleven of the London Hospital.

We congratulate Mr. Wright on his election as an Associate of the Royal Drawing Society.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the information that the Rev. E. W. Hawkins, O.A., Rector of Ringshall, Suffolk, has been appointed Rural Dean of Bosmere.

The following end-of-term dates have been settled:—Saturday, Dec. 17th, the School Concert; (Sunday, 18th, Confirmation at St. Helen's Church by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Reading); Monday, 19th, the School Dance; Tuesday, 20th, Past v. Present Football Match; Wednesday, 21st, Break-up.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Bloxhamist, the Chigwellian, and the Coathamian.

CHAPEL FUND, 1904.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1903	3	13	0½
COLLECTIONS.—			
First Sunday, Lent Term ..	2	1	8
First Sunday, Summer Term ..	1	15	11½
First Sunday, Michaelmas Term ..	1	14	5
W. W. Richardson, Esq., O.A., Balance of Eagle Restoration Fund ..		15	7
	£10	0	8

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Simmons for kneelers ..	6	12	0
Messrs. Ballard & Son, Rods for Frontal ..		5	0
Balance in hand ..	3	3	8
	£10	0	8

Signed THOMAS LAYNG.

H. W. WEAVING, *Senior Prefect.*

Dec. 15th, 1904.