

Misericordias Domini

in aeternum cantabo.



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EDITORIAL.

THERE is generally no lack of news and occupation to employ and interest us during the Michaelmas term, and the present one has not been an exception to the rule.

The 1st XI. have already played fifteen football matches, and have nearly come to the end of their card. It seems not unlikely, however, that we shall be able to arrange some additional fixtures for next term. We publish in another column a review of this term's football, with accounts of the matches.

There have been no Gilchrist Lectures this year in Abingdon, but our evenings have been diversified with more than the average number of entertainments, grave and gay. We take this opportunity of sincerely thanking Captain Festing, on behalf of the whole School, for his excellent lecture on "Modern Appliances of War." We learnt from him more, perhaps, in an hour than we generally learn in—well, in several hours: and we feel that the War news, which we all read with enthusiasm (what School does not?) has been made, in many of its details, far more real and intelligible to

us by his diagrams, specimens and explanations. Mr. W. H. Richardson too, always a good friend to the School, has helped us considerably by the admirable maps of South Africa which he has presented to the Reading Room, and our best thanks are due to him also.

A new boarder arrived at half-term; or ought we rather to say an addition to the staff? At any rate we found her in a position of authority, when we returned from our mid-term exeat. We heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Layng upon their new cause of happiness and we wish to their little daughter a long and prosperous career.

Another item of news, which will be of great interest to all Abingdonians, is that the Governing Body has approved a scheme for the enlarging of the School buildings at a cost of £5000. A plan has been submitted by Mr. West, the architect to whom the work is entrusted, and according to his design there will be, besides new Class Rooms, a Science Lecture Theatre, Physical and Chemical Laboratories, an Art Room, a new and handsome Chapel, and a Gymnasium, while some of the present Class Rooms are to be enlarged. The scheme now awaits the sanction of the Charity Commissioners.

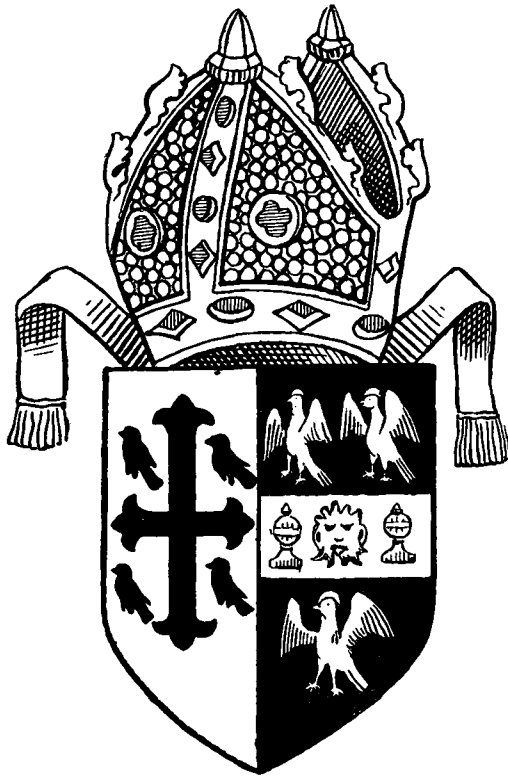
Our illustration with the article describing it is the generous gift of Mr. W. H. Richardson, and for this and our other contributions we are very grateful.

To all our readers we wish a happy Christmas and New Year.

THE ARMS OF ABINGDON ABBEY.

What may be called the public heraldry of Abingdon is not altogether happy, and not unnaturally, for in a number of instances it is incorrect and hopelessly misleading. The chief cause is apparently discoverable in the crude idea which seems to have possessed the minds of the perpetrators of public heraldry in Abingdon:—that you may paint a shield of arms of any colour or colours, and add gilding, *ad lib.* according to fancy. I have already alluded to this in a previous number, in connection with the refurbishing of the arms of our Founder on the old School gateway, the errors of which, I regret to say, are still unrepaired. If you stroll down to St. Helen's church, you will there see, next the Corporation seats, two framed and inscribed wood panels, each bearing what purports to be the Borough arms, but the blazonry of either absurdly contradicts that of the other. Assuming that you stroll back again, and go up into the Council Chamber, you may observe there a portrait which is always shewn as that of Richard Mayott, the first mayor of the borough, but the arms on the frame in which this picture is set are undoubtedly those of Bostock, and it remains to be explained why these arms should appear above the portrait of a man belonging to a totally different family. Until the contrary is proved, I think we are quite justified in the conjecture that this picture represents, not a legendary

*Abbot of abingdon
lord thomas pentecost*



ARMS OF ABINGDON ABBEY,
IMPALING THOSE OF
THOMAS PENTECOST
LAST ABBOT OF ABINGDON. C. 1514-38.

Mayott, but one of the Bostocks, who were an important family both in Abingdon and the County during the 17th cent. On the other hand, if the portrait really is Mayott, then one must needs ask why it is surmounted by the arms of somebody else? It would be a little strange, amid these prevailing eccentricities, if the arms of the abbey had escaped perversion,—and they have not. As you go down into the town from the School, you pass on the left in Bath street an inn called the “Three Tuns,” adorned in front with a shield of arms intended to represent those of the abbey. So far as the charges are concerned it is correct, but the resplendent blazonry of blue and gold is purely fanciful, and altogether wrong. In Abingdon the best representation of the arms is to be found on the abbey gateway, a work of the late 15th or early part of the 16th cent. and is heraldically described as “a crosspatonce between four martlets.” (A martlet, I may explain parenthetically, is a bird resembling a swallow, but with thighs and no legs.) There are, however, much earlier examples. The British Museum possesses a number of impressions of the seals of various abbots of Abingdon, and two of these, the seals of abbot William (1371), and abbot John Sante (1461-95), both exhibit the same shield of arms as that on the gateway. For the correct blazonry of the coat, we must apply to other sources, and among these is a very fine 16th cent. vol. of arms, emblazoned on vellum, in the Royal College of Arms, and marked L. 10.

This gives, on fol. 66, an exemplification of the abbey arms as “argent, a cross patonce, between four martlets, sable.” It also gives, on other folios, the same arms impaling those of several abbots, viz., abbot Shotesbroke (1504-8), abbot Coventre (1508-14), and abbot Pentecost (1514-38). Harl. MS. 1139 (Visitation of Berks, 1566) at the Brit: Mus: gives, on fol. 2, the same arms in trick, i.e., in outline only, but notes the tinctures, which are precisely as already quoted. Lastly, there is the Parliament Roll of the 6th year of Hen. VIII. (1515) from which I have taken the illustration to this paper. At that date, besides the peers, archbishops and bishops, as many as twenty-eight mitred abbots were summoned to attend Parliament, and in this Roll, the abbot of Westminster has precedence of all others: the abbot of Abingdon ranking 4th in order, and the abbot of Reading 6th. It is stated that “they took their places in Parliament and in public processions according to the seniority of their election,” but some abbeyes appear to have been allowed special degrees of precedence.

The arms of the peers and ecclesiastics contained in this Roll are given in nearly every case, and fully emblazoned; those of the latter being impaled with the arms of their respective sees or monasteries, and here, as in the instances previously quoted, and as may be seen from the illustration, the coat of Abingdon abbey is simply—“arg. a cross patonce, between 4 martlets, sa.”

I may also add that the abbey arms are included in the famous heraldic

glass of the early part of the 16th cent. which adorns the great hall of Ockwells Manor near Bray. This glass, as well as all the authorities before-named, I have personally examined quite recently, and it is abundantly manifest, that instead of blue and gold, the tinctures of the abbey arms are plainly silver and black.

Verbum non amplius addam.

WIL. H. RICHARDSON.

THE UNITED SERVICES

(South Africa, 1899-1900).

Here's to the Beggar of Absent Mind
 And here's to the Handy Man !
 We'll do as we're bid for his wife and kid
 And help them all we can ;
 For "Tommy" and "Jack" are the same old
 Pack,
 And can look Death in the face ;
 They have said Good-bye, and will do or die—
 The Sons of the Dauntless Race.

They are sons of the sires who have fought
 before
 And died—in a bygone day,
 Who with lusty pike could charge and strike
 In the old dare-devil way ;
 And "Tommy" and "Jack" are the same
 old Pack,
 If there's ever a foe to face,
 And the heights they clear with a ringing
 cheer—
 Sons of the Dauntless Race.

The Big Guns peal at Ten thousand yards ;
 The Rifles speak at Two ;
 But Britons still can scale a hill
 And charge with the bayonet through ;
 For "Tommy" and "Jack" are the same old
 Pack,

Whatever the odds to face ;
 With a Five-mile peal or the cold sharp steel
 They are Sons of the Dauntless Race.

The Empire's Sons from the distant seas,
 Unchanged by the miles of foam,
 From the South, from the North, have to war
 come forth
 And stand with the Sons from "home."
 For "Tommy" and "Jack" and the world-
 wide Pack
 Would stand—the World to face ;
 From the Tropics and Snows round the Flag
 they close—
 All Sons of the Dauntless Race !

EDWARD F. SHEPHERD.

THE STORY OF A MUTUAL AVERSION.

It was a broiling Indian summer morning up in the hills: everything in the little fort seemed ready to shrivel up under the immense heat.

In the barrack-yard the Surgeon, with coat unbuttoned and looking very hot, was talking to Lieutenant Hannington. "Then you intend to go?" he said.

Young Hannington brushed a troublesome insect from his cheek. "Well yes, I do; what that nigger says about native trouble is probably rot. By the bye, I wish you'd get the Captain to come with us; it would look better. I'd ask him myself, only he wouldn't come if I did. He bars me, as you know."

The Surgeon laughed. "I'll try," he said, and took his departure.

Lieutenant Hannington stood in the sunlight, and looked musingly after him.

His relations with Captain Kay were proverbially bad among the little group of officers at the fort. The fact was, this languid, off-hand, somewhat foppish young exquisite by no means fulfilled the worthy Captain's idea of what a soldier should be, and he was not above now and again making it hot for him when he caught him offending, which, to tell the truth, was not infrequent: and as the Lieutenant retorted by scoring off his superior whenever he could, they were soon on bad terms.

So that when the Lieutenant wanted to make up a party to lunch out at a place some miles up the Pass, he got the Surgeon to ask the Captain, as has been seen.

The Surgeon soon caught sight of his man in the distance: a little judicious manœuvring enabled him to meet him suddenly round an angle of the fort, as if by accident.

"Hulloa Captain," he cried, "just the man I want! There's a little party of us going to lunch up at the Ford presently. Hope you'll come with us."

The Captain was a little man, with a curt manner and a red face, which was very shiny now owing to the heat. "What time do you start?" he asked.

"Eleven o'clock punc.," and the Surgeon grinned at his euphonious abbreviation.

"Very well. This is a bit slow, I confess. I'll come, doctor."

The Captain went off to his duties, and the Surgeon rejoined young Hannington in the yard with the report "All's well."

By twelve o'clock some half dozen young officers were sitting, in the cool shade of the cliff, by the side of the dry river-bed at the end of the pass. Their boots were white and dusty, and they were very noisy, in spite of the heat. The laughter, the snatches of song, and the popping of corks echoed and re-echoed up the heights, and old Jehangir, the captain's Sikh servant, smiled to see that even his master was loud of laugh and light of heart. As for Lieutenant Hannington, he was the life and soul of the party. His conversation literally sparkled with epigram, and his pleasing voice rang out in the heated air over and over again, as he trilled out song and chorus. He was a great favourite in the fort, this easy-going long-limbed young lieutenant. Except Capt. Kay, who detested him, his fellow officers, from the Colonel downwards, could not help being attached to the fellow who could sing as fine a song, and ride as firm a seat at polo, as any Service man in Northern India.

An hour and a half went by, and the shadow of the rock grew larger, and still the Englishmen smoked, and sang, and talked merrily. Presently, while the Surgeon was in the midst of a roaring song in the chorus of which all joined right heartily, old Jehangir, who had been for some time invisible, approached the Captain hastily and spoke in his ear. The officer started to his feet and rose excitedly, as the chorus died on the men's lips, and the Surgeon asked "What's up?"

"Quick, you fellows! we'll have to

scoot for it. You know what that native said yesterday about the hillmen. There's a nice little gang of them coming round the cliff now! Buck up, or we're all dead men."

They were on their feet in no time, looking stupidly at one another. "There's nothing for it," said the Surgeon, "we must do a guy, and leave the champagne to the niggers. Whip the mule up, Jehangir, and come on you fellows!"

There was a hurried and confused discussion, and then the little party hurried down the pass in disorder, leaving the relics of the luncheon on the bank by the ford.

It was a good two miles to the fort. Sometimes running, sometimes walking, and with much moral persuasion applied to the animal, they covered the first mile or more at a good speed. The Surgeon, who was not in the best of condition, soon began to curse and to swear, between his panting breaths, while the others, though not so demonstrative, trotted along in no small physical discomfort. Suddenly a shot rang out, and a bullet whistled over their heads. Hannington looked round sharply, and the Surgeon said a very big word indeed. "They're after us full tilt" he said, "We must sprint or we shan't do it:" and off they went again at the top of their speed. The bullets began to whistle and sing around them thickly now, and the shouts of the hillmen were growing nearer.

"Leave that brute behind!" shouted the Captain, as the mule began to grow

tiresome. The animal galloped back towards the natives, and the party darted forward once more. Presently Hannington shouted "They are only two hundred yards behind!" and the Surgeon gave a grunt of despair. "Buck up, doctor!" said the panting Captain "it's barely half a mile from this narrow turning, and we shall be out of reach of the muskets for a bit."

They reached the narrow place between the boulders, and most of the party had safely passed behind the momentary shelter of the cliff, when the Captain fell forward with a curse. The blood was streaming down his leg.

"Don't wait for me, Canning!" he said to one of the young fellows who had stopped. He sprang to his feet, and the lieutenant went on again. The Captain limped on for a bit, but soon began to lag. The pain in his knee became unbearable. He stopped, loosened the revolver at his belt, sat down on a boulder, and waited. The tribesmen had not yet rounded the turning, and they seemed to be still firing at something. The Captain looked up the pass for a moment. The rest of the party were still some way from the fort, and for him to try and reach it in time would, he thought, be hopeless. He rose, took out his revolver, and limped hurriedly back towards the narrow pathway. A heroic resolve had come into his mind—to hold the hillmen in check at the spot till the others reached home.

Captain Kay reached the turning, and as a shower of bullets whizzed

around he dodged down behind a boulder. A movement near him made him turn his head. There, at his side, a glittering six-shooter in his hand, crouched no other person than Lieutenant Hannington!

Under the impulse of the moment, the Captain asked him what the deuce he was doing there.

"Well, you see, Captain" said the other, hastily re-loading his weapon, "it was my fault we came at all. I felt a bit responsible for the public safety, you know." He rested the revolver on his left arm and prepared to fire again.

Captain Kay looked up the ravine. A dozen hillmen were crouching among the boulders, gradually worming themselves nearer. The rest were still some distance behind. One man, nearer than the rest, rose suddenly and made a rush for the Englishman. In an instant the Lieutenant's weapon cracked, and he went down without a sound.

The Captain held out a hand to Hannington. "Young man," he said, "I must ask you to shake hands." And the Lieutenant held out his left hand, for the revolver was in the other, and said huskily that he felt very much flattered, and wondered vaguely if this were the right thing to say. And the Captain gulped down a lump in his throat, and settled sternly to work with his revolver; and neither of them uttered another word.

A few minutes later came the inevitable rush. And they died bravely, side by side, with their faces to the foe, as Englishmen should.

* * * * *

A small monument marks the spot where these two men, who had so late learned to value one another, fell; and by a strange irony, below the two names are engraved the words:

THEY WERE LOVELY AND PLEASANT IN
THEIR LIVES, AND IN THEIR DEATHS
THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

And the Surgeon laughs at this when he tells the story, though he sometimes rubs his sleeve across his eye.

O. J. C.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FRESHMAN.

To the average lay mind this title may conjure up visions of the adventurous career of Mr. Verdant Green: modern Oxford it is true does occasionally produce such an unconscious embodiment of humour, but as the conditions of 'Varsity life have altered, his vagaries, though bravely emulating those of his famous prototype, lie in a somewhat different direction. The sixth-form youth to-day is usually pretty wideawake and does not take long to become familiar with the mysteries of Alma Mater. A prospective freshman lately wrote to enquire whether smoking were permitted at the 'Varsity or Evening dress de rigueur for dinner in hall. Despite the fact that such weighty questions as these are usually solved beforehand, the October term arrivals still continue to provide material for merriment to the mind of the reflective senior. One of the first transactions

undertaken by the aspiring academic is the purchase of a gown. The Commoner's gown at Oxford is not an ambitious garment. The freshman who is inspired with a sense of his own dignity will select a lengthy article, which he fondly imagines will enhance his importance, especially if he has a wife and family living in Oxford. But the gown is not calculated to meet requirements of this nature and the result is in the nature of things grotesque. In any case he displays a striking attachment to the article in question, until he begins to realise that for three parts of the day a gown is not so essential to existence as he imagined.

For nearly a week he rivals the chaplain in the regularity of his attendance at Chapel. Then it slowly dawns upon him that, as a College tutor once expressed it, the Chapel service is no longer a religious observance, but a means of 'keeping term.' Thenceforward the place of worship assumes its normal appearance, until the remonstrances of the Dean become too pressing to be neglected.

Unless he excel in some particular branch of sport, which is not the case with the average freshman, he invests in a complete boating outfit (upon the advice of his tailor, a most obliging individual) and sets out to discover the College barge. His object in so doing is to partake of that mysterious pastime known as 'being tubbed,' in accordance with a notice duly posted by the Captain of the College boat club. In common with a motley herd of nervous contem-

poraries he awaits in fearsome awe the summons of the coach. When this arrives and all necessary details have been duly arranged for the voyage, he proceeds to indulge in a series of spasmodic contortions, in a frantic but vain endeavour to carry out the instructions of his formidable mentor. Alas for his newborn dignity and independence! A fortnight's tubbing, and he finds that manhood's estate is not without its moments of humiliation, and if he feels sore at the caustic remarks of the coach, is the sensation merely mental? However diligence brings reward at last and sorrows fade away before the golden prospect of being tried in the College Torpid.

Not infrequently the freshman suffers either from fear or consciousness of committing a breach of etiquette. Custom forbids men to shake hands upon introduction, while at Cambridge the reverse is the case.

Etiquette requires that a freshman shall not leave a card in returning a senior's call, though this rule varies in importance at different colleges. In matters of this kind he betrays himself by a nervous anxiety to appear quite up-to-date. The objectionable freshman who tries to foist his views upon the College, is dealt with promptly and effectively. He awakes some chilly night to discover that willing hands are bearing him, mattress and all, downstairs, to be finally deposited in some humble region of the college and there left to reflect upon his sins. The experience is no doubt beneficial and productive of good

results, though this treatment should be employed only in extremis.

Yet there is room at the 'Varsity for all sorts and conditions of men, the saint, the smug and the sinner alike find their respective "sets," for eccentricity is by no means a bar to success. Indeed the ways of Oxford are more weird and wonderful than those of the sister university; Oxford condones where Cambridge often condemns; and him that worships strange gods she neither despises nor abhors.

e Coll. Exon.

DARK DAYS.

In prehistoric ages,
 In the monkey-hood of man,
 We lived at ease among the trees,
 A merry little clan :
 We didn't wear no raiment,
 So that living wasn't dear,
 Nor had to cram for no exam,
 To earn our daily beer.
 And we didn't mind no bobbies,
 For to do as we were bid,
 But when we thought that something ought,
 It generally did :
 And we settled little quarrels
 By demolishing the foe,
 Which both prevented discontent
 And kept us on the go.
 Those were the uncouth beginnings,
 As everybody knows,
 When we lashed like flails each other's tails,
 Clutched with prehensile toes :
 But now we've nobler natures,
 And on the ground we walk,
 And there's no time for romp or climb,
 Since we've begun to talk.

Oh, "fifty years of Europe
 Than a cycle of Cathay !"
 —We're better far, we know we are,
 Than what we like to say :
 And someday in the future,
 If we come along so fast,
 We'll do so well, you'll hardly tell
 We ever had a past.
 But in the dull December,
 When, ere the break of morn,
 In frying-pan disrobéd man
 Sits shivering forlorn ;
 When duty seems so dreary,
 And dreams so volatile,
 Oh, I'd like to be a chimpanzee
 For just a little while !

R-B.

FOOTBALL.

On starting the season we lamented the loss of Mr. Orpwood, S. W. Brown, and W. M. Austin, all of whom had made it a very difficult matter to supply their equals. Our 1st XI. card contained a good list of fixtures, including six inter-school and 15 club matches. We had some difficulty in filling in the half-back and back divisions, and even now these are subject to alterations. Our forward line presented no such difficulty and we were exceptionally fortunate in having such an old hand as our captain, P. L. Deacon, at centre. The results of the first two matches augured well for a very successful season, as we took twenty-two points from our opponents. The best contested club games were with Mansfield and Pembroke College. So far we have played 15 matches with a result of 9 wins and 6 losses. It is a

pity that not more than four matches were provided for our 2nd XI., as there are many promising players amongst them, capable of rendering a very good account of themselves. The Second have played three of their matches—won two and lost one. It would be considerably better for the present welfare of the Second and the future of the First, if those outside the 1st XI. played games amongst themselves when club matches are being played. As it is, they can do very little to improve their football and to get into condition, for they seem to get no exercise on Wednesdays and Saturdays except for their lungs. Our right forward wing is considerably faster than the left, although there is not much to choose between their centreing powers: indeed this quality is a brilliant feature of both our wings. Stevens has turned out a most capable outside right, and Montgomery has done the same at half, Taylor has developed into a sound back and always renders great service to the team. We have to thank S. W. Brown, of last year's team, for giving us such an enjoyable game with his College friends at Keble. The score of 7-2 in our favour by no means represents the state of the game. The defence was severely taxed all through and we are afraid to say what the result would have been if Mr. Morland had not been in such good form in goal. We have had some very good performances, but owing to some unaccountable variations in the mood of our team we have to own more defeats than we ought. We hope that the remaining fixtures will produce

results which will give us a greater balance of wins in hand than we have at present.

A. S. F. C. *v.* Oxford High School. Played at Abingdon, September 20th, in wretched weather and ended in an easy win for us by 11-0. The game calls for little comment as we had it all our own way from the first, the School playing somewhat slackly. Austin made a creditable first appearance. Goals by Deacon (5), Austin (4), Shepherd and Stevens. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); R. Tulbot and P. R. Taylor (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. F. Shepherd, and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, J. W. Murray, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. *v.* Leighton Park School. Played at Abingdon, October 7th. Although the School won easily by 11-0, yet, in spite of the score, the game was a very fast one. The visitors were weak forward, but in Hills had a splendid centre-half, their backs also showing up well at times. The School forwards played very well and missed no chances of scoring. Stevens made some good runs, and Austin and G. S. Deacon passed very well. The backs were always safe. Eight goals were scored before half-time, the visitors improving considerably afterwards. Goals by Deacon (8), Austin, Stevens and Murray. The School team was the same as that which played against Oxford High School.

A.S.F.C. *v.* Wallingford. Played at Wallingford, on October 11th. In the first half the School played up well and

the score was 1-1 at half-time. The home backs however were much too heavy for our forwards, who made no impression afterwards. Wallingford had most of the play towards the end and eventually won by 5-1. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and P. R. Taylor (backs); H. F. Shepherd, H. W. Palmer, Esq., and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, E. Ross-Barker, Esq., P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Cygnets. Played at Abingdon, on October 14th. This was a very disappointing match, the School apparently having the game in their hands at one time. However the Cygnets played up well towards the close and, although they were two goals behind at the interval, yet, helped by some mistakes on the part of the School defence, they scored five goals. The School team seemed to fall to pieces altogether. Goals by Deacon.

A.S.F.C. v. Worcester College. Played at Abingdon on October 18th. Worcester had by no means a representative XI. and suffered defeat by 8-0. The School backs were very safe and the forwards made the most of their opportunities. Montgomery was in good form at left-half and kept his wing well fed. Anstin and G.S. Deacon were responsible for most of the goals, many centres being sent in from the left. Goals by Deacon (3), Mr. Ross-Barker (2), G. S. Deacon, Austin and Montgomery.

A.S.F.C. v. Wallingford. Played at Abingdon on October 21st. Wallingford were not at full strength. The School

started scoring at a great pace, and profiting by the weakness of the visiting goalkeeper, scored 8 before half-time. Afterwards Wallingford changed their goalkeeper and did better. The School won by 11-1. Goals by Deacon (4), Austin (4), Stevens (2), and one by one of the visiting backs.

A.S.F.C. v. Mansfield College. Played at Abingdon on October 25th. The visitors pressed at first and a fast and even game resulted. Mansfield were a dashing team and on several occasions came very near scoring. Clayton however however made some brilliant saves and Mr. Ingrams and Taylor were in fine form at back. After missing an easy chance, Deacon scored once before half-time, the School then leading by 1-0. The second half was a repetition of the first, the visitors making strenuous efforts to score. This they failed to do and, with the game practically over, Deacon put through from a centre by Stevens, the School thus winning a pleasant and exciting game by 2-0. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and P. R. Taylor (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. W. Palmer, Esq., and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, E. Ross-Barker, Esq., P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Pembroke College. Played at Abingdon on October 28th. The slippery state of the ground spoilt combination. Soon after the start Stevens ran down and centred but no one was up. Soon however the School scored from a scrum. The kicking of Venables,

one of the visiting backs, was very fine and he put in several long shots, which Clayton found it hard to stop. After the interval Challenor made several fine runs for Pembroke and from one of these he scored a beautiful goal. Immediately afterwards G. S. Deacon got away and centred to his brother, who put the School ahead again. Nothing further was scored and a slow game ended in a win for us by 2-1. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq., and P. R. Taylor (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. W. Palmer, Esq., and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, J. W. Murray, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon. Played on the School ground on November 1st. The School had the better of the opening exchanges and pressed hotly but failed to score, Deacon missing the goal. Presently the Town broke away and scored a lucky goal. Another followed from a beautiful cross shot from Lay. Austin put in a good shot the other end but Baker saved smartly and the Town led at half-time by 2-0. The second half went all in favour of the Town. The School had a few rushes, and from one of these Stevens scored, but towards the end of the game the Town added three and won by 5-1.

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School. Played at Oxford on November 11th. The School found themselves greatly handicapped by the small size of the ground. Oxford High School, helped by a strong wind, pressed slightly at

first, but towards the end of the half the School scored three. Afterwards Abingdon played with the wind, but Geekie in goal played splendidly for the High School. Nothing was scored for a long time, and so Taylor was put up forward. He immediately rushed one through, after which the School quickly brought the total up to 9 before time was called. Goals by Deacon (7), Taylor and Stevens. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); R. Talbot and P. R. Taylor (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. F. Shepherd and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, J. W. Murray, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Mansfield College. This return match was played at Oxford on November 15th. Another very even game resulted in Mansfield reversing the previous result and winning by 3-1. In the first half both sides strove hard to obtain the first point which eventually fell to Mansfield. The School forwards were repeatedly pulled up by the home backs, who played brilliantly throughout. Mansfield added a second soon after half-time and Stevens notched a point for the School, from a scrum in front of goal. Mansfield however were not to be denied, and they obtained one more before time.

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. Played at Bloxham on November 22nd. Bloxham subjected the Abingdon goal to a hot attack for some time at the beginning of the game and had hard luck in not scoring. Holiday was conspicuous for some good shooting. Then Abingdon

broke away and Stevens, after the first of a series of splendid runs, put in a centre which was nicely put through by Austin. Bloxham strove hard to equalize, but the visiting backs and halves showed very good defence. After half-time Stevens broke away and centred, and Deacon scored. Shortly afterwards another was rushed through by Stevens, and from now onwards the pace of the School forwards began to tell. After Bloxham had scored their only goal, Deacon added three more for Abingdon, who retired with a well deserved win by 6-1. The length of the ground just suited our forwards, who had the advantage in pace. Deacon was in fine form at centre forward, and Stevens on the right wing was irresistible. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); N. B. Challenor and P. R. Taylor (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. F. Shepherd, and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, J. W. Murray, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon. Played on the Town ground on November 29th. The game opened sensationally, the School scoring 2 goals in the first three minutes. The Town then obtained a very doubtful goal and soon equalized, Tate and Lay being very difficult to stop on the left wing. At half-time Abingdon led by 3-2. The School presently equalized after good play on the left wing, but Morland put the Town ahead again. The final score was 6-4 in favour of Abingdon. For the School the forwards were in good form, Mr. Ross-Barker playing a dashing game. The half-

backs were easily outpaced by the Town forwards, but Taylor played very well at back. Our goals were all scored by Deacon, who, though well marked by the opposing backs, was quite in his best form. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq. and P. R. Taylor (backs); J. E. Montgomery, H. W. Palmer, Esq., and H. F. Shepherd (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, E. Ross-Barker, Esq., P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and J. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. Played at Abingdon. This was a very disappointing game, the School showing none of that form which characterized their play in the two previous matches. At the start Abingdon pressed, but Horner was very safe in goal. Bloxham however broke away and scored their first goal. The School strove hard to equalize but the forwards were all off colour and failed to penetrate the visitors' defence. Just on half-time Bloxham scored a very lucky goal, the ball rebounding in a corner off one of the home team. Abingdon had nearly all the play in the second half, Clayton having very little to do. Deacon scored once, but Bloxham packed their goal and succeeded in keeping the School from getting through, and a poor game ended in their favour by 2-1. School team:—P. J. Clayton (goal); P. R. Taylor, and R. Talbot (backs); G. S. Saxby, H. F. Shepherd, and J. E. Montgomery (half-backs); A. W. Stevens, J. W. Murray, P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Mr. S. W. Brown's XI. A Scratch team from Keble College,

under the Captaincy of S. W. Brown, visited Abingdon on December 6th, but the School proved too strong for them and won by 7-2. The School got away at the start, and Deacon scored immediately. The visitors then began to prove dangerous and the School backs were busy for some time. At last Stevens running up the touch line centred to Deacon who scored again. After this the visitors pressed, and Cowan got a ground shot into the net, and shortly after Dixon equalised. At half time the score stood at 2 all, but the School now began to press, and Deacon after a fine run put in a third goal. Stevens notched the fourth point from a centre by G. S. Deacon. Two more were quickly added, the sixth from a grand shot by Deacon, and Mr. Ross Barker added a seventh. A feature of the play was the splendid defence of Mr. Morland in goal, but for which the result might have been very different. Mr. Ingrams and Taylor were also in good form, while among the forwards Stevens worked well on the right and Deacon shot with his usual power. School Team:—J. H. Morland, Esq., (goal); S. Ingrams, Esq., and P. R. Taylor, (backs); H. F. Shepherd, H. W. Palmer, Esq., and J. E. Montgomery, (half backs); A. W. Stevens, E. Ross-Barker Esq., P. L. Deacon, A. M. Austin, and G. S. Deacon (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd. XI. v. Bloxham School 2nd XI. Played at Abingdon on November 22nd. The School had rather the best of the game throughout, but the

forwards were weak in the first half. Afterwards they improved and scored twice, through Bowman, and won a very good game by 2-0. The two backs, Sells and Talbot, with Hewer and Edey, played very well. School team:—A. Chambers (goal); R. Talbot and R. W. Sells (backs); J. Hewer, A. J. Sells, and L. Bayley (half-backs); R. G. Rice, W. P. Harragin, T. F. Bowman, R. A. Sparkes, and F. H. Edey (forwards).

The return match was played at Bloxham on December 2nd, when Bloxham were victorious by 5-1. Our team consisted of:—C. P. Montgomery (goal); N. B. Challenor and R. W. Sells (backs); J. Hewer, A. J. Sells, and L. Bayley (half-backs); J. G. Mortleman, W. P. Harragin, T. F. Bowman, R. A. Sparkes, and F. H. Edey (forwards).

A TALE OF A NICE LETTER.

“A peaceful place” my friends were accustomed to call “The Nest,” my little Bachelor home in Surrey, right away among the Downs, an hour’s ride by train from the Metropolis and my business. And I suppose it was peaceful; the greatest noise ever heard in its neighbourhood was the lowing of the cows in the meadows around, or “the strain of strutting chanticler” in the farmyard near by. But since that fateful day a fortnight back, however peaceful the place, I, the owner, had not partaken of its peacefulness. And no wonder, for one sound ringing in my ears was sufficient to quite dull my senses to the “whirl and din” of London streets;

and what a roar that sound must have become, when it had the quiet air of the country to practise its lungs upon! And so my peacefulness was a minus quantity, chased away by one sound in heart and ears. That sound was a lady's name. It had frequently been sweet music to me before the time I refer to, but a circumstance of which you shall hear had now made it a constant, infatigable companion. Just two weeks before the day of which I am now writing, a letter, the product of several nights' and days' thought and trouble, had been sent north to the fair town of Edinburgh, bearing the name of a lady, who was the most—well! you know the rest. I dare not give you the words of the letter, but you will understand their purport when I say, that upon the answer depended all my future.

And for six long days I betook myself to business as usual, returning in the evening to "The Nest"; and you will have some conception of my condition, when I tell you, that on three separate occasions certain of the small fry followed me from my train singing "He wore a worried look." My old housekeeper—perhaps I should say middle-aged—noted my condition and the change in me with great concern. I heard her remark to the gardener "he looks as though he visited *Tartary* every day instead of London"—she was very proud of her education—"and always had a bad time with *Plato* there." Her idea on the subject did not overshoot the mark, it rather fell short of it. Not all the horrors of "*Tartary*" could be greater

than my horror; and I rather fancy, that to have my liver gnawed away by as ugly a bird as you like, would have been perfect comfort compared with the tortures I suffered those terrible, terrible days. At the end of a week I had to abandon business; it was useless to attempt it, and I knew my partners would manage without me. And now I had spent another week in almost greater solicitude than the first. Picture me, a man of 25 years, usually somewhat handsome, strong and sane-looking, as an idiotic, emaciated, feeble individual gazing out of a window over a lawn, with only a few thrushes and a worm or two as audience, muttering time after time this one name....—but that would be telling you too much.

* * * * *

"There's but one cure, get engaged to her at once," thus spake Dr. M——, as he stood over me one morning, smiling half pityingly, half scornfully—you know the kind of smile. And when I explained to him that his prescription would be most pleasant, but was not obtainable I feared, he said there was nothing for it but a "thorough change." And so abandoning everything, even the accounts I owed, I set sail one morning in the steamship "*Mabel Grace*" for, not New Zealand, but Calais. The passage was an exceedingly stormy one. Ah! you smile knowingly, so I may as well tell you now I did *not* suffer from *mal-de-mer*. Arrived at Calais I disembarked—the boat not going any further—and proceeded by train to Paris and thence to that *sine qua non* of the

English invalid, the South of France. And all the way the noise of the train kept playing an accompaniment to the name ringing in my ears. Nice was my destiny. My first act on arriving at my hotel, was to write to my housekeeper a flattering little note, saying how happy I felt to be able to leave my home in the hands of one so competent, so careful, so unspeakably excellent as herself, who nevertheless in spite of having all these virtues, must needs add another one to them, one so uncommon among other *young* ladies, absence of curiosity. I added, parenthetically of course, that if any letters should happen to come for me, none would be of so important a nature as to need prompt attention, and that they might be forwarded to me unopened in another envelope. My object in asking for the other envelope, was to prevent my letter being torn open in the post. I had always pictured it as arriving in a delicate pink or blue wrapper, liable to be ruined by a careless hand. Having sent her this pill coated with sugar, I resigned myself to whatever fate was awaiting me.

For three mornings I asked in my best Parisian French, "Une lettre est-elle arrivée pour moi?" and three times came the reply "Non, non, monsieur."

But on the fourth day a packet was placed in my hands. I glanced at it! I with difficulty suppressed a cry! I fingered it! I dared not open it! I seized my hat and hurried out, determined to read it in solitude. It was my housekeeper's writing. Arrived in the

lanes, I nerved myself for a great effort. I tore open the envelope, and what do you think was inside? "Oh, I know! just a letter from your housekeeper." No you are wrong, try again. "A bill, bearing the words: frequent applications having been made, etc." Again you are wrong. "Well! I don't know. At any rate it was not her reply. I do know that." That is just where you are wrong. It *was* her reply! I dare not give you the words of the letter, but you will understand their purport when I say, that upon them has depended my future, and my future happiness, which has lasted up to the present, bless her!

A. W. S.

EARLY MAN.

The historian who wishes to write of the early inhabitants of our land has no written document to assist him; his only materials are the few remains that have come down to us entombed in the gravels of some pleasant valley, or buried among the peat of the Fen land. The occurrence of man's bodily remains is, from the perishable nature of their materials, hardly to be expected, but in most cases the implements which he used are our chief guides. These implements show in their workmanship and in the choice of the material of which they are fashioned a gradual improvement in the civilization of their owners. The transition from the rude stone implements of the Early Stone Age to the beautifully chipped and polished implements of the Newer Stone

Age, and the introduction of the use of metals, is better seen in the peat of Denmark than in our own land; for there, in successive layers of peat, we find the remains of three different ages of man. In England the remains of the Palæolithic period are only found in the South, where, mingled with the bones of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the mammoth, the lion, and the cave bear, we find rude implements of chipped flint that are undoubtedly of human origin. Such implements have also been found in the caverns of the limestone districts of Devonshire—once the abode of man—where they are covered by deposits which contain the finer implements used by men who had made some progress in the arts of life. To the older Stone Age also belong rude engravings on fragments of bone, depicting the mammoth, cave bear and other animals, with which early man was acquainted. These have been found at La Madeleine in France.

The remains, from which the history of Neolithic Man must be compiled, consist of cavern deposits, peat mosses, the remains of pile dwellings and lake bottoms, while his weapons have been found in all parts of England from the Yorkshire Wolds to the river valleys and the Downs of the South of England, occasionally in such numbers as to lead to the belief that they have been manufactured in large quantities on the spot, and used as a medium of exchange with the tribes who lived in less favoured localities. Some of the remains from lake dwellings show us that Neolithic

Man had made considerable advances in civilization. He had learnt not to rely entirely on hunting to supply him with the means of life; but had begun to domesticate animals and to practice a rude form of agriculture. From the lake dwellings of Switzerland numerous remains of the dog, horse, sheep, goat, and ox have been obtained, and none of these animals are indigenous to Europe, but were probably introduced by tribes who migrated from Central Asia; the remains of several kinds of grain and of seeds of fruits also point to the same conclusion. The arts of spinning, weaving and pottery were also known to men of this period. The remains of the bronze age are found in the barrows which are so common in many parts of Europe, and are of very different ages, but in this case the evidence has to be dealt with on archæological rather than on geological grounds. R.

HORACE.—ODES III, ix.

Horace.

Blithely I lived as a Persian king,
While ought of my suit you deigned to reckon,
While yet no luckier swain might fling
His arms round that snowy neck.

Lydia.

Famed, too, was I as Rome's Vestal-queen,
Brightly as hers did my praises shine,
Ere another flame in your heart was seen,
And Chloe's had banished mine.

Horace.

Yes, Chloe of Thrace is my mistress now,—
She can sing to the lyre in sweetest strain:
I would die for her, could the Fates allow
My darling to still remain.

Lydia.

And I have my lover too, I trow,—
Thurinian Calais;—once and again
I would die for him, could the Fates allow
My loved one to still remain.

Horace.

What if old-time love return, and bind
Two severed hearts in its brazen chain,
And the rival of Chloe the portal find
Open to her again ?

Lydia.

Ah ! then, though the other is fair as a star,
Though lighter than feathers your fancies
fly,
Though fierce as the rough, rash sea you are,
With you I will live and die.

O. J. C.

WINTER.

Handmaid of Death, the old year's youngest
daughter,

Hast thou no pity for a world's distress ?
Spring has her tears of soft reviving water ;
Fierce Summer has his moods of tender-
ness ;

Even Autumn, thinking on the days gone by,
Lights with her smile the year's maturity.

But thou, thou knowest neither pause nor pity,
Stone-hearted spoiler of the weak and poor !
Feared by the hungry toilers in the city,

Feared at the hearth and on the dreary moor.
Thou dost benumb the soul and freeze the
breath :—

I do believe thou art the bride of death !

Thou lovest not the song the birds awaken,
Nor honeyed flowers bursting from the bud,
Nor green-tressed trees by balmy zephyrs
shaken,

Nor youth alert with warm abounding blood,
Nor love attuned to music of the bees,
Those airy harps,—thou wilt have none of
these.

Oh, and at times thy face is shadow-laden,
And thou dost shriek and bluster in thy hate.

Wherefore ?—unnatural, unlovely maiden,
Marring the peace that Autumn left so great,
Till, at the altar of thine envy slain,
Joy, Beauty, Mirth confess their forces vain.

Then art thou calmer and for shame hast
hidden

Thy cruel deeds beneath a snowy pall ;
But ah ! thy glance Medusa-like has bidden
Freeze as thy heart the living waterfall.
Faint shines the sun, but nightly through the
skies

The piercing stars gleam like a serpent's eyes.

What now may vex the stillness of thy features ?
Thy cold white face what blush of life may
stain ?

Ah ! we might call thee fairest of all creatures,
But for that look of passionless disdain :
So calm thou art, thy fury laid to rest,
Though deeper yet the malice of thy breast.

Yes, thou art beautiful, though under heaven
When saw we beauty ever yet so cold ?
So cold, so cruel ! Has thine anger driven
Love's warmth away ? art thou already old ?
Smile on us only once, to ease our pain,
So we may live ; then be thyself again.

R-B.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE
LETTERS OF AN O.A.

R.M.S.S. "Briton."

Tuesday, Nov. 7th, 1899.

* * * * *

When we finally made a start we
travelled slowly till we got nearly to the
Needles, and anchored for the night,
and did not make a move again until
Sunday morning at 6 a.m. (4 bells).

About 5 in the evening I began to feel
powerful bad and have felt so ever since.

* * * We are supposed to land
at Madeira to-morrow morning about
11 a.m. when I shall post this letter.

* * * I know nothing of interest
that has occurred. (It is rather awkward
writing on the floor one second and on
the ceiling the next.) Although the
weather is fine, in fact perfect, there is
a boisterous wind and a very rough sea,
which is not at all comfortable.

* * * We have passed a few ships
on our way, one of them being the big
Castle Liner we saw start off about two
hours before the "Briton."

* * * Madeira is just in sight and
during the 6 or 7 hours we are there I
hope to post this letter and have a good
square meal. The band plays every

evening and we have other music besides of varied character. * * The soldiers on board are drilling the whole morning, one company at a time. They march about in single file or stand still and do extension motions.

* * * There seems to be a tremendous lot of water about here, and as for noise, it is like sitting in a boat in the lock pool, when all the flood-gates are out, with the addition noise of the screws for ever going and never by any chance stopping to give one's head just a minute's rest.

* * * Everybody is very nice on board, except one man who was run in last night for waving revolvers about and showing photographs of his brother who was killed fighting for the Boers. He is a German Jew, and is now in irons or something.—C.B. I expect for the rest of the voyage.

* * * Madeira is getting larger and larger.

* * * All the officers of the ship have just turned out in white for the first time.

Wednesday, Nov. 8th.

Since I closed up my first letter I have landed at Madeira and had a good feed, and have felt a king ever since. Madeira is simply lovely: talk about "the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells"—only in this case they were bullock-bells. I went to the Hotel Central and had a good feed of roast beef and potatoes, plum pudding, &c., and finished up with a bottle of Bass and a large apple. I then lit a cigarette and proceeded to view the

place; the roads, paths, pavements, &c. all being round cobbles like the sides of High Street at home. There are no vehicles with wheels or at the most one or two, they are all what they call bullock carts and run on irons like a sledge, and what struck me most about the place was the sunshine, the trees in the streets, and the silence, the latter because there are no carriages with wheels and the bullock carts slide over the cobbles quite noiselessly. They always have two bullocks or two horses, never one of either by itself, and the carts are like the things that are always on the roundabouts for putting children in, with curtains at the sides like palanquins. Well, I went all over the place with a proper guide, saw everything there was to be seen, the court-house, the gaol, the barracks, &c. The private houses all had pretty verandahs (all stone-houses) with steps up from each end and iron rails painted green, pretty creepers growing all over them; oh! it is a lovely place and only four days out from England! It was very amusing to watch the Portuguese boys diving for pennies, &c. thrown in the water to them, and, by-the-bye, the water is a wonderful blue, and when stirred up, by any one diving for instance, turns a pale blue just for the time and then goes back to the wonderful violet blue again. We waited at Madeira five hours and then we upped anchor and offed again into the twilight.

Thursday, Nov. 9th.

This is Mayor-choosing day, and I am some 2000 miles from old England,

further than I ever went before. We play deck quoits and bucket quoits, and whist in the smoking-room for love. At 12.0 noon, Nov. 5th, we did 400 miles, Nov. 6th we did 412, Nov. 7th 413, and Nov. 8th 331, and stopped at Madeira as stated for 5 hours.

Friday, Nov. 10th.

I have all my meals in the Saloon now and am taking it out of the Company to make up for lost time; we have nothing exciting going on till evening time, when the Naval Brigade gives a concert on the promenade deck. We play quoits in the morning (the quoits are rings of rope), go to sleep in the afternoon, and smoke and play whist in the evening. The concert was decidedly good, the comic element being uppermost and splendidly the fellows sang.

Saturday, Nov. 11th.

Nothing exciting, no ships in sight, simply nothing but water. We have all got into the coolest dresses we have and even then it is awfully hot. Luckily we have a nice breeze against us or it would be almost as hot as our last summer at home; the soldiers have all got into khâki, the marines (jollies) and bluejackets into white and all the officers of the ship are in white as well. The soldiers, marines and bluejackets all do physical drill twice a day on the boat-deck, just above our heads, once with arms and once without; the bugles are sounding all day, and every day the officers on duty are continually walking across our deck to go down to the lower deck where their men are. There was

a dance in the evening from 8.0 till 11.0 p.m. In the afternoon the alarm sounded and all the soldiers, sailors and marines, officers and men rushed to their posts and remained there, while the Captain and the principal officers went round to inspect; all the boats were manned, 26 of them, and could have been swung overboard in a very short time if necessary. We could not stop as we had the 12 hours to make up which we lost at Southampton (we did not start till the Sunday morning, Nov. 5th), so they did not swing out the boats or lower them into the water.

Sunday, Nov. 12th.

I am a bit seedy this morning so had my breakfast (a small one) in my cabin and got up about 10.0 a.m. I did not go to the service, but went to sleep in my chair on deck; it is a glorious day, piping hot, and every one in déshabillé, white coats and trousers, or blouses and skirts, and no collars or ties! I have got in with a very nice little set of 4 other fellows and 2 ladies. Mrs. Sheridan of Durban and Miss Blackmore also of Durban, I think. Two of the fellows, Wyatt and Lewis (Irishman), are going back to South Africa to rejoin the Cape Mounted Rifles to which they belong and from which they have had 6 months leave. The other two are Woodrow-Cross, a man who has a farm near Ladysmith, and Cobbold, a fellow like myself going to try and join the British South African Police. The Irishman we call O'Hooligan, which amuses him very much; he is a splendid fellow.

Monday, Nov. 13th.

To-day we met a ship, "The Australasia," homeward bound, which passed in very close and gave us cheer after cheer as she passed, while all sorts of flag-wagging went on from their top deck to ours, which we could not see, as we are one deck below. The passing of this ship caused great excitement for the time, as we had seen nothing since we left Madeira, except flying fish and porpoises, one or two sharks and a bottle-nosed whale. Sir William Mac-Cornac strides round the 1st class deck every morning for half an hour, holding his hat in one hand and his coat in the other. He walks round in shirt sleeves with his head well down and at racing pace. He is a very fine old chap, about 6ft. 3 or 4, and broad in proportion.

Tuesday, Nov. 14th.

The daytime passed as usual—reading, smoking, playing quoits. In the evening the 1st class people gave a concert, which was very good on the whole, considering there were one or two very weak items on the programme.

Wednesday, Nov. 15th.

This day passed very much like all the others, except that the 1st class challenged us at cricket, when, after a very exciting match, (three balls falling into the sea through the net,) and one black eye, (to one of the fielders,) we finished with three runs each, a tie! In the evening the Somersets gave a concert on our deck, which I did not attend, as all the soldiers rushed the deck and we were turned out and saw nothing. So

our little clique sat on the other side of the deck and talked while the concert went on.

Thursday, Nov. 16th.

This afternoon we went to watch a cricket match between the officers of the Somerset Light Infantry and the Naval Brigade, which was very uproarious and exciting. There are only 2 fielders allowed besides the bowlers, as the pitch is somewhat narrow, and it's very funny watching the antics of the men in the field trying to catch or stop the ball as it bounces off the net at the side, the roof overhead, or as it jumps out of the lee scuppers. After this match was over (the Naval Brigade won easily—9 runs to 3!) someone very foolishly, in a weak moment, threw a football through the smoking-room porthole on the deck; a scene of wild confusion followed which it is impossible to describe, everyone being, or trying to be, on the ball at the same time, and several being on the deck in sitting position, and other positions not standing. After some 20 minutes of the above the excitement and noise somewhat subsided, and order was restored so that they might play a decent game, Somersets v. Naval Brigade, (sailors, officers and marines,) when the former gave the latter a terrible tying-up, scoring 11 goals in about 15 minutes, whereas the Naval Brigade scored nil. In the evening the 2nd class passengers gave a concert in the saloon, which passed off fairly well, considering the first seven performers broke down and retired after about the 3rd line of their songs!

Friday, Nov. 17th.

There is a fancy-dress ball this evening. I have borrowed a bluejacket's white jumpers and am going as a sailor.

Friday Evening.

I did not go to the fancy-dress ball as a sailor after all, as I could not get any tr-s-rs big enough round the waist, but I went as a Cape Mounted Rifleman, with my own breeches and gaiters and a borrowed khâki tunic and fatigue cap.

Saturday, Nov. 18th.

This day was spent in the same way as all the others, games and reading, morning, noon and night, which begins to get a bit monotonous. The crew of the ship, with the marines, blue jackets and soldiers, all had a fire alarm again to-day, the same as last Saturday; there was a wild ringing of bells and blowing of bugles, with the steam fog-horn of the ship going at the same time, everyone rushing about to their proper stations, where they were inspected and told off to their proper duty again. The costumes at the fancy-dress ball last night were splendid, and how they can be found on board ship passes my comprehension, Grace Darling, life buoy and oar complete, and all the proper costume, the usual "Knight of the Bath" whose costume was principally pyjamas, towels, sponges, soap, Scrubb's Ammonia, brushes, &c., a Lady Mephistopheles, Dolly Varden, several Red Cross Nurses, 1 Vivandière, Charley's Aunt personated by one of the officers of the Somersets, who is about 6 ft. 6 in his socks, 2 or 3 babies also personated by

the officers of the said Regiment, 1 Oxford M.A. complete with cap, gown and hood, 1 Snow Lady, 1 "Sandy," with the regulation red whiskers and hair, a kilt made of a bath towel and a sporran of a whitewash brush, 1 policeman, and others too numerous to mention. Altogether the thing was a huge success.

Sunday, November 19th.

Got up late (about 9 a.m.) and went to the Somersets' Church Parade. We are to arrive at Cape Town to-morrow morning, about 10 a.m., which will make a 15 days' voyage, and had we not lost 12 hours at Southampton we should be in sight of Table Mountain now. We have of course heard no news of the war, and everyone is very anxious to know what has happened. We sight about 3 or 4 ships a day now. To-day we saw the "Mexican," homeward bound, in the distance: she is the only vessel we have met since the "Australasia" mentioned previously. All the others we have seen we have overtaken and passed in a few hours: they are simply shoving us along enough to shake the ship to pieces. Everyone is writing letters to-day to post to-morrow, so we are all pretty quiet; all games too are stopped to-day as it is Sunday. To-day we saw a large whale which kept on spouting like anything, and everyday we see countless flying fish, one of which flew in at one of the portholes and landed on a man's chest in the middle of the night.

Monday, Nov. 20th.

We arrived at Cape Town this morn-

ing at 8 a.m., the "German" which started the week before we did, has not yet arrived, so I am first so far; and it is most probable from all that I can find out that I shall join the Imperial Light Horse here, and be sent on by the next boat, probably the "Briton," from here. Almost the first person I saw after I landed was an old Abingdonian, driving a cab down to the docks. He has got a splendid turn-out, which is recognized to be the best in Cape Town. I spoke to him: he says he is doing well and is very happy. Since I started writing to-day the "German" has arrived a few minutes ago. The marines and bluejackets marched off just now, about 2 p.m. for Simon's Town, and before starting they gave three cheers for the Somersets who are left on board till to-morrow. They looked very smart when they marched off. We do not leave here till Friday morning at daybreak, as we have to take 5000 tons of coal on board, which will not be done till Thursday night, late.

Wednesday, Nov. 22nd.

The docks are like an ant hill, nothing but men in khâki, and Kaffirs running about all over the place, and the coal dust is like a fog. We have to wash 7 or 8 times a day to be able to make any pretence of being clean, and even then we are dirty. All the doors of the ship are tight shut, and awnings put up all round the promenade deck to keep out the coal dust. I do not think much of Cape Town; the place is horribly dirty and you get your eyes bunged up with dust in five minutes. I saw

some artillery, also some Highlanders land and march to the station yesterday: they looked fine. We have nearly finished landing the 6 million rounds of Lee-Metford ammunition, and the 100 tons of Lyddite shell. They say we shall probably get it all on shore by midnight to-night (Wednesday), and they have been using 5 donkey engines all the time getting it up and of course the guns as well.

ALGERNON M. SHEPHERD.

(For permission to print the above extracts we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Shepherd, of The Lindens, Abingdon.—Ed.)

SCHOOL NOTES.

Margaret Rachel Layng, born on November 4th, was baptized in St. Nicholas' Church on December 6th.

On the First Sunday in Advent a Confirmation was held by the Lord Bishop of Oxford in St. Helen's Church. The Service at 3 o'clock was attended by the house boys and other members of the School, among the candidates being the following past and present Abingdonians:—H. E. A. Crosse, C. P. B. Montgomery, G. S. Saxby, R. W. Sells, R. Talbot, H. F. Shepherd, P. Aldwinckle, N. B. Challenor, S. B. King, J. C. Richards, E. P. Martin.

The death is announced at Abingdon Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, of the Rev. H. J. Rhodes, M.A., formerly Tesdale Usher in the time of Dr. Strange. Mr. Rhodes graduated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1844. After leaving Abingdon he was for many years Editorial Secretary to the S.P.C.K., and latterly has given valuable volunteer

work in the parish of St. James at Tunbridge Wells.

We regret also to have to announce the death of Dr. James Hodges (O.A.), of Upper Edmonton, which took place on October 3rd. He was the eldest son of a former vicar of Shippon, and was very well known, not only in his profession, but as an ardent Volunteer and an enthusiastic Freemason.

We beg to offer our congratulations to B. Challenor (O.A.) upon winning the Mile, Quarter Mile, and 100 Yards in the Pembroke College Sports, despite the fact that he was heavily penalized.

Another Abingdonian has gone to the front to win laurels for his old School. A. M. Shepherd left England in the Briton on November 4th to join the Imperial Light Horse in South Africa.

We have again to thank Mr. W. H. Richardson, and this time for presenting to the Reading Room an interesting chart of the Flags of All Nations, and for the gift of two books to the Lending Library.

By the kindness of the Warden and Masters of Radley College we were again invited to the Radley Play, which was held this year on November 2nd. All the members of the Sixth Form availed themselves of the invitation and spent a most enjoyable evening.

On Thursday, November 9th, the Boarders and many of the Day Boys went to a theatrical performance given in aid of the Church Schools in the Corn Exchange. The main feature of the programme was a musical comedietta entitled "The Knave of Hearts," the principal part being taken by O. J.

Couldrey, while among the performers numerous past and present Abingdonians figured. The entertainment was much appreciated by all who witnessed it.

Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Airy and the Choir we were entertained at an enjoyable concert in the School Room on Saturday, November 11th.

On Thursday, November 16th, Captain Festing gave a Lecture in the School on "Modern Appliances of War." The subject was one which deeply interested everyone. His lucid explanation of the mysteries of modern warfare, especially of the Dum-dum bullet and the Lyddite shell, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard him.

The Mayor of Abingdon, Mr. J. T. Morland, in accordance with annual custom, made his request of a half-holiday for the School on the occasion of his election to office.

End of Term arrangements:—

Saturday, December 16th, has been fixed for the Past *v.* Present; and the Annual School Dance will be held in the big Schoolroom on Monday, 18th.

The holidays will begin on Wednesday, December 20th, and will end on Friday, January 19th.

The following lists were inadvertently omitted from the July number. We give them now, as the Abingdonian serves many people for a record of such matters. The following boys left the School in April, 1899:—R. F. Challenor, D. Aldwinckle, J. Silvester.

The following came in May—F. H. Edey, T. F. Bowman, C. S. Louth, P. C. Miller, E. J. T. Philipps, G. H. Holiday, F. D. Holiday, H. Goff, R. A. R. Townsend, B. A. Harris.