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THE  
MILL HILL MAGAZINE

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VOL. I

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# The Mill Hill Magazine.



CONDUCTED BY THE MILL HILL BOYS.

VOL. I.

1873—1874.

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Mill Hill School :

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# The Mill Hill Magazine.

JUNE, 1873.

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## EDITORIAL.

“ ET VIRTUTEM ET MUSAS.”

(Both moral and literary excellence.)

WE commence the first number of our magazine with the motto of our School, hoping that, as time rolls on, each successive number will approach more and more nearly our ideal.

In this journal we propose to record, as far as our limits will allow, all the chief incidents and events of our School life. Such a record will prove interesting, we believe, to others besides ourselves. We write for the past, the present, and the future. A School like ours ought to have something which will bind together the old and the new. We are no longer what we used to be, a school unknown among the great educational institutions of England. We have already outrun not a few that were before us, and the superiority we have attained we mean to hold and improve. “To-day, the goal of yesterday,” shall be “the starting-point of to-morrow.” The success we have achieved encourages us to press onward with greater alacrity in the field and the class-room, that we may reach a still higher and more honourable position among British Public Schools.



This magazine will afford the means of communication between our predecessors and ourselves. Articles and letters contributed by old Mill Hill boys will always be received with especial satisfaction. The editors, elected by the suffrages of their schoolfellows, enter on the duties of their office with hope, and yet not without some anxiety, and a deep sense of their responsibility. Materials for this first number have been supplied abundantly. This has encouraged the editors, but it has also caused them some embarrassment. From the communications received they have been compelled to make a selection, for it was found impossible to insert all. In doing this, they have given the preference to the articles of their school-fellows, and they have great satisfaction in announcing that the present number is *entirely the production of Boys alone*. Of course some papers have had to be kept back until next issue ; but the editors trust that none of their correspondents will be discouraged. No really meritorious paper will be rejected.

With regard to the School, this term is marked by great improvement. Our numbers have considerably increased ; the staff of Masters is stronger than at any former period ; the Fives' Courts have been completed ; the Gymnasium is growing in interest and attractiveness ; the new organ, so long looked for, has at length arrived, and has superseded the harmonium in the School Chapel ; the chapel itself has been embellished by more than the usual " Spring cleaning ;" the cricket and football clubs have sustained their well-earned reputation ; practice in the field has been much improved, and the new regulations have made the games easier and more successful. Elsewhere in our pages the reader will find many of these points enlarged upon ; we merely advert to them now as so many indications of our good fortune. And we may add, that while our numbers have increased and our out-door life has been made more



enjoyable, we have all along been remarkably free from any serious illness. Let our thanks be given to Him who "holdeth our souls in life," and "preserveth us by his constant visitations."

We have now nearly reached a period of the year which is invested with peculiar interest for Mill Hill boys. New Foundation Day is nigh at hand. The prospect of meeting with relatives and friends is causing much exhilaration of spirit.

"High hopes make the heart throb lighter."

The diligent and successful in study are about to receive, amid the plaudits of their companions and the congratulations of their elders, the rewards of their intellectual toil; and all are anticipating with inexpressible pleasure the scenes and events of the 11th of June.

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## ON THE BOTANY OF MILL HILL AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

REGARDED from a botanical point of view, the country around Mill Hill may be said to be moderately well supplied with objects of interest to the student or collector, affording most of the common plants of the south of England, and, scattered in no way sparingly, several of the rarer ones.

As the summer season is approaching, it may be useful to supply a few notes as to the more interesting plants of the district, and thus put observers in a position to derive more interest from their walks than if they did not know what was to be found, or were only searching at random for anything they might come across.

Let us look first at the flowering plants, as they are those most likely to attract the attention of the young botanist.

The large Water Buttercup, or Marsh Marigold (*Caltha palustris*), is almost sure to be found by the side of a

stream; and in similar localities also grow several of the same tribe, as the Celery-leaved Crowfoot (*Ranunculus sceleratus*), and the Lesser Spearwort (*R. flammula*). Almost every pond has its surface snow-flaked with the blossom of the White Water Crowfoot in some of its numerous varieties, and by the margin of a few ponds may be found the Small Ivy-leaved Crowfoot (*R. hederaceus*). The two Water-lilies (*Nymphæa alba* and *Nuphar lutea*) are to be seen on several ponds in the immediate neighbourhood. The white variety of the Sweet Violet (*Viola odorata*) grows intermixed with the common variety, under many a hedge. The Bladder Campion (*Silene inflata*) has been found in several places. The Musk Mallow (*Malva moschata*) is a plant of rarer occurrence, but occurs near the Midland Railway. One of the most valued of all our botanical treasures, both for its rarity and beauty, the Grass-leaved Vetch (*Lathyrus Nissolia*), was discovered two years ago in great abundance near the same place. Two interesting species of Trefoil, the Haresfoot (*S. arvense*), and the Rough Trefoil (*S. scabrum*), are abundant in dry patches by the side of the road to Edgware. A handsome and not very common plant is the Great Willow-herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*), growing plentifully by most streams. The Wood Sanicle (*Sanicula Europæa*), a curious member of the Umbelliferous group, grows in a few shady places near. A single plant of Berry-bearing Alder (*Rhamnus Frangula*) has been found by our collectors. The Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*) attracts the eye on the road to Elstree, and several species of the Bedstraw (*Galium*) flourish in the swampy places near. In more than one dry field beyond Highwood Hill, the Centaury (*Erythræa Centaurium*) enlivens the green of the grass with its delicate pink blossoms. *Veronica scutellata* has lately been added to the list of the rarer marsh plants



of the district. Early in the season the attentive eye cannot fail to be struck by a striking yellow-green looking flower of a curious character, growing near damp hedge banks. It is the Almond Spurge (*Euphorbia amygdalina*), a plant well worth securing by the collector. The Oxlip (a variety between the Cowslip and the Primrose) grows in many fields, and some very fine specimens have been obtained this spring. The Orchids are not plentiful here, the London clay soil which surrounds us on all sides being not at all to their liking. But the Early Purple Orchis (*O. mascula*) and the Spotted Orchis (*O. maculata*) may be found. The Green-winged Orchis (*O. Morio*) has also occasionally turned up, even as near as in Ten Acre; while Scratchy Wood affords the valued Broad-leaved Helleborine (*Epipactis latifolia*). One of the handsomest of the plants to be seen is the Water Iris (*I. pseud-Acorus*), of which some fine specimens were found last year. In a field near Totteridge, the Early Purple Crocus (*C. vernus*) covers acres of ground, forming a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten sight, when its purple radiance is seen beneath the glow of an April sun. About the same time the Daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*), waves in the fields. One locality is known for the rare Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum multiflorum*), which is perhaps the only *habitant* in the county. Its congener, the Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria majalis*) is also reported on good authority from the neighbourhood of Arkley, but we have not ourselves come across it, though a species of Garlic (*Allium ursinum*), with broad leaves and white flowers has, when just coming into bloom, been mistaken for it by young botanists, until they are undeceived by the well-known odour.

But time and space would fail us to tell how, in spring, cowslips, hyacinths, stitchwort, anemonies, ground ivy, and countless other beauties adorn fields and hedges; and how,

later, purple Foxglove, Red Campion, the various kinds of St. John's Wort, the wild Roses, and many others, attract the eye with their beauty and fill the air with their fragrance. Of the grasses, sedges, and rushes, a good collection can be made at Mill Hill, as was evidenced two years ago, when the offering of a prize for plants of those orders resulted in the formation of several excellent collections, containing upwards of fifty species, a number which, as the season advanced, was considerably increased. Among the rarest that have been found are, the Millet Grass (*Milium effusum*) and the erect Brome Grass (*Bromus erectus*). The Melic Grass (*Melica uniflora*) and the Quaking Grass (*Briza media*) deserve notice. The beautiful Pendulous Carex (*Carex pendula*), rare in many parts of the country, grows with us in profusion, adorning every damp ditch. A member of the Quekett Club, a good botanist, lately told us, that on one of the excursions of the club, they found the Sweet Flag (*Acorus Calamus*), with which churches used to be strewed on festal occasions in the olden time, growing in considerable abundance in a pond near Totteridge. It will be a task for some of our Mill Hill botanists to identify the exact locality, which our friend, quite unacquainted with the topography of the district, could not do.

The Ferns of the district are, of course, not numerous, owing to the raids made upon them by merciless plant vendors from London—*fern grubs*, as we call them. But some are left yet, and the following is a list of those which have been found—it will be safer not to give the localities :—Common Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*), Male Fern (*Lastrea Filix-mas*), Broad-leaved Prickly-toothed Fern (*Lastrea dilatata*), the Prickly-toothed Fern (*Polystichum aculeatum*), and its variety (*P. angulare*), Wall-rue (*Asplenium Ruta-muraria*), a single specimen of Hart's

Tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), the common Brake (*Pteris Aquilina*), and the Adder's Tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*); the last in great abundance in hayfields, in two distinct localities at least.

By extending our observations to Stanmore Heath, Hadleigh Wood, and Hampstead, we should be able to include a number of other interesting plants; but enough has been said to show that the immediate neighbourhood of Mill Hill will well repay the botanist for many a ramble, and if he be a beginner, give him a good collection of those beauties of Nature of which it was said, "that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

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## A LEGEND OF THE RHINELAND.

GENTLE reader, if you ever chance, in ascending the Rhine, to land at the little village of Koboldshöhle, put not up at the village inn, but stray a little further along the road, and you will find a small hostelry peeping from amidst the lindens which skirt the wayside and afford a grateful shade to passers-by.

It was a glorious day: the sun poured his effulgent rays upon and around us, as we slowly floated down the romantic river. The enchanting beauties of the scenery held us spell-bound to the deck. A magnificent panorama unfolded itself to our view at every bend of the stream. See yon ruins, too, of storm-battered strongholds, where fierce lords in bygone times held sway. What memories they awaken of the old Baronial Castles of England!

Evening was spreading her shadowy arms over the scene as we landed near Koboldshöhle. Other tourists who had arrived before us had occupied the village inn, and therefore we were instructed to proceed to the little hostelry



already mentioned. Mine host seemed a jovial sort of man, and his good wife was a pattern of kindness and activity. When comfortably settled, we, nothing loath, withdrew to our chambers, at a somewhat early hour, for the day's journey had fatigued us. Before, however, retiring to rest I threw open the little window of my room and leaned out. It was a deliciously cool evening: the stars shone with surpassing brilliancy. Before my delighted eyes was unfolded a scene which I shall never forget. Stretching away down towards the river lay woods with verdure of every imaginable tint, through which the Rhine meandered along, like the silvery coils of a snake. Whilst quietly enjoying this enchanting prospect my eye fell upon one of those numerous towers which dot the banks of the Rhine. It was no unusual sight, but somehow the moon's pale mystic beams shed a wierdness over the ruins, and made me feel that there must be *some* legend connected with it.

Next day I seized an opportunity and asked the landlord whether my surmise was correct. He looked rather grave as he answered that there was indeed a legend, and that he would if we liked narrate it for us that very evening. Of course we liked! Who does not like to listen to a legend?

The evening saw us gathered round mine host in eager expectation, and the following is the substance of what he told us:—

In olden times yon castle was held by a Count of great prowess and ferocity, who waged war against all the neighbouring strongholds, and levied blackmail on every traveller who might chance to come within his domains. As his name was hated so was his wife's loved. She was a young, gentle thing, and seemed utterly unfitted to be the companion of such a monster. Her beauty was of no ordinary type; it shone resplendent as a gem. Monotonous must

have been her life, for no other companion had she save her husband and an old woman so deaf that it was impossible to converse with her. The poor young wife, when her lord was absent from home, as was often the case, on a marauding expedition, would sit in her bower, and, as she worked away at some piece of embroidery, the saddest strains would issue from her lips. She would sing of the days when she was free—when she roamed in her father's halls—and would sigh for those happy times to return once more.

Dear, innocent creature! She never suspected that her lord was in reality a robber, and he, you may be sure, never disclosed the fact to her. One day, whilst he was away on one of his raids, Elgitha, for that was his young wife's name, was startled, as she sat in her lonely bower, by the loud clatter of horse-hoofs, and the clang of sabres in the court below. Looking from her window, she beheld a troop of soldiers. Soon she was observed, and the leader of the party approached and asked whether the Count was at home, as he wished to speak with him on very important business. Never dreaming that his arrest was meant, she innocently replied that he was not at home, but had ridden off towards the south. On receiving this information the whole party clapped spurs to their horses and galloped off in the direction indicated. That night Elgitha waited long for her husband, but he came not. How slowly the hours passed! What a feeling of dread filled her soul as she thought over the day's events, and the idea struck her that possibly she had been his betrayer! She loved him; yes, she loved him, although he treated her so cruelly! Thus passed the night in weary watching, and she longed for the dawn to appear and dispel the gloomy cloud which overshadowed her spirit. But the day brought no relief. Her husband came not.

At noon she was again startled by the sound of horse-hoofs below. In an agony of suspense she rushed to the window and looked out. It was not he whom she longed for, but one of her husband's troopers, who came riding up at breakneck speed. He was covered with blood, and as she noticed this, her heart sank within her. The man brought news that they had been unexpectedly attacked by a body of soldiers, and defeated with great loss. As for his master, he said that he knew not whether he had escaped, been captured, or slain. Elgitha heard no more, for with a piercing shriek she swooned away. The night that followed was infinitely more dreadful. She accused herself of causing her husband's death, and bitterly she wept and wailed.

Two more days elapsed, and in the twilight of the third her husband returned. He was covered with wounds, and wellnigh dead with fatigue. Eagerly she sprang forward to embrace him; but his heart was filled with a fearful hate, and he spurned her savagely from him. She gave him one inexpressible look—a look of mingled love and agony, then, with a loud, despairing cry, she fell to the ground. The Count turned on his heels and left the room; but soon afterwards he re-entered, and seeing her still lying there, became filled with an unaccountable dread. He rushed forward, but it was too late—too late! She had passed for ever from this world of sin and strife, and there she lay with a peaceful, happy smile on her pale, wan features. Her heart's desire had been fulfilled, and she had gone to roam in her Father's halls.

What remorse now filled the breast of that cruel lord! How he longed, but in vain, that her life might return! She was gone, and never more would her voice awaken the lonely echoes of that castle-hall.

The Count from that day was a changed man. He



abandoned for ever his former course of life, and even the ancestral tower became to him an object of repugnance and dread. He disappeared from this neighbourhood, and, they say, ended his life as a hermit in a far-off land.

“Such,” said mine host, “is the legend of the Schwarzhurm, which, from that day to this, has stood solitary and tenantless. It is viewed by the peasant with feelings of horror; scarce even does the wandering gipsy or belated vagrant seek shelter within its ruined walls; for, though no living being is near, ever and anon the tramp of horse-hoofs and the clang of sabres echoes in the courtyard, and a shriek like Elgitha’s resounds in the empty hall. Yes, mein Herr, you may believe me or not, but it would take more silver groschen than I should like to ask, or you to offer, to induce me to spend a night in the Black Tower.”

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## NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTH WALES.

AN easily accomplished and very pleasant half-walking tour in North Wales may be arranged by starting from Rhuabon (with which there is railway communication from London, Liverpool, Chester, and Shrewsbury), proceeding by rail up the Vale of Llangollen to Dolgelly and walking to Barmouth, whence by train to Myndford Junction and Dinas, and then ascending Snowdon by way of Capel Curig, returning by Llanberris and Caernarvon.

For several miles beyond Rhuabon, the Dolgelly Railway runs along the banks of the River Dee, which on a fine spring day are very picturesque, with the giant mountains bathed in an array of colours, from the red brown of the withered bracken to the soft blue of the distance, coming down almost close to the river on one side and quite closing it in on the other. In some places the river flows on slowly

and quietly in a deep, broad sweep, with swans floating majestically on its surface, and now and then a solitary angler on its bank ; in another, the train hangs over a deep cleft in the rock, which the dashing and foaming torrent has worn away for itself ; further on, again, the mountains recede a little, leaving the river a broad shallow bed, the stones of which make the water curl and ripple as it passes over them, and afford capital resting-places for the trout and sport for the fisherman. Here on one side of the river are fields in which there are hundreds of sheep with their lambs, as white as snow—unless, indeed, they are black by nature.

Ere long we come in sight of the lake and town of Bala ; the town is small, nevertheless, in Black's " Guide " the tourist will find mention of it and its college or school. The lake is three miles long by one broad ; it is so deep that in some places, according to popular statement, it has never been fathomed. The water is perfectly clear, and so good that it was once proposed to conduct it in pipes all the way to Liverpool. The shores are almost bare of trees, and with the exception of swans or other water birds, and a very few boats, nothing traverses the surface of its deep-blue waters. Into the head of the lake flow the upper waters of the Dee, and the railway continues to ascend the stream for some miles, till it becomes a tiny rill which a child could step across. A mile or two after losing it we find ourselves by a similar rivulet, flowing, however, in the opposite direction. This is the Maw, down the widening vale of which we now whirl through a region of great beauty, until we reach Dolgelly, a quaint old town with some very ancient edifices, whose chimneys are tenanted by dozens of jackdaws, which keep up an incessant chattering from sunrise to sunset.

From Dolgelly we may take the train to the next station

on the way to Barmouth, and there crossing by the tub which they entitle the ferry-boat, proceed on foot down the right side of the river—or rather estuary, for it has a good breadth here—to Barmouth; or, if we choose, we may go by coach all the way, in either case meeting with scenery of great beauty which we should miss if we performed the journey by train. On arriving at Barmouth, I think it best to walk over the bridge as far as Arthog, a small village, but possessing an excellent country hotel, in the grounds of which there are some waterfalls which are magnificent, especially when the river is full after a wet night—not at all a rare occurrence. These cascades are quite worth going to see, even if the tourist does not intend to stay the night at the hotel; though I think he will prefer that to going back to Barmouth.

Bending our course now in the direction of Snowdon, we take the train to Myndford Junction, near Port Madoc, passing on the way Harlech, where there is a very fine castle with interesting ancient memories; but, as the trains do not suit for stopping, we content ourselves with a look at it from the railway, and “let distance lend enchantment to the view.” Crossing on our way the vale of Clwyd, up which the traveller should not fail to gaze as he passes over the bridge, we finally arrive at Myndford, where we change for the two-foot gauge line—a curiosity in the railway world—which takes us up into the mountains to Dinas or Duffws, through regions of surpassing beauty. The miniature line curves and twists like a snake in motion, so that we can see the train of carriages, or rather slate trucks, forming a succession of S’s behind us. The carriages are very small indeed, admitting four children, two ladies (without crinoline), or one stout “party,” in each compartment. It is quite worth the tourist’s while to go up, even if he must come down again by the same train, just to enjoy the novelty, and see the scenery on the route.



From Duffws we have a good stiff walk to Dollydellan, a small village at the foot of Mount Shabod, a distance of about nine miles over a good, but hilly, road ; than instead of going round by the road to Capel Curig, a distance of ten miles, there is a track across the mountain, which halves the distance. The country here is not very interesting ; but it improves as we descend the mountain on the Capel Curig side, and is really pretty when we come upon the river Conway. The hotel at Capel Curig is very comfortable, and at the foot of the garden is an excellent lake for fishing and boating. Staying all night here, we will start for Snowdon in the morning, if the weather is fine (and it is no use going unless it is) ; and walking to the top of Llanberis Pass, we turn from the road up a very rough path, which passes three lakes, each above the other. It is at the most elevated of these that the hard climbing really begins, the slope being nearly as steep as a house side ; and one has need to be very careful how he walks, for the stones are all loose. This piece takes about half an hour to get over, and then we come upon the shoulder, as it is called, of the mountain ; a ridge so narrow that if you hold two stones at arm's length, on each side, and let them drop, they will roll down different sides of Snowdon. Arriving at the top, there is, or ought to be, a splendid view ; but as I did not see it, I won't attempt to describe it. The accommodation on the top is poor, affording nothing but bread and cheese and beer or lemonade, for which the old fellow there makes you pay, you may be sure ; and these refreshments have to be consumed in a miserable hovel. You are allowed the honour of recording your name on the walls of the huts ; but as soon as these get pretty well covered, the old gentleman rubs a whitewash or tar brush over them, according as it is the inside or outside wall, and the album is ready for a new collection of autographs.

Descending the mountain, we come to Llanberis, whence by train to Caernarvon or Conway, at either of which places the traveller can spend the night. In the morning a visit may be paid to Llanrwst, and the day well spent at Conway in seeing the castle and other objects of interest. If time presses, he can get to Chester the same evening, *en route* for any part of England.

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## THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN CLARENDON AND CHARLES THE SECOND.

*One of the English Prize Poems, Midsummer 1873.*

BY T. E. SCRUTTON.

SCENE.—*A Terrace overlooking the Gardens at Clarendon's Palace,  
"Dunkirk House."*

*Enter CLARENDON.*

*Clarendon.*—O heavenly powers! what thankless task is mine,  
To serve a king as fickle as the wind ;  
Who, like a vane on some storm-beaten tower,  
Now this way turns, now that, to neither fixed :  
Encompassed by his own immoral court—  
Himself the most immoral—money seeks,  
To gratify his base, impure desires :  
Who laughs when Buckingham with petty spite  
Aims the keen arrows of his envious wit  
At prelates, statesmen, men of purer life  
And character far nobler than his own.  
But here he comes ; I hear the cry, "The king,"  
Uttered by fawning slaves to please his ear  
With sham display of boist'rous loyalty.  
Ah! in his people's hearts a king should reign,  
Not in their voices.

*Enter CHARLES II.*

Hail! my lord the king,  
Welcome to my poor dwelling, honour'd thus  
By this your gracious presence.

*King.* Clarendon,  
On matters of deep import I have come ;  
The English people clamour for thy fall,  
Yea, speaketh with a strong, resistless voice

And crieth, "Clarendon must go;" yea, some  
Demand thy life: I have been too much led  
By thee of late. The rashness of the step,  
When, by thy counsels, baleful to the state,  
Dunkirk was sold, started the bitter cry  
From all the people, "Clarendon must go."  
Therefore, to save thy life, I think it meet  
That thou retire thee from this English realm  
To end thy days in peace in other lands,  
Unmoved by cares of statesmanship or war.

*Clarendon.*—My liege! the heavy doom your lips pronounce  
Has fall'n upon my unprepared ears  
As some dire thunderbolt in summer falls,  
Hurled from the sky by God's almighty hand,  
Spreading dismay amid the startled folk.  
But now, I pray thee, hear me, O my king!  
If ever I have wrought thee any wrong  
If e'er, in weal or woe, I've left thy side,  
Or been unfaithful to thy righteous cause,  
Then slay me, sire, I pray; spare not my life,  
A traitor to my country and to thee!  
Yet think how erst I shared thy chequered lot—  
How long with my poor wit I've counsell'd thee,—  
And if, when counselling what my heart did urge,  
I've counsell'd wrong, spare me, my gracious king,  
And send not to the grave my silver hairs  
In banishment, an exile from my home.

*King.* It cannot be; would that my father's friend  
Within his father's halls might end his days!  
But all the Commons are thy deadly foes,  
And through their thousand throats the people cry:  
"Sire, banish Clarendon, and rule, a king."  
They say 'tis not the king that wields the power,  
But Clarendon; and into his own purse  
Doth turn the funds the Commons give with groans,  
As if each hundred pounds were hundred drops  
Of their own heart-blood, shed through many a wound.  
The Queen doth bear no child; they say that you,  
This knowing, chose her, that your heirs might reign  
On England's throne, where for eight hundred years  
Kings of the royal blood have reigned supreme.  
No; Clarendon, in exile you must die:  
The mass insists, the king must hear their cry.

*Clarendon.*—A king of England fear the vulgar mob!  
A king of England yield his servant old,  
Because, forsooth, the mob cries, "He must go!"  
A king abandon thus his faithful friend,  
And still believe himself to be a king!

*King.* Not so, my Clarendon; the people rule:  
My father scorned the mob, and saw his friends  
Scatter'd like chaff before the people's ranks.  
My father scorned the mob, and lost his head.  
The people rule; and time will surely show



That if the king and people be not one  
In spirit, and the king, in wrath or scorn  
The people's cause defends not, but treads down,  
His crown is lost to him for evermore.

*Clarendon.*—Nay, nay, my royal liege, the king must rule,  
And not be ruled by faction's fickle sway;  
And thou, a king, by shouting masses cowed,  
Yield'st to their fury thy adherent true.  
Like Spanish matador, who throws a cloak  
Of gaudy red, outfloating in the breeze,  
Athwart the eyes of fierce and tawny bull,  
To turn him as he rushes on his prey,  
And safe himself escape, so dost thou, king,  
Divert the fury of the English crowd,  
By sacrificing me, thy faithful friend.

*King.*—You err, my Clarendon; but rather, as  
The Scriptures tell of sailors traversing  
The deep, o'ertaken by a storm, they knew  
The wrath of God impending o'er their heads,  
And from the ship into the foamy sea  
Jonah, the guilty cause, they headlong flung—  
So, Clarendon, the cause of all this storm,  
I banish thee, and send thee from the realm,  
To ease this lab'ring, sinking Ship of State.  
Farewell, farewell! I would that fickle fortune  
Had spared me this sad task; but, since 'tis fate,  
Farewell! *Exit King.*

*Clarendon.*—Farewell! my country, must I leave thy soil,  
To wander tempest-tost in other climes;  
And must I leave my father's ancient hall,  
Embedded in the woods on Isis' bank,  
Where in the morn the lazy-flapping rooks  
Awoke me with their cawing, and the kine  
Low'd softly on their way to pastures green,  
And in the eve the tuneful nightingale  
With many-noted music filled the air,  
And, when it ceased, and all the woods were still,  
A holy, solemn stillness filled my soul,  
And said, in accents low, that God was there.  
Now I must leave that peaceful country home!  
And this fair palace that myself have reared,  
With glorious pictures, and fair jewels filled,  
I must abandon to the frenzied mob,  
And pine afar, an exile and forlorn.  
Oh! when for twenty years I've serv'd my king,  
'Tis hard to be thrust out in my old age.  
I fain would die on English soil, and mix  
My ashes with my country's dust. But since  
'Tis done, 'tis done. Farewell! My king, farewell!  
The future's teeming womb no season breed,  
When, needing friend, thou find'st no friend in need!

(*T. A. Gurney's Poem will appear in our next.*)

## SCHOOL NEWS.

## MILL HILL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

For the first time since the School was re-opened, Athletic Sports have been held this year. The day fixed—Saturday, May 10th—although in the midst of a tract of rather treacherous weather, proved splendidly fine, and there was a large attendance of visitors, comprising Old Boys, friends from a distance, and ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The field, though not the most suitable for the races, was manipulated in the most skilful manner possible by the Committee. It was arranged that the course should be a quarter of a mile round, so that four laps made the mile. An oval of that circumference was accordingly traced out by small coloured flags, having its longer diameter extending from the fir trees to near the playground, and its shorter from the railings in front of the portico to the slope mid-way down the field. Within this, the courses for the hundred yards' and shorter races were marked off,—the hurdles being placed along the upper part from opposite the portico to near the yew trees, and the ring for the bumping a little beyond. With regard to the latter, by the way—if we might venture on a suggestion for next year—it would be that the bumping-rings should be a trifle nearer the railings, so as to be better seen by spectators. The high jumping took place on the lawn of the Head-master's garden. When one o'clock struck, and all was arranged in order, the *tout ensemble* presented a gay and striking sight. The bright green of the grass, the many-coloured flags, the light habiliments of intending athletes in the foreground, stood out against the glorious background of ancient trees and the undulating surface of the country, bounded by the view of Harrow Hill and the bluish outline of more distant hills beyond. The most fastidious of critics was constrained to admit that if our ground did not present the dead-level surface of which some of our neighbours boast, this was far more than compensated by its airy situation and the glorious view which it commanded.

The sports, as we have hinted, commenced shortly after one o'clock, and the programme was completed by six. The onerous and honourable office of judges was discharged with credit to themselves and satisfaction to all concerned, by Messrs. A. H. Scott White and H. J. Tucker, to whose valuable aid in connection with the occasion the thanks of the School are specially due.

The following is a list of the events:—

I.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (under 15).

The competitors for this were numerous. Leader was first, throwing 62 yds. 1 ft.; Davenport second, with a throw of 59 yds.

II.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (open).

This was won easily by Furnivall, who however did not throw so far as he might have done, owing to a strained arm. Distance, 80 yds. Weymouth was second, throwing 71 yds. 1 ft.

III.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (under 13).

This was easily won by Powell. Time, 16 sec. S. Dallmeyer second.

IV.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (under 16).

Sharpe went away with a good lead, but won by a few inches only,—A. C. Southwell, who did not seem to have been exerting himself before, catching up in the last thirty yards. Time, 13½ seconds.

V.—QUARTER OF A MILE (open).

A. C. Field went away with good start, closely followed by H. Marten, and these two soon distanced the other competitors. On nearing the tape, Marten with a splendid spurt bounded to the front, and left Field second by three yards. Time, 59 secs. Callander a bad third.

VI.—LONG JUMP (under 4 ft. 10 in.).

Unwin won with a jump of 10 ft. 8 in.; Petrie second.

VII.—LONG JUMP (under 5 ft. 4 in.).

Whitwill won, jumping 12 ft. 2 in.

VIII.—LONG JUMP (open).

Field won, jumping 14 ft. 6 in.

IX.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (open).

H. Marten took the lead from the first, and won easily by two yards. Field second.

X.—HALF A MILE (under 16½).

J. P. Scrutton led for the first lap, but was then overtaken by Gurney, with Callander and Burnyeat close in the rear. At the close, Gurney was first; and a good race resulted between Callander and Burnyeat, the former of whom beat his plucky little antagonist. Time, 2 min. 20 secs.

XI.—HIGH JUMP (under 4 ft. 10 in.)

O. Puckridge and Petrie tied, jumping 3 ft. 7 in.

XII.—HIGH JUMP (under 5 ft. 4 in.).

Hindley won, jumping 4 ft.; Kersey jumping well for second place.

XIII.—QUARTER OF A MILE (under 16).

This race was for a bat, given by the Monitors. Homan led at first, but twenty yards from home, Sharpe shot past him. Homan, being dreadfully done up, tied with Southwell for second place. Time, 1 min. 4½ secs.



**XIV.—THREE-LEGGED RACE (under 16).**

This was won by Sharpe + Whyte,—F. J. Field + Petrie second.

**XV.—THREE-LEGGED RACE (open).**

The first race resulted in a tie between Weymouth + Buckley and Bruce + Whyte. On its being run off, Weymouth + Buckley were first.

**XVI.—HIGH JUMP (open).**

H. Marten was first, jumping 4 ft. 6 in. ; McCall second, with 4 ft. 5 in., although in private he had jumped 4 ft. 10 in.

**XVII.—HALF A MILE (open).**

Field won this easily. The long time taken is accounted for by the fact that the winner was saving himself for the mile. Time, 2 min. 29 secs.

**XVIII.—TWO HUNDRED YARDS (under 13).**

This was easily won by Powell. Time, 31secs. A. S. Johnstone second.

**XIX.—WALKING RACE (One Mile).**

Furnivall went away with the lead, which he kept all through, walking with great pluck and in splendid style. Symons was second, 30 yards behind. Time, 7 min. 52 secs.

**XX.—HURDLE RACE, 120 YARDS, 20 FLIGHTS (under 5 ft. 5 in.)**

This was run in heats. The results were—

First heat .. .. Bruce, 1 ; A. C. Southwell, 2.

Second heat .. .. F. J. Field, 1 ; Preston, 2.

Final heat .. .. Bruce, 1 ; Southwell, 2.

Time, 17½ secs.

**XXI.—SACK RACE, 50 YARDS (under 15).**

This was won by Higgs ; J. E. Rhodes second.

**XXII.—SACK RACE, 75 YARDS (open).**

Callander, 1 ; Evans, 2.

**XXIII.—FLAT RACE, ONE MILE (open).**

This race was run for a cup given by T. Scrutton, Esq. The competitors were—A. C. Field, H. Marten, Gurney, and Atkin. Marten led at starting, and kept his place for the first lap, when, after a struggle between Gurney and Field, the former went to the front. At the end of the second lap, however, the positions were—Field, Gurney, Marten, which order was maintained till the end of the race, Marten being unable to put on his accustomed spurt. But a few yards separated Gurney and Field. Time, 5 min. 14 secs.

**XXIV.—BUMPING MATCH (under 15).**

1, Townend ; 2, Davenport.

**XXV.—BUMPING MATCH (open).**

1, Callander ; 2, McCall.

**XXVI.—HURDLE RACE, 120 YARDS, 10 FLIGHTS (open).**

Prize given by A. C. Field. This was run in two heats. The first heat

resulted in a very close struggle between Downing and Furnivall, almost ties—Downing being a little in front. In the second heat, McCall led most of the way, but tumbled over the last hurdle but one, and so lost his place. Layton was first; Minton second. The final heat was again a close race between Downing and Furnivall, but resulted in favour of the former by a yard. Time, 17 secs.

XXVII.—OLD BOYS' RACE (200 yards).

This was contested by T. Micklem, N. Micklem, B. F. Smith, — Field, and others. T. Micklem succeeded in gaining the first prize, being closely followed up by his brother, who obtained the second place. Time, 24 secs.

XXVIII.—THE STRANGER'S RACE (Quarter of a Mile).

This was an excellent race. W. Bickford commenced with a good start, and kept a-head throughout. He ran in splendid style. The second place was sharply contested by N. Micklem and B. F. Smith; the former, however, won by a few inches. Time, 56 secs.

XXIX.—CONSOLATION RACE, 200 YARDS (under 15).

This was won by Perry, who kept first all the way. Roper was second.

XXX.—CONSOLATION RACE, 200 YARDS (open).

Horne led for the first 100 yards or so, but was finally caught up by Minton, ma., and Atkin, of whom the former came in first,—the latter making a good second.

In one of the intervals between the regular "events," Mr. Murray offered two prizes for a vaulting race, by the First Form. This race, which occasioned a large amount of amusement, took place over the ten flights of hurdles. A. S. Johnston kept ahead till near the end, when he tumbled over one of the hurdles, and the first prize was gained by J. Rhodes, Taplin coming in second.

At a later stage in the proceedings, Mr. Johnston, of Arrandene, who was present, offered two prizes for a 200 yards' race, by the same Form, which was run accordingly. 1st, S. S. Dallmeyer; 2nd, A. S. Johnston.

At the conclusion of the sports, the prizes were given away on the steps under the portico, by Mrs. Scrutton, the wife of our respected Treasurer, who performed her task with a grace and dignity which won universal admiration, and by the few words of kind encouragement which she had for each fortunate competitor, made the prizes doubly acceptable and valuable. After three times three for Mrs. Scrutton, followed by cheers for Dr. Weymouth, "The Judges" and "The Stewards," the proceedings terminated, every one feeling that this our first athletic competition had passed off with the highest success and credit to all concerned.

## FOOTBALL RETROSPECT.

Last football season was the most successful that we have yet had at Mill Hill. For the first time we were able to measure our strength with London Clubs, and with good success. The following list includes the chief matches, in addition to which there were others of smaller importance:—

- Oct. 11. M. H. S. *v.* Hendon Club. Drawn in our favour.
- Oct. 12. M. H. S. *v.* Cheshunt Club. Won by 1 goal.
- Oct. 16. M. H. S. *v.* Bute House. Won by 1 goal, 6 touchdowns, and 12 rouges.
- Oct. 19. M. H. S. *v.* Hendon. Drawn.
- Oct. 26. M. H. S. *v.* Pirates. Lost by 1 goal.
- Nov. 2. M. H. S. *v.* Christ's College, Finchley. Drawn.
- Nov. 9. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House, Tottenham. Lost by 1 goal. Association Rules.
- Nov. 16. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House, Tottenham. Won by 1 goal.
- Nov. 20. M. H. S. *v.* Bute House. Drawn.
- Nov. 30. M. H. S. *v.* Wasps. Drawn; 2 touchdowns to two.
- Dec. 7. M. H. S. Present *v.* M. H. S. Past. Drawn.
- March 15. M. H. S. *v.* Somerset Club. Won by 3 goals, &c.
- March 22. M. H. S. *v.* Addison Club. Drawn.

Matches—Won, 4; drawn, 7; lost, 2 (1 by Association Rules).

A.D. Burnyeat, the Captain of the Fifteen, fulfilled that office very efficiently, and brought his Fifteen up to a high standard of training, being himself a splendid player. He now plays for Lancashire. His team consisted of:—

A. C. Field, E. E. Miller, B. F. Smith, N. Micklem, Mr. H. J. Tucker, E. D. Marten, H. Marten, J. McCall, A. Edwards, W. W. Callander, E. S. Weymouth, A. E. Williams, J. G. M. Furnivall, and C. Downing.

## CRICKET PROSPECTS.

This season prospects are certainly much more favourable than in any preceding summer. We have as good an Eleven, both in bowling and batting power, as has been in the school since the re-opening, and we hope to win some matches. Still it is impossible to conceal from ourselves that we might have been better if the Committees of past years had taken care that we, who were then the younger boys, should have more practice: this and a better field would have made all the difference in the world to us now. The present Committee of Games, in order to rectify the former of these evils, has taken measures to induce boys to practice by making a larger number of elevens,



and giving them practice grounds, &c. In former years, boys who would have played actually had no opportunity from the want of materials, and, in consequence, would lie upon rugs in the field in the summer afternoons, or go out for walks. Now, there is no excuse for not practising. Botany and Entomology are all very well in their way, but Cricket should not be neglected. Those boys who do not play now will regret when older that they did not do so; it will seem utter madness that when they had all opportunities open to them they would not embrace them. This school, the greatest among the unsectarian schools of England, ought to have a high ambition; it ought not to be content to play only with schools and clubs around, but to meet the other public schools on equal terms, and to encounter the M. C. C. on their own ground. Why should we not? Other schools have done it—Uppingham and Malvern, quite new places in comparison to this—have risen into public notice by the energy of the boys, their *esprit de corps* and regard in after life for the old place where they have spent their schoolboy days.

Two presentation bats will be given at the end of the term for the best average in the First and Second Elevens, and also a guinea bat to the boy, not in the first or second, who attends most games during the term.

The Captains for the year are :—

1st Eleven—C. Downing; 2nd, T. E. Scrutton; 3rd, C. W. Symons; 4th, G. Higgs; 5th, R. Homan; 6th, C. Haycroft.

The matches arranged are, 1st Eleven :—

May 4. M. H. S. *v.* Hendon.  
 May 17. M. H. S. *v.* Mr. Langton's Eleven.  
 May 24. M. H. S. *v.* Stanley C. C.  
 May 31. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House.  
 June 7. M. H. S. *v.* Hendon R.  
 June 25. M. H. S. *v.* Christ's College, Finchley.  
 July 5. M. H. S. *v.* University College School, R.  
 July 16. M. H. S. *v.* Christ's College.  
 July 19. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House, R.

2nd Eleven.

May 31. M. H. S. *v.* Bruce Castle, 2.  
 June 18. M. H. S. *v.* Bruce Castle, R.  
 June 25. M. H. S. *v.* Christ's College, 2.  
 July 5. M. H. S. *v.* University College School, 2.  
 July 9. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House, 2.  
 July 12. M. H. S. *v.* Christ's College, R.  
 July 19. M. H. S. *v.* Grove House, 2.

## NEW FOUNDATION DAY.

Our Public Day has this year been fixed for the 11th of June. Although this is rather early in the month, we hope that the weather, which has been so precarious during May, will ere then have settled down, and will afford us such a joyous summer day as is essential for the full success of our great annual gathering. It will be seen that the distribution of prizes, which on former occasions has commenced the day's proceedings, will this year be deferred till five o'clock in the afternoon. By this arrangement, visitors whom business engagements would not permit to sacrifice the entire day will still be enabled to run up, so as to be "in at the death." The prizes also will be on view in the Chapel during the day. The Cricket Match between the First Eleven and the Second Eleven aided by visitors, commences as early as 10 a.m., at which hour, we fear, the foreign aid will be but small. We hope, however, the *Second* will not therefore be discouraged; for, if they hold out toughly, allies will be on the field before the fight is won. The attendance of visitors will no doubt fully equal, and probably exceed, that of former years. Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P., is to distribute the prizes; and we are sure there is no Mill Hill boy but will be proud to receive them from the hand which penned that supremely English, and yet world-renowned tale of "Tom Brown's School Days." The duties of Vice-President could not have fallen into abler hands than those of the Rev. Dr. Allon. Among distinguished guests whom we expect to be present are W. Spottiswoode, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.; W. Huggins, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S.; Dr. J. Hall Gladstone, F.R.S.; Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S.; W. H. L. Russell, Esq., F.R.S.; J. Russell Reynolds, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.; Professor Harley, M.D., F.R.S., Rev. J. Barns, D.D., LL.D.; J. J. Coleman, Esq., M.P.; Walter Morrison, Esq., M.P.; Joseph Payne, Esq.; Dr. J. F. Payne; J. G. Fitch, Esq.; B. Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London; and the Revs. Dr. Binney, Dr. Parker, Dr. Manning, J. Aveling, S. Minton, E. White, J. Pillans, &c., &c. His Grace the Duke of Argyll, whom engagements prevent from being present on this occasion, has promised to preside next year.

The following is the programme of the day's proceedings:—

**TEN o'CLOCK.**—Cricket Match between First Eleven and Second Eleven, the latter supplemented by visitors.

**ONE o'CLOCK.**—The Boys' Dinner, in a marquee erected in the Play-field.

**HALF-PAST TWO.**—Luncheon in the Dining Hall.

At HALF-PAST FOUR, the New Organ will be opened by Wallis Nash, Esq., and Messrs. Niederheitmann and Payne.

FIVE o'CLOCK.—Brief Report by the Head Master, and Distribution of Prizes and Certificates in the Chapel, by Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P. (The Prizes, as well as Drawings, Botanical Collections, Specimens of Writing, &c., will be on view all day in the Chapel until Four o'clock.)

SIX o'CLOCK.—Tea and Coffee.

IN THE EVENING.—Choral Music in the Chapel; and various Games—bowls, croquet, quoits, &c.—on the Lawn and in the Play-field.

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NATURAL HISTORY PRIZES.—We are sorry to hear that there is not likely to be any competition this year for the prize offered by one of the Governors, for the best collection of Insects. This is apparently not due to any decay of interest in Natural History in the School, but mainly to the fact that New Foundation Day is far too early a date to get any collection ready. The difficulty is this year aggravated by the fact that this spring has been a miserably bad one for insects, scarcely a single butterfly having been seen yet. It is true that collections for next year can begin to be formed immediately after New Foundation Day; but the prospect is far too remote then to excite the imagination of boys, for though it be true that to the old looking backward, “distance lends enchantment to the view,” it is equally true that to the young it renders outlines so shadowy and vague, that these have no power over the mind in competition with the prominent self-asserting circumstances that closely surround them.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editors of the “MILL HILL SCHOOL MAGAZINE.”*

DEAR SIRs,—There is no finer art, yet none more easily learned, than that of swimming. Its acquisition does not demand long and troublesome practice, great perseverance, or continued self-denial. Every one, provided he has health and strength, has the *power* to swim, though the *way* may be unknown to him. How valuable an accomplishment is that which may be the means of saving our own life, and perhaps also the lives of our fellow creatures! How great a consolation if we are ever amid the horrors of a shipwreck, to feel that our last chance of safety lies in the art which we learnt when boys! Alas, there have been many, whose remains are lying at the

bottom of the sea, who, had they known how to swim, might have kept above the water till help arrived, and thus have been saved.

Bathing is likewise a useful, healthful, and enjoyable employment. What can be more refreshing on sultry summer days than to strip off the "appendages of art," and plunge into the cool water? Is there anything more invigorating? Yet schoolboys are deprived of all these delights, so pleasing especially to youth, if they have not some place at hand in which to bathe. The necessity has been recognised by the great Public Schools of the kingdom, and they all now possess baths, to which the fellows can resort at will; of course within the rules of prudence. It is a matter of the greatest interest to all boys, on their coming to a new school, to know whether that school possesses accommodation for bathers and swimmers; even parents are greatly influenced by it. Though Mill Hill possesses many things agreeable to a schoolboy—Fives Courts; a small but growing Gymnasium; a spacious playground; the means of practising the standard games, as football and cricket—we are yet without a swimming-bath. It is well known that this results in great measure from the want of a suitable position on our own grounds, and the difficulty of acquiring one elsewhere—not from the indifference of our Masters and Governors. The school has often presented petitions embodying its wish, but nothing further has been done. Might not we, whilst here, exhibit more readiness to start a subscription amongst ourselves for this valuable appendage to our sports? Could not some of us, the Upper School at least, relinquish our pocket-money for a term, or do our best to obtain free-will offerings from friends of the School? Could we not be more energetic, and even deny ourselves a little refreshment at "Mother's" sometimes, in order to accomplish that which would be an abiding monument to our praise, and, even if we leave before we can realise the benefits of our efforts, can we not put forth some endeavour to do lasting good to the School in years to come? These things do not lie so much in the hands of those who befriend the School as in our own; and, if we allow summer after summer to pass unheeded, we shall never possess what many of us are eager for. Let us put more life into our undertakings, more generosity into our subscriptions, and I have no doubt that, ere another summer has rolled round, we shall see a neat but suitable edifice adorning the hill-side which slopes towards Harrow. If the quantities of water which flow away wasted, after heavy rains, at the



bottom of the field, were collected together in a tank we should, I believe, at once save a large amount of water and realise enjoyment from the change. This tank might be forty yards long by twenty ; its base covered with flags of stone ; open to the sky, as I believe the Harrow baths are, but shut in by wooden palings with rows of boxes for dressing in on one side, and gradually deepening down from 3 to 6 or 8 feet on the other, and I think by great exertions, *but not without*, we might meet the expense. I shall be glad to hear more on the subject from Mill Hill boys themselves, and I am convinced that, if we take it into our own hands, we may in time succeed.

NATATOR.

### PUZZLES.

Three Prizes will be given for the three best solutions of these Puzzles. The competition is confined to the school. Competitors are not allowed to assist each other.

All answers must be sent in before the 30th of June.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I.—1. A large fish. 2. An ancient deity. 3. A river of Italy. 4. A French general. 5. To bellow. 6. A celebrated lady. 7. To desire.

Initials read downwards give the name of a famous discoverer, and the finals read upwards his city.

II.—1. A Latin idiom. 2. A Peruvian title. 3. A sore. 4. A meter. 5. A river in Paro. 6. Gritty.

Initials and finals give the name of an historian.

III.—1. A division of time. 2. Unlawful. 3. A carriage. 4. A game. 5. An eastern title. 6. Very cold. 7. A musical instrument. 8. Deep. 9. A near relative. 10. A nutritious plant. 11. To pursue. 12. Relating to sight. 13. A town in Italy. 14. The earth.

The initials read downwards and finals upwards, will give a well-known institution and its head.

IV.—1. A Thracian tribe. 2. An Irish canal. 3. A maid transformed into a constellation. 4. An ocean. 5. A country in Asia. 6. A companion of Ulysses. 7. A barbarian country.

Initials and finals will give the names of two celebrated Greek characters.

#### CRYPTOGRAPHS.

##### I.—DTBSTMYNKBX.

Nxr umtkmy bh xpefnty bh zlkgl mngl ujuxay tmenjma jb  
zlkgel hteebzu nggbtakxs jb n hkgma enz ky n dtbstmynkbn, nxa ky  
ne nygmxakxs umtkmy zlmx jlm xpefntu kxgtmnym amygmakxs  
zlmx jbmr amgtmnym.

## II.

Sxzf prbf hsqx hsrj dsrifdh  
 Dvtxy tfdd hsqx hsrj yqrifdh  
 Tfgo tfdd hsqx hsrj rifdh  
 Bkof prbh hsqx hsrj crfdh

## CRYPTOGRAPHICAL PROVERBS.

1. X vkq vfb oxw kd x cbrxh x wfxb
2. Xm xr lam mfb oied mfcm ycgbr mfb yilg.
3. Dltfs gwlos fwbro icf dlto hlmp.

## NUMBERED CHARADE.

4, 9, 8, 18: To freight. 1, 2, 18, 12, 8, 15, 4, 19, 7, 3: A mathematical instrument used in surveying. 17, 20, 16, 14, 4, 3: A small lamp. 13, 19, 4, 7, 2, 20: Nasty. 4, 5, 11, 6: A young woman. The whole consists of 20 letters, and is one of the works of an eminent author.

## SQUARE WORDS.

I.—1. Part of the body. 2. To write down. 3. An ancient giant transposed. 4. A memorial of olden times. 5. A portion of land.

II.—1. Mouldy. 2. A claw. 3. To appoint. 4. To open. 5. To inscribe.

III.—1. A town in Peru. 2. A small bay in S. America. 3. A town in Scotland.

IV.—1. To repair. 2. Eternally. 3. A Roman emperor. 4. To quit.

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. A town of Hindustan. 2. A town of Naples. 3. A heathen god.
4. A sea-port of Mexico. 5. A town in Monmouthshire.

The initials form a town in Algiers, the central letters a mount, and the finals a town in France.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Nine thumps. 2. Great help. 3. Got as a clue. 4. Red nuts and gin. 5. 151, O set a pun.

## NAMES OF BOOKS.

1. Can Sue not climb. 2 Here the request met us. 3. When rest, lovely Eva? 4. Yet ye add, cruel lass. 5. This big heart, Anna! 6. I a P.C., can soon arrest you for rent. 7. He did badly at Farm Odo. 8. My fandim Lark.

*Contributions to next number of the Magazine must be sent in by 30th June next, addressed TO THE EDITORS.*

*Subscribers are asked to send their names to THE BUSINESS MANAGER of the MAGAZINE, Mill Hill School, N.W.*

*May we ask all Old Boys to Subscribe, and help us also by Contributions.*

# The Mill Hill Magazine.

JULY, 1873.

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## EDITORIAL.

ENCOURAGED by the success of our first number, and the kindness and liberality of friends, we issue our second, with the hope that it may receive a not less warm and cordial greeting.

We are rapidly approaching the end of the Summer Term; each day brings us nearer the holidays, and the commencement of the Examinations foreshadows the close of work for the term. Soon the Long Vacation will be upon us; then the class-rooms will be silent, and in the cricket-field the ringing of bats and the shouts and laughter will be heard no more. Our hopes and expectations are being transferred to those seven weeks in the near future, when, freed from the restraints and discipline of our school-life, we can indulge in boating, bathing, sea-side or rural ramblings, walking-tours, and all those sports and pursuits that are appropriate to this season of the year. Yet, while we anticipate the holidays with pleasure, it will be well to cast our eyes back for a moment on the past.

Two great events in our Scholastic year have marked the term now closing; namely, the Athletic Sports and New Foundation Day. These have both fulfilled our highest hopes. In our former number, we gave some account of the first event, and in the present number will be found an interesting account of the second. We call attention also to the remarks of our energetic and worthy captain of the 1st eleven. We agree with him that this cricket season cannot be regarded as successful. Mill Hill has hardly sustained its reputation. We offer no excuses here, but

merely express the hope that something will be done next season to retrieve the losses we have lately sustained. There is no reason why we should be second-rate in anything, be it work or play, if we can become first-rate. May we use our editorial privilege to give a word of kindly advice? Let each one remember in his heart of hearts, as he gives his schoolfellow's hand a final grasp at parting for the holidays, that we may all do something for our School and for others; that a Mill Hill boy must be seen, not only distinguishing himself against other Public School-boys at cricket, rowing, and other manly sports, but also in contributing to the welfare and happiness of others; in making his family circle the better for his presence; and in exercising a beneficial influence on all with whom he comes in contact. Such is the simple way to sustain and elevate the reputation of the School.

With such words of counsel would we now close our editorial duties for the term, simply adding that, while we trust the coming vacation will be a season of healthful recreation to all, we heartily wish success in life to the boys who are leaving us, and hope that they will ever remember their old School.

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TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS IN THE  
ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS OF SOPHOCLES.

vv. 151—215.

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STROPHE A.

Message of Zeus! the high mandates of heaven to mortals repeating,  
What cheering words from Pytho dost thou bring  
Hither to beautiful Thebes? For my heart with blind terror is beating,  
God of the healing art! great Delian king!  
As at thy altar's foot I bend  
'Mid this sad throng,  
And mournful wait the succour thou shalt send  
Now or ere long.  
O child of golden Hope! immortal Voice!  
Bid me rejoice.



## ANTISTROPHE A.

Hear me, immortal Athene ! dread daughter of Zeus ! I implore thee,  
Thou sister goddess too, behold our woe,  
Artemis ! while in the chorus-filled forum thy people adore thee ;  
And thou, Apollo ! armed with silver bow ;  
    Oh come unite your triple power  
    For watch and ward :  
And if ye e'er have been in danger's hour  
    Ere now our guard,  
And borne destruction's flame far from our home,  
    Now also come.

## STROPHE B.

Ye Gods ! unnumbered are my griefs ; and these  
Who join my dance, beneath the fell disease  
Labouring, by anxious thought can find no ease.  
    No longer from the fruitful earth  
    Its teeming produce grows ;  
    No mother now gives vigorous offspring birth  
    With rending throes.  
But ghost after ghost rushes fast on the sight,  
As he speeds to the western god's region of night,  
Like bird strong of wing, or the flame in its might.

## ANTISTROPHE B.

With countless dead thus doth our city die :  
Infectious corpses on the bare ground lie  
Unpitied, as themselves for others heaved no sigh.  
    And hoary matrons from all parts  
    Bend low in suppliant guise  
    At altar step, while from their bursting hearts  
    Deep groans arise.  
And the pæan swells high, blent with wails for the dead.  
But pity, oh ! pity our sorrows, dread Maid !  
Golden Daughter of Zeus ! and send thy fair aid.

## STROPHE C.

Ares, though not now clad in brazen arms  
    For war's wild fray,  
Yet hems me in with worse than war's alarms ;  
    But drive him hence away,  
To desolate no more my country's charms,  
    Send him his baleful head to hide  
    In the vast western cave  
    Where Amphitrite deeply dwells ;  
    Or where the eastern wave,  
Which Thracia's coast doth lave  
    Inhospitable swells.

For what night suffers to abide,  
 Morn overwhelms with ruthless tide.  
 And, O Zeus ! who dost launch in their fire-bestrewn path  
 The lightning's red bolts, blast this god in thy wrath.

## ANTISTROPHE C.

And thy resistless shafts, Lycean King !  
                     Sent to our aid,  
 And vengeful hissing from the gold-spun string,  
                     And her, the Delian Maid ;  
 With what high-beating bosom will I sing,  
                     If now she lift her torches twain,  
                     As when, a huntress bold,  
 O'er Lycean hills she leads the chase.  
 And him with coif of gold,  
 Of whom in song 'tis told  
                     Thebes is his native place,  
 The ruddy Bacchus, I would fain  
 Invoke with all his Mænad train.  
 Come, with pine brightly blazing, O Evian lord !  
 This god to repel, 'mong the gods how abhorred !

R. F. W., 1848.

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## A BOATING ADVENTURE IN TRONDHJEM FJORD.

WHILST spending the Long Vacation, two or three Summers ago, with a friend, in Norway, we visited a strange little out-of-the-way place situated at the extreme end of the narrow neck of land which nearly closes the entrance of the Trondhjem Fjord. Here, at Beian, where probably no Englishman had been before us, we spent a week shooting, fishing, and boating ; and here occurred the adventure I have promised to give an account of, which nearly cost me my life.

Early one morning, we started for a cruise, the bright sun driving away the mist and giving us every promise of a glorious day. For a time we were obliged to labour at the oars to clear the rocks and headlands and get ourselves fairly out to sea, for it is no joke to hoist a large Norwegian sail whilst a stiff breeze is blowing, and you are unpleasantly

near the rocks. Let me give you an account of our boat, in which we sailed forty miles, and—but I must not tell all my story at the beginning. Our boat, then, was about the size of an ordinary ship's boat, or a little larger, with both ends made like a prow. The oars—these would require from any of my young friends some practice, and some strength to manage—are nearly as large as those in an English barge, and each man has to pull *two*; there is a single rowlock, against which the oar presses in its stroke, and a loop of withy encircles the oar to keep it in its place. The rudder is a very primitive arrangement, and is of little or no use in a stiff breeze or strong tide; this is chiefly owing to the tiller, which is a long pole with a couple of wooden hinges at the end. A large square sail, cumbersome to hoist, and troublesome to let down, finishes the description. It was not a bad boat; at all events, we had much pleasure in it.

On we went for an hour or two, with the large square sail catching the breeze, one sitting or, rather, lounging in the stern steering the boat, the other in the prow keeping a sharp look out for rocks, which here and there lay in our course, now singly now in small clusters, some barely visible, and hardly causing a ripple in the water which covered them, whilst others stood boldly up, warning us of their presence. I knew that my friend's great wish was to go to Tarven, where he had spent about three months, last time he was in Norway, living with his companion in a tent, and going from island to island in their own boat; but where Tarven was, and how far it was away, I had little or no idea, although we had had a conversation with the steward of Osteröod Castle, in the absence of his master, and obtained leave to shoot where we liked in the neighbourhood. Soon after passing Storforsel, a large island we had already visited, we reached a small group of islands with many reefs around them, and, seeing several fishing-

boats and their crews on one of the islands, we landed, and my friend went to make enquiries of them as to our whereabouts. We had some trouble in getting off again and clearing the reefs, and, I fear, afforded some amusement to the fishers by our awkward way of managing our boat; indeed, so busy was I, that I forgot to enquire what information they had given, and was only taking care to get under weigh again. About four p.m., sailing along in the same course, we sighted another and much larger group of islands, and not a little surprised was I to learn that we were approaching Tarven, of which I had heard so much.

I pause here a little to tell you part of what I afterwards learnt about this group, which you will in vain hunt for in your atlas. The group consists of three hundred islands, the largest being sixteen English miles in circumference, and the smaller ones about as many yards. As the crow flies, they are thirty-six miles from Beian, so that we had come at least forty, for we had gone to Storforsel first. The islands are covered with underwood and rich pasture, affording good keep for the numerous cattle and sheep which are bred and fattened there. The sea around abounds in fish, and thus employment is afforded to a large number of men, some in attending to the farm, and the rest in catching and preparing fish for market. It seems one of the strange vagaries of nature to find such a large group arranged with almost mathematical accuracy in two concentric circles, and in the centre itself the largest island of all. Man, too, has unwittingly increased the singularity of this arrangement, for in the middle of the largest island is built the only group of houses to be found. Here resides the steward, with the farm-servants, and here accommodation is provided for the crews of some of the fishing-boats.

We steered by a narrow channel, between two islands in the outer circle, into a bay, where, in all probability, we should have lost ourselves in the maze of islands, had not



some fishing-boats fortunately passed, one of which we learnt, on enquiry, was bound for the same destination as ourselves, so we were ignominiously taken in tow, but kindly guided to the harbour were we wished to be. At the farm-house, my companion found some few old acquaintances, who welcomed us cordially, did all in their power to make us comfortable, and quickly set about preparing a meal for us. Whilst these preparations were going forward, and my companion was talking with Ivan, the steward, I took one of the guns and shot some white and black gulls, whose breasts I wanted to take home with me to England to have a muff made of, for they look far handsomer than grebe. After dinner, as the steward thought we should have a rough night, we determined to stay, and so both went out with our guns, and, although the evening was drawing in fast, we killed several birds of various kinds. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that millions of sea-birds make these islands their home; they are, too, a very favourite resort of wild geese and ducks; otters are plentiful, and there is a very fair sprinkling of partridges and snipe; whilst among and all round the islands, seal tumble about in the waters in great numbers. Even whilst I am writing this, the great seal-skin and otter-skins hanging in my friend's chambers at home, trophies of his former visit, picture themselves vividly in my memory.

*(To be Continued in our next.)*

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## CONCERNING A DEBATING SOCIETY.

As it is the province of this magazine, while recording the state of our sports for the encouragement or reproof of Mill Hill boys, to aim also at raising the intellectual standard of the School, we think a word or two on the subject of a

Debating Society or Literary Union may not be amiss, before we re-assemble for another term. As is well known, there was at one time a society of this kind in connection with the School, which, for reasons best known to its members, was broken up nearly two years ago. All Schools of any importance have such a society during the winter months, and we think that the time is come when one might be re-established in the School, and on firmer bases than before. It would of course be suspended during the summer, but in the dark evenings of winter it would afford pleasure, as well as instruction.

Among the advantages resulting from such a Society, if properly conducted, are the knowledge of matters of general interest to be thereby gained, the mental training in habits of accurate thinking and reasoning which they supply, and their value in habituating their members to public speaking, and the orderly and intelligent expression of their opinions. All these matters are so obvious to any one who will take the trouble to think on the subject, that we need not to dwell upon them here; we wish rather to submit a few rules, which we think might be advantageously adopted in the event of its being resolved again to start a society of the kind. With regard to the last, it would of course be necessary to obtain the Head Master's sanction; and if we were to muster a fair force of debaters and reciters, we do not for a moment suppose that he would withhold it.

We should recommend then:—

1.—That an entrance fee (of say 1s. 6d.) be paid by every new member, which shall include his subscription for first term.

2.—That, in all consecutive terms, each member pay (say 1s.) per term.

3.—That, after the society has been constituted, admission shall be by ballot.

4.—That the society shall have, at any time, the power

to exclude by vote by ballot, any member whose conduct seems to the members unsuitable.

5.—That meetings be held once a fortnight regularly, and that they consist, in rotation, of recitations, discussions, and readings.

6.—That none but members, and those receiving tickets, be admitted to the ordinary meetings, and that the membership be limited to Upper School-boys.

7.—That, if possible, open meetings be held twice or thrice a term, during the winter months, for recitations and debates; and that, on such occasions, the members and those present be free from “preparation.”

We shall be very glad if our readers will consider our suggestions during the Long Vacation, and come back prepared to go into the matter with spirit.

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## THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN CLARENDON AND CHARLES THE SECOND.

*The Second Prize Poem, Midsummer, 1873.*

BY THOMAS ALFRED GURNEY.

SCENE.—*Whitehall.*

*Enter CLARENDON, alone.*

*Clarendon.*—O Fortune, fickle goddess of a day!  
Thou who didst woo me from my solitude  
In a strange land, and granted my return  
Over that channel which so long had lain  
A barrier 'twixt the exile and his home;  
Then, my support on glory's dazzling height:  
Lend now thy hand to pluck me from despair.  
I am alone, unpitied in my grief;  
My king, the boon companion of my youth,  
Will leave me to the lions, easy prey.  
Desp'rate my fate; no counterplot remains  
To turn aside this storm of rage and hate.  
I did not court the people in my pride;  
Now, in my fall, no friends stand by my side.  
But hark! I hear my sovereign's well-known tread:  
He lifts me royally, or strikes me dead.

*Enter CHARLES II.*

O let me kneel to kiss my prince's hand:  
Perhaps the last, last time that I shall press  
His royal fingers to my faithful lips,  
Or feel the bliss to call him lord and friend.  
O let me drop one tear upon the hand  
Which once, in exile, wiped my tears away;  
Then be the haughty Clarendon again;  
And ask, what treason brings me to thy feet,  
Sueing for mercy ere I know my crime.

*King.*—Peace, peace with useless words; away with tears!

What idle whisp'rer told thee of mistrust?  
I have not blamed thee; then what cause for grief?  
I did but send to warn thee of thy foes;  
Thou art in danger from their bitter hate.  
Thine honour's ship, tho' steered by honesty,  
Is cast among a thousand dangerous rocks.  
For friendship's sake, for sake of all the days  
We, in adversity, have spent together,  
I pray, beseech thee, Clarendon, beware.  
This parliament of mine, a stubborn set,  
Devoid of sense, are clamouring all at once  
That I should yield thee, captive to their will,  
And are resolved, on their next gathering,  
To plunge their paltry charges to thine heart.

*Clarendon.*—I fear not men's endeavours; let them try  
The worst of all their pow'rs, they cannot harm  
While God and royalty are on my side:  
These can defend me, and my innocence.

*King.*—Alas! thy words are only empty breath,  
And this thy counsel is but vanity.  
Would Heav'n that I could save my dearest friend!  
What puny mortals are the mightiest kings:  
They can command the lands around them stretched;  
Can claim dominion o'er the heaving sea;  
Stay the great traffic of a nation's wealth;  
Build cities; found new empires; carry war  
Ev'n to the farthest limits of the earth,  
Yet cannot sway, with all their sceptre's power,  
The thoughts and wishes of their subjects' hearts.

*Clarendon.*—My liege, 'tis thine to govern and command,  
Theirs to obey, and fear thy royal hand;  
Thou canst, in thy supremacy and might,  
Beyond their dearest wishes claim a right,  
Whether their glory's blossom fade or blow,  
'Tis thine, O king, 'tis thine to make it so.

*King.*—Alas! thou little know'st how all my pow'r  
Lies in their hands; how every petty wish—  
E'en to the saving of an ancient friend,  
Or sacrificing of a useless isle  
To fill my empty coffers with a coin—



Is scanned, unfolded, eyed with dubious fear,  
By the keen sight of this my parliament.  
*I save thee! nay! if I stretched forth my hand*  
To snatch the sparrow from the serpent's den,  
I should receive a mortal wound myself.  
What of my father? Martyred to the cause  
Of kingly power and prerogative,  
He paid too dear a penalty for pride;  
And shall I also heedless track his steps?  
Shall I lay down unwilling on the block  
My sacred majesty to save a friend?  
What too of Strafford, who essayed to change  
Some paltry items of time-rusted laws?  
Who, for his zeal against conspiracy,  
Was called to answer for his deeds in death.  
Thou didst not save him, but rejoiced to see  
His lofty spirit humbled in disgrace;  
And think'st thou now that I would risk my realm,  
Expose my heaven-anointed dignity,  
To save one subject, 'mid a thousand foes?

*Clarendon.*—Yea, yea, my liege; 'tis writ in Holy Word,  
Doth not the shepherd leave his ninety-nine,  
Wand'ring amid the wildness of the hills,  
And plunge thro' all the dangers of the night  
To seek the straying one, though long the way,  
And many a darksome chasm intervene;  
Though wolves with hunger howl around, and streams  
With swelling waters burst their rocky beds;  
Though giant cedars quake for very fear,  
And all the fountains of the deep be oped?  
What makes him thus so heedless of his life?  
'Tis the same potent power which can subdue  
The hero, as from bloody fields he hastes  
To press his anxious helpmeet to his heart.  
Love is the soul, the spirit of us all,  
And hearts without it know nor peace nor joy.

*King.*—O speak not thus; do not these tears attest  
My heartfelt love, my sorrow ne'er confessed:  
Ah! Clarendon, it is too hard a fate  
To be, at once, a tyrant and ingrate.  
Resign thy lofty post a few short years,  
Till thro' this storm-cloud's gloom fresh light appears;  
Let the first anger of the gale pass by,  
And soon its rage in softer winds will die:  
Mine arm shall shield thee from all further pain,  
And thou shalt sit at my right hand again.

*Clarendon.*—I will not be a monarch's clumsy tool,  
Laid down at will, or taken up again;  
Nor stool to royalty's unstable seat,  
Kicked always to and fro, but never still,  
Crushed by its fall, nor honoured by its rise.  
O! if thou hast a spark of gratitude,

Think of the suff'rings I have borne for thee.  
 I might have sat upon a throne of state,  
 And England, freed from tyranny and fear,  
 Have boasted, in the annals of her fame,  
 Of Edward Hyde, her great deliverer ;  
 This bait I left, and joined thee in thy grief,  
 When all thy prospect seemed a rayless gloom ;  
 Twelve exiled years dwelt absent from my home,  
 Out of the pity which I bore for thee.  
 Then fortune smiled upon thee once again,  
 And when, 'mid shouts, thou trod'st the flow'ry way  
 From banishment obscure to England's throne,  
 I too was by thy side supporting thee.  
 Now that the cloud again has hid the light  
 I am disgraced, abandoned, by a king  
 Whose right hand prop was my allegiance.  
 But thou wilt bitterly repent the day,  
 When from thy land thou turnedst me away ;  
 Ere many years of tyranny have past,  
 The might of Stuart shall have breathed its last ;  
 O'er the encircling sea a band shall come  
 To hurl thy race's glory in the tomb :  
 Vengeance may wait, but sure, tho' slow, its pace ;  
 The doom shall fall upon thy fated race !

(*Exit* CLARENDON.)

*King.*—Stay! stay!

(*Aside*)

Alas, his noble form is gone,

And, tho' I rule, 'tis but to rule alone ;  
 Redeeming time is past, 'tis now too late  
 To seek to change the stern decrees of fate :  
 Henceforth, farewell to peace of mind below ;  
 Life is to me a vanity, a show.

(*Exit* KING.)

## SCHOOL NEWS.

### NEW FOUNDATION DAY.

OUR great Public Day has come and gone, a day looked forward to with interest and expectancy throughout the year. The morning of the 11th of June opened fine, and the day continued so throughout. The evening of the preceding day had been marked by a steady downpour, which had somewhat damped the ardour of most of us, and con-

sequently we were all the more agreeably surprised, when our fears proved groundless. Proceedings commenced with the Cricket Match between the 1st and 2nd Elevens, the latter supplemented by visitors. For some time these reinforcements failed to put in an appearance. Eventually, however, they showed in considerable force, and, with their aid, the second, whose prospects had not looked bright at starting, gained the victory. Towards noon, the Head Master's garden also began to be sprinkled with a variety of gay colours, the wearers of which gradually increased in numbers, until they presented a very attractive appearance.

At one o'clock, the boys dined in the marquee. This apparently afforded some interest to the visitors, who came in considerable numbers to "see the animals fed," as one somewhat maliciously suggested, though another ruefully exclaimed that "he wished he were a boy again, as things were never done in such a style when *he* was at school." Certainly the entire arrangements in the tent were admirable, and dinner passed off with great gaiety. Then came half an hour, during which boys could be with their friends, before these passed into the Hall to luncheon.

During the latter, the boys awaited the moment when, the gastronomic part of the proceedings being over, the signal should be given for them to enter and listen to the post-prandial orations. At length it came, and they thronged into the Hall, lining the walls and closely packing the spaces between the tables. Thomas Hughes, Esq., M.P., author of "Tom Brown's School Days," appropriately occupied the chair; the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., editor of the "British Quarterly Review," acting as vice-president. Among those present were W. H. L. Russell, Esq., F.R.S.; A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S.; Professor Harley, M.D., F.R.S.; Dr. Storrar; Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S.; Revs. Dr. Angus, Dr. Manning, Dr. Parker, Dr. Burns, S. Minton, S. Hebditch, E. White, T. Aveling, A. Hannay, and J. Pillans

(who has since left for Madagascar), J. Carvell Williams, J. De Kewer Williams, with, of course, papas, mammas, sisters and brothers, from far and near, in unlimited number. Letters of apology had been received from H.I.H. Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who had intended to be present, but had been called to Chiselhurst; Mr. Samuel Morley; Mr. Walter Morrison; Mr. Baines; Mr. Hardcastle, an old Mill-Hill boy; Mr. Winterbotham; Mr. J. J. Colman; and several other Members of Parliament, as well as several distinguished men and friends of the school, including Dr. Binney; Dr. Brock; Dr. Steane; Dr. Spottiswoode, F.R.S.; Professor H. S. Smith, F.R.S.; Dr. Huggins, F.R.S.; and Professor Challis, whose letter gracefully acknowledged the advantages he formerly enjoyed as a pupil here, particularly his indebtedness to Mill Hill for his "mathematics and classics."

After the toast of "The Queen," followed by a stanza of the National Anthem, the Rev. Dr. Allon proposed the health of the Head Master, and, in doing so, referred to the largeness of the gathering as a testimony to the fact that everybody was contented with the present character and management of the school.

Dr. Weymouth, in his reply, expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing such a gathering; and that presided over by one whose interest in the work of education, and sympathy with schoolboys, have been expressed with so much emphasis and graphic vigour by his facile pen—by whose side, too, sat a reverend gentleman, whose literary labours in a different department are so well known to all; he regretted the absence of some whose presence they would all have welcomed; and, in expressing his thanks, gratefully acknowledged how thoroughly the good wishes expressed a year ago had been realized, in the continued prosperity of the School (there being 115 boys now on the roll), and its immunity from accident and serious illness. Among the



improvements of the year, he had to mention the Gymnasium, as yet in its infancy, but which it was hoped gradually to enlarge and complete. "The Mill Hill boys," he went on, "have something of a Tom Brown spirit in them, in their love of athletic sports, as will be admitted by those who witnessed the excellent running, walking, leaping, &c., on the 10th of May. And in football and cricket they have exhibited their prowess against many schools, colleges, and clubs, of course with occasional reverses of fortune, but as a rule, with the success which is wont to reward energy and resolution in boys as well as in men." By the kindness of some friends, an organ, which would that day be opened, had also been presented to the School Chapel; at least, the subscriptions for this purpose amounted to £120, leaving only £60 or £70 more to be paid, a portion of which, at least, he hoped to see cleared off that day. Reserving for the present his statement as to the purely educational success of the School, he would only express his acknowledgments to all the coadjutors whose aid had contributed to this success. These included the Governors, Treasurer, and Secretary, with all of whom his relations had been of the most agreeable character; and the Lady Resident, Miss Cooke, who had been as kind and watchful as ever. He (Dr. Weymouth) was happy to have the opportunity of alluding to the beautiful and valuable present by which the boys, a few weeks ago, marked their appreciation of her many admirable qualities. (Loud and renewed applause.) Dr. Weymouth then paid a graceful and merited tribute to the energy, fidelity to duty, tact, sound judgment, and devotion to the School of the Assistant Masters, and dwelt, with especial force, upon the valuable accession which the School had received in the services of the Rev. the Vice-Master, whose week-day work and Sunday services were alike of the highest order, and such as amply to justify the expectations formed about him.

A tribute of praise was also accorded to the Monitors for their salutary influence in assisting to maintain the high moral tone and good discipline which, he was happy to say, existed among the boys generally.

A. J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S., President of the Philological Society, &c., then proposed the healths of the Vice-Master, the Rev. Robert Harley, F.R.S., and Assistant Masters. He said that Dr. Weymouth had spoken of his pleasant intercourse with Mr. Harley, but he himself had known Mr. Harley for a much longer period, and could testify to his high abilities and the respect in which his name was held by men of science. He had also the pleasure of knowing two of the other Masters (Mr. Murray and Mr. Nettleship), and taking these as specimens of the whole, he congratulated Dr. Weymouth and the School on the staff of eminent men who compose the teaching body. In all such institutions it was, of course, the Head Master who came prominently before the public, but much of the real work of the School, and especially what might be called the by-work—the encouragement of Natural History, support of games and sports, &c.—depends upon the devoted labour of the Assistant Masters.

Mr. Harley replied for himself and the other Masters, and said that when, fourteen or fifteen months ago, he came to the School, with a view to placing one of his sons there as a pupil, he had no idea that he should shortly after be placed there himself, as a Master. He greatly appreciated the opportunities of his position, and had been especially attracted to it by the consideration that he should there exercise his ministry among thoroughly trained and disciplined youths, many of whom would hereafter occupy positions of honour and responsibility in the world. The genial and gentlemanly bearing of the boys had made his office among them most pleasant and agreeable, and the deepening tone of religious thought and feeling in the

School gave him great encouragement. He had not met with an instance of a boy attempting to deceive him, or to shield himself from the consequences of any fault by the slightest prevarication. (Applause.) This he attributed to the excellent moral influence of the Head Master and those who had been for some time associated with him in work there; and not less to the fact that most of the boys came from pious homes, where they had been carefully and reverently trained in the ways of God. He adverted to the catholic and unsectarian character of the School. While the bulk of the boys attended his ministry, parents were at perfect liberty to select any place of worship, within reasonable distance, they might prefer for their sons. Almost all Christian denominations were represented in the School. Of the Assistant Masters, one was a Baptist, another a Wesleyan, a third an Independent, and the remaining three belonged to the Church of England. Nonconformists had never desired a separate or sectarian education for their sons. On the contrary, they had considered it a grievance that their sons could not go to the great Public Schools to be educated there with others, and yet worship God after the manner of their fathers. No attempt was made at Mill Hill to proselytize the boys, but there was deep anxiety that the sincere and simple spirit of religion, not in the shape of dead dogmas, but in the shape of living principles, should be made to bear on the whole tenor of their lives. In conclusion, he acknowledged his obligations to the Assistant Masters, for arranging to set him free from School duties on a Saturday, to prepare for his Sunday work—a boon which he greatly valued.

The Rev. T. Aveling, in proposing “Prosperity to Mill Hill School,” said that he had not been within that Hall for thirty-five years; that the last time he had been there was the saddest, perhaps, in his life. He then proceeded to relate how, on that occasion, all the School filed slowly in



past the coffin of their beloved Chaplain, the Rev. W. Clayton (commemorated by a memorial slab in the Chapel), who had been suddenly removed from the midst of his labours by the stroke of death, and after one parting look at his calm, peaceful features, withdrew in silence from the room. Owing to the length of time that had elapsed, he was in a position to judge of the progress made since then. The School had passed through many dispensations, but appeared at last to have entered the promised land.

This was responded to, in one of his witty speeches, by our honoured Treasurer, Mr. Scrutton, who began by begging the boys, amid shouts of laughter, "as a special favour, to grant the Masters a whole holiday on the morrow," which, on being put to the vote, was, it need hardly be added, carried by acclamation. He went on to say that the School was not a place of profit; the Governors did not care about a dividend. It had been founded by voluntary offerings in times gone by, and it was still their aim to expend everything for its good. No time in its past history had been so full of promise as the present.

The Head Master here stated that he was enabled to announce some donations, which showed that the old spirit of liberality was not extinct; one gentleman having given £100 for prizes, and the same gentleman offered £100 towards paying off the mortgage, if a hundred Old Boys would do the same.

The health of the "Old Boys" was then proposed by Mr. W. H. L. Russell, F.R.S., in a speech which called up the Rev. Edward White, as usual brimful of humour and weighty with counsel, to reply. He hoped that the boys would, with all their learning, learn the art of carefully forming their opinions, and of sticking to what they believed to be right, and that in the struggle for right they could never know when they were beaten. He also hoped that when they got religious equality in England—which



they would some day soon, whatever present appearances might be—they would be found to be pleasant companions by those who had now sole possession of many advantages. He rejoiced in the classical scholarship of Mill Hill, advised the boys to work hard at their classical studies; and finally expressed the hope that Greek would not disappear from the London University Examinations.

Dr. Angus, in proposing the health of the visitors, hoped, as a teacher, that parents would co-operate with Masters in the education of their children. To this toast Professor Harley, M.D., replied, dwelling, in accordance with his profession as a medical man, on the salubrious position of the School, as well as on the great beauty of the situation.

Dr. Parker then proposed the Chairman's health, and characterized him as the "right man in the right place," a statement which was heartily received by the guests.

#### THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The speeches had barely come to a close, when the bell sounded, and a movement was made towards the Chapel. Now came the grand event of the day, the Distribution of Prizes.

The chief Paintings and Drawings executed during the past year had been tastefully arranged along one side of the Chapel, by Mr. Brightwell, the Drawing Master, where they, as well as the Botanical specimens and the Prizes, had attracted a constant stream of visitors during the morning. As the company now thronged in and filled the little Chapel, an interesting and impressive scene was presented to the observer's eye. The boys occupied the central seats, while their friends crowded the side pews and aisles, the gallery also being fairly filled. The New Organ, erected by Mr. Monk, of London, was to be opened; but, on account of the want of time, this part of the proceedings had to be considerably abridged. Mr. Wallis Nash played one or two pieces, but the parts taken by Mr. Payne and Mr. Niederheitmann had to be reserved till later in the evening.

Before the distribution of prizes commenced, the Head Master made a statement as to the work of the past year. Three boys had matriculated at the University of London, all in the First Division; twenty-seven had passed the Cambridge Local Examinations, thirteen of them in Honours, and one boy had passed the preliminary Law Examination. With regard

to the Cambridge Examination, he wished specially to call attention to the fact that of the five boys who had taken first-class Honours, four had entered the School as juniors, and enjoyed the training of the Lower School, a fact showing the care and attention bestowed on the younger boys.

Mr. Hughes then presented the Prizes to the successful competitors, accompanying each with a few kindly words bearing upon the position gained, or the prize given. At the close, he delivered a short but memorable address, of which the key-note was, "Are you, the boys of England, going to do the work of England, as well as the generations that have gone before you?" The boys—and the girls too—of England had succeeded to a great inheritance, of which they should be proud, and which it ought to be their ambition to hand down, not only unimpaired, but enhanced, to the ages to come. Each generation had its own peculiar trials, and its own special work; and if they wished to help to keep England great and good, and to make it greater and better, they must resist the temptations and weaknesses of their own times. One of the besetting weaknesses of the present age was its tendency to luxury, a result of growing wealth, which led even boys to think it beneath them to do anything for themselves which they could pay, or get their parents to pay, for others to do for them. This showed itself even in the paraphernalia of boyish sports, as when they hired professionals to keep their cricket-ground, &c., in order, instead of doing it themselves. He remembered that when he was a boy at Rugby, they used to mark and roll the ground themselves, and he understood that the same was done at Mill Hill. He had just, with great pleasure, walked over the cricket-field, and it reminded him very much of the ground upon which he first learned as a boy. He argued that the inequalities of the surface, and the natural obstacles which they had to contend with, were really an advantage, inasmuch as they were thus trained to conquer difficulties. Simple living and hard work were conditions of success in life. He hoped they would take a pride in the reputation of their School. Let Mill Hill boys be known in the world by their determination to do their best, and never shirk their share of the world's work.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Hughes, for presiding, was then proposed by Mr. Micklem, and seconded in an interesting speech by Dr. J. Hall Gladstone; in acknowledging which, Mr. Hughes said that he was glad to find that the system on which Mill Hill was conducted was that of the great English Public Schools—schools which, though not without their faults, yet seemed to meet the wants of England. He had also heard with pleasure that there was nothing sectarian about the School, as well as that its vigour and tone were all that could be desired.

Interesting as the proceedings had been, visitors and boys were alike glad to stream forth from the confinement of the Chapel, and, after tea and refreshments in the corridor, to roam at large over the grounds. Thus

promenading or engaging in croquet, bowls, and other games, the remainder of the evening rapidly passed away.

At eight o'clock, the last group of visitors took their departure, to catch the Great Northern Special Train; and thus closed the most successful New Foundation Day that Mill Hill has ever seen.

## PRIZE LIST.

### GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE,

Awarded partly by the votes of the Boys; **Arthur Edwards**, Elaine, illustrated by **Gustave Doré**.

### UPPER SCHOOL PRIZES.

Awarded to Boys who passed the Cambridge Local Examination at the Mill Hill Centre, in December, 1872, with Honours:—

*Seniors in Second Class Honours.*—**Arnold Horne**, Wheeler's Life and Travels of Herodotus (2 vols.); and Simonin's Les Pierres. **Thomas Edward Scrutton**, Paley's Æschylus; Paley's Hesiod; and Maclean's Juvenal and Persius.

*Seniors in Third Class Honours.*—**Charles Downing**, Keats's Poems, Rossetti's edition; and Coleridge's Poems, ditto. **Thomas Alfred Gurney**, Shakspeare's Poems, Mrs. M. C. Clarke; and Life and Death of Jason, W. Morris. **Frederick William Kirk**, Shakspeare's Poems, Mrs. M. C. Clarke; and Skeats's History of the Free Churches. **Edward Sprague Weymouth**, Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages; and Burns and Scott.

*Juniors in First Class Honours.*—**Edward James Bruce**, Admiral Farragut's Cruise; Newton's Travels in the Levant (2 vols.); and Beattie, Blair, and Falconer's Poems. **Willie Marston**, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (3 vols.); Shakspeare's Works, Mrs. M. C. Clarke; and Nile Tributaries, Sir S. Baker. **Percy Lewis Pewtress**, The Bird, Michelot; Kingston's In the Wilds of Africa; Mangin's Mysteries of the Ocean; and Shakspeare's Works, Mrs. M. C. Clarke. **Edward Brice Pressland**, Histoire de la Céramique, Jacquemart; and Chambers's Book of Days (2 vols.). **Philip Charles Price**, Les Races Humaines, Figuier; Newton's Travels in the Levant (2 vols.); and Supplicacyon for the Beggars, edited by Furnivall.

*Junior in Second Class Honour.*—**William Wright Callander**, Bible and Modern Thought; and Nile Tributaries, Sir S. Baker.

*Junior in Third Class Honours.*—**Herbert William Trenchard**, Gibbon's Essay on the Crusades; and Burns and Scott.

### FORM PRIZES.

*Awarded to those Forms which were not sent in to the Cambridge Local Examination.*

*Junior Fourth Form.*—1. **Harold Harley**, The Polar World, Hartwig.

2. **Walter Henrichsen Guthrie**, Wordsworth's Poems, Rossetti's edition. 3. **William Haycroft**, Addison, Gay, and Somerville's Poems. 4. **Everett Leonard**, Reign of Charles the Fifth, W. H. Prescott. 5. **Thomas Rudolphus Dallmeyer**, Manners and Customs of the Israelites, Dr. F. A. Cox.

*Third Form.*—1. **Archibald Thorpe**, Conquest of Peru, W. H. Prescott; and Miles Standish, Longfellow. 2. **Frank Hamilton Townend**, Feudal Castles of France. 3. **Frederick James Field**, Early History of Greece, by Pococke, Talfourd, &c. 4. **Charles Haycroft**, Devonshire Celebrities, T. L. Pridham. 5. **Duncan Macandrew**, Reign of Charles the Fifth, W. H. Prescott. 6. **Rayner Derry Batten**, Manners and Customs of the Israelites, Dr. F. A. Cox.

*Second Form.*—1. **James Hamilton Gunn**, Geo. H. Thomas's Wood Engravings: the "In Memoriam" volume. 2. **Sidney Benham**, Arms and Armour, Boutell. 3. **John Baldwin Ritchie**, Coleridge's Poems, Rossetti's edition. 4. **Harold Thorpe**, Choice Pieces by Edmund Burke. 5. **George William Roper**, Beattie, Blair, and Falconer's Poems.

*First Form.*—1. **Sidney Smith Dallmeyer**, Madagascar and the Malagasy, Lieut. Oliver. 2. **Arthur Harley**, Manners and Customs of the Israelites, Dr. F. A. Cox.

#### SILVER MEDALS FOR ENGLISH ESSAYS.

*Given by Gentlemen formerly educated at the School.*

*Senior.*—**Arnold Horne** (instead of Medal), Dean Millman's History of Christianity, 3 vols. 8vo; and Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities

*Junior.*—**Willie Marston**, The Silver Medal.

#### EXTRA PRIZES.

For the best Latin Essay, given by the HEAD MASTER, awarded by Mr. NETTLESHIP. Subject: *Patrocli Mors*. **Edward Sprague Weymouth**, Rich's Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities; and Sertum Shakesperianum, Latham.

For English Verse, to Boys over 16, given by the HEAD MASTER. Subject: *The last Interview of Clarendon and Charles II.*, a Shakesperian dialogue. **Thomas Edward Scrutton**, Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith.

For English Verse, to Boys under 16, given by the HEAD MASTER. Subject: *The Loss of the Atlantic*, in ballad style. **Arthur Castell Southwell**, Old English Ballads.

For English Literature, to Boys under 16, given by the HEAD MASTER, **Willie Marston**, Masterpieces of Fiction.

For Mathematics, to Boys over 15, First Prize, given and awarded by the VICE-MASTER, **Edward Sprague Weymouth**, Guillemin's Forces of Nature, translated by Mrs. Lockyer; and the Atmosphere, Flammarion, translated and edited by Glaisher.



For Mathematics, to Boys over 15, not being in the Sixth Form, Second Prize, given by WARREN HALL Esq., awarded by the VICE-MASTER, **Willie Marston**, Tyndall's Contributions to Molecular Physics; and The Mountain, Michelet.

For Mathematics, to Boys under 15, given by the VICE-MASTER, awarded by Mr. SCOTT WHITE and Mr. MURRAY, 1. **Francis Homan Thorpe**, The Atmosphere, Flammarion, edited by Glaisher; 2. **Harold Harley**, Milner's Gallery of Nature.

For Scripture Knowledge, given by B. SCOTT, Esq., F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the City of London, awarded by the Rev. LL. D. BEVAN, LL.B.,

Equal { **Thomas Edward Scrutton**, Bagster's Polyglot Bible, 2 vols. folio;  
 { **Willie Marston**, Another copy, exceptionally given by \* \* Esq.

For the Greek Text of the New Testament, given and awarded by the Secretary, the Rev. R. H. MARTEN, B.A., **Edward Sprague Weymouth**, Canon of the New Testament, and History of the English Bible, by Canon Westcott.

For Writing, given by the Treasurer, T. SCRUTTON, Esq., **Percy Lewis Pewtress**, A Microscope.

For best Collections of British Plants, given by one of the GOVERNORS, 1. **Gustavus James Goodman**, Balfour's Class Book of Botany; and Hooker's Student's Flora. 2. **William James Chambers**, Hooker's Student's Flora.

For passing the Cambridge Local Examinations with most distinction, in First Class Honours, given by A. H. SCOTT WHITE, Esq., B.A., **Willie Marston**, Wilkins's Phœnicia; and Bacon's Advancement of Learning, W. Aldis Wright's edition.

For Natural Philosophy, to the Lower School, for Michaelmas Term, 1872, given by J. A. H. MURRAY, Esq., F.E.I.S., **Eustace Rupert Prentice**, Ganot's Physics.

For Natural Philosophy, to the Lower School, for Lent Term, 1873, given by J. A. H. MURRAY, Esq., F.E.I.S., **Charles Elmer Southwell**, The Midnight Sky, Dunkin.

For Early English, given by the Early English Text Society; **Arnold Horne**, St. Juliana, edited by Rev. O. Cockayne, Old English Miscellany, edited by Dr. Morris, and Dr. Weymouth on Euphuism.

For Drawing, given by G. Brightwell, Esq., 1. **Ralph Homan**, A Walnut-wood Easel; 2. **Henry Allen Ritchie**, A Box of Water Colours.

For Singing, given by WALLIS NASH, Esq. CHORAL AND SOLO SINGING.—1. **Arnold Cunliffe Smith**; 2. **John Henry McCall**—each, Mendelssohn's 24 Quartetts for Mixed Voices, Novello's edition.

CHORAL SINGING.—**Thomas Rudolphus Dallmeyer**, **Sharman Goward**, **Everett Leonard**, **Percy Lewis Pewtress**, **Eustace Rupert Prentice**, **Howard Kitchener Smith**, **Herbert William Southcombe**, **Francis Homan Thorpe**, **Herbert William Trenchard**, **Edward Sprague Weymouth**—each, Mendelssohn's 13 Two-part Songs, Novello's edition.

## "IN MEMORIAM" PRIZES.

## 1.—ON OBTAINING SCHOLARSHIPS TENABLE AT THE SCHOOL.

*Seniors.*—**Edward James Bruce** (Michaelmas Term, 1872), *Castel off Loue*, Dr. Weymouth's edition; **Willie Marston** (Lent Term, 1873), *Evelyn's Diary*.

*Juniors.*—**Harold Harley** (Michaelmas Term, 1872), *Milton's Comus*, illustrated; **Everett Leonard** (Lent Term, 1873), *Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming*, illustrated.

## 2.—ON PASSING THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, WITHOUT HONOURS.

*Seniors.*—**Percy Guthrie Davis**, **Arthur Edwards**, **Henry Marten**, **James Ritchie**—each, *Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer*.

*Juniors.*—**William Pelham Bullivant**, **Alexander Arnold Hannay**, **Ralph Homan**, **Jonathan Samuel Puckridge**, **Henry Allen Ritchie**, **William Augustus Rowell**, **James Perram Scrutton**, **Arthur Castell Southwell**, **Alfred Edgar Sprague**, **Francis Homan Thorpe**—each, *Southey's Thalaba the Destroyer*.

## CRICKET.

THERE is no denying, that in our Cricket matches this season we have not been successful. To look the facts full in the face, we have been beaten right and left. But still we are not despondent, we take our beating with the hope that, in a few years' time, the present younger generation will win fame for the school. In the first eleven, **Furnivall**, as was expected, has shown himself a first-class bat, his average being now 21. **Puckridge** has made the top score of the season; and his bowling, and that of **Callander**, has been of great service to the school. In the second, we are glad to see many promising players: **O. Puckridge**, **J. Bellot**, **J. Ritchie**, **Davenport**, **Sharpe**, and others. The third eleven is stronger than the thirds of many other schools, and gives us bright hopes for the future.

The Cricket matches will be published in full in our next number.

The remarks of **Mr. Hughes** on New Foundation Day, with regard to Cricket, seem to call for some notice. He praised the virtue which we exhibited in making the necessary arrangements for a game of Cricket ourselves, without professional aid, and in face of the obstacles arising from the hilly situation of our field. It must however be confessed that in this we make a virtue of necessity; for some unaccountable reason the Cricket-ground cannot be levelled, nor can we have the professional aid which schools all over the kingdom enjoy. (In saying this, we do not forget **Inwood**, but something more is wanted). Cricket during the boyhood of our fathers was in its infancy, and was played on rough ground, and in a

rough way; but now it is as scientific a game as billiards, and requires an exceedingly level ground. Fast bowling on bad ground is excessively dangerous, and has sometimes even resulted in death.

We thoroughly appreciate the generosity of the "Old Boy" who has given £100 for Prizes, but we cannot help expressing the wish that some other "Old Boy," with equal generosity, would present another £100, to be devoted to the levelling of the Cricket-ground.

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### THE NATURAL HISTORY PRIZES.

OWING to the fact noted in the magazine of last month, that the season up to the 11th of June had been so unfavourable for Natural History, that no collection of insects had this year been formed, the gentlemen who give the prizes for Natural History have intimated that henceforth the adjudication will take place at Christmas, so as to allow collectors the benefit of one entire season. There will, consequently, be a competition at Christmas next, to which all collections of insects or plants that had been begun to be formed before New Foundation Day, but were not given in, as well as any that may yet be made, will be admissable. We are glad to learn that both for Botany and Entomology several students are now in the field, and we hope that they will well employ their vacation holidays also in securing additions to their treasures. When shall we have at Mill Hill a Natural History Club, to combine the scattered efforts of individual students, and record the sum of their observations for future guidance? Such a club might make half-holiday excursions to Stanmore Heath, Hampstead, and other localities of interest, and examine, not only the Botany and Entomology, but the Geology and native shells, &c., of the district. Surely we have as good material to form such a Society here, as at Harrow, Uppingham, Cheltenham, &c., where they have long flourished, and done excellent service to the Natural History of their several localities, besides forming capital museums of reference.

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### THE GYMNASIUM.

REFERENCE was made in our last number to the growth of this new, but none the less essential, portion of our exercise. That "Old Boys" may know what has been done in this direction during the year now nearly past, we may tell them that, a year ago the play-room was converted into a Gymnasium, by taking up part of the pavement of flagstones, and replacing it by a stratum of bark. Over this have been placed single and double rope ladders, pair of stirrups, hanging pole and rope for climbing, a trapeze, parallel bars, and more recently, a capital horizontal bar, and inclined ladder for climbing hand-over-hand, &c. These afford recreation and amusement for a considerable number of boys at once, and seldom



during recess or play-hours is the Gymnasium found vacant. A horizontal beam, placed between two of the trees out in the ground, which has remained for a considerable time without any signs of progress, has now received its complement of rope ladder, &c., for swings; the giant strides down at the lower corner of the play-ground are of less recent date, but continue popular, notwithstanding the rivalry of more recent accessions. Here also we ought not to omit recording that the present year witnessed the completion of the Fives' Courts, for the erection of which the School was indebted above all to the energy and perseverance of Mr. WHITE, who acted as Treasurer of the fund raised for this purpose. And this reminds us also of the assiduous labour which has been given by Mr. TUCKER, as Treasurer of the Games Fund, to the task of bringing the Gymnasium to its present degree of excellence.

While on the subject of the Gymnasium, we cannot omit our tribute of regard to our Gymnastic Master, HERR STEMPEL. From the first day he came to Mill Hill, he showed that the old days of mechanical drudgery drill were over, and that a new era which should attract every boy's interest, and call forth every boy's utmost athletic powers, had begun. It will be strange indeed if some of them do not turn out excellent Gymnasts, after the varied and thorough routine of exercise through which such a master puts them. The fact that HERR STEMPEL performed with such success at the Crystal Palace the other day, before the Shah of Persia, attests his skill and reputation.

We may hope, before many more terms elapse, to see a very complete Gymnasium, where, a couple or years ago, there was not a trace of one.

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## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, *July*, 1873.

### FIRST CLASS.

Horne, Arnold .....	Mill Hill School.
Scrutton, Thomas Edward .....	„ „
Weymouth, Edward Sprague .....	„ „

We congratulate our readers that all the candidates who have gone up from the School this year have passed.

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## THE LIBRARY.

THE gradual growth of this important, although too often neglected adjunct of any School, attests to the increasing prosperity of Mill Hill. A careful and well-judged choice of books must tend to maintain within the School "both moral and literary excellence." Until lately such a selection of books has not been attempted. The Library consisted of a



stock of dry Classics, and drier Theological works. A reformation is, however, being gradually effected in it, and more interesting books are being added. One important source of such additions is the gift of some volume or volumes made by each boy on leaving the School, in accordance with a promise made by the whole School some four terms ago. In order that it may be seen how this has worked, we here subjoin a list of the books which have been presented since the usage came into operation. Some few names of Old Boys will be found wanting, but these have undertaken not to forget their promise, and many of them have expressed their apologies to Mr. White, for not having ere this sent books.

DONORS.

BOOKS.

E. E. Gill .....	Sartor Resartus.
W. G. Q. Pedler .....	The Tales of a Grandfather.
A. Armitage .....	The Old Helmet, and Peden the Prophet.
F. A. Davis .....	David Copperfield, and Pickwick Papers.
Cuthbert Homan .....	Uncle Tom's Cabin.
E. P. Toller .....	Three Years in Turkey.
W. B. Passmore .....	The Pickwick Papers.
H. W. Poole .....	British Ballads.
W. E. Gurney .....	Brigand Life in Italy, 2 vols.
T. C. Curwen .....	Westward Ho! and Rise of the Dutch Republic.
J. H. Best .....	Tom Brown's School Days.
N. Micklem .....	Froude's History of England, 12 vols.
J. P. Lewis .....	Lighthouses and Lightships.
F. M. Weymouth .....	Life of Raleigh, 2 vols.
C. S. Leckie .....	Growth of English Constitution, and Witness of History to Christ.
J. Howard .....	Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop.
B. F. Smith .....	Many Thoughts of Many Minds.
J. Logie .....	Paris Under the Commune.
F. W. Hindley .....	Waverley Novels, 4 vols.
G. A. Wills .....	On the Banks of the Amazon.
H. H. Wills .....	Pictures from Sicily.
A. L. Hill .....	Lives of Telford, G. & R. Stephenson, Brindley, 3 vols.
H. Mellersh .....	New Tracks in North America, and True Adventure of a Little Ragamuffin, 2 vols.
H. M.K. Wood .....	John Halifax, and Adam Bede.
P. C. Price .....	Don Quixote.
E. B. Pressland .....	A Voyage Round the World.
A. E. Williams .....	Dramatic Works of Shakespere.
W. Edwards .....	How I found Livingstone.
A. D. Burnyeat .....	Thackeray's Works, 12 vols.
F. W. Kirke .....	The Midnight Sky.
A. T. Ivens .....	Ballad Songs of the Affections.
C. L. Devitt .....	The Iron Horse.
C. A. S. Minton .....	Memoir of a Brother, and Tom Brown's School Days.
W. C. Pedler .....	The Arabian Nights.

We hope that any boys who may leave at the end of this term will not let the Library be forgotten, but will conform to what may now be considered an established rule, and leave a remembrance of their presence here behind them.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SWIMMING BATHS.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been much delighted, in my convalescent retreat, by the perusal of our School Magazine, but in no part of it was I more interested than the letter of "Natator." There ought, as he remarks, to be no School, great or small, without bathing accommodation of some sort; and Mill Hill should certainly not be in the background in this respect. There are great difficulties in the way, of course; but what are difficulties but things to be overcome? But the great difficulty is, not, as he seems to think, the funds, but the water supply. He says, "if the quantities of water which flow away *wasted* after heavy rains, were collected in a tank, &c.," but he seems to forget that this water runs into the cistern to supply the School with washing water. In fact, pipes *drain* the whole field into that cistern, and, except in the case of a very heavy storm, but little can be wasted. Again, heavy rains are of least frequent occurrence in the hot season, when they would be most wanted for the purpose of bathing. The present supply of water is, I believe, quite equal to the *present* demand; but whether it would be so, were a bath, containing 36,000 cubic feet, to be filled now and then during summer, is open to question. The difficulty of funds would, I think, be easily met. But hardly in the manner your correspondent proposes; for the pocket money for a term would hardly amount to £30, and that, I think, would not quite suffice. But we have friends to whom we can apply. How did we get our Gymnasium, how our Organ (which, in my opinion, should not have been thought of till many more important improvements had been introduced), but by applying to those friends? Samuel Morley, Esq., is a host in himself. Our Governors and Trustees could be applied to; the School (not the boys) might contribute from its resources; we have Old Boys, and generous ones, too, as New Foundation Day has proved. We might mortgage our game fund to the extent of £2 or £3 a year; I am sure it would be worth our while to do so. The Masters, one and all, are generous, as has been proved on former occasions; and, lastly, the boys might swell the sum total by any contributions they liked to give.

Thus, the only formidable obstacle is the question of supply of water. Now, sirs, I would suggest that a Committee be formed to inquire into this question, and see how, in some way or other, water can be got, and what can be done, and go to work with a firm resolve to do something. When they have assured themselves that water can be got, let them get an estimate from some contractor or person of that sort, as to how much it would cost, and then issue begging-letters, far and near. I should further suggest that Messrs. White and Tucker, who have always taken so deep an interest in all questions of this kind, be invited to sit on this Committee, their experience and co-operation being extremely desirable.

Before closing, I must beg to state that I think "Natator" deserves the warmest thanks of all connected with Mill Hill, for the spirited manner in which he has introduced this hitherto sadly neglected subject.

I am, &c., E. D. MARTEN.

# The Mill Hill Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1873.

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## EDITORIAL.

BACK again at School! The same familiar faces, with some new ones too; the same well-known spots, and out in the sunlight, the same woods and fields and streams. The hills and vales and rustic lanes we have so often traversed in pairs, armed with our *exeat* cards, the venerable ivy-covered building from which so many have gone forth equipped, as we, in our turn, hope to go, for the duties and responsibilities of life; the grand old trees displaying their autumnal tints: we renew our acquaintance with them all; we resume our studies and fall to work.

And yet somehow the past will link itself in thought with the present. When two short months ago we parted to go our several ways, it was with the highest hopes and anticipations of pleasure. Freed from the restraints and discipline of school-life we set out, some in one direction, some in another, for our respective native quarters. "Home for the holidays." If we have not enjoyed ourselves, the fault has been our own. Dear ones have done their best to promote our happiness in the long vacation, and we think of them with glad and thankful hearts. How many sources of innocent enjoyment have been open to us. Ocean has received us in her arms and sustained us on her ample breast; mountains have felt the light weight of youthful climbers; valleys have been robbed of their dewy treasures by fingers more wont to handle the hockey-stick and the bat; damp-dripping caverns have echoed to shouts of mirthful laughter. We have robbed Tellus of her spoils, Neptune of his silent grandeur, Olympus of his sanctity. We have



enjoyed the long sleep in the morning, undisturbed by the school-bell, and realized all the other agreeable varieties of home existence. But the vacation is over now, and already it seems dream-like and distant.

Back again at School! The uppermost sentiment in every heart should surely be one of gratitude. For health preserved, for dangers averted, for journeying mercies, for all we have and are, let us give thanks to God.

We commence the Term in good spirits and with favourable auspices. Since our return a movement has been set on foot for the construction of a Swimming Bath in the Hollow. A Debating Society has been formed, and has held its first meeting with distinguished success. A new Football field has been secured, and a course of Paper-chases has been arranged. We note with especial satisfaction the great improvements that have been made in the Class-rooms, which have indeed been so renovated, as hardly at the first glance to be recognisable. We welcome with heartiness all the new boys, and in the great accession to our number, rendering this the largest that has met in the School for more than a whole generation past, we see a sign of unmistakable progress, and trust that nothing will occur to check the growing prosperity of the School. And so would we close, wishing success to Mill Hill, and to our schoolfellows a happy and enjoyable Term, as well as a hardworking and successful one. To those of us who wish to win laurels for ourselves and throw fresh lustre on our *Alma Mater*, it must needs be the hardest-working Term of the year, for its closing weeks bring those examinations which are to test our whole year's work, pitting us not only one against another, but each one against the best students of all England. And though one of our amusing contributors in his roseate dream of the "Good Time coming," foresees a day when the Cambridge Local Examination shall have "gone" to the grave of all the



Capulets ; we venture to say that these examinations have done, and are doing, a great work for England—that they have a still greater work to do—and that not till this is done, and the education of England raised to and maintained at a permanent level far above that of the past or present, will these examinations have served their purpose, dug their own grave, and reared their own monument over it. Meanwhile they are a great fact, and a great opportunity to show what stuff we are made of ; may every Mill Hill candidate prove that his ore is genuine, his mintage sterling, and that when weighed in the balance he shall not be found wanting !

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## A BOATING ADVENTURE IN TRONDHJEM FJORD.

*(Continued from our last.)*

I SHOULD like you to have just looked in on the scene that awaited us on our return from shooting. The farm hands and the fishermen had returned from their work, and we found thirty or forty big rough fellows assembled together in one large low room, which was dimly lit by a ship's lantern hung from the ceiling. They were waiting for their evening meal, "aftensmad," which some of the younger ones were busily getting ready in the kitchen. Just as we entered, small basins (rather more than half the size of an ordinary wash-hand basin), containing sour cream, were placed between two or three men as they sat around a long table, and then came the cooks bringing in enormous bowls full of steaming meal (grût). One bowl served four or five men, but they were not particular, for sometimes one did for as many as six or seven. From his pocket each produced a horn spoon, the bowl of which was the size of a table-spoon, but the handle not so long as that of a tea-spoon, and

carefully wiping it out with his thumb to clear away stray bits of tobacco, &c., &c., he set to work with a hearty good will, filling the spoon half with grût and half with cream. One would hardly believe that such food—not to mention its somewhat unpalatable look and flavour—could satisfy and sustain men who have to undergo such a large amount of manual labour as these have to do; but from personal experience—for I not only got to eat grût, but to like it—I can affirm that I have never found any food so satisfying or strength-giving.

As soon as one detachment had finished, another followed, until all were satisfied, then, having taken a good look at us, they retired to a big room upstairs, where were the beds for all in the house. The head man kindly took us to a room by ourselves, where, half undressing, we lay down under a sheep-skin for a few hours' sleep.

Next morning we turned out at 3 a.m., and aroused one of the men to help us get our boat off, which the retreating tide had left high and dry on the beach. It was blowing very hard, and the sea, even amidst the islands, was very rough, yet we hoped the quarter from which it came was not unfavourable to us; and by putting plenty of ballast on board we looked for a quick sail back, so as to catch a steamer for Trondhjem, which was to call about mid-day at Beïan. Imagine then our chagrin, when, after a great deal of hard work, we succeeded in rowing outside the islands, to find the wind in our teeth, and the waves running so high that we were in no small danger of being swamped. Not to be daunted, we determined to hoist our sail, and try what tacking would do, for it was our only chance. Although we sailed as close to the wind as possible, indeed so close that we twice lost it, we found we could do nothing but run along the islands, and even to do this we were compelled to keep an oar going, for the boat would not answer the rudder, to avoid the reefs which were

dangerously close on our side. We tried everything we could, continually toiling away at the oars, and we beat about for five hours, until at length, finding we could not get out of the surf, and away from the rocks, but were drawing nearer and nearer to the reefs, we were obliged to give up, and determined reluctantly enough to row back and seek assistance. It was tough work toiling through the waves with the big Norwegian oars, and when we did at length reach the harbour we were both worn out. My friend started off to the farm to obtain assistance, but meeting with no success soon returned for me, and although we tried several men, and offered a good round sum, we could not coax a single man to venture out.

Glad were we to lie down again under the sheep-skin, and seek the rest we so much required.

Soon after 2 p.m. we were out again, and as the wind had fallen, we renewed our endeavours to persuade one of the men to go with us. It took more than an hour's talking on our part, and deliberation on theirs, before one would agree to start, and then only when Dr. Payne promised that he also would row all the way with him. About 4 p.m. we again left Tarven, and this time not to return. The sea now was as smooth as glass, and we had a lovely row back, in spite of having to pass through two heavy showers soon after starting. As if to reward us for our wetting, we saw a magnificently perfect rainbow, with very vivid colours in it, and this, with its reflection in the sea, formed a grand sight. When the sun was setting, we saw several seals tumbling about in the waters; and were much amused by a handsome gull-hawk which persistently followed us, hovering now and again over the dead birds which lay in the prow of the boat. Later in the evening our oars flashed with phosphorescent light, and a glowing track showed our boat's course.

Some time before we reached our destination, in spite of

the long twilight which is so enjoyable here, it was quite dark, the night being occasionally lit up by the moon, which was struggling with a heavy bank of black clouds, and the sudden flashing of the bright lightning in the distance, only served to render the darkness the more obscure. It was after 9 p.m. when we landed safe and sound, but heartily glad to be on terra firma once more. The people too were very pleased to see us back, for as we were a day late, and as the storm had raged during the night, we had been given up for lost.

A. H. S. W.

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### THE MUSICIAN OF WHITCHURCH.

AN easy walk of about three miles from Mill Hill brings one to Edgware, and crossing the Edgware Road, another five minutes along a pleasant lane, and one is close to a very pretty and interesting Church, which many of our readers have doubtless visited already, but have perhaps been unaware of *all* its interest. The keys may be obtained from the vicar, whose house is next the Church, and who, with great readiness to oblige, sends his maidservant to explain the beauties of the edifice to the visitor. The whole of the north side and the ceiling is covered with frescoes; while the windows on the south side are coloured, and form a series in memory of the great musician of whom we are going to speak. The organ, which stands on a platform behind the communion-table, is carefully pointed out to you by the maid, who directs your attention to a little brass plate on the front of it, which tells you that "George Frederick Händel was organist of this Church from 1718 to 1721;" and also adds, if memory does not deceive us, that "on this organ" he composed his first oratorio *Esther*. Some information, and the correction of two mistaken ideas



with regard to the great master's life at Whitchurch, may prove interesting.

George Frederick Händel was born at Halle, in 1685; and after having studied under the best German masters, and visited Naples, Rome, Venice, and all the musical centres of Italy, came to England in 1710. We will pass over the intervening years, till we come to the time when the friendship and patronage of the Duke of Chandos brought young Händel to Canons, the Duke's seat, near Edgware, and procured him the post of organist to the Church. Visitors to the organ are told that it is the actual instrument on which Händel played; but this is certainly open to question, since the mechanism of some parts of the instrument is of much more recent date, and pipes as well as "action" must have undergone considerable renewal in the course of a hundred and fifty years. The mistake arises from an idea that the organ *has not been touched* since Händel left it—a manifest absurdity. Such being the case, the poor organ would indeed be "a bag of whistles" by this time. There is no doubt that Händel was organist of the Church, and probably the keys, and perhaps the pedal-board, or part of it, and some of the pipes, as well as the case, are the same as in his time; but that the organ stands *unaltered* since he left it we cannot credit, on the ground that several modern improvements it contains were as unknown in Händel's days as was a grand pianoforte, such as we now use.

Passing through the churchyard, your attention is directed to a gravestone headed by a stave of five lines, a treble clef, and a few very impossible quavers and crotchets. Beneath this lies the body of William Cowley, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," who enjoyed that title on account of his fondness for music, and who was clerk of the Church while Händel played there. In connexion with Cowley's bones there is also a singularly mistaken legend. Some per-

formers, with a wonderfully acute insight into, and appreciation of, the meaning of composers, gravely ask you to notice while they play Händel's piece, *The Harmonious Blacksmith*, how exactly he has reproduced the sound of a blacksmith's anvil in music. And they tell you that one day the great composer was standing near William Cowley's forge, and whilst listening to the clang of the hammer, was seized with an inspiration, and went home and wrote the piece as an imitation. The facts are these : the piece was composed before Händel went to Whitchurch, and before he knew Cowley. It is one movement in a *suite de pièces*, of which Händel composed a great number, and which occupied the place on the harpsichord of that day, which sonatas occupy on our pianoforte. This particular movement was a great favourite with our blacksmith, who was a man of great musical feeling, and, accordingly Händel gave it Cowley's nic-name, the "Harmonious Blacksmith." These facts are related on the authority of some of the best known names in the musical world ; and were they not established by such support, we would not venture to put them into print, or try to correct an error which so largely obtains amongst musicians of some classes.

But as to Händel himself. His three years at Whitchurch produced *Esther*, his first oratorio, which could not be called a great success. But times gradually improving, his inventive genius grew more and more wonderful, and after his introduction to the London Opera-houses, his fame fast spread, and we now have a list of twenty-four oratorios written before his death.

English people have a particular sympathy with the music of Händel, for from the time he first came to our shores he lived and worked for England, and we are justified in ranking his as English music, though he followed Italian models so closely. Such reverence does our nation feel for it, that on the first performance of the *Messiah*, not in a

theatre, all the company rose at once at the beginning of that wonderful *Hallelujah* chorus. Such love have we for his inimitable music, that no other could convey to an Englishman's heart so acceptably the great truths he illustrated, as his wonderful melodies. Such reverence did Mendelssohn feel for him that he knelt and wept over the autograph of the *Messiah*.

So we have something to think and to see when we visit Edgware and its neighbourhood. With Barnet and its battle; Highwood and its connexions with Earl Russell; Mill Hill Church, built by the good and great William Wilberforce; our own estate trodden by Linnæus; we must not deny a place to Whitechurch and the king of Musicians. Lovers of historical connexions, as well as admirers of true art in any branch, cannot fail to be interested and rewarded for their trouble by taking a walk to Whitechurch.

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### AN IDLER'S DREAM.

It was a sultry afternoon in July when play was out of the question, and the only thing that remained for exhausted humanity was to lie full length upon the ground. Taking a rug and a book, I chose me a quiet nook where I might lie down and read; but forgetting the book, I was soon looking upward into the blue vault above, alternately watching the fleecy clouds which spotted it, and bending my gaze on the rising and beautifully wooded uplands in the distance. As thus I lay and mused, there suddenly appeared before me, starting I knew not whence, a chubby little boy, who, after taking a knowing peep into my face, began dancing about in all the exuberance of youth, while his limbs, hardy and muscular as those of the mountain goat, seemed instinct with life. Wondering who

this strange imp could be, I called out, "Well! young fellow, who are you, and what are you cutting these capers for?" Still dancing, he replied, "I am the *Spirit of the School*." "Indeed! and how old may your Spiritship be?" I respectfully enquired. "I was born in October, 1869," said he; but, with an air of pride, "I am going on towards youth and the spirit's prime with hasty strides." And so he was, for as I looked at him, he grew gradually from the "chubby boy" into the "jolly school-boy" spirit, and from the young man spirit into a spirit in the prime of life; and instead of the laughter and the dance of the chubby boy, I saw the firm plant of manhood's foot, and its sedate and commanding brow.

With a feeling that I ought to show respect to such an uncommon visitor to our planet, I rose from the earth, and humbly bade him welcome; but in doing so I became at once conscious of an alteration in the surrounding scene. Glancing towards Harrow, all was still the same, but turning round towards the old School I was astonished, and my astonishment must, I suppose, have struck even the Spirit, for with a calm smile he said, "Follow me." We traced our steps over the field, hilly once, but hilly now no more, for, as the Spirit told me, the earth at the top had been carted to the bottom, and with no small labour the longed-for object had been effected. At the Head Master's garden rose a steep and grassy bank, at the foot of which was a handsome-looking pavilion, with some gentlemen issuing from its doors, who had come from Lord's to play, and be beaten by the well-trained scholars.

Invisible, we passed through a group of eager youngsters expressing their hopes and fears about the issue of the match, and so entered the door of the great Hall: with the exception of a few pictures which had been added to the old ones, all was still the same; and, my mind full of old memories, I followed my ghostly leader through the classrooms, out into the playground, and up the steps of the



chapel, which, on the door being opened, I found to my surprise was filled with swings and gymnastic apparatus, all held in full play by a number of boys. Against the wall of the gymnasium was a racquet court. The stony playground which I remembered, and the vegetable garden hard by, now presented the appearance of a grassy meadow, in which the foot-ball goals of the previous season were yet standing.

Not doubting that he would unfold new wonders, I followed the onward march of my guide across this field, and by a gate into the road, where indeed, the astonishment which I had heretofore experienced was as nothing to that which now burst upon me, on perceiving the once quiet hamlet of Mill Hill changed into a populous little town. Here and there the Spirit pointed out some large brick buildings, which he said were boarding-houses, while right in the heart of these, opposite the old School itself, and where I remembered an old woman keeping a sweet-shop, (as to what had become of which I was now ashamed to ask the majestic being by my side) stood a new chapel, built of flint, and partaking of the substantial nature of everything else about.

Returning from the town by the way we entered, we passed on till we came to that part of the old field which used to be called "The Hollow." Here, surrounded on all sides by trees was a swimming-bath of large dimensions, in which were great numbers of boys seeking relief from the heat. Then said my guide, "I have fulfilled my duty, and must depart." Grasping his hand and pointing to some boys watching the match, I asked with anxiety, "Where are the mortar-boards?" "Gone!" he exclaimed with a wave of his hand and a triumphant laugh. "And what," I asked, tremulously, "what of the Cambridge Local Examinations?" "Gone!" and he vanished with a shout of glee, and left me wide awake. For, lo! it was but a dream, and yet perhaps "not all a dream."

## THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

ABOUT a year ago, I made a tour in Switzerland, and, at the time of which I write, was walking in company with several others, along the St. Gotthard Strasse.

We had left Göschenen some time, when the valley narrowed, and we found ourselves enclosed on all sides by high cliffs. It was majestically grand; beneath us thundered the Reuss, toppling down high rocks in foaming cascades. On our right, on our left, before, behind, were beetling precipices, hundreds of feet high, frowning fearfully upon us. It was a perfect piece of lonely grandeur, and the silence was unbroken save by the roar of the torrent. A sudden turn in the road brought us to the Devil's Bridge. Here the river is rather broader, and very tumultuous. The original bridge is no longer used, as one of more modern construction spans the stream. The old bridge now looks a very rickety affair; the roadway is overgrown with grass, the interstices of the rude bricks are filled in with moss, and the structure possess no keystone. In fact, where the keystone should be, the bridge does not appear to be more than two feet thick.

The new bridge is a great contrast. Two massive stone piers support the masonry, from whence the arch springs, and it has a fine stone balustrade. Just above the bridge is a waterfall, in the spray of which one may see a beautiful circular rainbow.

The old bridge has a curious Legend connected with it, which was related to me on the spot in the following words:—

“Many, many years ago, the Council of Canton Uri, assembled in solemn conclave at Altorf, agreed to construct a coach-road from that town to Andermatt, along the Reussthal. They succeeded well till they reached this point, but here they came to a standstill. One engineer came and

said he could build a bridge ; he built it, pocketed a good reward, and then—the bridge was swept away by the next winter's floods. As this happened more than once it was rather expensive to the Councillors, and at last they resolved, that if anyone undertook to build the bridge again, it should be on the condition that if he failed, he should forfeit his life.

“ For a long time no one offered himself, but at last, just as they had wellnigh given it up as hopeless, a contractor appeared. He seemed to be about sixty years of age, and of middle size, his face was very dark, he had a hooked nose, a thick moustache tinged with grey, and very prominent heavy eyebrows, from beneath which gleamed a pair of keen black eyes, which shone like coals of fire. He was dressed in a black velvet doublet, slashed with scarlet silk, hose to match, and shoes with huge brimstone-yellow rosettes, a broad-brimmed cavalier's hat, with a gigantic red feather. He said he was an architect, and undertook to build the bridge in one night. The Council was no little astonished at this, but after the members had consulted, the President announced that they would accept his offer ; and then came the momentous question of payment.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ said the supposed architect, ‘ Do not trouble yourselves about that, I don't require your gold ; see, I can make as much of that as I please : ’—he stretched out his hand, took a live coal from the stove, and lo ! it turned into a gold piece.

“ This made them open their eyes, you may be sure, and then they saw who their contractor was, especially as he said, that the only remuneration he wanted was the first living thing that should cross the bridge. The President asked for three days to consider, and this was agreed to. They resolved finally that his offer should be accepted, and some plan devised to defeat the hope of his Satanic Majesty as to his gains.



“On the fourth morning, a procession might be seen, wending its way slowly up the gorge, till it came to this spot, where it stopped. There stood the bridge, quite finished, and on the other side might be seen the contractor grimly smiling in anticipation of his remuneration. Suddenly the ranks of the procession opened and there came bounding across the bridge a mongrel cur, with a tin kettle dangling at its tail. Thereat the old gentleman’s countenance fell, and suddenly seizing a huge stone, he mounted with it into the air, and hurled it at the bridge. He missed his aim, fortunately, and before he could seize another, the bridge had been bedewed with holy water.”

The stone is still shown in the river just below the ancient arch, a lasting witness to the veracity of the Legend of the Devil’s Bridge.

FUSSGÄNGER.

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## MY HOLIDAY IN NORTH DEVON.

I PROPOSE to give in this paper a short sketch of my visit to Ilfracombe and its neighbourhood, during the past summer vacation. The journey down was not particularly interesting, the country being flat and unattractive, until we had entered within the borders of the beautiful county of Devon. From this point, for some twenty or thirty miles, the railway runs almost parallel with the river Taw, except where it now and then bends and crosses it. There is good fishing in the river, and many a disciple of gentle Izaak Walton might be seen on the banks following his favourite pursuit. The current, which is supplied by what the country people call “freshets” (small tributaries from the adjacent heights), is rapid in the upper parts, so that boating is confined to near the mouth of the river.

My excursions were for the most part extremely pleasant.



One day I took the coach from Barnstaple (my head quarters), to Ilfracombe, a distance of nearly twelve miles. The scenery is magnificent; on one side is a steep hill covered with ferns, oaks, and various trees, on the other a beautiful valley, through which there flows a rapid and silvery stream. Out of this valley, in one part there rises a cone-shaped hill nearly 200 feet in height, covered with every shade of green. Midway up the hill is a picturesquely-situated little cottage, the dwelling of the gardener who owns the property. Ilfracombe itself is particularly unattractive, the streets being extremely narrow, and many of them steep and dirty. But the coast is grand and interesting, being marked by rocks standing out in the sea, which defy the battling waves. A splendid pathway is cut round a high cliff facing the sea; this is about one-eighth of a mile in length, and is a favourite promenade for visitors.

On the road to Exeter I noticed many specimens of the "fritillaries" and other rare butterflies, some of which I succeeded in capturing, including the silver-washed and high-brown fritillaries, and brimstone butterfly. On the right hand there is an immense bank, covered with ferns and young trees; on the left the river Taw is now and then to be seen gleaming through the trees; but everywhere the sound of running water, "babbling brooks and murmuring rills," is to be heard.

The road is very lonely: except at a small inn, which stands about twelve miles from Barnstaple, I only met a single man and a donkey all the way.

I visited Westward Ho! It is a bleak, cold, wild-looking place, with only a few houses and a large hotel. The Pebble Ridge, consisting of immense stones cast up by the action of the sea, is now almost level; at one time it was the main attraction of the place.

Barnstaple market-day affords to an observer no little amusement, especially the sight of the old dames with their

large hoods, rigged up in their "loud"-coloured dresses, with flowers and ribbons of the most striking appearance, coming into the town with their goods in carts, minus springs, terribly shaken about. Then to see the market, where apples, cheeses, fat pork, fruit of all kinds, and cream are piled together in a curious medley.

But this paper has already exceeded the prescribed limits, and I must close abruptly, simply adding that I heartily enjoyed my visit to the county of Devon.

[We should be glad to receive from any other of our school-fellows similar racy notices of their holiday experiences.—EDITORS.]

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### THE GLOVE.

*From the German of Schiller.*

KING FRANCIS sat on his golden chair,  
His lion garden before him there,  
To view the fearful fray;  
His nobles crowded around his throne,  
Behind the circling balcony shone  
With ladies in fairest array.

The king stood up and waved his hand,  
A folding door flew open wide:  
Out with majestic step and grand  
A lion forth 'gan stride;

He utters no sound,  
But gazes round  
On silk and lawn,  
With a long yawn,  
And shakes his mane  
Of tangled brown,  
And stretches his limbs,  
And wags his tail,  
And lays him down.

King Francis waves once more,  
And creaking, open swings,  
A second iron door,  
And out there springs,  
With rush of fire,  
A tiger in ire!

When the tiger beholds his royal foe,  
He roars aloud, then growling low,

He lashes the ground  
With sweeping tail  
To a cloud of dust,  
Like April gale.

And stretches his tongue  
And hollow howls,  
And horrid growls,  
And fearful scowls,

Then at well-measured distance wide,  
He lays him down by the other side!

Again the royal nod was given,  
An iron cage was sunder riven.  
With roar that made the area ring,

Two leopards, at a single spring,  
With foaming jaws and bloodshot eyes,  
Rush on the tiger where he lies ;

But he stretches his paws,  
And with terrible claws

Tears their eyes.

Then the lion 'gan rise,  
With a roar as if hell had burst open the ground,  
Or ten thousand thunders had uttered their sound.

That roar made every gazer thrill,  
Then in an instant all was still,

And round and round  
At respectful space,

Each waiting his bound,  
The monsters pace,

With blood-thirsty gaze  
And murmuring hush,

Each narrowing in  
For the final rush!

When lo! there fell from the central stand  
A lady's glove, from a snow-white hand,  
To the very heart of that yawning hell,  
Betwixt the tiger and lion it fell ;

And to knight Sir Brandt,  
Ere surprise was gone,

Lady Kunigund cried,  
With scornful tone,

"Sir Knight! if your love is as warm and true  
As you swore last night by the tree in the glen,

Go, prove your devotion and bravery too,  
And bring me my glove in safety again!"

And without one delay  
Or lingering look,

But sprightly and gay,  
The challenge he took ;

He leap'd down mid that murderous band  
And lifted the glove with unwavering hand!

And with astounding, appal, and dismay,  
 Saw it the courtiers and ladies gay,  
 Yet not a whisper—not even a breath—  
 Escaped as he entered that circle of death,  
 But now with the glove aloft he hies,  
 And praises and plaudits rend the skies.  
 The knight, with one tender look of love  
 Raises his eyes to the beauty above,  
 Then with a curl of proud disdain,  
 He robs himself of his dear-bought gain :  
 Lady Kunigund hails him with wondrous grace,  
 He—throws the glove in her simpering face,  
 “The thanks, fair Dame, I do not want !”  
 Lady Kunigund never saw more of Sir Brandt.

X. X. X.

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## SCHOOL NEWS.

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### OUR NUMBERS.

ON New Foundation Day, the Head Master in his speech informed the audience that the number of Scholars then on the roll was 115. It is our pleasing duty now to record that this Term we open with an attendance of 127 boys, and that this is the largest number that the School has contained for 40 Years, when under the Head Mastership of Mr. Priestley.

Briefly told, our losses from boys leaving School have been 12, our gains 24, leaving a net increase of 12. The new boys are thus distributed:—Senior Fourth 2, Junior Fourth 6, Third 6, Second 3, First 7. We are glad to see that our chief accessions are in the Junior Forms ; for although it is sometimes an advantage, both for the Games and the Examinations, when big fellows come, yet experience has shown that our real strength in both, comes from those who grow up in the School, familiar with its drill, and penetrated with its spirit. The strength of the Forms is at present:—Sixth 3, Fifth 19, Senior Fourth 18, Junior Fourth 25, Third 27, Second 22, First 13. Of the boys who have left us, T. E. Scrutton having matriculated, goes to work for his B.A. at University College, London ; A. Horne, who also matriculated at Midsummer, is, we understand, reading with a coach for the Indian Civil Service. E. D. Marten and H. D. Marten enter St. John's College, and J. H. Minton, Pembroke College, Cambridge, where we hope they will give us occasion from time to time to notice their progress and success. F. Llerena y Monteverde, has entered the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, having creditably passed the entrance examinations, although he came to Mill Hill a year ago without knowing a word of English. W. Haycroft has left for South America, there to follow commercial pursuits, while A. C. Southwell, J. H. McCall, and P. L. Pewtress have gone into business nearer home.



## THE CLASS-ROOMS.

WE are pleased to observe that during the holidays the Class-rooms have undergone a thorough repainting and renovation. In order to provide a surface less attractive to dust, the walls have been papered in granite and strongly varnished, while the woodwork has been painted and the desks varnished. The effect of the walls is very good, and we are told by some of the oldest friends of the School, that the rooms never, within their recollection, looked so well as they do now. May we express the hope that since so much expense has been incurred in trying to make the Class-rooms comfortable and cheerful, every boy will make it his aim, as far as possible, to preserve them so.

## NEW SCHEME OF MARKS.

SINCE the end of last Term, the Head Master, and Vice-Master, with the aid of the Assistant Masters, have framed a new scheme of Marks for the Term Examinations, so as to represent accurately the work of the School, and to ensure to the great divisions of Classics, Mathematics and Science, English and Modern Languages, something like an equal value in the examination of results. The proportion of Marks assigned to each branch, now nearly coincides with those awarded in the Matriculation Examination of London University, giving, however, a certain preponderance to Classics, which seems to be fair, as there are amongst us boys intended for Cambridge and Oxford as well as London.

The scheme is as follows :—

Greek Translation ...	400	English Language...	200	Euclid .....	400
„ Grammar ...	100	„ Literature..	100	Algebra .....	400
„ Prose Comp.	100	„ Composition	100	Mechanics .....	300
„ Verse Comp.	100	„ Dictation...	100	Higher Mathematics	200
Latin Translation ...	400	„ History ...	300	Arithmetic .....	200
„ Grammar ...	100	French Translation	200	Tables .....	50
„ Prose Comp.	100	„ Grammar...	100	Chemistry .....	150
„ Verse Comp.	100	German Translation	200	Natural Science ...	100
Grecian History.....	200	„ Grammar..	100	Drawing .....	75
Roman „ .....	200	Modern Geography	250	Writing .....	50
Classical Geography	100	Scripture .....	200	Music .....	75
„ Chronology	100	Paley or Whately...	150		

## SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS.

THESE Examinations for the present Term have just been held, with the following results :—

Senior Scholarship (£20); *no competition.*

Junior Scholarship (£10); gained by ARCHIBALD THORPE.

## COURSE OF LECTURES.

THE Lectures for the present Term promise to be unusually interesting; the lecturers being men of the highest eminence in their respective departments. The following is a syllabus:—

Tuesday, Oct. 28th.—DR. GLADSTONE, F.R.S.: *A Talk about Faraday.*

Tuesday, Nov. 11th.—REV. E. PAXTON HOOD: *The True Born Englishman.*

Tuesday, Nov. 25th.—REV. ELVERY DOTHIE, B.A.: *Savonarola, the Monk of Florence.*

Tuesday, Dec. 9th.—JAMES GLAISHER, Esq., F.R.S.: *Scientific Aerial Voyages.*

Friday, Dec. 19th.—REV. R. HARLEY, F.R.S.: *Spectral Illusions.*

## DEBATING SOCIETY.

SINCE the beginning of the present term, a society has been formed under this title, and with much the same regulations as those proposed in our last number, though, for the present at least, the Meetings will be entirely devoted to Discussion, a subject, previously fixed, being introduced in a short paper, or, when possible, by two papers, for and against, and then spoken to by those present. Twenty-six members have already joined the Society, paying an entrance-fee of 1s. 6d., the balance of which, after defraying incidental expenses, will be applied to the purchase of such books as the members may vote for to the School Library. The ordinary meetings are held on Thursday evenings, at 9 p.m., and we are also enabled to announce that an extraordinary public meeting will, with the sanction of Dr. Weymouth, be held in the Hall, on the evening of Thursday, October 24th; subject, "The best way to rise to fame."

FIRST MEETING, October 2nd. There was an attendance of about 40 members and friends, with several visitors, including Dr. Weymouth, Mr. Nettleship, Mr. Tucker, Miss Cooke, Misses Weymouth, &c. Dr. Weymouth kindly took the chair, and an able paper was read by Gurney against Capital Punishment. The essayist argued that this mode of punishment degrades the minds of men, and lowers the standard of public feeling; that it fails to serve the end in view, that of preventing the recurrence of crime, that it is an irrevocable step, and that the supposition that the Bible commands it for the present day is fallacious.

Minton replied, by declaring that Capital Punishment for murder was a direct injunction from God, that the law against murder was

made before all the Mosaic laws; that lenity in dealing with this crime had almost always been attended with disastrous results; and other arguments eloquently expressed.

Cunnington attempted to overthrow Minton's reasoning by referring to the new covenant of grace which had been made for all the world, and that, therefore, the former law, though primeval, was abolished.

Downing remarked that the opener of the debate seemed to express pity for the murderer and not for the murdered. He also assailed the idea expressed in the course of the paper, that prisons were dens of filth and misery.

Dr. Weymouth briefly summed up, and said that he could not help expressing his opinion that Capital Punishment was the best way to meet the crime. The subject was put to the vote, and, amid general applause, a large majority declared against the views advocated in Gurney's paper, and in favour of the justice and policy of Capital Punishment.

SECOND MEETING of the society was held on the 9th instant. All the members were present to take part in the debate. The society was also favoured by the presence of Mrs. and Miss Weymouth, and Miss Cooke. Downing read his paper from the chair. The subject was "A justification of the character and conduct of Charles I."

The object of the reader seemed to be to call into notice the special times in which Charles lived, and the special circumstances under which he acted; and then to deduce a series of theories and excuses, winding up with a slight reference to the nobleness of the king's personal character.

Field, who had undertaken to reply, condemned all references to the private character of the monarch as a mere shirking of the question, his public conduct in his capacity of ruler, and dwelt largely upon the sacred principle of liberty, the king's faithlessness and utter disregard of truth in dealing with his subjects, and his littleness when compared with his great opponent Cromwell. His paper closed with some eloquent and effective extracts from Macaulay.

In the debate which followed, Weymouth and Gurney made some effective criticisms upon the king's conduct, while Cunningham excused the king for many of his faults, and referred to the pitiful fallibility of human nature.

A very interesting debate then closed, with a vote of thanks to the ladies, proposed by Chambers, and seconded by Edwards.

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### THE LIBRARY.

IN compliance with the good old custom, the School Library has been enriched by gifts of Books from several of the boys who have lately left. In our last number we gave the list up to 1st. July, and we have now



to acknowledge, with the thanks of the School, those which have been received since that date.

## DONORS.

J. Powell .....	Tom Brown at Oxford.
H. Tucker.....	Friends in Council, 4 vols.; Works of George Herbert.
W. Haycroft .....	Little Dorrit, Dombey and Son.
E. D. Marten .....	The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly.
T. E. Scrutton.....	Disraeli's Works, 6 vols.

## BOOKS.

The contributions of the other boys who left last Term will doubtless arrive in time to be duly reported in our next.

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### CRICKET.

WE give a short account of our Matches for last season. The state of the scores needs no comment, and we are unable to hold out any hope that things will become better in the future. There is unfortunately no field at hand which can be lent to us for Cricket, while, under present circumstances at any rate, we cannot command the services of a good professional trainer.

Mill Hill School *v.* Hendon Club: played at Hendon, 4th May, 1873. Hendon won by 61 runs; the largest score on our side was Furnivall's 8; on their side Lewnes secured 27.

Mill Hill School *v.* Mr. Langton's Eleven: played at Southgate, 17th May. This Match ended in favour of our opponents by 15 runs; on our side Furnivall scored 21, while on the other side Leach made 19 runs. In the return match we were beaten by 74.

Mill Hill School *v.* Stanley: played in the Eton and Middlesex ground, 24th May. This match was unfinished. On our side Puckridge scored 88, the largest score of the season, and was not out.

Mill Hill School *v.* Grove House School: played at Tottenham, 31st May. In this match we were ignobly beaten by 164 runs; the highest score on our side being Field's 11 runs, and on theirs W. H. Fowler made 32. In the return match we were again beaten by 133 runs.

Mill Hill School *v.* Hendon: played at Hendon, 7th June. This match was won by us by 23 runs; N. Micklem scoring 25, and Furnivall 16, while Ashdown's 11 runs was the highest on their side.

Mill Hill School *v.* Christ College, Finchley: played at Hendon, 25th June. Finchley won by 173; Green making a very good score of 66 on their side, while Furnivall made the head score, 13 runs, on ours. In the return match we were again beaten by 143 runs.

Mill Hill School *v.* London University College: played at Tufnell Park, 23rd July. This match was drawn in their favour.



## FOOT-BALL.

FOOT-BALL is undoubtedly the game in which the School is destined to excel, and therefore it is with a feeling akin to relief that we put away our stumps, and return to a game more familiar and enjoyable to us. Last season, it will be remembered, we had an amount of success of which we ought to be proud, and we hope to have more this year. Our Fifteen is now composed of boys who are bigger than those of last year, but whether they are of equal excellence remains to be seen. We are glad to be able to state that at the instance, we think, of Mr. White, Mr. Bishop, the owner of the comparatively level field adjoining our own play-field, has kindly granted us permission to use it for our matches during the season. The kindness of Mr. Bishop in conferring upon us this obligation, will be appreciated by every boy in the School, especially by those who remember the tiresome walk to Hendon, which was generally one of the accompaniments of a Foot-ball match last year. With this assistance, therefore, our success is in some degree placed in our own hands.

All boys of the First and Second Fifteens must practise with assiduity. We remind boys who are lazy, or frightened of the cold, that they are taking away the enjoyment of others, and making our success in matches very doubtful.

The same regulation which was enforced last term with regard to the Cricket practice, will hold good in our Foot-ball games, viz., that all boys of the First and Second Fifteens who do not join in at least four games a week will be fined 1s.

Amongst our opponents we have three clubs which we have not previously met, viz., Old Paulines, Flamingoes, and the Clapton Foot-ball Clubs. Two matches have also been arranged for with the Old Boys, when we hope to see several who have now left us, and who did so much last year towards our success. We hope, especially, that our late Captain, A. D. Burnyeat, will be able to come from the North to one or other match, although in that event our chance of beating the Old Boys will no doubt be very small. We have only to add that our thanks are due to all Old Boys for the great interest which they take in our Foot-ball, and for the help which they rendered us last year.

*We subjoin a list of the fixtures for 1873—4, for the First Fifteen.*

Date,	Where Played.
Oct. 4.....	M. H. S. v. Hendon .....Mill Hill.
„ 11.....	M. H. S. v. Old Paulines ...Mill Hill.
„ 18.....	M. H. S. v. Clapton .....Clapton.
Nov. 1.....	M. H. S. v. Christ College...Finchley.
„ 8.....	M. H. S. v. Old Boys .....Mill Hill.
„ 15.....	M. H. S. v. Bruce Castle ...Mill Hill.

Date.	Where Played.
Nov. 22.....	M. H. S. v. Flamingoes.....Battersea Park.
„ 29.....	M. H. S. v. Clapton .....Mill Hill.
Dec. 6.....	M. H. S. v. Bruce Castle ...Tottenham.
„ 13.....	M. H. S. v. Old Boys.....Mill Hill.
„ 20.....	M. H. S. v. Grove House ...Mill Hill.
Jan. 31.....	M. H. S. v. Hendon .....Hendon.
Feb. 7.....	M. H. S. v. Grove House ...Tottenham.
„ 14.....	M. H. S. v. Flamingoes.....Mill Hill.
„ 28.....	M. H. S. v. Christ College...Mill Hill.
Mar. 14.....	M. H. S. v. Old Paulines ...Battersea Park.

The following compose our *First Fifteen*:—A. C. Field (Capt.), C. Downing, J. G. M. Furnivall, W. W. Callander, E. S. Weymouth, A. Edwards, C. S. Layton, R. Homan, L. Dewhurst, C. W. Cunningham, J. Bickford, A. C. Smith, C. W. Symons, J. J. Bellot, W. T. Ryle.

#### *Second Fifteen.*

Date.	Where Played.
Oct. 11.....	M. H. S. v. Christ College.....Finchley.
„ 18.....	M. H. S. v. Bruce Castle .....Tottenham.
Nov. 15.....	M. H. S. v. Islington Proprietary ...Islington.
„ 29.....	M. H. S. v. Christ College.....Mill Hill.
Dec. 6.....	M. H. S. v. University College .....Primrose Hill.
„ 13.....	M. H. S. v. Islington Proprietary...Mill Hill.

The Fifteen consists of Gurney (Capt.), Bruce, Whitwill, Atkin, Burnyeat, Whyte, Higgs, Townend, Scrutton, Sharpe, Piesse, Lewis, Buckley, Goodman, R. J. Wells.

### PAPER-CHASES.

WANT of space compelled the omission from our last number of an ably-written letter by R. Homan, on this subject, and as it has been left so late, we have thought it better to anticipate, and have, therefore, with the consent of Dr. Weymouth, arranged paper-chases for the following days, occurring every three weeks, on Wednesday:—

Wednesday, October 8.

Wednesday, November 19.

„ October 29.

„ December 10.

We are not able to name the “hares” as yet. We mention this particularly as we feel that Old Boys will read it with interest; and we would add, that any who may feel inclined to join us as “hares” or “hounds,” will be doubly welcome. The “hares,” will on all days, leave the portico at two o'clock punctually. Those of our readers who are able will, we feel certain, enter heartily into these paper-chases, not only for the personal enjoyment to be reaped from them, but from the training they will afford toward the improvement of the Football Fifteens.

**SWIMMING BATH.**

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that the correspondence on this subject which has taken place in our pages, now promises to bear fruit in some action. In accordance with the proposal in Mr. E. D. Marten's letter, a Committee of six has been elected by the School to consider the subject; and, with the consent of Dr. Weymouth, they have indicated "The Hollow" in the field, as likely to be the most suitable place for a pond. It appears that when Mr. Collinson had his Botanical Garden here, the Hollow was an ornamental piece of water, used for growing aquatic plants, &c. Half a century later it had ceased to be ornamental, and, indeed, become something decidedly the reverse, and was filled up by Mr. Philip Smith, when Head Master. It might evidently be restored to its original state as a pond, and with proper preparation and care, might be available for bathing. We cannot, however, state anything definite as yet, as a competent authority has undertaken to examine the whole question for us. G. W. Stevenson, Esq., C.E., whose name is well known in the engineering world, and who is a personal friend of Mr. Harley, whilst he likewise takes interest in the School, from once having had two sons here, has kindly undertaken to come down on an early day, and give us his invaluable advice, free of charge. Mr. Stevenson was the constructor of the Halifax Baths, and from his thorough knowledge of the subject we may rest assured that whatever is practicable will be done by him.

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**UNIVERSITY AND OTHER INTELLIGENCE.**

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—First B.A.: Mr. HUGH MCKINNON WOOD, who matriculated from the School a year ago, and has since attended University College, passed his first B.A. at the late Examination; and in the Honours Competition which followed, took first-class Honours in English, coming out at the top of the entire Honours List, and winning the Exhibition of thirty pounds for two years.

MATRICULATION.—Just before going to press with last number, we were enabled to give the result of the Matriculation Examination, so far as concerned the three candidates who went up from the School, all of whom passed first-class. Since the List came out, we observe the names of several other successful candidates, in whom we have some interest. J. E. FLETCHER, who left a year ago to continue his studies at Owen's College, Manchester, appears in the first class; in the second, J. J. PENNY, who also left a year ago to read with a tutor; and J. H. BEST, who, since he left, has also been under private tuition.



**BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—At the late meetings of the Association at Bradford, our Vice-Master, the Rev. R. HARLEY, held the office of Vice-President of the Mathematical and Physical Section, and read papers on the Theory of Differential Resolvents, and Professor Evans's method of solving Algebraic Equations.

The *Bradford Observer*, which has distinguished itself by its valuable reports of the proceedings, gave in its number for September 18, a series of sketches of the leading *savans* and officers of the Association, from which we transcribe the following:—

**“PROFESSOR HARLEY.**—The Rev. Professor Harley, one of the vice-presidents of the Mathematical and Physical Science Section, was born at Liverpool in 1828. After leaving school he was for some time mathematical master in Mr. Hoole's Academy, Blackburn, and subsequently in the Independent College, Taunton. From 1851 to 1854 he was a divinity student at Airedale College, Bradford, in which institution he subsequently held the appointment of Professor of Mathematics and Logic. For fourteen years he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Brighouse, near Halifax. Thence, in 1868, he removed to Leicester to take the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Bond Street. During his residence in Leicester, he took an active part in public affairs, being elected President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and Honorary Curator of the Town Museum, and a member of the School Board. Early last year he accepted the appointment of vice-master of Mill Hill School and minister of Mill Hill Chapel, near London. He is known as the author of various Memoirs on Pure Mathematics, published in the Transactions of the Manchester Society, the British Association, the Royal Society, and other scientific bodies. He has also written various papers in the “Quarterly Journal of Mathematics.” In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, a Member of the London Mathematical Society, and a corresponding Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

**MR. MURRAY'S NEW WORK.** *The Dialects of Southern Scotland*: “The unpretending title of which,” says the *Academy*, “scarcely does justice to a work which is really a Historical Grammar of the Northern English Dialects, and an original and independent contribution to linguistic science,” has excited interest in Philological circles not only in England, but also on the continent of Europe and in America. The *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Academy*, and other literary journals, besides many of the Daily Papers in England and Scotland have given highly appreciative notices of the work. In his Annual Address, the President of the Philological Society, couples it with the great work of *Schmeller*, on the High German Dialects, as a model for all future works of a similar kind, and Dr. Pauli of Göttingen the accomplished historian of King Alfred, referring to the Historical



Introduction, says:—"Mr. Murray has settled in a masterly way more than one important question, so that both the linguist and the historian must be indebted to a scholar who is so thoroughly competent to deal scientifically with these researches. . . . We here acquire a great deal more, and much safer knowledge of North Britain, as for Ethnology, language, geography, and history, than the accumulation of guesses hitherto taken for Historical truth. . . . Though a disciple of Grimm and Kemble in some respects, and being an old friend of Chaucer and Barbour ever since I began to work in the English Middle Ages, I now confess that I have to unlearn and learn again very many things, and that works like this afford a help of which the student had not the advantage twenty years ago."

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGES 27—8.

### DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

#### I.—Stanley, New York.

SharK  
ThoR  
ArnO  
NeY  
LoW  
ErE  
YearN

#### II.—Marcus Livius.

LatinisM  
IncA  
ViceR  
IambiC  
VanapU  
Sabulous

#### III.—Mill Hill School, Doctor Weymouth.

Month	SisteR
IlliciT	CacaO
LandaU	HunT
Lotto	OptiC
HakiM	OtrantO
IcY	Land
Lute	
LoW	

#### IV.—Orestes, Electra.

OdrysaE  
Royala  
ErigonE  
SouthAtlantiC  
Thibet  
Elpenor  
Scythia

### CRYPTOGRAPHS.

#### I.

Any series of numbers of which each stands related to that which follows according to a fixed law is a progression, and is an ascending series when the numbers increase, descending when they decrease.

## II.

## CRYPTOGRAPHICAL PROVERBS.

- |                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Have more than thou showest;  | 1. A pin per day is a groat a year.        |
| Speak less than thou knowest; | 2. It is not the cowl that makes the monk. |
| Lend less than thou owest;    | 3. Faint heart never won fair lady.        |
| Bide more than thou goest.    |  |

## NUMBERED CHARADE.—The Last Days of Pompeii.

## SQUARE WORDS.

I.—H E A R T	II.—S T A L E	III.—Y C A	IV.—M E N D
E N T E R	T A L O N	C O Y	E V E R
A T S L A	A L L O T	A Y R	N E R O
R E L I C	L O O S E		D R O P
T R A C K	E N T E R		

## TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

M a H u R  
 A r i E n z O  
 B a c C h u S  
 R e a L e j O  
 A b e r g A v e n n Y

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Punishment. 2. Telegraph. 3. Catalogues.  
4 Understanding. 5. Speculation.

NAMES OF BOOKS.—1. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 2. The Three Musketeers.  
3. The Waverley Novels. 4. Lady Audley's Secret. 5. The Arabian  
Nights. 6. Recreations of a Country Parson. 7. The Dodd Family  
Abroad. 8. Frank Mildmay.

1st Prize gained by E. J. Bruce, who obtained 184 marks out of 200.

2nd Prize gained by C. W. Cunningham. Marks, 159.

The 3rd Prize was not awarded, on account of the small competition.

*Contributions to next number of the Magazine must be sent in by 20th November next, addressed TO THE EDITORS.*

*Subscribers are asked to send their names to THE BUSINESS MANAGER of the MAGAZINE, Mill Hill School, N.W.*

*May we ask Old Boys who have not yet subscribed, to subscribe now, and help us also by Contributions to our pages.*

# The Mill Hill Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1873.

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## EDITORIAL.

DECEMBER once more ! Another year crowned with blessings innumerable, has nearly completed its course. The seasons have circled away. The bright days of Spring have passed, when the voice of Nature spoke abroad through the budding earth, and the young birds winged their flight through skies of daintiest blue ; when skates were cleaned and laid by, foot-balls locked away, and bats and wickets once more brought to light ; the long, golden hours of Summer, the perfection of God's creations, with its noon-tide busy with insect life, and the glowing evening softly fading over uncut hay, long fields of waving corn, and woods proud and gay in their leafy clothing ; Autumn, most solemn of all seasons, the time when the glory of the forest has faded, when leaves fall thickly in lanes, hedges, and byways, and cast their many-hued garments across meadows and rivers, when the songs of Summer are hushed, the rich strains of the nightingale are no more, and the birds have fled to other lands—Autumn, which of all the seasons comes in its sad beauty, closest home to the heart of man—all are past ! The cricket season with its successes and reverses ; the holidays with all their varied enjoyments by the shore of the deep blue ocean, or the shade of some frowning mountain, with all their little adventures on sea and land, and the mystic charms of home ; the return to School, with anticipations of a successful foot-ball season ; the shortening days spent in work, hockey, and foot-ball—all have fled, and we are standing on the closing verge of another year. It was

an infant when first it joined us, now it is tottering with old age ; twelve months ago it was a bright spirit of the future, now it is a shadow of the past. Yet, ere we close our editorial duties for the year, it may be well to take a retrospect, with regard both to the School and to ourselves.

Everything has been changing around us, and we have been changing too ; some have been advancing from childhood to boyhood, others from boyhood to youth, and a few of us from youth towards manhood. Our School expects more from us now than it did a year ago ; some of us occupy posts of honour which we little dreamed then of filling ; some of us have duties to perform, and characters to uphold, which we scarce cast a thought on then ; some of us, who were giddy and thoughtless, have become more serious and attentive to our actions. The Providence which has worked upon our daily lives, has worked upon our hearts too, and led us to better things. What an incense of thankfulness ought to rise from us to Heaven for the goodness of a preserving Deity ; for the care with which we have been tended ; for the love and might which have shielded us individually, and, as a school, from disease and death ; for the watchful kindness of an eye that never sleepeth, a hand that never groweth weary, and a heart that is overflowing with tenderness and pity ! To Mill Hill the year has been crowned with success and honour in most things. It has seen our numbers largely increased ; our Athletic sports started ; the foundation of our Debating Society ; the erection of an organ in the School-Chapel ; the commencement of our Magazine. In work we have achieved high honours. Numbers are even now on the point of entering examinations for which they have been studying for many weeks past. Praise and reward will crown the labours of the diligent, and the idle will be filled with futile remorse.

In games fortune has been somewhat adverse to us. We have suffered many defeats, but the experience may be use-



ful ; we have not lost our pluck, and with perseverance, we shall soon, no doubt, be winning matches which erewhile we lost. The hours of our school-life are hastening away ; let us do our best, both in work and play, to sustain and extend the reputation of the School.

At Christmas we shall bid farewell to one who has long been a real friend and benefactor of the School. Throughout all his residence here, Mr. Henry J. Tucker has ever striven to maintain the honour of Mill Hill against other Schools in Cricket and Foot-ball, while at the same time he has exerted himself for the welfare of the School at home ; to him, especially, we owe our Gymnasium, and so many of the improvements which have made our out-door life so different from what it was three years ago. We wish here to pay a tribute of affection to him before he leaves, desiring for him, in the name of the School, all the joys which Providence may be pleased to grant ; we wish to thank him for all his kindness to us, and his interest in the School, and to declare that his memory will live long in many grateful hearts. We are sure that no word of ours is necessary to bespeak earnest attention to the farewell words with which, in the present number, he addresses the Spirit of the School.

So December has come round again, girt with black skies and wintry gloom, and wrapt in a mantle of faded leaves. Soon Christmas will bring rest from labour, and the keen enjoyment of out-door pleasures and home joys ; the family group, reassembled after a season of absence, round the wonted fireside, with the great logs burning, the sparks flying far upward, and the curtains just drawn on snow and frost, thinking over other Christmases, telling the same ghost stories, never old, in the firelight, or gaily watching the glowing embers. Once more the skating on the manorial lake, girt with the stern old elms, and with stately copses of fir trees clustering around, in the pleasant

company of sisters and friends; then too the hockey on the ice, and skating again by moonlight, with the snow-clouds sailing through the clear cold sky, and the long twilight shadows; the old mansion with gabled roof well-nigh weighed down with glistening snow, seen amid the trees by the pale beams—all of which, though too often but things of the past, are still existences; Christmas-eve with its festivities, when all England is reunited in happy families, when, amidst gladsome expectation, we unfold the wonders of the Christmas Tree, and behold with feigned disdain the delight of the youngsters. Such are the pictures nearest to our minds; such are our anticipations of the Festival that ever comes to us as new. Let us do our best to make it a symbol of its great origin; let us be kind and manly to those around, and sway with gentle hand the awful authority of elder brothers. And to our readers and our schoolfellows, our Old Boys and Masters, to all who have an interest in Mill Hill, we would heartily wish “A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.”

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### A PARTING WORD WITH “THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL.”

How time flies! It really makes me feel old to see this “Spirit of the School,” whose birth I remember so well, figuring, as in the last number of the Magazine he did, as guide, philosopher, and friend, to one of the School. In looking back over these four years which are just gone, and during which this same sturdy youth, “The Spirit,” has been, to the delight and astonishment of his many nurses, growing from the “mewling and puking” infant, who was milk-fed, to the hearty and vigorous state of young-manhood, I cannot but feel that there are many things which rush to my lips as I grip him by the hand, and wish

him "good-bye." We have all of us felt a constrained humility before those who can say of us "Ah, I remember him when he was *so* high,"—measuring some eighteen inches,—“a little curly-headed fellow,” &c.; and we have been obliged to attach some importance to their sayings. I would claim to have watched the very first “tottering steps and wayward movements” of “The Spirit;” to have felt no slight interest in his first endeavours to walk alone; and to have looked with all the pride and joy of an under-nurse, as the youngster’s shoulders widened, and his head rose. Therefore it is that I may take his arm and lead him off for just five minutes’ chat before we part.

He is a little reserved at first, and is clearly under the delusion that I wish to patronize him; but as I tell him how I have valued and do value his friendship, and how glad I feel for him as I look on into the sunny future that must surely await him, he loses his reserve; his own hearty frankness comes back, and he assures me he will hear patiently what I have to say.

“Well, old boy,” I begin, “I want to be candid with you, and I will thank you first for having always made it a point to be present at foot-ball and cricket matches. It has sometimes been a long journey for you to take, and there have been many inducements to you to stay at home, and let things take care of themselves; but I am proud to remember that you have never got us a goal, or a wicket, but by strictly fair play.”

“Ah!” he says, “my office has been a sinecure at times but there have been matches when my young head has been sorely puzzled to keep things straight. You see, when others have claimed and counted a goal, or a wicket, by some mean trick, the School has been under a very strong temptation to meet trick with trick; but, bless you, I do not believe there is one of them that would give a straw for a victory got by such means.”



"And what about the matches to come?"

"Well," he exclaims, "*you* ought to know what my strength *has been*, and I have managed hitherto; as for the future, I don't think I am weaker than I was;" and he bares his arm. I am satisfied, and I reflect that they must think twice who would needlessly tease this Spirit.

As he turns down his sleeve again, I am sorry to see a frown come over his face, and, hoping to divert his mind from some unpleasant train of thought, I allude to his being thus clad, and to his good sense in having broken through the custom of spirits, by wearing a cap. My plan succeeds for a minute, for his good breeding will not allow him to pass over my remark in silence.

"Ah, yes; some of the old notions about spirits and their robes are fast dying out, and we younger members of the race are now quite ashamed to think of the state in which our ancestors were wont to appear; as for this," touching his mortar-board, "I wear it in memory of an old friend of the family, who designed it to be used as a constant guide in all matters—a sort of moral compass, in fact!"

"How do you mean?" I ask with some interest.

"Why, he wished this corner to point backwards, to remind one of the teachings and experience of the past; these two to point right and left as cautions against any straying from the straight path of duty; and this one in front to aid one in keeping some object worth living for always in view, and so to avoid drifting about like a rudderless ship!"

Before I have time to remark on this curious fancy, he has seized the opportunity of saying what he had before been wanting to say, and his manner alters a little as he asks hastily,

"How is it I am not more carefully looked after? Some of my brothers in other places have only to name their wishes, and they are met at once, while I have asked for a score of things, of which I can see no sign as yet."



"My dear fellow," I reply, as I stop and look him full in the face, "you cannot be more carefully looked after than you are. You see you have grown very rapidly of late, and require every care as to what is given you. Now your brothers are many of them grown men, and their constitutions are quite confirmed; the things that they can take with impunity, would be very likely to stop your growth, and your waistcoat would increase, while your coat-sleeve would get smaller. Besides, you know that some even of your older brothers have not such sinewy limbs, or such clear heads as you; and how could you have got these if you had not been well cared for? Take my word for it, old boy, your guardians are as careful of what they withhold as of what they give; and if you will only avoid knocking yourself up by rashness, or moodiness, you'll very soon have no reason to envy your brothers in other places."

I can see he is only half satisfied, and then he is off again.

"I don't want to forget what has been done; there are lots of things here now which were not here when I was born, but then the School is changing constantly, and if the cry is 'Wait, and all shall be done in time,' why many fellows will come, and go, and never see the fulfilment of their wishes."

I appeal to him: "Are you not 'The Spirit of the School?'"

"Of course I am."

"Do you not combine in yourself the essences of all the varied natures and temperaments of those who come here? Isn't it your boast that the boys of influence in the School, who have so much to do with guarding your health, are themselves greatly influenced by you?"

He assents.

"Then I cannot understand how you can consent to give

way to this dissatisfied style of talk. Your aim must be to teach every boy who comes under your care that, if he will not resolve to make the best use of what he has, instead of moaning over what is out of reach, his life will be a failure. You must burn a law of unselfishness into his inmost nature: it will not avail for you to tell him, as he goes, that he must leave the *world* better than he found it, unless you train him *here* to seek the good of the School in every way. You have lately shown much more of that love of independence than you used; it has been hailed with joy, and must be cherished. I do not fear that you will mistake a vain dislike of needful restraint for this same love; the due reverence for higher powers can exist with the deep resolve to ask for no help in doing what you can unaided do."

"Are you not out of breath?" he mildly asks, with a twinkle in his eye. "Why you have been going on as if I had done nothing, and had no desire to do more! I had some pride in having led the School to begin a Magazine, and a Debating Society, and I hope to go on to do more; but if you are going to talk like this, during our last chat, I shall feel as if I——"

"No, no you will not; you know that one's 'good-bye' is often disappointing to look back upon, when there has been any friendly feeling between those to be separated, and in my wish to say something at parting, I may have seemed to forget your keen desire for progress. But it is often the way; just what one wished to avoid, has been said, and nothing has been so far from one's memory, at the right moment, as all those well-turned expressions of good-will which one has thought of beforehand. Besides, my going is no great event in your history, and I do not know that history will not repeat itself—'Lightly they'll talk of——'"

"Oh, by all that's amiable, pray don't quote, or there

can be no hope of our future friendship! As the guardian spirit of this School, I will undertake to promise you a place in their memory until you're gone!"

I feel that it is time to put an end to my lecturing, and so we stop in our walk, and our hands are grasped as I say:

"Just one word, and I have done. I hope you will not forget old Mill Hill boys as soon as they have left. You will soon have great numbers of them looking back with interest and attachment to the old place. If they can in any way be kept together, or brought together at intervals, either as Mill Hill Rovers, or as 'Old Boys,' you may take my word for it, some of your wants will be less difficult to meet. Ask them to sign a paper, stating their present income, and the per centage due to their Mill Hill education; then show them a list of School wants! And now 'Good-bye.' I wish I could *do*, rather than *say*, something more to convince you of my earnest hope for your future good. Mill Hill is a name I am not likely soon to forget; and when in years to come, I shall learn of some brave spirit, who has not feared to come forth as the champion of truth and honour; or of some noble man who, carrying his life in his hand, has not shrunk from aught of deed or suffering, that he might benefit his fellows; or of some patient and toiling hero whose aim has never wavered, but who has been content, in quiet and hidden work, to shed an influence that has ever led men upwards;—when I shall learn of such that at Mill Hill they first learnt to value, above every other victor's crown, that undying wreath which Heaven itself holds out for the noble and the true, old memories will come flooding back, and faces and scenes, often hid, but not gone, will stand pictured so clearly, that again I shall join in the game, or the anthem, and the music of life shall weave again its 'lost chord.'"

Our hands close until our fingers tingle again, and, with a deep-felt "God bless you!" I go.

HENRY J. TUCKER.



## MUSIC.

I VENTURE to offer a few remarks on the subject of music, with motives mostly of a practical nature, because I know that its value is seldom recognized, especially among boys, and because I think that those who learn it and love it, will, when they cease to be boys, find it of infinite value. I speak with all humility, from a little experience and much love, hoping perhaps to raise some reader's ideal of music and show him what a high and noble power it really is. With regard to the actual learning of it, I have nothing to do here with correct reading, good time, and so on, which are only the modes and means of best expressing, or rather uttering the thing itself.

Secondly, I do not think the word "music" includes the mere finger-work and popular song rubbish which we are deluged with, any more than "poetry" means an elocution exercise, or the "Ten Little Niggers." But I mean the real soul music of its great men, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, and others, poured forth not to get money, but because it was in them, and given them to tell to the world.

And, lastly, I do not of course mean to imply that the power and worth which belong to music are possessed by it alone.

I want, if I can, to persuade those who are daily practising, more or less willingly, to study music with all the care, understanding, love, of which they are capable. For they are learning a great, wonderful art, which will help them all their lives, which is unutterably refreshing after daily labour, which can be a stirring motive to the faint heart, a heavenly light to dark despair, a stalwart champion against unhallowed thoughts, a sweet refiner of brutish natures, a mild subduer of impetuous anger, a "soft answer" that "turneth away wrath," a reviving draught



for the weary brain, a cooling lotion for the aching head. The love of it is indeed part of the nature of a true man. It can express his profoundest, sublimest, and most complex emotions. In a broad sense it is the soul of poetry, the expression of the central harmony of all things. "Who is there," says Thomas Carlyle, "that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, that leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

Music is well abused. Many reject it utterly as womanish, girlish, babyish. Do not most people look upon it as an ingenious amusement fit for a lazy moment? At best an "accomplishment," like the Grecian bend or smoking? Altogether a thing not worthy the attention of a boy, a man?

This is what I want to refute. This is what I wish that any who read this paper would dismiss from their minds, and know that it was not given to the world for this, that great men have not given their lives to it for this, that no one should learn it for this, but because it is a great high teacher of the spiritual nature, like water in the East, a "gift of God" to help us across the desert places of our lives.

May I add that to me it has been, and becomes more and more, a very dear friend and helper.

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## NIBBLINGS AT NEIGHBOURING NAMES OF PLACES.

WAS it Mrs. Partington, dear old soul, who, when her beloved Ike read something from that astounding literary production, a *leader* of the *Daily Telegraph*, about Sanscrit Roots, exclaimed "Dear me, Ikie! I wonder if these are the roots they make the Indian meal of?" What sort of

chewing the worthy dame would find in Sanscrit roots I wot not, but personally, I own myself to a little *penchant* for nibbling at roots of the sort now and then. I don't know that one makes very much out of it, some word-roots are very dry and very tough too, in fact they seem to defy one as Æsop's fable did Æsop's viper, "Nibble as you like, friend, if you don't try my substance, I'll try your teeth anyhow;" others are soft enough, but just as tasteless; now and then one does fall in with a nut worth the cracking, and something spicy comes out of it. However, they all serve to keep one's teeth going, and that's something. "Tastes differ," as Solon said, or somebody else equally sapient; some of my friends are never contented when they get into a new part of the country, till they have hunted up every flower and fern, or hunted down every May-bug it produces. All very well! capital amusement no doubt; and while they dig up their botanical roots, I dig up my verbal ones, and think my Etymology not a whit less amusing than their Entomology. I don't know anything more pleasant on a summer's day, than repairing, with county map and Anglo-Saxon dictionary under one's arm, to some clump of spreading beeches, and lying down there to speculate on what meaneth this name or that, and why did our ancestors call it so, and what the place was like when so they called it. I have been thus nibbling a little at the roots of the place-names round Mill Hill since I came here; perhaps you'd like to see a specimen of the result; don't blame me then if the grist is both scant and *chaffy*; *chaff* too has its uses, at least some folks use it pretty extensively. I have read in an old book of "one-fourth deal of fine flour," and I have heard from a young man a great deal of fine chaff. I open my map though: Middlesex—ah! well, thereby hangs a tale you know; for Middlesex was not always the name of the county, but really of the people who lived in it—*Middel-Seaxe*, the Middle Saxons, a plural noun, masculine gender,

as we say inside School, like the Hittites, Jebusites, Locri Epicnemidii, Brutii of our classical atlas. These Middel-Seaxe seem to have been a division of the *East-Seaxe*, or East Saxons, whose name has similarly come down in Essex. I wonder if they ever had a king of their own—perhaps they had; there is a place still called Kingsbury, some six miles off where he may have kept his court, and lived in a moated grange, on the shore of what is now the Kingsbury Reservoir—vulgarly, “the water at the Welsh Harp,”—but was then, probably, a vast natural lake or morass. I suppose it was those Norman barbarians, who so mangled our genuine English tongue, of which they knew nothing, that mistook Middlesex for a place-name, and began to say that London was “In Middlesex,” instead of “on thaem Middelseaum.” There is another name which I take also to be originally the name of a tribe, and that is *Edgware*. The ending *ware* is a well-known word meaning *men, people*, plural of *waru*. Thus we have *burhware*, townspeople, burghers, *Kentware*, people of Kent: “Edwin subdued all England, the Kentware alone excepted.” *Kentware-byrig* is still known as Canterbury, the town of the Kent-men; and we also have here *Edgwarebury*, the fortress or *town* of the men of the *Edge*, for I take this to be the meaning, and *Ecgware* to be the original form of the word. What was the *Edge* do you ask? Why the ridge of high ground which runs from Stanmore Heath to Barnet, which now forms the northern edge of the London Basin geologically, and civilly, the northern edge of Middlesex, but in these far-off days separated the Middle Saxons first from the Native Britons, and afterwards from the Angle March-men or Mercians, of the other side of the watershed. One of the great Roman roads of old Britannia, now known as the Edgware Road, runs straight as an arrow for ten good miles, from the Marble Arch at Hyde Park, to the top of the *Edge* at Brockley House; Brockley House, within



whose grounds may still be traced the lineaments of the *Castra* or station of *Sullonicae*, which the masters of the world constructed to guard that key-position on their great way. I'd like to see that Roman *Castra*, by the way; I mean to go some day and beg leave to pace its *vallum*, and pause at its *porta decumana*, and fancy "prætorium here, prætorium there," and legionaries everywhere. But at the present moment, the camp is by the way—as of course you know it is—and let us leave it there *in superioribus locis* (as Cæsar hath it) for the present. That Roman *via* from London to Verulamium or St. Albans, has never ceased to be trodden these seventeen centuries bygone; it would be the principal route for invading the territories of the Middle-Seaxe from the north-west, and I daresay the men of the Edge found they had quite enough to do in keeping Welsh and Angles to their own side of the ridge. I suppose Edgwarebury a mile east from Brockley House, and snugly esconced under the edge of the hill, was their original centre and fortified dwelling place. The root of *Bury*, they tell me, means to *protect*, to *hide*; for protection, men in olden days built their *burgs* on *bergs* or hills—great natural fortresses they—to *hide* their dead out of their sight, they did *bury* them under ground, where the rabbit also made his hiding-place or *burrow*. I suppose the present Edgware village arose around the church, or rather the monastery and house of call, which the monks of Westminster built there to break their journey to St. Alban's; a house which existed in full vigour when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries. Of this, by-the-bye, a certificate, with a list of the goods and plate belonging to the monks, is still preserved among the augmentation records, but where the goods and plate themselves are would be harder to tell. The present church was rebuilt in 1845, but the tower pertains to the older structure, forming part of a monastery belonging to that of St. John, at Jerusalem; its



records go back nearly to the Reformation, when the convent became a church.

I was glad to have a chance of looking into Domesday-book the other day, in pursuance of my word-nibbling; but I find no mention of Edgware there, though it was important enough to have a market every Thursday early in the reign of Henry II. It was church-land, of course; and as the Norman bastard was largely indebted to the church for his theft of England, he did not look too narrowly into what the church claimed. I daresay he had heard that it is unwise to scrutinize the mouth of a gift-horse. A great deal of Middlesex and the adjoining county was church-land. Has it ever struck you how many traces of this we have in our local names? I have noticed it, of course. There's Friern Barnet, and Monken Hadleigh, and Bishop's—but stop! I've a word about these, I find. Friern and Monken are two old genitive plurals, meaning *of the friars* and *of the monks*—*frierene*, *muncene*—and they deserve noting, for it is only in proper names that these older inflections have come down to us. Proper names have a kind of crystallizing tendency, like amber—the fact is, they become *dead* as words; they are mere signs, with no *connotation*, as the logicians say; and so while other *living* words live and grow, and change in pronunciation and spelling and use, these proper names are fossilized and remain almost unchanged, handing down to us forms that were alive a thousand years ago, just as amber preserves for us in its crystal tomb the flies and daddy-long-legs that bobbed their noses and stuck their limbs in it in the geological ages.

Forms like *Monken* Hadleigh, and *Friern* Barnet, and *Clerken*-well (the well of the clerks), are thus interesting fossils; and the same may be said of *Lady*-well, *Lady*-chapel, *Lady*-day, (to which my botanical friend Chambers adds *Lady*-fern, while Southwell, etymologically-primed, adds *Lady*-bird, formerly, he says, called *Lady*-cow, in all

of which Lady is the old genitive *Ladiye*), before that masculine appendage, an *apostrophe s*, began to be borne by ladies. Friern Barnet is of course distinguished from *Chipping* Barnet; Chipping, in older English *ceapung*, business, trade, traffic, commerce. Chipping Barnet was, therefore, the place of trade and traffic; Friern Barnet the quiet retreat of holy men and lazy beggars.

*Hadley* I suppose to have been originally Hæthleag (just as Hatfield was once Hæthfeld), and to have meant "the lea, or land lying in grass, upon the Heath, belonging to the monks." "That's a great deal to make one word, mean," I dare say Alice would have said in a thoughtful tone, if she had been told this. As to *Barnet* I'd rather not say much; I have nibbled a good deal at it, and found it a stiff root to make anything of. For anything I know, indeed, the word may have been Ancient British, and these Celtic roots are a caution, I assure you; they are as slippery as eels in your fingers; like eels too you may take their heads off, or put a new one on either, for that matter, and they don't seem to mind it. I question even whether my worthy friend Humpty-Dumpty would care to have such "slithy toves" to "gyre and gimble" between his teeth; I fear they would bring him down from his seat on the wall, and I am sure Alice would anxiously ask, "*Must* a name mean something?" But to come back to the right side of the looking-glass:—Of ecclesiastical names as I have said, we have Monken Hadley, Friern Barnet, Bishop's Wood, Parson's Green, Canons, Abbot's Farm, Deacon's Hill, all of which explain themselves clearly enough.

In early times, the greater part of our immediate neighbourhood must have been heath and forest-land, and of this state of matter we find some traces of course in the local names. *Stanmore*, whose gravelly heath is the highest land around for many a mile, well deserves its name of Stony Moor, for *Stán* in old English meant stone, and this form

is still retained when the word is used in a name, as in Stanley, Stansfield, Stanton, Standon. Further on we find *Letchmore*, the wet or soaking moor; *leccan*, to moisten. Winchmore is the *corner moor* (Wincel-mor), as Winchcomb was anciently Wincel-comb. Harrow Weald, like the Weald of Kent, was once, no doubt, a wild wooded region. *Acton* derives its name from the oak (Ác-ton—oak-town); and Elstree, if originally *Ellnstree*, from the Elder. One would have expected more reference to the wild animals which once roamed through these woods and moors, but, possibly, long before the arrival of the Saxons, wild beasts were already scarce so near to London. Boreham Wood was of course a home or haunt of the wild boar (Bár-hám), as Derham of the deer (Deór-hám). Brockley, at head of the Edgware Road, is the pasture-land of the *badger*, in old English called the *Broc*. It must be ages since badgers were seen there, I fancy; even the poor hedge-hog is a rare denizen with us now, anyhow, I've been looking for one ever since I came to Mill Hill, without success.

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## TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, B. vi., l. 264.

Ye Gods, who hold the empire over souls!  
Ye silent shades! Chaos and Phlegethon!  
Ye regions voiceless far and wide in night!  
O! be it mine to speak what I have heard;  
Mine, by your will, to tell in upper air  
Myst'ries long hidden in deep earth and gloom.

Darkly they went through gloom, 'neath lonesome night,  
Thro' Pluto's vacant halls and shadowy realms.  
Just such, by Cynthia's pale and struggling beam,  
Beneath her niggard light, the way through woods,  
When Jove hath wrapt Heaven's ample vault in shade,  
And dark-throned Night ta'en colour from the world.  
Before the very porch, in Orcus' jaws,  
Grief and remorseful Care have fixed their den.  
Here wan Distempers dwell; here sad Old Age,  
Fear, Famine, counsellor of ill, base Need,  
Shapes full of fear to see—and Death, and Toil.



Next behold Slumber, near-akin to Death,  
 And all ill joys on which minds gloat ; while War  
 Stands death-fraught on the threshold fronting them,  
 And the iron chambers of the Eumenides ;  
 Infuriate Discord last, whose serpent locks  
 Are garlanded with bloody coronal.

BOOK vi., l. 295.

Hence lies the road which leadeth to the waves  
 That lash Tartarean banks of Acheron.  
 Here the wild stream turbid with mire doth rush,  
 And, eddying into whirlpools vast and deep,  
 Into Cocytus belches all its sand.  
 These sloughs and streams Charon, dread ferryman,  
 In squalor grim doth guard, his long white beard  
 Unkempt ; his fixed eyes glare with fearsome fire,  
 His foul weeds knotted from his shoulders hang.  
 Himself with pole in hand impels the bark,  
 And tends the sails, and in his dusky boat  
 Ferries the spirits o'er. Though no more young,  
 The god hath still a fresh and green old age.  
 Here all the crowd rushed streaming to the banks :—  
 Matrons and men, and mighty hero forms,  
 Now reft of life ; boys and unwedded maids  
 Joined in the motley crowd ; and, sick'ning sight,  
 Children 'neath parents' eyes laid on the pyre.  
 So countless leaves in woods at the first chill  
 Of autumn, dropping fall ; or to the strand  
 So countless gather from the eddying deep  
 Birds driven by chill winter's stern advance,  
 Across the main to seek some sunnier clime.

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## SCHOOL NEWS.

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### DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE third meeting was held on Friday, 24th October. As announced in our last number, this was a public meeting, open to all the School, and took place in the hall. Dr. Weymouth kindly accepted the office of chairman. Mrs. Weymouth, the Misses Weymouth, and Miss Cooke were present, also Mr. Harley, at no slight inconvenience to himself, and Messrs. Nettleship, Tucker, and Goodger. The subject for discussion was "The Best Way to Rise to Fame," and different members of the society undertook to read papers in favour of subjects which they had selected beforehand.



Cunnington was first called on by the chairman, and read a paper in support of Social Reform as the best field wherein to acquire fame.

After a few words from the chairman, Edwards read a paper on the Navy; and was followed by Downing, who sided with Law; Field, who read a paper on Politics; Prentice, on Science; Gurney, on Literature; Smith, on Fine Arts; Bruce, on the Church; Marston, on Discovery; Scrutton, on Athletics; and Weymouth on the Army.

We give in full Downing's paper on Law, and hope that some of the others may also yet be given in these pages.

#### ISING TO FAME THROUGH THE BAR.

Fame is the one great goddess whom men have ever worshipped. With flying feet she evades their pursuing footsteps, and many give up the chase disappointed and outdone.

“For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue, if you give way  
Or hedge aside from the direct, forthwith  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost.”

Other readers may tell of the goddess as gained at last upon the raging ocean, or in the quiet of a studio, amid the wild storm of battle, or the earnest eloquence of the pulpit, in the hushed senate house, or on the clamorous race course, but be it mine to depict the humbler glories of the bar, to paint the worshipped one as she appears when she assumes the lawyer's guise, hides her averted countenance in a full, flowing wig, and torturing flirts around the woolsack.

To begin with, let us trace the career of a barrister from the moment when he first enters his chambers, as briefless as he was born. We shall see that his career is far different from that of the literary man and the warrior, who pursue the goddess as it were with seven-leagued boots, who awake one morning and find themselves famous. Through far more devious and arduous paths does she entice the barrister, and a continuous series of mighty endeavours must be put forth before his banns are published to the world. However, our young friend plants himself in his new rooms, resplendent on the outside with a gorgeous brass plate, and fitted inside with pigeon holes and drawers in expectation, no doubt, of unlimited papers. But he soon finds there is no likelihood of its raining briefs, and makes the best use of his seven years of famine in laying up for what he hopes will prove years of plenty, studying “many a volume of forgotten lore,” attending the assizes, preparing nice little political essays for the papers, until at last, eventful day, he has his first brief.

With a bold and fearless voice, but with inward hesitation, he addresses the mighty judge for the first time by the familiar title *M'Lud*; with a

feeling of pride he hears himself for the first time called "my learned friend," and "the learned counsel for the defendant." From that time he begins his life in earnest; he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. The solicitors give him small cases, the Q.C.'s look upon him as a hard-working junior, his name begins to figure at the end of the lists of counsel. In good time he obtains an opportunity to distinguish himself; he has the sole conduct of some weighty case of life and death; his ability, eloquence, and powers of cross-examination attract general notice—he rises another step. After years of weary waiting he becomes a Q.C.; he enters Parliament; his profound knowledge of law and matters pertaining to law gain him the ear of the house; he becomes a law officer of the Crown, and then accepts the first judgeship offered to him. We have conducted him thus far, and now we will leave him in sight of the woolsack. Thus you see the votary of fame has a hard time of it.

But perhaps you will feel inclined to look upon this hard-earned fame with something of contempt, and think that it pales before the dazzling lustre of such comets as an Alexander or a Napoleon, or, to refer to our own country, a Wellington or a Nelson. Yes, but then look at the thing in the aggregate; while such men as these are few and far between, each Lord Chancellor performs in his career such labours, gains such victories against overpowering odds, conquers such vast masses of detail, gives such a multiplicity of judgments, that he may fairly be compared to the mightiest warrior of any age.

Whilst statesmen and generals have extended England's empire from pole to pole, and from west to east, it is her lawyers who have consolidated that empire's mighty heart, that have regulated its stupendous throbs, and while the blood courses rapidly through her gigantic limbs have attended to the correct and feverless beating of her pulse.

The nobles who compelled King John to sign Magna Charta were noble and puissant, powerful in war and terrible in battle, but it is not for these distinctions that their names will last for ever, surrounded with a halo of glory, but because they had the courage to extort from a tyrant laws which were to stamp the seal of freedom upon the nation. Robespierre and Marat are names rendered execrable by their cruelties, but their crimes are drowned in the remembrance of the wonderful change of laws which they effected, and because they did away with the tyranny of the old *régime* in France. It is pretty evident that the routine of the world could not go on without law; even the most savage tribes live together controlled by certain laws and customs, and it is upon these laws and customs that the welfare of a nation substantially depends.

The mass of our laws, excepting such peculiar characteristics as trial by jury, &c., are derived from the Romans. With them, indeed, what we call the bar was their first stepping-stone to fame. Cæsar began his illustrious career by impeaching Verres. Cicero his by accusing Dolabella of extor-

tion. But the greatest of Roman lawyers was the Emperor Justinian. The flight of time has left the names of those men in comparative oblivion to whom the honour is thus due of having founded laws which have produced the two richest and most extended empires the world has ever seen.

Of late years there has come into practice a new means of obtaining fame in the profession of the law. I refer to International arbitration. If other nations follow the glorious and disinterested example set them by England the advocate will take the place of the general, the grand roll of a patriotic English lawyer's voice will perhaps do more service than the loudest thunder of English cannon. The impetuous and excited eloquence of a Frenchman will be met by some Wellington of the future with the cry, "Up witnesses, and at them." The reasoner will supplant the man who would rule by force, true fame will be his portion, and a gratitude far surpassing that of the hero who spills the blood of thousands. The idea of studying the law is not the most acceptable to the young, but I hope that I have in some measure polished up the old volume, and shown you that, even though covered with the dust of ages, the beautiful binding may be seen by one who takes a close look.

The Chairman spoke a few appropriate words at the close of each paper, and at the end said that, though many had risen to great fame by many and various ways, he thought that no way was more noble and everlasting than that by the Church, by preaching the Gospel to our fellow-men. He was very pleased indeed to see such a spirit in the School as was witnessed by the formation of the Debating Society, and thought that it was an extremely useful thing, inasmuch as it taught those concerned in it to think for themselves and to argue out a subject.

Mr. Harley agreed with the chairman in thinking that the Church was the best and most noble way to rise to fame, and added that it was those who did not make it their chief aim to become famous who generally succeeded.

On a vote being taken, the decision of the meeting was in favour of the Church, by a large majority.

A vote of thanks was proposed by Downing to the Chairman; seconded by Atkin. Gurney proposed a vote of thanks for "the luminous and ethereal presence" of the ladies. The meeting then closed, having lasted a good two hours.

November 6th, 1873. Subject:—"Summer v. Winter."—J. S. Puckridge read the opening paper in favour of the superior charms of Summer. He compared the weather of the two Seasons, showing how much more enjoyable the weather of Summer was to that of Winter, so wet and dismal. Games and recreations of every sort were brought forward as adding to the delight of Summer; cricket, the game so well known, and played by so many, being especially noticed. An argument also brought forward against the Winter Season was, that when the snow is on the ground, and



when fires are not always the most easily obtainable things, there is much more distress and want throughout the whole country, than is the case in the fine Summer months.

Buckley, in maintaining the cause of Winter, brought into notice all Winter games and amusements, such as foot-ball, skating, &c.; and Christmas, that ever memorable epoch when families meet, the members of which seldom see one another's faces during the year, being separated in their different stations of life. For it is a time of rejoicing for all, and we generally find that people prefer spending this period at home; not as at Midsummer, when most go away and spend their holidays perhaps at the seaside, in expensive lodgings, uncomfortable, and frequently not so clean as might be desired; or may be abroad, among the grandeur of Alpine scenery; yet, nevertheless, not so sweet as home. He brought his Paper to a close by quoting a few lines of Göethe's Autobiography, in which the pleasures of skating are described in the most enthusiastic terms.

Gurney seconded Puckridge, by asking what time was more suitable for walks than the long delightful evenings of Summer; and how many little incidents, such as picnics for instance, took place in the Midsummer holidays. Nor was the art of swimming overlooked by the speaker.

Messrs. Atkin, Chambers and Cunnington also took part in the debate; the latter mentioning that, though the Winter evenings were dark, yet that it was on those dark evenings that Debating Societies held their meetings; and many other useful gatherings, that were laid aside during the Summer.

Downing thought that those who had argued for Summer, had chiefly dwelt on the state of the weather, and that that seemed to constitute their chief preference for it.

The votes were then taken, when the favourers of the two Seasons exactly equalled one another.

*November 20th, 1873. Subject:—"The best form of Government.—*Dr. Weymouth was in the Chair, Mrs. and Miss Weymouth being present. Weymouth read the opening paper, holding that a Limited Monarchy was much preferable to an absolute one. He contrasted the former with a Republic, and gave many reasons for his preference to a Limited Monarchy; as how the king was held in check by the parliament, and how tyrannical was the despotic king. Also he was restrained from levying taxes at his own will; and there was less danger of a vulgar plutocracy, the rich being unable to do such things as they could during a Republic. He showed also that there were different forms of Republics, and what a disturbance the election of a new president every four years in America caused, similar to that of an M.P. in England, only a hundred times worse. Hereditary succession, he argued, as it is in England, is much preferable to election. Oligarchy, a rule of hereditary nobles, was very bad for a people. Instances were mentioned where countries had risen by having a king, and



by not being Republics. Taking all together, the king and the people shared the power, as is not the case in a Republic. Such are the delights of a Republic, that it has even partly destroyed that magnificent city of Paris. In conclusion, he looked back on Grecian history, and the great civil discord both of France and America.

Cunnington replied to Weymouth by saying that he thought every man ought to do as he thought, and that a wise absolute Monarchy can easier put down murders, and maintain quiet. He did not defend oligarchy, but in the case of Limited Monarchy, he thought that most progress had been made when the parliament and king were not equal, but when the former had most authority. He argued, therefore, that if the parliament had absolute authority, there would then be the most progress. He wished, nevertheless, to say nothing against Her Majesty Queen Victoria; nor would he wish to change the present order of things, for he would ever stick up for the Queen while she lives. As to the American and French Republics, he allowed that there was something wrong; but for all that, the principle was right.

The Chairman, in summing up, said that he wondered that a very strong argument on behalf of Republics had been omitted, namely, that while Cromwell had so much power, the country greatly progressed.

On account of the lateness of the hour, owing to delay in beginning, the meeting at this point broke up, it being proposed that at some future time the discussion should be renewed. Meanwhile, Limited Monarchy was carried by 15 to 7.

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## THE LIBRARY.

THE close of this year witnesses a great improvement in our School Library. Through the liberality of Old Boys and other friends of the School, many valuable works have been added. We take this opportunity of thanking A. C. Southwell for his very handsome gift, consisting of Dickens's works in 13 vols. These will afford delight to many a schoolboy on wet afternoons in winter, or on the hot days of summer, for years to come. We hope that this generosity may prove an example to those who are, or who soon will be, leaving. Those who have been schoolboys here themselves know best what our needs are, and it is therefore on Old Boys that we depend. Their liberality has not failed us yet. N. Micklem by presenting the complete historical works of Froude, in 12 vols., started a new era in the history of our Library; F. H. Hindley followed with the *Waverley Novels*; and A. D. Burnyeat with the complete works of Thackeray, handsomely bound; T. E. Scrutton gave us a beautiful and costly edition of Disraeli's works; and now another of our late school-fellows has added the works of Thackeray's great contemporary, Dickens. To those who have

come so prominently forward in the good work of enriching the Library, as well as to the many others who have to a greater or less degree followed their lead, we offer our sincere thanks.

We wish, however, to make a suggestion in these pages. As we all take a great interest in that which comes so near our own happiness—the possession of an interesting, instructive, and suitable School Library—we would express a wish here that, now that the school is continuing to increase in numbers and importance, the Week-day and Sunday Libraries may be kept entirely apart and distinct from each other; that a catalogue be drawn up of the two Libraries separately; that every boy buy this printed catalogue at will; that the Sunday Library be open at a different time from the Week-day one; and that, since it is impossible that one librarian should be able to attend to this, a few sub-librarians may be appointed from the School to keep the Library in order, be responsible for the safe custody of the books, and inquire into everything that is wrong or irregular.

We would also suggest that all boys, at the commencement of every term, should give some small subscription, appointed by general consent, to the maintenance and enlarging of the stock of books. If these suggestions were carried out, as indeed they easily might be, we should soon have a larger, more valuable, and better-arranged Library, and gain greater opportunities of enjoying it and studying its contents. We earnestly hope that the School will take the matter up as one which is their own.

The following new books have been added since our last number:—

DONORS.	BOOKS.
J. H. Minton .....	Beckmann's History of Inventions, 2 vols.
Newman Cash .....	A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.
A. C. Southwell .....	Dickens's works, 13 vols.

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## FOOT-BALL.

THE following matches have been played during the Term, in which friends of the School will be sorry to see that it has not been uniformly successful:—

### FIRST FIFTEEN.

M. H. S. *v.* HENDON, *October 4th.*—This match, the first of the season, was very evenly contested; and, upon time being called, ended in a draw, slightly in favour of M. H. S. The running and kicking of Field were especially to be noticed. He, for the first time, acted as Captain, and showed that the mantle had descended upon shoulders well worthy to bear it. Cunnington, a new member of the Fifteen, kept goal, and proved himself a great acquisition to our forces. T. Micklem, one of our Old Boys, who certainly should not have ranked himself with our enemies, played well for Hendon.

M. H. S. *v.* THE OLD PAULINES.—This match was played on Saturday, *October 11th*, at Mill Hill, and resulted in favour of the O. P.'s. During the first quarter of an hour, the School was somewhat pressed by the weight of their opponents, but when a couple of touch-downs had been followed by a goal, with a vigorous rush they drove the ball to the enemy's quarters, and got their first rouge. From then till half-time was called, the ball was kept plying in the middle. On changing ends, the School immediately carried the ball to the O. P. goal, and no less than 7 "mushes" took place before they obtained the rouge. When another rouge had been gained by the School, nothing further was obtained by either side, the match being well contested throughout. The good running of Tippetts for the O. P.'s, and the running and drop-kicking of A. C. Field for the School, were the features most worthy of notice. Messrs. White and Gordon also distinguished themselves for the Old Paulines, while for the School, Pledger, Edwards and Mr. Tucker, did great service.

M. H. S. *v.* CLAPTON, *October 18th*.—There are great excuses for our being beaten in this, which in truth can scarce be dignified by the name of a match. It was played at Clapton, and the ground upon which it was played, besides being destitute of grass, literally teemed with human beings, who, it may be conjectured, on the principle that "all flesh is grass," were meant to take its place. In addition to this, when the game was half over, it was discovered that our opponents had been playing with seventeen men. After some wrangling, an arrangement was come to, and a very disagreeable match concluded with our defeat.

M. H. S. *v.* CHRIST'S COLLEGE, *November 1st*.—Though our match with Finchley this year, unlike that of last year, which ended in a draw, proved a defeat, and that by several goals, it was nevertheless a very pleasant and tough struggle. The toss was won by W. C. Hutchinson, the Christ's College Captain, and he chose the unfavourable goal, a policy which, upon half-time being called, turned out well for the interests of his club. After about a quarter of an hour's tough work, M. H. S. scored the first rouge, but immediately afterwards the ball was touched down in our own goal, and a goal resulted to the Christ's College men. After half-time was called, the advantage of ground which the Finchley team had gained, together with their preponderance in weight, proved too much for the M. H. S., and we were eventually defeated by 5 goals. All the M. H. S. played well, following the example of their Captain. For Christ's College, W. C. Hutchinson, Baker, and Coates, whose burly form reminded one of the Titans of old, did good service.

MILL HILL PAST *v.* PRESENT, *November 5th*.—We were very glad to see the Old Boys muster in such force this time, although the weather was anything but propitious. We had as our opponents, Messrs. T. Micklem, N. Micklem, C. Seymour, B. F. Smith, C. S. Minton, H. Marten, E. D. Marten, H. Tucker, T. C. Curwen, E. S. Curwen, Hoburn and Pledger.



The ball was kicked off in the pouring rain, but notwithstanding, was soon in lively motion. The running of Messrs. Micklem and Smith, and the dribbling powers of the Messrs. Curwen, did great execution for their side. At last a touch-down was obtained, after a fine run, by N. Micklem, but no goal resulted. After the call of half-time, a piece of passing on between Field and Downing resulted in a touch-down by the latter, while the ball was nicely kicked over the bar by the former. The match was thus won by the Mill Hill Present.

M. H. S. *v.* BRUCE CASTLE.—This match was played *November 15th*, on our ground; we played without our Captain, and were unfortunate enough to have Furnivall incapacitated at an early stage of the game. The ball was kicked off at 3.15 by the visitors, and after twenty minutes' sharp play, a rouge near the goal line resulted in a touch-down by Downing. The try by Callander proved successful. Just before the call of half-time, the visitors obtained a goal in a similar manner. Until now the advantage, if any, had been with us, but the loss of one of our best backs, and the advantage which a stiff breeze gave our opponents, proved fatal; and although we played with right good will, we were unable to keep the ball from a close and continuous proximity to the goal line. The visitors had obtained three more goals when time was called. Messrs. Tucker, Callander, Layton, Homan, and Weymouth played well; while Lewin, Brown, Tomkinson, and Henriquez were decidedly foremost in procuring the victory of Bruce Castle.

M. H. S. *v.* FLAMINGOES.—On *November 22nd* we played the Flamingoes, and our ill-luck still followed us. The ball was kicked off at Battersea Park, and in consequence of the tremendous hurricane against which we were playing, was kept in our quarters the whole time, without anything being scored by the Flamingoes. On half-time being called, and on our obtaining the wind, we found it had considerably lulled. In addition, an immense crowd of people formed upon the ground in the neighbourhood of our goal; behind, and protected by this living wall, the Flamingoes now ran, and by this means got no less than three goals. For us Mr. Tucker played better than ever, and made us all the more regret the loss which we shall experience at the end of the Term. Field and B. F. Smith did all they knew. For the Flamingoes Messrs. Hartley, Chiswell, and Mitchell played well.

M. H. S. *v.* CLAPTON.—This match was played *November 29th* at Mill Hill; the visitors turned up in full force. In spite of playing against a good strong wind, the M. H. S. drove their opponents down, and obtained a touchdown, about which an altercation ensued, and was eventually surrendered by the School. Upon half-time being called, under cover of darkness, our opponents got a couple of touchdowns. For us Field made some brilliant runs, and was well supported by Callander, Layton, Cunningham, and Weymouth.



## SECOND FIFTEEN.

M. H. S. v. CHRIST'S COLLEGE, FINCHLEY.—The first match of the season was on *Saturday, October 11th*, and was played on the Finchley ground, v. Christ's College. Our opponents were stronger and heavier than we were, and we suffered a great defeat, Finchley gaining three goals and several touchdowns, and Mill Hill nothing. Bruce played best in the fifteen.

M. H. S. v. BRUCE CASTLE.—This match was on *Saturday, October 18th*, played on the Bruce Castle ground. We had a very weak team, several being unavoidably absent. In spite, however, of this the star of Mill Hill was in the ascendancy, the match being drawn in our favour. For the first half of the time our fifteen kept the ball well down their end, but at length, shortly after changing, a goal was drop-kicked by Bruce Castle. Mill Hill then got two touchdowns, one of which resulted in a goal, being kicked by a substitute, F. J. Field. Whyte and Whitwill especially played well.

BRUCE CASTLE v. MILL HILL.—On account of a refusal from Theobalds, Cheshunt, no match was played till *Saturday, November 7th*, when our return with Bruce Castle took place in rather unpleasant weather. Our fifteen on this occasion was almost complete, and played well together. Two good runs from Bruce and Atkin resulted in touchdowns. The former kicked a goal. Before time was called Mill Hill gave way a little, but the game was well kept up, one touchdown being gained by our opponents, for which, however, nothing resulted. The match was, therefore, won by Mill Hill, Whitwill and Atkin playing very neatly.

M. H. S. v. ISLINGTON.—On *Saturday, November 14th*, our fifteen drove to Tufnell Park to meet Islington Proprietary School on their own ground. The game was played in the enclosed ground, on a very muddy and slippery part. We lost greatly on account of this our chance of winning, as every good run ended in a lamentable collapse, while Islington were quite at home. Partly on account of this, and partly on account of the really admirable play of Mr. Armstrong and another gentleman, the match was lost, though really steady attempts were made by Mill Hill to keep the ball at their opponents' end, and some capital runs made by Piesse, Whyte, and Burnyeat. The play in the mashes was well kept up by Gurney, Townend, and Goodman.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, FINCHLEY v. MILL HILL.—On *Saturday, November 29th*, the return match with Finchley was played on our lower ground. The weather was most unpropitious, a very high wind prevailed, and just as the game commenced torrents of rain fell, lasting through the match, and drenching the players. As a consequence the ground was so slippery that no footing could be obtained. Mill Hill played well together at first, but seemed rather to lose courage towards the end. Finchley, at the very commencement, drove the ball up to our goal and there kept it some time

by really good play, in spite of our efforts to carry it through their lines. At half-time the game still stood undecided in Finchley's favour, but they very soon fought their way to our lines and succeeded in obtaining two goals, besides other touchdowns. The play of Whyte, half-back, and of Scrutton, up, may be noticed as good.

For their perseverance in practice, their willingness to co-operate in arrangements for improvement, and their exertions towards training for the matches, the following may be remarked as worthy of praise—Townend, Higgs, Wells, Atkin, Whyte, Whitwell, and Sharpe.

In the matches, for steadiness of play in the "mushes," and their continued efforts for their fifteen, we may mention Townend, Burnyeat, Scrutton, Wells, Goodman, Sharpe, and Higgs, as doing credit to their fifteen; and, as really good backs, Whitewell, Whyte, Cash, and Piesse.

## COURSE OF LECTURES.

THE course of Lectures this Winter was opened on the 28th of October, by Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., with "A Talk about Faraday." The story of the life of the great physicist was told in a charmingly interesting manner, the lecturer dwelling especially on the goodness and virtue of the man, his character as an example to youth, as well as his great achievements in science. The lecture was illustrated by many amusing anecdotes. Those of our readers who may wish to refresh their memories on the subject, will do well to study Dr. Gladstone's work on Faraday. Our warmest thanks are due to Dr. Gladstone for coming down, especially as he was at the time busy with a School Board contest, in which we are happy to learn he was victorious, gaining the highest place on the poll.

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN.—This was the title of the second lecture, delivered on the 10th of November, by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. The visit of this eloquent preacher and voluminous writer was looked forward to with interest, and was much enjoyed. He described the true-born Englishman, as a man who has a very great regard for himself and his character, as one who takes liberties with no man, and allows no man to take liberties with him; as cold in outward appearance, but possessed of a warm heart and generous sympathies, not easily taken in, not easily persuaded, not easily defeated. How grand, how beautiful he looks; rugged, but honest; gruff, but kind-hearted; fighting his way through a dark world. In former times the true-born Englishman's motto was "Allegiance to Principle;" he worked from a sense of duty, and was not ardent for strikes and riots. What instances we have of true-born Englishmen of olden time:—Hugo, Bishop of Lincoln; Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Elliott,

Pym, Hampden, King Charles (who died like a true-born Englishman, though his life was dark and treacherous), Sir Harry Vane, Cromwell, Rodney, Nelson, Wellington, Wilberforce, Stevenson, Faraday, Dickens. All these and a host of others were instanced as true-born Englishmen.

The lecturer concluded by warning his hearers against the growing follies and weaknesses of the day, and finished with the words:—

“It was merry of old in England:  
Will it ever be so again?”

SAVONAROLA; THE MONK OF FLORENCE.—On Tuesday, November 25th, the Rev. Elvery Dothie, B.A., gave us a most eloquent and powerful lecture, on this subject. He took us through the leading features of Savonarola's life, his self-denying years at Bologna, his arrival at Florence, his unceasing and unflinching piety there, his opposition to the prevailing wickedness in Church and State, his wonderful predictions concerning the future of Italy, his successful efforts to restore Florence to morality and religion, his public influence, and, finally, his downfall from the height of popular adoration, and his martyr's death. The lecturer was quite equal to his subject; his description of the tragical scene at the close of the monk's life was solemnly grand; and the entire lecture had a ring of genuine oratory, and a sympathy with all that is great and free, which captivated and deeply impressed the audience.

The remaining lectures are, “Scientific Aerial Voyages,” by James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., on Tuesday, December 9th; and “Spectral Illusions,” by Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., on December 19th.

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## UNIVERSITY AND OTHER INTELLIGENCE.

MR. N. MICKLEM, who matriculated from the School two years ago, and has since held the Bousfield Scholarship, took his B.A. in the First Division, from University College, in the late Examination of the University of London. We understand that Mr. Micklem will continue to work at University College for the London Bachelor of Laws, which he intends to take before going up to Cambridge. We wish him good speed.

MR. J. H. MINTON, who entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, from the School, at the beginning of this Term, has, we understand, been appointed coxswain of the Pembroke boat.

Another of our late associates, Mr. H. MARTEN, is upon the Athletic Committee of St. John's, Cambridge, and has himself already succeeded in carrying off two Cups.

# BALANCE SHEET OF GAMES FUND,

**CHRISTMAS, 1873,**

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1873. To—		1873. By—	
April 8. Cash in hand according to last balance-sheet .....	23 8 11	Decr. 12. Professionals, Coaching and Umpiring ...	25 5 6
Dec. 12. Sale of Hurdles .....	1 17 0	Wages for levelling, turfing, repairs, &c.	8 16 6
Subscriptions .....	103 8 3	Cricket and Foot-ball requisites .....	49 5 9
Fines .....	3 15 2	Printing, Stationery, Postage, Telegrams, &c. ....	3 14 5
Extra Subscriptions for Athletic Sports...	2 10 0	Gymnasium and Prizes for Athletic Sports	42 12 9
		General expenses .....	3 6 11
		Balance, cash in hand .....	1 17 6
	<u>£134 19 4</u>		<u>£134 19 4</u>

*Signed,*

HENRY J. TUCKER, *Hon. Treasurer.*

**Examined and found correct,**

JAMES A. H. MURRAY, B.A., F.E.J.S., Auditor.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editors of the Mill Hill Magazine.*

DEAR SIRS—I wish my letter to be a practical one, and I will therefore waste no space by explanations as to *my* undertaking to make these suggestions; especially as I feel sure that the School will be quite ready to give their attention to the subject. Our athletic sports this year were a success; but I think they need to be extended for the future, both as to their influence on the School during the whole of the school-year, and as to the exercises which they shall include.

Our Gymnasium is not perfect, but it is to go on improving, and even now is quite complete enough to admit of a systematic competition in gymnastics. Our Fives Courts are not all that could be desired, but would possibly be improved and receive more attention, if a succession of matches were arranged with a view to determining the champion pair of fives-players.

Then, might we not adopt a system of marks, as is done in other places, by which the champion of the School should be determined? Every event in the sports should be worth a certain number of marks for the first place, and a somewhat smaller number for a good second. Marks should be assigned according to merit, up to some fixed maximum, to any who entered for the competition in gymnastics; and the champion fives-players should be each entitled to some fair proportion of marks. The competitor who secured the highest total from *all* these contests should be forthwith known as the champion of the School for the year; should be *ex-officio* a member of the Committee of Games; and should be the holder of a champion cup, to be at once subscribed for—Old Boys being in particular encouraged to do their share. May I be allowed to suggest also that as a School Mill Hill is weak in organization? I should like to see the Lower School, to whom we look for our future Sixth Forms and First Fifteens, select from their own number a committee of six, who should represent the interests of their constituents.

There are many things which might be done for the Lower School if their wants were only properly discussed, and then, when any decision had been arrived at, this were laid before the Games Committee for their consideration.

Hoping that my suggestions may meet with approval from yourselves and the Committee,

I am, dear Sirs,

Sincerely yours,

QUARTER-BACK.

## MILL HILL SCHOLARSHIPS.

*To the Editors of the Mill Hill Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,—I hope it will not be considered an act of impertinence if I venture to call attention to the following facts. We have at Mill Hill two kinds of scholarships, namely, some tenable in the School and others tenable at certain Universities. It is with respect to the latter that I now write. There is the Bousfield Scholarship, of the annual value of £50, which is tenable for three years at University College, or for a ministerial candidate at New College, London. There are also the Governor's Scholarships, each worth £30 per annum, which are tenable for three years at a College or Hall of any University in the United Kingdom. But I believe that a Governor's Scholarship can only be obtained by matriculating in honours at London University. Now, if I am rightly informed, there are more boys in the School preparing for Cambridge than for London. It would seem, therefore, that the scholarships might be distributed in a more fair and equal manner, not giving so great an advantage to London graduates. When the School was founded Nonconformists were practically excluded from the older Universities; but this is now no longer the case. It may reasonably be supposed, therefore, that, as the School grows, large numbers of boys will be going up to Oxford and Cambridge, and in the altered circumstances some provision should be made for those who may not desire to matriculate at London.

Hoping that these facts will receive attention in the proper quarter,

I am, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"At Tintagel," is in type, but is unavoidably left over till next number.

"A Visit to Stonehenge" received with thanks.

The letter of "A Passer By," on certain School matters, is acknowledged with thanks; but we have not inserted it, as it contains no new suggestions on the subject.

The November number of the "Camden School Record" has been sent to us. We shall be glad to receive their Magazines from any other Schools.

\* \* We do not yet reckon among the OLD BOYS so many subscribers as we could wish. May we repeat our appeal to them, and ask those who already take the Magazine, to call the attention of others, and "compel them to come in." We have enlarged the present number to 32 pages, and mean to keep it so, if they will only help us.

*Contributions to next number of the Magazine must be sent in by 20th January, 1874, addressed TO THE EDITORS.*

*Subscribers are asked to send their names to THE BUSINESS MANAGER of the MAGAZINE, Mill Hill School, N.W.*

# The Mill Hill Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

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## EDITORIAL.

WHILST conflicting voices are clamouring amid the excitement of county elections, and the rejoicings in the Conservative camp are such as have not been heard for years—far from the noise of party strife, surrounded by the gentler music of Nature—we bend over our books once more: the wonted sunlight gleaming through the arched windows, and after School; rush out to meet in closing ranks at foot-ball, or scour the country round in runs or paper-chases. Yet, though thus restrained from mingling in the scenes of political warfare, let it not be thought that we take no interest in the high affairs of State. It is commonly supposed that boys at school have no opinions on political matters. The supposition is without good foundation. We may not enter very profoundly into the science of politics, but all English boys are deeply interested in whatever concerns England's weal; and it is certainly one of the characteristics of Mill Hill life that it tends to develop among us a public spirit. We are a Liberal School: Liberal individually, Liberal collectively, and therefore, we have watched the downfall of the Liberal Government with much indignation. Already some Old Mill Hill Boys occupy seats in St. Stephen's; we hope that many more will attain to the same distinction, and that they will always be found the champions of Truth, Order, and Right. There *may* be a Gladstone or a Bright among us, whose eloquence, now nascent in the Debating Society, will one day thrill the nation.

Here we are reminded of the progress of our School. Great, indeed, was our surprise, when we returned after Christmas, to find our roll so altered. Many old familiar



names had disappeared, but they were replaced by others, and our numbers are now higher than ever. This circumstance has put us all in good spirits; and since the commencement of the Term, some notable improvements have been effected. Our Games Committee, from being almost a dead letter, has become a new and living body—as a consequence, a more complete and systematic arrangement of sports has been adopted; we call attention to the Bigside Rules, the School Runs, and the proposed Paper-chases referred to on another page. These new regulations are, we believe, but the beginning of better days—a higher reputation abroad and increased happiness and unity at home. No system of compulsion has been adopted; we have appealed to the pluck and spirit of our schoolfellows, and they have responded with a heartiness and unanimity truly gratifying. We trust to them to maintain and extend the honour of the School in the field, as well as in the class-room. It is not upon household enlargements merely that our prosperity depends; it is upon the social order and unity of our School, and the cultivation of the feeling that each one of us bears some portion of the honour and responsibility of our name, and should do what in him lies to make this one of the greatest and most successful Schools in the land.

Our Athletic Sports are approaching, and we have entered on the last phase of the foot-ball season. Already estimates are being formed as to who will win the various prizes; and we are busy with plans and expectations. We invite Old Boys to give us their assistance—to relations and friends who may honour us with a visit on the day, we promise a hearty welcome; their presence will raise the standard of our races, and infuse life into all our sports—some, indeed, of the gentler sex reminding the wavering, that “faint heart never won fair lady.” It is not the value of the prizes that will make the sports successful, but the mettle displayed by the competitors.



Our Debating Society, also, has risen from its cradle, a strong and healthy institution, and we trust it will have a long and vigorous life. The art of public speaking, like every other art, can only be learnt by practice; and we are glad, therefore, that an increasing number of boys take part in the discussions. We are pleased also to record the revision of the Library, and the institution of a separate Sunday Library. All who desire have now the opportunity to procure books suitable for Sunday reading. The rule which has been so loyally observed of late years—that each boy on leaving the School shall make a contribution to the Library—has done much to promote the growth of our collection; and we hope that in making these contributions in future, the Sunday Library will not be forgotten.

At the close of last Term, Mr. Albert Spicer presented the handsome sum of £10 towards our projected Swimming Bath. Such generous kindness should not be passed over unnoticed. We venture to call the attention of Old Mill Hill Boys to this noble example as well worthy of imitation.

And, now, one word of appeal to the present. This Magazine requires something more than money for its support; it requires literary labour. The sale of the Magazine has surpassed our expectations, and our finances are in a satisfactory condition; but we want more assistance from our schoolfellows in the way of short interesting articles. There are many who are able to help us, and we beg that they will no longer stand aloof.

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### AT TINTAGEL.

WE reached Tintagel about four o'clock one afternoon last August. At the mention of an August afternoon your imaginations will at once conjure up a deep blue Italian sky, with not the smallest fleecy cloud visible; long, wide

fields, laden with golden grain ripe for the harvest; while away in the distance behind, the sun gleams on the tops of Brown Willy and Rough Tor, and before us the white, crisp foam of the waves flies up, as they break on the Cornish coast.

Yes, it is all very beautiful, and that is exactly what ought to have been the case; unhappily the circumstances were somewhat different. There may have been a deep blue Italian sky somewhere on that day, but probably not nearer than Italy; the stalks of corn may have been bowing under the weight of the ears, but we had not an opportunity of ascertaining whether this was the case or not; and as for beauteous views of far-stretching "ford and fell,"—well, the most distant prospect which had met our eyes for some few hours was a temporary glimpse of the nearest hedge. We felt, with Mark Tapley, that it was decidedly to our credit to be cheerful under these circumstances.

As we entered Trevena the mist rose, and so did our spirits. In a Cornish village everyone knows everybody, so that we were speedily directed to the house of Mrs. Somebody-or-other, to whose tender mercies we had been recommended to entrust ourselves. Mrs. Somebody-or-other, whose name I forget—probably it began with Tre, or Pol, or Pen, for

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen,  
You may know the Cornishmen"—

lived in a large white house opposite *the* hotel. This worthy dame assured us that she was "full." It reminded me of the London omnibuses in wet weather—"Full inside, sir." We had seen the remains of a good dinner as we passed one of the windows, so that we were not in a position to dispute her statement. She also told us that she did not know of anyone who was not "full;" we did—we knew of two people, at least, who were not in that pleasant con-

dition. "No, sir;" she continued, "I am sorry that I can't take you in; I should like to be able to do for you very much, sir, but I can't." Her intentions were quite honourable, though somewhat ambiguously expressed; for one might have supposed, from the way in which she spoke of our being taken in and done for, that she looked on us as a couple of bundles of dirty clothes seeking for a laundress.

We soon found comfortable quarters, however, and, after refreshing our "inner men" sufficiently, we strolled out again. Upon the chance of its being "not quite fine" (*i.e.*, pouring rain) on the morrow, we determined to avail ourselves of our present opportunity of seeing

"Tintagel Castle by the Cornish sea."

The village of Trevena is about a mile from the coast. King Arthur's Castle is situated partly on the main line of coast and partly on a small peninsula. This peninsula has, in the spirit of prophecy, been called The Island, and it is possible that in the days of the hereafter this name may become strictly applicable.

We climbed out on the rocks to get a good view of the castle. The wind had begun to rise. There was still sufficient daylight to throw the driving storm-clouds into bold relief. The brown waves below us seemed preparing for a "dirty night," while above us, on the top of the rugged cliffs, stood the remains of that castle wherein, more than fourteen hundred years ago, the knights of Arthur's Table Round tourneyed and feasted. It was just the position to have been chosen by that British king with his childlike heart and godlike strength. As we stood there, we could picture to ourselves the king, tired of the scandal and the merriment coming out from the banquet-hall, and standing alone on the rock. The wind blew through his long, tawny hair, as he listened to the low surge of the waves; he could hear the waters meeting in the cave

beneath his feet; and he longed for some knightly adventure, such as his own soul loved. Helpless maiden or hapless churl, cry of pain or shout of defiance, which would summon him first! Listen.

Suddenly a cry caught our ears. We forgot all about King Arthur, and listened. It came again, a low cry, like the wailing of a child. We clambered down the rock, and then stopped. Again came the cry. Where had we heard it before? There was no time to think; we clambered downward again. Peering through the uncertain light we saw what seemed to us a black bundle. "It's a baby wrapped in a cloak." Again the pitiful wail rose up from the bleak rock. Quickly we came close and closer to the crying child. We were within twenty feet when our progress was stopped by a breach in the rocks. There was utmost peril in going forward; there was no time to go back. Again the wail, but now louder, caught our ears. "Stand back, Hal, I'll try the jump." "Stop," shouted Hal, "look—at—the bundle. It's—it's moving. It—by Jove!—it's got up and flown away."

And there we stood staring at our black bundle, as it flew away in the shape of a couple of cormorants. Thanks to King Arthur, and the twilight, and the plaintiveness of the cry, we were "sold again." "Humanum est errare," as the second form boys say in their Latin exercises.

The delightful weather induced us to leave Tintagel on the next day for

"Fresh scenes and pastures new."

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## NIBBLINGS AT NEIGHBOURING NAMES OF PLACES.

PRAY excuse me for leaving you so abruptly, just as we were talking about the scarcity of hedgehogs. In point of fact, I heard the 4 o'clock bell for roll call, and had to run



up just to call off, you see. But the interruption has not been without use ; for I was full of hedgehogs, and, in fact, when my name was read, came near calling out—" Hedgehog !" instead of " Adsum ! " I managed to drown it in a husky cough, though ; and speaking to one of the fellows after, who has a fancy for white mice and insects generally, he tells me I'm quite mistaken ; there's plenty of hedgehogs about : he'll take me next summer and show me scores of them. He says I *may* have looked for them without success, but that only shows I have not looked in the proper place. The proper place, he remarks, is among the roots of hedges : not among the roots of words. Possibly he is right ; possibilities are endless.

Of roots that cost one a little nibbling, now, Harrow is an example. This name points back to an old English *Hearh*, or *Hearg*, just as *arrow*, *barrow*, *farrow*, *marrow* were in old times *earh* or *earg*, *bearh*, *fearh*, *mearh*, or *mearg*. In Domesday Book I found Harrow entered as *Herges*, which confirms the form *Hearg*. Now *Hearg* meant an idol temple, a heathen fane, and we may well suppose the isolated hill, now crowned with what Charles II. irreverently called the *visible church*, was once equally conspicuous as a great seat of idolatrous worship. But as there is another old word, *herge*, meaning an *army*, a *host*, some fancy that it might receive its name as the seat of a garrison or army for the defence of the district, which does not seem to me quite so likely. But, since there are two solutions, the reader (after paying his money) can take his choice. Hendon rather bothers one too : the *don* is easy enough, of course ; the ancient British *dun* meant, first, a hill, secondly, a *hill town*, for all towns were, if possible, built on hill tops, for security's sake then, and, thirdly, simply a fortified town. Our Saxon fathers evidently found *dun* very handy, as good as if it had been *done* to order, for they used it at once for the lower hills of the

South of England; and this in spite of the fact that they had already a word *dun* of their own, which meant *down*. I suppose there were nibblers at etymology then as now, who were sorely puzzled to find that *dun* had two such opposite meanings. I can fancy one of King Alfred's schoolmasters (if he had any) explaining to his class that a hill was called a *down*, because it was *not* down (*lucus a non lucendo*); and some ingenious second-form boy suggesting, "Perhaps, sir, it was called a *down*, because, when you get to the top, you must get *down* again." Plenty of these *downs* have come down to us, taking in composition the form *don*. Hendon, Neesdon, Willsdon are three of them all in a row, each of them occupying an elevated site, separated from the others by valleys. Willesdon, anciently *Wellesdun*, is the "hill of the Well;" Neesdon—*Neatesdun*—the hill of the neat cattle; Hendon is spelled in Domesday Book *Handone*, it may be Heandun, the high hill (like *Heanburh*, now *Hanbury*), or *henge-dun*, overhanging hill, for the gravel-hill on which the church stands rises very steeply from the plain below on several sides; nor is *henne-dun*, the hen-hill, quite out of the way, though I daresay Hendon people may think either of the former a trifle more dignified. Beyond Hendon is *The Hyde*, and the use of the article tends to show that down to a recent date this was still recognized as a common name; a *hyde* was a measure of land, about 120 acres; later, as much land as could be tilled with one plough, or would support one family; the word is the same as *hide*, and seems to tell that more people than Dido and her Phœnicians knew how to buy land—bargain for as much as a hide will cover, and then cut up your hide into the thinnest strips you can, and take possession of as much as you can enclose with it. I fear the dodge is behind the time of day now, but in those days land was of course of much less value; why, even in Domesday Book, I find a district of Middlesex entered as

Nanesmannesland, *i.e.*, *No-man's-land*. One would just rather like to find out where that plot lies, but the fear is that somebody has found it out long ago, and that it is No-man's-land no longer.

I have spoken of Celtic names, but in truth we have few of them left in our neighbourhood. In the south-east of England the struggle between Saxon and Briton was one of extermination. Only rarely did a Roman city like London retain the name given by the old race. The great natural features of the country, the overflowing rivers, and the everlasting hills generally did; but these in Middlesex are few and insignificant, with exception of old Father Thames, who waters its southern border. One of his tributaries, however, seems to bear an ancient British name, to wit, the Brent. There has been a great discussion of late as to the foulness of the Brent at Brentford, which has been spreading fever and disease all around its mouth, and it is curious to note that there is a whole cluster of old British roots, *brwnt*, *bront*, *brynti*, meaning foul, dirty, polluted. Perhaps, even in these olden days, the reflux of the tide up the Thames carried much scum and refuse into the mouth of the tributary stream, and made the Brent ford rather a miry crossing. Those who disagree with this explanation may find in the Welsh *bryn*, and its plural *bryned*, mountains, a satisfactory name for a stream whose sources are in the highest land of Middlesex. There is also *bran*, the overflow, a name given to many rivers; and last, but not lowest, *breint*, sovereignty, regal state, which evidently alludes to those famous personages, the "three kings of Brentford." "The question is," as Alice says, "if you *can* make one word have so many meanings?" Well, if Alice says it is a question, I say so too; that's certain. But what admits of no question is, that the *ford*, at the end of Brentford, is full of meaning. Take out your map of England and pick out the places ending in *ford*, and you

will find that nine-tenths of them lie on the ancient Roman roads, marking the spots where these great highways crossed the streams. Our forefathers called these Roman ways *Straete*, a corruption, they say, of *Strata*, which naughty Roman soldiers, who *would* speak such slangy Latin, used instead of *Via*, and hence Stratford, of which there are many in England, always means the ford on the Roman *Straete*. This very Edgware Road, after reaching St. Albans, runs on north-west through the heart of England to Chester, or *Castra legionum*, on the Dee, and along its route we find successively Fenny Stratford, Stony Stratford, Stratford-on-Avon, and Stafford. Where the eastern road crossed the Lee, at east end of London, we find another Stratford still, where a good English queen replaced the ford by a bow-bridge, the first in England, giving this Stratford the proud distinction of being Stratford-at-the-Bow.

But I must not waste so much time with other names. Finchley seems plain enough; when the parish was mostly an open common it was, no doubt, famed for the finches which frequented its grassy lea. Totteridge seems to be from the Anglo-Saxon *totian*, to be high, and to mean the *elevated ridge*—a capital description, when one thinks of the rapid slope of the ground away on either side, from the mile-and-a-half-long Green. Hampstead, anciently *Hamestede*, and still older *Hám-stede*, is simply *homestead*; the *p* has no more right in the spelling than in Thompson, Sampson. Highgate, the high or lofty road; Crouch Hill, the Hill of the Cross, though where the cross stood I cannot tell.

Mill Hill at last; well, this seems simple enough; my Anglo-Saxon Dictionary has no additional light to throw on this, and Domesday Book seems quite to have forgotten it. Never mind! the name must be a deal older than it looks, although it has been too self-conscious to



keep up its original spelling of Mylne-hyll. Where the wind-mill stood which gave its name to the hill, and distinguished it as the *Mill Hill*, even afar off, tradition tells not in her faintest breath, so long ago had it and all its traces disappeared. For aught we know it may have occupied the very same commanding site now covered by our School. The most rational theory on the subject would seem to be that it was totally destroyed by Don Quixote in the Third Crusade of that eighth champion of Christendom; though some may prefer to believe that the Mill came in process of time to be possessed by the miller who swallowed Tom Thumb, and consequently fell into disfavour with King Arthur and the Knights of his Table Round, who punished him by compelling him to remove his mill (under pain of its being done at his expense, by Old H. P., with his wheelbarrow), to Barnet Gate, on which occasion Merlin may have uttered the prophecy, which ought to be well known, but, unfortunately, has been preserved by no authority :—

Joy thee, Mylne-hyll ! thy Mylne is gone, I trow,  
Yet on thyne Hyll shall grindynge be enow ;  
Where churls were wont the corne for breade to grind,  
Shall many a younge man brede of knowledge fynde.  
If wyth thy grist at tymes there mingle chaffe,  
Wisdom, I weene, oft lurketh in a laugh !

The *grindynge* of the second line must clearly refer to “grinding” for Examinations. I believe that no authority has noticed the early use of the word in this sense.

Mill Hill is not unique in its name; as might be expected, there are several of them in England. As might be expected, too, none of them have become great towns; great towns in modern days have rather *low* tastes, and seem not to take to the tops of hills. The amusing Dreamer,

to whom we are all so indebted in last number of the Magazine, and who was introduced by his spiritual mentor to so many wonders of the Mill Hill that is to be, was not shown half its marvels. Why did not his guardian spirit take him to the Pneumatic-Biscuit Factory, where the native wealth of fresh air is to be compressed into a patent nutritious food to feed the inhabitants of the populous town? Or to the Physicohydraulicoparadoximatic Waterworks, by which Dollis Brook is to be taught to run up hill, so as to flush the streets and make swimming baths in every garden? And why was he not shown the Nihilomotive Aërial Railway, by which the teeming population are to be conveyed out and in to London, in contempt of the slow and leisurely ways of the 19th century, when people could actually afford the time to walk all the way to the bottom of the hill to the crawling locomotive that there awaited them? Fine thing that Aërial Railway—station just opposite School—how the tinkle of the bell comes floating on the breeze, as the long and densely-filled train starts on its trackless ethereal rails. Listen! there it comes, tinkle, tinkle, and tinkle yet again!

But, shade of King Alfred, burnt cakes and all! what am I thinking about? Bell of Aërial Railway, indeed! why, that was the bell for tea, and here am I lying down here, with Anglo-Saxon Dictionary and county map spread out at full breadth, and all these papers in such admirable confusion about. A tidy hop I must take across the field if I am to “call off” in proper order, and I know if Mr. ——— is ticking the fellows off he’ll keep the whole string of them waiting till I show up, and take three marks of me too, he will!

## ARBITRATION IN LIEU OF WAR.

[The following paper was read by W. Marston in opening the discussion at a recent meeting of the Debating Society.]

THE view of this subject which I uphold is perhaps not the one most popular, but at the same time it is the view which the deepest thinkers cannot fail to regard as the only true one. I know that to decide a quarrel by arbitration is considered by many as a mark of cowardice, a shrinking from what they regard as the only open way to settle disputes. Some such consideration as this will probably be adduced by our opponents; an appeal will be made to war-like feelings, to passions; Arbitration will be characterized as "sneakish,"—the resort of the cowardly,—while the slaughter of hundreds, nay, tens of thousands, of fellow-creatures will be represented as "glorious," "chivalrous," and "honourable." Ruin, oppression, and bloodshed will be passed over in silence, or, if referred to, treated as merely incidental, "For things like that, you know, must be after a famous victory."

But of what worth are such arguments as these, if arguments they be, when weighed against every consideration of humanity, morality, Christianity, nay, reason itself?

1. I affirm, then, in the first place, that War in itself and in its tendencies is opposed to every principle of morality and humanity; that it destroys the foundations of that amity which should subsist between man and man, and still more between nation and nation; that it gives rise to every form of violence and wrong, and that it lowers man's moral tone, and tends utterly to demoralize him.

These charges opponents must either admit or deny; if they admit them, then War can no longer be defended, as it is proved infamous and unworthy of a civilized race. Yet will they venture to deny them in the face of the murders with which Paris and Berlin have been ringing

since the close of the war, in the face of the millions of sufferers by the late war, smoking hamlets, ruined towns, men maimed and wounded, women and children robbed of their natural protectors? Let them ignore these if they dare.

2. In the second place I assert that War appeals to the passions, Arbitration to reason. This is, I should think, sufficiently obvious. War, once declared, opens the way to a torrent of passions, which can be appeased only by blood.

3. Then, again, the *injustice* of War can be doubted by no one. Is not duelling universally condemned? And why? What reason is there that can be urged against duelling which should not operate with tenfold force in regard to War? Who would venture now to maintain that "might is right?" Yet what is War but the tacit assertion of that principle? War can never of itself decide which party is right in the dispute that gives rise to the war.

4. Again, if War be resorted to, it will happen either that neither side must be victorious, and so nothing be gained, or else the victorious party will arbitrate in its own quarrel, and so there will be no chance of a fair adjustment. But this is not all: Arbitration may be substituted for War, but War can seldom or never be substituted for Arbitration. When one side or other is thoroughly exhausted, or more frequently both, then Arbitration steps in. So the enemies of Arbitration, to carry out their principles, must allow of no compromise. But if there is no compromise there will be no yielding, and the result of the war must be the extermination or enslavement of one of the two nations. But this cannot be effected; if there are those who would even defend such conduct, heaven be thanked that they are but few in number, and Arbitration, however the idea may be scouted, finally, after much useless waste of life and money, steps in to do what might just as well have been done at the outset.



5. It may be affirmed that Arbitration, however advisable at times, is not always possible. On this point I will quote the opinion of Earl Russell, which, coming from a leading statesman, should have great weight:—"On looking over the Wars of the last century," says the Earl, "and examining into their causes, I do not see one of these Wars in which, if there had been proper temper between the parties, the questions in dispute might not have been settled without recourse to arms."

6. War excites all the fiercest passions of man, and rouses hostilities between nations which often exist for centuries after the causes of the quarrel are over, as witness the hostility which existed for ages between the English and French, when the very name of a Frenchman was an abomination to the English.

7. For War, with all its attendant horrors, a tremendous price must be paid, while Arbitration, even if unfavourable, is comparatively inexpensive. War, or the chance of War, involves the nations of Europe in a total annual expense, even in time of peace, of £24,000,000 of money.

8. The advocates of War can quote poetry to any extent; why shouldn't I do the same? "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," and so on, as the poet of our childhood so pathetically writes. But poetry is not my vocation, and I will leave to my opponents to mould down stern facts by poetic language. I might add, moreover, that War deprives Europe of the services of 4,000,000 able-bodied men, who might otherwise be, in the language of political economy, "productive labourers." The blessings of peace have been descanted on with far more eloquence than I can pretend to, yet all these advantages are of necessity destroyed in one country at least on the outbreak of War. Yet, in spite of all this, there are those who will defend War as not only justifiable but as preferable to a peaceful adjustment of difficulties.

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9. Then, besides the blessings of peace, there are the horrors of War. These it is needless to dwell upon. Yet, with the shrieks of the wounded and dying ringing in their ears, regardless of the tears of widows and orphans, indifferent to the murmers of an overburdened country, there are those who would unhesitatingly plunge us into all these miseries rather than resort to Arbitration.

10. Moreover War but rarely attains its end—in modern times at least. Doubtless there have been exceptions, as in the Wars for supremacy carried on by the Romans; but look at the War of the Spanish succession, which ended, after vast waste of lives and money, in a treaty, in which the original causes of the war were left unadjusted. The same, too, was the case in the War with the United States, in 1812, and those colonies were themselves lost to England by ministers preferring War to Arbitration. The same might indeed be said of the only great War in which Britain has engaged in recent times, the Crimean. That War was to humble Russia, to destroy her influence in the East, to destroy Sebastopol, to exclude Russian vessels from the Black Sea for ever. Did it do so? Russia is nearer than ever to our Indian possessions, Sebastopol is a more invincible fortress than before, and as to the restrictions on the Black Sea, why, two years ago Russia coolly tore up the paper of condition and threw it in our faces, saying she did not mean to be bound by it any longer, and England and France looked on in helplessness—the latter could not, the former would not, protest.

But War is not only opposed to all principles of reason, humanity, and policy, but also to the whole spirit and teachings of Christianity itself. Those who acknowledge the divine authority of the Scriptures may shirk it as they will, but they cannot *deny* the condemnations of War and bloodshed so energetically laid down in the New Testament.

These arguments are enough to convince any reasonable

man, though irreligious; how, then, can any one who professes to be guided by the religion of the Prince of Peace, uphold War and bloodshed as preferable to a peaceful adjustment of difficulties? I might say much more on the subject, but I believe that if you will only throw aside all prejudice, and fairly weigh the arguments set before you, you will, with all men of true Liberal principles, agree that Arbitration is far preferable to War as a means of settling international quarrels.

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## SCHOOL NEWS.

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### OUR NUMBERS.

IN our October number it was our pleasant duty to record the great accession to the numbers of the School after the Long Vacation, and it is now our happiness to state that the commencement of the present Term sees another important increase, and that the number of boys on the roll is now 135, being *one more* than the School ever had in its palmiest days in the olden time. This is, of course, a source of great gratification to us, all the more so that, from the numbers that left at Christmas, after the Cambridge Examinations (which render Christmas the regular leaving time now instead of the commencement of the Long Vacation), we thought it not unlikely that we should fail to supply their places during the first Term. The number that left at Christmas was 18, all from the higher forms; the number of new boys is 27, principally, of course, though not exclusively, in the Junior Forms. The strength of the forms is at present: Sixth, 5; Senior Fifth, 18; Junior Fifth, 11; Senior Fourth, 24; Junior Fourth, 22; Third, 21; Second, 19; First, 14. Of the forms above the First, 74 are Grecians and 46 Moderns. The loss of so many elder boys has of course made a great difference to our games, at least to our Football teams, for of course nothing is yet arranged as to cricket, though, when the season comes, we shall miss the batting and bowling power of many that have gone.

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### THE CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

THE Pass-list of the Examinations, held in December last, has just reached us, and we are truly pleased to see that, even as last year showed



an advance on its predecessor, so this year also shows a larger per-centage of successful candidates than last. We specially congratulate the two Senior Candidates, who have gained credit to themselves and their School by carrying off First-Class Honours; and this reminds us that we might have had more in the same position, but for the fact that those boys of the Sixth Form who were preparing for an immediate University Examination did not go in at Christmas for the Locals. The List is as follows :—

#### SENIORS.

*First-Class Honours.*—W. Marston (special distinction in Religious Knowledge and French), E. S. Weymouth.

*Third-Class Honours.*—E. R. Prentice (special distinction in Heat and allied Branches of Science).

*Pass Certificate.*—J. Bickford, W. W. Callander, A. Edwards, J. G. M. Furnivall, S. Goward, J. W. James, C. S. Layton, J. Q. Panks, J. S. Puckridge, H. A. Ritchie, W. A. Rowell, J. Ritchie, H. K. Smith, J. P. Scrutton, R. Temperley.

#### JUNIORS.

*Second-Class Honours.*—W. A. Statham (examined at Hull Centre).

*Third-Class Honours.*—L. Dewhurst, A. A. Hannay (distinguished in Religious Knowledge), H. Harley, F. H. Thorpe (distinguished in English), W. Whyte.

*Pass Certificate.*—R. R. Bennett, J. W. Bennett, H. M. Kersey, R. B. Morris, F. S. Preston, R. H. Spence, R. J. Wells.

We are pleased to see also that two of our new companions, R. W. Potter and J. R. Tanner, have also passed as Juniors from the Schools which they previously attended—the former in Second, the latter in Third-Class Honours.

### PRESENTATION TO MR. HENRY J. TUCKER.

AS soon as it became generally known in the School that Mr. Tucker, who has been associated with it, as an Assistant Master, ever since its re-opening in 1869, had resolved to leave at Christmas last, in order to complete his University studies, there was a wide-spread feeling among the boys that a master who had so thoroughly identified himself with their interests, both in the schoolroom and the play field, should not be allowed to go without some proof of the appreciation in which he had been held among us. To give tangible expression to their feelings, it was resolved to present him with some memorial of his stay at Mill Hill, and subscriptions having been quietly collected for the purpose, a handsome sum was realized, which was devoted to the purchase of a marble time-piece and set of vases to match. The time-piece bore the inscription, on a silver plate :—

*"To HENRY J. TUCKER, ESQ., from the Mill Hill Boys,  
Christmas, 1873."*

The presentation took place at the close of Mr. Harley's lecture, on the evening of the 19th December, when there was a considerable attendance of visitors in addition to the boys.

C. Downing, who had been deputed to make the presentation in name of the School, ascended the platform, and, unveiling the testimonial, which had hitherto stood in muffled concealment upon a table, said :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the pleasant duty to night, on behalf of the boys of Mill Hill School, of asking Mr. Tucker to be so kind as to accept this present, a slight token of the boundless respect and esteem in which we hold him, and of the gratitude which we feel towards him for the services he has rendered us. These services you all know. He has been the guiding hand in the gymnasium, in the cricket, and football field. Now that the pilot has conducted us over the shoals and shallows and leaves the ship, let us, as it fast recedes into the deep sea of prosperity, assemble on the stern, and wish him a hearty good-bye, success in life, and enjoyment of its blessings, and give him three hearty good cheers. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!!"

The cheers, it need hardly be added, were given with unequivocal fervour. When they subsided, Mr. Tucker made his way to the platform, and, with considerable agitation, returned thanks. He said :—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you all most heartily for your very handsome present, and more than this, for the goodwill which prompted you to this; and I thank you, Downing, for the very kind terms in which you have spoken of me. It is a very great addition to a man's reward for his labours, in such a school as this, if he can feel that he has won the esteem, and even the affection, of those who have passed through the School; and if I may take this your present as an expression of such esteem, I shall feel more than repaid for any efforts of mine on your behalf.

"I am sure none of you will expect me to say much on such an occasion as this. It is not often in a man's lifetime that he has to say 'good-bye' to a hundred and fifty of his friends in one evening, and I find the feelings called forth not at all conducive to oratory, even were I an orator born; but I should like to say just one word to you all before I go, that I may have the pleasure of remembering it when that bright future to which Mill Hill is hastening shall have fully come. And to the Lower School I would say, 'It is to you we look for the future success of the School. Yours is a very responsible position; and the success of our future Sixth Forms and First Fifteens will depend largely on the thoroughness with which you learn your Latin rules and football rules while in the Lower School. Save yourselves now, while you have the opportunity, from the chances of that biting remorse which failures in the future, as the result of a neglected past, must bring.'

“ ‘And I would ask you of the Upper School who will be here next Term to remember that you are the backbone and strength of the School, and that with you it lies to preserve and raise its high character. And I feel sure that you of the Upper School who, like myself, are leaving now, will keep sacred the memory of Mill Hill in your hearts, and will ever strive to elevate in men’s eyes the true standard of a Mill Hill boy.’

“All, then, have weighty duties to fulfil; and I should like to remind you of what you have been taught by far abler lips than mine, that you will not find your own strength sufficient for them; but that when you seek and obtain your help from above, you need shrink from none of them. Your work has been given you by heaven, and thence you must obtain the power to do it.

“But I am not here to lecture to you, or to preach you a sermon, but to *thank* you; and once again I *do* thank you for the goodwill and friendship which have made my work here so pleasant. From the very first days of the School I have always found a ready and kindly response to any efforts of mine for the good of the place, and it is for this, as well as for your most handsome gift, that I ask you to accept my heartiest thanks. Most sincerely I wish you all in your glad homes ‘A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.’” (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Dr. Weymouth rose, and testified to the pleasure with which he was present on this occasion. When, some months ago the Mill Hill Boys had, of their spontaneous idea, presented a somewhat similar tribute of affection to Miss Cooke (cheers), he had expressed his opinion that that tribute was richly merited and fittingly bestowed. He had the same to say with regard to this. He had only one word to say: that was to assure our visitors that though this present came from the boys, it was not they alone who appreciated Mr. Tucker. By his fulfilment of his duties here, he had won the esteem and respect of *all*, and he was anxious that it should be known that Mr. Tucker was leaving us with *all* our good wishes and kindly sympathies.

The Rev. R. Harley also bore his testimony to Mr. Tucker’s worth and excellence, and said that Mr. Tucker was a strong disciplinarian, and had not gained his popularity among the boys by any indulgence of idleness or disorder. He rejoiced that his labours had been so appreciated, and that the boys had shown so good a spirit with regard to this spontaneous tribute of their esteem.

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## COURSE OF LECTURES.

At the commencement of last Term we had to congratulate our fellow-scholars on the distinguished list of lectures then provided for them; we have now to renew our congratulations in view of the list for the present Term, here subjoined:—

Jan. 23. J. Carvell Williams, Esq. *The House of Commons.*

Feb. 16. B. Clarke, Esq. *Arctic Regions and Whale Fishing*, with a Panorama.

March 3. W. Spottiswoode, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S. *Polarisation of Light*, with Experiments and Illustrations.

March 17. Rev. G. W. Conder. *Sketches of Character.*

April 1. B. Scott, Esq., F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the City of London. *Comets.*

Owing to the lateness of the present issue, two of the above lectures have already been delivered, and we are enabled to give an account of them along with those of last Term, which followed the issue of our December number, in which we noticed those that had already been delivered.

SCIENTIFIC AERIAL VOYAGES.—On Tuesday, *December 9*, we were honoured by a visit from the celebrated meteorologist, James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., of the Greenwich Observatory, who, after telling us that this was his second visit to Mill Hill, but that in the former he had alighted here from the trackless regions of air, proceeded to give graphic descriptions of some of his most memorable aerial ascents. He described the perfect smoothness and steadiness of the balloon when in motion, rendering it quite impossible, without the aid of external objects and the observation of the barometer, to tell whether the aeronaut is moving, or in what direction. He told us of the glorious aspect presented by the many-coloured surface of the earth when seen from the realms of air, and by the clouds when viewed from above; of the danger incurred in passing through a dense mass of clouds from their discharging their liquid contents into the balloon and weighting it more than can be counterbalanced by throwing out sand in its descent. Many of his own special experiences were narrated, as how, after passing through 2,000 or 3,000 feet of cloud he narrowly escaped falling into the sea; the various sensations were vividly portrayed that succeeded each other as he rose one, two, three, and even six and a-half miles, from the earth's surface, the latter distance as yet unsurpassed by any aeronaut, and long likely to be so, as it was little less than miraculous that Mr. Glaisher and his companion, Mr. Coxwell, then came down alive. After thus describing the pleasures and perils of balloon-voyaging, the learned lecturer showed that the ascents of the aeronaut were no mere foolhardy ventures, but had a most important scientific value, in both making original discoveries and verifying the calculations of theory as to the temperature and pressure of the air, existence of contrary wind-currents in different strata, thickness of clouds, &c. These points were illustrated by large and beautiful diagrams. He concluded by reading us the notes of the night ascent which brought him to Mill Hill, which we have the pleasure of here re-producing:—

“ASCENT FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AUGUST 26TH, 1862.—The air was almost calm; the instruments were all fixed before starting,



and the balloon left the Crystal Palace at 6h. 26m. p.m., the temperature at the time being 66 deg.; dew-point, 54 deg. By 6h. 35m. we were half a mile high, the temperature being 56 deg. At 6h. 37m. the height of three-quarters of a mile was attained, and the air was so tranquil that we were still over the Palace. At 6h. 43m., when at the height of nearly a mile, a thick mist or thick cloud was entered, the earth being just visible. The temperature at this time was 50 deg.; dew-point, 46 deg.; this elevation and temperature were maintained for about five minutes, and we then descended 200 or 300 feet. Kennington Oval was in sight. At 7h. 9m. St. Mark's Church, Kennington, was exactly underneath us. We were now about a mile in height, with a temperature of 48 deg., and dew-point 46 deg.; the hum of London was heard, and there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. A descent was gradually made to 1,200 feet by 7h. 20m. The lamps were being lighted over London, the hum of London greatly increasing in depth. At this time shouting was heard of people who saw the balloon. A height of between 1,500 and 2,500 feet was maintained till 7h. 40m., the temperature varying from 57 to 54 deg., and dew-point 47 deg. The river appeared dull, but the bridges that spanned it, as well as street after street as lighted up, and the miles of lights, sometimes in straight lines, sometimes winding like a serpent, or in some places forming a constellation at some place of amusement, constituted a truly remarkable scene, associated as this appearance was with the deep sound, or rather roar, of the traffic of the metropolis. For a considerable time Kennington Oval and Millbank Penitentiary were in sight, and it seemed as though we could not get away from them. At 7h. 40m. Mr. Coxwell determined to ascend above the clouds. We were then about 2,500 feet high, and the temperature was 53 deg.; dew-point, 46 deg. At 7h. 42m. a height of 3,500 feet was attained, the temperature being 51 deg. At 7h. 47m. a height of one mile had been reached, and the temperature was 45 deg.; dew-point, 42 deg. It was very dark below, but there was a clear sky above, and a beautiful gleam of light appeared. We still ascended till the clouds were below us, tinged and coloured with a rich red; the temperature had now fallen to 43 deg.; we were soon enveloped in a fog again. At 7h. 52m. the striking of a clock and the tolling of a bell were heard. It was quite dark below, but the sun tinged the tops of the clouds. At 8h. 5m. we were quite above the clouds, and it became light again; the hum of London gradually died away. By this time the temperature had increased to 55 deg., the barometer reading 23 inches, corresponding to a height of 7,400 feet. After this we descended, and it became too dark to read the instruments. London again was seen, very different indeed in its appearance from when we could pick out every square, street, bridge, &c., by its lights; now, as seen through the mist, it had the appearance of a large conflagration of enormous extent, and the sky was lit up for miles around. After a time the lowing of cattle was heard, and we seemed to

have left London, so Mr. Coxwell determined to pass through the clouds and examine the country beneath. We passed from the comparative light above to the darkness beneath, momentarily becoming darker, and found ourselves some little distance from London, and shortly afterwards touched the ground, so gently that we were scarcely aware of the contact, in the centre of a field at Mill Hill, about one mile and a-half from Hendon, and it was resolved to anchor the balloon for the night, with the view of making an early morning ascent. By half-past four, a.m., the instruments were replaced, and the earth was again left. As we ascended over Mill Hill, it was a dull, warm, cloudy morning, still rather dusk, the sky overcast with cirrostratus cloud. The temperature was nearly as high as 61 deg., and dew-point 59 deg. There were in the car, besides Mr. Coxwell and myself, Captain Percival, of the Connaught Rangers, Mr. Ingelow, and my son."

The result of the second day's ascent was that the balloon passed gently northwards, and about 6 p.m. reached the ground, as gently as on the preceding eve, at Dunton Lodge, near Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire.

[As some of Mr. Glaisher's auditors expressed great anxiety to know the actual spot where the aeronauts landed, we have inquired among the villagers, and caught one of the only two men who saw the balloon come down, and assisted at the departure next morning. The landing took place in one of Mr. Woolley's fields by the pathway to Hendon, known as the Archway Road, at a spot which used to be crossed by the boys every Sunday when they attended morning service at Hendon. It was in Mr. Woolley's farmhouse, by the Great Northern Railway, that the aeronauts passed the night.]

**SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.**—On Friday, 19th December, the Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., whose name we all know well, gave us a most eloquent and amusing lecture on this subject. The way in which various skilful and clever tricks, passing under the absurd name of Spiritualism, are done, was brought to light, and it was shown how, by the aid of simple mechanism and optical apparatus, many of the most wonderful phenomena attendant upon the so-called Spirit-rapping and table turning had been produced, so as even to deceive professed "mediums." Mr. Harley also explained how it is that apparitions are often supposed to be seen by persons whose nerves of sensation are in an abnormal or diseased condition, and pointed out how absurd it is that spirits should be supposed capable of perpetrating the silly tricks ascribed to them.

The following syllabus of the lecture will serve to indicate its varied and interesting character:—Man, a mystery to himself—Faith in spiritual existences—Abstract possibility of apparitions—"Stranger than fiction"—Mr. Home and his performances—Recent "spiritual manifestations"—Wonderful phenomena explained—Spectral appearances purely subjective—Nicholai, the Berlin bookseller—Delirium tremens—An overwrought state of mind—Anecdotes—Swedenborg—Joan of Arc—The biter bitten—Folly of playing at Ghosts—Baldarroch—Moral and religious lessons.

Mr. Harley closed his most interesting, instructive, and amusing lecture amid general applause, which was perhaps all the more hearty, as for most boys the Cambridge Local Examination had that day also closed, and numbers expected to see their homes and friends on the morrow.

1874.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The first of the lectures this Term was on Friday, 30th *January*, and it passed off with much pleasure to all who heard it. The lecturer was J. Carvell Williams, Esq. After describing the new Palace of Westminster and the actual material House in which the representatives of the people meet, Mr. Williams went on to picture to us the manners and customs of the House, as they used to be, and as they are now. He explained the office and duties of the various officials, showing how hard were the duties of some of them, especially the Speaker, who has sometimes to sit for eight hours' in succession, and represents the dignity of the House on all State occasions. The lecture brought before us very graphically all the features of the subject, and afforded the audience equal pleasure and instruction.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—On *February 16th*, Mr. B. Clarke, the well-known author of "Pounceford Hall," and many other works, and editor of "Kind Words," gave us his most enlivening lecture on this subject. The magic name of a "Panorama" had attracted a much larger concourse of visitors from the village and neighbourhood than on any former occasion; the hall was crowded, and we heard an appreciative villager behind us say, "This beats the Penny Readings all to sticks!"—and truly, the panorama was no mean accompaniment of the lecture. This consisted of a picturesque account of a whaling expedition to the North Seas, with a succession of tableaux depicting its most striking incidents; also an interesting narrative of the voyage of the "Fox," in search of the noble Sir John Franklin in 1857, one of the crew of that expedition being along with the lecturer, while another live specimen of an Esquimaux—or, at least, rigged out in a complete Esquimaux dress of seal-skin—at an appropriate crisis in the lecture perambulated the room, and exposed himself to the "stroking-down" and poking-up of the audience. The voyage of the "Fox" had both its amusing and tragic scenes: among the latter was the solemn spectacle of a death and burial in the Polar Seas, and the discovery of a boat beneath a snow-drift, containing two bleached skeletons, lying feet to feet—all that remained of two of the long-lost crew of the "Erebus" and "Terror." The last tableau showed Sir John Franklin himself, with the various relics found by the exploring party, including the Bible, which had cheered them in their lonely hour of death in these desolate regions. The lecturer also exhibited many other objects from the Polar Seas—as the spear of a narwhal, foot of a white bear, layer of whalebone, &c., &c. The manner in which he passed from grave to gay—from sportive to severe—was quite a treat, as



were the songs with which he interspersed his narrative, and the specimens of naval ditties and sailors' yarns with which the mariners beguile the tedious hours of a winter in the frozen North. We should say there was more fun in it than in any lecture we have had, though every fable had its moral. We need not add that the vote of thanks was accorded with special applause. Thanks were also given to Mr. Emery, for his musical accompaniments and interludes to the lecture.

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## THE LIBRARY.

IN accordance with a wish long entertained, and to which expression was given in our last number, a case has been provided for the separate reception of the Sunday books, so that we have now two distinct Libraries, one consisting of books for daily use, the other exclusively for Sunday reading. Two sub-Librarians have also been appointed, to attend its various minor duties, as well as to draw up a catalogue, to be immediately printed, of all the books. Along with this, arrangements have been made whereby greater facilities have been secured in issuing books to readers, especially on Sunday mornings.

The Sunday Library has received a handsome donation of three volumes from Benjamin Clarke, Esq., viz.:—"Across the Sea," "From Tent to Palace," and "The First Heroes of the Cross." To the General Library he has also sent two volumes of "Kind Words," and "Pounceford Hall." All these are works of the donor himself, a circumstance which adds to the interest of the donation; and we have now the pleasure of presenting him with the hearty thanks of the School for his liberality.

Our late school-fellow (and we may add, fellow-editor), Charles Downing, who left us at Christmas, has enriched our collection of modern literature, by the handsome gift of the works of Thomas Carlyle, in 25 vols. From W. A. Rowell we have received the magnificently illustrated "Forces of Nature," by A. Guilmmin; from J. J. Johnston, "Heartsease;" from R. Temperley, "The Earth and Sea."

We have very great pleasure in thus recording in each number of the Magazine the increase of our Library, and on the present occasion we congratulate the School especially on the beneficial improvements that have been made, especially in regard to the starting of the independent Sunday Library. And while we thank all the Old Boys (how their number swells each year!) who have so generously contributed to the growths of our collection, we would remind those who have not yet done so, that their contributions will still be accepted with pleasure, and that if they are in doubt as to what books to give, from uncertainty as to whether they may be already in the Library, a note to the Librarian will furnish them with all information and advice required.



## DEBATING SOCIETY.

WE have still to report one meeting belonging to last Term, Subject :—  
“*Ancients v. Moderns.*”

The debate was opened by C. Downing, who read an able paper upholding the superiority of the Ancients. He maintained that in many subjects they were more advanced and showed greater knowledge than men of the present day. The precious relics of their sculptures, the ruins of their architecture, as, for example, the wondrous remains of Thebes, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, were cited as proofs of their unrivalled advancements in these arts; at the same time he admitted that painting, and more especially the art of war, is carried on now to a much greater extent, and with more results than formerly. He thought that many of the pet institutions and doctrines of the present day were in a very tottering and rickety condition. As well might a blind man pride himself in his spectacles, or a lame man in his crutch, as the blinded guides of modern opinion, who rejoice when they see women leaving their own proper sphere and taking part in affairs which do not concern them!

A. C. Field then read an excellent paper, taking the opposite side. He thought that though the Ancients had done much for the progress of the world, yet we, at the present time, enjoy far more happiness and comfort than ever they did; and as happiness is the mainspring of human action, he held its greater diffusion to be a criterion of the more successful and more truly fruitful action of modern times. While we admire them for any obedience to duty (for he would not depreciate the ages now gone by), yet we would never wish to be in their place.

T. A. Gurney supported the opener of the debate by saying that the literature of the Ancients was of a far more elevated style than that of the Moderns, as seen in such men as Virgil, Homer, and Horace. He also went on to speak further, on the glories of that golden age when there were no such things as knives and forks, soap, or chimney-pots.

W. Marston supported Field, and charged the opener and last speaker with appealing to conventional claptrap rather than to reason. He wished to know what was the *effect* produced by Demosthenes compared with that produced by Pitt. He also answered many of the arguments of Downing.

Downing having replied, W. C. Cunningham rose as another advocate of the Moderns, for it was his opinion that the Ancients laboured only for their own aims, knowing nothing of the modern and Christian principle of disinterested benevolence; how, therefore, can we now be said to go backwards, or even to stand still?

E. S. Weymouth, H. T. Atkin, E. R. Prentice, and W. Rowell also spoke in the course of the evening. The majority of votes were in favour of the Moderns, and, after the usual compliment had been paid to the Chairman, the meeting was brought to a close.

*Feb. 3rd, 1874.*—Subject:—“*Is an active Foreign Policy compatible with Domestic Legislation?*” This debate was to settle the Government and Opposition for the future debates. G. Emery, Esq., B.A., was Speaker of the House; and Messrs. Goodger and Leslie were present during the debate. T. A. Gurney first read a paper affirming that Foreign Policy is not compatible with Domestic Legislation. He thought that while the eyes of ministers are directed towards their own country, they cannot at the same time be directed towards other countries, and that, in order to the progressive improvement of our own institutions, these should be first looked to before other affairs farther from home. Having compared the two policies, he showed that while Foreign Policy held the first place the country was not benefited so much. A. Edwards followed the opener by upholding that Foreign Policy is compatible with Domestic Legislation. He showed that if Foreign Policy was used aright and in proper measure the two would work together well, and tend to give the nation a higher standing in the eyes of the world. As to war, which Gurney had just before said to be brought about so often by Foreign Policy, he said that it was because we were not strong enough in our Foreign Policy, and that our foreign affairs were not managed so well as they might be.

E. S. Weymouth and W. Marston then spoke on behalf of Foreign Intervention, and combated many of the facts and arguments adduced by Gurney.

T. A. Gurney then replied to the various charges of the two previous speakers, and also combated the arguments of Edwards.

The house then divided; the Noes, who agreed with the opener of the debate, going out of one door and the Ayes at another. The result was: Noes, 4; Ayes, 24. Tellers, J. Puckridge and R. J. Wells.

The Government, therefore, for the next debate would be composed of 24, and the opposition of only 4.

*Feb. 9th, 1874.*—Subject:—“*Which is most conducive to the welfare of a country, Arbitration or War?*”—Since the last debate, T. A. Gurney had been elected leader of the Opposition, and A. Edwards of the Government. The resolution had before been carried that if the Opposition should obtain a majority of 10 or more votes, it should unseat the Government. W. Marston commenced the debate in favour of Arbitration.

His paper appears in full as an article in this Magazine, to which we therefore refer the reader.

A. C. Field stood up to support War, for which his arguments were—that War teaches a people to make sacrifices and noble efforts; that War draws off those men who will not settle down to any particular work; that War gives a nation a history; that War is not essentially bad, as the Christian life is constantly compared to it in the Bible; that War produces poetry—with specimens of which he concluded.

E. S. Weymouth supported the opener, and said that if we had been

harming the Americans, we ought to pay something, and that the amount had been lessened by Arbitration.

T. A. Gurney, the leader of the Opposition, supported Field, and said, that War had been an agent of civilization; that Arbitration was only the resource of a trembling nation, and was a miserly, higgling way of getting out of war.

A. Edwards (leader of the Government), reviewed what had already been said; he did not think that War was so conducive to the welfare of a country as Arbitration.

W. Marston then summed up, answering objections.

As it seemed likely that the division would be a close one, no little excitement prevailed to learn the result. The Tellers reported 15 for Arbitration, against 12 for War. The Government was thus victorious by a majority of 3.

## THE SCHOOL GAMES.

### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

*January 23rd, 1874.*—The Vice-Master (Rev. R. Harley, Treasurer), in the Chair.—A. C. Field, T. A. Gurney, and A. Edwards were severally appointed, by open voting, a Provisional Committee.

This Committee, after a brief conference with the Vice-Master—in which it was resolved that A. Edwards should act as Secretary of the Games—recommended that the School should elect, by secret voting, six other boys to act with them as a Games Committee, three of them to be chosen by the whole School, and three by the Lower School only. This recommendation having been adopted, the result of the voting was as follows:—

*Original Committee*—A. C. Field, T. A. Gurney, A. Edwards.

*Additional Members*—R. Homan, T. A. Atkin, A. C. Smith.

*Representatives of the Lower School*—W. T. Ryle, F. H. Townend, C. E. Southwell.

*January 28th.* (Rev. R. Harley, Treasurer, in the Chair).—It was resolved that there should be Bigside at foot-ball twice a week for a month, every boy being requested to join—the Upper School playing in the upper field, and the Juniors in the lower.

It was also agreed to adopt the plan of having School runs, of a length of five miles or thereabout, once a week; and that the first of these should be the “Echo House Run,” to take place on Saturday, the 30th.

*February 18th.*—The following articles were proposed by the School as fit for prizes for the Athletic Sports, viz.:—Knives, cups, writing-desks, cricket-bats, foils, boxing-gloves, microscopes, pencil-cases, purses, medals, telescopes, riding-whips.



*February 25th.*—The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. It was resolved that masks, as well as foils, should be added to the list of prizes for the Athletic Sports; and that the vaulting-horse should not be removed from the Gymnasium; and that no one should use the horse at all, unless having on gymnastic shoes or light slippers.

A. H. Scott White, Esq., offered a prize of two guineas' value to the champion player at fives, to be competed for before the day fixed for the Athletic Sports. The thanks of the School were unanimously voted to Mr. White for his most kind offer, which was accepted with acclamation.

#### THE SCHOOL RUNS.

THESE runs are principally for exercise, and to afford a little training for the coming Athletic Sports, and no race at all is made of it, a steady pace being kept up all along; and those who get tired, falling off at any moment.

The first was the "Echo House Run," a round of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, on which some thirty boys started off at a gentle trot. The time taken was a little less than half an hour.

The second was up Highwood Hill and along the Totteridge Road, coming back across the fields, and much the same length as the previous one.

The last was longer, extending for about seven or eight miles, and taking little more than an hour. The road down past the Great Northern Railway was first followed; but before reaching Finchley Station, the branch road off to the left was taken. At the end of this a small lane stretches as far as Totteridge; and the run was completed along the Totteridge Road, and round by Highwood Hill home.

We were glad to notice the benefit derived from the previous runs, inasmuch as about eight boys came in on this occasion in a batch.

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#### MILL HILL ATHLETICS.

WE have to announce that our Athletic Sports will take place on Saturday, *March 21st*. We trust that they will prove as successful as they were last year, though we have been obliged to fix them at a date at once rather early and bordering rather closely on our Football Season. As, however, it is considered not desirable to have them next Term, when we wish to give our whole spare time to cricket, we are confined to the day named. Very many of those who carried off the rewards and honours of victory last year have left us, yet we hope that there are still, and year after year will always be, many more who will worthily fill their places. We shall be glad to see all Old Boys who may be able to give us a look up on the occasion—their number increases annually—as well as all other friends of the School—and they, too, are many—who can spend an enjoyable afternoon in watching our sports. This intimation in the pages of the Magazine will make the fact more widely known. We hope sincerely that no untoward weather may mar the pleasure of the day.



## FOOT-BALL.

THE changes which have taken place in the School at Christmas have left our Fifteens much weakened, and it will be a long time before we can hope to produce a team equal to that of last Term. Feeling this, it was arranged at the beginning of the present Term that, for the sake of practice, there should be Bigside games once a week for the first month, in which all boys should join—the Upper School playing in Mr. Bishop's field, and the juniors in the playfield. These have been very generally joined in, and have been successful in securing an increased interest in the game.

The First Fifteen has had to lament the loss of some of its ablest members, viz.:—C. Downing, J. G. M. Furnivall, W. W. Callander, C. S. Layton, C. W. Cunnington, J. Bickford, C. W. Symons, and J. J. Bellot. The Second, in addition to having to supply in part these blanks in the First, has lost M. Whitwill and T. H. W. Buckley.

The First Fifteen now consists of A. C. Field (Captain), E. S. Weymouth, A. Edwards, R. Homan, L. Dewhurst, A. C. Smith, W. T. Ryle, T. A. Gurney, H. T. Atkin, W. Whyte, J. P. Scrutton, J. O. Cash, S. A. Hiley, J. S. Blomfield.

The Second Fifteen consists of M. E. Burnyeat (Captain), G. Higgs, J. H. Townend, J. W. Sharpe, T. B. Piesse, J. E. Lewis, G. J. Goodman, R. J. Wells, A. E. Sprague, F. S. Preston, H. K. Smith, H. Davenport, C. E. Southwell, W. A. Statham.

The matches for the present Term having been arranged at the beginning of Michaelmas Term, when we had a strong Fifteen, will, we fear, prove rather stiff for our existing team; but, as will be seen in the two already played, we have not utterly failed—thanks mainly to the assistance lent by Old Boys who have come to our aid, including T. Micklem, N. Micklem, B. F. Smith, and J. Powell. Mr. Tucker also gave us good help at Hendon.

The following are the matches played in the end of last Term; we reserve those of the present season till our next:—

BRUCE CASTLE *v.* M. H. S., *December 6th.*—This, our return match, played at Bruce Castle, proved less disastrous to us than the first. M. H. S. lost the toss, and our opponents selected to kick off with a hill slightly in their favour. The game was very evenly contested on account of the good play of M. H. S. throughout, and the running and drop-kicking of several Brucians, among whom C. Tomkinson was most conspicuous. A little before half-time, Bruce Castle obtained a touch-down, from which a goal resulted. Ends being changed both sides played up with greater spirit, and M. H. S. compelled the Brucians to touch-down in self-defence. They, however, obtained another goal towards the end of the game. When time was called, we had the ball in close proximity to their goal.

M. H. S. *v.* OLD BOYS, *December 13th.*—This, which was also a return

match, was played in our upper field, and resulted in a victory for the home team by 2 goals and 2 rouges to nil. On account of the visitors bringing only nine men, the School was obliged to supply them with four. The ball was started by M. H. S. at about 4 o'clock, and owing to our opponents' weight and the advantage of a slight undulation of the ground, we were at first slightly penned; but M. H. S. soon scored a rouge, which ended in a goal. Soon after, half-time was called, and both sides played up well—T. Micklem and N. Micklem especially distinguishing themselves for the Old Boys; while C. Downing, and others of M. H. S. made some capital runs. Towards the end, M. H. S. Present decidedly kept their predecessors at bay, and Field secured a touch-down, from which another goal resulted. The Old Boys present were T. Micklem, N. Micklem, B. F. Smith, F. A. Davis, E. H. M. Gunn, Hoburn, E. S. Curwen, and C. Curwen.

M. H. S. *v.* GROVE HOUSE, *December 20th.*—This match, which was to have taken place at Mill Hill, was, to suit their convenience, played at Grove House. The ground was abominably dirty; and owing to this, either running or kicking was almost out of the question. However, both sides managed to keep their legs, and a few good runs were made—the Captain of our opponents especially doing his utmost to reach our goal. After half-time was called, Downing made a good run for M. H. S. and obtained a touch-down, which was disputed, but eventually ceded by them, and was converted into a goal by Field. After this, both sides played up with renewed determination, and a rouge was secured by M. H. S. The game was now drawing to a close, when their Captain ran in, secured a touch, and a goal was the result. The game having been thus a drawn one, in which both sides had done good work, terminated very pleasantly.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PAPER-CHASES.

*To the Editors of the Mill Hill Magazine.*

DEAR SIRS,—I have noticed with very considerable regret that your announcements in one of our back numbers, as regards the contemplated Paper-chases, have not been carried into effect. In my younger days at Mill Hill, we were in the habit of starting the hares every Wednesday afternoon from the portico, in the same manner as you gave notice in your columns, and I took (if I may be allowed to say it) a very active part in the chase, and it is this which gives me peculiar interest in the matter. I understand that the chief reason why you gave up this healthy and highly exciting pastime was because a death lately occurred at a school in the north, through a small boy's stupidity in swimming a stream on a cold day, and continuing to run in his wet clothes. Of course, if every boy were to be overcome in this way by his spirits, and be led to follow his unreflecting impulses, instead of his senses, no one would be surprised to hear that

many deaths resulted therefrom; but I hope that those boys at Mill Hill who would wish to lead the chase as hares, or follow as hounds, have more grains of sense in their composition than he who thus suffered for his wanton folly. I have no doubt that if the affair is viewed in this light, you will have little difficulty in seeing your way to resume your chases. Hoping that these remarks may find a place in your columns, I beg to sign myself,

Yours, &amp;c.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Foss Lodge, 27th January, 1874.

\*\*\* We have much pleasure in inserting "A Subscriber's" letter, and thank him for the interest he manifests in our amusements. But he is under a misapprehension in supposing that Paper-chases have been given up; those which did not come off last term on the days settled, were prevented by School reasons of various kinds. On Wednesday, February 3rd, we had a splendid chase, in which nearly all the School joined, through Edgware, across the fields to Kenton, and on through Kingsbury, Hyde and Hendon. A. Edwards and H. T. Atkin were the hares, and arrived home 12 minutes before the first of the hounds.

#### THE OLD BOYS' FOOT-BALL MATCH.

*To the Editors of the Mill Hill Magazine.*

DEAR SIRS,—Will you allow me to call attention to what I cannot help thinking a very inaccurate account given in your last number of the Foot-ball match, Mill Hill Past v. Present, 5th November.

In justice to the Old Boys, it ought to have been stated that the goal you mention as having been nicely kicked by the Captain was disputed, many being of opinion that the ball passed not over the bar, but over the post. However that may be, it must be recollected, that according to Rugby Union Rules, the kick was not allowable at all, because the ball had not been touched down on the goal line in bringing it out, and a question was raised about this at the time.

Mr. T. Micklem, whom you place among your opponents, did not in reality take part in the game, but merely acted as Umpire for Mill Hill Past.

Permit me to say that the Mill Hill boys of the Past have not the slightest objection to be beaten by the Mill Hill boys of the Present, at Foot-ball or any other manly game; on the contrary, they are the rather pleased by such a result as speaking well for the present condition of the School, but what they do most strongly object to, is to see a report of such match, which is—to say the least—not strictly fair, although I do not for a moment mean to say that it is *intentionally* unfair, inserted in your Magazine.

I am, &amp;c.,

AN OLD BOY.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,

2nd February, 1874.

# The Mill Hill Magazine.

APRIL, 1874.

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## EDITORIAL.

*Constat annos fugere.* The words are familiar to our Fourth and Fifth Form Boys, and call up in thought, by the law of mental association, morning lessons and Latin Primers. A great truth is expressed by them, a truth which some of us feel more and more: the days of boyhood will not last for ever; we cannot be always solving problems or studying Horace, or writing Editorials, or spending long afternoons in the field, or, like some of our idler friends, lounging on the ladder in the play-room, or crossing over to regale at "Mother's." Here we may mention, parenthetically, that this worthy old lady has herself supplied an illustration of the changes which Time works, by departing from the ancestral roof which has so long sheltered her, leaving as a memento the sign, "Elizabeth Goodliffe, licensed to sell tea, coffee, pepper, tobacco and snuff." We trust that she has secured a competency from her mercantile transactions with Mill Hill Boys, albeit the things they have bought were not those which Mrs. Goodliffe was "licensed to sell."

With this Number we complete our first volume. The frail barque which, twelve months ago, was launched with so much anxiety and apprehension, has braved the billows, and is now well on its way. Our little offspring, whose early days were a struggle for existence, and over whose infancy we watched with tender solicitude, has grown in stature and in strength—

"None but an author knows an author's cares,  
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."



This volume proves that there is in our School sufficient public spirit, as well as literary power, to sustain a bi-monthly magazine. We are very far from having reached our ideal; we are conscious of many imperfections and failures; still, we are thankful for what has been accomplished. A true and faithful record has been kept of all the leading incidents and events of our School-life. Our wants have been made known, and, in most cases, they have been promptly supplied; our weaknesses have been confessed, and means of strengthening suggested. Something has been done to improve the general tone of the School, and in other respects we have made progress in the right direction. At the same time we are far from what we would be; the work of conducting this Magazine devolves on the few, whereas it should be shared by the many; we need more general help in the way of literary labour, more contributions to swell our pages with sheaves mown from classic meadows, fruits plucked from the orchards of science, or flowers gathered from pleasant experiences of the past. Our attempts in prose and verse have often been very feeble, and those who expected much have, no doubt, been disappointed. Still we are not discouraged; we know that the art of composition, like every other art, can be acquired only by slow degrees, and that, to reach our standard, much hard work and continuous effort will be required.

For assistance in the revision of sheets and in giving the editors counsel and advice, we have to acknowledge our obligations to the Vice-Master, the Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., and to Dr. Murray, both of whom have shown an interest in our work and an enthusiasm in connection with all our School affairs, which we sincerely appreciate. We have also to thank, with equal heartiness, those Mill Hill Boys who have made this Magazine their own by contributing literary articles and items of intelligence of general interest

to our readers. May the number of such contributors increase with each succeeding volume, and may this Magazine run a long and prosperous course.

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## HIGHWOOD HOUSE AND LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

THE 17th Century in English History was marked by a severe and protracted struggle between the nation and the dynasty which, after the extinction of the old Tudor Line, came from Scotland to occupy the throne. It was a period of intense national excitement, when the force of circumstances called forth all the heroism of the English people; and it is marked by the great and glorious names of Cromwell, Milton, Hampden, Russell, Sidney, and many others who fought in defence of liberty. The struggle between the king and people showed its faint beginnings in the reign of James I., and terminated only in the expulsion of James II., and the loss of his crown by him and his heirs for ever. It cost Charles I. his head, and for a time abolished the regal dignity in England, during which Cromwell appeared upon the scene, and brought about peace and tranquility. But after the death of that "uncrowned king," by a strange, though by no means unparalleled freak of popular humour, Charles II. was allowed to return, and soon showed that he had learnt no lesson from the death of his father. Yet in his reign the old contest between kingly claims and popular rights was not so violent, as the nation was not only exhausted by late wars, but also demoralized. For at this time the court of Charles II. presented the most dissolute and disgraceful spectacle of any European court. As a specimen of its dissipation, Evelyn thus graphically writes:—"I shall never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness,

gaming and all dissoluteness, it being Sunday evening." One of the darkest blots in the reign of this worthless king, was the execution of the good Lord William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, an event on which poet and painter have alike expended their sympathetic genius, and to which, on account of its connection with Highwood Hill, I desire to call the attention of the readers of the *Mill Hill Magazine*.

It was in the summer of 1681, when Charles was engaged in depriving London and other chief towns of their charters and liberties, and only restoring them on their paying immense sums of money, when the infamous and detestable Scroggs and Jeffreys were revelling amid the executions of their victims, when the king's brother, the Duke of York, was hunting the Covenanters, like "partridges on the mountains" of Scotland, that a far nobler man than any of these, and a scion of the old English aristocracy, united with others as eminent as himself, to seriously consider how they could best support the interests of their falling country. They had no designs against the king's life, but were determined that the Duke of York, an avowed Papist, should not succeed to the throne, which popular wishes would have given to the king's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth. Accordingly, in 1681, Russell, Algernon, Sidney, Monmouth, Essex, and John Hampden, grandson of the great patriot, all powerful Whigs, concerted with Argyle and other Scotchmen, to take active measures to carry out their intentions. But while the leaders were thus revolving plans of action, they were still restrained from taking any decisive step. Unfortunately at the same time, and without their knowledge, another plot was formed, which had for its object the assassination of the king on his return from the Newmarket Races. The place of attack was planned to be at a farm called the "Rye House," on the banks of the River Lea. Charles however,

escaped the snare, and the "Rye House" plot was discovered. The investigation which followed revealed the existence of the Whig plot in like manner; Monmouth escaped, but the others were captured, and Lord Howard confessed against his associates. As might be supposed, there were not wanting those who were ready to lay the guilt of the "Rye House" plot on the Whig leaders. Russell was the first tried. He denied all attempt on the king's life, but confessed that he had joined in the insurrection. His doom, however, was pronounced, and neither his wife's prayers, nor a large amount of money offered by the Earl of Bedford, could obtain his acquittal.

When the warrant was issued for his arrest, Lord William was sleeping peacefully at his residence at Highwood Hill, Middlesex, when the house was beset by the king's messengers. Lord William leaped out of bed, flung himself out of a small circular swing-window (still to be seen at the south-west end of the house), and escaped down an avenue, the greater part of which, bounded by tall ancestral trees, still remains. He was captured at some little distance down the avenue, and lodged in the Tower of London, there to await his trial. Throughout that memorable trial, a heartless mockery of justice, his noble wife acted as his secretary, and both kept up their resolution to the last, when he was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683. His body was brought back by faithful friends to Highwood Hill, and temporarily buried in the shrubbery, where four very ancient yew trees, planted in the form of a square, and traditionally known as the cemetery, mark the spot where it lay. Some time elapsed before it was taken up and buried in the family vault at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. His widow, Lady Rachell Russell, was also buried there, about whom I cannot omit briefly writing.

Lady Rachell was of good family, eminently pious, and



of a truly Christian character; she was also a fond and loving mother, as well as a devoted and affectionate wife. She stayed with her husband during his last hours, and even to the last her courage did not fail her. After his death she turned all her attention upon the education of her children, who amply repaid her. Her daughters were married to some of the noblest and proudest families in the kingdom. She used to hold as days of solemnity, the day of her marriage, of her lord's trial, and of his death.

By the kind permission of Mrs. Locket, I lately had the pleasure, in company with Dr. Murray, of visiting Highwood House, and making a full examination of its internal arrangements and surrounding antiquities. The greater part of the house as it now stands is modern, dating from the beginning of the present century; but the south-west wing is evidently a part of the original building. The rooms are low, with small windows, and connected by narrow winding passages, the upper ones being reached by a steep and tortuous staircase. In some places the walls are six feet thick, the windows occupying deep recesses, which, when covered with a hanging of tapestry, formed anciently bowers or retiring-rooms. One of the rooms, traditionally supposed to be "haunted," is probably that in which Lord William slept; and from a circular swing-window of an adjoining closet, he is said to have escaped.

Before leaving the house, we ought to notice the commanding aspect which it possesses, the view towards the north-west being especially fine; and on the afternoon that I visited it, the distant ridge of Stanmore Heath and Harrow Weald, seen far across the intervening valley, seemed bathed in a misty and dreamlike beauty. Close by is the ancient stabling, now used as a storehouse, and presenting all the appearance of mouldering antiquity. The avenue to which we have referred, extends in a long vista towards the north-west, a considerable part now included

within the grounds of Mr. Sergeant Cox, of Moat Mount ; but all of it was originally, and till recently, in the Highwood estate.

On the right, one of the most interesting antiquities of the place, is an ancient chalybeate spring, made accessible to the poor by Lady R. Russell herself. On approaching it the visitor sees a circular wall-built pit, about 10 feet in diameter, and 7 feet deep, access to which is obtained by an old mossy flight of steps. At the bottom, and on the further side, the mineral spring flows unceasingly from a now leaky pipe into an oval basin, now deeply dyed with iron-ore, and bordered with moss and lichen ; and in the wall above, in antique Roman capitals, within an ornamental frame, is the following simple but eloquent inscription :—

MRS. RACHELL RVSSELL'S GIFT, JUNE 10 <sup>TH</sup> , 1681.
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This must, of course, have been erected while Lord William's elder brother was still alive, and the former still only Mr. William Russell ; it is a beautiful witness to the pious virtues which all writers ascribe to this noble lady.

Highwood House has, of course, seen many changes since the death of Lady Russell. About the beginning of this century, it was occupied by a Mr. Anderson, and afterwards from 30 to 40 years by Sir Stamford Raffles, of East Indian renown, and his lady, who survived him till December 12th, 1858, aged 72, as shown by her tombstone in Mill Hill churchyard. Sir Stamford Raffles, as is well known, was a great botanist, and introduced mahogany to this country, and in connexion with this, all the principal doors, and in some parts the landings, are of solid mahogany.

After the death of Lady Raffles, the house has been occupied successively by Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Mac Ewan, Captain Dent, Mr. Grey, who transferred it two years ago to its present owner, Mr. Locket.

The beautiful conservatory occupying the recess between two abutting portions of the north-west front, and communicating at once with three rooms, was erected by Lady Raffles.

Many trees of great interest and beauty, in addition to the yews and avenue already described, are to be found in the grounds; among these are two venerable oaks, one of which must be one of the oldest in the neighbourhood, and is upwards of 20 feet in circumference of trunk. There are also some masses of old rhododendrons of great size and beauty.

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### MRS. BROWN AT MILL 'ILL SKOOL.

Ho mi! hif the hother day I didn't go down and see that 'ere tremendus selibrated Skool as is hat a place as they calls Mill 'ill; but wotever they wants for to go and call that place Mill 'ill for beats me hout an' hout, for I looks all hover the countrie round, and nothink could I sees hanywere of a mill, as the sayin' is, and I aint got sich werry bad eyes arter all; but all them 'ere chaps at the Skool 'ad a 'ole 'olliday hon mi houn account, so's that derictley I sits mi foot down on that 'ere platphorm at the stashun of the Grate Northen Railway, which it were, a 'ole lot of buoys with grate rummy-lookin' thin's on their 'eads, as Brown told me was call'd mortar-boards, comes a-flockin' hall round me, so that I felt as if I was a-standin' on my 'ead, for the confushun and bustle that hi was in, for hif a great thin' as they calls a porter didn't come hup to me and hax me for my ticket, wich I couldn't find nothink

of for no hend of a long time. And them 'ere skolars was so kind to me, as if they nearly hall didn't hax me harter my 'ealth, and then some on 'em was so small, much less than me; but we hall gets inter one of them 'ere harticles as they calls homnibusses, and as hare pull'd along by quadripeds with tales.

But on goin' no less than a few yards, we comes to a 'ill, as naturel enough leads to the Mill, thinks I; but as is always the case when I drives hanywere, the man in front as 'as the rains in 'is 'and, and as florishes 'is fishin' rod, calls hout, "You must get down, sers, as this 'ere 'ill is too steep for my 'orses;" and as hi always was obleegin', and always shall be, I jumps down himmediate, and begins to make my legs move hunder me, though some on 'em, wen as they was hax'd to get down did cry hout, "Not to-day baker." But afore long we gets to Mill 'ill Skool, as the sayin' is, and it makes my heyes water now to think 'ow they should bottle hup young gints in that 'ere manner, though nows and thens they does give 'em a'olliday. And now, Brown and I was lugg'd to Mother's, as the sayin' is, not as she is mi mother, and I don't suppose of the skolars' either; but any'ows, I finds miself hin a little rubbidgy room, as I could jest manage to turn round hin, and which it were a shop says they, I see a 'ole number of buoys a heatin' of long tarts, so as I felt forced to join in with 'em. I then goes hinto the Skool buildin', as his a werry fine 'un too, with hivy all hover it, and jest over three hundread feet long; and I goes hall over it, thro' the dormy-teres, corry-doors and class-rooms, and hinto the play-room, as the sayin' is, but as they tells me is a goin' to be pull'd down, and 'ow as there is a goin' to be new class-rooms, and a larger room made for the Jimnastics.

Then a passin' hout of the door, I see a bit of 'orrid-lookin' land, hall black, with a lot of stones lyin' about,



as they calls their playground; but, says I, none of that sort of stuff for me wen I goes a playin' 'ockey; and then I mounts some steep steppes to a strait door, as I feels sure I never could a got thro', hif some kind-'earted fellar 'adn't giv me a shove be'ind, as sent me a spinnin' into a place as appeared to me, when I 'ad recovered, to be arter the likeness of a chapel. But I would never 'ave thort that common great clumsy buildin' to a bin a chapel, but more like to a jimnaseum, as I mentions to Brown, and 'e hanswers, "Yes, Marther, hit would make somethink like a Jimnaseum for them 'ere chaps."

Arter a wile, I gets hout of that 'ere chapel, havin' 'ad enough of its halternashuns of 'ot and cold, and says I to one of them skolars, "Were be your Swimmin' Barth, for I ain't seen 'ere a ghost of a one yet?" 'E meekly replies, "Its a comin'."

But as I be a tellin' yer of wot I thort about Mill 'ill, hi must say as 'ow I niver felt so light, jolly, and hin sich good 'ealth as I did the few 'ours as hi was there. For bless yer, the 'ole state o' the hatmersfere seem'd so hairy and hinvigoratin', that thinks hi to miself, no wonder sich a lot of peple should want to go and be a sendin' of their suns to sich a place; and hin a goin' away I really felt as I could bust with pleasure arter I 'ad seen, for the furst time, that 'ere Mill 'ill Skool, as the sayin' is.

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## A VISIT TO STONEHENGE.

A FEW years ago we had made up our minds to see the sunrise at Stonehenge, on the morning of the Summer solstice; and, as that meant a journey of sixteen miles on a hilly road before 3.40 a.m., you may be sure that we did not have much sleep the night before, although we did make an

abortive effort to close our eyes about six o'clock. Half an hour after midnight we were all under weigh. The night was beautifully clear, the stars were shining over-head as brightly as if there were no such obstacles as clouds to dim their lustre; and everything seemed to promise success to our enterprise. We soon reached Monument Hill, which takes its name from a tall pillar, surmounted by a lion rampant, and erected by Roger Tichborne on a part of his estate, to commemorate the successful efforts of a certain gentleman in improving the roads, and freeing them from highwaymen.

The next object of interest was a dreary mysterious house, which long ago was inhabited by highwaymen. It is only five or six miles from Devizes, but these thieves used to persuade travellers to stay the night there, telling them that it was at least a dozen miles to the next town. During the night the travellers were murdered, and their bodies buried in the adjoining fields. One of the dodges of these thieves was to climb into some large thick trees which overhung the road, and when a large waggon-load of hay passed, they would quickly let down a hook, and take off a truss or two, while the waggoner would go on quite unconscious of his loss. Their nefarious practices were at length discovered, the house was searched and the traces of many of their victims were found. They were taken and tried for their offences, and suffered the punishment due to their crimes. Since that time the house has been haunted, and on dark stormy nights wild screams and loud cries for help may be heard coming from it, and sometimes ghostly lights are seen at the windows. We, however, were not lucky enough to see or hear any of these strange doings, but continued our journey till we reached the bottom of the Red Horse Hill, which is very steep, and leads directly up on to the plain. Here we had to get out and walk, as it would be impossible for any carriage, loaded

as ours was, to go up the hill. It had already begun to get a little light when we reached the place where,

“On one of the rises  
A way-post showed where the Lavington road  
Branches off from the one to Devizes.”

This was the spot where the drummer-boy was murdered, the story of which has been recorded in the “Ingoldsby Legends.” Here was the place where lonely travellers are said to have seen the drummer-boy’s ghost with his spirit-drum, breaking the silence of the downs with his persevering rub-a-dub-dub. But it was useless looking for him now, as it was already tolerably light.

About half-past three we reached the stones, with plenty of time to take up a good position to see the sun rise. While we are waiting for its appearance, I will give you a short account of Stonehenge, in order that you may understand our further proceedings.

The earliest Roman accounts of Britain speak of a circular temple, dedicated to the worship of Apollo—the name by which the Romans would naturally call the Sun-god of a country—and it is generally supposed that this was Stonehenge. But whether a race so ignorant of mechanical arts as the ancient Britons, previous to the coming of Cæsar, could have placed these immense masses of strange material in the centre of a wide plain, it is impossible to say. One or two facts only are well ascertained. The first of these is, that the structure, whatever its original designation, is planned according to certain geometrical and astronomical calculations. The grand entrance and the altar-stone are in a direct line with that point of the heavens in which the sun rises on the longest day; and on the same line, at a distance of about 210 feet from the outer circle, stands a single unwrought and roughly-pointed stone, called, from an old legend, “The Friar’s Heel.” The

legend runs as follows:—"About 2000 years ago the stones of Stonehenge were set up in an old woman's orchard in Ireland. One night the Devil appeared to her, and offered to buy them. She, thinking him an ugly sort of customer, refused; but the fiend proposing that she should have as much money as she could count while he was moving them, the old hag was taken in with the idea that she would make herself the richest person in Ireland—for it would be impossible, she thought, to move them in less than two or three years. Accordingly she consented, and the Devil, placing a large sack of money upon the table, went out, while she sat down to count. But she had hardly placed her finger upon a fourpenny-bit, when the Devil reappeared and said that all the stones were gone. Of course the old hag did not believe it, and went outside to see; but such was really the case, and when she came in again, she found that her visitor and his sack of money were gone too. After the Old Gentleman left the orchard, he bound all the stones round with a withe, and set out for Salisbury Plain. How he crossed the Channel is unknown, but he succeeded in bringing his burden as far as the River Avon, where, having to take a longer step than usual, one of the stones slipped out into the river, in which it may still be seen. Notwithstanding this, he went on till he came to Salisbury Plain, where he set them up in their present position. When he had finished he said, 'Now no man shall ever know where these stones came from, or who put them here.' But an old Friar, who had hid behind one of the barrows, ran out and said, 'Yes they will, for I shall tell them.' The Old Gentleman could not stand this, so picking up one of the largest stones, he hurled it after the retreating Friar, but the other was too quick for him, and the stone only grazed the 'Friar's Heel.'

On the longest day, to anyone standing on the altar-stone, the sun seems to rise out of the very centre of this



stone, the "Friar's Heel," and it was to witness this sight that we had come this morning.

About two minutes before the time indicated by the almanack, we took our place upon the altar-stone, to wait for the sun's appearance. Nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen had come for the same purpose as ourselves, from all parts of the country. Each of them had his own pet theory as to the way in which Stonehenge was formed, its age, and for what purpose it was used. Their dresses, too, were rather grotesque: there were gentlemen in broad-brimmed hats, spectacles, shooting-jackets and leggings, &c.; ladies wrapped up in shawls, clouds and rugs, looking very sleepy, and wondering whenever the sun would rise, and thinking that he was late this morning through some accident or other. But I am sorry to say that all our efforts, and patient endurance of hardships, were of no avail, for just before sunrise it clouded over, and the sun never made his appearance until we were half way home again. We also had, moreover, the benefit of a drizzling rain, which considerably damped our ardour; and the other poor creatures, being convinced that no sun was to be seen that day, went home to breakfast. For ourselves, we had been prudent enough to bring breakfast with us, and, accordingly, seating ourselves under the shelter of one of the stones, we managed to keep dry, and ate our hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches with great satisfaction; and I am sure that, in spite of the rain, we never enjoyed our breakfast more. We then started for home, which we reached in time for another breakfast at half-past nine. We resolved to go again next June, and consoled ourselves for our disappointment with the hope that we should have "better luck next time."

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## SCHOOL NEWS.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

AMIDST the uncertain and showery weather of April our Athletic Sports came off, for the second time, on Saturday, the 11th. The previous day had looked most unpromising for the morrow, and even on the morning of Saturday a dark, heavy cloud passed over us, which seemed to forebode no good. But, after all, the rain kept off, and though it was not so warm as might have been wished, yet the sun now and then burst forth, warming the athletes and brightening the faces of the spectators.

Those who took part in the Sports must have been greatly encouraged by the large attendance of visitors, who could not have numbered less than 150, about 30 of these being Old Boys, whom we are always glad to see on such occasions. The course was arranged nearly the same as last year; and by a little after one o'clock, everything being ready, the first event came off.

Messrs. A. H. Scott White and G. Goodger kindly acted as judges, and lent great help in the day's proceedings. Our gymnastic teacher, Herr A. A. Stempel, gave great assistance as starter of the races.

The result of the day's Programme was as follows:—

## I.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (under 15).

W. A. Statham carried off the first prize for this event, throwing 72 yards. H. Davenport was second.

## II.—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (open).

S. A. Hiley, having unfortunately injured his hand, was thus prevented equalling a magnificent throw of 98 yards which he accomplished the other day. As it was, he threw the distance of 78 yards, Statham being second.

## III.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (under 13).

Fox ran the 100 yds. in  $13\frac{1}{2}$  secs., a great improvement on last year, when it was 16 secs. J. H. Johnson was second.

## IV.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (under 16).

W. T. Ryle ran capitally. Time, 12 secs. W. H. Snowball was second.

## V.—FLAT RACE, QUARTER OF A MILE (open).

H. T. Atkin easily won, putting on the spurt well at the last half of the round. Time, 65 secs. M. E. Burnyeat and J. S. Blomfield came in second, both having run their utmost.

## VI.—HIGH JUMP (under 4 ft. 10 in.).

E. P. Powell jumped 3 ft. 11 in. G. Unwin, second.

## VII.—HIGH JUMP (under 5 ft. 4 in.).

J. S. Blomfield jumped 4 ft. 3 in.; H. M. Kersey was second.

## VIII.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (open).

This was one of the best races of the day, Ryle coming in first. Time, 11 secs. A. C. Field was second.

## IX.—HIGH JUMP (open).

R. Homan won easily, jumping 4 ft. 7 in.

## X.—FLAT RACE, HALF A MILE (under 16).

C. E. Southwell won easily; R. R. Bennett was second. Time, 2 min. 36 secs.

## XI.—LONG JUMP (under 4 ft. 10 in.).

G. W. Roper jumped 10 ft. 7 in.; and R. H. Marten, 10 ft. 4 in.

## XII.—LONG JUMP (under 5 ft. 4 in.).

F. S. Preston jumped 12 ft. 3 in.; and J. S. Blomfield, 12 ft. 2 in.

## XIII.—FLAT RACE, QUARTER OF A MILE (under 16).

C. E. Southwell won, running it in 1 min. 9 secs. F. Perry was second.

## XIV.—LONG JUMP (open).

A. C. Field jumped 13 ft. 3 in., not quite up to his usual mark. R. J. Wells jumped 12 ft. 3 in.

## XV.—FLAT RACE, HALF A MILE (open).

T. A. Gurney came in very close indeed on A. C. Field, making the race exciting. Time, 2 min. 22 secs.

## XVI.—THREE-LEGGED RACE, 75 YARDS (under 16).

This was won by H. Rayner + F. Perry, and W. Whyte + J. W. Sharpe.

## XVII.—FLAT RACE, ONE MILE (open).

This was certainly the best race of the day, and well worth the splendid silver cup presented by the Old Boys. Four competitors started, but in the third round it was quite evident that the race really lay between A. C. Field and T. A. Gurney. The latter then led by some three yards, when Field, at the commencement of the fourth round, put on a most splendid spurt down to the hill; but Gurney, watching his opportunity, passed him up the hill, making a very fine race, both doing their utmost. Gurney reached the tape less than a yard before Field. Time, 5 min. 13 secs.

## XVIII.—HURDLE RACE, 10 FLIGHTS, 120 YARDS (under 5 ft. 5 in.)

J. W. Sharpe won this event; J. S. Blomfield was second.

## XIX.—HURDLE RACE (open).

A. C. Smith and W. T. Ryle came in first. S. A. Hiley was most unfortunate, as he was first until he jumped the last hurdle, when he slipped down from the unevenness of the ground in that place, thus letting Smith and Ryle pass him.

## XX.—POLE JUMP (under 5 ft.).

Both winners used their poles well. C. E. Southwell was first, and jumped 6 ft. 6 in. H. Davenport was second.

## XXI.—POLE JUMP (open).

H. W. Eames won the first prize with a jump of 7 ft. 7 in. J. S. Blomfield jumped 7 ft. 2 in.

**XXII.—WALKING RACE, ONE MILE.**

Four competitors started for this race; but in the third round J. P. Scrutton fell off, and the order was H. T. Atkin, T. A. Gurney, and A. E. Sprague. Atkin kept ahead of Gurney throughout, the latter being some yards behind.

**XXIII.—SACK RACE, 50 YARDS (under 16).**

This was won by J. E. Rhodes; G. Petrie was second.

**XXIV.—SACK RACE, 75 YARDS (open).**

M. E. Burnyeat was first, and J. Milne second.

**XXV.—HANDICAP, QUARTER OF A MILE.**

M. E. Burnyeat won the first prize; and R. H. Marten second, Gurney coming close behind.

**XXVI.—BUMPING MATCH (under 15).**

J. E. Rhodes was first, and G. Petrie second.

**XXVII.—BUMPING MATCH (open).**

G. Murdoch was first, and W. Whyte second.

**XXVIII.—FLAT RACE, 100 YARDS (under 14).**

E. P. Powell won the first prize, and R. J. Hodgson second. Time, 15 secs.

**XXIX.—VAULTING (under 5 ft. 5 in.).**

In this J. S. Blomfield and J. W. Sharpe were ties.

**XXX.—VAULTING (open).**

R. Homan easily won this event.

**XXXI.—GYMNASTICS.**

This was contested for on the following Saturday, under the direction of A. A. Stempel, Esq. T. R. Dallmeyer obtained the first prize, getting 23 marks out of a maximum of 28, a very brilliant performance. J. P. Scrutton got the second prize.

**XXXII.—OLD BOYS' RACE, 200 YARDS.**

This proved a capital race, about six competitors starting. Mr. N. Nicklem came in about a yard before Mr. E. Spicer, who was closely followed by Mr. T. Micklem.

**XXXIII.—STRANGERS' RACE, QUARTER OF A MILE.**

This race was divided into two, "Married Men's" and "Bachelors'." In the former, Dr. Murray led three-quarters of the way round, when he stopped, and the Rev. Halley Stewart eventually came in first, some yards before the Vice-Master. Mr. Stewart very kindly promised a cup next year, which is to be called the gift of "The Winner of the Strangers' Race, 1874." In the Bachelors' Race, Mr. Russell came in first.

**XXXIV.—CONSOLATION RACE, 200 YARDS (under 15).**

R. R. Bennett won this, his brother gaining the second place.

**XXXV.—CONSOLATION RACE (open).**

J. Puckridge won this, and was followed by J. P. Scrutton.

The fact that some of the Flat Races took longer than last year may be



accounted for by the slipperiness of the ground ; this year also the course was lengthened, last time the hill being allowed for ; so that those who ran in the mile had another 60 yards to run ; in the half mile, 30 yards, &c. ; which, if omitted, would have made the time of running the mile about 5 minutes.

As there was not sufficient time to finish all the events, the remaining few took place on the following Wednesday.

At 7 p.m. the prizes were distributed under the portico to the many successful competitors by Mrs. A. J. Scrutton, to whom many thanks are due for the post she so kindly accepted and fulfilled so ably. Mr. White then presented her with a bouquet in the name of the Committee. Three cheers were then given for Mrs. Scrutton, Mr. Harley (the Chairman of the Games Committee), Dr. Weymouth, the "Judges," the "Starter," the "Committee," and for those who had received prizes and those who had not.

Mrs. Scrutton also gave away Mr. Scott White's splendid cup, which had been won by J. Puckridge, and played for on three successive days, an account of which occupies another page. The prizes so kindly presented to the Committee were:—(1.) A splendid cup for the Mile Race, by the Old Boys. (2.) Another cup, by A. H. S. White, Esq., for the Fives Match. (3.) For the Half Mile Open, a cup by A. J. Scrutton, Esq. (4.) For the Quarter Mile Open, a cup by W. E. Gurney, Esq. (5.) For 100 yds., under 16, a bat by A. C. Field, Esq. (6.) For the Quarter Mile, under 16, a bat by Monitors.

Mr. Peacock kindly promised a guinea for prizes, to be run for by the 1st Form, a distance of 100 yards. Mr. Johnston, of Arrandene, gave a prize to the 1st Form also, for a quarter of a mile race, which J. S. Johnston won.

Mr. E. Spicer and Mr. Locket very kindly gave a guinea each to the funds, and Mr. Spencer promised a guinea for next year.

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### THE FIVES MATCH.

The result of the first drawing was as follows:—

- |                                       |                                  |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. A. C. Field played F. S. Preston.  | 2. A. Edwards played E. Leonard. |
| 3. R. Homan „ C. E. Southwell.        | 4. J. Puckridge „ O. Puckridge.  |
| 5. J. S. Blomfield „ T. A. Gurney.    | 6. J. W. Bennett „ H. M. Kersey. |
| 7. A. A. Hannay played R. R. Bennett. |                                  |

Field was beaten in the second game by Preston, but in the first and last he played better, and it ended by his beating his opponent, but not without trouble, for the games were very close, the last being 10 gameball.

Edwards *ma. v.* Leonard ; this was not a very exciting game, and resulted in Edwards beating his opponent. Homan *v.* Southwell ; this was

a far better contested game than the last, and showed very neat play on the part of Southwell, but Homan at length beat him.

Puckridge *mi.* played against his elder brother, and as they were very equal, a rather sharp game ensued, but the latter finished it in his favour.

Blomfield gained an easy victory over Gurney; so also did Bennett *mi.* over his opponent; but this was not the case in the game between Hannay and Bennett *ma.*, who were very equal, Hannay winning eventually, though his opponent took one game.

The next draw placed the winners of the first set in the following order:—Homan *v.* Blomfield, Edwards *v.* Hannay, and Field *ma v.* Puckridge *ma.* Homan beat his opponent with tolerable ease. Hannay and Edwards had a very close game, but the latter at last was beaten.

This last game, between Field *ma.* and Puckridge *ma.* was the most interesting and exciting game in the match, for all the bystanders felt sure that whoever won was sure of the cup, and because the play was so close. It was eventually won by Puckridge *ma.* The next sets were Puckridge *v.* Hannay, and Homan *v.* Bennett. Puckridge had a sharp game with Hannay, but beat him, and Homan also beat his opponent very quickly. The last to play were Puckridge and Homan, but, as was anticipated, the latter was beaten by Puckridge, who thus won Mr. White's cup. It was presented among the Athletic Sport prizes by Mrs. Scrutton.

## FOOT-BALL.

1874.

HENDON *v.* M. H. S., *January 31st.*—Our return match with Hendon was played on the Hendon ground, and resulted in a complete defeat for M. H. S. Although Hendon numbered only twelve men, yet their weight was too much for our new and light team, and the game proved a very one-sided affair. Several touch-downs occurred, but only one goal resulted. For them T. Micklem especially rendered himself conspicuous by his running. Mr. Tucker, who played well for us at starting, was unfortunately obliged to leave off at an early stage of the game.

M. H. S. *v.* FLAMINGOES, *February 14th.*—This return match was played on our own ground, and resulted in a draw rather in favour of the Flamingoes. Our opponents lost the toss, and kicked off with the wind blowing a hurricane in their favour. After some little while, some very even "mushes" took place close by our goal; but in nearly every case M. H. S. were rather superior, though the Flamingoes were the heavier team. The Flamingoes about this time secured a touch-down; but the kick was "erratic," and no goal ensued. On ends being changed, M. H. S. played up splendidly with the wind, and some fine runs were made by T. Micklem

especially, who once nearly reached the other goal. The Flamingoes, however, scored another touch; but, as before, failed to kick a goal.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, FINCHLEY, *v.* M. H. S., *March 1st.*—This return match was played at home, but ended in a victory for the visitors by one goal, and three touch-downs. For some time the ball was kept in the middle of the ground, until the College, by their superior weight, forced back their opponents, and several hard rushes took place near the goal-line, Mill Hill having to touch down three times in self-defence. After half-time, three touch-downs were obtained, one of which was beautifully turned into a goal by W. C. Hutchinson. However, A. C. Field, by some splendid running, baffled all the attempts of the forwards to catch him, and carried the ball up to the Finchley goal. Thus ended a very pleasant game, both sides playing throughout with very good will. Mill Hill:—A. C. Field (Captain); L. Dewhurst, S. A. Hiley and H. T. Atkin (backs); W. Edwards, H. Tucker, A. C. Smith, A. Edwards, W. T. Ryle, T. A. Gurney, W. Whyte, E. S. Weymouth, J. S. Blomfield and J. P. Scrutton, (forwards.)

Our Foot-ball season has now closed, and with the advent of the long summer days, in which nature shakes off all recollections of her wintry garb, we begin to look forward to our cricket matches, and to indulge the hope—well or ill-founded, as it may prove—of “many a famous victory.” Before, however, quite leaving the subject of Foot-ball, we are glad to record our convictions that the arrangements made at the beginning of this Term, to secure the playing of the whole School, have been fairly successful. Bigside games were regularly held once a week during the first month or so, for accomplishing which, we were indebted to the kindness of Mr. Bishop, who allowed us the use of his field close by for the season. We were thus enabled to have two games going on at once, the Upper School playing in Mr. Bishop's field, and the Lower in our own. Though the time was too short to allow of these exertions making any marked effect on our matches, they were, undoubtedly, profitable to us, and if we cannot raise a pæan of exultation over the results of our matches during the past season, we need not too greatly undervalue them. We have been vanquished many times, it is true; but be it remembered, we have not played with mere schools (as most of our size do), but with some of the most powerful clubs in and around London. Considering this, and the loss of some of our ablest members, we think considerable credit is due to the slight success we *have* attained. It is related that the Russians, after being defeated again and again by Charles XII., became so used to it, that they never expected to win; but these same defeats showed them their weak points, and in the end they not only vanquished Charles in their turn, but maintained the finest armies that ever moved to battle. Let us, on a smaller scale, imitate their example, and in after years we shall hear of Mill Hill School being victorious in many a match.

**CRICKET PROSPECTS.**

At length we have arrived at that season of the year when that most enjoyable of games, Cricket, takes precedence of all others. We have for some little time been watching the approaching Summer, through the many April showers, with its warm and sunny afternoons, no fit weather for Football. And there are many who are beginning to remember that there are such things as stumps and bats, and who look toward them with a feeling of old friendship, while there may be some who would rather be entering on cold and dark Winter, with its Football, than on the Cricket Season.

Last Season we were unfortunate in our matches; but we must never despair of improvement, and we hope this year to see many of those who were not with us last year doing good work in the cricket-field. Some also remain who have been in our First and Second Elevens, and who are quite ready to try and improve in the art of batting and bowling.

We must still do the best we can with our field, as there seems no possibility of getting another, and as we have managed with it in the past, so must we do, for some time to come at least.

In games we must give our whole attention to Cricket during this coming term; and as each one tries to make himself a more thorough master of the bat and the ball, he will, in doing so, be helping to increase the growing fame of the School.

We are not able to give the names of either First or Second Elevens in this Magazine, but we hope to in the next number. The following matches have already been arranged for the First Eleven:—

May 9.—M. H. S. *v.* Bruce Castle.

May 16.—M. H. S. *v.* Mr. Langton's Eleven, Southgate.

May 23.—

May 30.—M. H. S. *v.* Stanley Club.

June 6.—M. H. S. *v.* Bruce Castle, R.

June 20.—M. H. S. *v.* Holly Park Club.

June 27.—

July 4.—M. H. S. *v.* Mr. Langton's Eleven, Southgate, R.

July 11.—M. H. S. *v.* Holly Park Club, R.

July 18.—

July 25.—M. H. S. *v.* Stanley Club, R.

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**DEBATING SOCIETY.****NEW CODE OF RULES.**

At a meeting of the Members of the Society, held on the 23rd of January, 1874, the following rules were proposed, and met with unanimous approval:—



I.—That the Society shall be designated the Mill Hill School Debating Society.

II.—That Mill Hill boys desiring to become members shall be admitted by correspondence with the Secretary, and then by ballot.

III.—That the subscription shall be 1s. a Term, with an entrance fee of 1s. 6d.

IV.—That debates shall be held once a fortnight, on Fridays.

V.—That a fine of 6d. shall be paid by every member absent from any meeting without a suitable reason.

VI.—That any member creating disorder shall be expelled from the Society by public vote.

VII.—That no member, except the opener of the debate, shall speak more than twice, unless appealed to.

VIII.—That generally part of the surplus of the funds shall be devoted to the School Library.

IX.—That ladies shall be unexceptionally admitted to the debates.

X.—That the debates shall not be confined to any particular subjects, but shall mainly consist of such subjects as shall tend to elevate and instruct the debaters' minds, and lead to their forming practical opinions on the great questions of the present day.

There are, at present, thirty-five members in the Society.

Feb. 20th, 1874. Subject:—"Which has the more lasting influence, Writing well or Speaking well?"—Mr. Leslie kindly took Mr. Emery's place as Speaker of the House. The debate was opened by J. Puckridge, who maintained very strongly that more lasting effects are produced by Writing well than Speaking well. Many reasons were brought forth by the opener, such as the great facility we have in turning to books to find something, which, if it had only been spoken, would most likely have disappeared entirely from man's knowledge. Again, the advantage gained in the time for thought which one possesses when writing, but which is not often the case as regards speaking. And often, when words cannot be heard, they may be read, which is always possible now.

J. P. Scrutton then, in advocating the other side of the question, divided Speaking well into three parts—1st, Conversational; 2nd, Public; 3rd, Pulpit Speaking. Morality is greatly increased by coming in contact with those who speak well, and often words will remain more firmly impressed on the memory when heard than read.

W. A. Statham supported the opener, saying that often the patience of an audience was sorely tried, and they went away without any clear notion of what the orator meant to convey.

E. S. Weymouth mentioned the fact that if a good orator's speech were written, it would not convey half the effect produced when it was spoken, as it would lose all the gesture with which it was delivered.

Mr. Emery (who came in to the debate for a few minutes), said in read-

ing, the mind is capable of weighing and judging a matter coolly; but if one heard the same, he would perhaps form his opinion suddenly without due consideration.

Others also took part in the debate. Puckridge briefly summed up, and, the House dividing, the numbers in favour of Writing, 24; Speaking, 11.

*March 6th.* Subject:—"The effect of Scenery on the Mind as compared with that of Music."—R. Homan opened the debate by picturing in vivid colours the Scenery that ever pleases the eye, and leaves such deep impressions on the mind: the scenes of rural beauty, the mighty mountains, the far-extending landscape, water-falls, &c.

H. T. Atkin read the paper in favour of Music, written by H. K. Smith, who, on account of severe illness, was unable to be present.

A. Edwards supported the opener of the debate, and dwelt upon the great impression left on the mind by the magnificence of the sea-shore, the glory of the firmament with its sparkling myriad lights, and of scenery reproduced on the canvass.

A. C. Field remarked, among other things, that he agreed with Luther when he ranked Music next to religion, and that he could never endorse the opinion of those who despise Music, for it is a gift of God, and not a discovery of man. W. Marston denied many of the statements made by the advocates of Music. Among those who took part in the debate were also E. S. Weymouth, W. A. Statham, J. S. Blomfield, W. C. Wells, T. A. Gurney, J. P. Scrutton, E. Leonard, G. J. Goodman, and R. F. Prettejohn.

Homan having summed up, and a vote of thanks having been awarded to the Chairman, the votes were 20 in favour of Scenery as against 15.

*March 20th, 1874.*—Subject:—"That the Printing-press has had greater influence in the World than the Steam-engine."—W. C. Wells commenced the debate on behalf of the Printing-press, asking where would the scholars of the present day be, if Printing had never been invented, which had diffused among mankind both moral, intellectual, and physical knowledge?

W. A. Statham said that the Steam-engine seems to bind the whole world together; that it often saves life by the time it gains; avoids wasted time, and in reality helps on Printing, as Printing was never effectually overcome until Steam was used.

R. Homan and T. A. Gurney then supported the previous speakers, and many others also spoke. The usual compliments were paid to the Chairman, and the votes stood, 22 for the Printing-press, against 8 for the Steam-engine.

*March 27th, 1874.*—The Society were agreed that the last meeting of their *first* Session should be open to the whole School, and should consist of Recitations, Readings, and Songs. The Rev. R. Harley, F.R.S., kindly consented to preside, and the meeting commenced at 7 p.m.

The programme was as follows:—

"The Jumping Frog," by W. C. Wells; "The Combat of FitzJames and Rhoderick Dhu," by W. A. Statham; "The Dirty Old Man," by J. Q. Panks; "Daniel v. Dishclout," by A. C. Field; Song, by J. Nettleship, Esq., B.A.; "Why don't the men propose," by H. T. Atkin; "Why the men don't propose," by G. J. Goodman; "Dream of Eugene Aram," by A. H. S. White, Esq., B.A.; "The Chameleon" (recitation), by J. P. Scrutton; "Red Leaves" (quartet), by E. Leonard, H. W. Southcombe, R. Homan and J. Nettleship, Esq.; "Melting Moments," by J. S. Blomfield; "William Tell," by R. Homan; "The Death Ride," by W. Marston; Song, by Miss Weymouth; "Notary of Perigueux," by A. Edwards; "The Fire Worshippers," by T. A. Gurney; "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen," by E. Leonard; "Macgregor" (recitation), by Dr. Murray.

The prizes for the coming Athletic Sports were then unveiled by the Games Committee, and the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close with three cheers for the "Chairman," the "Ladies" and the "Masters," and "God save the Queen," in which all joined lustily.

### COURSE OF LECTURES.

*March 3rd.*—POLARISATION OF LIGHT, by W. Spottiswoode, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.—Despite the difficulty of the subject, this lecture, which was illustrated by numerous brilliant experiments, proved full of interest and instructiveness. How light may be polarised, how it behaves when it is polarised, and how the phenomena of polarisation may be explained, were points which the lecturer brought out with great lucidity. We understand that Dr. Spottiswoode is about to collect, and publish in a separate volume, a series of articles on Polarisation of Light, which he has recently contributed to *Nature*. On the motion of the Vice-Master, who referred to his personal obligations to the lecturer, seconded by Mr. (now Dr.) Murray, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Spottiswoode for coming down to Mill Hill, bringing his assistants and costly apparatus, and giving so admirable a lecture,

Mrs. Spottiswoode did us the honour to accompany her distinguished husband, and at the close of the lecture the assistants, by her request, exhibited several very beautiful experiments by means of the electric light.

*March 17th.*—SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, by Rev. G. W. Conder.—Mr. Conder began by saying, everybody has a character; every bird has some sort of coloured plumage; every man is some sort of man. Yet these characters differ:—circumstances, everyday scenes and occurrences, summer breezes, winter storms, golden cornfields, snow-crested mountains, billowy oceans, books, music—all these things influence and, in some sense, mould character. They touch us, but *how* they touch us depends on ourselves. Thus, sunshine makes some men happy, but some sad. Whatever a character is, it is worth studying. Every day we see around us those who, in their strong love of money, think that all the world is longing for their money too; those who are so fond of dress themselves, that they



think everyone else notice what they wear;—thus you may tell some people by bonnets and boots. The lecturer then ably sketched various characters:—"The young man of 22," with his cigar, his new tail-coat of the latest fashion, his silver-handled cane, and foppish aspect; the boy that is "so nice but so very soft;" "the pendulum in petticoats," who has a dress sticking out behind like a clothes-basket turned upside down; the sister-of-mercy, with her sombre raiment. Countenance is a most wonderful and readable way of finding character. First there is the gentle face, denoting the gentle heart within, that shrinks from cruelty and unkindness; and the round face, and the "wedged" face, both of which mark out the confirmed wit. But vices, as well as virtues, will write their mark outside, heedless of cosmetic and perfumes; peevishness, passion, sensuality, will all be portrayed in clear marks, such as those which Cain of old bore. Then, too, gait and gesture denote character. There is the punctual man, who always does things quickly; the unpunctual man, "who has never run since he wore a tail-coat;" and the moderate man—all these can be told by their walk. Speech tells its tales; its time, its tones, and its cadences proclaim the speaker. Speech is due to the qualities of inner life.

To study character, one must have a loving soul, and a single eye to justice. It is a grand science, but it is lamentable also to see the faults and follies of human nature; what a grand and noble thing this life may be, if spent as it ought to be.

"Lives of great men all remind us," etc.

*April 1st.*—COMETS, by B. Scott, Esq., F.R.A.S., Chamberlain of the City of London.—The lecturer spoke of cometary orbits as either elliptical, parabolical, or hyperbolical; but he drew attention chiefly to those Comets which move in elliptical orbits. First, those which revolve within the orbit of Saturn, such as Encke's Comet, which completes a revolution in three and a half years, and which is interesting on account of its resolution into two Comets, and the presumed possibility of its collision with the earth; and Lexell's Comet, which appeared in our system, made two revolutions round the sun and then disappeared, never having been seen either before or since. Next, Elliptic Comets whose mean distances are nearly equal to that of Uranus. Halley's Comet was instanced, and an account was given of the interesting circumstances connected with Halley's prediction of its reappearance in 1758-9. Lastly, Elliptic Comets whose mean distances exceed the limits of the solar system. The lecturer referred to some Comets which have appeared in very recent times, particularly the Comet of 1858 (Donati's), and gave the result of his own observations upon them. He also called attention to the supposed physical connection between Comets and Meteors, and concluded an interesting lecture with the intimation that he hoped on some future occasion to take up another department in the sublime study of Astronomy,

This concluded the course for Lent Term.



## NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

A Natural History Society has recently been formed, in connection with the School. Its object is to combine the scattered efforts of individual students of Botany, Entomology, and Geology. Besides having meetings at home, arrangements will be made for half-holiday excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, such as Hadley Wood, Stanmore Heath, &c. Several Old Boys have kindly allowed us to enroll their names as honorary members, and distinguished naturalists have promised their aid in naming specimens and otherwise aiding us. A record of the meetings will be kept, and published in the Magazine; also lists of the plants, &c., exhibited or reported, will be kept, and at length form the foundation for constituting a Flora and Fauna of Mill Hill.

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## UNIVERSITY AND OTHER INTELLIGENCE.

We have pleasure in announcing that the University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon one of our masters, Mr. James A. H. Murray, B.A., Lond., F.E.I.S., &c., in recognition of those contributions to philological science which have already given him a seat in the Councils of the Philological and Early English Text Societies, and with special regard to the new and important light thrown upon the linguistic and literary history of the Northern English and Lowland Scotch, in his *Dialects of Southern Scotland*, and other works.

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## SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS.

The examinations for this term have just been held, the following is the result:—Senior Scholarship (£20), gained by F. H. Thorpe; Junior Scholarship (£10), R. J. Hodgson.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL MATCH.

*To the Editors of the Mill Hill Magazine.*

DEAR SIRS,—Will you allow me space in your valuable columns to reply to an "Old Boy," respecting the Foot-ball Match, played between Mill Hill Present v. Past. I am quite aware that the goal obtained by Mill Hill Present was disputed; but surely if there are not two umpires

appointed, one for each party, the Captains should decide. In fact, I see by last Saturday's *Goal*, that it is proposed that Rule 59 of the Rugby Union Code, should stand as follows:—"Excepting where umpires have been appointed, the Captains shall be the sole arbiters of all disputes." I certainly understood that the goal was yielded by our opponents. That *many* were of opinion that the ball passed over the post, and not over the bar, is not, I think, strictly accurate; it was very wet at the time, we were the only ones on the ground, and, with the exception of two or three behind the goal, we alone could give a correct opinion as to whether it was a goal or not. Then as to the kick being allowable, I know there is a rule which prohibits a ball being brought out, unless a nick has been made on the goal-line; but as to touching it down, I have been able to find no rule in any code. Permit me to say that the Mill Hill boys of the Present *have* a very decided objection to be beaten by the Mill Hill boys of the Past; therefore it is, that one of their number has undertaken to reply to an "Old Boy," concerning the result of the match.

I am, &c.,

CAPTAIN M. H. S. PRESENT,

MILL HILL SCHOOL,  
14th April, 1874.

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