

II.—SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

By FREDERICK GALE:

IN the *Life of Lord Macaulay* a letter to his niece from Great Malvern is quoted in which he writes—speaking of the *Iliad* of Homer—“I read the last five books at a stretch during my walk to-day, and was at last forced to turn into a by-path lest the parties of walkers should see me blubbing for imaginary beings, the creations of a ballad-maker who has been dead two thousand seven hundred years.”

Without professing to be as sensitive as Lord Macaulay I always feel more at ease, if quite alone, whenever I wander down the grand old High Street of Winchester, and turning in through the close alongside the Cathedral, and passing into College Street under the archway of St. Swithin's Church, find myself in front of Winchester College.

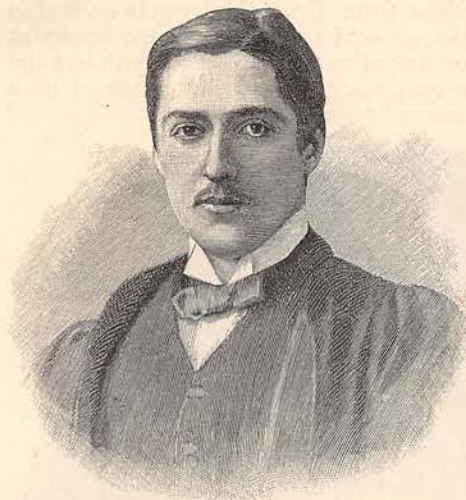
To any one who first entered the gates, as a scholar, nearly fifty years ago, the place seems like a city of the dead; and personally I must confess that I feel more pleasure than pain in peopling it with the ghosts of those who have long since passed away. Many of those ghosts appear before me now as I undertake my mission, of giving a sketch of the life



WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, FOUNDER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.
Engraved from the Picture in Hall.

and customs of the College of half a century ago. My story covers an epoch between 1835 and 1841—both inclusive; and having permission to write it as a personal narrative, I may fairly ask pardon, with some confidence of forgiveness, for any over-enthusiasm; as the puppets which I have to put into their places lived and moved and had their being, whereas the puppets which vexed Lord Macaulay's soul were simply “shadows on the wall”—at any rate let us of the old school and those of the new call a truce as regards comparisons between one period and another. Suffice it to say that, in the Jubilee year of 1887, the old College with much solemnity commemorated the five hundredth anniversary of the planting of the mighty tree under the shadow of which Wykeham's sons from age to age grew up and prospered; and, in proportion to their numbers, have been represented by very many members of their body, who have held high office in Church and State. And besides those who rose to eminence let us hope that thousands went forth into the world, whose names were not perhaps recorded on the roll of fame, but who were faithful to the

motto on their shields of "Manners Makyth Man." So those of the older school who are now alive, and who in their heart of hearts think that the pruning-knife was too freely used in carrying out the enormous reforms which have taken place during the last thirty years, without much regard to Founder's wills, can only bow now to the law of the land; and trust that the name of Wykeham may still have as great an influence in the future as it has had in the past.

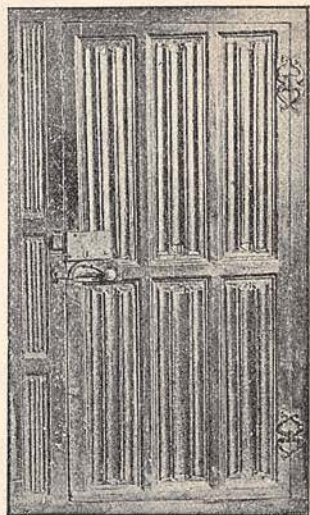


BRUCE L. RICHMOND, PREFECT OF HALL, 1890.

Lend me the porter's keys and I will do the showman at the commencement. We are standing in imagination—reader and writer—in College Street, outside the grand entrance gate. "Step a little back, please, Ladies and Gentlemen, so as to command a view of the statue of the Virgin and Child over the arch. This college was founded by William of Wykeham over five centuries ago and is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. That statue of the Virgin is one of the very few which were not defaced or broken up when the Puritan army occupied any city. When Oliver Cromwell sacked the city of Winchester, and stabled the cavalry horses in the Cathedral, two officers in his army, Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes and Colonel Nicholas Love (or Lowe)—it is believed—who had as boys been educated in this College and had taken the oath to defend it—as was the custom until within a period not very many years ago—had sufficient influence to preserve the College and also to prevent the desecration of William of Wykeham's tomb in the Cathedral, &c., &c., &c." The present College porter will tell the rest of the story to any visitor, and any one who is interested in Archaeology will find a great amount of information in Mackenzie Walcott's *Wykeham and his Colleges* (D. Nutt, London and Winchester, 1851)—also from a fine series of Engravings published by D. Nutt, 1846; Adams's *Wykehamica* (Parker, Winchester and Oxford, 1878) and some quaint sketches of Winchester customs and manners in Frank Buckland's *Life* (under the head "Winchester") by his brother-in-law Mr. George C. Bompas (Smith and Elder, London, 1885). There are many other writings about the School by many hands, some of which I have read at times, but now my mission is to give a sketch of my own reminiscences of fifty years ago.

I have seen and heard something of Wykehamists during my life, as my great-uncle by marriage, Dr. Goddard, was a boy there in 1771 and in after years was tutor, second master, and head-master, and lived till 1845. My father and my only brother were there, and the old College was my home for six and a half years.

When I first knew Winchester the management was entirely in the Wykehamical bodies of New College, Oxford, and Winchester College, subject to the visitation of the Bishop of Winchester as regards the latter. Vacancies at New College were filled up exclusively from the roll of Scholars at Winchester; two of the Founder's—William of Wykeham's—kin having priority as regarded the two first vacancies in each year; and vacancies at Winchester College were filled up by nominees of the Wardens of New College and Winchester respectively, the Head Master, and the Subwarden of Winchester, and two Posers appointed by New College. Two of the Founder's kin filled the vacancies of outgoing Founders. The school consisted of seventy College boys, and Commoners,



"LINEN" PANELLED DOOR OF ELECTION CHAMBER.

lines of Latin or Greek ; and thirdly, when asked if you could sing, repeating after one of the Electors the words "All people that on earth do dwell." The examination was simply formal. Long since those days the whole of William of Wykeham's foundation and scholarships have been thrown open to the whole world by open competition. There was a preliminary examination before entering Election Chamber as all "candlesticks," as candidates were called, were stopped by two boys who sat on the stairs and took down their names and addresses, and asked them solemnly how many sisters they had, and which was the prettiest.

And so I was elected in July, 1835, on my twelfth birthday, and six weeks afterwards found myself standing as a total stranger in the Warden's lodge, and attired in strange garments too, as the tailor was in attendance to put my black cloth gown on me. I never shall forget my first introduction to Warden Barter. He was a giant standing quite six feet three inches high, with shoulders like Atlas and a face full of benevolence. After inquiring very kindly after my father, who was his old school-fellow, he told me that as junior in College I was placed in Prefect of Hall's Chamber and the porter would take me to him, and he warned me to be brave and speak the truth ; and with a few cabalistic words in Latin he admitted me as one of the *Scholares Wykehamici*.

But before going into the Chamber let us take our old stand-point when we looked at the statue of the Virgin ; and passing from that into the College, through the massive oak gates, on the right hand under the archway is the porter's lodge, a very comfortable room and fitted up as his own museum of antiquities. Passing out from under the gateway, on the left is the Warden's lodge, a grand old house with a modern front. It is a very comfortable house though difficult to find the geography of at first, as it abounds with passages and staircases ; in fact, as the present Warden says, a curious place to kill a "ringing" fox in. There is much handsome oak panelling and carving, probably executed by some Dutchman in the Grinling Gibbons' era, as Warden Nicholas, who was a great benefactor to the College in the days of the Stuarts, spent large sums on the School and Chapel and also on the Warden's lodge. The Warden's



ENTRANCE TO SECOND MASTER'S HOUSE.

lodge occupies one side of a kind of irregular square ; opposite to it is a clump of trees called "Paradise," which stand in front of a low wall which shuts out the stables. On the right hand stands a long building which forms the outer wall on the College Street side and which contains the brew-house, carpenter's shop and offices, including the shoe-house, which the boys call "Edom," just as they called a lavatory which is now pulled down "Moab." On the left is the Middle Gate, with the back of the chambers and buildings over them, the front part of which forms the north side of the grand Chapel "Quadrangle," called Chamber Court, into which Middle Gate leads. Tell the porter to show Sixth Chamber window, as that is historical. It was through that window that the porter handed up the roll for scholarships at New College after the Electors had signed it ; and sometimes it did not come down till very late at night, and those whose fate depended on the examination waited in Sixth Chamber in no little suspense. The porter always handed it to the boy whose name was at the top of the list, who was ready enough with his guinea, and tumultuous was the joy if there was no change on the roll. I remember on one occasion it did not come down till nearly two o'clock a.m., and we anticipated the worst beforehand, and a poor fellow whom every one liked lost his fellowship at Oxford. He was a fine rider and good sportsman, and his only remark was, "Never mind, boys, there is better hunting at home in Ireland than at Oxford." I fancy he was an only son, and well off.

And now I am in Sixth Chamber and am introduced to the Prefect of Hall, the autocrat of the whole School, who is a very handsome boy ; and he takes me kindly by both shoulders and turns me round and says "Oh ! you are young 'badger,' are you ?" and then I learnt for the first time that "badger" was my brother's nick-name, and also my father's when he was a boy at the beginning of the century.

"Here, some fellow," and a fag comes to him—"this is a new-comer, show him where to put his things, and tell Rat Williams—the servant who called the boys in the morning—to let the bed-maker know that he wants looking after ;" and to me "You need not get up to Chapel to-morrow morning ; and bed-maker will tell you what to do."

Now let us look round that Chamber. It seemed to me that I had been stolen by the gipsies and had come into an encampment. There was a Romaney language which I could not understand ; a mixture of great fellows like giants and smaller boys, who seemed to be on rough and ready terms ; round the Chamber were solid square-framed oak bedsteads (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth) with square wooden heads much resembling a long cigar-box on legs, with a short cigar-box with no lid stuck on end at this head, forming a canopy: the different beds, twelve in number, were each divided by a kind of bureau and with an upright cupboard at the back and a desk, with drawers underneath for clothes ; these were called "Toys." On one side of this chamber, which was on the ground floor, was an enormous fire-place on the iron "dogs" of which a faggot was blazing—and in front of which young boys, whom I soon guessed to be fags, were boiling coffee, toasting bread and doing other things. At these tables, called "washing-stools," sat three boys, one at each, "with hats on," who were chatting and talking and having their "Mess"—which consisted of tea, coffee and fixings—I soon found that the fellows in the hats were prefects, and the others "fags" or *not* prefects anyhow. As every prefect had two candles on his table, and each inferior one candle on his "toys" the lights added to the blaze of the fire and made the place bright and lively. On all sides of the chamber, which was well lit up by fire and candles, the upper parts of the wall were lined with black or white marble slabs, like big bricks, on which were inscribed the names of boys many of whom had been "Officers" in the school during the past two or three centuries. The officers were : 1, Prefect of Hall ; 2, of "School"—3, of "Tub"—now, of Library ; 4 & 5 of Chapel. Different duties were assigned to each office and some pay. From the time I entered Sixth Chamber and laid my head on my pillow that night until I was a prefect some years afterwards, I never had a hat or any covering on my head out of doors, except outside College gates—and I think I may say I never had a cold.

Now a word about the government of the school. Let us remember that Winchester and her big daughter Eton, a very fine young lady—for Eton is the offshoot of Winchester—are both styled in Royal proclamation "Our Colleges of Eton and Winchester."

Self-government was the great feature in the management. Discipline in College was just the same as in a Regiment. We had no tutors in attendance when out of

school except at the dinner hour, and that was an innovation, and a very good one too, which commenced in my time. No matter at what hour by day or night a Master came round like a general officer to see if all was right, the first question he asked if there was anything he did not approve was, "Who is the prefect in course?"—and if a prefect had neglected his duty in any serious manner, the Warden who gave him his power could, and sometimes did, take it away: and that was a mighty fall. If a prefect so reduced was a good fellow, his fags would volunteer really and honestly, and with all their heart and soul; and see that he wanted nothing, as his fagging power was gone. These were the small things in a great school which made life-friendships. In my early days all prefects had equal power to fag, but later on the old custom was revived; and the ten Senior prefects were in full power in all places, and the eight Juniors had power only in the Chamber side of gate, for the most important duty of prefects was to see that in the Chambers, of which there were seven—some large chambers which required three prefects: and some smaller which required only two—quiet and rest should be enjoyed and strict order kept, and to a great extent this was so. The Chambers had to be kept as tidy and orderly as a barrack-room; and nothing was more gratifying to the father of a prefect or to the prefect himself, than receiving in the holidays a letter from the second master—who resided in College, and who was answerable for discipline in the Chamber Court—saying that the Chamber in which he was a prefect was always orderly, and that the small boys appeared very happy. Chambers like ships bore a



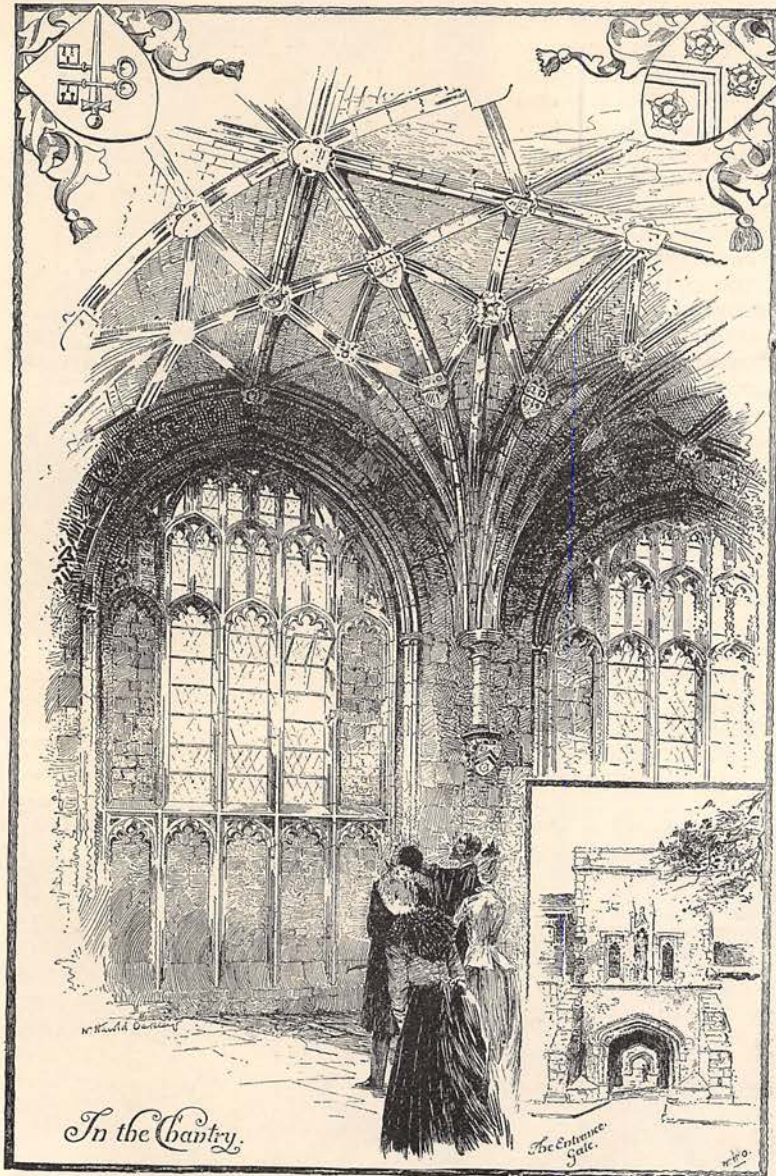
INTERIOR OF COLLEGE CHAPEL, SHOWING 17TH CENTURY PANELLING DESTROYED BY "RESTORATION." FROM WALCOTT'S "WYKEHAM AND HIS COLLEGES."



CARVED "MISERERE" OF STALL IN CHAPEL.

good or bad name, as an unfeeling senior prefect, like a hard captain, might make things very unpleasant, without doing anything which could be laid hold of. Fags had little to do in Chambers of an evening comparatively, except to make prefects'

"mess," which was always paid for by themselves, and consisted of tea or coffee and muffins, or something of that kind; and the "Valets," who were the Chamber fags, had charge of the "*tu doces*," as the tea-chest was called on the doctrine of "*idem sonans*," and other stores, and had a good tea by themselves for nothing. It was rough work however in Chambers in the morning when I first went, and I saw what was before me, when my fagging began. I will run it through quickly. At 5.30 in



In the Chantry.

The Entrance Gate.

Summer, and 6 o'clock in Winter, Rat Williams, a servant, rattled at every Chamber door in turn until admitted—and the Junior had to get up and unlock the door, "rush into" his trousers, and put on a faggot and light it; call every boy separately; go out to the conduit which stood in the Quadrangle in the open air; fill the boilers for prefects, and some of the basins; take his own washing drawer—an oak dressing case—and towel—and go to the Conduit in the open air and wash himself—for no one except prefects and seniors in Chambers—previous to 1837, when water was laid on—was allowed to wash in Chambers. Then the Junior had to call all the "peals" of the Chapel bells, which were rung at intervals in double or single peal to mark the time, watch the Masters coming into Chapel, announcing each

stage of their progression and when they went in Chapel. The valets had to carry their masters' books, washing drawer, &c., into school, and to manage somehow to be in Chapel to answer their names. All of these things were my lot to do, when I entered, and I was junior in College as regards fagging; for in those days no matter how high a boy might be placed, his juniorship or seniority as a fag was counted from the time he entered, and the last comer was junior and so on. So much for Chambers.

Now for the grand Quadrangle. Remember you came in at Middle Gate out of

The inscription, which was written by Warden Barter, is very beautiful. It is as follows :

“ This Porch has been prepared and beautified by William of Wykeham’s sons, as a sacred shrine, in which the memory of their thirteen brethren, who died in the war of the Crimea, A.D. 1854-5 may be preserved for an example to future generations.

“ Think of them thou then who art passing by to-day,
Child of the same family, bought by the same Lord;
Keep thy foot when thou goest into this house of God;
There watch thine armour, and make thyself ready by prayer
To fight and to die, the faithful soldier and servant of Christ,
And of thy Country.

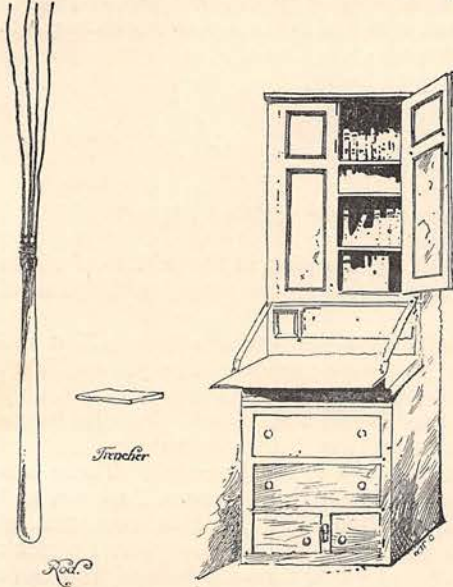
He is not the God of the dead but of the living, for all live to Him.”

The Cloisters, which run round the four sides of a grass plot, in the middle of which stands Fromont’s Chantry, now used as a chapel, which was built by William of Wykeham’s steward, are very beautiful.

The porter’s “ great lion ” in Cloisters is to show visitors where Bishop Ken and Turner, Bishop of Ely, two of the Seven Bishops who were persecuted by James II., as boys cut their names on the wall. There are several graves within the Cloisters, as a few boys and members of the Warden’s or masters’ families lie there. Now let us go up Hall stairs and look into Hall. It is a very fine hall, with the old hatches, buttery and cellar; and on either side run solid tables of the time of the Founder. There is a daïs on which on grand occasions there is a high table for the Warden, Fellows, and distinguished guests. Here College boys had all their meals, which consisted of breakfast at 8.30, luncheon, the attendance at which was not compulsory, at 1 o’clock P.M., and dinner at 6 o’clock. That dinner hour was a bad time for juniors who were fagging for the prefects all the while. Like the sparrows they must have been providently “ catered for ” somehow; as to them oftener than not the dinner was a myth altogether, owing to an absurd old custom, that if a boy was not present when the dinner was brought round, his dinner was confiscated for the benefit of the poor debtors in the prison. This was a gross abuse of fagging, and was stamped out in 1838, when the dinner hour was changed to 1.15 P.M., and was well served in the presence of a tutor, and no fagging was allowed. Plates superseded the historical wooden trenchers, except at breakfast and supper; and, with the perverseness of boys, they broke the plates on the smallest provocation and clamoured for the trenchers instead. There was plenty of fagging at breakfast, as the prefects had their own fags who made toast, cooked chops, steaks, eggs and bacon, &c., which the boys supplied for themselves, and above all made coffee admirably, and did “ fried ’taters ” in a way which no cook in England could surpass. It was great gain to be a breakfast fag to a little party of prefects who had a mess of their own, as they did not measure the supplies solely by their own appetites, and the fags had a good time of it when their masters had done. When their masters had finished their fags were “ fagging for them ” to eat their breakfast in peace. The worst thing was to be fag to a prefect who was a “ prig,” who had his college rations supplemented by a pot of jam or so, and gave more trouble than a mess with four or five fags working together, and “ nagged ” at his fag. To show that there is a silver lining to every cloud, and that fagging was not necessarily oppressive, I can call an anonymous witness who wrote to me—evidently from Winchester, by the post-mark—and he must have been some tradesman in the town. He had seen an article of mine on School Life in *Baily’s Magazine*, which had been repeated in a Hampshire paper. Here is the letter :—

“ SIR,—I have read with pleasure the extract in the *Hampshire Chronicle* bearing the well-known signature, ‘ F. G.’ I was a chorister (one of the boy-servants) at the time (1840-1), and of course can recollect most of the incidents you relate. I recollect well when you and three other gentlemen formed a small breakfast mess at ‘ Senior End,’ and I was one of the choristers who waited on you; and Mr. Frank Buckland, who is the great naturalist now, who was clever at skinning badgers, cats, rats, was one of the fags to the mess, and was cook, and I remember Jem Sims, the old cook, serving up Mr. Buckland a roasted hedgehog for his dinner. I always feel grateful to that good man Warden Barter for having made me a chorister and giving me a start in life. During a chorister’s life in college we had to put up with many rough things, but these things were seldom carried to extremes, and were cured by tips from the gentlemen at fair times, and on going home. After all, the rough life did a chorister no harm and took the conceit out of him—for even a chorister had conceit. Please excuse the liberty from
‘ AN OLD CHORISTER.’ ”

I think this chorister must be "The Murderer;" as I remember that a charming fellow with two different-coloured cats' eyes and a rough head of hair, the most comic boy in the school who was one of our fags, was called "The Villain." Frank Buckland,



FRANK BUCKLAND'S "TOY," ROD OF APPLE TWIGS AND TRENCHER FROM THE PORTER'S "MUSEUM."

walked up school like a captain coming on board ship. He had a majestic presence and a grand voice, which not only could, but did, fill the whole Cathedral when he was Canon in course. His dress in school was always a Gown and Cassock, black breeches and silk stockings. The school was divided into six parts—"Sixth Book," consisting of College and Commoner prefects; "Senior Part the Fifth," "Middle Part the Fifth," and "Junior Part the Fifth;" "Senior Part the Fourth," and "Junior Part the Fourth," called together "Fourth Book," contained the other boys.

It would astonish the world in these days of education to see the miscellaneous collection of boys in some of the lower classes—College boys who had been several years in the school and had never risen, big Commoners in tail-coats and with incipient whiskers, perfectly happy and content if they could get some one to do their compositions for them, and give them a construe so as to "rub on day by day;" all great fellows at cricket and football, but utterly prostrate before the Latin and Greek writers. But the world was different before the days of Railways, when there were no competitive examinations; when country gentlemen and people of wealth, who had a certainty of putting a boy into the Army, or the Civil Service, or securing him an appointment in India and so on, cared more about a youngster being subjected to the discipline of a big public school and of acquiring the prestige of a "Public Schoolboy," and learning habits of obedience and punctuality, than about his Latin and Greek. Dr. Johnson, as reported by Boswell in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, summed the question up thus:

"At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull nor an idle boy will do as well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there

who was my breakfast fag, was "The Ruffian," and the chorister who waited on us was called "The Murderer," and I fancy the "Murderer" must have been my correspondent. Now let us go through into School Court and see the magnificent schoolroom at present used as a concert-room and place of habitation for boys who like to sit there. It is ninety feet long, thirty-six wide and forty feet high, built *temp.* Charles II., and was panelled and ornamented with wood-carving at the expense of Warden Nicholas. On passing through Seventh Chamber Passage Gate towards the School, there is on the left hand side a very handsome decorated porch and gateway opening into the Cloister to the memory of Sir Herbert Stewart. When I went to Winchester Dr. Williams, afterwards Warden of New College, was Head Master; and the present Bishop of St. Andrews, then the Reverend Charles Wordsworth, had just come as second master. Dr. Moberly came in February, 1836.

It was a sight to see "Old Gaffer," for Dr. Williams was known by no other name, enter school; he threw the door open and



are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school ; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course but learning nothing at all."

The school-room was the home of College boys all day, and every boy had his "xob," *i.e.* "box" spelt backwards, a large oak box, with an inner flap cover which formed his desk, and an outer flap cover which formed a screen which gave him a little privacy. These xobs were placed on low strong benches, united transversely, distributed over the school. Beyond two tables in the centre, Commoner inferiors had no accommodation except what they could find on the unoccupied rows of seats at either end of the school, of which there were two sets of three in each set, each rising above each other, extending all across the building at either end, and such room as College boys could make for them ; and many a life-long friendship was made between a College boy and Commoner through the offer and acceptance of such a shelter. Flogging, called "scrubbing," and impositions, such as writing out the lesson, were the principal punishments—the mode of flogging, and the weapon for administering it date from the Founder. The culprit knelt down and unbuttoned his braces at the back, and two boys who "took him up" pulled out his shirt and left an interregnum of five or six inches of the small of his back, and the master with a rod composed of four swishes made of apple twigs, tied on to the end of a grooved handle, gave him four cuts, and if the operator took a good shot they stung pretty hard. For grave offences six cuts, called a "Bibler," were administered at the top of the school with additional solemnities attending it. There was also in my time, later on, a still severer flogging called a "Sixth Chamberer" because it was administered there in private, but I never had one myself nor saw one, nor wished to. I don't like "Star Chamber law" anywhere. If a boy did not know his lesson, or shirked Chapel, or any other roll-call, he was "scrubbed" unless he had an excuse, and then it was commuted for an imposition, perhaps by the master. "Where were you in Chapel this morning?" asked old Gaffer of a lazy good-natured boy. "Shirked, sir." "What excuse have you, sir?" "It was frost, sir, and I slipped up." "Oh! I dare say; don't let me catch you again or I will punish you *very* severely." The same scene occurred a few days later and old Gaffer shouted to the culprit, "Where were you in Chapel *this* morning, sir? It was not a frost and you could *not* slip up!" "No, sir, it was a thaw and I slipped *down*." What could a man do with a boy like this? Both master and pupil knew that whole performance was almost a farce. The early Chapel was little more than a roll-call, conducted as it was, when boys had to do a foot steeple-chase to answer their names. But in a very short time this was changed. When Dr. Moberly succeeded Dr. Williams in 1836, he saw that flogging as a constant punishment was obsolete.

Many other changes were made and parts were subdivided into classes, a third master attended in school, and an assistant-master taught the lower boys in a separate room ; so I was only just in time to see the old *régime*. There were, of course, many very good scholars amongst Prefects and Senior Part the Fifth, but a large section of the school took matters pretty easily, if they were inclined to be lazy. There was ample opportunity for those who wished to become good scholars ; but much depended on the boys' inclination. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday were three very hard-working days, school hours being from 7.30, till 8.30, 9.30 till 12, and 2 till 6 o'clock. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday were broken days, with less work.

Being junior in College as regards fagging, I must say that it was excessive ; and a boy really had little time to learn his lessons for the first year and a half at any rate. A fag had to "run" to every prefect who called "junior," and the call was everlasting and the work incessant. It began directly after Chapel, and a fag was seldom able to sit down till school began, and up to the last moment he was watching for a master. Directly school was over he was fagging in hall, or at cricket, or football, or fives, according to the season. And when the school went on to "Hills," the junior was as likely as not wanted to do something : to watch out at cricket perhaps on Twyford Down, or to carry the clothes of a boy who ran after the badger, and so on ; and if he was one of the juniors he had to go a circuit and call "Domum" on the top of "Hills," a quarter of an hour before the time for returning. There was some comfort in having companions in this hard life, and fags helped each other in every way, and bore each other's burthen, like the poor people do. I saw a great deal of this hard work gradually lightened during my time. Whenever sports went on the prefects wanted fags ; so

whole holidays were very bad times for juniors. Commoners had fagging as we had, but their cricket-ground was nearly three-quarters of a mile off, and little boys were more under the eye and protection of tutors, and their fagging was not so constant as ours. Still somehow we contrived to keep the pluck up, and accepted our position as the inevitable. I spoke of going on to "Hills." We had to go there at the *very* least three times a week all the year round, either to the top or below, according to the season. It was a very steep down about a mile from the school, which we ascended by "shepherds' steps." We had breaks in our work called "remedies" and "half remedies"—not exactly holidays, but days on which masters did not come into school, in which specified work had to be done, and on those days and on half-holidays and holidays there was more or less of going on to "Hills" or in the water meadows according to the season, and every summer evening the boys went to the river to bathe. In the autumn and winter badger-hunting was the great sport for prefects, and those whom they took with them; and each prefect might take two boys with him, the



INSCRIPTION, TRADITIONALLY SAID TO HAVE BEEN CUT ON A SHAFT IN THE CLOISTERS BY BISHOP KEN.

rest had to keep on the top of "Hills." The badger was brought in a sack by a huntsman who kept two or three dogs, one of which was a bulldog to pin the badger, the other dogs were terriers to keep him going. He was turned out and headed up the downs, and little boys carrying clothes watched which way the badger was going, and cut across, like a man on a second horse with the hounds, so as to be up with the prefect's clothes soon after the badger was "pinned." Those boys who remained on "Hills" played rounders, or football, or in the Spring matches at cricket between the junior elevens of College and Commoners; and sometimes there was a fight: but there was the greatest amity and good-fellowship between both sections of the School. What would the Governing Body say now to seeing big fellows going on to "Hills" attired in white cord breeches and drab leggings; many of the Commoners in green cutaway coats and brass buttons?

Such was the fashion when William IV. was King. College boys always wore their gowns, and a cloth waistcoat with cloth sleeves. Some of the boys had guns on the quiet, and were good shots and were not particular about poaching. There were a few very good fishermen in the school. The badger-hunting was discontinued during my time: Dr. Moberly did not like it. It was in no sense badger-baiting, and was splendid exercise. I believe it was continued again after my time.

As to our sports in College, our matches between College and Commoners at cricket and football were glorious. We played three cricket matches between the two first elevens, and also between the two second elevens, and combined our forces for the "Lord's eleven" as it was called, composed of College boys and Commoners in anticipation of meeting Eton and Harrow at Lord's. The stopping of the three matches at Lord's has always been a sore question, so I will not touch on it. I must give my testimony, supported by the authority of Robert Thoms, the king of umpires, and of West, the other umpire who went from Lord's to Eton in 1889, and also by William Martingell, the Eton ground-keeper—whom I have known since he was a boy—that the Winchester fielding at Eton in 1889, when Winchester pulled the match out of the fire, was unsurpassed by any fielding ever seen. I never saw anything like it, hardly.

And now I should like to say a word about the Bishop of St. Andrew's when Second Master. No finer athlete ever entered a school, and no master ever did more to promote all that was noble and manly amongst boys; and no man had more tact in proposing changes. In my time during my later years at Winchester, Mr. Wordsworth, as he then was, took an immense interest in cricket and all manly sports, and played a great deal both in practice or in matches, and brought elevens against us. In 1836 he was mainly instrumental in getting the College to form a new ground in "Meads" by digging

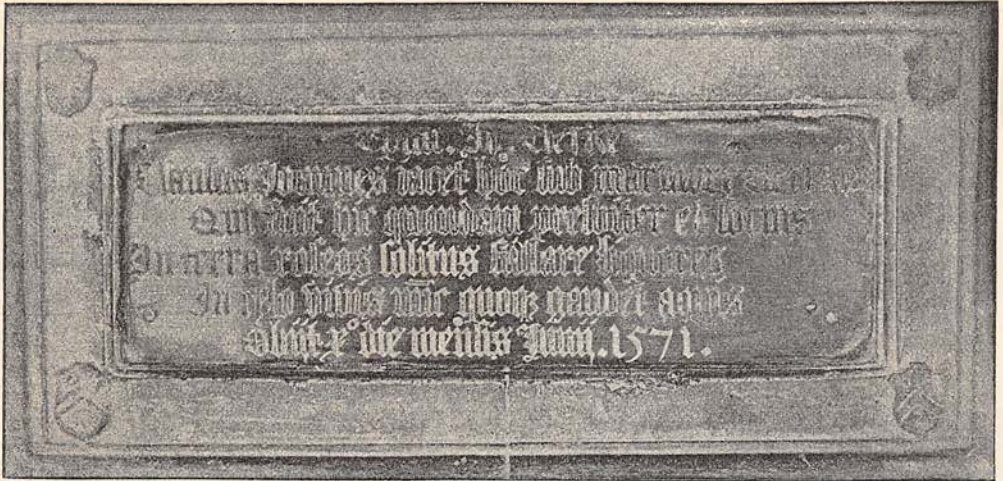
out the peat soil over an area of eighty yards square, and filling it up with a substratum of chalk, faggots, new soil, and down turf, and the work was so well done under his eye, that it is as firm to-day as it was over fifty years ago. He also laid out a small ground for the junior boys, and in my later days he always gave leave from every roll-call for fellows playing in matches. He took great interest in his old pupils when they went into the upper school, and if he thought that any of them were too much devoted to amusement, he would try and enlist them as candidates for a prize which he gave to any boy in the Upper Fifth who would learn, in play hours, four hundred lines of Cicero by heart: "*propterâ operam in exercendâ memoriâ horis subsecivis optime positam.*" He was the originator of making all boys in Middle Part the Fifth learn thirty lines of Cicero by heart every morning, and I believe he was as fond of Cicero as he was of cricket, and he certainly made many boys like *both* and understand *both*. He never meddled with old established customs, but his suggestions were generally accepted, and when he suggested to prefects that quiet should be kept in Chambers at nine o'clock, P.M., for ten minutes, to enable boys who wished to do so to say their prayers (in 1838), it was carried out at once: as was another suggestion that on half-holidays, when leave from roll-calls was given from two o'clock till eight for matches, prefects should discontinue the twelve o'clock cricket practice and give the fags rest.

Dr. Moberly liked Attic Greek a great deal better than athletics of any kind. We, or the majority of us, decidedly did *not*; and if Plato could have come down to the river in the flesh, we should have drowned him to a certainty. We liked Homer and the Greek plays, barring the Choruses, but bother that Plato—he was a great ruffian who never ought to have lived. I speak for the Division who loved cricket and football more than Plato. I really do believe that Greek prose is an acquired taste which many never could manage. We liked musical Greek which had a "ring in it," just as we liked a grand anthem with "a stamp and go" about it. The specialty of all specialties with Dr. Moberly was Divinity; and in examinations it counted higher than other things. Half an hour every morning, from 8 till 8.30, and on Sundays prefects and Senior Part the Fifth went up together for Greek Testament, and the most advanced prefects construed and answered the questions which arose, and they and the Fifth Book took notes, which were afterwards entered up in fair copy; and in the half-yearly examination there was a searching Divinity paper to answer amongst others. Any boy who was under Dr. Moberly for two years and a half must go through all four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles most critically. No man ever took more pains than the Doctor did, and in his published letters to Sir William Heathcote he relates, admittedly with no little satisfaction, that on calling on an old pupil in after years, who was preparing a special sermon, he found him working by the aid of his Winchester common-place book. He evidently made boys thoroughly understand what he taught, though I am afraid he often talked to those whose minds were in the cricket-field. Every College boy under Senior Part the Fifth had a boy tutor, and a great thing it was for little boys especially. His tutor was the *commune refugium*, and if a little boy had been shamefully bullied, a good tutor would take his part in a most unmistakable way. I like to remember that my first boy tutor was Alfred James Lowth, who took twenty wickets in Eton and Harrow matches, 1835; bowled in Gentlemen and Players at Lords in 1836 and took nine wickets; and, immediately afterwards, in the Harrow and Eton matches took sixteen wickets. He was one of the first boys who brought round-arm bowling to *absolute* perfection. The best boy bowlers whom I remember were Lowth, 1836; Harvey Fellowes and George Yonge, Eton, 1841; Gathorne, left round, Harrow, 1843; and Dewar, Winchester, left round, 1845; the last-named took twenty-two Eton and Harrow wickets at Lords. The present Warden of Winchester was also a very good round-arm bowler, and bowled for Oxford and Hants over many years, after 1835. When he and Lowth and Nicholas Darnell, who was Prefect of Hall when I entered, were at Oxford together and bowled for the University, eleven Wykehamists beat the University.

And so we come to the end of our tether when we arrive at "Meads," the old College cricket-ground at the back of the School, and we are thankful that, except knocking down a small portion of the old walls for a gateway into the magnificent modern cricket-ground, the Governing Body have left the landmarks untouched. If they would kindly pull down the hideous new Sanitorium, and build something more in accordance with the old Sick House, I think money would be forthcoming amongst Wykehamists. We still have from College Meads an uninterrupted view of the grand

sweep of the downs, and St. Catherine's Hill standing boldly forth outside the old College walls. "Meads" was the scene of our early troubles as fags, and of our triumphs at football and cricket in later years; and it makes the blood boil now almost, when the mind goes back to the last struggle in the annual football match between College and Commoners, with six a side. In imagination we hear again the deafening roar of our party, and are once more charging down the ropes, and in the *mêlée*, when victory was in the balance; and the frantic cry of "only five minutes more" seems again to strike on the ear; and I fancy we would gladly have charged to the gates of the place mentioned by Tennyson in his *Balaclava* poem.

Our Winchester game, six a side, was quite unique. The ball was somewhat smaller, and much harder and heavier than modern balls. The course was about 120 yards long by 35 yards broad, roped and staked. The skill was to keep the ball in, and never to kick *out* intentionally, and to send the ball through any gap on the opponents' side. It could only be played—*i.e.* College and Commoners, six a side—for



BRASS TO JOHN CLERKE IN THE CLOISTERS. (UNDERNEATH IS GIVEN A RENDERING OF THE INSCRIPTION.)

Beneath this stone lies John Clerke,
Who once was priest and fellow here;
On earth he used to distil water from roses,
Now also in heaven he delights in the water of life.

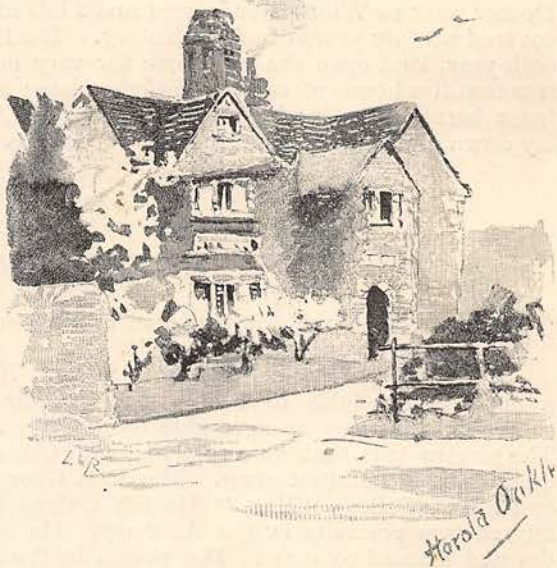
one hour, as it was calculated that a boy playing forward would have to run eight miles besides turning and kicking.

Now for modern times. We know that a boy can only get into College by passing a searching competitive examination, and that a candidate for a tutor's or master's house will have no chance unless his name is put down years before. Old Wykehamists say that two scholarships a year at least should have been reserved without competition for orphan boys of Wykehamists. Dr. Moberly proved the necessity of this as, *most* nobly, when the Indian Mutiny broke out, he offered to take three sons of officers who fell, free of all expense. College had no such provision to offer. But I honestly confess, that when at Christmas last I spent a long Sunday afternoon with the porter visiting the old familiar haunts, and also the new buildings and alterations, and turned over in my own mind the priceless value of education in these days, when nothing hardly worth having can be obtained except by competition, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there must be greater facilities for education than existed in my days, though at much greater expense, whether a boy competes successfully for College or is at a Tutor's house. The Tutors' houses, the strong staff of masters, the quiet class-rooms, the magnificent "Moberly Library," which has practically disestablished the ugly "New Commoners"; the Tutors' Library, Prefects' Library, the new dormitories in College, and other changes;—to say nothing of the abolition of the abuse of extreme fagging, which crippled a boy's energies, but which now is reduced comparatively to a *minimum*, are probably demanded by the present hard struggle in the "battle of life." The magnificent cricket-ground and bathing-places also, and the throwing down of the red brick walls are wonderful improve-

ments ; but please, Governing Body, spare the old walls. There is no doubt that College had become somewhat of a Close Borough, and that many were educated there who were not quite "*pauperes et indigentes*," as William of Wykeham intended—and great reform was necessary ; but the old Wykehamists think that the Founder's will was too little regarded, and that they might have been left to carry out reforms themselves, and that the Governing Body in their haste to make alterations somewhat resembled Cromwell in sacking the old City, as they lacked reverence for our "Lares" and "Penates," especially by stripping the Chapel of all the panelling and screens. We hear of masters' wives entertaining boys at tea on Sunday evening, and of French classes in their drawing-room for boys who are studying for competitive examinations, and specially for the Army. This is all admirable of course ; we had nothing but a Classical education, as the teaching of French was a farce ; and I fear also that poor Mr. Desborough Walford, the kindest and best of men, sowed his mathematical lore too often on ground which produced tares only. The only female society we had was that of dear old Mother Maskell, the Matron of Sick House, and formerly nurse to the family of Dr. Williams, the Head-Master ; of "Betty," her servant, an Amazon, and widow of a deceased Grenadier, whose uniform she might have donned and whose musket she might have carried to the great gain of her King and Country : and of Mother Batchelor, the old laundress, who wore a black moustache, which like the old Jack Tar's pigtails might have been sword-proof.

Our quasi gipsy-like life, our hard training and the constant making of bricks without straw, prepared boys for the battle of life ; and many of those who never went beyond the middle of the school, and who possibly in Masters' eyes were to be "future failures," have turned out good citizens in Church and State. Moreover the freemasonry amongst Wykehamists was a great advantage in after life. I have myself found the "true ring" of Wykehematical brotherhood in very many ways. One of the

most eminent Wykehamists who was afterwards Attorney-General and Lord Chancellor, at a time when clients had to arrange consultations some days beforehand in order to see him, went thoroughly into a case, at an hour's notice, which involved questions of serious importance to myself personally, simply because I was a Wykehamist in difficulty. I wrote to him as a stranger a note claiming the Wykehematical brotherhood as a plea for urgency, and he *claimed the privilege*, after writing an elaborate opinion, of tearing up the cheque for his fees. On another occasion I had two Private Bills before the Standing Orders Committee in the House of Lords,—The "Brading Harbour," and "Fareham Railway" Bills—which I thought must both be thrown out, as my clients had made a very foolish mistake about some deposits. By my advice they made a full confession of their error and threw themselves on the Committee, pleading *in misericordiam*. The late Lord Eversley, a grand Wykehamist, was the Chairman as deputy for the late Lord Redesdale who was ill. "We are very sorry to have to stop these bills," he said to me, "as your clients have been very candid, but the noble Lords who are with me think the errors too grave, although no one is injured ; but I will hear anything more you have to say !" "I have only two words to say, my Lord, *Primum Tempus* ;" was my answer. He burst out laughing and said, "Go away, and don't do it again." It was our unanswerable plea at School and got us off our first flogging. I think all the Peers wanted to let us off if they could honestly, and they all enjoyed the joke—and so *did* we.



THE OLD SICK HOUSE.

Space prevents my giving more than the slightest sketch of an old Wykehamist home in London in Cadogan Place. Dr. Goddard, who lived till 1845, was always in London in the season for the first three years of my residence there after leaving school. He was very kind to me and I was at his house a great deal, and sometimes I dined with him when he had a party of his old pupils, many of whom were men of great mark in Church and State—for he sent into the world a very large number of eminent men. It was great fun to see the old master and pupils, most of whom were grey-headed elderly men laugh and joke; especially when the Doctor's niece, who lived with him during his life from the time when she was a little girl, in 1786, when her uncle was Second Master, reminded them of old times. I have heard her tell how in the Rebellion of 1793 she was dreadfully scolded, when the boys broke into the Second Master's house to search for arms, because her sole grief was about a new ball dress which was on the sofa; and how the boys who were in rebellion offered a free escort to herself and Aunt on their parole. And the grey-headed old Wykehamists, all of whose nicknames she knew, would tell me how at the beginning of this century, when the Doctor was Head-Master, she would gallop a-head on her grey pony and give boys who were "out of bounds" on Hills "the hiss" to announce that her uncle was coming. As the Doctor went to Winchester in 1771 and I left at Christmas 1841, the company present covered seventy years of school history. The Doctor's niece, who died in 1863 in her 90th year, kept open the old home for very many years after her uncle's death, and it was still a house of call for Wykehamists; and after dinner she always gave the toast herself *Omnihus Wykehamicis!* I say "Amen" to that noble sentiment as I lay down my pen, and trust that the reader has not been wearied.

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE friendship of the two men whose portraits are chosen for our frontispiece has no recorder but Reynolds.

Both were gentlemen, and both poets. He on our left a painter indeed, and a pupil of Reynolds to boot. The right-hand man was a poet whose sonnets survived to become as agreeable to Southey as those of Mr. Bowles to Coleridge. The picture tells that he was a musician too, and there is promise in his intent and quiet face of heartfelt song. The Rev. George Huddesford was a Winchester boy, and a New College "Man." He left Oxford and studied painting. In 1775 he exhibited two portraits in the Academy. He seems to have given up painting and devoted himself to verse. His poems in the main were satires and skits of divers kinds which may hardly be read nowadays. In 1804 he was made vicar of Loxley, in Warwickshire. In his fifty-ninth year he died.

John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, born August 24th, 1754, was his junior by four years. He was educated at Cambridge, and whilst there he published his sonnets. He was beloved, we are told, by all who knew him; and he himself tells us so much in some tender lines of a "Sonnet to the Evening."

"I, general friend, by turns am join'd with all,
 Lover, and elfin gay, and harmless hind;
 Nor heed the proud, to real wisdom blind,
 So as my heart be pure, and free my mind."

Southey in his *Specimens of the Later English Poets* makes an interesting note upon this writer. "Jackson of Exeter designed to republish the little collection of Bampfylde's sonnets with what few of his pieces were still unedited, and to prefix to them an account of their author, who was truly a man of genius. From him I heard an intensely melancholy history, all of which he would not have communicated to the public." Of that melancholy history accordingly nothing is known. We may guess that there was love in his story, and madness in his love. Whilst still a young man he fell a victim to insanity, and the last twenty years of his life were spent in confinement.

Of the painting itself we need say nothing. It remains a masterpiece of an artist of whom, with a late Mayor of Plymouth, we may say—"his pictures, wherever exhibited, give great satisfaction."