

## A MATCH I WAS IN.

BY THE REV. JAMES PYCROFT, AUTHOR OF "THE CRICKET FIELD."



The Young Cricketer. (From a sketch by W. Hunt, exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Gallery.)

MY earliest recollections of cricket carry me back some forty years to my school days at Bath, and also to my holiday excursions wherever the famous Lansdown Club, then in its infancy, was engaged to play one of its annual matches. At this period the game of cricket was little known in the West of England. The history of cricket, as traced in "The Cricket Field," to which we are happy to refer as the recognised authority and text-book of the game, speaks chiefly of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent, and afterwards of Sussex and the adjoining counties. But it is certain that, as far North as Sheffield and Nottingham—which two towns had clubs that contested as far back as 1772—the game of cricket did prevail very early; but we have no record of cricket in the last century, with rare exceptions—no record, at least, of its prevailing as a favourite rural sport—save in the few counties above-mentioned, and chiefly in the South and South-East of England.

As to the West of England, and the rise of cricket clubs in that part of the country, we can undertake to speak very accurately, no doubt much to the

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astonishment of the rising generation, who never dream of the days when either cricket or railways were not.

In the year 1824, there were only three or four cricket clubs in all the West of England. There was one at Bath, one at Clifton, one at Sidmouth, and one at Teignbridge, six miles from Torquay. There was also one at Kingscote, in Gloucestershire, a village of the same name as the family of the present Henry Kingscote, Esq., once one of the finest players of the day.

Still, cricket is a game that need only to be known to spread far and wide. Miss Mitford, in her interesting little book called "Our Village," describes a rural cricket club, and says, "How strange it is that a bit of leather and some bits of wood should have such a charming and such a spirit-stirring power!" I have a lively recollection of our first school subscription for bats and a ball; and, when bought, I was made steward or keeper of the ball; so, hearing it ought to be greased, I kept it so well rubbed with all kinds of dripping that the cook would spare out of her perquisites, that it became as heavy as lead. Not that we should ever have been scientific enough to find out the difference; but our master's friends who used to join us—one in particular—were good players, and, when the scientific bowler found he had something like a heavy yeast dumpling at the end of his fingers, much laughter ensued at his annoyance, and I was threatened with the pains and penalties of the middle stump about my back—the usual punishment for lazy fielding in those school days (rather rougher than the present)—if I did not discharge the duties of my office in a more sensible way.

Well, these visitors were a great help to us. For cricket, my friends, is learnt very much on a principle of unconscious imitation, and boys who play among a fine style of cricketers are sure to fall insensibly into their commanding attitudes, and into their way of hitting, as well as of fielding and bowling.

I insist upon this point, because, now-a-days, with the travelling company of the All England Eleven, first-rate cricket comes to most parts of England as often as a wild-beast show or a circus of horsemanship at the least, and you cannot do better than use your eyes, and make quite a study of the play. Look at Hayward and Carpenter, for instance; see how firmly they stand on their legs, not tottering about like a bear on hot iron, as bad players do, while the ball is coming; see how upright they stand, making every inch of their height, and commanding a long reach forward; whereas some of the country gentlemen seem to me as if they wanted to rub their chins against the end of the bat's handle, and dwarf themselves into awkward creatures, all knees and elbows.

However, I am still at school. Grown bigger, I was invited to play every Wednesday and Saturday—which were our usual half-holidays—with the Lansdown Club, and three or four of our seniors could soon render some service to a side. At this time the club was joined by some of the best of the Winchester, and also some first-rates of the Oxford, Eleven, and we saw the best of play, and knew full well the forte of every man in the club. In those happy days, a club match with the Clifton or the Kingscote Club was a thing to dream of for a month before it came to pass. Being a left-handed player, and not caring a straw for anything while I could only keep my wicket up, at the age of sixteen I had become a very awkward customer. I am by no means recommending a dull, blocking, and slow sort of game—happily, I was soon taught better things—but I am only speaking of a fact: when one day—while all the school were working double



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tides to earn a holiday to see a Kingscote match—one of the club eleven being taken suddenly ill, a hasty note of invitation was sent by the manager of the eleven to me, or rather to the master, during the early school hour. Rather pleased with the compliment to his teaching, our master read the invitation to me aloud before the whole school. I never shall forget my feelings, nor that of the school either: there burst forth, in spite of discipline, a general hurrah at the honour thus paid our eleven; and all the school had a holiday to see the match. Every one was ready to lend me his bat, his spikes, his jacket, his belt, or anything he had, that I might think more knowing and eligible than my own. Spikes were rare in those days, but the loan of a pair of shoes with some rough nails in the soles made me feel fit for anything, for at that time few of the club had anything more artistic in the way of cricket shoes.

Well, the two sides met, and, to the dismay of all, the celebrated player, Mr. Kingland, made his appearance among our adversaries. Still, if this was a surprise for us, we also had, little as our men suspected it, a surprise, and quite a "take in" for them, too. In racing, sometimes there is such a thing as a "dark" horse, of which few persons know anything, that, after all, proves to be able to win in a canter. We had just such a man on our side—an Etonian, named Broadley; he was only known to Prince, our best bowler; but Prince said, "Never mind Kingland; if Joe Broadley is in his best mood to-day, he will show them a hit or two that will astonish the natives."

Another point very vexatious just then was that Protheroe, who belonged to both clubs, played against us. This we thought very shabby of him, and there was not a man on our side who did not long to catch or shy him out without a score. However, play was called; we lost the toss, and the other side went in first.

The first two wickets fell for ten runs. This looked well, when the *magnus Apollo*, Mr. Kingland, was seen coming. I never saw a cooler hand. He was pulling tight his waistband as he came along, and had some practical joke with our middle wicket as he passed him. But when he came to the wicket there was something in the breadth of chest he presented to the bowler, and the free swing of his arms, while, giant as he was—about six feet two—he "bestrode the world like a Colossus," and looked as if he could reach half-way to the other wicket.

The first ball or two Kingland played steadily and easily, as if waiting to try the ground, to study pace and distances, and get his eyes open. It is evident to me now, with my present ripe experience, that Kingland was wise enough to warm gradually to his work; and many are the innings I have seen thrown away by making play too soon. However, by degrees he became bold—indeed, positively ruinous and destructive to all our bowler's ablest tactics. Prince was a good bowler too—very fast and well upon the spot; but Kingland's reach was so long—and he played as straight as a line with a full, upright bat—that he could drive away almost any ball which to another would have come in a first-rate bail ball; while, on the other hand, if Prince pitched at all too short, Kingland's wrist-play was so fine he would cut it half across the field.

Still, if we could not bowl out Kingland, every now and then we settled a man at the other wicket till Protheroe came in. Now, then, we were all on the alert. "I'd give ten pounds," said Prince, "to finish Protheroe in the first over." Now, Protheroe's play I knew well. He had one constant poke for one run to the leg



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and I observed he always looked to see just where the man at leg—which then happened to be myself—stood, and poked the ball accordingly. I at once thought of a dodge. I pretended to stand six yards out of my proper place, and while his eye was fixed on the bowler I moved six yards forward. The *ruse* succeeded. He had hit a catch, which, jumping off my feet, I caught in mid-air amidst rounds of cheers from all the ground, in which all our school, you may be sure, were not the least uproarious. Still, the game was not won yet: the score ran up fast and most discouragingly, for three times Kingland hit leg volleys clean over the tent. After all, he carried his bat through the innings “not out.” Indeed, we never saw any chance of getting him out, he played so safely. The last wicket fell for 120 runs.

After luncheon I was sent in first, as a good runner, for the chance of Broadley, our great gun, making one of his remarkable innings. Before I went in, Prince, our captain, said to me, “Now listen to me; we don’t want you to hit, or even to try to hit. You can block most vexatiously, as I know to my cost sometimes. So if you can only play like a young barn-door, remembering to back up and run for Broadley’s swiping, you will do no little towards winning the match.”

Luckily for the work to be done, I was not at that time at all scientific. Some play at the pitch of the ball, others play at what they fancy is the line of the ball; but not only were my eyes as sharp as a ferret’s, but I made good use of them, and watched the ball—few older players do this, however necessary—every inch of the way, in spite of all its twisting, right up to the bat. Like a barn-door my bat was, and no mistake about it, for two hours and a-half; and meanwhile, at the opposite end, Broadley was showing that Kingland’s hitting was not peculiar to himself alone. Broadley was, in make and shape, not unlike Ben Griffiths, the great Surrey and All England player—the “mammoth hitter,” as they called him in Australia. He was wide, not only in shoulders, but also in hips, so necessary to hard hitting. He stood well up, descried the ball, and formed for each hit very soon and with perfect decision, and when he did hit, every ounce of his strength went into the ball. His “hitting Barter”—so old Wykehamists used to call hitting the ball at the pitch, after the name of Dr. Barter, a famous player of Winchester College—was very fine. At last he was caught, and the score stood thus:—Broadley, 60; myself, 6; with sundries, 72; one wicket down. Nothing is more remarkable in cricket than how very frequently it happens that when two men have made a stand and “collared the bowling,” if one of them at last is out, the other—whether from want of confidence, or (as I suspect) from making a difference in his style of play—soon follows. In my case, I began to be over-confident, and hit away, and after running up my 6 runs to 15—a fine score for an outsider—I was bowled out, receiving no end of applause as I entered the cricket-tent, by all which I was so elated that I did not know whether I stood on my head or my heels.

A great deal was thought of my catching out Protheroe as I did, because the catch was made with one hand and a jump. No doubt this has a dashing appearance, so much so that I have seen more than one silly fellow make a pretence of a jump “to please the gallery,” when there was not the least occasion for it. But the truth was, nearly all of our school used to practise this high catch with a jump, and it is well worth learning. The great secret is to aim at getting the ball about the middle of the hand, at the junction with the fingers, in which case the hand closes of itself just as it should do for a good grasp of the ball.

Another dashing catch most useful to practise is made with a ball which would



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ground short of you. The art is to rush in with one hand, pat the ball up in the air, thus breaking the force which would defy your catching it with one action, and then catching the ball as it descends. A very hard hit, to which you have to rush in, is hardly worth attempting in any other manner. When successful, this is a very dashing piece of fielding. Sometimes you have a one-handed catch to make (if you can) at full speed, when running sideways to cross or intercept the course of the ball. This catch you may practise while a friend throws balls to suit you; but the best way is to make a circular sweep with the hand, ending with the ball, if happily caught, in your hand behind your back; for to present a stiff hand to the ball in such a position is useless, and in this way only can you draw the hand sufficiently back for your purpose. Once more, while talking of catching, why are some of the easiest catches missed, to the surprise of every one? The old answer is, "By taking it too easy." But the question is, In what respect do you take it easy? Answer, *By not troubling yourself to draw your hands back*; for you can catch no ball scarcely with stiff hands.

But to return to our match. Our other wickets went down quickly, for it is rarely that any of the rest of the Eleven do much after any very stubborn stand has been made by one of the earlier bats. One would suppose the contrary would be the case, as the bowlers are "used up;" and certainly run-getting never seems so easy as when you see nearly every ball hit away before you go in. Still, the bats that follow do rather less than more, in consequence of one of those long innings at the first set-off. Perhaps it may be that they play a faster game, as if by imitation, than they would play otherwise. But, at all events, it is a fact that I have often observed. No less frequently have I remarked that the side that goes in second against a very long score does not make as much as it would at other times. This, I am sure, is because the idea of many runs or none being imperatively wanted influences the play. However, all our side were out for 110 runs—a loss by 10 on the first innings.

The game was now over for the day. All dispersed, to meet at eleven on the morrow.

I asked old Sparks, the umpire, what he thought of the match, and who would win.

"I should say the side that lives nearest home has the best chance."

"Why so? Because they know the ground better, or what can the reason be?"

"Why, you see, sir, many things go to spoil your chance at cricket besides those of which our gentlemen take account. First, there's the dinner——"

"What! do men drink too much? These men are not the sort of characters to get drunk."

"No, sir; but sometimes they eat too much. Now duck and custard is a particularly bad thing to play upon. I had my dinner at the side-table, and saw what was going on. So I said to Harry, the waiter, 'Hand these custards to that gentleman,' pointing to the gentleman (meaning Protheroe) who was going to bowl; 'and after that hand some bottled beer, and be sure you recommend the salad with his cheese.'"

"Well, and what then?"

"What then! Why, didn't you see how Mr. Broadley hit him all over the ground? Didn't he bowl him long hops and tosses till he was quite hit off, and they were forced to change him, and couldn't tell how it was he bowled so badly?"

## THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

*My* duck and custard, shaken up with bottled beer into a nice state of fermentation, did all that—ha! ha!"

"But you don't mean you have any other duck and custard trick for to-morrow morning?"

"No, no, sir. Leave them alone for that. Short whist at the Mitre, with punch, cigars, broiled bones, and a jolly night of it, that will make all the odds in to-morrow's play; whereas our gentlemen will go to bed sensible—at all events our bowlers will, and Mr. Broadley too."

This seemed to me marvellously sagacious of *the* Sparks, but he had seen sharp practice in the cricket-field all his days, having lived at a time when betting men frequented Lord's as they do Epsom or Ascot, to make a book, and sometimes to bribe players to lose that the betting men might win; but all these tricks of the "legs" have been unknown for many years.

But as to the effect that the state of the digestion produces on the eyesight—to say nothing of a shaky hand and a state of nervous tremor all over which results from late hours in the smoking-room—this I have learnt to understand and to calculate on since, though too young to dream of such things before Sparks first drew my attention to them.

Next day the adversary certainly did not play the better for the night which had passed; but as to the night our men spent, there is something more to tell presently—indeed, one of the strangest events in all my long cricket experience.

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## THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

To battle! to battle!  
To slaughter and strife,  
For a sad, broken covenant  
We barter poor life:  
The great God of Judah  
Shall smite with our hand,  
And break down the idols  
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice  
In prayer and in song;  
Remember the battle  
Is not to the strong.  
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!  
And onward they come,  
To the vain noise of trumpet,  
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,  
With hagbut and spear;  
They lust for a banquet  
That's dreadful and dear.  
Now horseman and footman  
Sweep down the hill-side;  
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,  
To die in their pride.

See, long plume and pennon  
Stream gay in the air!  
They are given us for slaughter—  
Shall God's people spare?  
Nay, nay; lop them off—  
Friend, father, and son;  
All earth is athirst till  
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,  
And lift high the sword;  
For biting must blades be  
That fight for the Lord.  
Remember, remember,  
How saints' blood was shed,  
As free as the rain, and  
Homes desolate made.

Among them! among them!  
Unburied bones cry:  
Avenge us, or, like us,  
Faith's true martyrs die!  
Hew, hew down the spoilers;  
Slay on, and spare none;  
Then shout forth, in gladness,  
Heaven's battle is won!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



## A MATCH I WAS IN, AND WHAT BROADLEY TAUGHT ME.

BY THE REV. JAMES PYCROFT, AUTHOR OF "THE CRICKET FIELD."



William Lillywhite, the great Bowler.

**MR. KINGLAND** was in his play. My belief was that he could always play—play in his sleep, if it were possible—so easy and natural a thing did it appear to him to hit about our bowling.

The game began. Kingland was soon in, and began hitting the ball about and making play all the sooner for the experience of his first innings. Well, thought I, he was not out last innings, and we have evidently small chance this. His tremendous square leg hit he is making more fearfully than ever. There goes another ball right up to the big elm-tree—no! Who's that?—little Stanbury?—

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yes! Shouts rend the air. Stanbury, the sharpest and the most dodging player on our side, had rushed out from under the old tree, where he had placed himself unseen by any one, and had caught the high-soaring ball, and Kingland was out for only fifteen runs! You never saw a man so disgusted.

"Why," said he, "that was not the place for any regular fieldsman to stand. I had no notion that little man was there, for he was standing in quite a different place two minutes before."

That was part of the dodge—Stanbury never intended anybody should see him there. However, their great gun was out all the same.

Now the strange—indeed, the marvellous—event to which I alluded was this:—The night before, Charlie Stanbury had a dream that he concealed himself by that identical big elm-tree, and that one of Kingland's skying hits was made, and he caught him out!

It was exactly thirty years after the date of this match, this dream, and this catch, and Charlie Stanbury had become the father of a family of capital cricketers, with two of whom, in my eleven, I was engaged to play the same Kingscote Club on the very scene of my first match and of Charlie's great exploit; and, to Charlie's surprise, as he handed up to my carriage his sons' bats and carpet-bags, he found there was some one who remembered the catch which he had that morning been relating to his boys.

Kingland being out, we had not much trouble with the rest; still they put us in to make eighty-five runs to win. Broadley carried out his bat for forty-six runs, and we won the game by two wickets.

Soon after, Broadley came to reside near us, and took part in our school as well as in the club matches. He was no random hitter was Broadley—no; he had a reason for everything, and took great delight in teaching me to play. As to my blocking game, he said, that was all very useful to bother Protheroe for being so shabby as to play against us, but "it was not like cricket"—indeed, the game would never be played if all men made it so slow and uninteresting. He said my fielding was pretty good, but even that he should improve; but mine was no batting, only poking, and must be remodelled altogether.

These were the days of the old underhand bowling; not what we call "slows," however. The bowling of Prince, as well as Broadley, was very fast, and dead upon the middle stump; and, if once pitched straight, as it seldom worked away or rose over, it was sure to hit the wicket—a fatal case, if not played. Broadbridge and Lillywhite, the great Sussex players, who introduced (it had been invented years before, and forgotten) the round-arm bowling, were names of repute, but few had imitated them. And despise as you may the old-fashioned bowling, I have seen the sort that would win a match against most of the round-arm bowling, and I have rarely seen any batsman play as straight and upright as those who learnt against the old style.

It seems now as if the underhand were coming in again. The All England Eleven rarely play a match without "the slows," which is one form of it. Tinley is their best bowler in that style; but Mr. Vincent Walker is better still; his fine fielding backs up his bowling, and saves so many runs. I doubt if any man of the day can save as many runs, or do as much fielding for his own bowling, as Mr. Walker. At a match in Canada—the first time the All England Eleven crossed the seas—Parr's slows were more effective even than Jackson's, then the



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best of his day; and last year there was a notable instance of the efficacy of the old underhand, for by help of it Mr. E. Grace, of Mangotsfield, playing for the Marylebone Club during the annual cricket and theatrical week at Canterbury, got, directly or indirectly, every wicket. What a feat to perform, when we add that he had carried out his bat for 192 runs in the innings just concluded!

With such a cricket tutor as our friend Broadley, I set to work in good earnest to improve as fast as I could. But he began by reversing all my notions; he said that not batting, but fielding, and, above all, bowling, was the great point in cricket, adding that he would teach no one who would not attend to his lessons in fielding first. Broadley's rules and instructions, as nearly as I can remember them, were as follow, only suppose that he is speaking for himself:—

Almost every boy can field after his own fashion, but the art is to reduce your adversary's score to the lowest point by certain stopping and quick return; secondly, to make every possible catch; and, thirdly, to return the ball so quickly and straight to the wicket-keeper's hands as to run the man out. As to fielding, I have seen the batsman regularly pounded so that he could not get one run through the men that closed in and surrounded him. The All England Eleven, at a near point, as once at Tonbridge Wells, we have known show off some wonderfully good play in this manner. But, of course, none but fine players can attempt so close a game.

As to stopping, the great point is to cover a deal of ground. A good man at cover-point or middle-wicket will forbid any ball, unless a very hard hit, to pass within four or five yards on each side of him; so you should practise sudden springs to right and left, running with hands low, and, above all, with the quickest anticipation of where the ball will come. A fine player boasts of always starting or getting under weigh before the ball is off the bat; though with the old bowling this was more commonly practicable than with the new, because more regular and to be depended upon.

The best way to learn fielding is to act as long-stop behind the wicket of any man on a practising day, because, it being then immaterial if you miss, you can experiment with all kinds of dashing play. You can run in to every ball, pick up one-handed, right or left; and especially it is useful to stand further and further at a disadvantage, out of the line of the ball, and learn to pick up clean in the midst of a sharp run sideways. But do not practise the right hand, or the easiest side, chiefly; practise left-handed fielding and left-foot springing, because in a match one comes into requisition as often as the other.

Practise the left hand, and the right will take care of itself, with catches, or in stopping; few men can spring as well from the left foot, or start as quickly to intercept a ball on the left side. This, therefore, should be remembered in your practice. To stop suddenly, and with self-command, when running, you should practise also. To run right or left fast, cross the ball, and pick up clean—"taking it in your run," as the phrase is—makes a brilliant and effective piece of fielding. John Lillywhite was very good at this. He was one of the very best I ever saw at cover-point, though Mr. W. Pickering was considered the best ever seen at Lord's. He could return the ball with the left as well as the right hand—a very rare power indeed.

As to cover-point, there is one peculiarity in the way the ball comes to this, as it does to long-leg, and sometimes to long-slip. It has a tendency to curl, instead



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of coming straight, and this curl, as experience will explain, must be allowed for, or you will miss stopping many a ball. It is enough to draw attention to the fact.

When I speak of practising fielding, the best advice I can give is, that every fieldsman should undertake the place of long-stop sometimes, for it requires the quickest and the neatest play.

Every one has been told in fielding to run and meet the ball—not to wait for the ball to come to you. But one thing few men ever think of—namely, to keep on running in till you do meet it, and not to run and stop for the ball to come the last few yards. This makes a deal of difference in point of quick return, and nothing is so likely to run the man out, because, if well done, you gain force and quickness for the return by the very impetus of your run.

But for running a man out, besides quick return you want practice, the most accurate throwing, and throwing with a single action—"up and in" is the correct style. You should practise a low, skimming throw: let it be, as nearly as you can, point-blank—high curves lose much time.

Add to this that it is most essential to throw full to the wicket-keeper's hands and the height of the stumps. We insist on this, because some players always throw in a long hop to the bowler. Certainly, this long hop, if sent hard, low, and skimming, comes in pretty well, and must be allowed when the throw is a long one; but it is by no means to be compared to the volley to the hands. So remember this rule—never to throw in a hop when you can throw full up to your man; but it is better to throw a long hop than to risk throwing short to the wicket-keeper's feet; and never expect to make a man run out if you throw in something between the two; for a half-volley is as difficult to pick up in fielding or by wicket-keeper as it is to hit with the bat.

In fielding, as in batting, you must study lengths. You have long hops to stop, which are easy; volleys, or full tosses, which are, or ought to be, catches; half-volleys, which we said were difficult; and shorters, the most difficult of all.

A fine fieldsman will practise all kinds. Let a friend throw a dozen of each kind for experimenting, and you will soon find that a little practice, with real study and attention, will go a long way.

The extent to which fine fielding tells upon the score is very remarkable. Its saving is not only direct in stopping hits, but indirect in preventing many a hit from being made at all. Some one once said to Clarke, "Where is the good in placing for your slow bowling a man out long-field, when, you see, all this game, scarcely one ball has gone there?" "Why, what more do you want? You would not wish any ball to be hit there, would you? But once move that man, and you will have hits enough."

Remember, therefore, that a good fieldsman holds the batsman in check. Some men play well in practice, but not in a game. It is one thing to hit about bowling when it little matters whether your stumps go down occasionally or not, with a practice-bowler, and when you can play in your ground or out of it, and hit as many catches as you please, without anything to remind you of your "mistakes;" but it is quite another thing to play the same bowling when a sharp wicket-keeper stands rubbing his hands for a chance close behind you, and a sharp man at point is ready to come dashing in for a ball blocked the least up into the air. The man who boasted he could hit the stem of a wine-glass with a pistol-ball was answered



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very sensibly that it might make all the difference if the wine-glass pointed a pistol too. This is a case in point; and the more lively the attack of the bowler, well supported by the field, the more nervous the defence of the batsman. I have a lively recollection of seeing a fine young player against the All England Eleven. He began with a good cut to cover-point, at the same time starting to run as a matter of course. But he little knew the sort of enemy he had to deal with. All in a second, John Lillywhite returned the ball rattling among his stumps so sharply that he had only just time to save his wicket. After this he seemed discouraged, played timidly, and was soon out.

The second indirect effect of fine fielding is that it inspirits the bowler. Few, very few, men can bowl when their catches are missed, or when an unlucky ball that might have been stopped goes away for three or four. I remember the celebrated old player, Mr. Budd, saying, "If I don't dig them out it is no good;" meaning that to play for either stumping or catching was useless when he had a bad field.

Add to this, fine fieldsmen can venture to stand far out, and cover a deal of ground, confident of their quickness in rushing in if the ball is hit short of them.

This reminds me to say something of the art of placing yourself in the field. "What! does not the captain or the bowler place us?" Yes, as well as he can; but all he can do is to say, "Stand to save one or to save two," while you only can tell how far or how near, according to your capabilities, that place should be. For cover-point or long-stop to be able to stand almost as if to save two, and yet to be able to save one, is a great advantage. But the greatest fault, and not an uncommon one, is so to stand as to be right for neither.

Again, as to placing yourself, the two batsmen may have different hits. A good judge at cover-point will often see his man cannot hit there, and shifts round a little to support long-stop, moving forward again when the other batsman has the ball.

One of the most common mistakes made in placing the field relates to "point." "Point" may either stand in near, as point proper, to check the batsman and make near catches, "muffed up" from slow bowling, or he may stand far back, like a near cover, to save runs in the field: all depends on the batsman and the bowling. With fine hitters and swift bowling you will find near catches too difficult to be worth standing in for, so you had better be contented safely to make those which ground farther off. By so doing, also, you can save many more runs. This is what we call "making a regular fieldsmen out of 'point' because not quick enough for point proper."

For all these reasons Joe Broadley would always choose the good fieldsmen before the good batsmen for our school eleven. Good fieldsmen can always save runs, while the best batsmen often make none. Imagine what may result from one catch being missed! I once saw rather an easy catch missed at Bath, off the first ball, and Captain B— afterwards made one hundred and fifteen!

One bad fieldsmen on a side is like a loose screw in your machinery. The great point in a match is to make your men play well up to the mark—to play their hardest and their best; but when once balls are missed in the field the game grows slack—the quicksilver is down with the one side and up with the other; and there is no game in which the state of the spirits produces so remarkable an effect.

We will in another paper give Joe Broadley's lessons on bowling and batting.