

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVI.—THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON (HEAD MASTER OF HARROW).



THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.



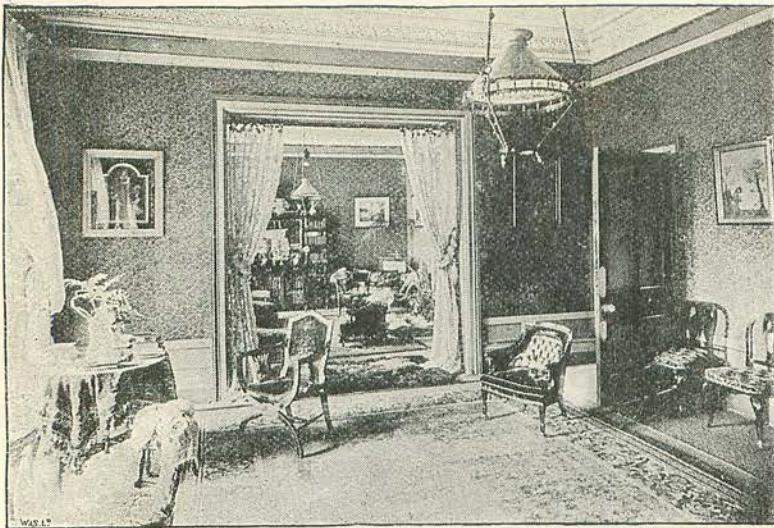
I was on the last Saturday of the term that I made my way to "the top of the Hill"—a Saturday as famous as welcome to every boy in Harrow—famous, for was not the last house match of the season to be played in the afternoon? whilst in the evening, as the bells chimed half-past six, were not the boys to gather in the speech-room, and once again sing the dear old songs of Harrow? Welcome! Only a few more hours, and then for home and holidays. Yet there were one or two boys with sad and breaking hearts. It was their last Saturday at Harrow! Their faces told of their feelings within. I came across one handsome young fellow in the chapel—sitting silently in his accustomed seat. He was crying bitterly. He scarce knew why—why his eyes should fill—

At the thought of the Hill,  
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

"They sometimes scarcely know how to leave my study," said Mr. Weldon, in his kindly way, "when it comes to the last word of advice and a final grip of the hand."

The sight of these few boys who were leaving, wandering listlessly about the meadows and the school buildings, only substantiated what was to be read on Mr. Weldon's kind and open face. He is a model schoolmaster. He *knows* every boy in the school. He is a homely teacher. As a Public School-boy himself—for he is an old Etonian, and the only living link between Eton and Harrow—he seeks not only to pose as the teacher at the table, but as the pupil at the desk. Here lies the secret of scholastic sympathy, the carrying out of which realizes true teaching. Then Mr. Weldon loves fun. I would that you could hear the hearty laugh with which he accompanied the delightful stories he told me.





From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

It echoed a "Don't-I-wish-I-was-there-now" sentiment that was unmistakable.

Before we settled down to talk we made the customary run through his rooms. Mr. Welldon is a bachelor, and his sister presides over his house. Miss Welldon's artistic taste is apparent in the arrangement of "Nature's decorations." You cannot enter a room without finding the freshest and sweetest of flowers. The fire-places in the drawing-room are just great fern banks relieved here and there by peeping blossoms; the tiny vases look as though the roses were growing out of them. The pictures in the drawing-room are principally of the Venetian and Florentine School, though here is an engraving of a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and another of Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross." Reminiscences of his many travels are also on the walls, as indeed they are everywhere about the house—in room and on staircase—photographs of Egypt and the Nile, the Yosemite Valley and Niagara, and many others. A dual statuette of

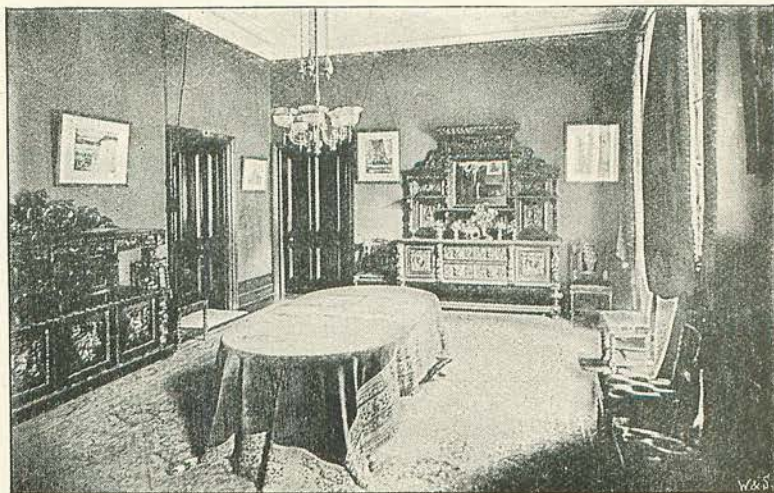
Goethe and Schiller rests on a cabinet at the far end of the room.

Yet another fern bank is found in the dining-room: a bright relief to the solemnly massive oak furniture.

The study of the Head Master of Harrow is necessarily a very interesting apartment. If it impresses the visitor, how much more does it affect the boy who timidly taps at the door

and knows he is "in for it"! Yet, at the same time, the study is open to every lad in the school who would seek for advice, or who—a thing seldom needed—is desirous of lodging a complaint. There are two tables: one is the working table, on which are set out the varied papers associated with school life proper. Mr. Welldon assures me that "all the affairs of life go into six divisions"; hence the box of half-a-dozen pigeon-holes.

The other table is entirely devoted to Aristotle, of whom Mr. Welldon is a most ardent student. His "Translation of Aristotle's Politics" and "Rhetoric" are standard works, and he has just completed another treatise on the great philosopher. The



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

books in the study are those used in classical teaching; the two maps are those of Greece and Athens. Two photos are noteworthy. One is that of Tennyson, on which the Laureate has written: "I prefer the Dirty Monk to the others of me"—a remark suggested by a possible resemblance to an untidy monk. The other is an autographed photo. of Mr. Gladstone.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon has the same birthday as Oliver Cromwell and John Keble—the 25th April. He was born at Tunbridge in 1854, was educated at Eton, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became Bell Scholar in 1874; Browne's Medallist in 1875 and 1876; Craven Scholar in the latter year, and Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1877.

"Then I went abroad," said Mr. Welldon, "and lived in five foreign homes. I was nearly starved abroad. That has made me careful with any of my boys who are going abroad to study languages. When I send them out before the end of the term, I take their tickets, have somebody I know to meet them at the other end, and, above all, see that the food is good. On my return from foreign lands I was appointed Lecturer, and subsequently Tutor, of King's College, Cambridge."

Mr. Welldon was only twenty-nine when he became Master of Dulwich College, and two years later, in 1883, he was made Head Master of Harrow School, succeeding Dr. Butler to that important and much-coveted post.

"Schoolmastering is a narrowing profes-

sion," he said; "you are always dealing with inferiors, telling people what to do—that is what makes schoolmasters so disagreeable in old age. When any of my teaching colleagues come here I always advise them to do something outside school-work—travel or write books. A good schoolmaster is a man who uses his holidays well. When Dr. Arnold was at Rugby it was difficult to get sufficient subjects to teach—now it is a hard matter to find time to teach them in. Educational subjects are increasing in number every day—they advance, whilst the capacity of the boy remains stationary. The only way to deal with the educational problem is to find out just what the boy loves and cares for, and let him learn it. I don't believe in cramming. Every subject requires teaching, and time to teach it in. Schoolmasters must learn to appreciate time as well as system. Are schoolmasters plentiful? Well, I have forty here, a splendidly energetic band—ask the boys—and with strong opinions of their own. Yet if the whole of my staff resigned to-day, I could fill up the vacancies to-morrow."

Then Mr. Welldon spoke very frankly on the subject of corporal punishment. He assured me that the only people in English society who do not object to having their boys flogged are the upper classes.

"Why," he said, merrily, "seeing that flogging is abolished in the Board schools and forbidden in the middle-class schools, soon we shall only be able to flog the son of a duke! Boys in their hearts like being kept in order—the masters they don't like are those who won't



punish. Still, I don't believe in corporal punishment—it may be useful, but I assure you it is not often necessary at Harrow. I have heard of some curious little stories on this subject. Lord Lawrence admitted that he was flogged once every day except one, when he was flogged twice in one day. Here are two remarkable examples that the birch does not ruin a boy's love for the master who administers it.

“When Dr. South, as a boy, went to Westminster, Busby said, ‘I see wits in that ugly little boy; my cane shall bring them out’; and

accompanied every stroke on the delinquent's body with such expressions as ‘Now, be a man!’ ‘Be brave!’ ‘I'm so sorry!’ And he meant it. The reason for his taking to birching the boys was an amusing one. He was humanity itself, and he got another master to do the thrashing. But the other master was even more humane than he, and in his pity for the boy laid across the form, would hit out so enthusiastically as only to birch the form and not the delinquent. Hence the head master held the birch afterwards.



From a Photo. by

HARROW SCHOOL—THE ENTRANCE.

[Elliott & Fry.]

it did. Yet when South was lying on his death-bed he expressed the wish to be buried next to Busby. They lie beside each other at Westminster. It is said that Dr. Keate at Eton flogged every day, and on one occasion kept at it all night. Yet Mr. Gladstone told me that the most enthusiastic reception he was ever at was Keate's farewell dinner given by his old pupils.

“A certain well-known head master of Harrow used to say to a boy after he had birched him, ‘I forgive you!’ and he

“When this same head master was appointed,” said Mr. Weldon, “he caused a servant, who had been with his predecessor, to go through the house and take an inventory. The fanlight over the door had a huge hole in it, as though a stone had broken it. The servant did not include this in his list.

“‘You missed this,’ said the worthy ‘head,’ pointing to the broken fanlight.

“‘Oh! that is always left with a hole in it, sir!’ was the servant's significant reply.



"He had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know, little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair. The hospitable 'head' would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness, 'And must you *really* go?' The little boy invariably went."

The name of Archbishop Longley is one to conjure with. Many a merry anecdote is associated with this estimable guide of youth.

There are no boys on earth more fond of a joke than Harrovians, and no lads more clannish. It seems two boys were out very late one night, and the worthy Longley was also enjoying a midnight ramble. The Harrow boys, by-the-bye, wear tail coats—*à la* the old English gentleman. Longley saw the two lads, and gave chase. He caught up one, and just got hold of one of his coat tails. The tail came off in the master's hands. "Ha! ha!" thought Longley, "I'll catch him to-morrow—he'll only have one tail to his coat." But he had reckoned without his host. In the morning every boy turned up with a single tail to his coat!

Longley's nickname at Harrow was Jacob. About this time a very popular game was played at the school called "Jack o'Lantern," but the neighbouring farmers complained that indulging in it injured their crops and field produce, as the boys must needs have a free run across country. It was therefore forbidden. A few lads, however, still managed to get out at night, and the boys in the Head Master's house—Longley's abode—used to

let themselves down from a room on the first floor by a rope. One night, the boys had safely got inside, when Longley, in passing, caught sight of the suspended rope.

"I'll surprise them," thought he, and with commendable intention gave a pull at the cord. The boys evidently thought one of their number was still out, and began "hauling in." Up went Longley—higher and higher, until his face got level with the window. Then his stern countenance appeared.

"Jacob, by Jingo," cried the boys, and the Head Master was dropped into his own laurel bush below. He never asked any questions!

Mr. Welldon, too, has experienced what may be aptly termed school "surprises."

Some time ago a not altogether comforting spectacle met his view. It seems the boys in a certain form pretended they wanted a window in the roof of their room shut. The obliging master had a ladder brought, mounted it, and endeavoured to shut the window. Some enterprising youth removed the ladder, and when the Head Master of Harrow entered there was the unfortunate master clinging for dear life to the frame-work.

Just as we were in the midst of happily enjoying these little reminiscences a servant brought in a letter.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Welldon. But the next instant the letter was in my hands. It was a letter written by Lord Palmerston to the Honble. Elizabeth Temple, Hanover Square, when a schoolboy at Harrow; and sent now to the Head Master. Here are the contents:—

*Harrow Friday June 13 1800.*

*My Dear Lilly,*

*I begin  
at last, my long promised letter to let you*

*know that various things have happened since I saw you last. Hence last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr Magors by name I send you enclosed his bill of fare and curious one it is he really did performed his tricks with great dexterity. Particularly <sup>4</sup>one, <sup>2</sup>in<sup>3</sup> the hat a handful of tow into his mouth and <sup>after</sup> having chewed it for some time, he pulled out not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.*



"Harrow, Friday, June 13, 1800.

"MY DEAR LILLY,—At Last I begin my long promised letter to let you know that various things have happened since I saw you last. Last week we were entertained for about two hours by a conjuror, Mr. Magoni by name. I send you enclosed his bill of fare, and curious one it is. He really performed his tricks with great Dexterity, and one in particular. He put a handfull of tow into his mouth, and after having chewed it for some time he pulled out, not the tow, but several yards of different coloured ribbons.

"The Day before yesterday we had a Poney race, one poney belonged to Forster, the man who keeps the Inn, where we dined on the Speech Day, and the other was the property of a farmer's son in the neighbourhood. The race course was along the London road from the bottom of the hill to the House at the end of the Common, just one mile, for two guineas. The Farmer's Poney came down in good time, but Forster's, not liking the sport, set off from the Stable with his jockey on his back, and run down quite the contrary way from the race ground, came to a common where he Leaped over a ditch, threw his Jockey and dragged him a hundred yards, however, Luckily did not hurt him, though he kicked at him, and as soon as the boy was disengaged from his Stirrup he ran into a pond, where he was caught: and then he and his Jockey came very Quietly to the course. He ran very well half-way, but when he came to the avenue of Elms about a quarter of a mile from the house, which served instead of a winning post, he turned Sharp up it, and

would not go on so that the other poney came in ten minutes before him. Forster, however, said he would run him back again for a guinea, which he lost also, his poney being compleatly distanced. I wish you would send to Dale's Musick Shop in Oxford Street for six or eight yards of catgut like the piece I enclose, and send it me as soon as you can. I will pay you when I see you. I do not believe it will be more than two shillings. I wish you would send to Mr. Watkin and Phipps for a box of the ointment he said I was to use for my eyes, as I have had two or three boxes, but have always squashed them in my pocket as soon as I bought them. I am glad to hear Betzy is better, and that everything is settled with Mrs. Rush who seems to be one of those unfortunate people, who do not know their own mind five minutes together. My Love to all, and believe me ever your most affectionate Brother,

"H. TEMPLE."

Previous to starting out with Mr. Welldon for a walk round the school buildings, and a visit to the swimming bath and cricket field, I saw some of the boys' rooms in the Head Master's house. The head boy of the house has a library in his apartment. You can read the boys' inclinations in the decorations they have in their respective *sanctums*. One boy leans towards sport—look at the cups and athletic trophies; another is partial to cattle in general, and horses in particular. All of them have family portraits—the son of the Bishop of Ripon has his father's picture in a most prominent position—and many lads are evidently admirers of beautiful women.

It was with a merry smile that Mr. Welldon told me of the only case of school love that had ever come under his notice.

"I was at Dulwich at the time," he said, "and a lady came to me with the request to punish her boy—only seventeen—who had proposed marriage to some charming young damsel in the neighbour-



From a Photo. by ]

THE HEAD BOY'S STUDY.

[EUolt & Fry.



hood who had captured his heart. I was successful in breaking off the engagement!"

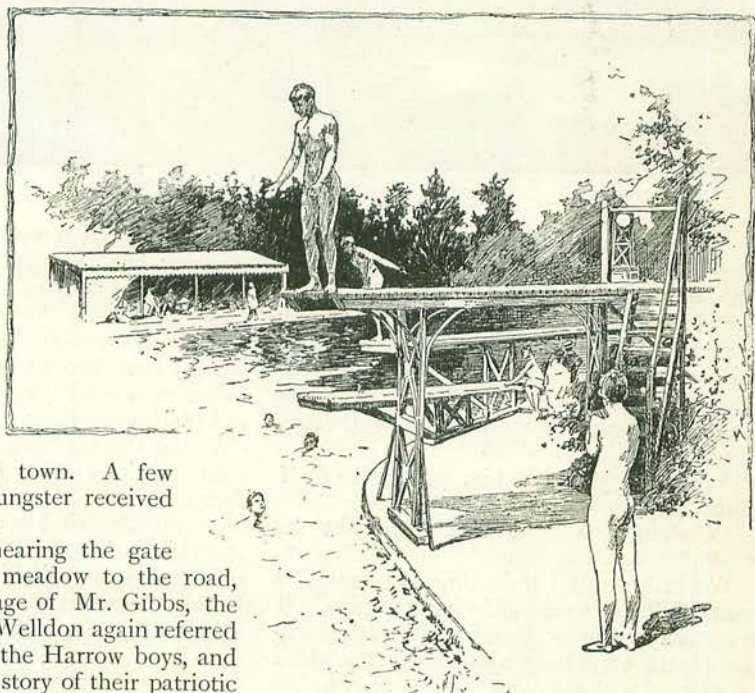
Then, as we walked across the fields together, followed by Scamp, a remarkably handsome collie, through the meadow path past the fine football field, towards the swimming bath, we discussed a number of matters, which it is to be hoped will prove interesting to the general reader, and particularly so to any Harrow boy—present or past—who may peruse this little paper.

Most boys have two shillings a week pocket-money, and the Harrow confectioners' shops—their name is legion—thrive on it. The shops live on the School. Mr. Welldon deliberately declared that confectioners were amongst his worst enemies. Sometimes a boy returns from his holidays with three or four sovereigns. It is gone in a fortnight. The sons of great bankers have been at Harrow, and, owing to the captivating confectioner, have not had sufficient money to pay their fare to London. No credit is allowed. If a shop is "put out of bounds" by the Head Master, the shopkeeper has to go—no boy dare patronize it. Still, your young Harrovian comes in for occasional pleasant presents from ill-advised people. A short time ago a Harrow boy showed a stranger round the town. A few days afterwards the youngster received a dozen of champagne.

Just as we were nearing the gate which leads from the meadow to the road, where stands the cottage of Mr. Gibbs, the swimming master, Mr. Welldon again referred to the clannishness of the Harrow boys, and told me a remarkable story of their patriotic feeling towards their school, and the enthusiasm with which they regarded everything that happened in connection with it.

"You asked me just now if ever a Harrow boy had been expelled. After Dr. Wordsworth left only some sixty-eight boys remained—the school had gone down terribly, principally owing to a difference of opinion which existed between Wordsworth and Sir Robert Peel. This led, it is said, to the elder sons of Sir Robert alone being sent

to Harrow, and the younger ones—including the present Speaker of the House of Commons—going to Eton. Dr. Heath was the last Etonian Head Master of Harrow previous to my appointment. The elder brother of the Duke of Wellington—the Marquis Wellesley, a boy of ten years of age—was at Harrow at the time, and he, with other boys, strongly resented this action. In token of their strong feelings on the matter they dragged the carriage of one of the governors down to Roxeth Common, near here, and broke it to pieces. One of the ringleaders was the Marquis Wellesley. He was brought up, rebuked, and asked to apologize. Instead of doing so, he pulled out a piece of wood which he had brought from the broken carriage and cried, 'Victory! Victory!' He was expelled. He was sent to Eton. Strange to tell, he became the most devoted Etonian, was always desirous

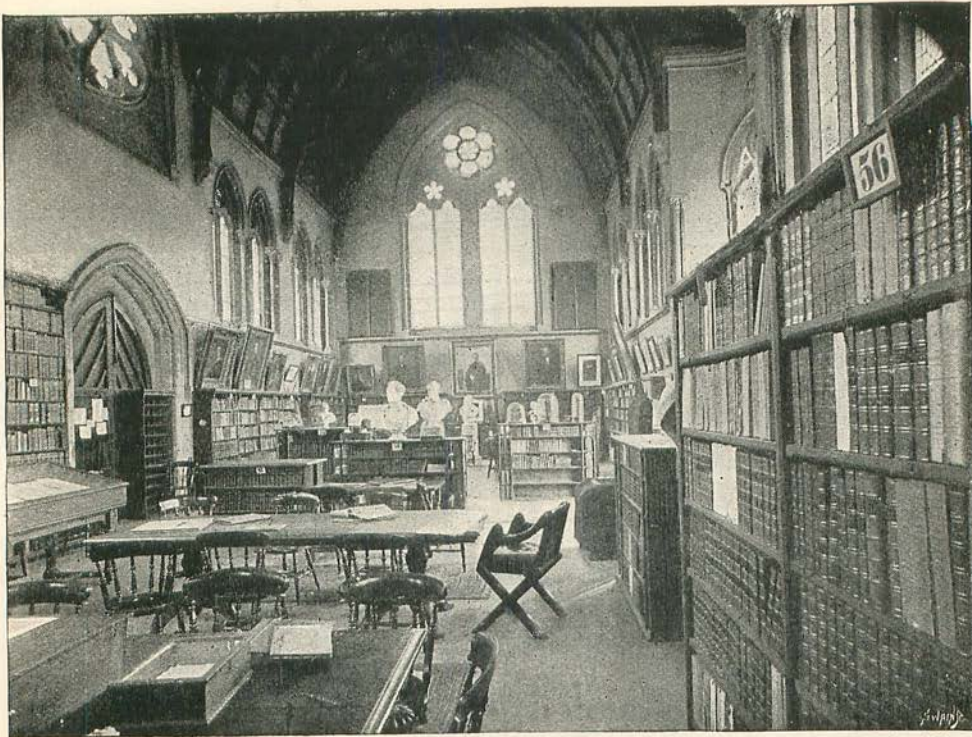


THE BATHING PLACE.

of being buried there, and his wishes were fulfilled. But for that occurrence Harrow could perhaps have numbered amongst its old boys a Duke of Wellington."

We talked very little about sermons, though Mr. Welldon is Chaplain to the Queen, and one of the finest preachers in the country. Mr. Welldon happily remarked that the last token of appreciation





From a Photo. by]

THE VAUGHAN LIBRARY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

of his sermons was from one of his old boys, who had taken a book of his discourses out with him to South Africa.

"He wrote to say that he read one of my sermons every Sunday, as he was far away from all churches. He wanted to know if, after having done his duty—as he put it—by reading a sermon, he might shoot afterwards."

"And did you give him permission?" I asked.

"Certainly. I told him I thought he might," was the answer.

We had reached the swimming bath, and many of the boys were enjoying a plunge. It is certainly the finest open air bath in the kingdom, being 500ft. long, with a maximum width of 60ft. Its depth varies from 3ft. 8in. to 6ft. 1in. Three hundred and fifty thousand gallons of water come daily from the Harrow waterworks, covering almost three-quarters of an acre. The whole place is delightfully sheltered, and surrounded with trees and huge banks of shrubs and evergreens. Some of the best swimmers and divers amongst the Harrow boys willingly lent themselves to the camera.

On our return to Harrow there was much to see, previous to going to the cricket ground,

and Mr. Welldon was most enthusiastic in pointing out the many objects of interest. The chapel is full of memorial tablets, and close by is the Vaughan Library, a very handsome erection. Immediately on entering are seen two fine marble busts of Lord Palmerston and Byron; many portraits of old Harrovians hang round the walls. Here "Young Harrow" can come and look upon many precious relics of those who sat on the forms before them. They can sit in the alcove by the window and look out upon the glorious landscape in front of them, the richness and beauty of which must tempt many a lad to dream and hope that one day his name may live "on the Hill." Byron's sword is here, and Lord Palmerston's inkstand. Just by the alcove is a crayon drawing of the late Cardinal Manning. I remembered how his eyes lit up when, some time before he died, I spoke to him about his Harrow days. In the letter which hangs framed beneath his picture—the last he wrote to Mr. Welldon—dated 21st June, 1880, the great prelate says: "As I grow older and older, the days of my boyhood seem brighter."

"I once took lunch with Cardinal Manning in the morning," said Mr. Welldon, "tea in the afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon; and dined



in the evening with the Bishop of Winchester!"

In a glass case is Byron's "Euripides'



BYRON'S SEAT—TOMB IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

Hecuba"; some Latin exercises written by Sir Robert Peel when at Harrow in 1804, and letters from Wellington, Faraday, Landseer, and Sydney Smith. An archer's dress of white satin and silver lace worn at Harrow on the day of shooting for the silver arrow is preserved, together with a couple of the silver arrows competed for.

We cross the road, up the steep stony incline to the church, and stand for a moment by the tomb—now railed in—on which Byron used to sit and dream. From the place of poetry to the spot of pugilism is but a few steps. The latter is the old milling ground where Byron fought his battles.

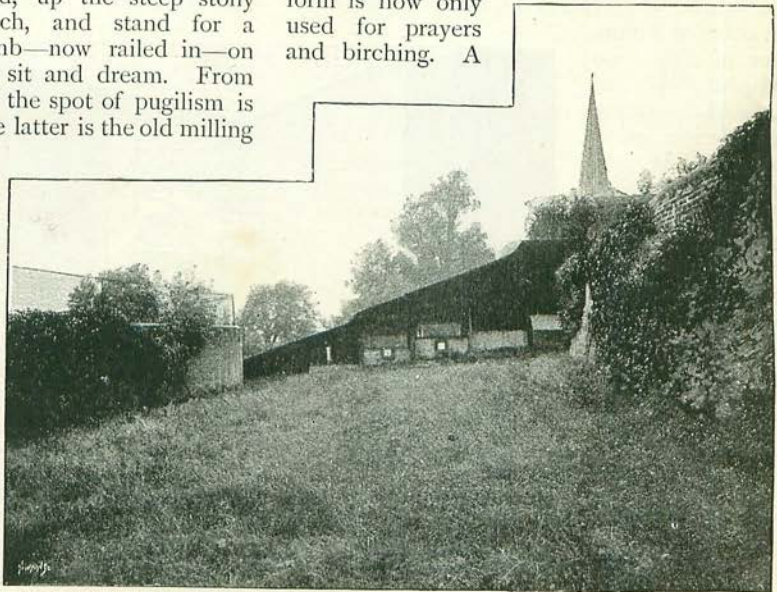
The streams where we swam and the fields where we fought.

"At Harrow I fought my way very fairly. I think I lost but one battle out of seven," Byron wrote to a friend. But the place of milling is no more. The courtyard is no longer used as a grand stand by

the boys; the masters no longer have to shut their eyes to a pugilistic encounter. The days of fights are o'er, and the patch of once famous land now grows very long grass and is used as a practice ground for the Morris tube.

All that remains of the old school stands here. Here is the old fourth form, with its oaken benches and panels, tiny windows, and huge Elizabethan mantelpiece—its quaint old desks and chairs. It forms the Harrow scroll of fame, for on the walls and benches, on the doors—aye, everywhere — the pen-knife of many a famous man has cut into the wood. Here is "Byron," and in the next panel to the poet is "H. Temple,

1800." "R. Peel" is in big letters near the Head Master's seat; "Haddo" (Lord Aberdeen), "R. B. Sheridan"—until very recently a direct descendant of Sheridan was in the school—and near the floor, in very small letters, "H. E. Manning, 1824." No walls were ever so famously decorated as these. The old fourth form is now only used for prayers and birching. A

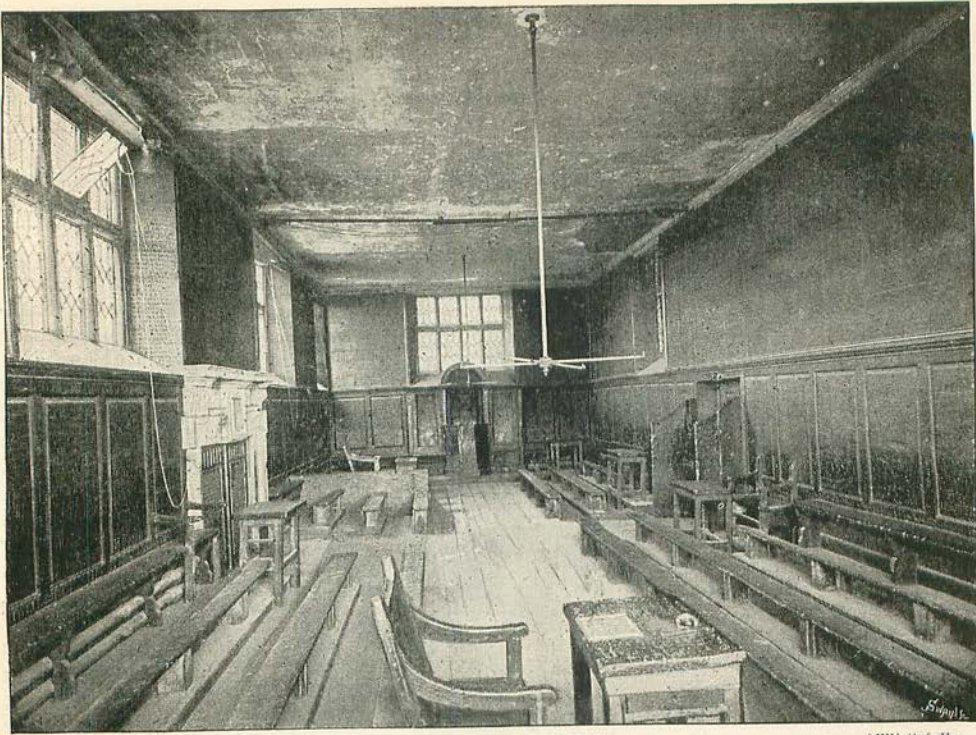


From a Photo. by]

THE OLD MILLING GROUND.

[Elliott & Fry.





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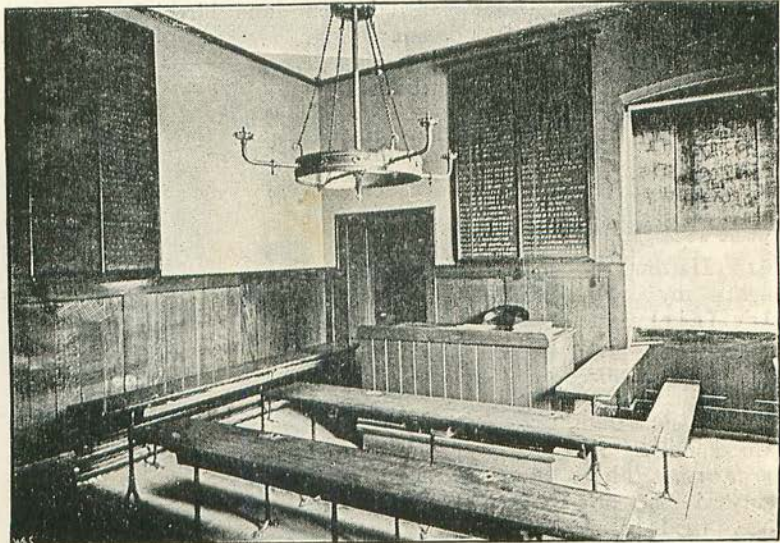
THE FOURTH FORM ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

little door is opened near the ancient desk where the Head Master once sat, and six birches rest against the wall in an impressive row. Passing upstairs—the doors and walls are covered with names—we reach the Head Master's class-room. It contains a number of tablets on which are printed in gold the names of Harrow prize-winners. It is a close, uncomfortable room, but tradition is strong at Harrow, and the boys would not leave it for the most perfectly ventilated and sumptuously furnished apartment in the land.

There is just time to look in at the speech-room, with its fine oak roof and numberless chairs ranged

tier upon tier, before we hurry away down the Hill—the Hill upon which Lord Shaftesbury conceived his idea of philanthropy when seeing a funeral passing by. We are on our way to the cricket ground. What a sight it is! Seated on the grass and

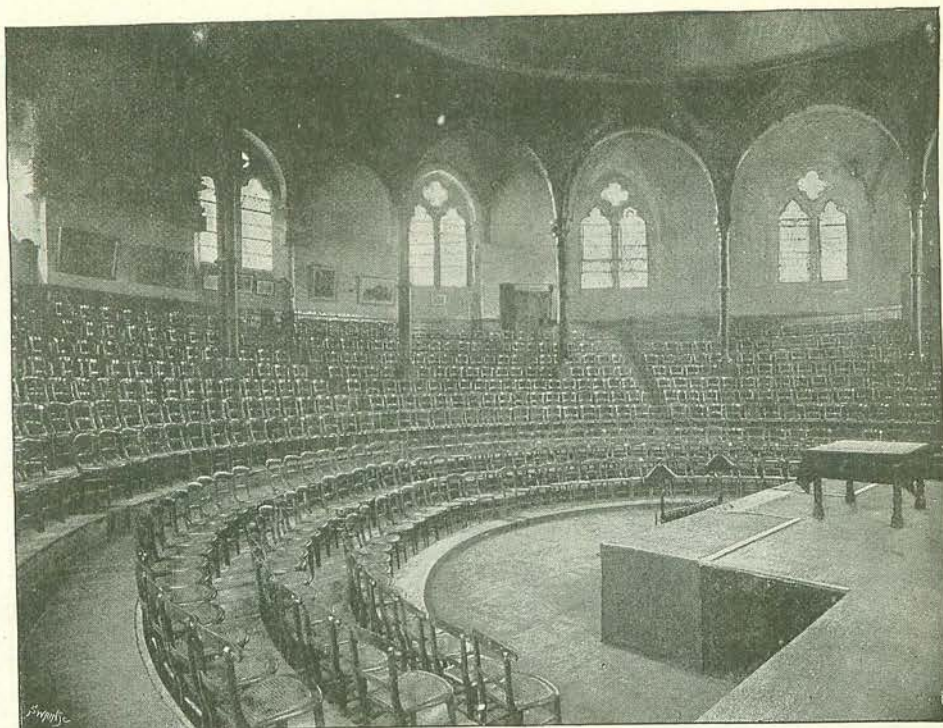


From a Photo. by]

HEAD MASTER'S CLASS-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.





From a Photo. by]

THE SPEECH-ROOM.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

benches is young Harrow, eagerly watching and waiting for every ball that leaves the bowler's hand, and every hit that comes from the striker's bat. But go on a little farther and you reach the pavilion. Here sit the two houses who are fighting with bat and ball to-day. You can easily tell the supporters of the two sides. Let the bowler deliver a good ball, and fifty voices at the pavilion go up in one great shout; but let the batsman make a grand drive, and the same fifty voices are silent, while the other half-hundred take up the shout. If you want to hear a real, unadulterated English shout, ask a Harrow boy to cheer; if you want a practical definition of enthusiasm, go to a Saturday afternoon match at Harrow.

Mr. Welldon and I sat down on one of the seats, whilst Scamp lay at his master's feet.

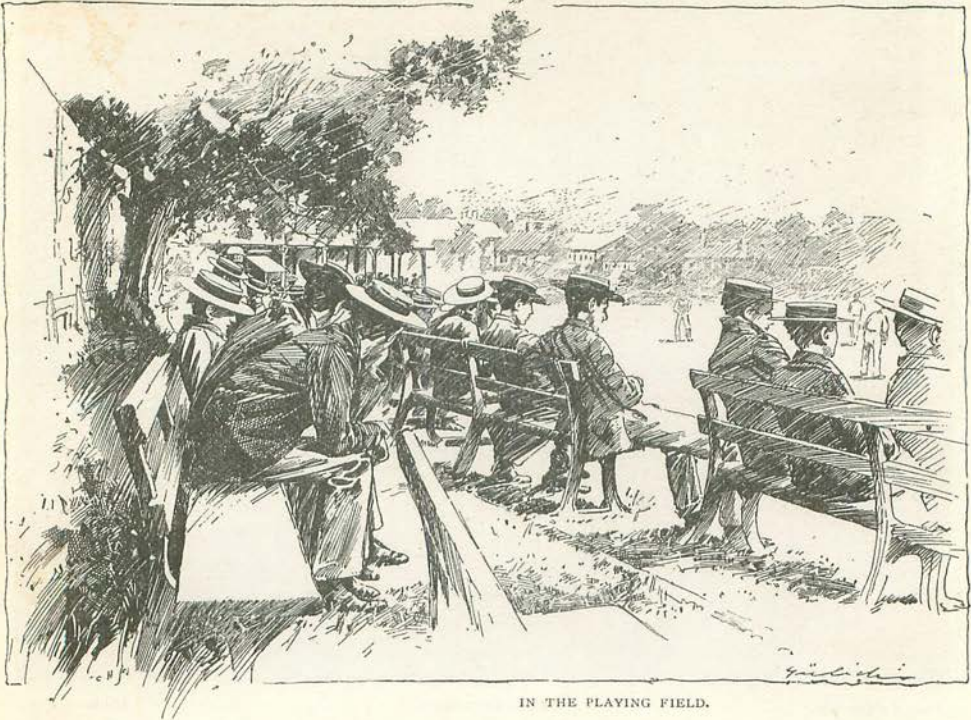
"We have fifteen clubs here," said Mr. Welldon, "and in a couple of years' time I venture to prophesy a score. The cricket at Harrow is practically looked after by friends, though the masters play their part as well. Lord Bessborough has trained young Harrovians to bat for the last fifty years; the late Mr. Grimston was seldom absent from the field, and to-day Mr. I. D. Walker is most enthusiastic

in his batting and bowling lessons. I often have requests from the parents of boys to 'let them play cricket to their hearts' content,' and when the House of Commons is sitting, the ground is alive with M.P.'s on a Saturday afternoon—probably to see if I am carrying out their instructions. The big match at Lord's is systematically trained for. I always make a point of keeping the boys in school till eight o'clock on the morning of the Eton and Harrow match. It steadies them. You have only to look at that pavilion to know what the Harrow boys love. Hark at them now! Well hit!—well hit!"

Mr. Welldon himself had caught the spirit of enthusiasm, and his sudden shout told that the Head Master's love ran in the same direction as the boys'.

"In the old days at Lord's, on the occasion of the annual battle between the two great schools," he said, after watching a good four run out, "there were no ropes round the pitch to keep it clear. Once, one of our youngsters got a ball in the face, and his nose began to bleed. His mother, who was on the ground, rushed from her seat to her boy. The captain, with the utmost gravity and courtesy, turned to the lady, saying, as he ordered her off the ground:





IN THE PLAYING FIELD.

‘Are you not aware, madam, that every Harrow boy should be ready to shed his last drop of blood in the service of his school?’

“One of the most tragic deaths I ever heard of happened in this very cricket field,” the Head Master said, very quietly. “A boy was umpiring. A ball was hit to short leg; he was unable to stop it, and it hit him behind the ear. There was just time to take him off the field before he died. It only wanted a fortnight to the match at Lord’s, and he was to have played in the eleven. The captain of the eleven sent the cricket cap he would have worn to the poor boy’s mother, and it was buried with him.”

Being left alone for a few minutes, I met the captain of the school eleven—Mr. M. Y. Barlow. He was sketched at the telegraphic board. The figures stand for what he would like to see at Lord’s. Mr. B. N. Bosworth-Smith, son of the biographer of Lord Lawrence, and the head boy of the School, also stood to the artist, and a group of Harrow boys willingly submitted. In this group is a Harrovian—a great favourite at the School—who should be peculiarly interesting to the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. In the white lining of his straw hat is a



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ELEVEN.





THE HEAD BOY OF THE SCHOOL.

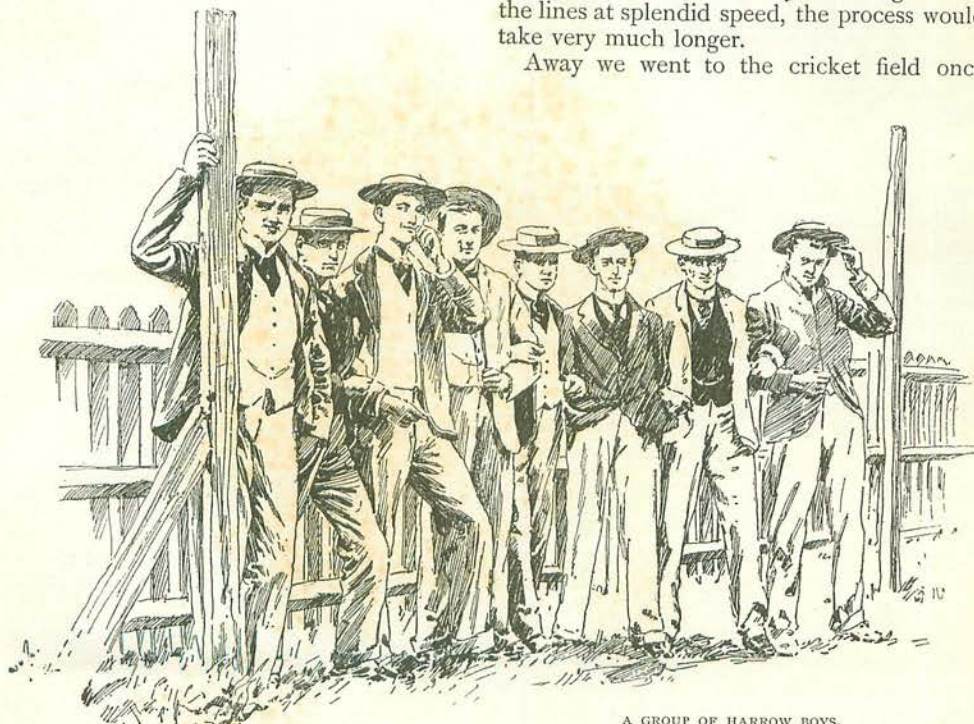
familiar name written in ink. It was put there by a companion owing to his remarkable resemblance to a very eminent detective. The name is—Sherlock Holmes!

Suddenly the batsmen throw down their bats, the boys leave the pavilion, and the seats are quickly emptied. They are all hurrying towards an adjoining meadow. Mr. Welldon has returned, and he invites me to come and see five hundred boys called over in a minute! I timed this very economical and time-saving process of seeing that every boy is in Harrow, and found that the whole thing was got through in fifty-eight seconds.

The lads are arranged in groups, each group presided over by a boy known as the shepherd. A bell rings, and Mr. Edward Bowen, whose idea it was, starts, with pencil and paper in hand, and pays a hurried visit to the first group.

"Eight here—one absent," says the shepherd of the first division. Away goes Mr. Bowen to the next batch—and so on, until five hundred boys are similarly called. The shepherd of every group along the line cries out how many are present in his party, and how many are away. Possibly, were not Mr. Bowen an excellent pedestrian—did he not, thirty years ago, walk from Cambridge to Oxford in a day?—and get down the lines at splendid speed, the process would take very much longer.

Away we went to the cricket field once



A GROUP OF HARROW BOYS.

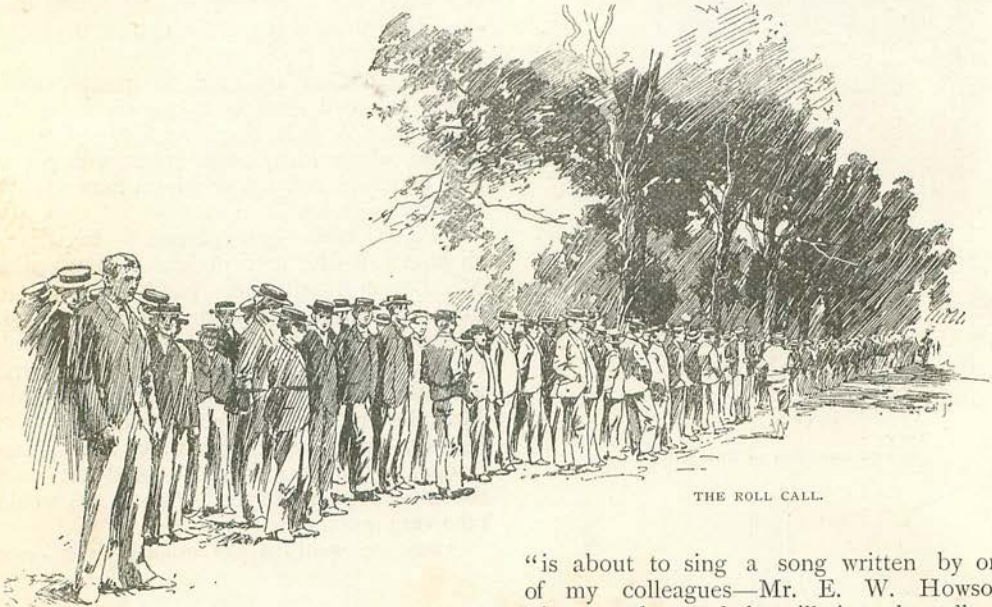


more, where a couple of hours soon went by. At length the match was over, and masters, boys, and friends were on their way to the speech-room. At half-past six the sweet voices of the school twelve would once again sing the ever-to-be-remembered songs of Harrow, while the whole school would "chorus," with lusty voices and hearts brimming over, so that you might hear the music at the bottom of the Hill. The speech-room presented a picture not to be forgotten—

And just as the niner was done and entire  
He threw himself down to rejoice (and perspire)—  
"One short," said the fair and impartial umpire!  
Boo-hoo!

So he gave up and went and ate ices,  
Of various colours and sizes,  
And died of pulmonary phthisis,  
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

Mr. Welldon turned to me.  
"One of the youngest boys in the school,"  
he said, as a little fellow came forward,



THE ROLL CALL.

these Harrow boys singing with not a thought of the life that was before them. As they sang, many an old Harrovian sat there silent and listened earnestly, thinking of the days when their ages were the same as those who were merrily shouting:—

Lyon of Preston, yeoman John,  
Many a year ago  
Built on the Hill that I live on—  
A school, that you all may know.

How well "The Niner"—a capital cricketing song, written by Mr. Bowen—was rattled through! It told of a champion of the field—

Of cricketers never a finer,  
From Nottinghamshire to China,  
But *he never could manage a niner!*

However, one day he struck a majestic blow, and ran the nine. Unfortunately he came to grief in the last verse:—

"is about to sing a song written by one of my colleagues—Mr. E. W. Howson. Listen to the words he will sing—he tells of what is in his heart to-day, and the whole school will reply with what he may feel in the days to come."

And the little boy sang, and the school replied:—

Five hundred faces, and all so strange!  
Life in front of me—home behind,  
I felt like a waif before the wind  
Tossed on an ocean of shock and change.

*Chorus.* Yet the time may come, as the years go by,  
When your heart will thrill  
At the thought of the Hill,  
And the day that you came, so strange and shy.

A quarter to seven! there goes the bell!  
The sleet is driving against the pane;  
But woe to the sluggard who turns again  
And sleeps not wisely but all too well!

*Chorus.* Yet the time may come, as the years roll by,  
When your heart will thrill  
At the thought of the Hill,  
And the pitiless bell, with its piercing cry.



Nothing but proses and reps and con !

O for the future when I'm a man,  
With no more Virgil to learn and scan,  
And no one to say to me, " Please, go on ! "

*Chorus.* Yet the time may come, as the years go by,  
When your heart will thrill  
At the thought of the Hill,  
And the proses so long and the con so dry.

" Raining in torrents again," they say :

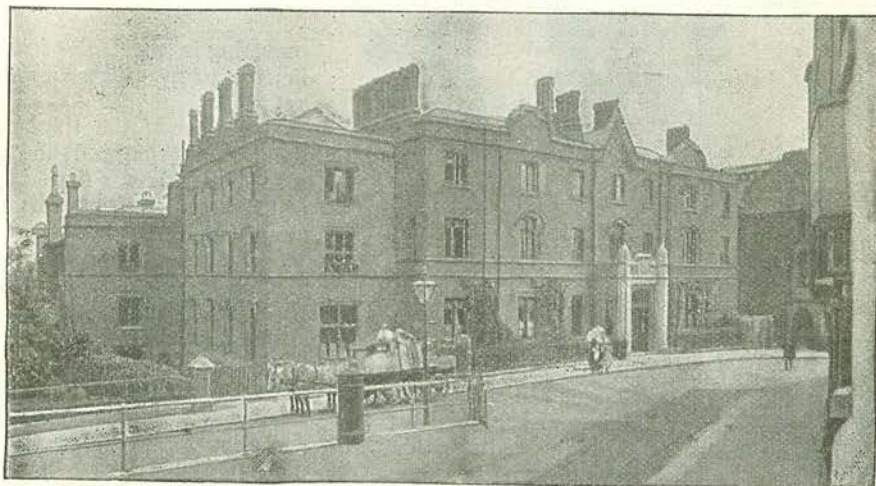
The field is a slippery, miry marsh ;  
But duty is duty, though sometimes harsh,  
And " footer " is " footer " whatever the day.

*Chorus.* Yet the time may come, as the years go by,  
When your heart will thrill  
At the thought of the Hill,  
And the slippery fields and the raining sky.

Five hundred faces alive with glee !  
Trials are over ; the term is done,  
With all its glory and toil and fun ;  
And boyhood's a dream of the past for me !

*Chorus.* Yet the time may come, though you scarce  
know why,  
When your eyes will fill  
At the thought of the Hill,  
And the wild regret of the last good-bye.

HARRY HOW.



THE HEAD MASTER'S HOUSE.