

Pocklington Grammar School Chronicle.

VOL. I.

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No. 1.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE P. G. S. C.

THE starting of a new paper is always a difficult matter, especially when it takes the form of the "POCKLINGTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL CHRONICLE." The first question that would probably be asked, by those who are expected to be its main supporters, would be, "What is the use of it?" which we think can be readily answered by asking another, viz., "What should we have known of our forefathers, of our country, or of the world in general, if no chronicles had been made and kept?" Historians long ago recorded facts which were occurring in their times, or had occurred before them, and their records have been collected by compilers of larger histories, by the perusal of which we are able to know what happened in our country, and in other places, hundreds of years ago, and so down to our own time; therefore, why should not the students of the Pocklington Grammar School, one and all, unite in starting the paper, by contributing interesting subjects respecting school life, upon which they can look back hereafter with pleasure, aye, and enjoy almost as heartily as they did when the different events were passing? Judging from what we have heard our elders say of their boyish tricks, and the pleasure with which they evidently speak of them, we are persuaded that many of the Pocklington Grammar School boys will be delighted to look back, now and then, through these Chronicles with as keen an enjoyment of them as any of our elders can have in telling of their boyhood or school-day reminiscences. It is a pleasure, *sui generis*, which cannot be met with in any other way. It is intended, therefore, that the P. G. S. C. shall contain accounts of our Foot Ball and Cricket Matches, with any interesting incidents considered worthy of record in our publication; and we rely upon the members of our

establishment for good contributions on these subjects, as well as for other interesting and good-humoured incidents in schoolboy life. Every boy must meet with something or other worth recording, therefore we expect every boy's contribution, especially about games, accounts of hunts by the *scenting* of the paper, or any affair of a like kind—even to what occurred, and was considered worth a note, during the holidays—for all these things will be found to afford most interesting material for the reminiscences of our after life. Much more might be said in favour of our undertaking, but we must leave the remainder to the expansion of the imagination: what has been said, may, perhaps, be accounted a sufficient reply to the first question respecting the commencement of our Chronicle. The next question which will probably be asked about it is, "What good will it do us?" which can only be answered by considering the way it is asked. It may be put in a selfish spirit—in which, in fact, it is very frequently put in every-day life—with a desire to throw cold water on an undertaking; an unwillingness to encourage it or help it forward: but to give way to such a feeling is bad, and may end in the growth of selfishness in a character, which is by no means a desirable element. In one sense the question may be safely put, viz., when it is desirable to find out the good of things, such as for healthy expansion of the mind. But not when put, as we have sometimes heard it, to cloak a boy's unwillingness to co-operate in a good and necessary work. "What good will it do *me*?" says the schoolboy, when desired to recite a certain piece from one or other of our poets. Some young gentlemen have a greater tendency to this feeling than others, but it is always unbecoming and bad. Were the youth of the age and experience of his elders, to whom he has been entrusted for education, a different view might be taken of it. The teachers think it of use, and a right-minded fellow would say to himself, "I must be guided by my elders for some time to come; I will do it because I am expected to; I'll do it because it will please, and will in some way or other be profitable; I have time and opportunity for it, I'll not shelter an idle disposition under such a subterfuge of a question, but do it and *do it well*—if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Do it, therefore, even in the face of a feeling of uselessness in the subject for the profession in life to

which you are aspiring. Do it for the cultivation of a habit of industry, and to escape from the great danger of listlessness or slothfulness. There may be a line or two in your reading which pleases you; copy it into your *note book*, and try to apply it in one or other of your contributions to this paper. We just throw out this suggestion in a friendly way, and hope it will be as kindly received by every student as it is meant. This we may take to be one of the *goods* of the paper. We also expect that the favourable opportunity afforded for schoolboy contributions to the paper will create or increase a love and facility for English composition. We are all, however, young in the work, and depend upon the kindly feeling and forbearance of each other. We can never be accounted, nor account ourselves, so perfect in composition as to need no further improvement; therefore, we crave your indulgence while you read our introductory remarks, and make the few suggestions which we consider desirable. Bear with us, then, when we say that, on resolving to co-operate with us, you should first think what you can contribute, or about what you can write, then arrange your plan for it; but don't begin, as young composers frequently do, with the "tail end" first, and work backward—we may tell you more about this hereafter. Don't begin, *e.g.*, to write the history of a man's life by telling that he was eighty years old when he died, and so scrambling through accounts of it back to infancy, nor, what is still worse, write bits about him at thirty or forty years of age, and dovetail them into bits at ten or in infancy. Lay a good foundation for the subject in hand, and then proceed to make your erection or contribution in a regular, orderly, methodical manner, step by step, until complete. In this way you will find abundant scope for your talents, whatever each one's talent may be: your thinking power will be increased—your understanding quickened—your memory made more retentive—and you will soon find that you are not, as you once were, half so forgetful of a lesson—and that what has been read on one day is not forgotten the next. Thus *some good* will have come of your efforts and your paper. We would suggest, however, that you begin with your subject in good time, if possible, on the first day after the issue of the paper. By this means you have time to add to your matter—to mark the grammatical construction of the sentences—punctuation—improved dic-

tion—illustration—anecdote, &c. ; while you are imperceptibly acquiring a habit of carefulness—a most desirable quality in the formation of every one's character. Besides, you will have the young author's pleasure of seeing your contribution accepted and inserted in the paper as it left your hands, without correction or amendment by the editor.

In conclusion, we remind the students that the paper belongs to, and must be sustained by, the whole school, whether a member of it be a contributor to its pages or not. We are relying upon the sale of one copy, at the least, to each scholar, for payment of our expenses in printing, and other expenses ; if we fail in this, the undertaking must collapse, which would be a great loss to the school. Again, we neither expect nor intend the pages to be filled by contributions from the older boys alone : they may be able to write with greater facility than the younger, but we wish all younger boys to use it. The paper is undertaken for the good of all, and we wish it to be distinctly understood that no contribution will be refused which can, even by a little trimming if need be by the editor, be made fairly acceptable. In short, the paper is the school paper, *the P. G. S. C.*, started for the benefit and improvement of all the scholars, and as such deserves, in our opinion, the help of every one connected with the school. We, therefore, invite all to look upon it as open ground, free for the use of all, irrespective of sets or school cliques, which may sometimes be injurious in school life, especially in a matter like this, which is to be treated as a whole corporate act and voice. We wish to see in it a common bond, uniting the whole body together, and at the same time branching off and affecting every member of it, quickening and improving all, and not merely for a clique. The editor can know no cliques ; in fact he is rather disposed to condemn them in school life, as tending to mar the oneness and unity of the school. We would rather rely upon the cultivation of a kindly, gentlemanly disposition in all and to all, and hope that personalities, or manifestation of personal feeling against a fellow-scholar will be forgotten and dead to every contribution submitted to us for approval and admission. We have considered it desirable to throw out these few suggestions—we have done so with the most kindly feeling to both big and little, older and younger ; brilliant or not, each has his peculiar talent given him by his Maker. Let

us all use what we have, and do the best we can for the common good. With these few remarks, we bid our work God speed, and conclude in the words of the poet—

“Nobilibus numeris detur sua gloria : versus
“Vivendo vincunt maxima facta ducum.”

EDITOR.

SIR HENRY DE BOHUN.

[On the night previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, 23rd June, 1314, Sir Henry de Bohun, an English knight, riding up on a tall horse made an attack upon King Robert the Bruce, who was mounted on a little pony.—The king swerved aside, and not only avoided Sir Henry's lance, but managed to inflict a death-wound upon the knight by striking him as he passed with his battle axe.]

A knight from England's bowers,
At holy shrine he swore
An oath that Stirling's towers
Ne'er listened to before ;
“From sword I'll ne'er be parted,
I'll ne'er lay down my steel,
Till Bruce the craven-hearted
My lusty arm shall feel.
I swear by all that's holy,
I swear by all that's pure ;
Robert shall lie all lowly
And Scotland's boasts be fewer.
I swear by all that's beauteous,
I swear by all that's true,
Edward shall find me duteous,
Ere I come back to you.”
So spake he to the palmer
Who watched that sacred place ;
And tight he clenched his armour,
And stern he set his face ;
Then gallop'd on his charger,
Flashing in mail'd sheen :
Till nearer still and larger
The field of blood was seen.

The strife had deep embitter'd
 The soul of prince and clown ;
 And midst the ranks there glitter'd
 The jewels of a crown.

The king, with dauntless valour,
 Rode out to view the ground ;
 Scorning the anxious pallor
 Of trembling warriors round.

“ The foes shall meet to-morrow ”—
 So spake he to his host—
 “ Say, shall it bring us sorrow ?
 Shall Scotland's chiefs be lost ? ”

He paused ; and spurring foremost,
His hand it was that wrought ;
His eye it was that saw most,
 Before his subjects fought.

Behold a horseman riding
 Ranging the ground a-pace ;
 O say ! is't good betiding ?
 Speak, who can read his face !

He said, and straight a stranger
 Rode up at furious speed ;
 It was that stern-eyed ranger
 With foam bedappled steed.

Right at the king he darted
 His venom-barbed spear ;

The royal courser started
 With mane erect in fear,
 And swervèd sideways bending ;
 Then on Sir Henry's brow
 With battle axe descending
 Bruce hurled a massive blow.

And straight his brain comes rushing
 Right through the armour's chain ;
 And swift his blood is gushing,
 Empurpling all the plain ;
 While each his voice upraises,
 And loud the echoes ring :
 Extolling high the praises
 Of Robert Bruce the king.

A GOOD RUN WITH THE "HOLDERNESS."

On a cold November morning, while the grass was yet white with the frost of the previous night, three brothers were seated in the large breakfast room of Buskin Hall, talking and discussing the various draws and probable finds of the Holderness hounds. Londesborough Park was the advertised meet and these fiery young sportsmen were looking forward with eager hopes, not unmingled with ardent emulation, to the fast approaching contest between horse and hound.

Before proceeding with my brief narrative, let me picture to my reader the appearance of my three heroes. The first and eldest of the three, endowed with that sportsman-like name Charley, was a tall thin young man, having just completed his 24th birthday, with a light moustache, well proportioned, but at the same time strong and muscular; his face however was disfigured with a scar on the left cheek, which he had received from a severe fall which his favourite horse had given him in the early part of cub season. The second brother, known as Dick, was a larger made man altogether, and, while measuring six feet one inch, he rode the crushing weight of 14 stone, which rendered his chance of beating his brothers, who were both hard riders, the more impracticable. The third, Reginald, was the finest horseman and the pluckiest of the three; into whatever field hounds went, his pride was to follow, no shirking stiff clipped fences, or blind drains, but as good and great sportsmen have termed it, "He rode to hounds," and I might add in the words of Whyte Melville, "was a rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat."

Ten o'clock was striking, when the three young men issued from the breakfast room, all neatly got up in scarlet coats and spotless leathers; ten minutes after, you might have seen them mounted on three clipping hunters, Charles on a light chesnut, standing about 16 hands, Dick on a brown mare, which he had lately bought for 180 guineas from the master of the Quorn, while Reginald steered a bay horse, which had acquired for itself a reputation of no short standing, and as the three trotted gently on in spirited conversation, the sun shone out in dazzling brilliancy, and

melted the hoarfrost on the meadows. The hounds had already arrived in front of the residence of the noble Baron Londesbrough, and alone were waiting for the brougham which should bring their much loved master to their midst. Soon wheels are heard in the distance, and another five minutes sees him seated in the saddle and ready to take part in the kingly sport of the day. After a little talk and conversation, the master gives the word for Pond Wood, and immediately broughams, carriages, and traps of every description, whose owners had assembled to witness the sport, are seen wending their way down the park to the main road, which borders on the west side of the covert; horses canter off in all directions, some to the far side beyond the lake, others remain on the near side, while the majority make for the road. No pen, be it ever so fertile, can possibly describe a scene so glorious and picturesque, as the one before us; to a distant observer, the lake glittered like a huge sheet of silver, the verdant meadow was dotted over only by spots of scarlet and white; all was deep silence, except for the constant cracking of the whips and the voice of the huntsman urging on his eager pack. Suddenly the well known note of Dainty tells us that the varmint is there, and the rest of the pack confirm the tale in the enchanting strain which now vibrates on each rider's ear: one moment more and a fox is seen to break covert, stealing along the ground in grand style, and making his way to High Plantation. With a shrill 'forrad away!' the handsome pack burst forth in single file on the meadow, and, with a burning scent, are soon in hot pursuit: Reginald who had remained stationary at his post, on the top corner of the wood, was immediately joined by Dick and Charley. "Now for a spurt, Dick," said Reginald, "'tis a young one this time and he's got his mouth open already," and before the rest of the field could molest them, the greater part being on the side of the lake, the trio were a field ahead, with the hounds running, as Charley expressed it, "like blazes;" at a racing pace they skim over the next few fields, and Reginald, who had been hindered by a little hand gate, coming out of High Plantation, again came up, Dick as yet having the best of it. "Gently," cries Reginald after clearing his ninth fence, and the hounds threw up on a cold fallow, the first check they had received. "Yon way t' t' left," cries a farm lad leaning

on his plough, "he's not been gone five minutes affor' t' dogs comed oop," in a minute Reginald cast the hounds where the rustic had told them (the huntsman being nowhere to be seen) and immediately it is evident Merrylass has it down the furrow, hoic to Merrylass, hoic, and a wave of his hat brings the rest of the pack forward and away they go again full cry, making the air resound with the echo of their deep-toned notes. Forward they press, now in single file, and it is all the horses can do to hold their own; Reginald is jumping every fence first, on his raking bay, which shows the stamina he possesses, while Dick and Charley are spurring on their glossy steeds with equal ardour. On in front of them a hill has to be climbed, which must finish every hunter which is not in the pink of condition; still on they plod, "reaching at their bridles and going strong and well," until the summit is attained, when lo! in the bottom of the vale, Reginald espies Reynard, dead beat, scarcely able to put one leg before the other; with a cheery tally-ho he urges on the eager pack, forrad, away, forrad—

"Nor music, nor string, such a rapture can bring,
As the music of sweet Tally-ho."

On they run, from scent to view, and in less than five minutes the clear voice of Reginald is heard, whoop! whoop! and Reynard is laid on the turf before the hungry pack; the next to arrive is Dick, almost immediately followed by the huntsman, then one by one, dead beat, horses come straggling up, with their riders declaring that hounds were never known to run so fast before. The hounds having received the well merited fruits of their labour, our three heroes, after a most enjoyable day's sport, betook themselves slowly home to Buskin Hall.

F. W. B.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

STAYING in London, at the house of a friend, for a week or two, I visited the Adelphi Theatre in his company. The play was "Macbeth," and was performed before a very full house, amidst storms of applause. We were in the dress circle, which was more than usually crowded. On going

out at the close of the performance, I lost my friend and could not see him anywhere. I waited some time, but as he did not appear, and the theatre was now closed, I set out for my lodgings, which were in the Strand. I wandered along lost in thought, when, happening to look about me, I discovered that I had missed my way. This perplexed me greatly, for I was a perfect stranger in London; so perceiving some one on the other side of the street, I crossed over and accosted him, asking him if he could shew me the way; he replied at once that he was going in that direction himself, and would with great pleasure shew me the house I was in search of. As we strolled gently along he offered me a cigar, which I accepted. Very soon I felt rather sleepy, and had a slight suspicion that something was wrong; at the same time I noticed that we were passing through a very inferior part of London, which strengthened my suspicion. I, therefore, threw away the cigar, and asked my guide where we were. He replied that we were taking a short cut, and, after a little further conversation, asked me what time it was. Being off my guard, I imprudently drew out my gold repeater and shewed it to him. I then observed that he looked at it very attentively, which at once reminded me that I had done a very foolish thing in so exposing the watch to his gaze. After a little time he asked me if I understood firearms, and thinking it was my best plan to put him off his guard, I replied that I had a perfect dread of them, but that I sometimes carried a life-preserver, at the same time leading him to understand that I did not happen to have it with me at that moment, though in reality it was in my pocket, and loaded. Soon after this conversation we came to a public-house, into which he invited me to enter, and have a glass of something to keep me warm, as it was a very cold night. I reluctantly gave my consent, and entered in with a firm resolution to be on my guard. As I passed through the outer door I noticed a dark figure at the end of the passage, as I passed it, a piece of paper was pressed into my hand—this I carefully concealed from my guide. Seizing the first opportunity, I read it: it was written in a feminine hand, and informed me that the wine would be drugged, and that when I had taken it I should fall into a deep sleep, when I should be robbed and murdered. Accordingly, when the wine was brought, watching my chance, I threw it under the table.

Soon after I pretended to fall asleep, and then heard my guide holding the following conversation with the landlord. *My guide*: Is his bed ready? *The landlord*: Yes, and has been for hours. *My guide*: He'll sleep sound enough I'll warrant. *The landlord*: Yes, he'll not wake again in a hurry. After this conversation they gently approached me, and as they were about to seize me, I sprang up and fired my pistol at the nearer one, but missed him. In an instant they sprang upon me, but, before they could bind me, three heavy taps were heard at the door, and a girl, who proved to be the writer of the note that had put me on my guard, entered, followed by four policemen—my assailants were soon seized, and taken off to the police station. They were tried at the assizes, and pleaded guilty to murdering others in the same way they would have done me. They were both hanged—thus meeting with the fate they so richly merited. I will end this short tale with a warning to all young men to be careful what they are doing when they visit any large town, and not form any hasty or rash connection.

BURGOYNE.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

“Four days to the holidays,” says many a young student of Pocklington Grammar School, as he checks off the days in his pocket almanack, and looks forward to good cheer and Christmas festivities; his face brightens up with a happy smile as he thinks of freedom from restraint, “a whole month to do as he likes.” How gladly we give up those improving works that crowd the shelves at school; no sympathy with the well-thumbed leaves of Euclid and the pages of Algebra, adorned with rude efforts of questionably classical wit, and illustrations whose outlines do not offer any striking example of mathematical accuracy; no regret at leaving the stately halls of Pocklington Grammar School for a season, perhaps, in some cases, for ever. We, too, must confess ourselves sharers in the common weakness, in so much that we do not bewail the absence of these high sentiments and nobler feelings, but only look forward to the holidays as a time of unlimited fun.

The first pleasure to which I must refer is not strictly

one of the long train of holiday enjoyments, though it is so closely connected with them and so looked forward to by our young friends, that I should consider myself greatly to blame if I omitted it. The "Charades," I am sure, will draw forth the usual applause, and I hope will give more than usual satisfaction; it is not only the good acting and the killing jokes, that keep the audience in a roar of laughter, the occasion is also delightfully sociable, when our past pupils revisit their old haunts and masters, and boys are in high spirits at the prospect of the holidays. Christmas itself is a festival so dear to every English boy, that my readers will be able to picture it to themselves, in all its happiness and convivial mirth, far better than I could describe it by any words of my own: these are thoughts too delightful for any words. Then, next, there is the skating—thorough good exercise and capital fun, as any one will acknowledge—as well as the sliding, snowballing, and sledging. In the milder weather there is riding, and all sorts of sports and pastimes that every lad can find, in order to keep himself warm in the keen December air. Last of all, there is a good blazing fire to come home to, and reading for those that like it; a whole month devoted to pleasant exercise and happy leisure.

And now, to conclude, we give masters and boys our good wishes for the coming season, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and our best wish of all—that no one may be left without something to do. And may we all return to school next year happier, heartier, healthier, and readier for all that is right and improving, and, therefore, conducive to joy in schooltime as well as in the holidays.

C. F.

A RUN AT FOLLOW-MY-LEADER.

ONE fine Wednesday afternoon, the boys of Rildon School set off for a run at follow-my-leader. A very smart set out they made, in their blue-and-white jerseys, with stockings and caps to match, and white trowsers. They were in high spirits, as they expected a splendid run, for one of the pluckiest fellows in the school had been chosen as the leader, Arthur Burn by name. So away they went, starting punctually at two o'clock, keeping up a smart pace,

until they came to a beck about two feet deep, over which hung a willow tree; Arthur got on to this and sprang across to the other side, followed by the rest. One of the youngsters was just essaying to leap from the tree, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the stream, from which he appeared drenched to the skin, and reluctantly returned to the school. Then for three miles over hedge and ditch they went, now running down hill, now plodding up hill, both walking and running, without any adventure worthy of note, except here and there being chased by angry farmers and assailed by dogs. At last they came to the canal, and over this Arthur went by means of the lock, and led them to the little village of Elton, where seeing a placard with this inscription, "Ginger Beer sold here," they turned in to recover their wind. On emerging from the shop they were surrounded by a gaping crowd, surprised at seeing such an unusual sight in their quiet village. Followed by the crowd they wended their way through the village, when Arthur suddenly sprang over a gate, and, followed by the rest, ran across the gardens into the fields beyond, and were soon out of sight of the "natives." At the next town, five miles from the school of Rildon and two from where they then were, was another school; and Arthur, thinking to obtain some fun, directed his course that way. When they reached their destination, Arthur clambered over the wall which separated the road from the play-ground, and was followed by the rest. At this school, the boys, not being allowed to have paper-chases or follow-my-leader and such like games, were in the play-ground, some playing at marbles and some spinning tops. Of course the sudden appearance of a great number of Rildon boys diverted their attention, and, insulted by their audacity in daring to enter their play-ground, they charged upon the Rildonians with fierce battle-cries of "Down with the Rildonians," "turn them out;" while the Rildonians responded with, "Down with the Stillingites!" When the fight had lasted about ten minutes, it was abruptly brought to a close by the appearance of the headmaster of the Stillingites, who was brandishing his walking stick and advancing to the fight, crying, "What does this tumult mean, pray; fighting like so many of the plebs?" The effect was instantaneous; the boasting Stillingites were cowed, some of the Rildonians fled back over the wall, but

Arthur stood his ground. The pedagogue came on ; but, suddenly, Arthur leapt into the midst of the astonished Stillingtons, passed through them, and rushed to the school door ; the rest of the Rildonians, of course, were bound to follow their leader, and they did it too, right nobly. The Stillingtons followed in pursuit, yelling like a band of Comanche Indians ; but the Rildonians reached the school, and followed Arthur through two school-rooms, when they turned round upon their pursuers, using books to throw at the advancing enemy. Having stopped here a short time, Arthur suddenly flung up a window, which opened on to the fields beyond, and leaping through it, followed by the rest, they all managed to make good their escape. A little further on they met with the others, who had basely deserted them in their time of need, and all together they turned their faces homeward. But on the way back they were suddenly attacked by a farmer and three of his labourers, through whose fields of corn they had gone, but by their fleetness they escaped again, and reached the school in safety.

OCEOLA.

THE LATE CRICKET SEASON.

THE Cricket Season of 1881 proved more than usually successful, although the material was not quite up to the standard of previous years—those especially missed being H. W. Stephen, W. Smithson, H. Hannam, and J. Botterill.

The success attained was perhaps due to the constant practice of the boys, and the coaching of our professional (Mais), who fulfilled his post with more than ordinary painstaking and efficiency.

Out of fourteen matches, The School won eight, lost six, and drew none. At Catton, The School made a stand worthy of special note ; Mais and Mr. Walters were the first to uphold the honour of Pocklington, and were not separated before 128 runs had been scored, and the innings closed with a “grand total” of 213 ; our opponents only made 37 runs ; thus The School scored an easy victory by 176. At Cherry Burton, although we suffered defeat, yet it was not without a grand effort for success, for whereas they scored 125, The School, by steady batting made 112.

We are sorry to say a return match was not arranged, for, had it been, a considerable amount of interest would have been evinced.

Contrary to our usual custom, we did not play Doncaster Grammar School, so the two schools claim equal honours, having gained one victory each; in 1879, Pocklington, 1880, Doncaster won.

The batting throughout was superior to the bowling, although Mr. Walters' slows were at times strikingly efficacious; in the Past *v.* Present he secured six wickets for 28 runs. Altogether, we have good cause to congratulate the School on such, a more than average, retrospect.

UNIVERSITY HONOURS AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS

Obtained by Pupils of Pocklington Grammar School, from
October, 1879, to October, 1881.

DAWSON WILLIAMS.—M.B. London University. *First Class Honours and Gold Medal*, Oct., 1879.

C. C. HODGSON.—Open Classical Scholarship (£30) at Durham University, Oct., 1879. *First Class Honours and Additional Scholarship* (£50), Oct., 1880.

H. W. STEPHEN.—Dolman Exhibition (£40) at S. John's College, Cambridge, Oct., 1879.

A. H. WILLIAMS.—Certificate of the Cambridge Local Examination (Senior), Dec., 1879. Dolman Exhibition (£40) and *Open Sizarship* (£30) at S. John's College, Cambridge, Oct., 1881.

A. SUMMERSON.—Preliminary Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, 1879.

G. SHEFFIELD.—Preliminary Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, 1880.

R. D. C. CORDEAUX.—Preliminary Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, 1880.

G. E. STEWART.—Preliminary Examination of the Royal College of Surgeons, 1879. Primary Examination in Anatomy and Physiology, 1881.

H. S. POWELL.—Preliminary Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, 1880.

H. R. HANNAM.—Exhibition (£40) and *Open Sizarship* (£30) at S. John's College, Cambridge, 1878. First Class General Examination, 1880. Special Theological Examination, 1881.

A. E. BRETT.—Exhibition (£40) at S. John's College, Cambridge, 1880.

T. A. HANNAM.—Dublin University, Junior Freshman's Examination (in Honours), 1880. *First Class Honours* Senior Freshman's Examination, 1881.

R. FAIRWEATHER.—Merit List at Aberdeen University.

C. FOXLEY.—*First Class Honours* Cambridge Junior Local Examination (distinguished in Latin, Greek, and Religious Knowledge), 1880.

F. BANISTER.—Cambridge Junior Local Examination, 1880.

S. MILMAN.—Cambridge Junior Local Examination, 1880.

W. W. SMITHSON.—Intermediate Examination of the Incorporated Law Society, 1881.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Grammar School, Pocklington, Nov. 24, 1881.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have been much pleased with the first number of the magazine, and trust the succeeding numbers may keep up to the same standard. I enclose two contributions, which you can publish if you think fit to do so—one a list of honours recently obtained—the other a literary effort of my own many years ago, when I was at school myself. You can insert this letter in your next issue if you like—in fact, I think a page for "Correspondence," if managed with editorial discreetness, might be a useful addition to the magazine.

With all good wishes for your success,

I remain, faithfully yours,

C. G. WILKINSON.

The Editor thanks Mr. Wilkinson for his kind letter and the suggestion it contains. In accordance with this suggestion, if any of the subscribers write any letters, which they wish to have inserted, they shall receive the attention of the Editor.