

PRICE SIXPENCE.



The Bromsgrobian.

New Series.

VOL. II., No. 5.

JUNE 8th, 1883.

Subscription per annum, 3s.; by Post, 3s. 6d.

BROMSGROVE;

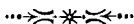
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, AT THE "MESSENGER" OFFICE.

CONTENTS.

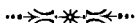
Adventures of an "O.B."	97
Notes on the Natural History of Bromsgrove	105
Fragment of a Greek Tragedy	107
Oxford Letter	109
The Dying Maiden	111
Moritura	111
Musical Entertainment	112
Athletic Sports	113
School News	116
Correspondence	117
Acrostic (No. IV.)	118
Answer to Acrostic (No. III.)	118
Chapel Services	119
Prize Compositions for Midsummer, 1883 ...	120
To Correspondents	120
Acknowledgments	120



THE BROMSGROVIAN.



JUNE, 1883.



ADVENTURES OF AN "O.B."

The following letter, addressed by an O.B. to the Head Master, will be interesting and instructive to the present generation, alike for the adventures it narrates and the account it gives of some aspects of colonial life.

The writer enlisted in the 17th Lancers, simply owing to a strong desire to enter the army and an intense dislike to office work.

Camp, near Aberdeen.

DEAR MR. MILLINGTON,—

YOU will be somewhat surprised to hear from me after so long a silence. Since I last wrote, in '77, I have been roving about a little; and though, possibly, you will think that I have not sufficiently profited by your advice—often repeated—not to become a “rolling stone,” you may yet sufficiently well remember me to care to hear about my wanderings during the last few years.

About two years after joining the 17th I was sent into Lancashire to assist in keeping order amongst the riotous weavers, and was at Blackburn and Clitheroe during the riots there. Our work consisted chiefly in patrolling the streets, and escorting dignitaries through crowds: nothing particularly interesting.

In February, '79, we left for Zululand. Our passage out to Natal occupied six weeks, on board the S.S. *England*. We were about 400 men and horses. Madeira was passed without calling there; at St. Vincent, Cape de Verde, we lay for three days, taking in coal: a most desolate place, chiefly occupied by half-caste Portuguese. The only thing noteworthy I observed in these islands was the singular beauty of the sun-rises and sun-sets against the brown hills, which rise sheer from the blue, still sea. Thence we steamed to Cape Town, then in a great flurry on account of H.I.H. the Prince Imperial's arrival. From Cape Town, in lovely weather, we steamed along the treacherous coast to Durban, landing by great luck in a perfect calm. The Port of Durban is usually (as I will mention in writing of the return journey) very bad for disembarkation. In '79 the Point, or landing-place, consisted of a small wooden quay, with an hotel (?) called the Criterion: a wooden drinking den. The line (single rail) runs down to the water's edge. Landing is done by surf boats, towed by tugs over the bar. On landing, our horses were very weak from the long voyage, and were led up to the Beren, or inland suburb of Durban. Here we camped four or five days, and then proceeded further up country some five miles to Cato's Manor. Cato is one of the great men of Durban; he was originally a private in some foot corps. From here we marched right through Natal for Zululand, passing Pinetown, a pretty little village near Durban, Botha's Hill, then the railway terminus, on the way to Petermaritzburg. The last is really a nice town, and the people, too, appeared to welcome us in the light of men who had been sent out for other reasons than to find transport work for the waggon drivers. The town stands on a hill, with higher ground to the North-West. It is a well-built, cleanly place, with a very English, homely look about it. From Petermaritzburg we went to Escourt, a police station, with a canteen and two or three houses about it; thence to Ladysmith, one of our hospital stations, inhabited by about as churlish a set of white savages as are to be found in Natal. In fact, I have met but few worse specimens in the Cape colony, and that is saying a good deal. From Escourt on to Dundee, a place east of Newcastle; thence to Landtman's Drift, and so across into Zulu-

land. My memory does not serve me further as regards the names of camps in Zululand. We lay some time at Landtman's Drift, and were joined by the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, the 94th Foot, some artillery, and the 57th or 58th, I forget which; also a battalion of the 24th was with us. We—the cavalry—went from there to Isandhlwana (English papers print "Isandula;" why, I don't know: certainly not from pronunciation), and began burying some of the dead. We also reconnoitred the district. On our return to Landtman's Drift, General Newdigate took command, and we started into the enemy's country in earnest.

I was for some time with Carey—since notorious: though for my part I fancy he was more to blame for not knowing what was the object of his cavalry (?) escort than for cowardice. When our six regulars were with him there was no "off-saddling" and other colonial soldiering to tempt Zulus to make a rush. Nothing of consequence happened till June 2nd, when three or four of our troops went out and brought in the Prince's body. I was in this detachment, but we saw no Zulus that day. On June 6th, General Marshall, the Cavalry Divisional Commander, of whom I know no particular qualifications, excepting the speed with which he can make cigarettes, took us under fire for four or five hours; but what we went for none of us knew, except it was to shew the Zulus that we had arrived. Our adjutant, Frith, was killed there. After this I was sent down to Landtman's Drift again with General Wood, (there is no doubt about him, and anyone in his column knows what he is doing, and knows pretty well why he is doing it) to bring up provisions. We saw no Zulus, but we afterwards heard Donbleamanza was after us with 12,000 men all the time, but could not get in, baffled by our videttes and scouts. We in the 17th patted ourselves on the back for this. Nothing particular happened then till arriving at the Umvolosi, where Lord William Beresford got the Victoria Cross. I wasn't with him on that day. Two days afterwards, I think it was, we formed up at Ulundi. Ulundi was something like the battles one played at with tin soldiers. We pack our small force into a compact square; the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, surround us on all sides; we both go at one another hammer and tongs, and very soon

the enemy bolts. Ulundi would have been a terrible cutting up if Crealock had only got his coast column up behind the enemy in time. As it was we burnt the place, had a good pursue for about two and a-half miles, and came in, bivouacked, and then set off back to permanent camp at Magnum Bonum; then, in heavy rains, marched back with our wounded: slow, uninteresting work, as the whole affair was over. Our route through Natal was somewhat different from the one going up, *i.e.*, we went through Helpmakaar, Sevenoaks, and Greytown to Petermaritzburg; then on the same way to Pinetown. All this on foot. The "King's" took over our horses at Koppje Allien, a place 15 miles from Landtman's Drift. My horse left me even sooner: when we were at Magnum Bonum. At Pinetown we camped for a month, and began to harden our hearts and clean up traps ready for going to India. Here (at Pinetown) I dropped across my cousin, a captain in the 91st. He had been with Crealock, and was under orders for Mauritius. We had awful difficulty in getting off from Natal to the *Serapis*, for the surf was very bad indeed; as it was we had to wait six days before the boats could be got out at all. After a fortnight's crowding on the *Serapis*, we landed at Bombay, having called in at Mauritius, and having received a present of two oxen from the Queen of Madagascar. By the way, Madagascar looks rather a fine land *en passant*. On landing we were only a few hours in Bombay, and started by the E.I.P. Railway for Mhow, resting one night in Khandwa. This was the first bed we had slept in for nine months. Mhow is a large garrison, near to Indore, some twenty-four hours by rail from Bombay northwards.

If I could get a good appointment in India I would rather live there than any place I have been in. Everybody in India appears to vie with his or her neighbour in making society as agreeable as possible. I only regret that I was in the ranks in India. And despite the fun that is made of your Anglo-Indian at home, your old General and his "Mem Sahib"—to say nothing of "Missy Baba"—do more than a little to make their fellow-countryman's life pleasant in an otherwise dreary land. Moreover, in India men remember their true position. Society is as good there as at home, and the

European does not degenerate—even slowly—to the level of the Hindoo. South Africa might learn much from this, and especially remember that it is a shorter stage from the Englishman to the Hindoo than to the Kaffir.

Well, in our little tin-pot way we made ourselves comfortable in Mhow. I went in for Hindostani, and passed my lower standard. They say there, "It's a long way to Delhi;" and in soldier's parlance it may be translated as "It's a long job to get a frock coat." I regret to say I fancied I never should get my commission, which may have been so; in any case I let my father purchase my discharge. Then I went home again by P. and O. boat *via* Aden, Suez, Port Said, and Malta. This was a delightful trip; very jolly passengers all the way. Aden was interesting, in that rain was falling, a phenomenon which I hear happens but once in seven years. The Red Sea, of course, was hot, but I enjoyed myself very much, leading a *dolce far niente* life, and taking charge of a jolly little girl coming home for her first visit to England. She wanted to know all about London and Brighton, and gave me endless ayahs' Hindostani legends and proverbs to try and remember. At Suez, unfortunately, I became separated from our "boys"—a salt commissioner, an artillery lieutenant, a Rugby boy—ex-sergeant 9th Lancers—and two or three old stagers who knew all about the trip. In the inevitable row with the donkey drivers I unfortunately struck one of them, and I think called him a bad name; and I regret to say I had the most unmerciful hammering from about twenty of them, with their sticks, that I ever experienced. This was humiliating, especially as, do my worst, I only could hurt about one-fifteenth of them after all. My revenge, however, has come at length, since the old 17th has shewn the Arab a move or two in the person of Sir Drury C. Drury-Lowe (our old colonel). Port Said, Malta, and Gibraltar, of course we called at, but there is no good saying anything about one's slight acquaintance with these often-described places. At Gibraltar we lay beside the Czar's yacht *Livadia*; thence homewards to Southampton, London, Bromley. Things in general being bad in the City, and my love for that place not having grown any warmer, I decided on trying the Colonies—as a civilian this time. However, I stopped a month

and three days in England, saying good-bye to friends and seeing a few of the theatres with Arthur; and then I made even a more foolish choice than in the election of the army in '77. I said to myself and my father: Natal is certainly not good for much, and as everybody speaks so well of the prospects and life of South Africa, I'll make sure of getting into the best part, so out I started for the Cape Colony, and I find Natal was paradise compared with this purgatory. Cape Colony's prospects I can say nothing about. Nobody I have met out here prophesies about so unknown a thing. If the productions of a country in any way indicate its prospects, you may judge for yourself: South Africa produces chiefly—and that plentifully—"Kaffirs, loafers, and empty tin pots."

Well, to proceed with my report of myself: On arriving at Cape Town, I called on that cousin I before mentioned, in the 91st, he being stationed there. His advice was, Go in for "swash buckling," that is, join the Colonial Volunteers. One draws pay for volunteering here. Well, I did not quite see this, after leaving the 17th, and I did not think my father would care for it either, in time of peace. Moreover, your private in a dragoon corps at home is at least as respectable a member *ex officio* as your South African colonial officer. I didn't know this then though. Any how, I determined to try my letters of introduction first; so on I went to Port Elizabeth. This I heard at home was South Africa's Liverpool. Trade was then pretty good, and berths were open, owing to many young fellows not having then returned from the front. I called on a Mr. Savage, to whom I had letters, and finally was sent by him to his store in Graaff Rimet. After about a week, I found that buying and selling was not a more interesting pursuit in Africa than it is in England, and I found myself gradually rising or falling (a matter of opinion) from the status of a despised dragoon to that of a wholesale draper's counter-jumper. After seven months of this most hum-drum work I met a Mr. Maling, a telegraph engineer. He had been for some time in Australia and New Zealand, and amongst other things had earned the New Zealand Victoria Cross. We made friends, and I "turned up" drapery and started for the "tented field" again. Our work is surveying new land, before the line is put up, in order to find its ultimate direction;

we then superintend the erection of poles, strain wire, and erect stations ; in fact we make the "circuit," and then hand over the line to the operating officer and his clerks. I have been more than a year at this. Our first line was 163 miles in length, from Graaff Rimet to Citenhage. Then we went from Graham's Town to Alexandria, 43 miles. That is about the most pleasant part of the colony. I am now in charge of a line, Maling being away on another. My line runs almost at right angles to our first line, branching off some 45 miles from Graaff Rimet, at a station called Aberdeen Road, and running to the town (?) of Aberdeen. When this is completed we shall in all probability start for the Orange Free State to run 342 miles, which will, I expect, take twelve months. After this I fancy I shall leave South Africa.

So much, sir, about myself ; and I fancy you will add—"too much."

A. has tried the City for some time but has left it for Zanzibar. He arrived there about a month ago. He is with a firm, Schaner and Fiede ; what he does I do not know. He has written to the pater, but I have not yet heard from him. I shall certainly endeavour to run round to Zanzibar some day. He had rather an eventful passage out in the *Nyanza*, a boat that belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar. The fact is our whole family is moving round. You see no one place could conveniently hold 13 Harrisons ! My second sister, Mrs. Clubbe, recently married, has gone to Sidney with her husband, Dr. Clubbe ; and my third sister, unmarried, has gone with them just for the visit.

I understand that business has been very slack at home lately, so I fancy that my father will feel it rather a relief to have some few of us scattered.

I, of course, have no real right to say what I am now going to say ; but if you in any way think my experiences of these colonies are useful, I would strongly advise you never, (or in only very few cases where possibly interest was also in the balance,) to recommend South Africa as a field for a young man to start life in. The place is rotten to the core. And a young man fresh from home stands a far greater chance of growing disgusted with the place, or going wrong with its

countless loafers, or even combining the two, than of doing well, or even doing fairly well. I have met men, not by pairs, but by dozens, who have left Australia and New Zealand to come here, with ideas of this place corresponding to the glowing colours in which it had been painted by English, Australian, and other papers. And the sole object of these men's lives here is to save, save, save, live any way, but scrape money together as soon as possible, and then fly back again.

Don't imagine from this, sir, that I am in any way personally discontented with the place, far from it. It is not in my nature even to choose (what I fancy is) the nicest place to *live* in, as the place I will *work* in. I have queer ideas on this subject, and as they only affect myself they will hardly interest anyone else. But it is quite sufficient to generalize and say, when a man has to work and makes up his mind to do so, if his work is not what he would desire it to be, then any place is good enough for the work. His work is purely for mercenary purposes, his wishes are to earn sufficient to stop the necessity of doing such work. In this case it matters little where his field of operation is. In fact, it may be some consolation, when he leaves the place, to feel that his exertions, besides having borne the fruit he wanted directly, have also indirectly improved some hole that more than most places needed improvements. To such a man I would say, If you can command a good salary go to South Africa. If you have sufficient determination, you can stick thoroughly to your work for a time, and there is little to tempt you to get rid of your earnings. Such a man of course I am presuming is not a fool, and will neither drink nor gamble. These two pursuits he certainly (if he wishes) can follow here.

But most men like to have some time apart from their toil to themselves: don't let them come here. This is no place for any man to come out to settle in, nor would any reasonable man *choose* to rear a family here. Some poor wretches of course have to do so. Now, however, I am treading on forbidden ground; and, as I daresay I have no right to give any of my ideas about places to live in, or lives to live in places, since my own life appears to most men such a failure, I will close this.

You will I trust excuse inaccuracy, redundancy, &c., in this long scrawl. The fact is, I had a good deal to write about, and had not sufficient time (and I fear I am gradually losing the power) to write it in a shorter letter.

I am, Sir, very faithfully,

WILFRED V. HARRISON.

To HERBERT MILLINGTON, Esq.,

K.E.S. School, Bromsgrove.

*NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF
BROMSGROVE.*

IT is perhaps not known by everybody here how many interesting objects of Natural History there are to be found round Bromsgrove.

Let us confine ourselves to the birds. There is no lack of variety, for we have the red-backed shrike, the green woodpecker, the golden-crested regulus, the black redstart, and the long-tailed titmouse, the "short-tailed" kingfisher, the "long-legged" heron, and we must not leave out the chiff-chaff and the brambling finch. I will try and show where anyone who wishes to watch these birds should look for them. The red-backed shrike, or butcher bird, as it is commonly called, has its home near Grafton Manor. It builds its nest fairly high up in a thorn hedge and is easy to find, as the old birds fly about and utter a shrill grating noise when anyone comes near. It lays four or five eggs of a light yellowish colour with a ring of darker spots round the larger end. The green woodpecker's nest, on the other hand, is not half so easily discovered, being built deep down in the trunk of a tree. Perhaps "nest" is not the right word, for it does not build one, but lays its five to seven eggs on a layer of decayed wood at the bottom of the hole. This bird, although the commonest variety of all our British woodpeckers, is by no means the least handsome. The eggs are of a pure white. The golden-crested regulus builds an exquisite little nest, which it sometimes suspends under the branch of a tree, but which may often be found in other places. It is made of grass and wood, lined inside with feathers. The egg is very small and something like a diminutive

robin's. The kingfisher is to be seen on the stream near Sugar Brook. It builds its nest, which is composed of small fish bones, in an upward-sloping hole in the bank of a stream, and deposits therein five or six very round white eggs, which before being blown have a beautiful light-pink colour. Anyone who has once seen the flight of this most beautiful of British birds will never forget it. It darts past you like an arrow, and the metallic green of its back sparkles in the rays of the sun. I have only met with the black redstart once in this neighbourhood, and then I found it close to the railway, about 500 yards below the station. I am not quite certain whether this bird always builds in the holes of trees, but I believe it does. The eggs, like those of the kingfisher, are of a snowy whiteness. The long-tailed titmouse or bottle tit, as it is sometimes called, builds a nest of a size which is very large, if we compare it with that of the bird itself, and is oval in shape, with the entrance on one side near the top. The outside is covered with lichens, which give a very beautiful appearance to it. This bird lays from two to twelve eggs, very small and white, the least bit speckled with minute red spots. The colouring in this little bird is not at all brilliant, but its sharp, quick movements, and funny ways, make it none the less very interesting. The hen takes upon herself all the cares of building the nest, while the cock, no doubt, is amusing himself elsewhere. The chaffinch is one of our earliest arrivals in Spring. Its nest is made of grass covered with dead leaves, the whole being deftly fashioned into a dome and lined inside with feathers. It is placed very near the ground and sometimes on it in a hedgerow. The eggs are six in number, and are white with rather big reddish spots. I am told that the heron is by no means rare about Bromsgrove. As recently as last term I saw one fly over the play-ground at eight in the morning. It generally builds on the top of large trees, especially oaks and firs. It lays four or five eggs of a pale green colour. Before I finish I would remind your readers that it is now summer term, when any time that can be spared from the cricket field, the tennis court, and the bathing place, may be spent at least as healthily in the fields and woods, where I recommend everyone to go and watch the birds and their ways for himself.

CHAFFINCH.

FRAGMENT OF A GREEK TRAGEDY.

ALCMAEON.—CHORUS.

- Cho. O gracefully-enveloped-in-a-cloak
 Head of a stranger, wherefore, seeking what,
 Whence, by what way, how purposed are you come
 To this well-nightingaled vicinity ?
 My cause of asking is, I wish to know.
 But if perchance, from being deaf and dumb,
 You cannot understand a word I say,
 Then wave your hand, to signify as much.
- Alc. I journeyed hither on Ambracian road.
- Cho. Sailing on horseback, or with feet for oars ?
- Alc. Plying with speed my partnership of knees.
- Cho. Beneath a shining or a rainy Zeus ?
- Alc. Mud's sister, not himself, adorns my legs.
- Cho. Your name I not unwillingly would learn.
- Alc. Not all that men desire do they obtain.
- Cho. Might I then know at what your presence aims ?
- Alc. A shepherd's questioned tongue informed me that—
- Cho. What ? for I know not yet what you will say.
- Alc. —This house was Eriphyla's, no one's else.
- Cho. Nor did he shame his throat with hateful lies.
- Alc. Might I then enter, going through the door ?
- Cho. Go ; drag into the house a lucky foot ;
 And, O my son, be on the one hand good,
 And do not on the other hand be bad.
 And then thou wilt be like the man who speaks,
 And not unlike thine interlocutor.
- Alc. I go into the house with legs and speed.

Chorus.

In speculation

[Strophe.

I would not willingly acquire a name

For ill-digested thought ;

But, after pondering much,

To this conclusion I at last have come :

Life is uncertain.

This I have written deep
 In my reflective midriff,
 On tablets not of wax.
 Nor with a stylus did I write it there,
 For obvious reasons : Life, I say, is not
 Divested of uncertainty.
 Not from the flight of omen-yelling fowls
 This truth did I discover,
 Nor did the Delphian tripod bark it out,
 Nor yet Dodona.
 Its native ingenuity sufficed
 My self-taught diaphragm.

Why should I mention [Antistrophe.
 The Inacheian daughter, loved of Zeus,
 Her whom of old the gods,
 More provident than kind,
 Provided with four hoofs, two horns, one tail,
 A gift not asked for.
 And sent her forth to learn
 The unaccustomed science
 Of how to chew the cud ?
 She, therefore, all about the Argive fields,
 Went cropping pale green grass and nettle tops,
 Nor did they disagree with her ;
 But yet, however wholesome, such repasts,
 Myself, I deem unpleasant.
 Never may Cypris for her seat select
 My dappled liver !
 Why should I mention Io, I repeat.
 I have no notion why.

Why does my boding heart [Epode.
 Unhired, unaccompanied, sing
 A most displeasing tune ?
 Nay even the palace appears
 To my yoke of circular eyes,

The right one as well as the left,
 Like a slaughter-house, so to speak,
 Garnished with woolly deaths
 And many shipwrecks of cows.
 I, therefore, in a Cissian strain lament,
 And with the rapid,
 Loud, linen-tattering thumps upon my chest
 Resounds in concert
 The battering of my unlucky head.

Eriphyla (within). Oh, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw!

In deed, I mean, and not in word alone.

Cho. Methinks I heard a sound within the house
 Unlike the accent of festivity.

Erip. He cracks my skull, not in a friendly way :
 It seems he purposes to kill me dead.

Cho. I would not be considered rash, but yet
 I doubt if all is well within the house.

Erip. Oh, oh, another blow ! this makes the third :
 He stabs my heart, a harsh unkindly act.

Cho. Indeed, if that be so, ill-fated one,
 I fear we scarce can hope thou wilt survive.

* * * * *

A. E. H.

OXFORD LETTER.

DEAR SIR,

Oxford, May 21st, 1883.

SOMEONE has said that during the (so-called !) Summer Term, we in Oxford cannot be expected to do any work, because our attention is exclusively claimed by "Eights and cousins;" when, therefore, in addition to these distractions, we have the further excitement of a Royal visit, surely a college tutor's heart must be of adamant if he look not with lenient eye on lectures cut and essays unwritten ! Yet experience tells us that even now the "gens ferrea" has not entirely left our earth.

Loyalty must assuredly be henceforth a characteristic of Oxford tailors; from their point of view it would be well if the Prince would come once a week. Never for years past have Messrs. Foster and Evans sold so many hats in so short a time, not, O innocent reader! because the undergraduate world flocked to those great emporiums eager to honour its Prince by donning new and elegant shapes, *but* because it was compelled to repair the mischief done by the sportive rabble during the illuminations, on the nights of the 2nd and 3rd of May. The "town" and "gown" had various encounters while out in the streets to see the illuminations.

Then, as now, Oxford was very full of visitors; many ladies still linger here though the Eights are over. The weather during the races did not allow of anything but ulsters and macintoshes till the last two days, but there was some very good racing during the week, especially between B. N. C. and Magdalen. Exeter had no difficulty in keeping the headship, and the boat is on all sides voted "splendid." The Unattached Boat went up seven places and intends, I believe, to go to Henley.

Professor Ruskin is this time giving three lectures, and, owing to the crush of last term, admission is now only by ticket, and each lecture is delivered twice.

More Royalty is going to honour us this term; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught or Albany—no one seems to know which—are coming for Commemoration. During that week there will be more "schools" on than any other week in the term. Even the gorgeous New Schools have proved inadequate to accommodate all candidates for examination this summer; the Honour Greats men are to be relegated to the Sheldonian Theatre. "On dit" that two of the Commemoration Balls are to be held in the former building.

College cricket has been in full swing during the term; the Varsity matches proper begin on Thursday with the M. C. C.

Yours truly,

O. B.

To the Editor of the "Bromsgrovian."

THE DYING MAIDEN.

AY! thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
 Too brightly to shine long; another spring
 Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine,
 Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
 The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
 Nor the vexed ore a mineral of power;
 And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
 Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
 Glide softly to thy rest, then: Death should come
 Gently to one of gentle mould like thee—
 As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
 Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
 Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain,
 And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

MORITURA.

HEI mihi! lucentis plusquam mortale Corinnae
 “Ante diem moriar” lux peritura monet.
 Mox ubi jam verno terrae splendore reudent
 Perpetuus capiet te, mea vita, sopor.
 Namque tibi nullus crescit dictamnus in arvis,
 Lenimen nullum fossa metalla tenent;
 Fata laborantis fletu ploramus inani,
 Solvere mors donec tabida membra velit.
 Ergo age,—te nullus dolor insanabilis angat,
 Mors etenim pulchras non nisi pulchra petit:
 Sic (ego crediderim) nemora inter florida ludens
 Discutit emeritas mobilis aura rosas.
 Dulcis et alta quies dulces tibi claudat ocellos,
 At mihi te quondam visere certa fides.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A CONCERT of classical music was given in the big school-room on Monday, May 14th, in the afternoon, the performers being Mr. Bradley (piano) and Mr. Crowder (violin). Mrs. Parsons and Mr. Crowder also sang songs. The music was of the highest order, and the greatest praise must be given to all the performers. It was perhaps the first time since Mr. Bradley's arrival amongst us that he has had an opportunity of being heard on an instrument worthy of him, and the result was such as to verify to the utmost the belief that had already been formed of his consummate powers and exquisite grace as a pianist; and even Mr. Crowder's high reputation as a violinist must have rested on a firmer basis than ever after his artistic interpretation of the music entrusted to him. Perhaps the most noticeable of the concerted pieces was the sonata for violin and piano, by J. S. Bach, which won well deserved applause for the accurate way in which it was rendered. Mr. Crowder and Mr. Bradley were also heard to full advantage in Niel Gade's beautiful sonata in D. minor, which was the last piece in a thoroughly well chosen programme. As regards the solos, Mr. Bradley's rendering of Schubert's sonata in B major was quite excellent, but we are inclined to think that his great skill as a pianist was even more fully displayed in Chopin's exquisite nocturne in G. major, which he played throughout with the delicacy and grace so absolutely necessary to a true interpretation of Chopin's music. Mr. Crowder's violin playing is already so well known amongst us, that it is not necessary to say more about his solos than that he played both Spohr's Barcarole in G major, and Molique's melody in A major, with his usual refinement and feeling. The success of the afternoon was reserved for Mrs. Parsons, whose charming singing has never been heard to greater advantage in Bromsgrove. Her first song, Gounod's "Le Nom de Marie," which was most sympathetically sung, received rapturous applause, but the encore which most deservedly greeted her rendering of Schubert's "Who is Silvia?" was too unmistakeable to be ignored. It is most satisfactory to see boys as well as their elders capable of appreciating really good

singing. Mr. Crowder's fine voice and perfect vocalisation could scarcely have found better scope than in Handel's wonderful song, "Revenge! Timotheus cries." His singing of "To Anthea," was also thoroughly artistic, although this song is perhaps hardly so well suited to him as the other. We subjoin a programme:—

1. SONATA for Violin and Piano, No. 2 in A major.....*J. S. Bach.*
2. SONG....."Revenge, Timotheus cries." *Handel.*
Mr. CROWDER.
3. SONATA for Pianoforte Solo in B major, Op. 147.....*Schubert.*
4. SONG "Le Nom de Marie."*Gounod.*
Mrs. PARSONS.
5. VIOLIN SOLO { Barcarole in G major, Op. 135..... *Spohr.*
 { Melody in A major, Op. 47, No. 2. *Molique.*
6. SONG "Who is Silvia?" *Schubert.*
Mrs. PARSONS.
7. PIANOFORTE SOLO { Nocturne in G major, Op. 37, No. 2. *Chopin.*
 { Novellette in F major, Op. 21, No. 1.....*Schumann.*
8. SONG "To Anthea." *Hatton.*
Mr. CROWDER.
9. SONATA for Violin and Piano in D minor, Op. 21.....*N. W. Gade.*

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

COMMITTEE.

H. MILLINGTON, ESQ.	REV. F. W. PARSONS.	C. F. CROWDER, ESQ.
E. P. GUEST, ESQ.	J. W. S. GILDEA.	W. G. MITCHELL.
	T. A. RAWLINS.	

JUDGES.

REV. F. W. PARSONS.
E. P. GUEST, ESQ.

STARTER.

C. F. CROWDER, ESQ.

THESE sports were held on April 12th, in fine weather, and though the sky looked very threatening in the afternoon, the rain very fortunately held off. Taking into consideration the advantage of the fine weather, we cannot be surprised at the

great improvement in the various races, when compared with last year. Throwing the cricket ball, which was gained by P. N. Oldrey, with a throw of 94 yards odd, was a great improvement on last year, while Mitchell's put of 34 feet was not far behind Westwood's. Broad jumping was an improvement even on the good standard of last year, Mitchell getting beyond 20 feet in class A, and Cochrane beyond 18 feet in class B. F. W. Pyne repeated his victory of last year in the quarter-mile, only in much better time. The afternoon programme began with the 100 yards, which produced some exciting races. Some very good form was shown in the jumping, Eccles winning in class B with a good jump of 4ft. 8in., and Oldrey in class A cleared over 5 feet. The quarter-mile handicap did not prove so equal as last year's, the smaller boys being quite out of it. The last race on the programme was the mile, which was easily won by F. W. Pyne, in the excellent time of 4min. 53sec.

The prizes were given away by Mrs. Eccles.

PROGRAMME.

MORNING.

(1.) *Throwing the Cricket Ball.*—1st, P. N. Oldrey, 94yds. 1ft. 5in. ; 2nd, C. F. Butt, 92yds. 2ft. 7in. ; 3rd, A. Cochrane, 91yds. 1ft. 11in.

(2.) *Putting the Weight.*—1st, W. G. Mitchell, 34ft. ; 2nd, M. G. Williams, 32ft. 9in. ; 3rd, F. H. Gepp, 32ft.

(3.) *Broad Jump (Class C).*—1st, N. Cochrane, 15ft. 8in. ; R. R. Fowler, 15ft. 4½in.

(4.) *Broad Jump (Class B).*—1st, A. Cochrane, 18ft. 5in. ; 2nd, H. Eccles, 17ft. 10in.

(5.) *Broad Jump (Class A).*—1st, W. G. Mitchell, 20ft. 4in. ; 2nd, C. F. Butt, 19ft. 9½in.

(6.) *Quarter-Mile Race (Class C).*—1st, R. R. Fowler, 67 secs. ; 2nd, N. Cochrane.

(7.) *Quarter-Mile Race (Class A).*—1st, F. W. Pyne, 55 secs. ; 2nd, C. F. Butt.

(8.) *Hurdle Race (Class B)*.—First heat : 1st, E. B. Brooke-Smith ; 2nd, R. A. S. Gildea. Second heat : 1st, H. Eccles ; 2nd, A. Cochrane. Final heat : 1st, H. Eccles, 16 secs. ; 2nd, A. Cochrane.

(9.) *Hurdle Race (Class A)*.—First heat : 1st, S. P. Thompson ; 2nd, P. N. Oldrey. Second heat : 1st, F. H. Gepp ; 2nd, W. G. Mitchell. Final heat : 1st, S. P. Thompson, 15 secs. ; 2nd, P. G. Oldrey.

AFTERNOON.

(10.) *Hundred Yards (C)*.—1st, R. R. Fowler, 12 secs. ; 2nd, G. H. Wall.

(11.) *Hundred Yards (B)*.—1st, A. Cochrane, 11 secs. ; 2nd, H. Eccles.

(12.) *Hundred Yards (A)*.—First heat : 1st, C. F. Butt ; 2nd, J. W. S. Gildea. Second heat : 1st, F. H. Gepp ; 2nd, F. W. Pyne. Final heat : 1st, C. F. Butt, 10½ secs. ; 2nd, F. H. Gepp.

(13.) *High Jump (C)*.—1st, R. R. Fowler, 4ft. in. ; 2nd, G. H. Housman, 3ft. 11in.

(14.) *High Jump (B)*.—1st, H. Eccles, 4ft. 8in. ; 2nd, A. Cochrane, 4ft. 7in.

(15.) *High Jump (A)*.—1st, P. N. Oldrey, 5ft. 1in. ; 2nd, F. H. Gepp, 5ft.


(16.) *Quarter-Mile Handicap*.—1st, T. A. Rawlins (9yds.). 51 secs. ; 2nd, C. F. Butt (scratch).

(17.) *Half-Mile (Class B)*.—1st, W. W. Trotman, 2 min. 53 secs. ; 2nd, H. Eccles.

(18.) *One Mile Flat Race*.—1st, F. W. Pyne, 4 min. 53 secs. ; 2nd, S. P. Thompson ; 3rd, H. F. Pepys.

(19.) *Consolation Race*.—1st, F. H. Gepp, 26½ secs. ; 2nd, M. G. Williams.

SCHOOL NEWS.

HE New Monitors this term are R. H. Green, W. G. Mitchell, and F. W. Pyne.

H. L. Trotman and H. F. Pepys have received their First XI. Colours. The Eleven now consists of W. G. Mitchell (captain), T. A. Rawlins, A. Cochrane, H. L. Trotman, and H. F. Pepys.

We may congratulate ourselves on having obtained such a really good professional bowler as Deane. Not only does he bowl well, but he also shows fellows how to bat, a quality in which our professionals of former years were quite deficient.

The cricket fixtures for this season are as follows:—

June 5th	at Charford	v.	K. E. S., Birmingham.
June 9th	on Town Ground	v.	Bromsgrove Town.
June 11th and 12th	at Charford	v.	Old Bromsgrovians.
June 19th.....	at Charford	v.	Yatton C. C.
June 23rd	at Charford	v.	Leamington College.
June 30th.....	at Charford	v.	P. H. Foley's Team.
July 3rd	at Birmingham ...	v.	K. E. S., Birmingham.
July 7th	at Worcester	v.	The County.
July 14th	at Charford	v.	Town.

The Head Master has kindly presented the Library with the following new books:—

Tennyson's Works, complete, in One Volume.
 The English Poets, in Four Volumes.
 Scott's Poems, complete, in One Volume.
 Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary.
 Frank Buckland's Natural History of British Fishes.
 A Grape from a Thorne.
 John Inglesant.
 The Arabian Nights.
 Verdant Green.
 Grimm's Fairy Tales.
 Christowell.
 Mary Annerley.

CORRESPONDENCE.

N.B.—The Editor declines to hold himself responsible for the opinions of his Correspondents.

To the Editor of the Bromsgrovian.

DEAR SIR,

As hardly a day has passed this term on which I have not been present either at the games or the practice in the cricket field, I think I may claim to be heard when I venture a suggestion. Now it is only too painfully clear that whatever may be our shortcomings in batting and bowling, they are as nothing compared to the exhibition which we invariably make of ourselves in the field, and this certainly springs from one cause, and one only—a lack of real wish to improve, and consequent slackness of effort. It was the same story at Eton in years past. No one ever saw an Eton and Winchester match without remarking on the “dark blues’” superiority here even when they were beaten hollow at all other points. And the reason was that they tried and we did not. Unless the playground is occupied at every spare moment of the day by boys throwing catches to each other and “feeling the ball” till they are practically sure of holding anything which they can reach, we shall see bad fielding, catches dropped all round in games and matches, for as everyone knows a catch is never certain while there is nervousness, and nothing except familiarity will breed contempt for sharp chances and smarting fingers. Besides, as every cricketer knows, it is not a catch that stings, it is the ball that just nips the tip of the fingers or pounds the ball of the thumb to a jelly in revenge for being dropped. Be it well understood I do not call for any regulations on the subject. We have quite enough of them already, and nothing would be so fatal to cricket as the danger of its degenerating into a sort of school instead of the best of games. Let there only be cricket balls provided for volunteers, old and young, yea, even to the lowest depths of the first form, and every encouragement given to this department by those in authority, and I firmly believe boys will find, as all old Wyhehamists say they did, that batting and bowling are not the only interesting parts of the game, and then perhaps also there will be a public opinion in the school that missing a catch or letting a ball slip through a pair of greased fingers and legs is a disgrace, and the mark of a duffer. We have our punt about in the winter at all odd moments, so there can be nothing unreasonable in wishing that every time we come into the playground on summer evenings we could see the centre of attraction—a good half-dozen of cricket balls flying to all parts of the heaven, and—*not* on the ground.

Yours truly,

C. F. CROWDER.

ACROSTIC No. IV.

BBETTER the stroke of open foe,
 Than when false friendship deals the blow ;
 Happier were e'en a conquered land,
 Than where death strikes with treacherous hand.

She who, as poets tell, on silver wing
 Roamed the wide world Heaven's dearest gift to bring.

As in old Greece, so oft by Ganges' stream
 Some god shone manifest to mortals' dream.

Mid the dark woods that clothed that lonely height
 The Mænads' cry thrilled through the summer night.

Good tidings by a bright-winged angel borne
 Ere the glad dawning of that winter morn.

Master of wit and humour, round whose name
 Lives yet the praise in life he would not claim.

Of hapless sons thou yet more hapless sire,
 Dread monument of swift celestial ire !

Firm before kings and unafraid he stood,
 Strong in the faith he witnessed with his blood.

F. W. P.

ANSWERS TO ACROSTIC No. III.

HAROLD. — SENLAC.

H A S T I N G S
 A C C O L A D E
 R O U E N
 O B O L
 L I O F A
 D O M I N I C

Correct answer was received from—

G. G. W.

CHAPEL SERVICES.

JUNE 10TH.—3RD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Matins—Venite, Tallis (7); Psalms l., lii., Stafford Smith (maj.), li., Stafford Smith (min.), 50; Te Deum, Goss in A.; Jubilate, Goss in A.; Kyrie, Schubert (1); Hymns 247, 197; Gloria, Tallis (ms.); Offertory Sentences, Barnby.

Evensong—Psalms liii., liv., Brown Smith (51), lv., Weldon (52), Hopkins (53); Magnificat, Stainer in D.; Nunc Dimittis, Stainer in D.; Hymns 413, 284, 281.

JUNE 17TH.—4TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Matins—Venite, Gregorian (8); Psalms lxxxvi., lxxxvii., Wesley (77), lxxxviii., E. J. Hopkins (78); Te Deum, T. Ebdon (169), H. Purcell (170); Jubilate, Crotch (183); Kyrie, Elvey; Hymns 6, 373; Gloria, Tallis (ms.).

Evensong—Psalms lxxxix., Cook (79), Blow (80); Magnificat, E. J. Hopkins (107); Nunc Dimittis, W. Hayes (194); Anthem, "As pants the hart" (Spohr's Crucifixion); Hymns 282, 19.

JUNE 24TH.—5TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Matins—Venite, Greene (9); Psalms cxvi., cxvii., Battishill (99), cxviii., J. L. Hopkins (100); Te Deum, Barnby in B. flat; Jubilate, Gregorian (158); Kyrie, Gounod (ms.); Hymns 414, 164; Gloria, Dykes.

Evensong—Psalms cxix., Purcell (101), Goodson (102); Magnificat, Turle in D.; Nunc Dimittis, Turle in D.; Hymns 256, 221, 433.

JULY 1ST.—6TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MATINS—Venite, Travers (10); Psalms i., ii., iii., Hawes (11), iv., v., Soaper (12); Te Deum, Norris (29), Croft (109); Jubilate, Corfe (144); Kyrie, Mrs. Parsons (ms.); Hymns 4, 260; Gloria, Dykes; Offertory Sentences, Barnby.

Evensong—Psalms, vi., vii., Battishill (13); Crotch (14); Magnificat, E. J. Hopkins (19); Nunc Dimittis, Parisian (104); Hymns 438, 264, 23.

ORTON BRADLEY.

PRIZE COMPOSITIONS FOR MIDSUMMER, 1883.

Greek Prose.—Letter of Arabi Pacha to the *Times*, about November, 1882.

Greek Iambics.—Swinburne's *Erechtheus*, line 373—402.

Latin Alcaics.—Poems by P. S. Worsley, pages 61 and 62, beginning "Never say that good is waning," ending "Dwells in thy own holy deed."

Latin Elegiacs.—"Snowdrops," by P. S. Worsley, page 113, 114.

Latin Prose.—Robertson's *History of Charles V.*, vol. i., page 223—225, beginning, "The Turkish History is blended," ending "The latter formed to tremble and obey."

English Essay.—*The Drama at Athens in the Vth Century, B.C.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EJ. GAMGEE.—We cannot agree with the statements in your letter, and therefore have not published it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE Editor begs to acknowledge the following annual subscriptions:—J. W. S. Gildea, P. N. Oldrey, A. Watson (1s. 6d.), P. A. C. Ellis, and H. M. Ellis.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the following Magazines:—*Shirburnian*, *Malvernian*, *Leamingtonian*, *Lorettonian* (2), *Cantuarian*.

Notices to Correspondents.

The next issue will appear in about the beginning of July.

Back numbers of the "Bromsgrovian" may be had on applying to the Editor, K. E. S., Bromsgrove.

P. O. O's to be made payable to T. A. RAWLINS, K. E. S., Bromsgrove.

Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only, to be sealed in an envelope, and posted in the Editor's Box, which has been placed in the Reading Room.

Contributors *must* send in their names in full, not for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity.

Subscriptions *must* be prepaid. There are two numbers every term.

Contributors must be—Subscribers not necessarily—Present or Past Bromsgrovians. Special attention is drawn to this notice.