Diary of William Holmes, student at St John’s College, York, 1892-3. Transcribed by Marcia Sanderson (Information Assistant), Lowen Frampton (Information Assistant), Emma Crossland (Student Intern – History), Grace Langley (Student Intern – History) and Raluca-Maria Corcea (Student Intern – English Literature), 2023-2024.

Content note: This diary was written in the 1890s, when attitudes towards race were very different from those today. The diary uses language that modern readers may find offensive, and describes events taking place in former colonies of the British Empire which readers may find shocking or upsetting. The contents of the diary have been transcribed faithfully, with the exception of one instance of a racial slur which is highly offensive today, which has been omitted from the transcription with an explanatory footnote. Footnotes have been used throughout the text to provide additional historical context for the diary’s contents.

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**Diary**

Written During

**Two Years Residence**

in a

**Training College**

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[page 3]

**Junior Year**

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January. 28th 1892

[I] enter College

This is the all important date, - the date on which I make the most important step of my life. By-the-bye, what a number of important steps I have taken in my time! all of them the most important. I can remember some years ago, being told by the school-master, as I was entering upon teaching as my profession, “Remember this is the most important step of your life.” The next occasion was at Confirmation, when the Rev. S. C., with his hand on my shoulder, assured me of the fact. Then came the time when the young bird had to leave the parent nest, and once again I heard the words “Remember this is the most important step of your life.” And now, once again on this – the 28th of January -, I once again take the most important step of my life, and form the next two years I become a “Student in Training.” (Someone, peeping over my shoulder whispers, “But you haven't taken the most important step of your life yet.” What does he mean, I wonder?). What hidden mysteries lie behind that appelation [sic] – Student. and enwrapped in that word – Training!

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Many things one hears of Training Colleges, but when one meets another, who has been through the mill, and makes a few enquiries respecting what he may or may not have to meet, he generally receives for an answer, “You’ll see”, delivered with all the haughtiness and superiority with which a two years’ training has imbued him. However, the day has now arrived when I shall begin the seeing. Farewells and partings o’er, and I find myself at the station, where I meet two fellow important-step-takers, hereinafter and henceforth designated Juniors, and two last years’ men, hereinafter and henceforth yclept[[1]](#footnote-1) **Seniors**. (Large type, Mr Printer, please, and don’t forget the capital S). These last two had kindly consented to introduce us to our new domain, but we could gather little or no information respecting our new mode of life. It was all the same old cry “You’ll see”. We had a quick journey to York, and then taking a couple of cabs, we arrived bag and baggage at our home for the coming two years.

**St John’s College**

**Lord Mayor’s Walk**

**York**

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The first thing I notice is a large blackboard, containing our names and the number of our bedrooms, so the first thing is to get out traps [?] up aloft. This accomplished we had leisure to look around. It is not difficult to distinguish among each group of fresh arrivals the Senior from the Junior. The former seem to go about with a “I’ve-been-here-before-I'd-let-you-know sort of air ; and what shouts and greetings, and pump-handle hand-shaking they and greeting they have amongst themselves**! w**ith a “Hello! Tommy! Glad to see you back!” “Well, Harry! old man! How have you enjoyed yourself?”, while the new-comers, like yours truly, seem lost and bewildered among the general [low and hubbub] [?] However, I expect it will be the same scene over again next year – except that it is we who will be the lords then. Taking comfort from this thought, I turn to explore the Junior Study, having heard the hint that the Senior Study is for Seniors only.

(Mem. The first thing I “see” - Seniors are not juniors and Juniors are not Seniors).

We then begin to wonder what is provided for tea. Some know for a certainty that there will be a cold joint, with bread and butter, because there was at Scholarship. Tea-time arrives and we find that the certainty of these

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[Wise-aerse?] is a fraud, for cold joints are a minus quantity. After tea we hear that Juniors are wanted on their Study at 9 o’clock, at which time we turned in and copied down a number of rules by which our future conduct is to be ruled and regulated, and then listened to an address from Mr Wilson – a Junior ,aster who is leaving this week, and who gave us some very good advice.

This brought us to bed-time, and after unpacking a few necessary articles for the morrow, I was soon in bed, where, despite its hardness, I was not long in reaching the land of Nod, untroubled by the thought that we have have an Euclid Lecture at 7 in the morning.

Jan.29. Friday. There seems to be little fear of not being down in time, for about 6.20am, some one goes round with an infant sledge-hammer, and takes a morning constitutional by walking down the corridors beating a tattoo on each door as he passes. It is rather awkward, however dressing in the dark, for there is no gas on in a morning. Perhaps some day I shall be able “to see” even how to get up in the dark.

We are evidently beginning our year’s work well – an early lecture first morning we are here. Some one says it is a cod, but if it is we may comfort ourselves with the fact that Seniors are up as well as we. At 7 a.m. both years are

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Assembled in the cold dreary-looking study, where one fresh man has been trying his ‘prentice hand, with faw success, at fire-lighting. Presently in comes a Junior Master – so we are told – who proceeds to give an Euclid Lecture. It dies not, however quite come up to my idea of a Lecture, for all he does is to ask a series of unimportant questions , [& gale?] all who cannot answer. And so the lecture(?) ends. This is followed by a Service in the Collage Chapel – a splendid building erected in the Collage grounds and separated from the main building. Here had a shortened form of morning Prayer, I then returned for breakfast. The first thing I noticed in the Dining Hall was the “Junior Master” seated at the head of a table partaking of “the cup that cheers but not inebriates” from a vessel without a handle- plainly showing him to be a fraud. I do not happen to be a “gated” one, but if I were I know whether I should stay in or not.

(Mem. Something else I “see” - **Seniors are Frauds**.)

At 9 o’clock a meeting of both years was held, in the Senior Study, with the Principal in the chair to vote for the paper & magasines that are to be taken this year for the Reading Room. This was our first interview with the Prin. And he welcomed us all to St. John’s. His appearance was greeted with the Collage clap, into the mysteries of which we have been previously initiated, [?] = “three sevens & a five”. The afternoon was spent as a half-holiday.

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Jan. 30. Saturday. This Morning we had an exam, which turned out to be a sham. I suppose this is a bit more of the “seeing” we were promised. Saturday is always a half-holiday and this afternoon we played the Senior and Junior Assocation football Match. Of course, playing it so soon after coming we did not know what any man could do in the field & so had to trust their own stories of their prowess, & trust to luck in choosing the team. As was to be expected we lost the match easily, & had to provide jam and salmon for tea.

Saturday night’s, unlike Easter are allowed for Free & Easy Concerts & to-night we set the ball rolling by giving a concert to the Seniors, who will return the compliment next Saturday. I gave a reading as my share of the programme. On going to bed we found it impossible to light the gas until a certain quantity of soap had been extracted from the pipe. Next time the Seniors do this trick I should advise them not to leave the soap lying about with a hole in it, to show you how they have plugged up the gas pipe. On getting a light I found the bed on the floor, but had got all straight again when a lordly Senior came to see how Collage life was suiting me. (Mem. I “see” **Seniors are funny beggars**)

Jan. 31. Sunday We had a service in Chapel immediately after breakfast & another at 11 o'clock, a service we attended in silk hats, but I don’t think we shall do so again.

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In the afternoon I went to the Minster, and again at night, when the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Hull. We have each had to make solemn promise to attend the Minster very Sunday evening.

February 1st Monday. Today we started work with the lectures, but we were interrupted in order to be measured for uniform for the Volunteers. The collage fellows form the [?] Company of the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales Own West Yorkshire Regiment. The Sergent Major took our height in stocking feet, and our chest measurement. According to our his measurement I stand 5ft.. 6 ½ ins and am 32 in. round the chest. We had the afternoon for a half-holiday in order to go and see a County Rugby Match I went to this, but I came away with no great opinion of the game. If anyone wants a collar bone or a leg breaking or a few ribs knocking in I should advise them to try a game of Rugby Football. If that won’t answer, nothing will. At night the Seniors were in our Study selling their old books, and they kicked up such a row that work was absolutely impossible so I gave up the attempt.

Feb. 2nd .. Tuesday. We have not started the Early Lectures yet & no one seems to have any particular desire to commence with them. This afternoon we played another fixture between Seniors & Juniors – the Nondescript Association Football Match, in which players(?) are supposed to play, who know nothing about the game. After some

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Funny sights & some peculiar play, we were again beaten & paid the usual penalty – jam & salmon.

Feb. 3. Wednesday. This day should be remembered for it is the one which saw me, as well as **31** other glory-seekers, become one of the nation noble defenders, swearing on the Bible to be true and loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty & to defend England, the Queen & her heirs, when called upon, from the attack of enemies. Wednesday afternoon is also a half-holiday & as the Collage has a football fixture on with the Royal Scots, I went to the barracks to see the match & was enabled to see rounds some of their rooms. There are some very large barracks here in York, and a considerable number of soldiers, both infantry and cavalry are stationed here.

Feb. 4. Thursday. To-day we paid our first visit to the Drill Hall. We went altogether after dinner on a fool’s errand, to fetch a suit of uniform which was not there. Oh! Well! It was a harmless joke & I expect we must be contended to be “sold again”

Feb. 5. Friday. We seem to be doing pretty well with regard to holidays, for we have had a half-a-day off again to-day. The holiday was granted for the purpose of playing another Senior & Junior fixture, [?] the Rugby football Match. Of course we all had to turn up at the match which was played on the ground of a York club, in the City. This time we took the Seniors a La-La, beating them hollow, much to their chagrin, for they had expected to win all their fixtures. However it is now **2** to them & **1** to us. We held a meeting of our year to-day for the purpose of electing a

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Chairman & secretary of the Study. Mr Challenor, or should I say Len Challenor – for we have dropped the Mr among ourselves. – was elected Chairman, & Roy. Milroy, secretary.

Feb. 6. Saturday. We have not yet commenced Early Lectures & this morning we had no Chapel Service. We had, however, an exam. – not a fraud this time, – on St. Luke’s Gospel – some of the work we had to prepare before coming here. The morning’s frost brought me three letters addressed in feminine handwriting, and it was only on explaining that I was being made the subject of an attempt at a joke, that I escaped a good spanking. I fancy Frank, George + Billy know something about these envelopes. At night, the Seniors, according to promise, gave us a concert. It was not exactly of the kind I had anticipated being given a la minstrel fashion. We were each honoured by having a song especially composed & sung about our respective persons & the little inconveniences we had been put to & at the end of the concert, were assured that jokes Hands are now over & that it is the desire of all Seniors to live at peace & unity together, to which desire we all answered “Amen”.

Feb. 7. Sunday We had service in our own Chapel in the morning, the sermon being preached by Mr Welch – the Prin. of an adjoining school. In the afternoon + at night I was at the Minster, where the sermon was preached by Canon Raine. After Minster one must return home pretty sharp, for the doors are locked at 8.50pm + we proceed to bed at 9 o’clock on Sundays.

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Feb. 8. Monday Still no early lectures, but I don’t think anyone minds about that. We had another Study meeting to-day for the purpose of electing officers for the various Committees.

Feb. 9. Tuesday. We had a deputation in our Study to-night from the Seniors challenging us to a Nondescript Rugby Football Match, a challenge we could not but accept, after winning the last. The match comes off to-morrow.

Feb. 10. Wednesday. Being a half-holiday the above match was played, but we managed to lose it without much of an effort.

There has been considerable discussion going on lately respecting a cap. None of us like the present College Cap, + many are in favour of adopting the mortar-board. There has been a great deal of discussion on the Corridors on the subject, Seniors rushing backwards + forwards visiting everybody – canvassing for, and against, this class of head-gear. For myself I shall vote for their introduction.

Feb. 11. Thursday. The voting took place this afternoon – by ballot, - special meetings being held in both studies for the purpose, at which there was as much row and excitement as if a Parliamentary election were taking place. In our year the voting was:-

23 for the introduction of mortar-boards; 7 against.

In the Senior Study 21 For – 9 Against.

making a total of 44 For – 16 Against.

This interesting event over, we proceeded to pay a second visit

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to the Drill Hall – no cod this time – for the purpose of receiving uniform. I received and signed for, a couple of pairs of trousers, kersey[[2]](#footnote-2), tunic, helmet glengarry[[3]](#footnote-3), belt, pouch, and rifle sling.

Feb. 12th. Friday. The necessary consent of the Prin. has been obtained for the introduction of mortar-boards, and he said he was very pleased we had taken upon ourselves to get them, as he had thought of making them compulsory next year.

Feb. 13th. Saturday. We have had another exam. This morning – Euclid this time. In last Saturday’s exam. I came out 3rd.. on the list.

In the afternoon two or three of us walked as far as Bishopthorpe – the residence of the Archbishop of York. At night we had a free + easy consisting of songs, glees to, and dancing, items being contributed by both Seniors and Juniors.

Feb. 14th.. Sunday. We had no early service this morning, but we had to turn up for Chapel at 11, when the sermon was preached by the Prin. In the afternoon I went to the Minster to hear then anthem + attended service there again at night when the sermon was preached by Canon Lord Forester. To-day I have had the pleasing occupation of stoker-in-general to the Study, lighting the fires in the morning, + keeping them in all day.

Feb. 15. Monday. To-day saw the commencement of Early Lectures. We were roused at 6.30 am.- Roll call 6.55. Lecture 7am.

After the first morning’s trial I have come to the conclusion that I

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would just as soon stay in bed. However, I suppose we’ll soon become used to them.

Feb. 16. Tuesday. After dinner I had another journey to the Drill Hall, + came back armed with rifle + bayonet, + this afternoon we have been on drill with them. My cap as also arrived from London, so that I now appear in full glory. “More mortar-Mick!”

Feb. 17. Wednesday. After enduring the racks + pains of neuralgia for nearly every day since I arrived here, I had to give in to-night, + obtained leave for bed at supper time.

Feb. 18. Thursday. I did not get up for early lecture, chapel, or breakfast, but landed down intime for the 9 o’clock lecture, but was so bad that the Vice sent me back + I stayed in bed all day. It’s nice laying in bed, here, I can tell you. Throughout the day I saw three people – a maid, the matron, + a waiting man who brought up my dinner of foot-wash + cold mustang junk from the dining hall. It went back untouched + at 4 o’clock I got my first meal of the day – boiled milk, which I had asked for before 10 o’clock this morning. My face is gradually increasing in size.

Feb. 19. Friday. Being no better to-day I was ordered into the hospital. Barn would be a better name. However I could have a fire which was one blessing. A wooden settle – very uncomfortable, a most delicious uneasy chair, a table, a couple of bedsteads, some old lockers, + an unfinished picture screen comprised the

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sum and total of the furniture of this delightful retreat for the sick. The only times I saw a human being after the first visit of the matron were when boiled milk was sent up, viz – twice. Throughout the long day, in the intervals between the attacks of agony, all there was to do was to make out the names of other martyrs, who have handed down their names to fame + to a posterity of fellow-sufferers, by carving them with the hot poker on the door + walls.

Feb. 20. Saturday. There has been a holiday with extension granted to-day in honour of the Certificate list which arrived yesterday. Consequently there was no Saturday exam to-day. My holiday was delightfully spent. I got up at 9 o’clock + went, with a face twice its ordinary size, to the doctor, who after examining it, sent me to a neighbouring dentist to have a tooth taken out under which he said there was an abcess[sic]. So I went, but he was out. I waited until he came in, and then the tooth came out. Not so the abcess[sic] though. He’d more sense. Feeling quite comfortable where he was, he saw no reason why he should change quarters. So out came the next tooth, and then for a time I have no remembrance of what occurred + for a present knowledge of events which happened just at this time I am indebted to Tommy Tomlinson, who had accompanied me on my miserable journey. When I took my hurried departure into blissful oblivion, the dentist hastily despatch[sic] Tommy for the doctor,

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+ the pair of them together with the aid of sundry does of fire-water succeeded in making me understand where I was. Still the abcess[sic] remained obstinate + the doctor determined to unseat him by the aid of his lance, which he inserted into my jaw in three different places. This invasion of his territory caused Mr Abcess to commence a slow evacuation, + after a time, with the aid of Tommy I got back to Col. + and went to bed again.

Feb. 22. Monday. I did not get up to-day until breakfast time, thus missing both early lecture + chapel. I have obtained leave to miss chapel for several mornings to come, so shall not go out until I get quite right again.

Feb. 23rd .. Tuesday. I got up this morning in time for early lecture, but of course did not attend chapel service. We got the results of our last exam, to-day. I have come out third again with **53** marks out of a possible 60.

Feb. 24th. Wednesday. This is a Saint’s Day – a day which we all keep well in mind, for here Saint’s days are kept by allowing us an extra dose of bed in a morning – the early lecture being omitted, so that this morning we did not get up until nearly time for chapel.

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We are all evidently of the same opinion – viz. That this is a very wise and sensible arrangement.

We had the usual half-holiday in the afternoon with an extension until 10:30pm, but being “big-faced” yet I could not reap any benefit from this indulgence – Truly this is “hard lung[?]” for extensions are few and far between. So my night was spent in letter-writing + I had the Study to myself all night.

Feb. 25th.. Thursday. We had no early lecture again this morning – this being one of the blessings following an extension; + as I have not chapel to attend I stayed in bed until breakfast time.

Feb. 26. Friday. Lectures this morning lasted until 11.30am only for there was a Collage Committee Meeting, + when this meetings are held, we clear out of the way. Consequently we were free from 11.30 to 3.40. Just my luck again, because I cannot get out.

Feb. 27. Saturday. We had an arithmetic exam. For a couple of hours this morning – a regular [oneeget?]. The afternoon was kept as a half.holiday but I did not venture out. At 8 o’clock we turned in to out usual [7 lee?] + Esay for a couple of hours.

Feb. 28. Sunday. I did not attend the early service but went to the 11 o’clock service, when we had a sermon from the Principal. In the afternoon I got as far as the Minster to hear the Anthem and sent again at night to the evening service, at which the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Yeomans.

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Feb. 29. Monday. which brings the finest month to a close. The time seems to go very quickly. I expect it is because we are always doing something or other, if not working, we are larking about, up to some insane game or other – perhaps a good cushion fight, or a spanking all around. We had no Chapel service this morning, and I have been stoken[?] up once more.

**March 1st** Shrove Tuesday We have been in luck’s way to-day. This happens to be a Saint’s Day, + consequently we had no occasion to get up for an early lecture. Then being Shrove Tuesday, of course, like all other school children, we wanted a holiday, and got it, too, until 9 o’clock at night. I went a walk up the banks of the Ouse in the morning, but a heavy snow storm coming on, I came in again. It turned out a nasty sort of day, so that all the pleasure we obtained was derived from indoor sources. All were in to supper and prayers at 9 o’clock + the night was finished with dancing in the organ room.

Mar. 2. **Ash Wednesday.** Having holiday yesterday of course we had no early lecture this morning. We had lectures until 10.30 and then had to get ready for a special chapel service at 11 o’clock. We had the Litany and the Commination Service.

Being the 1st day of Lent we lost the usual half-holiday, having to work this afternoon like any ordinary day. We all agree that this is a somewhat peculiar arrangement. No one objects to an extra

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half-holiday at any time, but to lose one, - well, that another subject altogether.

March 3. Thursday. I don’t think anything has occurred to-day worth recording. We had a full day’s work, with an hour’s drill in the afternoon.

March 4. Friday. Just about ditto to yesterday. Nothing but the ordinary sound of lectures, private study, and meal times, with a choir practice thrown in.

March 5. Saturday. The exam, this morning was given on History. The afternoon I filled up with a good long walk in the country, and night we had our usual weekly Free + Easy Concert.

March 6th .. Sunday. This Morning we had Holy Communion before breakfast, so consequently had to be stirring a little early than we usually do on a Sunday morning. At 11 o’clock we had service again with a sermon by the Vice. In the afternoon I joined a Bible Class connected with St Thomas’ Church, and conducted by Mrs Walton, the authoress of “A Peep behind the Scene” “Christie’s Ols Organ” [+e, ve?]

The class has an attendance of over 100 young men. It was over in time for me to attend the afternoon service at the Minster to hear the Anthem “Near my prayer, + Oh! For the wings of a dove”, from Mendelsohum[?]. There is a long hebel[?] solo which was beautifully rendered by a young lad.

We were sitting around the stove to-night, thinking + chatting

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about first one subject and, then another, when one exclaimed “Six weeks to-day, chaps, we’ll be home”.

Mar. 7th Monday. This morning we had rather a peculiar experience . Mr Wilson lectured so long this morning at early lecture, and got so warmed to his subject that he continued even after chapel bell had gone, + when finally we arrived at the place of worship, it was only to find that we were denied admittance – the door being locked on the inside. It was however, too bad of the Vice to growl at us for being late as though it were our fault.

Tuesday Mar. 8th. No chapel service this morning o Is this a punishment for missing service yesterday?

March. 9th Wednesday. I took advantage of the half-holiday to go down to the Drill Hall, taking my tunic to be cleaned. Afterwards being still in a Military mood. I went to the Barracks where we were playing the Royal Scots an Association Football Match, + saw our team lose by 6 goals to 1. But I think our fellows deserve some congratulations for scoring even a single goal, for the Scots are a very powerful team.

Mar. 10. Thursday. Not feeling quite up to the mark on awaking this morning, I obtained leave, though the instrumentality of “ye knocker up” to stay in bed until breakfast, so while the others were laying in stones of Physical Geography at Early Lecture, + chanting

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psalms at Chapel, I was enjoying another 40 winks in the land of Nod.

Mar. 11. Friday. We had no Early Service this morning.

From 9 to 10 we went through the ordeal of saying (out of 100 times out of the 300 we have to learn) of Byron’s Childe Harold.

After dinner I went down to the Drill Hall to fetch my tunic back again. At night we had a very agreeable break in the ordinary routine of “Private Study”. We all assembled in the Senior Study, where the Principal, at our request, gave us a chapter from his early career. A graphic description of the Indian Muting, its causes, principal events, and leading characters, prefaced the narrative of a thrilling incident of the war in which he figured predominantly[sic], and which he appropriately named

**A Ride For Life.**

He was at that time in command of a body of native horse, and was detailed one night for the special duty of finding out the [sheng the ?] of the of the enemy’s great guns, which were known to be at some distance away. Another party has been sent out before but had not returned. Accordingly he set out with a small body of Indian soldiers, well mounted. It was a beautiful night, calm and peaceful, + after a “God - speed” from the last sentry, they rode on in silence for two or three hours, when they caught eight of a native, just outside a little village, from whom he thought he might possibly obtain some useful information regarding the whereabouts

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of the enemy. On hailing the man, however, he took to his heels, and entered a courtyard surrounded on all sides by horses. Without pausing to think of the rashness of his act, he dismounted and followed the man, this marking himself a good target for anyone to take a shat at from any of the windows. The native had disappeared; but hearing voices in one of the houses he knocked with his sword hilt + demanded admittance. Hearing no response he at once burst open the door, discovered the hiding place of the man he had followed, + dragged him out. He extracted some information from him but did not know whether to believe him or not , so ordered him to guide them to the enemy’s camp, threatening to blow his brains out if he tried any tricks. Being informed that the camp was not far wat, he left his men with the exception of two, to hold the village and patrol the roads. Leaving their comrades this little party of three and the guide set off once more, but found the camp further away than they had anticipated. On the road they found signs of a recent flight – the dead body of an Indian soldier lying mutilated on the road side. They paused a moment to look at him, but only to find he was far beyond all earthly help. One of the Indians had dismounted to look at him, + immediately began a great wailing and lamentation. When he could be made to speak he said it was his brother and one of the party who had gone out

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previous to this. His grief was terrible to witness, an at last he had to order him to remount + leave the body, but before doing so, the man drew his sword. And, over the dead body of his brother, swore a most terrible oath of revenge.

Going along some distance further they came to where they could see the reflection of the camp fires, and then having no need for the further service of the guide sent him back. Plans were now made for approaching camp without being seen. He managed to get into the shelter of a wood from which he could count 11 guns, but his further view was obscured. He had reason to believe that they had 16, but was unable to make them out without leaving the shelter of the wood and thus running the risk of being discovered. His duty, however was to make sure of the number, so bidding his two men to remain in hiding, he advanced into the open successfully, and as he had surmised found the enemy had 16 guns. He was just on the point of returning to the wood when his horse caught sight of the horses of the Indians, which were hobbled near the camp, and he at once went into a whinny of recognition. This of course aroused the sentinels, and immediately the whole camp was after. He rushed back to his two men, and the three found themselves confronted by three sentries. Each settled his man, and then telling his men to make for the village as hard as they could, when the main body had been left. Away they rode, + away after

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them was a score of thirty of the dusky mutineers.

But the horses of the three had been out all night and had already done a good night’s journey, while those of their pursuers were fresh. Seeing their foes were gaining on them, he told his men to ride straight ahead, while he would make a more round a bout way, for he wishes if possible to save the lives of his men. He guessed if he left his men his foes would follow him only, because he was an English Officer. His guess was correct, they all turned to follow him and the ride was now a stern and desperate one. Distance and time were alike forgotten in this desperate race. At first a few stray bullets has whizzed by him but now the Indians seem to have resolved to reserve their fire and hunt him down. He has but one chance left. On the outward journey they had crossed a river. Can he reach this now. If his horse (a splendid Arab) can keep its strength, he knows it will take the leap, whilst it is seldom an Indian horse will face a jump. On this chance he hangs his life. At last he nears the river, but the Indians have gained considerably on him.

Checking the mad career of his steed somewhat, to allow him to gather his wind, he put him at the stream, and over went the faithful animal, and almost as he dropped upon the other side the foremost of his baffled pursuers reached the

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Bank, but as he hoped their horses refused to jump. To such a pitch of excitement was he worked that turning round towards them he exulting waived his sword at them, while they in return sent him a bullet or two, all however passing harmlessly by him. But the chase is not over yet.

Down the bank they rode until they came to a ford by which they could cross, but this delay had given him a fairly good start again. Once more the chase began, as earnest and as terrible as even, and once again his foes began to slowly diminish the distance between them. At last he reached a small village and dashed headlong through it. The street ended in an archway with two ponderous gates, and just as he reached the gates he saw his two men galloping down a side street. On seeing him they at once rejoined him. Thinking it would delay his foes somewhat, he ordered one to dismount and close the gates. One easily shut, but the other was stiff and all his efforts failed to move it, so he ordered the other man to go to his help and close it, while he held their horses. Together they succeeded in partially closing it, when the foremost of the Indians appeared at the head of the street. He immediately ordered one to remount + the other to load his rifle, wait until the first horse got just within the gap between the gates and then bring it down so as to make an obstruction

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for the others. The man faithfully fulfilled his part. But on turning to remount his horse became restive + he was unable to do so + thus was placed in great danger. Seeing his danger his captain turned back to his assistance. Several of the Indians had now reached the gateway, but they must have expended all their ammunition, for they did not fire, but endeavoured to force open the gate, he, mentioned, bringing his revolver into play and laying several more of them low, this increasing the obstruction with a pile of dead bodies of men hand horses, and then the man having remounted, they continued their flight, the short pause having given their tired horses an opportunity to recover their wind. This was their last sight of the foe, for the Indians followed them no further than the gateway, and soon after the three reached the village where they had left the main body of his party, and they all returned to camp together. The information brought back was found to be of the greatest service, + shortly afterwards the enemy was surprised and defeated –

Captain Baldwin being promoted for his exploit.

March 12th.. Saturday. The exam this morning was on Algebra, - a pretty stiff paper. In last Saturday’s exam I have come out 7th on the list with 47 marks out of a possible 60.

I mentioned on Monday the fact that we were locked out of

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Chapel at service. It seems, however, that one of our fellows, and one only, arrived in time to be admitted. At our usual Free + Easy to-night, this individual sang a song entitled “That’s when you don’t feel right!”

The concluding verse, which was of his own composition, ran -

“When to the Chapel some morn you wend your way,

Thinking that you’ll be late;

‘Are you’re fellows ever coming?’ the Seniors say,

For we patiently (?) them await:

As you enter the Chapel the Seniors stare,

For of the Juniors you find you’re the only one there,

And it makes you wish that outside you were,

‘For that’s where you don’t feel right.’ ”

Mar. 13th. Sunday. We had two services in our own Chapel to-day at 8.30.a.m and at 11.a.m.

In the afternoon I went to Mrs Walton’s Bible Class and from there to the Minster to hear the anthem. I was at the Minster again at night when Archdeacon Yeoman’s occupied the pulpit, so that I think I have had a pretty full day of service.

Mar. 14th. Monday. We held a Study meeting to-day for the purpose of coming to some arrangement about the boat race. We intended winning this if possible, and as we have only a month left now, it is high time we were getting a crew

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chosen, + having them at work. As we know nothing at all about each others capabilities it was decided that the best plan would be for all who can row at all to go down to the river and have a spin, while the remainder watch from the bank, and then leave the matter to general opinion.

Mar. 15th. Tuesday. The Seniors have been up to some prank or other and got across with their monitor – one of their own year. There was a shindy last night + to-day three Seniors have packed their traps and gone home.

March 16th Wednesday. Taking advantage of the half-holiday we decided to settle the boating business, on at least to take the first step in the matter, and eight of us got out on the river for a row, and made a fine afternoon of it.

Mar, 17th Thursday. We told the Vice last night, that to-day was a Saint’s Day, because we do not have to get up on such occasions for early lecture. However, he said that he does not count St Patrick as a Calander Saint, so we had to get up at the usual time this morning – worse luck.

We had three lively meeting to-day, after breakfast, dinner and tea, over the boat business, and the final decision is held over until to-morrow.

Mar. 18th Friday. The selection was made at a meeting held this afternoon, and we have chosen as a crew for the

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four-oared boat, **Roy. Wilroy,** a liverpool nab, accustomed to boating ou[sic] the Mersey; **Harry Mason,** of Hull, accustomed to the Humber; **Jim Buchanan**, newcastle, and **Bill Dunn** (cor.) [?] of South Shields, both at home on the Tyne, and **Albert Smith,** of Penrith, who has had considerable experience on the Lakes. Of course this selection is subject to alterations if occasion arise, but I do not think we shall be able to make any alteration or improvement in the strength of the crew.

Mar. 19th Saturday We had an exam this morning on Geography. In last Saturday’s trial I was 12th on the list with “Orf-Marks”. I hope to be a little higher this time. In the afternoon I went down to the river bank a short distance, and thence to Knavesmire – round the race-course. The three Seniors who were sent home last Tuesday have returned to-day, and received quite an ovation. The monitor discreetly kept out of sight. After tea we concluded the week with our usual Free + Easy.

Mar. 20th Sunday. We had ordinary morning Service at 8:30am and at 11 we had Litany + Communion + a Sermon by the Vice. Minster Service, as usual occupied afternoon and Night. At the latter Service we had he Dean preaching, who always gives us quantity, whether there is quality or not.

Mar. 21. Monday. In Saturday’s exam I have got back to my old place, 3rd on the list with 65 marks out of a possible 80.

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This makes three times I have stood 3rd, in the Saturday exams and once 2nd.

Mar. 22. Tuesday. To-day I went into my first battle and received a wound in the engagement. The Sarg. Major says he will mention me in the dispatches as being recommended for signal service under engagement. An enemy approaching we were armed and turned out to defend our home. Skirmishes were thrown out + checked the advance for time, but they gradually fell back, and we formed a rallying square to receive the onset. It was while executing this maneuverer that I received my wound, - a bayonet cut which took off a knuckle, but I was so intent upon the action that I knew nothing of it until my hand was covered with blood. We finally drove back the foe, without any killed on our own side, and only one, myself, wounded.

The Prin. has been ill to-day, and has not been in any of his lectures.

Mar 23rd Wednesday. We have had our boat crew out for training to-day again, and I went down to the river with them. We have had no lectures from the Prin. To-day, as he is still too ill to come in.

Mar. 24, Thursday. We had a pretty stiff dose of drill this afternoon principally battle-formations, and skirmishing, during which, although there is plenty of work, we generally manager to enliven matter

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with a bit of fun.

March 25. Friday We had no early lecture this morning, this being the day on which we commemorate the annunciation of the Virgin Mary. We commemorate in usual style – an extra dose of bed. We had the Vice Principal in to hear us say the first half of our Midsummer poetry – 160 lines of Byron’s Childe Harold. The Principal is still ill, so we have not had him in to-day. Chapel practise was held this morning instead of this afternoon as ordinarily, for we are to have an exam on history this afternoon form 4 to 6.p.m.

March 26. Saturday. The exam yesterday did not free us from the usual one this morning, for at 11.a.m we had to turn in to one on Liturgy. In the afternoon I took a solitary walk round Knavesmire Racecourse. At night we held the usual; Free + Easy.

Mar. 27. Sunday. We had somewhat of a change from the ordinary run if things at Chapel. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Peel, Secretary of the Temperance Society. His sermon caused a great deal of discussion both at sinner time and during the afternoon. I am glad to say we have a little army of abstainers here. In the afternoon I went to the Minster to hear again that splendid anthem “Hear my Prayer”. The sermon at night was preached by Canon Newton.

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Mar. 28th Monday. To-day, being the Anniversary of the Principal’s wedding day, we celebrated the event by having a day’s holiday, of which I took advantage to explore the neighbour-hood a little. In the morning I got as far as Huntington, and in the afternoon to Acomb. An eventful day was finished up with an enjoyable Free and Easy.

Mar. 29th Tuesday. In last Friday's History exam I have managed to take second place with 29 marks out of a possible 40.

We have has another dose this morning, and worked a paper in Sound, Light, + Heat instead of a lecture from the Principal.

Mar. 30th Wednesday. We had the Principal in to his lecture again this morning, he having sufficiently recovered to be able to confound us with his Euclid deductions.

In the afternoon I took advantage of the half-holiday to take a walk as far as Shensall Common, 8 miles away. It is a pretty spot and has set me longing for the time when we shall come here shooting.

Mar. 31st Thursday. Another day’s hard work closes another month. Time seems to be flitting swiftly by yet not fast enough for many a one. More than one home-sick individual is anxiously looking forward to, and longing for the 13th of next month, when, for a brief period we shall be freed from daily routine, rules and regulations.

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April 1st Friday:- This morning brought the task of “fire monitor” once more to yours truly. There are always two of us on together at this delightful work, and it is there custom of the one who awakes first in the morning to arouse his companion in distress. Accordingly, last night Will Johnson – my confrere – came to me + said “I suppose we are on together in the morning.” “I guess we are,” I replied. “All night,” he said. “give me a call if you are up first., + I’ll do ditto. Let’s see what’s the number of your room.” “Oh! knock away at No.14,” I answered, “and don’t be afraid of knocking for I'm rather a hard sleeper.” And so we parted. Now my room is No.15 and Mr Mills – the Music Tutor – sleeps at No.14. Morning broke, and I dressed quickly ready for the fun. I had been ready about quarter of an hour, when I heard slippered[sic] feet descending the corridor, and I inwardly chuckled when I heard them stop at No.14. A gentle knock was next heard, but there was no response. Then a louder knock, accompanied by a call of “Billy.” Still no reply. Next came a prolonged knock, loud enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers, and a sleepy voice was heard from beneath the blankets, “Who’s there? What do you want?”, to which the impatient one on the corridor, not recognising the voice, replied

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“Come on you bally idiot, and get your fires lit, we shall have them all down before we get started if you don’t make haste.” “I’ll light you in half-a-minute if you aren’t off,[”] and then poor Will, just realising what he had done, was turning away, with a face which was a study to behold, when I just happened to come out of my room, with a “Hello, Will! up first! I was just coming to knock you up.” If a look could have killed, I should have been slain on the spot. During the morning Mr Mills came to me + said “Are you on fire duty with Johnson to-day?” “I believe I am, Sir,” I replied. “And did you send him to my room this morning?” No, Sir, I did not send him, but you see I am a sound sleeper, + he kindly promised to give me a call, so I suppose he got to your room instead of him.” “Well tell him to be more careful next time.” “Alright, Sir, but you know it’s not the first of April every morning.”

Apr. 2. Saturday. Our exam this morning was on Magnetism. In the afternoon I went down to the river bank to watch the boat crew at work. Both crews are hard at it, but we are severely handicapped by having two of our team in school – doing time, so that all afternoon practice is out of the question until they

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can get out, and when they are free, we are fast. At present the two who are not in school take a pair-oared boat and train together, then when the other two finish school they go down together and take a pair-oar. However their time is up next week, and then we are hoping to get the four-oared boat out. The Seniors have already commenced with theirs.

Apr. 3. Sunday. We have had no early Service in chapel this morning, but we had morning prayer at 11 o’clock with a sermon from Mr Welsh the Principal of Archbishop Holgate's School. At night I attended Minster, where we had Canon Fausett preaching.

Apr. 4 Monday The Vice Principal was away preaching yesterday, and did not return until this morning, but did not get in in time for his Scripture Lecture. Another result of his absence was “no chapel service, this morning, gentlemen”

Apr. 5. Tuesday. To-day at drill, our Sargent Major informed us that the authorities have just issued a new manual of drill, the result of which is that we must now set to work to unlearn many of the movements and formations we have already learnt. During the drill under the new system, Capt. and Adjutant Luke arrived to inspect us, and expressed himself as being highly satisfied

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with us. He has not been here long. He was Captain in the Marines and served with his men in the Egyptian Campaign.

Apr. 6. Wednesday. More than one has to-day given expression the words “Next week at this time”. For a solution of the meaning of these mysterious words refer to the entry for the 13th of this month.

In the afternoon, after watching the boat crew start out for a pull, I winded my way to Acomb, landing home in time for tea.

Apr. 7. Thursday. I have spent most of my spare time to-day, poetry book in hand for to-morrow we are booked for a couple of hundred lines. In the afternoon I had a short turn on the organ.

Apr. 8. Friday. True to promise the Vice came in this morning for the 200 lines, and very considerately ordered the piece -305 lines- to be finished during the holidays.

The Principal is ill again, so we had two hours P.S. (Private Study) instead of his lectures. “It is an ill mind that blows nobody any good”, and more than one owes to this two hours P.S. an escape from being floored with his poetry. And not a flooring only, for a break-down generally means a “gating” for the luckless individual who finds his memory is not as good as it should be.

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Apr. 9. Saturday. To-day we found plenty wherewith to beguile the time during our usual Saturday half-holiday. As soon as dinner was over there was a rush to the river to witness a boat race between the Past and Present Student of St Peter’s School. As a Cambridge oarsman was rowing with the Past, we were all eager to see the race. We had not been on the bank long, when we heard shouts which told us the race was in progress, and presently we beheld the rival boats skimming down the stream, - the Present leading the way. This lead they maintained to the end winning by six lengths.

From the river we next made tracks for Knavesmire Race Course, where the Officers of the Royal Dragoons were holding their annual steeplechases. The course was pretty well thronged and we enjoyed ourselves immensely, the more so, because we knew that we were indulging in a forbidden pleasure. After tea we turned in to our last Free and Easy Concert for this year. After the Easter holidays, which we are hoping to commence on Wednesday next, we shall have to turn in on Saturday night to work, just as on an ordinary evening. We have enjoyed these free and easy sort of affair to the full, and the only regret is, that we must now relinquish them, - until another year at any rate.

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Apr. 10. Sunday. This being the last Sunday of the term, we had a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.30. a.m., followed by another service at 11 o’clock. In the afternoon I went to Mrs Walton’s Bible Class, when an address was given by Mr Deck, of Holy Trinity, Wieker[[4]](#footnote-4). At night, at the Minster we had an eloquent sermon from the Rev. Frank Burrows, who was preaching in aid of the Waifs + Strays.

We also held our Last Doggery Meeting of the term, concluding with “Home, Sweet Home.”

Apr. 11. Monday To-day we have received notice that we are to be let out on ticket of leave at 1 o’clock on Wednesday morning. We also received a formal challenge for the boat-race from our seniors. The interest seems pretty well balanced between the two great events – the Boat-race, and the Going-home. If you hear any conversation at all, it is sure to be on the one subject or the other. We juniors seem rather hopeful for a win to-morrow. I certainly think we ought to pull the affair off. The Seniors are quite certain of their crew, and “books” are being made on both sides. All bets are strictly limited to “eggs” or “cigars”. Rather comical when a chap comes up and tells you that he has “just laid two eggs on our fellows”. I said I should have thought he would have made a nest to lay them in.

Apr. 12. Tuesday. The Boat Race was fixed to take place at 2.30 p.m. The morning passed by with a pretence of work being

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made but I’m afraid no very great results will be reaped from the morning’s labour. We were all in too great a state of anxiety and excitement to give our minds to work.

The morning was dull and rainy, and a slight shower was still falling when we started for the river, where we found a good number of spectators already assembled. With very little delay both crews got out and paddled up to the starting point in twin boats. The Senior captain won the toss and with it the choice of sides. Punctually at 2.30 the word to “Go” was given by Mr Mills and to our great joy we saw our fellows get a much better start than the Seniors. With a rattling stroke of 42 to the minute they forged ahead and in a very short time we saw day-light between the boats, at which we cheered our fellows to the echo. At the half way mark we were leading by a couple of lengths, and a little further down our core[course?], crossed over to the Senior side, thereby not only getting the better side of the river, but giving them our back-wash to contend with. Seeing this the Seniors endeavoured to sprint and by bumping us, claim a foul. But our fellows were equal to the occasion and the gap was still further widened. A mistake or two in th Senior boat caused the result finally to be a Win for the Juniors by four and a half lengths. To say the excitement

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Was immense is but a feeble way of expressing matters. We cheered until we could cheer no longer and then gave up.

The following are the crews, and it will be seem that we carried just 4 stone more than the Seniors.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Seniors st ibs | Juniors st ibs |
| J.H. Robinson (bow) 10.. 4 | H. Mason (bow) 10.. 9 |
| F.W. Whitworth 10.. 7. | A. Smith 11.. 8 |
| J. Bamford 10.. 4 | J. Buchanan 11.. 11. |
| F. Hace (stroke) 10.. 8 | W. Milroy (stroke) 10.. 10. |
| F. J. Thorton (cox) 8.. 8 | W. J. Dunn (cox). 9.. 7. |

Apr. 13. Wednesday. We went through the usual routine of lectures this morning but I think Students and Tutors alike were overcome with an air of listlessness, and it was with feelings of relief that we heard the bell give the signal to clear away, and before long most of us bid adieu to York for a short time, and were speeding homeward for the

Easter Holidays.

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May 2nd .. Monday. At last the day is here.

I shut my eyes, open them again, and try to persuade myself that I have only dreamt that this is the day on which we have to go back, but alas, ‘tis but too true. Shortly after 5 p.m. I am loadended[sic] up, bag and baggage, in a small waggonette, and am soon driving off to Moss Station. Here I have some ten minutes to spare, and I pace the platform, I’ve no doubt I look a somewhat important personage, though I feel not so. Presently in comes the train, and station-master and two porters hasten to assist with my traps. In about half a second we are off. I have a compartment to myself, so after arranging my things, I put on a cap, and, endeavour to make my miserable self happy. In about 20 minutes we are at Selby, and in the hopes of seeing some familiar faces, I poke my head out of the window. My hopes are realize. Here is a Senior from Hull. All distinctions and ceremony are waived and the tedium of the remainder of he journey is relieved by the relation of the experience during the holidays. At 7 p.m. we are in the station, and in a few minutes more, within these walls which are to form our prison for the next 9 weeks. There are two Juniors in the Study and my arm is nearly writing off with a good old fashioned pump handle shake. After taking my traps to my room, we three set off for a walk. We met lots of chaps rolling up, the

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other, Sheffieldens among them, who landed about quarter of an hour after me. In the town, or I should day, city, multitudes of men, women, and children, are winding their way in the same direction. Although we do not int4end to follow a multitude to do evil, yet we follow to see what is the matter. We soon reach a village on the outskirts of the city, called Clifton. Here, the soul-stirring muse of a steam organ, griding out Ta-ta-ta-te by the yard, the frequent crocks of rifles, cries of “Ere yer ar – three throws a penny!” to, troops of ladies(?) and gentlemen(?) mounted up those fiery, untamed steeds, known as mokes[[5]](#footnote-5), the yells of showmen who will show you anything from a ‘real live lamb, with 6 feet and 5 legs, to the fat lady form yankeeland’, the lurid glare of smoking oil, the screams and shouts of a crushing, surging mass of human beings, all combine to tell us that it is Clifton Feast.

Arriving back in Col. At 9:30 p.m. we find the dining hall door has been left open, so slip in and appropriate a glass of milk each. Then going into the Study there are such deafening shouts and such hand-wringing that I feel glad when the old familiar cry of “Roll call, gentlemen, please” is heard, and at 10 o’clock I creep upstairs with a splitting head-ache and an aching arm.

The half hour of gas light is utilised in unpacking and preparing for morning, and while in the middle of it, the cry come “Gas

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going.” and out it goes, and I slip into bed in the dark. Oh! These beds. What a difference to the last fortnight. Yet when once you get used to the, they are very comfortable. I think to myself I’ll just rehearse that bally poetry. I’ve soe hazy recollection of saying the second verse, and then --- oblivion.

May. 3rd.. Tuesday. The habit of getting up to go to those grand morning walks makes me awake at 5 a.m. prompt. Instinctively I raise myself up, preparatory to taking a dive for the floor, when suddenly, like a flash of greased lightning the fact comes to my mind that I am not now my own master, and that even supposing I could by any possible means get off the corridors and out of the doors, I should have to take my walk alone. I accordingly lie down again, and soon once again embraced in the arms of Morpheus.

The next thing I am conscious of is: Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap. - “What the hangment’s up”, I shout, only half awake “Not you, I fancy” comes the reply, “but you better had be and sharp, too.”

Glancing at my watch I find it is just turned quarter to seven. Needless to say, with roll-call at 5 minutes to 7, I don’t spend many more minutes in bed.

Work has gone down very badly indeed, but it had to be done. I think the worst part of a holiday, is the commencing of work again.

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May. 4th .. Wednesday. Half-holiday to-day, and as this afternoon we play our opening cricket-match we all got to witness it. We made a bad commencement losing nine wickets for 24 runs, and then one of your year went in and stopped the lot. He played until the total reached 64, when he was caught. The opposing team – Bootham School – made 48, so we scored a victory thanks to our year.

May 5th.. Thursday We had a study meeting to-day lasting more than 2 hours; there being so much business to get through. We play the Junior and Senior Cricket Match to-morrow, when we hope to score another victory over them. I have been elected as umpire for our team. I am just writing this up after supper. We sang “Son of my Soul” at prayers, and I felt in good turn for a sing. My mind will keep wandering back to last week. Lat night (Wednesday) I was thinking about getting lost, and as we left the supper-room about 9.15 p.m., I gazed Sheffield-wards, and in thought, saw you all trotting off Barnsley Road way. Oh! Well, enjoy yourselves think of me and – weep.

May 6th. Friday. I had just written the date, preparatory to filling up the, events of the day when in walked His Royal Highness, the Vice, and in the twinkling of an eye, the diary had disappeared and was replaced by a French translation.

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This is his second visit to-night, spying about. We’ll have to slipper him.

We have had a half-holiday to-day to play our Cricket Match – Seniors v Juniors. Our men, winning the toss, batted first, and after putting on 125 runs for 4 wickets, declared the innings closed, sending in the Seniors, with an hour and a half to play. In 50 minutes they had all been sent back for a total of 40. Thus out of the four great Senior and Junior fixtures, three have fallen to our share. We have won the Rugby football match, the Boat-Race, and the Cricket Match., but lost the Association football match.

I officiated as umpire in to-day's match, and I think I gave satisfaction all round, except to the Senior captain, whom I gave out l.b.w.[[6]](#footnote-6) He grumbled away rarely although he afterwards acknowledged himself to be fairly out. But he’s one of those sort of fellows who would grumble to be hanged. Scores: -

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Juniors | Seniors |
| W. Dunn, b. Nelson ---------------------------- 4 | Hey. B Newton ------------------------------------ 2 |
| H. Smith, c Hey b Swaine --------------------- 30 | Robinson, lbw, b A Smith ----------------------- 7 |
| A Smith, b Whitworth ------------------------- 12 | Swaine, c Palmer, b Challenor ------------------ 2 |
| T Rhodes, b Swaine --------------------------- 28 | Nelson, c Challenor. B Newton ---------------- 14 |
| F. Tillbrook, not out --------------------------- 26 | Hare . b Newton --------------------------------- 0 |
| R. Newton, Not out ---------------------------- 21 | Bamford. lbw b. A Smith ---------------------- 1 |
| Extras -------------------------------- 4 | Thompson b. Newton ---------------------------- 0 |
|  | Whitworth. B. A Smith -------------------------- 0 |
|  | Emmott, not out ---------------------------------- 2 |
|  | Denny, stumped, b. Newton -------------------- 0 |
|  | Cartwright, b. Newton -------------------------- 0 |
|  | Extras ------------------------------ 9 |
| Total 125 | Total 40 |

Umpires: - Uess?? Frank Thornton T.W.H. Holmes.

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May 7th.. Saturday. Examination this morning – Arithmetic – Half-holiday, as usual, this afternoon, and had two teams out for cricket. I was umpire for one team. Our fellows dismissed their opponents for 26, one taking 10 wickets for 9 runs.

Then our fellows went in, and made the magnificent score of 18. I had rather a curious case to decide. One chap, in running sent his bat straight through his wicket. The law is “Not out”. I think it is rather a strange ruling.

Our other team lost their match, too, 50 odd to 80.

This is our first Saturday night’s P.S. (Private Study).

I’ve joined the swimming club to-day. We shall start now as soon as the tickets are ready.

May 8. Sunday. Got down in time for breakfast at 8.a.m. Chapel 8.30 a.m. - Hymn and Litany (Choral). Afterwards I went down into the city, and saw the Yorkshire Hussars (Volunteers), - now billeted in York - , muster in the Market Place, and march to the Minster. Chapel again at 11 a.m. Ordinary Morning Service with sermon by the Vice. A rare good sermon it was, too, on “Reaching forth to the things that are before, forgetting the things that are behind,” as especially applicable to Students – Reaching forth to successes, both moral and spiritual, and leaving behind and forgetting altogether, though lessness, frivolity, idleness +e.

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Cold Mustang and Plum Duff at 12.30.

A beautiful afternoon, so went a walk, arriving back in time for Litany and Anthem at the Minster at 4 p.m. After tea I was again at the Minster for Evening Service. The dean was preaching, and he is so long-winded that it was 8.25 when we got out. Two very unusual events occurred. The choir had as narrow a squeak as it is possible to have without doing the trick, of breaking down in the Psalms. I fancy it was a bit of carelessness in taking up sides. Each side of the choir sings only half a verse. Then immediately the Dean had concluded benediction, a man got up and in a loud voice demanded an audience. I don’t know whether the organist did it intentionally or not, but the organ pealed out and drowned his voice, and the congregation quietly left the building.

Twenty minutes hymn singing followed supper – each in turn giving out his favourite hymn.

May 9. Monday. Try as I would I could not attend to work this morning. While the Prin. Was lecturing from 10 a.m to 11 a.m on his concave and converse mirrors, his principal focus, and focal length, length, his secondary axes, and his real and virtually images, my mind was running through the marriage service. I hope Clara will have a long, happy and prosperous married life and that they will always live comfortably together. I should like

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To have been at the service.

This afternoon I made my debut in the Collage cricket team. I managed to just reach double figured (3 twoes[sic] + 4 Singes) and then was caught in the long field.

May 10. Tuesday. Nothing out of the ordinary routine of work occurred to-day worthy of record, so “Pass on. Gentlemen, please take your time and don’t rush. Step on and see.

May 11. Wednesday. Half-Holiday. How gladly we hail the bell as it rings forth at 12.45. Boots which have been shyly unlaced slipped as the last lecture proceeds are quickly slipped of, slippers (no pun) slipped on, and a regular stampede takes place among the bustle cultivators to catch the water while ‘tis warm. Those who, like your humble servant have no such ‘barberous’[sic] entertainment to perform, proceed more sedately to their various bedrooms, and after a wash and a change of toggery, emerge forth in holiday attire ready to fall to and demolish dinner at 1.15. This important event over, we are our own masters until 6.25. To-day, three of us agreed to have a row. Accordingly we proceed down to the river and engage a boat, two of us to row, and one of us to steer. Before starting we [?] and replace mortar boards with caps, and then settle down for a good strong pull through the city. After rowing about half-a-mile we come to where some immense sewarage[sic] works are being carried on. We rest awhile to watch them

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driving piles into the bed of the river, with a steam hammer, fixed for a barge. We then proceed at a good rate till quite clear of the city, and then settle down to a steady, quiet row. It is a blazing hot day, and we are glad on reaching Bishopthorpe (4 miles) to row beneath the shade of the trees, which are growing in the Palace grounds, and overhang the water. After a rest we turn and row leisurely back. We land home at nearly 5 o’clock, having been out for considerably our[over?] two hours in a pretty, light boat, cushioned and provided with moveable footboards for the enormous sum of 4d each. What price Whiteley Woods?

Having still over an hour’s freedom we make for the York Cricket Ground where our fellows are playing the Yorkshire Gentlemen. Lord Hawke’s brother was playing. We lost the match 83 to 121. Not bad at all I consider. The Vice was playing and contributed 15 to the score.

This morning I received a note from [?] Corrie with a piece of bride-cake. It was very good, + I ate it with all good wishes for Clara’s and John’s happiness and prosperity in the future. Two or three fellows were in the study when I opened the letter. They twigged what it was, and I soon had a crowd of a dozen or so around me, asking many questions. I answered all in the same way – a mournful shake of the head, and an application of my handkerchief to each eye in turn, but

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never a word spoke I. It is wonderful what sympathy my action elicited. How easily is human nature gulled!

The Arithmetic Results came out this morning and I find I am 7th on the list.

May 12th. Thursday. To-day the savoury footwash is replaced by a magnificent rhubarb pie. As we sit solemnly attacking our several portions all is still and silent down our table. The evidence is oppressive. But it is only the calm before the storm. Presently the storm cloud bursts. It is upon us in a moment. Each hand is arrested as it is conveying the savoury morsels to their various recepticles[sic]. I lean and distinct are the tones which utter, “Oh! crust! How pious we look “! Was not that too bad for anything?

After dinner we went to the baths for the first time this season. They are very similar to Glossop Road.

I enjoyed the duck very much, especially as there were none there but our fellows. We had a rare spree I can tell you. It made me so sleepy that I could scarcely keep my eyes open during the [?] lecture.

At 5 o’clock we turned out for drill and inspection by the adjutant. He complemented us on our steady marching, especially in line and column, but said the formations were rather slack.

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May 13th . Friday. This morning I received notice that my services were required in the Model School this afternoon, to take the place of a Senior, so that I have now got half-a-day of my time over, and have only 2 weeks 4½ days to put in

That sounds better than 3 weeks. Our Seniors have been to Shensall[Strensall?] this afternoon, and have come back wet through. We go next Friday. I hope we shall have a better day than they have had. Here is a problem given to me to-day: -

“Prove that a lazy little dog is a sheet of foolscap”.

Here is the solution: - Follow it carefully.

A sheet of foolscap is an ink lined plane.

An ink lined plane (inclined plane) is a slope upwards

or a slope up.

A slope up (slow pup) is a lazy little dog.

Therefore, A sheet of foolscap is a lazy little dog.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

May 14th. Saturday. Exam. morning. I ascend the stairs to the exam. room with quaking heart and faltering footsteps. On receiving the questions, I notice there are six. I rattle through the first four in a little over half an hour, but the next two fog me, as our drawing master says. In the next hour I only do four lines. The questions were on light, and convex mirrors.

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You’ve no doubt looked at yourself in a rounded mirror, and know what a pretty object you appear. The question was: -

‘An object is placed 4 inches in front of a convex mirror, 2ft. in radius. Show by a diagram how the image may be drawn and calculate its distance from the mirror.”

I calculated the distance, but I’ll be hanged if I could get the diagram correct, and, as the next question depended on this one, I had to leave it, too.

This afternoon we had two cricket teams out, and both returned victorious. One match was very exciting. We were playing St. Maurices’. Our chaps, batting first, scored 17 and the other side looked like having a very easy victory. However, 6 of them went back for 14, leaving 4 runs to win, and 4 wickets to fall. The chap who was bowling had had one ball when No. 7 came in. No 2 ball sent him back, and No 3 ball sent No 8 back. (8 for 14). No 4 ball was a miss but No 9 was sent back by the last ball of the over. The next bowlers first ball yielded 2 runs. (1 run wanted to tie, 2 to win and 1 wicket to fall) It fell the next ball, middle peg sent flying, and thus we won 17 to 16. The other team, for which I was umpire, 57 to 35. One of the fellows who played with this team has had a sprained leg, and as we were going to the ground he said the captain had orders to take care of him, and not

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let him hurt himself again. One of the other fellows proposed that someone be deputed to stand by him, and hold an umbrella over him lest the sun should hurt him. To this he replied that he didn’t mind so long as it was a nice pretty girl who held it. Another wanted to know what he would do if a ball came his way, to which I responded that it would be more of a miss than a catch. Not amiss was it?

P.S. (Was spanked when we got home).

There’s a rowdy crew in the study just now, who a few moments since commenced cushioned slinging. I’ve had several warnings, so I’ll close.

(Half-an-hour later – War is over; peace is restored).

May 15th. Sunday. Got down to breakfast at 8 o’clock, and was pleased to hear that there was no early chapel this morning. This being Doggery Sunday we adjourned to the Study because it was so cold. I presented the College Barber with a beautiful razor with all due solemnity. The thing will now be handed down to posterity from generation to generation. Chapel at 11 a.m. Sermon by the Principal.

Bible Class and Minster in afternoon. Out in mortar-boards this afternoon as it was wet, but had to don silks for Minster at night. The sermon was preached by the Rev. N. Haworth Succentor Viearainum. (I think I’ve got it right).

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May 16. Monday. To-day I start duty as our door monitor for the week. This is to say, I have dirty towels to take back to the kitchens and bring back clean ones each morning. This morning, in addition, I must fetch the weekly allowance of soap, blackening, matches+e I have all bells to ring after 10 o’clock each day, and perform the duties of sexton in chapel as well as blow the organ. The morning the organist and I had a service to ourselves. I opened chapel and the organist came and began the voluntary, but no person no congregation arrived, for after we had gone to chapel, word was sent down that there would be no service this morning.

May 17th. Tuesday. Another day of dreary drudgery in school. One of the three men who are in now, was taken ill this morning and went back to bed. That’s two in bed now. It being my next turn in, I had to go in his place to-day, and unless he is better tomorrow I shall be in again. 2 weeks 3½ days left. After school we went down to the Drill Hall for shooting – morris-tube[[7]](#footnote-7) practice. We shot in squads of 8; 5 rounds, each at a separate target, - standing. I had the honour of being the only one in my squad to hit the target, and I managed to hit 3 times. The targets were 6 inches long by 3 ins. wide. We next had 5 shots kneeling, and I hit twice, making 5 hits out of a possible 10.

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Only one other made 5 and we divided honours as the crack shots of the recruits so far.

We have got a new piano to-day. It is a splendid 50 guinea instrument. It was placed in the organ room. One of the Seniors was trying it and an interested group was crowded round him. Now this instrument has been promised a long time, and we had begun to think that the promises were but talk. As the playing was in progress, Mr Mills, the Music tutor, entered the room, unnoticed by the pianist, who suddenly exclaimed, “I always thought Sammy (Mr Mills) was a bit of liar, but I shall begin to believe him now.” Mr Mills suddenly withdrew, having an important engagement elsewhere.

May. 18th. Wednesday. A wet half-holiday, so can’t get out. A few lively spirits let off their surplus steam in a cushion-throwing match. Yours truly has monopolised the only chair in the room, and is tilted backwards on two legs against the place where a fire should be, and am enjoying a good read oblivious to all surroundings, when I suddenly get a cushion, whack at the side of the head, and I, book, and chair are tumbled over in a heap. I seek fresh quarters and still the battle rages, until at last it suddenly ceases. A double gas bracket, hanging by

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a rod 8ft. Long has been caught by a cushion and has snapped off close to the ceiling, and the room is full of gas. We had the Vice down, but all he said was, “Cushion throwing must be stopped.”

May 19th. Thursday. To-day saw the Fives Match played off. The Seniors won, and we provide jam and salmon. But we can’t expect to win everything. We have pulled off the three principle events, - Rugby, Rowing, and Cricket, - so I suppose we must be satisfied.

This afternoon we were down at the Drill Hall again for shooting. I fired 10 rounds standing, with the Morris Tubes, and hit 6 times. Then I went on at the kneel, but only hit once out of 5 shots. 7 out of 15. Some poor beggars didn’t hit once. Tis rather awkward kneeling at first until you get into the way of it. Try it. Left foot straight out before you and sit on the heel of your right foot, with the right leg at right angles to your left. Keep that position for ten minutes or so with a 7lbs rifle, and then tell me how your poor right foot feels.

To-morrow we are going to Strensall tomorrow, some 8 miles away for ordinary target practice. Conveyances are ordered for 1.30 and we are hoping for a fine day, given which, I doubt not but that we shall enjoy ourselves.

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While having a wash a short time ago, a couple of Seniors were sparring and generally acting the fool in the room to the amusement of several onlookers.

Just after they had gone out of the room, another fellow came up, saying “Have you seen a Senior?” (seen here) “Yes”, I replied, “ Ive seen a funny ‘scene here’.” for which I was quickly helped downstairs.

And now let me prepare for Kileus[?], or else I’ll have one of his special invitations to dine with him at 8p.m to-morrow night, in his study. “First Course” - Euclid. “Second ditto” - Prayer Book. “Desento (?)” - a good blowing-up for not having fully prepared his work.

I’d rather have my bun and milk.

May 20th. Friday. A nasty wet morning. Gloomy outlook for Strensall, but will have to go, for military orders are like the laws of the Medes + Persians – unalterable. By dinner time, however, the weather changes, and we have brighter prospects. At 1.30 we set off in a couple of waggonettes, accompanied by the Vice. You’ll be able to form some idea of the row we kicked up once clear of the city. Children off for their first outing weren't in it. Arriving at the butts we received the order from an old Irish sergeant-major to “Get fell in”. So we “getted”.

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and were called up four at a time to shoot each two taking alternate shots at a different target. This time we shot with the ordinary ball cartridge, and after hearing so many tales of gigantic kicks, bruised shoulders and black eyes, I fancy more than one felt a sort of indescribable inward quaking when the critical moment came to pull the trigger. It certainly does recoil with considerable force, but if held firmly to the shoulder it does no harm. We fired 20 rounds each – 10 at 100yds (5 kneeling + 5 standing) 5 at 200yds (kneeling) and 5 at 300yds (prone).

If you hit the target it counts as 2 points – if within the second ring 3 – within the small circle called the bull’s eye 6ins. in diameter, it counts as 4.

At the 200yds range I did not find the target until the last shot which was a bull – thus making a bull at each range.

The following are my scores: -

100yds (kneeling) 3, 3, 3, 2, 2 - 13

.. .. (standing) 3, 2, 3, 0, 4 - 12

25

200yds (kneeling) 0, 0, 0, 0, 4 - 4

300yds (prone) 0, 0, 2, 4, 0 - 6

35 points

Its marvellously easy to score ciphers.

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Shooting we received tickets – changeable for refreshments at the canteen. Then once more loading up we had a delightful drive back to College which we reached at 7.15p.m - well pleased with our afternoon’s outing. We were told we can beat our Seniors now. Our lowest score was 6, and then they gradually rise from 12. The was a strong wind blowing, which made it rather difficult for recruits. It was so windy the Vice tied his hat on with his handkerchief – old woman style. He had a go at the 100yds with my rifle and beat me 3 points making 28 points.

May 21.st Saturday. Examination to-day on School Management and to-day is my turn to prepare the room.

Resigned my position as umpire, and went for a walk in the country. It’s too cold to be standing 3 or 4 hours at a stretch and my face has given me one or two gentle hints to take care. At night I have papers with the order of service, no. of chants, and hymns [?] ,to see after, and put out in the Chapel, and to get the hassocks ready for Communion tomorrow.

May 22.nd Sunday. Early Chapel – organ blowing. In a few minutes I must be off for the Silver and get the Chapel ready for Communion. Second Chapel 11.a.m. Sermon by the Vice. Walk in the afternoon and to Minster. Splendid anthem.

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The late Dean’s monument has been placed in the Minster. It shows him lying at full length in his robes, with hands together as if in prayer, with two angels at his pillow and three choir boys kneeling at his feet. The whole is in white marble and the carving is exquisite. As I stood by I could almost fancy I saw his breast heave as if sleeping.

Got back to College in time to ring tea-bell at 5.25.

Minster again at night. Sermon by the Rev. Jacob Clements, Sub-Dean of Lincoln. My monitorial duties finish with the ringing of two bells to-night. I rang “all-in” at 8.45p.m. and didn’t I just make that bell speak. I was thinking of you all enjoying your walks and here we were off to bed. I was in a savage mood and took my whacks out of the bell. Five minutes later I rang “Roll call”, + in quarter of an hour, we were off to bed.

May 23rd. Monday. I have been chosen to-day to sing in the annual concert next month, as a second tenor.

We are taking ‘Horatius,’ a cantata arranged for men’s voices. It’s a rattling thing. We are also taking the Joy-Symphony. The music-master in telling us about it said “You will be able to bring your sisters to hear it.” I said, “What are we to do if we have no sisters that we can bring?” “Bring somebody else’s” he replied.

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At dinner time to-day one chap had a consignment of horse-flesh sent down to him in which a large skewer was plainly visible. When he got it he wanted to know if the skewer was place there to keep the meat ‘secure’ (see! - s(e)kewer).

May 24. Tuesday. A regular dull day and the lot of us seem awfully sleepy. No chance is there, however, of dropping asleep for Kik is lecturing, and he is fond of dropping a question on you when you least expect it. Wiping his nose with Adam’s pocket handkerchief – via the back of his hand – he points to your humble servant and says, “[?] from water to oil of turpentine is 1.11 find the index from air to oil of turpentine.” This, oh ye uninitiated, is a calculation referring to light travelling from water to turpentine.

While in the midst of his Euclid lecture, the odd man about the place knocks at the door and passes through the Study into the Committee Room, at which our faces brighten somewhat. Kik notices our looks + says, “It’s alright, you’ll benefit to the extent of an hour + a half.” When the Committee meet, we dissolve so that to-day we’ve nothing to do from 11.30a.m to 3.30p.m.

Before dinner I took a walk as far as the Barracks at Fulford. To-day and to-morrow York races are being held, and

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the following is pooled up in our Studies: -

Take Notice

You are ordered not to cross the River to-day or to-morrow.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Over the top I have written “Why is this thus?”

Of course no one knows who has put that on.

Dinner to-day was simply awful. I am going out now on a foraging expedition in the city.

Our table had a proper “bust up” at tea. It is the birthday of one of the fellows and he kept up the good old custom of providing a good spread for the table. This makes the third we’ve had, and there’s another one on Thursday.

May 25. Wednesday Received box of flowers from home. All morning it has been raining heavily, but this afternoon it has turned out grand, and a good thing too, for it’s half-holiday. I’m just filling this in while waiting for a male, to go out. Just as we were about to start a thundershower came on, so we waited until it was over, + then three of us wandered off countrywards. It was terribly hot, (in fact one fellow fainted in the quad. after tea), so we sat down by the wayside and had an interesting chatter. It’s wonderful

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how a talk seems to draw you nearer together.

One of the other two could talk of the regions round about Barlbro. while the other knows relations of Miss Shires, to whom I have been introduced.

After the usual hymn + prayers at supper, we were delighted to hear the Vice remark “You need not come down until 8 o’clock in the morning.” To-morrow is Ascension Day.

May 26. Thursday. Landed down at 8.am. Lectures occupied our attention until 10.30. At 11. We had a special service in the College Chapel, lasting until noon. The remained of the day was given to P.S., with the exception of a spell of fun at the Baths in the afternoon.

May 27. Friday. Another afternoon at Shensall – class firing, but I did not shine very brilliantly as a marksman, being considerably off the hooks. I have done a deal of bleeding, both from nose + mouth for several days (not the results of fights) + consequently was pretty nearly knocked up to begin with, my hand being far to[sic] shaky for rifle-firing. I made 35 in my first venture, but was wanting 45. Later in the afternoon I had another pop but only got worse instead of better – making but 25. This will conclude by ball-practise for this year, having fired the regulation 60 rounds.

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May 28th Saturday Come along with me, and take a walk around our quadrangle. Many fellows are out, striding backwards and forwards. Notice them, if you like, but do not interrupt. See this fellow who has just shuck an attitude. What says he? Listen! “The to me was a fairy flower, I have loved her from my boyhood.” “Poor fellow.” you think, but we must not stay to hear the rest of his professions. Come along. Sad though his case may be, you will find that his is not the only one, for this one we now meet is evidently suffering from similar delusions. He is extolling somebody’s praises + declares “She to me was as a fairy city of the heart.” How sad! But we must not linger. Look at that tall, pale young fellow, who stands in the middle of the quad. pointing to the blazing sun. Turning to his companion he declares, “The moon is up and yet it is not night” and his companion makes answer, “A single star is at her side, and reigns o’er half the lovely heaven.”

Thick, black clouds are now mounting the sky, foretelling a coming storm, so let us seek the friendly shelter of the cloisters, but do not heed the little chap we have just passed who declares that “Heaven is from

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clouds". Under the cloisters here is another who appears to be addressing the walls. Let us steal near and listen, but be very careful lest you arouse his anger. Can you catch what he says? Ah.!

“So may the outward shows be least themselves;

The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea, so tainted and corrupt.

But, being season’d with a gracious voice

Obscures the show of evil In ~~my~~ religion

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, ~~with~~ and approve it with a text.

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false,

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules + frowning Mars,

Who, inward pearched[sic], have livers white as milk?

But these assume but Valour’s exciement[sic]

So render them redoubtable. Look on beauty

And you shall see ‘tis purchased by the weight,

So are those crisped snaky, folden locks

Which make such wanton fambrlo with the wind,

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Upon supposed fairness, often known

To he the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.”

Poor chap! Perhaps he’s been jilted. Sounds like it.

Let us speak to him. “I say, young man, do you expect those stones to listen to you?”

“They [?] not do’t, they would not do’t, they could not do’t,” he answers with a fierce glaring fire in his eye.

Here’s another of them with fiery red hair, mumbling something about “singeing his white locks.”

What did that little chap say to you? “Art not afraid to gaze upon this beard?” Well, as the youth in question is not the happy possessor of that much coveted article, he must be far gone.

Here’s another coming, smiling his breast as he walks.

“O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure view thy joy; scant this excess;

I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,

For fear I surfeit.”

Yes! No doubt the pump would do him good, but \_\_\_\_\_ hello, what’s the matter with this poor fellow.

See, he holds a photo in his hand, and intently

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beholding it burst forth into song.

“Fair Mary’s counterfeit! What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether riding on the balls of mine

Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips

Parted with sugar breath:

Here in her hair

The painter plays the spider, + hath woven

A golden mesh t’entrap the hearts of men

Faster than gnats in cobwebs; But her eyes!

How could he see to do them? Having made one

Methinks it should have power to steal both his,

And leave itself unfurnished.”

Truly their plight seems sad, does it not? Well give them all your sympathies, for they need them, poor beggars. But nevertheless, they are as same as you. The solution lies in the fact that on the 27th. of next month , Mr  Oakley. H.M.S. has initiated his intention of paying a professional visit to this seat of learning, so, as we shall all that day be called upon to stand before his Serene Mightiness, and recite unto him, these, whom you think are mad, are but rehearsing their parts for that great day.

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The exam. to-day was on English.

This afternoon, two of us had a long walk countrywards, in a broiling hot sun. We were told to-night that we shall have from Saturday noon to Monday night holiday next week for Whitsuntide.

Last night all the Longs (Long Corridor men) went down to Hades (Lower short corridor) to pay its inhabitants a visit. The rule is only one visitor to a room, but we fairly swamped the monitors. There were four of us in one room, and wasn’t there just something going off. About 10.20 I left Hades, and went on the Long. Both monitors were on Hades and all the Longs were down there too, so all their rooms were deserted. I paid a friendly visit to several rooms, along with another fellow, + just left a notice or two to the effect thar we had called and were very ‘sorry’ to find them out. Of course they did not return until lights had gone, + then what fumbling + searching there was for pillows, nightshirts+e, + what strange bed mates some of them found.

It seems a good many of them were still too lively for sleep, and so donned volunteer uniform

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and went rowing about the corridors in the dark. The hubbub went on until a Master made his appearance, on which, there was a general stampede to bedrooms. Said the Master, “If there’s any more of this row I'll gate you all until after Whitsuntide.” One of our fellows mistook the voice, and thought it was another of the students acting the master, so he cheerfully yelled out, “All right old man, it's very good of you.”

One may imagine the master’s feelings + also those of the student when he discovered his mistake.

May 29th . Sunday. Missionary Sermons in York to-day. We had Mr Childe, belonging, I believe, to the United States Mission, from Central Africa, at the College Chapel. At the Minster, at night, we had Archdeacon Caley, from Travancore[[8]](#footnote-8). In the afternoon, I was at the Bible Class, but rain prevented walking far away.

May 30th . Monday. This morning just a dozen of us got up at 5 o’clock, entered the Vice’s room, collared the keys, tip-toed off the corridors, + out into the grounds, scaled the walls + railings + set off for a spree.

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We went out countrywards until we reached the River Foss + then along its banks. It was a beautiful morning, we were all in high spirits + having no end of fun + larks, when splash! into the river I went. Someone had given me a sudden push from behind. It was 6ft. deep + a strong current was running owing to the recent heavy rains, so I was soon off my feet. Help, however, was at hand + with some assistance, I got to the side + scrambled out, none the worse for my sudden immersion, except being, of course, wet from head to foot. Perhaps I ought to mention that previous to this I had taken off all my clothes, so they didn’t get wet. The fact is the whole dozen got a ducking for that was our main object in coming out, and what is more, no doubt the process will be repeated to-morrow morning. One of the masters has asked us to knock him up + he will go with us also.

Orders were issues to-day for the College Co. To parade at Headquarters, in uniform, on Wednesday night, 7p.m. for battalion drill.

This will be our first march out.

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To-morrow I go in school to slavery, + stay now until my time is up. Ah! me! To think it should come to this. To “do time.” “Three weeks hard labour without the option of a fine.”

May 31st . Tuesday. Another day has dragged its weary length along. 2½ done. 12½ to come.

One of the accompanying delights of school is the task of copying the notes of the days lectures \_ no slight task as a rule. I’ve just spent two hours at it. I have also put in a little time bedaubing belts, rifle sling + (and incidentally myself) with a smearing of war paint, preparatory for to-morrow's turn out. The other fellows will do this during half-holiday, but for schoolmen there are no such luxuries.

June 1st . Wednesday. By 6.30p.m. the aforesaid war paint was dully smeared, daubed so thickly as to even hide the pallor of the noble recruit who prefers a girl at home to a death on a foreign strand , + at 6.45pm. we “ fell in” in front of the Col. + marched off to the Drill Hall, our courage, aided by the scarlet + pipe clay, raised to fever height. Only let an enemy come

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+ we would show them what’s what. But no enemy came, so our valour remains untried. We however did meet with one of York’s beauties who smiled a bewitching smile. Immediately one of the extremely impressionable one’s, (and we have several built that way), prepared alike for love or war, showed signs of deserting his colours when a stern ‘Eyes front’ broke the spell, and Circe smiled in vain.

At the Drill Hall, we joined four other companies making with sappers + miners, signallers, ~~ab~~ ambulance, bugle, drum + fife + brass bands, a body of over 300. To the tune of “Ta ta ta” we left the Drill Hall and marched to the large cricket ground of the Yorkshire Gentlemen.

Here we went through a long course of drill ending in a march past + a march in review order. Then came the march home. College Co. leading, to the strains of “Maggie Murphy’s Home.” We marched easy until the city was marched, when the bugles note brought our rifles to the “trail”. Instead of going straight back to the Drill Hall, we marched through

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all the principal streets of York. (Coney St. Had another attraction to-night). I should think nearly all York turned out. The streets all the way were packed with people.

At the Drill Hall we presented arms to “God save the Queen” + then were dismissed, having enjoyed a splendid night out which came as a welcome change from the monotonous sound of P.S.

June 2nd. Thursday. I was fetched out of school this morning. The Dean of Chester had paid us an official visit to question us on religious knowledge + we were highly commended by ~~high~~ him

I have now done 4½ days of my time. 10½ to come. My first Criticism Lesson has to be given on the “Railways of Yorkshire”.

June 3rd . Friday. The schools broke up at 5 o’clock for Whitsuntide Holiday, opening again on Wednesday morning.

Students did ditto at 6p.m. until 10p.m. Monday. About 20 have gone home. Those of us who remained have a little more freedom than

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usual. Most of us were in the city until 10p.m. + then we went to bed, or rather to bedrooms.

We had no gas + no monitor. On the bottom corridor (Hades) a pillow fight was in full swing, when I walked down imitating the heavy measured head of the Vice’s step, and rattling a bunch of keys, as is his custom under such circumstances.

Mine was the pleasure of witnessing of a general and hurried flight of combatants to their respective rooms, but when one audaciously struck a match and discovered the fraud, I was the one to make a hurried exit from the neighbourhood. ‘Tis well for me, I was not caught before reaching the privacy of my own room, for it would have gone hard with me.

June 4th. Saturday. Got down to breakfast at 8.

At half-past, two of us – George Walker + myself, set off on a walking tour which we arranged a fortnight ago. Taking a short cut out of the city, we struck the turnpike to Boroughbridge – the old Roman Rd. - Hermin St. This road leads straight across Marston Moor – all open country.

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We passed close to Moor Monkton + Nun Monkton. Close by is Red House, the ancient peat of the Slingsbys, who here shelter King Charles. [?] Slingsby was beheaded by order of Cronwell + his body is interred in Knaresboro’ Church.

Crossing the Nidd we reached Kirk Hammerton + soon after Green Hammerton. Here Henry IV. while on his way to Ripon after the beheading of Archbishop Scrope, was struck with leprosy + spent the night at this village in great torture.

Anne Brontë was governess at the hall here for some time.

Here we left the main road, turning to the left, towards Knaresboro. Hitherto to the road had been perfectly level; now the country gradually became more hilly. We passed through some lovely scenery, quiet shady lanes, hedgerows literally covered with blossom, both red + white. We saw Knaresboro’ when 5mls. from it, and reached the town about 2p.m. having walked 19 miles in 5½ hours. Here we first found a place for dinner, to which meal we did ample justice, and then after a rest commenced an exploration of the town. It is a quaint old

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# market town standing in a very picturesque position high above the Nidd, and is noted as a place of great attraction for pleasure seekers, particularly visitors from Harrogate. The ancient castle, now in ruins, is its chief feature, and from the grounds a magnificent view of town, river + rocks can be seen. The castle was built by Baron de Burgh soon after the conquest, and it has figured prominently in English History. It was a great stronghold during the Civil Wars, and was besieged by Colonel Lilburne without success. Ultimately it surrendered through lack of provisions and was dismantled by order of the Parliament. It was without doubt a magnificent stronghold when in tact and its walls contained eleven or twelve towers. Four of the murderers of Thomas- à -Becket were in hiding here for a year, and here too Richard II was imprisoned prior to his murder in Pontefract Castle.

Knaresboro’ Church is also of great interest. In it are many monuments to the Slingsbys. A fire stained glass window has been put in to the memory of Sir Charles Slingsby, who was drowned while out hunting. He was a crack rider + first whip in the York + Ainsty

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Hunt. A number of them were crossing the Ure by the ferry – the river being in flood – when the most fearful tragedy in hunting history occurred, resulting in the death of four of the most prominent members of the Hunt, as well as the ferryman. About a dozen huntsmen, besides horses, attendants, and ferrymen were struggling in the water together, and though many were good swimmers they were only saved by the greatest efforts. Masters of hounds stopped all hunting until after the funerals, and the York + Ainsty did not meet again during that season. In 1318 some English took refuge in the Church from the Scots who were raiding. The Scots made a fire round the church to burn them out.

Across the river is the famous Long Walk with its Dropping Well (a petrifying well). Here is the birthplace of Mother Shipton, the queen of witches.

“Near to the famous Dropping Well

the first drew breath, as records tell,

And had good beer and ale to sell

As even tongue was tipped on.

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“Her dropping well itself is seen,

Quaint goblins hover round their queen

And little fairies head the green.

Call’d forth by Mother Shipton.”

Some little distance away, on the rising ground by the road side, Eugene Aram was gibbeted, and as his bones fell away piecemeal, his wife, who lived in a cottage opposite, picked them up and gave them decent burial.

Eugene Aram’s Cave, where he murdered Daniel Blake and afterwards hid his victim, is about a mile from Knaresboro’.

[Loose page insert]

57

HARRIERS.

THE last run of the season was, by far, the best. Beginning at the Retreat gates the hares, Challenor and Mason, laid a catchy trail which bothered the pack considerably. After a fourteen miles’ chase the hares, who had had ten minutes’ start, arrived in College just fifty minutes before Holmes and R. Newton the first of the pursuers.

[Reverse]

Len Challenor

Ray. Milroy

Tom Tomlinson

Hy. Mason

All. Smith

Jim Buchanan

Bill Dunn

Will Holmes

Harry Smith

Tommy Rhodes

Fred Tilbrook

R Newton

N. H[?]

George Walker

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Hy. Robmum

Surine hilon

Hann Rumford

Thompson Whilworth

Emmett Dinny

Cartwright Thornton

Volume two:

[Cover page]

1893

Jan 30th – March 17th

Wm Hy Holmes

St Johns College

York

[Page 1]

1893

Jan 30

Monday.

I found three Juniors in the station + caught the express to York. We landed in York station at 3 o’clock + before half past were in College. Thr first thing I noticed in our Study was a blackboard on which was a work of art by Reg. Newton.

W E L C O M E

*1893*

Y O R K

I was the fifth fellow to return + after signing myself in, I proceeded to show the new men to their rooms. On the corridors I met Tommy Tomlinson who gave me the pleasing intelligence that I had got my Mathematics Group. Only 8 of us obtained a double first for Sciences. We had tea at 6.30 + up to that time fellows kept rolling in one after the other. After tea I went out in the city for a stroll landing back for supper at 9 o’clock. We did not get into bed till one o’clock in the morning.

Tuesday

Got up for early lecture. An old Student living in York came to hear us some Euclid. We all went into the Junior Study. We gated about a dozen of them + to keep up appearences gated some of our fellows too. The poor

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Juniors swallowed the pill right enough, + the Vice unconsciously helped us by gating some more of them for not learning their poetry. We had Chapel at 9. + the Juniors were drilled + marched there by a sham sergeant + five sham corporals.

They have also two sham monitors over them.

At 10 o’clock we had a general meeting, with the Prin. in the Chair for the election of Committees, Newspapers, Periodicals + the afternoon was kept as a half holiday.

At tea we had a toast - “Our - Juniors – Welcome".

At night we had a couple of hours selling books in the Junior Study, and didn’t we have some spree. I got turned out three times for making too much row, + of course we were all very humble before the sham monitors.

Between 8 + 9 a picked lot were on the corridors, topping up gases + chucking beds.

After supper we had to try one of the new fellows for being too cheeky, insulting monitors + he apologised + was ~~left~~ let off with a caution.

At night we all stood at the top of the stairs + let all the Juniors ~~all~~ pass through us. Poor beggars they

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thought something was going to happen + looked awfully terrified, but we only wanted to say ‘good-night’

Wednesday

Feb. 1

The joke to-night resulted in a rather exciting adventure

In carrying out these jokes, every man has his allotted work to do. To-night the allotted work of four fellows was to be outside + watch bedrooms. As the doors are locked at 9.45.p.m. they got out through the coal.hole, by taking out a staple. Unfortunately one ran into a non-resident master who immediately gave the alarm. Reg. Newton was caught, + taken to the Vice, who sent him to his room, promising to take him to the Principal in the morning. Two others came in by the way they had gone out + thinking all were in fastened up again + came upstairs just in time to escape being locked off the corridors. Then we discovered a man was still out. We heed a council of war, + told him to keep out of sight while we could find some means of letting him in. We tried withhopes to haul him through the bedroom window but without success. The Vice thought all were in. Luckily the fellow lives in York + at last he decided to go home, + turn up in the morning before the masters were down.

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Thursday

Two others + myself went on a deputation to the Vice immediately after breakfast on last night’s business. After some talk he promised not to take Reg. Newton to the Prin.

This afternoon we played the Juniors at Rugby Football and we won by 13 points to nil + had jam + salmon at their expense. At night the Juniors had a sham music exam. + we had another trial.

Upstairs their lockers were interchanged + the soap + towels were missing.

Friday.

To-day the Prin. had signified his intention of hearing us say 100 lines of Macbeth, but we got conversation running into pleasant grooves, laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he forgot to hear us. In fact he recited for us, instead of we for him. Among other things he gave us the following

Here lies ~~George~~ Frederick, Prince of Wales

Who was alive + ~~h~~is dead

Had it been his father, we had much rather

Had it been his mother, sooner than another

Had it been his sister, none would have missed her

But since its only Fred

Who was alive + is dead

There’s no more to be said.

At night pussy stole the Juniors pillows, and the fellow ~~we~~ I have to sing about was brought in for trial, but after hearing his defence we decided that he was ‘a bit off’.

Saturday

The Juniors today have had their sham exam. Strange to say, one of our fellows said last night that the chap we had in for trial must be an illiterate, (of course, after he had left the room) and in his essay he talks about illiterates, so I have worked the word in my song. One night his bedframe was loosened, This he twigged + told us afterwards that if he had not had the sagacity to look at his bed he might have tumbled to the floor when he got in. Then when someone ~~wh~~ went to see him, he said if was was not let alone he would go + tell the Prin. because he could indentify[sic] us all + next

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morning bragged that he had properly frightened one of our fellows.

The following is my song which I have now completed on this individual. **N.B.** It is copyright.

When Spencer came to St. John’s College

He’d many a river to cross

He’d lot’s of cheek + too much knowledge

So he’d one more river to cross.

Chorus. One more river, one more river it’s the anthem,

One more river, one more river to cross

River to cross.

His soap + towels one night took flight

Another river to cross

His gas was soaped so he had no light

Another river to cross.

Chorus.

The cat one night it stole his \_\_\_\_

And gave him a river to cross

So up in the morning he got in a hurry

And sought the river to cross

Chorus.

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To Chapel he went ~~he~~ in silk hat tall

Another river to cross

Like a lamb he marched to York Drill Hall

Another river to cross.

Chorus.

Now the Sagacity of this illiterate man

Did save him a river to cross

He tries to frighten us if he can

A funny river to cross.

Chrous.

He indentifies when we begin

To give him a river to cross

He said he would go + tell the Prin.

A pretty river to cross.

Chorus.

But jokes are now all put away

~~And~~ There’s no more rivers to cross.

We hope that you’ll be happy + gay

With no more rivers to cross.

Chorus. No more rivers, no more rivers but Exams,

No more rivers, no more rivers to cross

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Rivers to cross\_\_\_\_\_\_

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This afternoon we played the Junior + Senior Association Football Match + won 7 goals to 2, + once again had jam + salmon at their expense

That’s two of the seven big events down to us.

We have been successful in obtaining leave from the Prin. to hold Free and basics up to Easter + to-night the Juniors led off by giving us a Concert.

Sunday

No early chapel. Chapel at 11. Juniors assembled in our Study. They had been told that they must go to chapel in silk hats on Sundays, + some of the masher[[9]](#footnote-9) type actually went in overcoats, kid-gloves, walking sticks, + umbrellas to walk across the front of the College. When they came into our Study we were all busy smoothing our silk hats, but directly the last of them left ~~they~~ the room, all hats were boxed + when they saw us following, some in caps, some bareheaded, they looked remarkably sold.

In the afternoon I went as usual to the minster for Litany + Anthem.

At night I could not go to Church because it fell

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to my lot, along with three others to let the loose in the organ room while all the Juniors were at Minster. All the black-boards, + the floor were soon covered with sketches + [?] by the dozen. It took us an hour + a-half to do it. Then the difficult arose, how to keep the Juniors out after they returned, as the door cannot be locked. Two of us were allotted to this duty, and we blocked up the door + put all lights out.

We had a vigil of an hour + a-half. Nearly all the Juniors tried the door in time + we could hear them tell one another that the door was locked.

A master also tried it but went away, no doubt guessing what was up. Then as soon as supper was over the Juniors were rushed off to bed + as soon as the road was clear we all fell to, each to its proper work, as we had only half-an-hour left to do it in. One party got in a long ladder through the window, another gathered up every pair of boots + shoes to be found, another [?] mixed them up together, tied them by the laces

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Hen in dozens of knots, + another party among them up to the roof with wine. Then the ladder was pushed through the window, ready for hiding in the morning, for the doors were now locked, then we went to bed.

Monday

You should have seen their faces this morning when the boots were discovered. One chap told me he had been expecting something of the sort all week + had kept all his boots upstairs until last night when he left three pairs downstairs. At 11 o’clock he had got 3 odd boots down. They had 3 large tables one ~~as~~ on the top of the other then some forms on them. it was dinnertime when they were all down.

Diseetly[sic] dinner was were I went to the Drill Hall to arrange with the Serg. Major. for the new recruits to go for their togs.

He fell in with the scheme + we came away hearing the door unfastened. At 2 o’clock “fall in” was called + they were marched off by the sham Serg. Through the principal streets, by a round abou way to the Drill Hall, while we Seniors were watching from different [eoigns]

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of vantage. I + 200 others were on the walls + watched them march out of our grounds, down Lord Mayor’s Walk into the City. Then letting them get in front we ran through some back streets, round the Minster, to the Market Place, arriving there we saw them march into the square.

Then Serg. Milroy was so disgusted with their drilling that he [?] them + according to previous arrangements, put them through some drill. A great crowd soon collected. One old follow couldn’t “make out who they were”. Another thought “the police were called out”.

After this they were taken to the Drill Hall + left there while the Serg. Major. Came to them + brought the note “Had again.” They looked awfully sold when they came back. At tea-time we drank the toast, .E.-Company’s \_\_\_ Recruits.

Tuesday

This afternoon we played the nondescript Football match + won 6 goals to 1. We consequenly had jam + salmon + another toast.

At 9 o’clock we had our first practise for the College Anthem. We rehearsed until 10.30.p.m.

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Wednesday

We were heard the first 100 lines of Macbeth this morning. I go through mine alright, but two were gated.

At night we had another practise.

Thursday

Practising all spare moments during the day for the Concert. We gave the Serg. Major an invitation to the Concert on Saturday + he is going to try + be there.

Friday

We had to say 200 lines of Macbeth this morning.

Only 4 or 5 of us know it + it was resolved to sink or swim together. Nobody was to know it. When the Prin. came in however, he said he would not hear it until Monday as he did not wish to gate anyone for Saturday. Very good of him wasn’t it?

During his English lecture, he spoke of theatres + actors, and told some [?] of chaos. ~~keen~~ Keen[[10]](#footnote-10). We heard him in Dublin take Hamlet.

Hamlet is unsettled in his mind whether to commit suicide or not + thus contemplates: - To be – to be – or not to be.

(God in the Gallery) Your up for it Charlie.

Another time he was playing in ‘the Lady of Lyons’.

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in which he is falsely accused. While expressing his innocence he exclaims “Oh! That I had a window in my breats,” on which someone cried out “Wouldn’t a pain in your stomach do.”

Saturday

Had a rehearsal for Concert in the morning.

Went down to station at 1 o’clock to meet Frank. Came back to College and then went on the walls to the Minster, in the crypts + on the tower. (271 steps.) After this walked as far as the barracks + to the race course, + after a luncheon returned to Col.

At tea we had two toasts. “Our-Visitors” and “Our-table-monitors". This is the final joke for we had kept the Juniors waiting at table since they came.

The Anthem began at 7.30. so that as soon as [?] was over the business of blacking + dressing up began, transformations [?] were quickly made, + soon all was ready. Visitors took their seats in the Organ room, + the Juniors took theirs, being arranged in alphabetical order. We assembled in our Study,

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Formed a procession, + al a given original accompaniment, (already at the piano) struck up the “Dead March”, + we did a slow march into the room every man taking hold of the man’s shoulders in front of him, with bowed heads, singing: -

Hush! hush! hush! the College Cat is dead!

Hush! hush! hush! we've knocked it on the head!

Hush! hush! hush! the College Cat is dead.

This was repeated until all were on the platform.

The rear was brought up by the two corner men, who with great weeping + lamentations were carrying between a blackboard which was doing a duty as a tomb-stone. On it was the following inscription

**IN**

**LOVING MEMORY**

of ye

**KHOLLEJ KHATT**

who died

TO-DAY at TEA-TIME.

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This they reverently planted at the foot of the stage + then the concert proper began. We had 33 original songs with choruses, + all of these had had to be learnt off by heart, so you can guess what work we had had.

We went upstairs at 10p.m. + I put my heating apparatus into going order + we soon had supper ready.

Sunday

Having no early ~~lecture~~ chapel we went for a walk , landing back at 10.30 at which time I had a preparation bell to ring. A few minutes before eleven I began to toll for chapel + presently the Prin. came in + we were off to service. The Vice preached his first sermon to the Juniors + it was a good one too.

After dinner we went a walk to Heworth + Hesslington and went to the Minster for Litany + Anthem “O, rest in the Lord” and then home to tea. At night we went to the Minster again + the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Palmer. After this we had a walk through Coney St. just to show Frank what I have said before about this street has been no exaggeration.

Monday

After breakfast went with Frank to the station, and

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left him at 5 mins. to 9. I heard the bell go before I got to Col., but the Prin. did not come in for lecture until 20 past 9. As I prophesised he put off the poetry Wednesday as he did not wish to gate anyone for Tuesday.

Tuesday

Tumbled out of bed for early lecture, + this was the only work for the day. At nine o’clock there was great excitement on account of the arrival of the Certificate List. Mr Mills came to tell me to ring the bell + fetch all the fellows in. I asked him what I had got. he said the Prin. would be in in a minute. “Are there any thirds?” “Yes.” “Am I one?” “You know you are not”. This was somewhat of a relief but you can guess the anxiety there was when the Prin. walked in. It’s all over now thank goodness, I’ve come out of the ordeal with flying colours, it was not a very nice day for a holiday. I spent the morning writing letters + sending telegrams.

We finished the night up with a dance, having an extension until 10p.m.

Wednesday

No early chapel or early lecture this morning.

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The Prin. Came in to hear us 200 lines of Macbeth + gated seven fellows until further notice. That means until they can say it. I’ll have to tackle on to that other 100 lines or else I’ll be dropping in for a gating too.

At 11 o’clock we had a Service-Litany, Hymns + communion Service. It was over by 11.30. + then we were free until 3.30.

Thursday

“First: Classes” are beginning to provide jam + salmon. That’s a recognised punishment here for getting a First. A rainy day so went down to the Reading Room + spent the afternoon there.

You know we do our own mending [?] here. Last night a fellow asked me to stick a button on his breeches in a part he could not reach. Of course I did it but somehow or other I managed to stitch his shirt + trousers together. He's been on my back to-day but then we are all liable to make mistakes at times.

Friday

Principal sent word in to-day that he will hear

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us say the whole of our Poetry on Monday next.

That means I must tackle the last hundred lines for I don’t know them.

Saturday

We had our first weekly exam this morning it was on Algebra -

In the afternoon I went to a Rugby Football Match between our team + York B club. We lost, but all through the referee was not being up at his profession. I never saw a more deliberate lot of cheating in my life. At one time he gave them a goal which went two or three yards off the posts. Everyone on the field – York supporters included – said that it was not a goal. Again 3 times our chaps scored a try, not one of which he would allow. Of course we were loud in our exclamations, in fact some of the York Supporters advised us to go + put the referee in the scrummage + kick him about instead of the ball.

Then we got into a row with the touch line judge. He got into a temper and swore most severely, till ~~we~~ finally we advised him to go home + wash his mouth out. This was the last straw that broke the camel’s back. He couldn’t stand any more but walked away, then turned around to us, with his thumb to his nose + outstretched fingers + gave expression to a most diabolical prin.

As Shakespeare has it! - “He put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out.”

Poor fellow he was mad. He looked fit to weep for very [?] of spirit. Then the York players began to rough it, that is, play with brute force, + lame a few if possible. One, ~~of~~ in fact made use of the expression that we were only a set of sickly schoolmasters, but about 3 minutes later, when he tried one of his rough tricks, he looked rather surprised to find one of the sickly schoolmasters square up to him + tell him if he wanted to fight – then fight, but if he wanted to play – then play. He chose to play + during the rest of the game was rather quiet. We had two masters playing with us + they said

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that they had never been in such a game before.

At tea-time I had the honour of providing + received the usual toast now on such occasions: - “Willie - Holmes – further - success" -----

At night we turned in to a “fine + easy ” contest consisting of songs, recitations, dances +e.

Sunday

Got up in time for early chapel. Had Morning Services and at 11. We had Litany + Communion - (the matron having remembered to-day to have the Bread + Wine ready). In the afternoon went for a walk + arrived back at the Minster in time for the Anthem. After tea I stayed in until 7.30 + then had a short stroll.

Monday

Directly after breakfast two others + myself were sent as a deputation to the Principal to ask for a day’s holiday in honour of the good results in the Cert. Exam.

He received us in his study + enquired our business. We stated it + received for an answer a shake of the head. Of course we begin to put forth arguments for ourselves. We reminded him that the holiday last week was for Shrove Tuesday + not

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for the List – that last Tuesday was a wet day (um, not my fault) - that many other Colleges were receiving a days holiday (We don’t follow a multitude to do evil) +e +e

At least however he said he would let us know later + we have come out. In the morning we went to the barracks + after to the reading room. The afternoon was spent chiefly in composing + writing letters to a certain other College City in Yorkshire...

Later on we heard that the Juniors were turning out on the river to pick a boat crew. Of course it is to our interest to know what sort of turn out they are likely to have, as a party of us took up different positions where we might bee[sic] without being seen + watched the whole proceedings.

At tea-time the Vice said that we must be in at 9 o’clock + if we wanted to be out later we must obtain leave from the Prin. Accordingly we were sent in to see his highness again, but unfortunately he was out. We then went to see the Vice, but he would

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not be moved. So we had to turn in at 9 o’clock.

Hard-times!

Tuesday

No early lecture this morning after our days holiday. With having yesterday off, we missed saying the poetry. That’s another good job. He won’t hear it now till to-morrow.

Wednesday

Have come out 5th in Last Saturday’s exam.

The first lecture this morning was on Magnetism + Electricity by the Vice, - the second on English by the Principal. That poetry comes under the head of English + we expected that he would hear it to-day. Many of our fellows do not know it yet so we had to find some means of escape.

One thing the Prin. cannot stand is smoke, so some of the chaps began to fill the room with smoke in the interval between the lectures. A duster inserted in the flue did the trick. It succeeded, though I think, as he once said himself “he’s not such a fool as he looked” for he made some remark about “one man’s

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meat being another man’s poison. The poetry is to be said on Friday.

In studying Macbeth with the Principal, we came across this passage: -

“If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell --”.[[11]](#footnote-11)

Here the sentence is broken off and the completion of it is left to the imagination of the reader. Such a piece is called an Aposiopesis. “Such broken sentences,” said the Prin “are of common occurrence in everyday life. You pass down the street, and from an open door-way, out pops the head of an angry mother with ‘Liza, Liza Ann, if you go leaving + dirtying your pinafore like that, I’ll ----” and with a shake of the first + what “I’ll” is going to do

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Is left to the imagination of Liza Ann.”

This is an Aposiopesis.

He also gave us another instance of an Aposiopesis, from Scotland this time.

“A certain clan thinking it had become powerful enough refused to pay tribute to another clan to which it had been accustomed to pay the said tribute, A gentle reminder came in the shape of a little note bearing the words “Pay your tribute, or else----”, the answer sent back was equally short. “Fetch it, and if you do ----”.

Thursday 23rd

Did no work at all to-day – being bad with my face again.

Got leave for bed + went at supper time.

Friday.

Stayed in bed all day. This matron did not pay me a visit + I don’t think I lost much by her not visiting. Another fellow has been in bed this week, after visiting the dentist. The came to see him in the afternoon + asked him if he would like some boiled milk. He would. Would he have it for

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tea or supper. He thought he would have it for both meals, but was soon told that if he had it for tea he could not have any for supper, but if he chose to have it for supper he could not have it for tea. Is not that the height of meanness?

However, I was better off, being looked after by the Corridor maid – Lady Jane - + not only had the double dose of milk but a nice basin of soup for dinner.

In the afternoon we played the Nondescript Rugby Football Match + won 13 points to nil.

Had I been well I should have been playing+ had had actually been at the trouble of sitting up at night to make a pair of football breeks[[12]](#footnote-12).

However fate decided that I should not play, and I was debarred even the pleasure of shouting “Play up, Seniors.” It’s rather singular that last year I could not play in the Nondescript Match because I was in bed + suffering from the same complaint.

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When I heard the clock strike 10 in the morning, I, for a moment forgot my pain, to chuckle over the fact that the chaps downstairs would be undergoing the ordeal of that last 100 lines of Macbeth, while I – up aloft – was nicely slipping out of it. When I was crowing over the fact afterwards, I was quietly informed that I need not bother, for he did not hear it, + the ordeal has still to come off.

Saturday

Came down late to sit for an exam. in Magnetism.

I stayed in all afternoon reading.

Sunday 26th

3 or 4 inches of snow on the ground when we got up + snow [?] falling. Afterwards it turned to rain + the streets were one delightful puddle. We were dragged out to early chapel, shivering miserably + in very bad tempers with everything + everybody in general.

Chapel again at 11, and sermon by Mr Welch, - more so – Principal of Archbishop Holgate’s School.

I had to toll for Chapel as usual + of course

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because it was such a nice? morning I had to toll longer than usual. It was nearly 5 mins. past 11. when the Vice came down, and at every pull, the snow + wet trickled down the rope + up my sleeve. I had the pleasure of making a complete change of dress afterwards, during which process I blessed the bell more than once. In the afternoon I waded to the Minster. There were very few there + even the choir seemed to be damped for the singing was not half as nice as usual. The voluntary, however, at the close, quite repaid one for going. It was a splendid quick movement thing.

I came straight back to Col. + did not go out any more.

In the morning we sang a Choral from Mendelsohnn’s[sic] ‘fest gesang’ for an Anthem.

“Hark the herald angels’ sing” is founded on it.

Monday

We have got a holiday for Saturday to go to Leeds to see the International Rugby Football Match

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that is, all but seven. We had an exam. on Saturday last, + the number of marks obtainable was 90. As we have only been at the work a fortnight, some heavy scoring was the result. One has 5 marks another 6. + so on. Those who have not 20 marks cannot have the holiday but have to take the paper over again at 4 o’clock on Saturday afternoon.

The list of these lucky? individuals came down last night + as each name was read, the rest of us listened on with hair on end, or as Shakesperium saith “Like the squibbles of the frightful turpentine.” each afraid that his turn would be next. My name did not appear + hence I presume that I have attained at least 20. I doubt if I have anymore.

Tuesday.

This afternoon we have had our first harrier run, 13 or 14 of us turned out. We went the same way that Frank + I went, when we had the walk on the Sunday morning he was here, but after crossing the Foss, we ran on to Huntingdon + then doubled back to York. We ran a little

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over 8 miles under the hour. Not bad that I think for a first turn out. I turned out in cricketing flannel shirt + knickers of my own manufacture. I was just about blown on landing back + a good swill in cold water was quite refreshing.

This morning among other duties, I had that of reading the Lesson in Chapel at Morning Service. At supper to-night the Vice gave out the hymn as usual + we commenced to sing “Christian seek not yet repose.” It’s no use telling us ~~that~~ not to do that; because ~~he~~ we have not the chance to seek repose yet, having another hour to work yet.

I am busy just now getting a lesson ready. I only got to know last night + I have to go in school to give it at 2.30. on Thursday afternoon. I have chosen the Spanish Armada for a subject, + am drawing up the notes ~~notes~~ now.

Wednesday March 1.

Too stiff to-day to go out much, so stayed in until four o’clock and then had a short walk.

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The other night we had a birthday party upstairs.

Five guests were invited to open a box from Ilkston + to partake of social cheer contained therein. We met about 10.15p.m + fastened the door. We had not been in long before 3 or 4 more came desiring admittance, but we were very sorry to deny them. This rather hurt their feelings, so they went away and presently returned with reinforcements, to the number of about 20 intending to storm + plunder our palace, Luckily the bolt was a good one + resisted the first onslaught. We were afraid, however of what might happen if the attack was repeated. The feast was therefore abandoned for a time, + like true Englishmen + soldiers (if only volunteers) we turned our attentions to defending ourselves from the attacks of the infuriated mob outside. Bed, locker, boxes +e were according piled behind the door + these served to effectually prevent the bursting open of the door. Finding their attacks futile, they next tried persuation[sic], forgetting that persuation should always proceed force, not

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follow it. “Let’s come in,” “Spare us a bit” “Chuck us bit out” “Let’s have a drink”. We had returned to our feast, but heaving such entreaties as these, , especially the last one, our hearts softened + they thought they should share our feast, at least, they should have a drink. According one climbed up to the ventilation apendure over the door, another handed him the water-jug + just as one outside repeated his request for a drink, the spout of the jug was inserted in the apenture + the contents emptied upon the unsuspecting crowd outside. Gasps! + Ohs! might have been picked up by the dozen.

It is said that the two best things to disperse a crowd are a collection + a shower. Certainly a shower will.

Thursday.

Went in school this afternoon + gave a Normal Lesson + then underwent the delightful ordeal of listening to the criticisms of the Normal Master. He was very gentle with me however, and gave me the mark of “good plus”. I found out, too, that I had

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a very fluent delivery. I thought I was rather the opposite as a rule, but of course I did not contradict him. I shall now be free for a bit from lessons, but not for long, for he is rushing seven in every week, besides the four who are “doing time” in the schools.

Friday.

We had another lark on the corridors last night. Four of us met in one room, to hold an imaginary birthday party. One went to fetch another chap, luring him on with visions of cake and coffee, + whiskey for the non-T's. The bait took + he entered the room, only to find that before he knew where he was, he was turned up + received a good spanking.

As soon as this was over another victim was sought + obtained, + as there were now five of us he got a bit more. His spanking over, he felt eager for revenge, + was quite willing to wait until some one took the bait + ventured in. Thus we went on until we had slapped some 15 or 16 and as each one waited for the next to come in, you may guess what the room was like. You would have

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laughed to see the innocent way in which they entered the room, as we rattled glasses + bottles, + then to see the look of constenation[sic] when they were up-ended.

Saturday.

To day the great Rugby Football Match of the Season is played at Leeds, - an International match between England + Scotland. The Prin. gave us holiday to go, so that we had our usual weekly exam. earlier than usual, so that those who were going might get off. However 7 of our fellows had to turn in at 4 o’clock to work an exam. paper on Magnetism for doing it badly last Saturday. Accordingly they were in a very pleasant mood, as nearly all of them were going to Leeds.

Of course they could not get + so many others would not go, in fact only 3 went from our Study.

In the afternoon we turned out for a run, + made our first appearance in the College Colours, - blue + black jerseys, + made a very presentable turn out. We ran through Jewry, to the Cattle Market, then round the City up to Fulford, past

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the Barracks, round to Heslington, - part of the same walk that Frank + I had on the Sunday afternoon he was here, only in the opposite direction – then to Oswaldwick[Osbaldwick?] + home through Heworth, a run of nearly 12mls. Of course having had the holiday granted we expected that we should be out after tea. Imagine our surprise + our feelings,, then, on being told to turn in to study after tea.

There was nothing else for it but turning in, so we got up a Free + Easy Concert + so passed the night away.

Sunday. March 5.

We had the usual early Chapel at 8.30 immediately after breakfast, - Hymn + Litany (Choral), and again at 11., with a sermon by the Prin. on “Judge not”

In the afternoon had a walk along Knavesmire + returned in time for Minster Service. The Anthem was our old favourite – Mendelssohnn’s “Hear my prayer” and “Oh! for the wings of a dove”. The noble solo – a very long one – is splendid.

Monday.

No early chapel this morning, owing to indisposition of the Vice.

Tuesday.

We had our boat-crew out to-day for the first time this season. The Junior + Senior boat-race comes off in 3 weeks from to-day, + as we want jam + salmon, to say nothing of honour, its time we got them into harness. Our worthy curate aventured down to the river to criticize the form of the crew. On the return journey, he so far forgot his dignity as to run. His billycock[[13]](#footnote-13) strongly objected to this unclerical behaviour + a fierce struggle between the curate + the hat took place. The curate would run, - the hat would not, hence as a natural consequence, the two parted company. But here the hat showed great indiscretion, for in severing its connection from the Reverend brow, it did it in such a hasty + precipitous manner, that it forgot to look before it leapt and in fact jumped out of the frying pan into the fire or to stick to the details of the case + to leave metaphors alone, it jumped from the head into the river. Looks of amazement, amusement,

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consternation + then of indignation rapidly alternated each other upon his face, and --- - Sad as the fact is I must record it, if I am to be a true historian. But for one moment only did he so far forget himself + then set about to ‘rescue the perishing’. ~~he~~ He started off to the enarest boat- house, about half-amile away with the intention of asking the boatman to go out + ~~resuce~~ rescue the erring one.

Meanwhile the hat, upside down like a little boat calmly + contentedly floated down the river with the current, while some half-dozen or so of our fellows were doing their best to bring it to land.

At last it came so near the bank that one managed to reach it with a boat-hook + so brought it safely to land, dripping + sobered. On the way back the boat-man was met making his way to the scene of the disaster, but he was told that his services were not now required. Soon the hat was restored to its owner, who lovingly embraced

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it, and --- but we will draw a veil over the happy reunion, the bliss + joy is not for the public gaze, nor for the vulgar multitude to look upon,

So now ladies + gentlemen, pass along quietly, don’t crush, + mind the steps, don’t go too near the edge ladies, + in the next caravan I will show you

Wednesday

General Booth. No I won’t, because I did not go see him after all. He is in York to-day, + consequently the Salvationists are holding high-jinks.

The General spouts three times to-day , the band is out – + we know that it is out, too, - there is “a great battle raging + the Hallelujah Lasses[[14]](#footnote-14) are out on the battle field gathering in the slain of the Lord.” (I am quoting their bills). “You may enter through the door or over the wall. Which is your choice?” (What that means I don’t know).

At any rate the coal-scuttles + red jerseys are to be seen all over the city + seem to be holding holiday for the occasion.

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Tally-Ho!

At 2.30p.m. a couple of hares were sent out, and in a few minutes a pack of 8 of us followed. The reason that so few turned out was that we had a foot-ball match on this afternoon as well as a harrier run. Nevertheless we had the best run we have yet had. It was a beautiful day – a bright sun + a gentle wind, which, when you turn out stripped for a run, make you feel as though you wanted to do a war dance, kick your legs in the air + finish off with standing on your head. Giving the hares a little start we followed at a steady trot. - the soft pad, pad, of our rubber soles giving a rather pleasant sound.

We went down the walk, then turning along Monkgate – the observed of all observes + the recipients of not a few encouraging (and otherwise) remarks. We crossed the River Foss + got on the Heworth Road + ran into that village; then turning suddenly to the left made for Elmfield College, on the road to Malton (2½mls). We got about ½ a mile further on the Road, one of the pack, - a man out for his first time – gave up, winded.

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We of course pulled up for him, having run 3 mls. without a pause. A couple of minutes’ walk was sufficient for him to recover his wind + then we set off again. About ½ a mile further on we turned from the main road + ran down a long country lane for a mile + a half catching eight of the hares on the way. The running here was immense, there being a grand stretch of turf on each side of the lane. Half-way down the lane we crossed the railway by a level crossing. This lane brought us out at the village of Huntingdon (5 miles). Instead of going through the village we turned down to the Church + caught the hares doubling, having got onto a private road + having to turn back. We now resolved to leave roads + do a bit of cross country work, so after a 3 or 4 minutes rest we started again, vaulting some railings, and taking to the fields till we struck the river Foss followingitfor some distance over gates, railings + styles, towards Strensall; then leaving it toiled up a stubble field + through several

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ploughed fields. This was terribly hard work. In an adjoining field a farmer was ploughing + we caught sight of our hares talking with him, then over the hedge they went. Soon we were up + over, too, in front of the astonished farmer, across several more fields, through a farm yard – rousing the [?] of the dog - + then out on to the road to Haxby (8½ mls). Here we turned and had a fine run into the village.

We went right through Haxby + on passing the school, our pent up feelings broke forth into a long + loud “Tally-Ho!”, which fetched the people to their doors + I’m afraid would rather disturb the order of the school. Here our new man declared that he was blown but we persuaded him to hold on through the village. He managed it but we pulled up for him soon after + gave him a rest (10 mls). On we went again, making for Wiggington. Here the two of us ~~had a job~~ who were acting as a whippers-in had a hard job to keep the pack together. The reason of this

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was that we hit on a false scent in the shape of two young ladies + several of the fellows showed a decided inclination to lag behind. One actually turned back, but a gentle kick behind turned him again + we got off once more. Soon after we again got a glimpse of the hares turning into the turn-pike road (11½ mls) + so pulled ourselves together + went on after them in fine style. We were now within about 4 miles from home + took the next 2½ mls without a break + then had to stop for the same fellow again. The hares were now forging ahead + we only caught sight of them once again when about a mile from home, After a short rest, we got him in the middle of the pack + kept together alongside Bootham towards the City. When within about 500yds from College, the run became a race among the pack. I finished up second after a most splendid outing, landing in 4.30 having had a run of 15 mls in 2 hours.

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Thursday. 9th.

Had the duty of reading the Lesson again at Morning Service in Chapel.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Reading Room.

Friday.

This afternoon I was elected speaker on a deputation to go into the Juniors and give them an invitation to join our Harrier Club.

I am organizing a run for tomorrow, + hope to have a decent turn-out.

Saturday.

We had an exam. On the Epistle to the Galatians. We are studying that Epistle for the Archbishop’s Certificate. We have two lectures a week and have not finished the 3rd. Chapter yet, so you will know how deeply we have to go into the subject, and it takes some understanding from an exam. point of view, too. Here’s a neat little question, one out of seven we had set.

“What was the object of the Law; + how does St Paul prove that “Faith” was superior to it”.

All Colleges where they take the Scripture have this Epistle to do. It was in Cheltenham, where

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a studious second year man, made up his mind to get a First in Scripture this year. So when he knew he had to get up the Epistle to the Galatians he bought a fine note book in which to carefully copy down any notes he might receive from the lectures, and spent nearly half-an-hour in writing a~~n~~ heading under which to put the notes. He did it in his finest + neatest round-hand which was a credit to anyone as a specimen of hand-writing. He surveyed it admiringly and lovingly + then passed it on to a chum for friendly criticisms on his workmanship. Image[sic] the chum’s surprise to read in bold letters, “The Ephesians to the Galatians.”

In the afternoon 21 turned out for a run. We ran through Acomb, Askham to the Tadcaster Road + then home through Knavesmire, by the race-course, to Micklegate Bar, then, round to the station over Scarbro’ Bridge, through Bootham.

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The run was about 12 or 13 mls and we did it in a couple of hours.

At night we held our usual Free + Easy Concert.

Sunday 12th

Knocked up at 7. o’clock. Chapel + Early Communion at 7.30.

After breakfast we held our Doggery Club meeting.

This is the last one of this term, and we have conducted them so far on rather different lines to last year.

We started with a discussion on a bit of business which had cropped up. Then we had a duet by the Precentor + Fred Tilbrook “What are the wild waves saying”. After this the “Re[v?]” gave a recitation “Faith” or “the story of two London street Arabs.” Then we had the hymn “There is a green hill far away” to the old tune, after which our Precentor sang it as a solo to music by Gounod[[15]](#footnote-15). Then came a reading by the Treasurer and an address by the Chaplain after which we sang another hymn. Following this was another reading by the Chamberlain + a sacred song by the Jester (Jest er pass the

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time on). This brought the time at our disposal nearly to a close, so we concluded with the hymn “ For ever with the Lord”. and, as it was the Last Doggery of the Term “Home, Sweet, Home.”

Chapel again at 11. with a sermon by the Vice. In the afternoon I was at the Minster for Litany + Anthem. The Anthem included an Alto Solo, which was very grand.

Monday.

We had the Principal in this morning for English

We have not said all our poetry yet. That last 100 times still remains to be said.

We are studying the Play, + this morning we came to the passage where Lady Macbeth is planning the murder of the King of Scotland. She intends to make his attendants drunk. “His two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince, that memory the warder of the brain shall be in a fume”[[16]](#footnote-16)

The principal asked for the derivation of the word ‘wassail’. Of course we at once plunged

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in the mysteries of the Anglo-Saxon roots from which it is derived, when he cut us short, and said that ‘wassail’ was formaly[sic] the name of the bowl or loving-cup out of which one’s health was drunk. He said “I’ll give you two derivations you can please yourselves which you take”

The bowl was ~~eit~~ called ‘wassail’ either because there “was ale” in it, or else because the person generally “was ill” after drinking it. Needless to say neither derivations would answer very well on an examination paper. He gave us another one, as well.

The word “virgin” is made up of a Latin and an Old English word.

Latin “vir” - a man; and Old English “gin” a trap.

hence “virgin” - a mantrap.

Tuesday.

Mr Mills came in last night to say that he was going to a late party + that therefore he would should not be down to early lecture. He also said we were not to make a great row near his room this

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morning as he should be in bed. I immediately got up + asked him if we could slop in bed, too, but he said unfortunately the Vice was coming down instead, so that we had to turn out as usual this morning.

Wednesday.

We are not having a run to-day, as some are playing football, three are preparing Normal Sessions to give to-morrow, + I, myself, am not able to run to-day, having damaged my foot somehow or other, and cannot walk properly, much less run.

However I have been asked to organize a run for Saturday, so I hope I shall be in trim ~~this~~ by then.

The Prin. Was taking off the two-penny theatres in the fair-grounds. He got wound up over a piece we came across in Macbeth + recited it as he says he remembers a fellow acting it in such a show.

“Is this a dagger which I see before me,

Come let me Kel --- utch thee”.[[17]](#footnote-17)

From this he branched off into imitating the

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heavy villain in the tragedies, + fairly “brought down the house”, or rather the study. I tell you he would make a pig laugh.

After writing the above I went into the Exhibition as the Picture Gallery was thrown open, but it seemed a very poor show after the Mappin Art Gallery[[18]](#footnote-18). You could easily put all these pictures in one room in Western Park.

After tea ~~ano~~ an octette of us were ordered upstairs to practice our parts in the piece we are taking for Sir John Stainer[[19]](#footnote-19). We went up to Mr Mills’ room + he had Mr Robinson – principal tenor in the Minster Choir. He is a very obliging gentleman + helped us very nicely. The piece we are taking is Mendelssohn’s Antigone – a play of which we sing the musical parts. We are also going to sing it at our annual Concert next September and at the Re Union in June. It is a terribly hard piece + there are two choirs going at once. Then we are preparing Anthems from Mendelssohn’s Festgesang as well as a

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number of glees which we intend taking to Bridlington with us to sing in Camp, as that at present we are full up with musical matters.

On Tuesday afternoon we had a remarkable instance of “Be sure your sin will find you out.”

A fellow missed the Magnetism Lecture from 5 to 6 o’clock, and shut himself up in the Monitor’s Room by himself. Directly the Lecture was over we went into tea, and it was noticed that he was not in. Nobody knew anything about him + as we thought he must have got leave to go out to tea. But when tea was over + we came back into the studies, somebody went into the monitors room + there he sat in a chair fast asleep. He had fallen asleep during the time the lecture was proceeding + the tea bell had failed to arouse him.

If you want to get his “wool off” you Leave only just to say “Here cometh the dreamer” when you see him coming + the trick is done.

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Thursday

Last night a party of three or four seemed in a desperate great hurry to get off to bed. I was up just in time to find out the reason. There is a double twist in the staircase, which end in some railings, familiarly known here as the “birdcage” .

Anyone standing here can see below without being seen until you nearly get to the top.

Well these three or four chaps had captured a measure in the shape of a watering-can which they had filled with water + were just bringing it up to the scene of action. The spout was thrust through the railings + everyone who came up received a shower bath of free gratis.

One fellow determined not to be caught + refused to come up, even after the instrument of torture had been removed. Entreaties to “come up Tommy” were unavailing, + when the master came to lock the door, he still refused to come up thinking it was only another ruse + at last the master had to go down + fetch him up. Poor Tommy.

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Just before dropping off to sleep, somebody came to my room + tried the door. Finding it was fast he called “Billy” “Hello!” I said. “Will you read the Lessons in Chapel for me in the morning?” “All right” I said, so this morning I had Parson’s duties to perform again.

Went for a short walk after tea, + was caught in a very heavy snowstorm.

Friday.

March 17th.

We had a full practice of the Antigone this morning, Mr Robinson came again to assist us.

Had you entered our Study to-night at the usual time of turning into work, you would not have seen many signs of P.S. going on.

Some fellows were tidying up the Study, Blackboards, model groups, and light = shades were bundled into corners, ~~at~~ a table~~s~~, a chairs, and a reading-stand brought in. A water-bottle + glass on the table + other such like sign might have made you guess that a lecture or something of the kind was

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on the tapis. Such was the case. To-night we received our annual leave from the Principal[[20]](#footnote-20), a lecture which has been looked forward to since we heard his “Ride For Life” last year. I will try to give you as full an account as possible, in his own words of his

Adventures in Africa

It was in the month of March 1861, when I was returning home on long leave after the Chinese War, where I had been in the storming of the Taku Forts[[21]](#footnote-21) and the taking of Pekin.

I was returning in the hansport, Jumna, in charge of a number of invalids – on sick leave- .

On entering Table Bay at Cape town, we were boarded by Government officers and I was requisitioned for service against the Kaffirs[[22]](#footnote-22) who had been plundering + robbing very considerably and it had been determined to send an expedition against them. I was placed in charge of

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25 men, forming a rocket corps. The only reason for which I can account for being placed in charge of this rocket corps was the fact that I had never seen a rocket fired in my life.

However we changed to a small tut of a seamen and sailed for Port Natal. Landing in a fearful stat of sea-sickness. I was more sick over that little voyage than ~~of~~ over  all my other voyages put together. We were immediately sent up to the frontier, but there was very little fighting. The Kaffirs offered terms for truce + peace was soon made. I might mention that we had an immense stock of rockets – very old fashioned ones which had been stored in Cape Town. They had iron nuggets and weighed from 4 to 7 lbs. We only used them once, and found that they had a most awkward trick of turning round and coming back amongst ourselves.

Consequently they were discarded, and I have often amused myself since by imagining some

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old Kaffir discovering a treasure in the shape of a couple of broken down waggons on the road-side beneath the shade of a tree, and taking the sticks of the rockets home to light his fire with.

On peace being concluded, I applied for long leave again, + I thought that as I was up country here I had a very good opportunity of having some sport.

According, I + two friends – Capt. Hammond, and Lieutenant Curtis, got together a body of Hottentot[[23]](#footnote-23) drivers and attendants, a couple of waggons and four span of oxen. We heard that there were plenty of elephants to be had, and hoped to get such a number of tusks as would not only pay our expenses but also enable us to have a nice little balance at our bankers on returning ~~hope~~[unclear] home. We pushed on to the north of the Orange Tree State – a district where Europeans had never been before. Our head-man – chief of the Hottentot drivers had formerly been our opponent.

His name was Koodie and was a finely built man, about 6 feet in height, and almost handsome.

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His nose were not so broad as you usually find them in his race, nor his lips so thick, but he was disfigured by a pair of enormous ears, ~~by~~ which were slit to form the recepticles[sic] of small articles, such as his tobacco pipe. He was a most perfect specimen of an English gentleman. He could eat 5 or 6 lbs of hard buffalo beef in half-an-hr; would stick his head-man in the small of the back with his spear when he would not go into a cactus bush to beat a lion out, and I have seen him settle his wife (which by the way was 37 in number) when she had her 37 backs up.

Here I had the misfortune to have a fall from my horse and sprain my ankle, and we were consequently delayed for a few days, while I stayed in Koodie’s Kraal. The Kraal was a kind of square shed open on the front and surrounded by a courtyard. Opposite to this was a similar Kraal inhabited by the 37 Mrs Kroodies[inconsistent spelling].

One day Hammond + Curtis were out shooting

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and I was left all alone. As I lay with my foot bandaged I noticed a dozen or 11+ of these wives, leave their Kraal + come towards mine, evidently wishing to have a good look at a white man, whom they had only seen in the distance. They came across laughing + giggling and beckoning the remainer on. Whilst I was wondering what they were after, they entered my Kraal, picked me up as I was in the litter, and gently carried me into their Kraal, and when they had had a good look they gently carried me back. Of course I did not tell Koodie when he came back, but as we were having a discussion relating to the hunt, a row was heard among the Mrs Koodies’. Koodie said nothing, but taking a large rhinoceros whip, went across + soon changed the tune. He returned to the discussion, after making a desolation which he termed peace, without the least look of anger on his face, in fact his pipe was still in, and he resumed the conversation in his natural tone of

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Voice. After this we got on our journey again travelling 12 or 15 mls a day + in June 1861 we crossed the Vaal; to the borders of Kaliari[sic] Desert. Here we used salled[sic] horses (not for food, though horse flesh is very good, but horses which had got over the fever), and reached Limpopo, a district very little known. Here we had some splendid hunting: many a time have I been in the trees + watched the animals drinking from the pools. It is a most curious sight, Animals of all kinds, half-a-dozen lions, and herds of elephants, drinking together, pushing one another about for the best place but not molesting each other in another way. While here I had my first attack of fever ague. You begin by feeling very hot, as if nothing but a sheet of tissue paper separated you from a hotter place than is to be found on this earth; then shivering and a cold fit comes on, and I remember creeping so close to the campfire that I was scorched without obtaining warmth; then hot + cold fits alternate. The only remedy you can take is quinins, + when

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presperation[sic] comes on you will soon be better.

On the first of Oct. I had my first adventure in shooting. We had heard of hippopotamii[sic] in the river, + determined to try and kill some. Hammond + Curtis went down to the river to drive them up. I got some of the natives to ferry me over to a kind of island in the middle of the water. The natives beat down rushes, and I had a somewhat comfortable seat, so sat down + waited for the hippopotamii to come up. But I was still very weak + fatigued + fell sound asleep with one foot in the water. On my friends returning they were surprised not to find me, so went out to seek me. Looking across the river they saw me on the island, + got out a boat to fetch me. On approaching however they were horrified to see a huge crocodile swimming about, as if on sentry go, swimming backwards + forwards, as if considering whether to have a meal out of me or not. Had they been much later I feel sure that I should have lost a leg, if no worse. In this part of the country I have seen many mutilated creatures, who have sufficed from being caught by

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crocodiles. On another occasion we went out to shoot a wild goose for ~~day~~ dinner. It is a very conscious[unclear] fact that wild geese, wild ducks + snipe are to be found all over the world. I have shot them in Europe, in China, in India + in Africa. On this occasion Curtis shot a goose, which fell into the water, but on going for it, it was not to be found. Another was lost in the same manner + then it found that as fast as we shot them, crocodiles caught them. Determined to have one at any price, we found another + both shot, the goose fell (and we never decided whose shot killed). Curtis rushed into the water + seized it then I noticed that the crocodile seized it too, and very foolishly, Curtis began a struggle, he tugging at one end and the crocodile at the other. Seeing this I went to his assistance, + beat the crocodile about the snout with my ramrod. At last the goose parted. The crocodile went off with one half + we returned, cooked + ate the other half.

After this we went still further north into a district where only Gordon Cumming[[24]](#footnote-24) had penetrated before.

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We found + killed many elephants + had a great number of tusks. We had about £500 worth of ivory, and then we got into the district of the tse-tse (pronounced say-say) fly (whose sting in sure death to horned cattle). We lost every one of our oxen + consequently werecompelled to sell our ivory. A native chief bought it for 3 salled[? Unclear] horses. It was about this time when I had an adventure with a cow. You perhaps think that such adventures are reserved only for young ladies + the gallant rescues for young + afterwards love-sick swains, but nevertheless I had a rather ignominious adventure with a cow,

We were rather short of food, so I took my gun + went out to find something for supper. . I stalked a buffalo cow with a calf running at her foot, + tried to get a shot at the calf as its flesh would be much more tender than that of the cow. I was successful but immediately the cow saw that her calf was dead, she charged down on me as only a mother buffalo can charge. Its horns, too, were not like those you see on an ordinary cow, standing

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out on each side of its head, but were straight in front, long, + with points as sharp as needles, forming most formidable weapons. You may guess I did not stay long, but made for the nearest tree up which I climbed, in much less time than I can tell the story, dropping my rifle at the foot of the tree. But up the tree I was in no nice position, for ~~in~~ ~~fact~~ I knew that in half-an-hr, it would be quite dark, there being no twilight here, the raging cow bellowing + snoring, spurring + leaving up the ground in its anger + watching me intently. In fact I was “up a tree” in a double sense. The cow stayed there some time + then walked back to its calf, every moment turning round to see if I were moving then returning to the tree. At last a lucky thought shuck me. I had on an old flannel shirt – one I prized much for I had not a very overflowing wardrobe -. I took it off, tore it into shreds, and made a string of them with a running noose. My rifle had luckily

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fallen across a root, + after many ineffectual efforts, succeeded in lassoing it. On getting possession of the rifle, the rest was quickly accomplished. I had my ammunition belt around me + soon laid the cow low, and in a very short time joined my friends + we supped off buffalo calf.

From here we went a 3 day~~s~~ march. We had now been 3mths out. I have found out since from what I have read + the experience of other travellers that we must often have been in great danger from attacks from the natives, who are very treacherous but I never felt any apprehension of danger + often slept among them. When we reached Maplokoloko. Hammond’s horse was laid up + Curtis was down with the ague, so I went to visit a village 40mls from camp for elephants. It was a two day’s journey. I took nothing to eat, trusting to my rifle, + never shot a single thing. My only refreshment for those two days was a drink of muddy water from a dirty tortoise shell. I was all day in the saddle,

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under a hot burning sun, + never met a single animal. On entering the village I was greeted with a chorus of lions singing their evening hymn or saying grace over the supper which had yet to be caught. However I was by this time used to the roar of a lion, + lay down in a dirty kraal on a bed of rushes, with my saddle for a pillow, surrounded by a greenwood fire while the roaring of the lions continued. This did not trouble me much for a lion will never touch a white man so long as there is a well-greased Hottentot to be had. At day break next morning the chief of the village came to me in a great state of perturbation [sic], + told me the village was haunted by a man-eating lion, which had carried off his wife the day before. Consequently the village was not greatly excited, the young women dare not go to the wells, neither did the young men show any great desire to their women out for a moonlight walk. Accordingly I set off to try + find the lion. There were ~~hap~~ hacks of many lions, but the natives easily picked

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out the hack or spoor, as it is called of the man eater. I set out on my favourite, coal-black horse – Sworty, an animal that would face anything, + was accompanied by about 50 or 60 natives. We came at last to a thick cactus bush + thought the lion must be there, but on looking round I saw him lying at some distance behind bush, evidently sleeping after his morning meal off the chieftess. How to get near him without disturbing him was now the question. Some distance away was an enormous ant-hill, + soI made a considerable detour, so as to get it between me + the lion + then approached him very cautiously until I was within 50 yards of him. Then I very foolishly dismounted, thinking to get a much steadier aim. I took a good steady aim + fired, and the lion rolled over. I thought I had struck him fatally, but it seems he must have been more struck with astonishment than anything else. As the smoke cleared away I saw his ears twitch, then he rose up in a sitting posture + saw me. My rifle was slung round me + I turned

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to mount. The lion came on with terrific bounds + covered the 50yds. with 5 or 6 bounds. My horse went very swiftly but it took him some little time to get properly going + the lion soon caught us up. Glancing behind me I saw him gather for another spring + thought it was all over with me. Just as he sprung I tugged at Sworty with the off rein, and at the same time plunged the spun in his right side, He swung right round + as I instinctively bent my head, the lion sprang by me, just brushing my shoulder as he did so. On alighting, he did not follow again as I expected but crouched down, so I pulled up as soon as I possibly could + reloaded. The lion then rose + began to walk away, so, not wishing to lose him, I risked a long shot which broke his hind leg. He turned, roaring + growling, and attempted to spring, but was unable on account of his broken leg. So I approached to within 10 or 12 yds. of him and shot him through the ~~hea~~ spine, and then through the heart. The Kaffirs, at the

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commencement of the fray had betaken themselves off in all directions, + I could see their shields on their backs away in the distance. When they saw that I had shot the lion they came running towards me with howls + shouts. Then they made a great litter with the branches of trees, then placing the lion on it, carried him towards the village. When we got near the village they collared me, too, + carried me into the village with the lion. I was the hero of the hour, + had I been so minded, I could have had the hand of any eligible young lady in the village. The skin + head, I brought home, + being a batchelor, gave them to my sister, who has them now in her house.

After this I returned to our camp. I had been very much interested in Livingstone’s account of the Victoria Falls, and I began to think that we could not be very far from them. It happened soon after this that I had the misfortune to again sprain my ankle. I took the advantage of being alone to take our bearings.

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Hammond had a chronometer + a sextant[[25]](#footnote-25) + took an observation. It is said that two wrongs don’t make a right, but three did, for the chronometer was wrong the sextant was false + I took an incorrect observation, but nevertheless I was not far out. I reckoned up that we must be about 100 mls. to the south of the Falls. When the others returned I was full of the subject, but they would not go. However they said they would wait three weeks for me if I cared to go alone, so I set off with one native. We travelled in the night + rested during the heat of the day, and at the end of the second day we struck the River Zambesi, + knew we could not be far from the Falls for we could hear the roar. We were however too tired to go any further that night, so lay down tired out, under a palm tree; on which were green leaves, flowers, unripe fruit + ripe fruit. We slept 10 or 12 hrs utterly regardless of danger from wild beasts + the like. Next morning I surveyed the scene. The river was fully a mile wide, the water was as clear as crystal + the bed was silver sand. There were trees on both banks, + the grassy slopes were covered with white + blue conv~~u~~ulvusts[convolvulus?]. The banks on the opposite side, sloped gently upward with knolls + patches of wood, the

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whole forming a magnificent park-like stream. We followed the river towards the roar, + after travelling about 7mls saw a column of vapour rising + could see innumerable rainbows. The natives call it Chang wa or Rainbow Kraal.

Here we saw about a dozen natives hunting + bargained with them for their canoe, and then rowed down the river towards an island. As we neared the island I felt a great longing for a bath, so took off my things +plunjed[plunged?] in the river to swim to the island. The moment I landed I was seiged[sic] +bound by some natives. From their conversation I gathered from them that there was a white man on the island, who seemed to have a great influence over them. In about ½ an hr. I was released, the white man approached. I take not take off my hat, make an elaborate bow + say “Dr Livingstone, I presume”, but nevertheless he it was. At first the Dr. Thought I was a rival explorer, but when he found I was only a harum-scarum officer, he greeted me very kindly. We spent 3 or 4 very happy days together, + I helped him to explore + survey the Falls, after which I returned to camp. This meeting is mentioned by Livingstone in his book on his explorations.

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Meeting concluded with a vote of thanks + College Clap..

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Volume Three:

[Cover page]

1893

March 18th

To.

April 30th

[Page 1]

1893

=”=”=

Saturday

March 18

-- “ -- “ --

Not being able to run with the harriers, on account of my bad foot. I + a companion went to Wiggington and had a good tea. We landed back a half-past six.

At night we had our usual Free + Easy Concert.

In the morning we had an exam. on School Management + Organisation. In last week’s exam I came out second on the list with 44 marks out of a possible 50. The top man had 45.

Sunday.

March 19

-- “ -- “ --

We had no early Chapel this morning, this being only the second time we have got off a double service. So instead of going to Chapel I went for a walk to Clifton + came down the river bank, home again.

We had Chapel at 11 and a sermon by Mr Welch – Moreso a sermon which caused a many comments afterwards + a long discussion. We have a many fellows in here who are not Churchmen, + they led the discussion from one point to another, until I had my work cut out to maintain the defensive. Mr Lane’s lectures came in very handy on several occasions + I was ably backed up by a fellow who heard the whole six

[Page 2]

lectures in Dewsbury. What I can’t understand is a fellow arguing away on Church matters, who has been brought up in a Chapel + knows nothing whatever about Church matters. There is one chap here who is awfully pig headed in that way, + I sat on him properly once or twice. One point raised was on money in the Church – the enormous screws of some clergymen, comparing them with the screws of Chapel ministers. This same Chapel fellow wanted to know what the Church did with money. I told him several things, + nearly added a crowning point, for I consider it one, but that I thought it would be unkind.

I should liked to have told him that the Church builds + maintains Church Training Colleges, into which Wesleyans + the like are not backward to enter + reap the benefits of when their own Colleges refuse them. Nor does a Church Training College refuse them,

The argument was becoming very heated when the dinner bell put an end to all discussion + we adjourned (or as the Newcastle man say,

[Page 3]

“we ajooerned”) to the Dining Hall.

In the afternoon: I had a walk + then turned into the Minster for the Anthem “My God, My God”

Part of it was sung alternately ~~by~~as treble solo + tenor solo, without any accompaniment. It was ~~finet~~ fien to hear the voices stealing round the whole building + echoing +re echoing again from aisles, transepts + nave.

Monday.

March 20

-- “ -- “ --

Got a First Class Certificate for Sound, Light + Heat.

In the afternoon I went on the River for a row. It was a splendid afternoon + I had a fine hour + and a half. At night we were told that we can go at 12.45 next Wednesday week, or at 12.30 if we care to give up the 15 mins. break at 11 o’clock.

Tuesday

March 21

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Went down to station to hunt-out-trains. - A pleasant occupation – very. After tea I was busy organizing a run for to-morrow.

Wednesday

March 22

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Last night a duel was fought within these walls. Two chaps had played tricks one upon the other alternately, each ~~wh~~ wishing to score last. One suddenly

[Page 4]

sent a shower of water upon the other from a watering can + the other retaliated about an hour after by anointing him with a 3lb jam jar full of water over the head. Of course he had to go upstairs + change. He came down dressed in a jersey + [? Unclear due to ink spillage] coat. Things began to look lively, but we made them wait until 10p.m + then settle it out as best they. Accordingly at 10p.m, a large watering can, + a coal bucket were filled with water + placed in the middle of the room. The two combatants were placed at equal distances, after shaking hands, and at a given signal, a rush was made for the water, and the battle began.

It did not last long, for the ammunition was soon all expanded. + the pair emerged from the fray like a couple of drowned rats. They did look a sight. Silly beggars!

This afternoon we had a splendid run to Naburn Locks + back – 16 mls. I + another set off as hares, down the Walk, followed by a pack of 11. We took a short cut round to Fulford, nearly

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to the Barracks + then turned down to the river bank + ran along the Promenade. We kept close to the river bank, across fields + meadows to Bishopthorpe (4mls) + then [? Unclear due to ink spillage] in the same manner to Naburn (7mls). It was proper sport, taking hedges + gates. In one field a deep + wide ditch ran round it with a thick hedge row on the other side of the ditch. We both ,ade for the likeliest looking spot to cross + both got wet. Looking back a few fields further on we saw half the pack floundering in a bog. In another part we came to the Selby Railway, which crosses the river by a fine bridge + then continues over the meadows by a high embankment. We had to pass underneath the bridge close to the water edge, hanging on to a railing, + when we got to the other side there were two high hedges close together to get over. At Naburn we ran into a farm yard + then came to an abrupt end, for the yard ended in sheer drop of about a dozen ft. We should have dropped down, but the river had run up underneath + left a great layer of mud.

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So we found a way out of the yard into the road + enquiring how far the Locks were from there, was told a mile. So we went along through the village, + crossing a field to reach the Locks, met a gentleman crossing in the opposite direction. My companion hare, uttered very un-hare-like language.

“Well, I’ll be hanged, if this isn’t a friend of mine from Hull”. It turned out he was travelling among the farmers. While we were talking to him the pack came up, so we went on to the Locks, ~~an~~ a few yards further on, and romped about for half-an-hour or so, and then giving us 3 minutes start we set off on the return journey. We decided to stick to the river, instead of going by road to the village. The work was very hot now, for the pack was close behind. At last we came to some big residence with grounds running right down to the river. We could see no other way but through them, so sprang over a wire fence + away through a shrubbery. The ground was one mass of snow-drops + primroses

[Page 7]

+ at times we had to bend almost double to get under the bushes. We had not gone far before we came to two gardeners at work. Hy Mason, my companion, called out “Is there a way through here”. He answered, “Do you know you are trespassing”. but as we had not stood to parley with him, we stuck to our running, wondering how the pack would fare when they passed the gardeners. We kept close to the river now but still in the grounds, until we came to some railings which formed the boundary, + ran right down to the river. They were too high to climb, so we had to swing round the end one in the water. Soon after this we came to where the ground dropped about 6 or 7ft, so dropped down it, along a narrow lane + found ourselves in the middle of the village of Naburn. “I think we had better wait here for them” I said to Harry, “for I think we’ve led them in a pickle”. So we agreed to wait + presently they began to crop up by odd ones + in couples, but none had come the whole of the way we had. Some had gone down the drive

[Page 8]

past the front of the house + so out onto the road. From here we came back the same way we had run out + finished up a splendid run of 16 mls. As I was going on the Corridor to change, Mr Mills came to ask how we had enjoyed the run, + made the magnificent offer of giving a silver medal to the first in after a 10 mls run around our track on the quadrangle with a 3ft hurdle jump in every lap. He doesn’t want much for his medal.

Thursday

March 23rd

-- “ -- “ --

Had the Lesson to read in Chapel again at morning Prayer. Spent the greater part of the afternoon in the Reading Room.

Friday.

March 24th

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The Vice being ill, he did not come down to any lectures all day to-day, and we had no Chapel Service.

Saturday.

March 25th

-- “ -- “ --

We had an exam. this morning in English, and, according to latest instructions, if any one does not score 60 per cent of the total possible marks, he will be fated during the holidays, so if I don’t get home you will know the reason why. We did not have a run this morning, as it was

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such a bright hot day, so had a walk instead. We came back down the river side, + the water was alive with boats and pleasure parties. There were family boats, boats for three, boats for couples, with she at the rudder lines, there were single cockleshells, canoes, paddling along, long outriggers – 14 or 15 ft long and not much above a foot wide, dozens out practicing for coming races, and four oared boats flying along.

At night we had our last Free + Easy Concert. Henceforth, Saturday nights will be spent in work like any other night. We Seniors sang a Glee “Comrades in arms” - a glee we are taking to camp, and being encored sang “Shepherds tell me, have you seen my Flora”.

Sunday,

March 26th

-- “ -- “ --

Immediately after breakfast we were trotted off to Chapel + went through Morning Service and again at 11 ~~l~~ Litany and Communion.

In the afternoon a couple of us went to the River

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side and sat watching the fashions, and then went to the Minster with a message for the principal tenor. The Anthem was from the Messiah

“Behold the Lamb of God” “He was despised”, and “All we like sheep.” It was much finer that Brown’s choir sang it at Christmas.

It was really splendid to hear the parts rolling out

“We have turned every one to his own way”.

Monday.

March 27th

-- “ -- “ --

The Principal brought in Saturday’s exam. papers this morning. I find that I shall be able to come home for I’ve scored 84 per cent of the marks. There are 5 dropped below the 60% + they have not to leave the College until the work has been re-done.

We have had a meeting to-day, to elect a Literary Secretary. Two of us were proposed for that honour, and though I do not care about the office, I had to accept after receiving 24 votes, out of 27 given.

We are going in to ask for a day’s holiday to-morrow

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as it is the anniversary of the Prin’s wedding day. + our boat-race too. I am doubtful as to the result but in anticipation of a favourable reply [?] the deputation I have arranged a paper chase for to-morrow, + have been busy all afternoon filling a couple of bags with scent.

At four o’clock a few of us wended our way up the golden stairs to the Vice’s sitting room to read Wordsworth with him. These reading afternoons are often productive of a little amusement in which the Vice often joins. For instance Reg Newton began to read a poem, entitled “To my sister” when someone added in what he meant to be an undertone “Or else somebody else’s”. The poem finishes with: -

-”And bring no book: for this one day

We’ll give to idleness.”

This is what we are hoping to do to-morrow.

Then another chap got up + announced that he was going to give us a few lines “To a young lady”

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Two or three of us gave a rather audible “Hear! Hear!” to the following lines: -

“Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books

Or surely you’ll grow double:

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Books! ‘tis a dull and endless strife:

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Enough of Science and of Art;

Close up these barren leaves;

Come forth, and bring with you a heart

That watches + receives.

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Again poor Jack Lamin (who often gets rare bits to read) read in a very fatherly voice

“What fond and wayward thoughts will slide

Into a Lover’s head!” --

And a little later on in the poem, after extolling the virtues and beauty of Lucy, he fairly brought down the house with his closing verse: -

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The live unknown, and few could know

When Lucy ceased to be;

But she is in her grave, and, oh,

The difference to me!

Tuesday.

March 28

-- “ -- “ --

A depution[deputation?] was sent in to the Prin. this morning to give him + his wife our best wishes for many more years of happy married life + to hint that we should like to celebrated the anniversary by having a holiday, but he would not take the hint.

Mrs Baldwin helped all she could by remarking that it was a splendid day but all to no purpose, as we are fixed here, and the worst of it is we have to turn in to work at 3.30., an hour after the boat race. It’s too bad.

After dinner we began to get ready for the struggle. Some of we harriers stripped to run down the bank, other employed themselves with scrubbing the crew down, and at 2 o’clock the Juniors started for the boat-house, followed immediately by the Seniors. On reaching the boat-house, the Senior

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crew were first to embark, and proceeded up the river at a very easy pace, while we “shoulers” walked along the bank to the starting place.

Shortly afterwards the Juniors embarked + pulling a very even and steady stroke set off up the river. They showed considerable improvement, and have evidently trained hard, with the hope of winning the match. The Principal kindly consented to act as judge and was there with Mrs Baldwin and his children.

Mr Mills, music master acted in the capacity of starter abd referee, while one the bank were seen Mr Cull – the Drawing Master – and his wife, Mr Wilson – the Normal Master - + his wife, and the Vice. Many York people were also down to witness the match, as it had been advertised in the Yorkshire Herald, and of course the whole College was there, each year supporting its own crew, and displaying their representative Colours. We stuck to our last year’s Colours -

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“Blue” - for it is not “Blue the Colour that should be worn”. The Juniors displayed pink badges, which were rather suggestive of the salmon we hoped they would have to pay for.

On reaching the starting point at Clifton our crew took off the enclaves, and looked to all points in the boat, and soon both teams were ready for the start. The river was very choppy as a strong wind was blowing up the river.

Our crew had lost the toss giving the Juniors the choice of sides. They took the Col. side, which gave them a shorter bend and smoother water. It was a very difficult matter to hold themselves level for the water was very rough, but at last we heard mr Mills call out: - “Are you ready?” “Are you ready?” “Then Go!” and immediately four pairs of oars dipped the water + cry rose “They are off.

Our crew did not make such a grand start as they did last year, in fact it was such a

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bad start that they must have lost a couple of boat’s lengths in the long run. But once off, they fairly made the boat fly, rowing with a long rattling stroke of 44 to the min. while the Juniors started with a very strong 36. At the end of the first hundred yards there was little between them, though our fellows had rounded the long bend in the same time the Juniors had rounded the shorter one. The air was sent with cries off “Rollup Seniors.” “Well rowed Seniors” + with counter cries of “Now Juniors” “Pull Juniors” etc. The Seniors now began to forge ahead and at the quarter mile led by a length, while the Juniors stuck manfully to their oars and pulled with a plucky spirit.

A little further on our Cox took his boat over to the Junior side of the river, thus giving them our back-wash, and at the half-way point we were leading by about three lengths. the excitement was now

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great. Seniors urged their crew to “break the record.” “Make it ten lengths.” while Juniors urged their crew to lessen on the distance.

On the bank was a great tumultuous rush of near 100 folks making for the winning post. Reaching [?] bridge we were four lengths to the good[?], at which a mighty shout arose. Here I rushed on ahead to get into the boat yard to see them pass the post, but it was lot[?] work, to run, shouting at the top of one’s voice, a distance of a mile in under 5 mins.

I reached the boat-yard as our crew rushed from under Lendal bridge + was by the side of the Prin. When he called out “Seniors win by a good six lengths.”

We broke the record, rowing the mile in 4 mins. 40 secs, and have also accomplished the fete[sic] of beating both our Seniors + Juniors.

Last years time was 5 mins.20mins.

Mr Mills says that to-day's time is the shortest

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in which it has even been rowed.

On the crews coming back to the bank we called for and gave three singing cheers for the Juniors, who responded with three hearty cheers for the Seniors, and then gave three more for the Judge + Starter, after which we started for home. At the Col. gates we shouldered our team who has thus twice pulled to a brilliant victory, + on entering our room the row was indescribable.

Seven times seventy was the number of cheers, desk lids were banged, one seized the coal-pan + poker + made melodious music, the iron stands were banged upon the floor. You cannot imagine the hubbub.

The only drawback to the enjoyment was the fact that we had to turn in to work at 3.30.

However we have now won 5 out of 7 fixtures and hope to win the other two – Cricket + Fives[[26]](#footnote-26) – which will be played

[Page 19]

next term.

At tea-time we toasted our Senior Crew and also The Principal – and Mrs Baldwin.

At supper time we sang the hymn “For ever with the Lord”, but it was too bad of some fellows to sing their own words to the tune.

To-morrow I am off

Amen so let it be

And a little further on.

“Here in a prison pent

Absent from her I roam.

Yet nightly pitch my morning tent

A day’s march nearer home.”

And.

At times to faith’s for-seeing eye

It’s golden gates appear.

Wednesday

March 29

-- “ -- “ --

None of us got to bed very early last night, what with rowing on the corridors + packing up.

The lectures this morning drag awfully. We have

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already had a couple – Magnetism + English + this is the time when we usually have a 15 mins break but as we are ~~had for~~ stopping at 12.30 we are missing the break. The Prin. has just gone out, and Mr Mills who takes music for the next hour has not come down so a miniature Rugby Match is proceeding in the Study which makes writing a somewhat difficult business; so I’ll dry up, + get my books locked up preparatory to starting for home for the

Easter Holidays.

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Tuesday

April 11th

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We got in last night about quarter past ten, and found the doors open. We had nevertheless to “go on the carpet” - but the less said about the interview the better.

Immediately after breakfast this morning I went down to the newsagents + ~~boug~~ ordered the papers + periodicals for this term.

This afternoon we turned out for drill for the first time this year. We are ordered out on Parade next Monday night in Review Order, and on Sunday the 23rd we have a Church Parade to the Minster. This is a Military Sunday of Regulars + Volunteers combined, + the united bands will play the service.

At night I held an auction. All the papers + periodicals are bought by fellows whose property they become after being so long in the Organ Room. 11 Graphics fetch 2/6 + a similar number of Illustrated London News went for 2/-

The Principal gives Punch, which is also sold. It sounds rather comical to be yelling out

[Page 22]

“How much for 11 Punches?” “What offers for 11 of Ki(c)k’s Punches?”. Jack Lamin took them for the magnificent sum of 4d + will accordingly receive a Punch every week.

Another chap bought for 3d. 11 Castles, - no, I beg pardon, 11 Cassel’s Saturday Journal.

A few dainty Tit-bits were also sold + well as a number of good Answers – on various subjects. Schoolmasters are awfully cheap. I had 11. First Class Certificated Trained Schoolmasters on sale + the bidding began at a penny for the lot. Eventually the whole lot were knocked down for fourpence. Fancy knocking down 11 Schoolmasters for 4d. Why there are some folks who would knock a blind man down for a farthing.

Guardians were less value still, though that is to be expected, for the fewer guardians we have here the more fun we get.

I had 70 Yorkshire Posts on sale. The bidding

[Page 23]

stood a lot time at 6d for the lot, + threatened to have the posts chopped up for fine word if I didn’t get a higher bid. Finally they went for 6½d. At the end of the Auction, which lasted nearly an hour, the Literary Society was the richer by just nine shillings.

Wednesday

April 12.

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I think we all felt jolly glad this was a half-holiday for one does not settle down to grinding with a very good grace. I had a couple of bags of scent left over from last term + we determined to have a proper paper chase, fixing no destination + not knowing in which way we were going. A couple of hares set out at 20 past 2 + 10 mins later we followed. We had not gone far when we came to two trails + taking the one we thought was the right one, went away over several fields; only to find that it was a false scent for it suddenly ended.

A couple of fellows retraced their steps

[Page 24]

while the rest of us made a short cut for the road. Here however we could not pick up the trail, so reasoning out the only other likely direction they could have taken we cut across to meet. We were fortunate in picking it up, but the two who had gone back were nowhere in sight. We waited from them to come up + thus lost a good quarter of an hour. We now tracked them into Heslington + again lost them. We hunted all round the Village + at last struck the trail. We now kept it for a long time, though there were many false scents. The roads were almost entirely shirked + the running confined to fields. The daises[daisies?] in the grass fields often led us astray, as they looked so much like the paper laid.

Many a time we had our work cut out to get over hedges, drains, pools + dykes. We were led over ploughed fields, hobbling among the furrows like cats on hot bricks. The hounds kept dropping one by one + when we once more

[Page 25]

gained the roads, there were only 7 of us left, 4 of us running together + 3 others shuffling along behind. When we got on the road we expected to find the trail led for home. Such however was not the case for in a short time it crossed the road + took to fields again

Here we were several times rather muddled over the trail but managed to follow it. Passing through a farmyard, we learned that we were half-an-hour behind the hares, Of course we had no hope of catching them, but determined to follow them wherever they had been. In crossing these fields we lost three more men + now there were only four of us left in the running.

Leaving the farmyard, we got on the turnpike again, but were very soon crossing the country again, + finally came to the railway. The hack now lay along the metals + we ran down the line for over a

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mile to a level crossing. Here we missed the trail + neither the crossing keeper nor his wife would tell which way they had gone. “Nay”, said the old man, “fairations is fair”. “Besides”, added his buxom partner “we promised not to tell. “Well”, I said “will you nod if I go right.” + entering a narrow field by her house, we turned + saw her nod. After this we picked up the trail plainly and finally landed on to the Huntingdon Road. We went along here until we struck the Foss, + then followed its banks. Two now lagged behind + I and the other chap finished off the remaining couple of miles by ourselves arriving in three-quarters of an hour behind the hares but first in for all round the course. The hares calculate the distance as 14 miles, but I think if we ~~l~~ add on the running about to pick up lost trails, as well as the distances we went in

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following false scents we must have run 16 or 17 miles. It was 5 o’clock when we landed in, + we had been going at it pell-mell for 2hrs + a half.

Thursday

April 13th

-- -- -- -- --

This afternoon I went down to the Drill Hall for my rifle + to change my helmet. My other one had been used for a candle stick + as we have to appear in them on Monday I thought I’d have a better one. I was fortunate though to secure a new one from a bunch just in from the makers.

After bringing these things home I went down to the river to witness a boat-race between St Peter’s Past + Present.

While work was going on afterwards a fellow brought out an album of sketches, paintings +e. Most of us were grouped round him, + were so intent on looking at + admiring them that we did not notice a few mischievous ones

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who quietly gathered up all our cushions + shot them through the window out on to the lawn. When it was discovered three or four fellows went out + began to pitch them in again, forgetting that the Vice was lecturing in the Junior Study, whose windows also look out onto the lawn. The result was that he came in to our room to see what was up + while he was telling us to get on with our work + behave ourselves a cushion came back through the window, followed by another, and another. He then went to the window to speak to the chap outside + narrowly escaped a cushion at his head as another one came in “E+. Here, you, take all those up to my room”. The Study is now minus 9 cushions.

Friday.

-- -- -- --

I have to give a Criticism Lesson on Saturday week, before the whole Study.

I wish it was over for I dread it.

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Saturday

April 15.

-- “ -- “ --

We had an exam. on Algebra this morning, and in the afternoon played our opening Cricket Match, with two sides chosen from our Study. The Captain’s side v the Vice-Captain's side. I played on the Captain’s side + we won by 7 runs, scoring 49 against the opposite side’s 42. My score reached half-a-dozen – three singles + a three, + then my sticks were somewhat disturbed so I retired.

At night we had to turn in to work – this being our first Saturday night’s work this year + consequently it did not go down at all well.

Sunday.

April 16

-- -- -- --

We had early Chapel Service at 8.30. with Hymn + Litany (Choral), and service again at 11. with a sermon by the Vice.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters + thou shall find it after many day”

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He gave us some nasty knocks about misused + mis-spent time, evidently referring to the cushion episode of last Thursday.

In the afternoon I went to the Minster as usual for the Anthem, but stayed in at night as it turned out very wet.

Monday.

April 17.

--”--”--“--

We only had two lectures this morning, the rest of the time being spent, in polishing helmets, buttons, and buckles, pipe-~~a~~laying + brushing belts, pouches + clothes. It was amusing to hear remarks as the process of cleaning went on. “Look here: I’ve been rubbing at this bally helmet for an hour and it doesn’t look a bit better”. “How this look?” “I’ll bet anybody a pork pie that I make mine shine better than his”. “Lend’s your button!saidJack.” “Whose a bit of pipe-clay to spare.” “After you with a rag” “Here: I say, dash it all, whose sneaked my brush.” “I’ll be hanged if I’m not

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about smothered with dust.” “I object.”

At last however everybody finishes + we proceed to dress, which is a matter of no small moment. “Is my pouch straight behind”. Give us a brush down will you.”

At 7’o’clock Colour Sergeant Wilson arrived (the Normal Master) and down came Lieutenant Busby. “Fall in” was then called + we fell in, in Review Order in front of the Col. After a few preliminary movements, we got under weigh + made tracks for the Drill Hall. Here we joined the other four companies of the York detachment. Then the business of getting us into position for inspection began. We were marched into this corner, and that corner, we advanced + relined[retired?], we formed fours, + came back into line + finally formed up in sections. Each company were thus hotted[?] about by their own officers. ~~A~~ The band now took up

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its position, and Capt. + Adj. Luke took command of the whole crew of us.

Presently we heard him roar out “-talion, -shon.”[[27]](#footnote-27) upon which everyone immediately “-shonned”. “Into line” “Left form” - March. Next from an anteroom issued Col. Kearsley + a staff of officers who began their inspection. This was very minute. He passed up the front of every line + the down behind it, examining men clothes + arms, while the combined brass + drum + fife band played a splendid overture. When the Col. Reached me ~~his~~ he scrutinized me from head to foot, + it was with the utmost difficulty that I conquered an almost inrepressable desire to wink.

My belt was the only thing wrong about my turn-out + that chanced to be 1/8 of an-inch higher at the buckle than it should be, so he gravely tugged it down + resumed his march. When the tail end of the row of officers reached me, you can imagine my

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surprise, on one of them quite as gravely tugging my belt back to it’s former position, adding for my special edification “It’s a bit too low.” The inspection of the band next took place, after which a couple of officers were presented with the Volunteer Decoration.

Then came a few words about the Service next Sunday + we were dismissed.

A detachment for physical drill were next ordered to fall in + were put through their movements accompanied by the band.

We landed back to supper, when the Vice said that we had been especially complimented on our smart + neat turn-out, on hearing which we felt amply repaid for the trouble we had taken.

Of course we had no more work to do after supper, but just fiddled about until bed time.

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Tuesday

Spent the afternoon in the Reading Room. An unusually quiet day.

Wednesday

Three of us spent our half-holiday on the River. We started at 2 o’clock from the boat-house and rowed up-stream to ~~Poplington~~ Poppleton. On the way we passed several boats of Juniors making the same way. We landed at Poppleton at an inn with grounds running down to the river + had some refreshments on the lawn. After a short rest we got afloat again + rowed home. The river was full of boats as Wednesday is early closing day, + it was such a splendid afternoon. There were several boat-loads of the Midget Minstrels who are performing in York this week.

We landed back at 5 o’clock.

On arriving back at College we found a box had arrived full of envelopes, bearing each of our names, and each envelope containing a few primroses, reminding us

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(seeing we were unaware of the fact) that this is Primrose Day. On the top of the lot was a note bearing the words: -

“From the Prim Roses of Ripon

“To the White Roses of York.”

Thursday

To-day we had our first trip to Strensall this year for shooting. A couple of waggonettes were waiting at half-past one + we were soon on our way. We took our glee volumes + had some singing on the way. We fired 20 rounds each, + at a smaller target than last year. The bull was only 8 inches across. I began splendidly. My first shot was a bull the second an inner (7 points out of a possible 8) + then, just to show what I could do when I tried, I missed the target altogether. “Cease foirin an’open yer breeches” was there with his usual “how; mi lad, take a good stiddy aim”, + then when the bullet flew by the target + embedded itself

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in the bank beyond, + the red flag showed itself from the marking hut he whispered sweet + low “Ah! that was a good steddy miss”, + when I relieved myself with “Dash it”, I heard his consoling voice murmur with Irish accents “Nivver moind, mi lad, it would have been better if it hadn’t been so bad”. My performance at 200yds, though not the worst among the squad, had better be passed over without remark.

At the 300 yds I did much better. After the shooting was over we adjourned to the canteen armed with a refreshment ticket, and after refreshing the inner man we sang “Comrades in arms” + then taking our seats, after bidding the driver not to make his horses sweat we set off home again. At Huntingdon we pulled up at a pub. (there were no masters with us) to allow the thirsty ones to get the wherewithall to quench their thirst, While they were within we sang: -

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“Here’s a health to all good lasses

Pledge it merrily fill your glasses,

Let a bumper toast go round.

May they live in tranquil pleasure

Without mixture, without measure

For with them true joys are found.”

This is a glee in the form of a round for First + Second Tenors + Bass. The people of the place enjoyed it very much so they said.

We finally reached College at 7 o’clock + had tea, starting work again at 8.

Friday.

Spent most of to-day in preparing my Criticism Lesson for to-morrow.

Saturday

April 22.

The awful Crit. is over at last, I’m glad of it. I was alright so long as I could make myself oblivious to the fact that 30 fellows were fault-finding all the time, but every time I looked

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up + saw them scribbling away, I could not help wondering what mistake I must just have made + a time or two I had a hard struggle not to lose the thread of my discourse.

However all things have an end + so a Crit, though the end seems a long way from the beginning, but at last I caught the welcome words “That will do, Mr Holmes, thank you”, + right joyously I hotted the youngsters off back into school + then returned to hear the criticisms of the fellows + the Normal Master. I’ll just give you one Criticism to show how minutely they go into details.

The lesson was on Cutlery + I wrote the word on the Black-board so.

Cutlery.

~~~~~~~~

The critic remarked that if a straight line had been drawn ~~on~~ under the word instead of a way line less time would have been taken up.

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~~When~~ When the Lesson was over we adjourned to the Exam. room for an exam. on Euclid.

In the afternoon most of our time was taken up with cleaning uniform to ready for to-morrow's parade, + after I had got everything ready went for a short walk.

Sunday

April 23rd

~~~~~~~~

The morning broke bright + Fair + everything betokened a splendid day. We were early astir, + as we dressed in uniform, ~~the~~ before coming down, the breakfast room presented a very unusual aspect. “Fall in” was called at 9.10.a.m. + we “fell in” in front of the College in helmets, + with bayonets, but of course without rifles. After a few preliminary movements, the order to “Quick March” was given + we marched out into Lord Mayor’s Walk 66 strong. Early as it was many people were on the stir, + we heard many compliments on our turnout as we marched through the city to the Drill Hall.

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Here we joined four other companies of our battalion, the whole of us being under the charge of Col. Kearsley. After the usual movements in the Drill Hall had been executed, every company sized, + other formalities gone through, we were ready + a little after ten the order for the band to march was given. The wide doors of the Hall were pushed back + the brass band marched out, preceded by a detachment of miners + sappers attached to our battalion, then followed the drum + fife band + the buglers + then the main body nearly 400 strong. The College Company formed the rear-guard. Hundreds of people were in the streets to see the soldiers march to the Minster.

In the Minster great preparations were made for our accommodation, but they proved inadequate for many soldiers had to remain standing throughout the service:

The splendid weather seemed to turn all the

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people of the City out into the streets + many trippers + cyclists were in from surrounding villages.

A strong body of police were required to keep some sort of open space for us in front of the Minster, while the open space within the edifice devoted to the general public was simply packed.

The 1st Royal Dragoons were the first to arrive in glittering helmets + scarlet + gold tunics. They were 300 strong, a troop of them being in Hull on account of the Dock Strike.

They were followed almost immediately by the 1st Royal Scots, headed by their bands + the Caledonians headed by the pipers arranged in kilts. The artillery Volunteers were the next to arrive, with their band, then the 3rd + 4th West Yorkshire and the 14th Regimental District Depot + the Ordnance Survey with Bands, and our Battalion were last – the 1st Volunteer Battalion P.W.O. West Yorkshire Regiment. The pageant ended with the arrival of the members of the

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Corporation, the Aldermen (the Lord Mayor,) was unavoidably absent) arrayed in their gorgeous robes of office + cocked hats. Major-General Wilkinson + the members of his staff awaited these representatives of civil government at the west front entrance + filed in after them. The doors of the Minster, which had for a considerable time previously been beseiged[sic] by people anxious to secure favourable positions within the sacred edifice, were opened at a quarter to 10 + immediately there was a great [? – rush?] from every entrance with the exception of the great west doors, through which only troops were to be admitted. Excellent order + decorum were, however, observed + though people were pouring in from all sides there was no confusion, all being conducted to their ~~to their~~ seats with the utmost facility + quietness. A few minutes later the great west doors were thrown open + with the insheaming[?] light came the sounds of music, which heralded the arrival of the first of the troops. Immediately afterwards

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the Royal Dragoons marched in + moved to their appointed places. They were followed by the Royal Scots, the bands of the two regiments + the pipers proceding[sic] to the space allotted to them near the choir.

The Volunteers followed + the whole body of military occupied nearly all the nave main aisle, meanwhile the congregation had in all parts been largely augmented + at half-past ten o’clock every available position had been taken possession of, many hundreds having to be content with standing room. The members of the Corporation attired in state robes + headed by the civic insignia, arrived just before the commencement of the service. The scene at this time was a very imposing one. The mass of red jackets was fringed by the sombre attire of the civilians, brightened here + there by the colours of the more enlivening costumes of the feminine part of the congregation, while fantastical variegations were thrown upon the assembled concourse by the coloured rays of the sun as they sheamed through

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the stained windows of the Minster. Conspicuous too were the uniforms of the members of the North Eastern staff.

The service opened with a voluntary “Silver Trumpets” which was played by the united bands. Words are utterly inadequate to describe this piece.

Then Dr. Naylor took his ~~stand~~ place on the conductor’s stand, arrayed in gown + hood, + after a few minutes silence, the entire congregation rose to their feet, as, far away in the choir, was heard “Onward Christian Soldiers” without any accompaniment. The strains sounded clearer + most distinct as the choir + clergy advanced towards the Nave.

Then as they reached the last line “See his banners go” of the first verse, the roll of the kettle drums was heard + the chorus commenced to the accompaniment of the combined bands + the organ. The remaining verses were sung to a subdued accompaniment, but at each chorus, the kettle drums beat out a long roll

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+ the bands blazed out in the full strength. It was magnificent. Then followed the ordinary morning service, until the anthem was reached. The words are chosen by the Dean, + the music arranged by Dr Naylor. It is figurative of Christian warfare + triumph. A short instrumental symphony indicates the character of the appeal about to be made by God’s soldiers, who recognize the threatening attitude of their enemies + then the voices taking up the plaintive phrase illustrates the opening entreaty.

Anthem.

1. God’s soldiers recognize the threatening attitude of

God’s enemies.

Psalm 83 v. 1-5

Keep not thou silence, O God: Hold not they peace, + be not

still, O. God.

For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult, + they that hate thee

have lifted up their heads.

They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people,

+ consulted against Thy hidden ones.

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They have said, Come, + let us cut them off from being a

nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in

remembrance.

For they have consulted together with one consent, +

are confederate against thee.

Then the soldiers of Christ determine to fight against His enemies. The bugles called + the drums beat “to arms.” Ah! it was splendid! Magnificent!

The determination of God’s soldiers to fight them.

Psalm. 108 v 10-13.

Who will lead us into the strong city?

Who will bring us into Edom?

Wilt not thou, O God, go forth with our hosts?

O keep us against ~~us against~~ the enemy, for vain

is the help of man.

Through God we shall do great acts.

For it is He that shall tread down our enemies.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Then followed an imitation of the Battle. It was no great stretch of imagination either

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to think that a real battle was on the go.

The roll + rattle of the kettle drums were an exact imitation of musketry, while the boom of the big drums one after the other, echoing + re-echoing within the sacred edifice might well be imagined to be the boom of the big guns. Add to this the bugle + trumpet calls, the shriek of the bag-pipes + the clash of all the other instruments of two of the finest bands of the country, + then you will but have a faint idea of what it was like. I tell you it made one feel like drawing one’s bayonet (the only arms we had) + entering into the tumult.

----------------

After the battle. Exulting recognition of His help. God’s soldiers recount their experiences.

Psalm 124 v. 1.2.3.5.7

If the Lord himself had not been on our side,

When men rose up against us,

They had swallowed us up quick,

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When they were so wrathfully displeased ~~at~~ with us.

But praised be the Lord who hath not given us

over as a prey unto their teeth.

Our help standeth in the name of the Lord,

Who hath made heaven + earth.

----------------

God’s soldiers patrol Zion, and take precautions for the future security thereof.

(The imitation of the footsteps of the patrol marching backwards + forwards was perfect)

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Psalm 48 v 11-13

Walk about Zion – go round about her.

Tell the towers thereof.

Mark well her bulwark – set up her houses,

That ye may tell them that come after,

For this is our God for ever + ever,

He shall be our guide unto death.

Alleluia.

Amen.

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The hymn before the sermon was

“Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!”

accompanied by the band + the organ.

A splendid sermon was preached by the

Rev. the Chaplain General to the Forces.

During the Collection in aid of the Soldiers’ Daughters’ Home. The bands played Gounod’s “There is a green hill far away”, a very pretty setting to the old familiar words. Following this we had a rare treat in listening to the tune of “I heard the voice of Jesus say” played by the bag-pipes. It was lively. Then the bands played a sacred chorus “La Chanita” - Rossini. after which we had the National Anthem. Introducing this was a fanfare composed by Dr Naylor for the Jubilee Service.

It commences with a bugle call, answered by a roll of the kettle drums, commencing very softly, gradually increasing in loudness

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+ finally dying away. I’ve heard drums manipulated a time or two, but never anything like this. Then the bugles burst out again + once more the drums rattled away, changing now to the imitation of musketry again.

This cross fire between bugles + kettle-drums went on for a short time + then the trumpets called out in answer to the bugles, followed by a crash of the big drums. Then with the big + little drums we had a regular battle-field of death + slaughter. The music of the bands now joined in with the trumpets, bugles + pipes, + from the whole medley gradually was heard to shape the opening chord of “God save the Queen”.

After the final Blessing we soldiers remained seated while the congregation left the building, the bands meanwhile playing a Recessional March “San Salvador”. - Baker.

Then we trooped out + what a sight met

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our eyes. The space in front of the Minster was one huge mass of people – thousands + thousands. A passage was held for us by the police from the Minster to the Dean’s Park close by. The Park was kept clear for Regulars + Volunteers to “fall in” in our respective battalions. This was the work of some short time, but it was a most pretty sight to see – The Dragoons in their scarlet + gold tunics, and their glittering helmets with black waving plumes, the Royal Scots in their plaided uniforms, the 3rd + 4th. West Yorks in their red coats, the sober looking uniform of the Ordnance Survey + District Depot, the dark blue of the Artillery, to say nothing of our Battalion in our dark helmets with shining fronts. Fifteen hundred of us altogether. The ~~G~~ Major-General + his staff were drawn up in front of the Minster to review the March Past.

At last all were ready + to the strains of their

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band out marched the Royal Dragoons,

Then came the 1st. Royal Scots with the band + the Caledonians with the kilted bag-pipes. The 3rd + 4th. West Yorkshire Regiment followed with their band + then 14th Regimental District Depot + Ordnance Survey with band.

Behind them were the Artillery Volunteers with their band + then our Battalion with our three bands. As each company reached the saluting point the order “Eyes Left” was given, while the General answered with a salute. A march was made right through the city, through all the principal streets to Ousegate. Here we left the main body + returned to our Drill Hall. The streets were literally packed with people along the whole route, nearly every window was full, while the balcony of the Mansion House was crowded with the great + the high of the city. At the Drill Hall, Col. Kearsley

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expressed himself as highly satisfied with our turn-out, + the number that had attended the Parade. We were then dismissed,

At our own request, one of our masters – Colour Sergeant Wilson marched us back to college. We got in to dinner at a quarter to two + ready for it, too.

It was a splendid turn out, one I would not have missed for anything.

After dinner we changed our clothes + once more became civilians.

Monday.

~~~~~~~

For the first time this term we missed early chapel. We have haired a field for to-morrow to play the Junior + Senior Match.

Tuesday.

~~~~~~~

The Match has been played off this afternoon, we having a half-holiday for it. I was umpire for our team. Our fellows, winning the toss, batted first, on a very fiery wicket. Things began

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very disastrously, however, for our 1st. wicket fell at 13. the retiring batsman only scoring a couple.

Two runs later another was sent out, I having to send him back run out. Our two best batters went back – one for a duck, the other for a couple, the runs being chiefly scored through loose fielding (4 for 25). The fifth fell at 26, + then affairs looked a little brighter – the score being brought to 44 before the fall of the sixth wicket. Then Reg. Newton walked from the pavilion to the wicket, saw one ball + then walked back again (7 for 44) The next wicket added 10 runs (8 for 54) + three runs later the ninth went down. A stand was made at the last wicket which fell at 71.

After a short interval the game was resumed, + our hearts rejoiced when the first wicket went down for 4, the Londoner being bowled with Reggie’s last ball of his first over. A few minutes later he again found his way into the wicket (2 for 20)

The third fell at 27 + before the fourth went

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back 42 were registered, the retiring batsman being answerable for 33 of them. At 51 I gave a man out l.b.w. The Juniors now wanted 21 to win + had still 5 wickets to fall. They certainly looked like having an easy win, but our men worked hard, fielding very closely, and at 55 another wicket fell. The 7th fell at the same score, being smartly caught + bowled. The 8th went back at the same score, so that they had now 17 to win + two wickets to fall. The 9th wicket wicket[repetition in text] fell at 60 + in came the last man. The first ball resulted in a bye of two, the next was snicked for 3 + the third was cut to the boundary for 4, so that they only wanted 3 to win, when over was called. The other batsman seemed to wish to keep his wickets entire + leave the run getting to the other man. There he stuck in front of his wicket + never lifted his bat. Four times in the over the bowler appealed for l.b.w + four times I gave him “not out”. I tell you it

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was awfully exciting. Then the ‘over’ was called + the Juniors called on the other batsman to finish the work. A single was scored (70)

One to tie, two to win – The next two balls passed harmlessly + the fourth was sent spinning back to the bowler at a most terrific rate, + that gentleman, embracing the ball most lovingly, we thus won the match by a single run.

Wednesday.

~~~~~~~~~

When I came downstairs just before 7 o’clock, I chanced to look out of the window, and saw on the tennis court a strange looking bird. There were only two of us down, so we went out to see what it was. It turned out to be a parrot. I proposed catching it; but proposing + carrying out the proposl were two totally different things, for the bird could fly fairly well. However some more of our chaps coming down, and seeing the fun, turned out to

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take part in it, and amongst us we captured the bird, took it into the Study + set it free. The Vice was in at Early Lecture, so we showed him our new found treasure. Throughout the Lecture it hopped about the room. At breakfast time we fed it + determined to make it the Study pet, if possible. The Principal made no objection when he came in, but set his servants to find a cage. This however they could not find, so we decided to let it have the range of the Study.

Thursday.

~~~~~~~~

Our parrot seems much more at home to-day. We have attached a swinging perch to the stove pipe, + he perches himself on the gas brackets. I have succeeded, too, in getting him to take food from my hand, ----

After dinner we Seniors set off in a couple of waggonettes to Strensall for some more shooting. We took our glees again +

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had a splendid time of it on the journey. It was a brilliant day, + the fruit trees all covered with blossom. I fired 40 rounds + did better than last week. The targets were 6ft in height + 4ft wide. The bull was only 8 inches across. The small circle is the bull + counts 4, within the other circle counts 3 + on the target counts 2.



At 100yds.

5 shots kneeling

5 standing

At 200yds.

5 kneeling

At 300yds.

5. Laid at full length



At the 100yds, my first shot was a bull, the next just below the bull; then came an outer, then one just over the bull + another outer. Standing up the first two were outers, + then I missed altogether. Following this was another outer + the last shot was an inner, scoring three, the total score was then 23. After this we retired to the

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200yds range. Here my first three shots went somewhere else, then I found the target, registering an outer, followed it up with an inner - 3. making a total score of 28. If I had had another shot I might have found the bull, but I had not. Again retiring to the 300yds, I got stretched out at full length + blazed away, making a couple of good steady misses, then I got the sighting right + found the target making an outer, taking a little more care with the next I struck just over the bull + with the last shot aiming a little lower I centred, scoring a bull ~~jus~~ + making a total of 37, against 28 last week.

Then going back to the 100yds. I began work again + by this time my shoulder began to know what firing meant. I scored a couple of outers, then missed the target, then an inner, + finally an outer. Standing up my first shot was a two + the next four shots were all

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Inners, though I could not find the bull. Total 23.

100yds

200yds

300yds



At the 200yds range I did better than before totalling 11. with a 2, three threes + a miss.

At the 300yds range I got a couple of outers + an inner making a full total of 41.

This was the end of my performances + I then made a move toward the refreshment canteen armed with the glorious threepenny tickets to refresh the inner man. We had no sooner got in, than the fire alarm was given. The militia are up for shooting + some of them had set the common on fire. This was the 5th time this week + the second time that day. All the soldiers turned out + went at the

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double to the scene of the fire, beating it out with bushes.

It was after 8 o’clock when we landed home, + turned into work after supper.

Friday.

~~~~~~

Our parrot is still alive + seems to be settled down finly[sic]. As I write he is perched on my desk here, looking on.

After tea I went out for a short walk + meeting someone with two or three fine Marshall-Neil[Maréchal Neil] Roses, got one transferred to my button-hole.

Saturday.

April 29.

~~~~~~~

We started our cricketing season to-day, having two teams out. One was playing Acomb who declared their timings closed with 104 runs for 5 wickets; Then our chaps went in + when stumps were drawn, they had scored 79 for the loss of 5 wickets.

I went with the other team to play against York Revellers. They batted first + we had

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four of their wickets down for 5 runs, so that we looked like having an easy victory, when a heavy shower came on + we had to retire. The shower lasted some time + when it was over our opponents wished to abandon the game, so we came home. Just before we began to play one of our fellows brought me a telegram which had arrived after I had left College, bearing the words, “Shall be in York at 3 o’clock - Elliott.” Of course I could not then get to see him, but as we came home, about 4 o’clock I looked in the station but did not find him. On landing back at College, one of our fellows said he had called a short time previously + had left word that he was going to the Minster, + then he would go to a certain restaurant at 5:30. I went straight off to the Minster as I was, in my flannels, but did not find him, so came back, got changed + then went off to the Creamery. I had not been there

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long before I saw him, so we went + had tea together. He had come as far as York with his sister who was going further northward. He was returning by the 6.30 train so we were not long together . I had to be in at 6.25 but took the law into my own hands + did not turn in. We went to the station to see if he could get home by a later train, but he could not, so I saw him off + then returned home.

We are endeavouring to get our time extended to 9.30p.m. on Sunday nights. We have had a deputation in to the Principal twice.

One has been in to-night + though he says he does not agree with us being out late, he will consult with the Vice, who I think rather favours our movement

Sunday.

April 30

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In consequence of the Vice going away to-day to preach we had no early chapel service.

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We had a service at 11 o’clock with a sermon by the Principal.

At dinner time another chap + myself obtained leave to be out from tea. We went to Wiggington in the afternoon and stayed until half-past seven, landing back just as the bell went at ¼ to 9.

As postman I often come across curious addresses on the envelopes. For instance one chap wrote to a married sister, addressing it Mrs -------,

St. John’s College, York. Of course it landed back here again.

Last week one came address. Mr -------

St John’s College, Lord Mayor’s Walk, Leeds.

And yesterday one arrived addressed

“Mr. W. H. Holmes.

St. John’s Straining College

Lord Mayor’s Work

York.

VOLUME III

May 1st, 1893, to May 27th

Monday.

May 1st

[page 1]

Today we have sent a deputation to the Vice about the Matron + the way she freaks the sick ones, who visit her at night for Sunday does of Gregory Comps or Beechams. She certainly gets abominable. As the deputation told the Vice, we are put in an awkward predicament for she cheeks us and we cannot answer her back.

One night the Vice did not come down to supper, so Mr Mills signed the papers for leave to see the Mahon. When the fellows went to her, she asked who had sent them. She was told Mr Mills.

“Well, Mr Mills seems to be taking a great deal too much upon himself” she answered. When the Vice was told this, he said “No, she would never say that.”

Tommy Tomlinson, who has had a severe cold went up for some cough medicine and was told to “Stop that coughing.”

“What are you laughing at?” “I wasn’t laughing, I was only shivering.”

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Another chap went up for a bit of cotton wood.

“Well! What do you want?”

“A bit of cotton wool, please.”

“I haven’t got any”

“What haven’t got a bit of cotton wool?”

“No.”

“Well, I think you ought to have in a place like this. I’ll go out and buy some.”

Went[when?] he had left the room. The rest were told that we were “the most cheeky, imprudent set she ever came across.”

Then the other day she sent us in a rhubarb pie.

You will be able to guess what it was like, when I tell you that the sugar, which had been put amongst rhubarb, had not melted.

On the strength of that uncooked rhubarb and dough we had to journey to Stensall, spend several hours on the shooting range, of the prospect of getting our teas at 8 o’clock at night. Now you stay at home birds what price that?[? – unclear]

Tuesday.

[page 3]

Not been at all well to-day. I have only attended half a lectures and did not parade for dull in the afternoon. At tea time I got leave to go to bed, so went at 6 o’clock.

When we get leave like this the answer is generally a gruff “Alright”, but when he asked me what I wanted tonight I began by saying that I had had a bad billions[sic] attack all day. When he immediately said Well you can go to bed if you like, it’s about the best thing you can do, go + get warm + I hope you’ll be better in the morning.

The reason for this difference lies in the fact that the Rev. the Vice Principal is himself a bilions[sic] subject. + I think this is the only ailment in which he expresses many words of sympathy to the sufferer.

“A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

“One touch of nature makes the whole world akin.”

Wednesday.

[page 4]

I did not get up until 8 o’clock thus missing early lecture + chapel service, landing down to breakfast.

In the afternoon I did not feel like knocking about much, so spent some time in teaching our parrot how to behave himself. After some trouble I got him to take things out of my mouth. I expect we’ll make something of him before we have done.

Thursday.

May 4th

We are working now for camp. This afternoon we have had sentries guarding the place.

We were on guard both back + front, a circumstance which caused many people to loiter on their way to watch proceedings. My duty chanced to be to guard the tennis court, tramping backward + forward. Then the order was sent round that we were to suppose it was night + be ready to challenge all comers. Soon after this I heard sounds of approaching footsteps, so challenged.

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“Halt! Who comes then?” “Friend.” “Pass Friend, All’s Well/”

A little while after the Serg. Major approached with a body of men. This time it was the Visiting guard. So in answer to my “Halt! Who comes there?” the answer was given “Visiting Guard.” “Advance visiting guard All’s Well.”

Once again after this I had to challenge + in answer to the usual query. I was pleased to hear “Relief”. So gladly called out “Advance Relief! All’s Well!” the relief party then advanced to ~~the~~ my post + halted.

“Sentries - Port – arms", whereupon the new sentry left the ranks, advanced towards me, halted one pace from me, each of us facing the other, with rifle at the port.

“Sentries. Pass” whereupon I moved away to the rear of the relieving party. Falling in the space left open, but in the opposite direction while the other chap stepped into my place.

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“Shoulder arms! “’Bout turn.” relief “Quick march + away we went to relieve the next post. The chap we left behind saluting meanwhile as we passed while I inwardly wished them joy.

Friday.

We have had the result of two exams brought in this morning. I am 7th on the list with 30 marks out of a possible 50; and 3rd on the other with 53 out of 60. This is an exam on the Prayer Book.

Several words were given to which we had to give meanings. One was the word “indifferently”

taken from the Prayer for the Church militant.

That the judges may “truely[sic] and indifferently administer justice.” One chap wrote that it meant “without the slightest care about the matter” so that as the Prin. says every time that fellow goes to Church, he prays that the judges may administer justice without having the slightest care about the matter.

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Another put that the word meant “Not taking the trouble to find out the real truth + then believing the ~~truth~~.

In his lecture today on English we got a couple more epitaphs from the Prin the second of which he has seen on a stone in Henfrodshire[sic – Hertfordshire?].

“Here lies the body of Susan Lowder

Who was killed by the bursting of a Seidlitz Powder[[28]](#footnote-28)

She sweetly sleeps in Heavenly rest.

But she should have waited till it effervesced.”

The second runs

“Here sweetly sleeps in hopes Zion.

John Henry Jones, who kept the Lion

Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

His widow keeps the business still.”

At night we had a singing practise. Mr Robinson + Mr Whitby. Tenor + bass from the Minster Choir came to assist us with the work.

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We had a pleasant evening of it. In the interval we had for a rest Mr Whitby sang us a song “Drinking” and Mr Robinson sang “Alice where art thou” (reminding me of Hathersage).

Saturday.

We had two teams out again to-day. The first teams were victorians scoring 74 against 53.

I was playing with the second team scoring a single before being caught as my contribution to a total of 40. Our opponents knocked up 50 before we dismissed them. Thus, we lost by 10 mins. I think the performance was credible enough as we had 14 men on the on the team who have never played before. The reason being some of the Junior cricketers having to go to Strensall for shooting.

Sunday.

May 6th

We had the ordinary morning Service at 8.30 a.m and at 11 we had the Litany + Communion with a sermon by the Vice.

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In the afternoon I was at the Minster + went through the Litany again.

For the last fortnight we have been carrying on an agitation with the view of getting an extension of time on Sunday nights during the summer months. We have visited the Prin repeatedly + laid before him the hardship of having to rush straight in from the Minster at night, of going to bed in daylight like so many children + watching people passing along on their evening walks.

We asked for an extension until 9.30 p.m.

The result is that today we commence our new rule of coming in at 9.20 for supper + trotting off to bed at 9.30. lights out 10 p.m.

This is subject to our good behaviour and punctuality in getting in at the proper time

Monday.

To-day there has been a meeting of subscribers

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and friends of the Society for the Promotion of Christian education among the poor. The meeting was held in College, the Archbishop was in the chair. Consequently, we were bundled out at 11 o’clock + had no more work to do until 20 to 4. 5 of us set off for a good walk in the country, first obtaining leave to be out from dinner. It was a fine day for a walk, and the hedges are covered with May blossom.

We walked along for about 6 or 7 mls + then came to the river. Here we yelled “Boat - ahoy”. + presently the ferryman came along + ferried us over. We now found ourselves in the village of Poppleton + voted that we looked after something for the inner man. We accordingly put up at the Fox Inn + ordered a cold dinner.

We had our joints of beef + a joint of veal to cut at. We finished off the veal – about 4 lbs - + made a fine inroad into the beef. To say nothing of the cheese we ate + all for 1/3 each.

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After dinner we sat + rested ourselves. + understanding that we could get back in an[sic] how we set off at half-past two, but before we had gone far, we missed our way + turned to take away across the fields. Often crossing several fields, we shuck the river + followed the banks until we came to a notice board bearing the words.

York Water Works

Tresspassers will be Prosecuted

However, we went on past a second + third of these notice-boards then we were stopped by a hedge we could neither get over nor through.

We had the river on one side + the railway on the other, an impassable barrier in front. The College a ml. + a half a way + 15 mins. from the roll call. At last, we however discovered a passage under the railway + then going through a wood, up a carriage drive + along a private road we got out on to the turnpike + discovered then where we were.

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We were a good 3 mls from Col. + past roll call. We finally landed in an hr late.

Of course, the monitor reported us, and we expected the Vice would be mad about it, but he only laughed at us getting lost. He was fortunately in a good humour.

Seeing in the Yorkshire Herald a notice to the effect that we are ordered out to-morrow night for a battalion drill, I am taking my belts + chaps upstairs tonight to clean them.

Tuesday.

May 9th

We started for the Drill Stall at 15 mins to 7 + in a very short time the whole battalion, divided into 14 companies, was on the march of the grounds of the Bootham Asylum. These grounds are close to the road, consequently the railings + palisades were lined with people to watch proceedings. After a few preliminary manoeuvres, we were drawn up in half battalions at quarter column distance.

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Thus: -

+ + + + + + +

(No 3)

+ + + + + + +

(No 4)

+ + + + + + +

(No 1)

+ + + + + + +

(No 2)

Captain

Colonel

Kearsley

Capt. + Adjutant Luke

Star in No. 4 shows my position

I was in No 4 company + this, with No 2 formed the reserve. The two inner halves of 1 + 3 companies first moved off, spreading out at a run until they were in a single line 4 poses from one another.

The remaining halves of these two companies formed the supports + advanced in double rank at some distance behind the firing line, ready to reinforce them, as gaps were made by men being killed or wounded. The killed + wounded very considerably got up afterwards + ran away to the rear, to take no further part in the engagement.

As the supports were gradually merged into the firing lane, we, in the reserve, received the order to “advance”. When 1700 yds from the position held by the enemy (unimaginary) the

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inner halves of these two companies were ordered to extend to 4 paces. We advanced thus to 800 yds from the enemy + then were ordered to kneel down for a time. Presently a further advance was made + we closed in to 2 paces, lying down now until the order to form the firing line. We had not long to wait + took up our position at the double losing a couple of men on the way. When in the line, we laid down again loaded + a moment afterwards poured in our first volley. There were about 100 of us in the firing line + 25 from each end [? - unclear] together + the inner 50 together. Volley succeeded volley. Then came the order “Rush”.

At this we jumped + rushed again on ahead until we heard “Ready” then down all our lengths in the dewy grass + loaded again ready for another volley. Then another rush + more volleys, men now + again falling out, to joint the great majority, until nearby 100 yds. from the enemy.

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When the whistle sounded “Cease firing” at this order we also “fire bayonets” still laid down. I had lost my companions on other hand + consequently fell eager for revenge. I was thirsting for blood, for gore, for ruddy gore.

In another few moments we received the order to “charge” + springing up we rushed forward while the supports followed with arms sloped.

We set off on the charge with a cheer + reached the enemy at last, though we lost half our men before doing so. The battle was now soon~~er~~ over + we were drawn off + reformed in our own companies. It was now quarter to nine + little daylight was left, so we all set off on the return journey, finishing up a grand nights outing with a march round the city.

We are ordered out again for Thursday night but I don’t know whether the Vice will let us have two nights a week, especially when we had nearly all Monday off + shall have

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a special service on Thursday morning (Ascension Day).

Wednesday.

In consequence of the Drill last night we had no early lecture this morning, but landed down in time for chapel at 20 to 8.

After dinner I took my kit down to the Drill Hall to have it fixed up. I had taken it to pieces easily enough (using the overcoat for a blanket) but putting it together again was a totally different thing. “Open your breeches” soon had it fixed alright. In the Drill Hall were the ovens, cooking apparatus, buckets, brooms + which are to be sent on to Bridlington next Monday. The fatigue party go on Wednesday + we follow on the Saturday.

We have been playing the Yorkshire Gentlemen today at cricket. They battled first + knocked up 126 runs. Then our fellows went in + scored 110 for the first 3 wickets.

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We had thus 17 more to get + 7 wickets to fuel and the beggars couldn’t do it for they only got 13 more amongst them, we eventually losing the match by 3 runs.

Two of our chaps have been playing football for a team of York Old Boys against the Pantomime Company in aid of the charities. I say they played for the York Old Boys but before the match had proceeded very far, they changed over to the opposite side.

The linesman was a policeman with a head six times the ordinary size + a helmet to match, viz. six sizes 100 small. He seemed to[sic] imbued with the idea that he ought to lock somebody up + as the players resisted all his efforts effectually, he collared a dog + gravely locked it up + then retired from this scene proud of the fact that he had done his duty. The umpire was another pliceman, who spent the greater part of

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his time talking to the girls on the Grand Stand.

When he occasionly[sic] awoke to the fact that he ought to be running about + watching the game, + finding that the ball + players were at the other side of the field, he would call out “Hi, you there, bring that ball here, how can I see whether you are playing fair or not?”

The other linesman seemed to have the idea that every time the ball came near him, it was his duty to run away with it, necessitating some of the players chasing him to recover it.

At the end of the game, when all was over, one of the players – a clown, begged piteously to be allowed to kick the ball. He had been running about all the game + had never kicked the ball once.

So he had a nice little kick all to himself.

Eventually the Pantomime Company won by 2 dropped Goals + 3 tries to 3 Association Goals, which is about as sensible as two men playing whist + saying that one won by

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21 points in Cribbage to 5 games at Dominoes.

Thursday.

May 11

As this is Ascension Day we had neither early lecture or chapel + had the pleasure of coming straight down to breakfast.

We had one lecture from 9 to 10 and at 5 mins. past 10 I began to toll the bell for a special service in the Chapel. It was over by a quarter to 11 + then we had no more work to do until 20 to 4. a party of us took books + went a cozy spot near by on the banks of the Foss + laid reading until dinner time. To-night we are out on another Battalion Drill. As I write this I am dressed half soldier + half civilian, having just sneaked upstairs + partly changed.

Friday.

May 12

We had a battalion drill last night, the last. I expect I shall take part in. We had a fine nights’ outing, and when it was over our

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company led a march round the city.

This morning we had no early lecture, this being the third successive morning we have enjoyed the luxury of an extra hour in bed.

Saturday.

This afternoon I crossed off the cricket team, on account of Alf. Hodgson (Barebro)[?] coming over from Leeds. We went to the Minster + up the Tower.

There were about 20 people on the top. We had tea at Miss Takes. (Frank knows who she is) + I had leave out until 8 o’clock.

One of our teams was playing Bootham Asylum + some of our chaps got talking to some of the lunatics.

Oh! Yes. I’m the King of England. I've not seen my son the Prince of Wales lately, but I can see at a glance that you are his children. How are you my grand-children? So glad to see you.

Another had one million contracts out each of which would bring him in one million pounds.

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With him, money was merely a commodity, simply a commodity.

Sunday.

We had an early chapel service immediately after breakfast, and another service at 11 o’clock with a sermon by the Vice. In the afternoon I went to the Minster + at night to St. Mary's Church.

Monday.

We have parted with our parrot to-day. It had got quite tame + went hopping all over the room, perching on our desks + running away with our pens if he got half a chance.

We have given him to Mr Wilson, our Normal Master who has several times expressed a desire to have it. He says we are quite welcome to look in at his house anytime to see the bird if we want to.

After tea, three of us were helping the Vice to water the tennis court. This long spell of fine weather is bad for the new

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turf that has been laid down.

At night we held a meeting, to decide on what we are going to do at Camp. There is one prize of £5 offered for the best turn out of 12 privates and 1 N.C. officer in marching order. I moved.

“That we Senior Students enter this competition.

“That a team of 12 men + 1 N.C. officer be chosen by the Study to represent the Study

“That the money, if won; be divided equally among those Senior Students in camp.”

My proposition was carried + I have been chosen to form one of the party. We are going in hot + strong for this £5.

We are also having a shot for the prize for the best lines. Each morning when we get up, our beds have to be rolled and placed in a line outside the tent door each row in a perfect line with the row of beds in the next tent. The neatest +

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straightest lines take the prize.

Tuesday.

A wet day. Reg. Newton + I got the tennis court marked out this afternoon.

We had company drill from 4 to 5 o’clock.

The adjutant came down + put us through a few tactics in battle formation. I was out among the skirmishers.

I fancy I got dotted in the black book this morning. I went into the monitor’s room for something or other. + Juddy Carter was in engaged in rolling up his great coat + shopping it up with his mess in[?].

It was the first time he had had his coat out + so he must needs show me how it fitted him. He put it on, with his arms in the sleeves + then I stood close to him + buttoned it up in front of me, so that we were both inside the coat. We looked so ridiculous that I proposed we went into

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the Study. So in we marched, in step + you may guess the reception we met with.

The noise fetched in the Vice, but we were strutting up + down, in blissful ignorance of his presence in the room. When we did catch sight of him, the way we slipped out of that coat + into our places was a surprise to everybody. His Royal Highness said nothing, but there is eloquence in some people’s silence.

Wednesday.

May 17

May Holiday. We had only one team out to-day playing cricket. We played St. Martin's School on the Race Course at Knavesmire. We lost the toss + were sent in to bat first. Our innings opened very disastrously for the first 4 crickets only realized about a dozen runs. I went in 9th with the score between 30 and 40 + before I came away we had tunnel 70 of which I was answerable for 14. I had

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played over half an hour for them, and had just about got mastery of the bowling, when I was unfortunate enough to be caught. A splendid catch it was, too. My partner knocked up 25, having gone in 5th + was the last cricket down. Our winnings closed for 9th.

Our opponents then went in, sending in two masters first, but one got his cricket broken in the first over + the other, who looked like doing damage, was run out. Their runs came very slowly, owing to our sharper fielding + though they were at the crickets nearly as long as we were, we finally dismissed them for a total of 21, thus winning by 73 runs.

At tea time we received the usual toast for a win. “To-day’s - team.”

Thursday.

Out on sentry duty again this afternoon. This is our last drill before camp + consequently have been receiving final instructions.

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everybody is busy scrubbing away, brushing, polishing + pipe-claying. One equipment is a tang led mass of buckets + straps + requires the exercise of not a little ingenuity to get every pack properly fixed in its place.

Fellows every now + then are singing out instructions fearful lest they should forget them.

“The haversack must be first neatly folded + put on over the left shoulder. Then put on the equipment. The overcoat must be carefully rolled into a width not exceeding 16 ins. The mess tin must then be affixed on the coat + between the coat. Straps: the glengarry is also bound up with the great – coat – badge outside: these must then be attached to the waistbelt, together with both pouches + bayonet frog, last of all strap the water bottle on the right shoulder.” “Legging must be worn. Kersey frock + helmet.” “Tunic to be packed in baggage.

A nice cumbersome affair the whole lot is

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I can tell you, when you get it fixed.

I hope we shall have some different weather to what we are having now. We have had some terrific thunderstorms to-day, accompanied by thunder + lightning + hail.

(The last three words from a glee we are learning)

“When shall we three meet again

“In thunder lightning or in hail

“When the hurly burly’s done

“When the battle’s lost + won.”

Friday.

The Yorkshire Hussars are up for their ten days training in York. I have been this afternoon to the racecourse, to watch the Drill. The horses of many of them were evidently unaccustomed to military work. Two fellows got race spills.

Saturday.

May 20

I was up last night until this morning (if you can understand an Irishism)

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putting finishing touches on my equipment helmet + packing our things up.

The boxes have gone this morning.

We were booked for an exam this morning but we sent a deputation to the Vice + begged off.

We are in no mind for work this morning. It was raining when we got up, but it has cleared up now, though I’m afraid the ground will be damp.

May 29

Well Camp is now a thing of the past, and we live this week on the memories of last.

And what experiences we have had!

Perhaps I had better begin at the beginning and give the detailed account from day to day.

Here goes then.

Saturday

May 20th

We “fell in” in front of the College at half past two on Saturday afternoon the 20th, in full rig out, and a tidy weight the whole

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equipment too. We did not waste much time, as clouds, thick + threatening, were gathering round, but with a cheer from the half-dozen fellows who would not go, we bade good-bye to College for a week + marched away to the Drill Stall. We had no sooner reached shelter then a heavy shower came down lasting over half-an-hour. However, it cleared up, before we were ready to start, though the roads were left dirty + muddy.

Soon after 3 o’clock we set off for the station, where in spite of the wet weather, a considerable crowd had collected to witness our departure.

A “special” was in waiting + in a very short time we were entrained + on the road to Bridlington. Often an uneventful journey we arrived at Bridlington at 6 o’clock + were met by Cap. + Adj. Luke who had gone on before with the fatigue party.

The Camp was situated about 10 mins

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walk from the Station, so we had not a very long march. Arriving at Camp, we found we were the first battalion to arrive. We were quickly shown to our tents, which were over 400 in number. Each tent is capable of holding 8 men, but we had only 7 in ours. We had to wait for our left half battalion from Knaresboro, Harrogate + Pateley Bridge, before we could have any tea, so we set about to examine our home for the coming week + to arrange matters. The beds consisted solely of a waterproof to put on the ground first, along bag filled with shaw for a bed, a small one-ditto-for a pillow + a couple of horse-rugs. We first arranged these round the tent, got in our luggage + then stacked our rifles round the tent pole + slung our equipments as best as we could. It was 8 o’clock before the bugle sounded “Come to the cook-house door boys” a call which we never mistook during the

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whole week. We each received a large pork pie, which however was too rich for an empty stomach. This item over, we received orders for the remainder of the day. The bugle would sound 1st Post at 10.30 p.m. 2nd post, when all must be in, at 11 p.m. + “lights out” at 11.15 p.m. Reveilleè 5.30 a.m. As we had nothing now to do, we lightened up the tent, and laced the door + then went to explore Bridlington. We had just got down to the harbour + had stood watching the tide roll in for about 5 mins. when it began to rain + presently to pour down. We sheltered under the life-boat-house as long as there was any shelter + then we set off for Camp. When we got there we found the rain had begun to come through in several places + one of the beds had got quite wet. However we had a spare one so it did not matter much. We then began to

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spread the beds for the night, simply showing off tunics + boots + rolling ourselves in the rugs, + were just settled down when the bugles sounded “lights out”. Oh, that first night! I shall never forget it. We had heard a lot about insects to[sic] + had already made the acquaintance of sundry spiders to[sic], the rain continued to pour, accompanied by thunder + lightning. We were properly roughing it for the first night. Added to this we had the College growler in our tent + directly lights went he began “Oh! lor I wish I was at home.” “What in the world did I come here for.”

“Oh, lor I’m itching all over.” Then I got a long shaw + gently drew it over his face, at which he jumped straight up scattering his rugs as he did so, exclaiming “Good Heavens, there’s a spider crawling over my face, I wish I was out of this.” then he couldn’t get his rugs right + as soon as he had

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got settled down I tickled his face again, with same result. He nearly killed us all with laughing at him, and it was long after midnight when I fell asleep + at 2 o’clock I was awakened by hearing the sentry challenge zone one.

Whit. Sunday.

May 21st

I got no more sleep after this + at half-past-three I got up + went out-side. It was a splendid morning bright + clear + the cuckoo was calling away + birds singing ever so sweetly. I took the bucket + went + had a good swill (washing in the […] is forbidden) + coming back again found nearly all our fellows were stirring.

Every morning the beds have to be folded + placed outside the tent + a prize of £5 is offered for the straightest line during the week. We determined to go in for this prize so, the next thing was to fold the beds.

They are to be folded in 3 in the waterproofs with the pillow inside, the rugs folded

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separately according to regulations + laid on the beds, the tunic, folded on the top of this + the helmet placed on the whole. By the time “reveilleè” sounded we had got a splendid line, simply by working all together. We had 8 tents, with 8 beds in each + we got them so straight that the spikes of the helmets were in such a straight line that if you shut one eye + looked down the line only the first spike could be seen. We were complimented over + over again by every officer that came by. The Brigadier General said it was the best in the Brigade.

At 6 o’clock an officer came to our Company + asked us if we would mind going into the band marquee to practice the service with the band, for the officers would like the College Co. to form a choir at the Drum-head service. We went at 7 o’clock, filling in the next hour by cleaning our beds + brightening

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our helmets + buckles for the Church Parade. At 8 we had breakfast + this over we had to prepare dinner. Each tent sends one man – the tent orderly (I’ll describe his duties when I come to the day I took them) to the butcher for the meat-raw, + to the stores for potatoes. Each tent peels its own potatoes, which are then taken with the meat to the ovens. We had had dinners every day, much better than we have in Col. Fried Bacon every morning + more butter than we could eat, in fact I used it for grease to clean my rifle with. We had coffee for breakfast + coffee at 6 a.m. You was served in the afternoon + for dinner there was either beer or lemonade.

At 9.45 we paraded for Service, after the Catholics had marched to the Catholic Church. The Huddersfield Battalion attended service at the Priory Church in Bridlington, but the other three battalions attended the Drumhead service in a large field near the camp.

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Besides the York, Bradford + Skipton regiments, the worshippers included several thousands of visitors from the Quay.

We were drawn up so: [...][[29]](#footnote-29)

The lesson was read by the Rev. J.W Hall, Chaplain to the Skipton Corps + the sermon was preached by the Chaplain to the Bradford Rifles, the Rev. V.F. Ryan, whose tent was.

“The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.” Exodus XIII 21.

He preached a short sermon on the two heads

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guidance + light.

After the service was over we marched back to our own parade ground + were inspected by the Brigadier General, who examined each man’s turn-out[?]. When he reached our Company, the Colonel told him that this was the Company that formed a choir at the service. “Oh1 is it” he said “I was very much stuck with the singing. It was a very good idea + I must thank you for your services.” afterwards, addressing the whole battalion, he said he was delighted with everything except the bed lines + told the other companies to go + look at E. Company’s line + see what could be done when men tried. “The line of E. Company was a credit to the men themselves + a fine example to the whole Brigade. There was not a straighter or tidier line in the whole encampment.”

We were then dismissed to dinner after which

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we were free until 11 p.m., tea being optional. After dinner I went for a stroll along the sands and at night had a walk along the cliffs.

Monday.

I slept much sounder last night than I did on Saturday night, and was up at 4 a.m. cleaning rifle + belts ready for parade at 6.30. I wondered as we marched out, whether any of you would be strolling out for a run before breakfast. It didn’t seem much like Whit. Monday to be drilling about all day.

This drill last an hr. and a half + wasn’t I just ready for a breakfast when we got in. It was turned half past 8 when we got breakfast served, then there was dinner to prepare, tent to tidy, books + leggings to black again, for they were wet with dew and to be on parade again at 10 o’clock.

This drill lasted until 1 o’clock, by which time every man was thoroughly tried out, but we had not done yet. We had to parade again at 2.30, but in consideration of the good work we had done we were dismissed for the day

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after a little over an hour’s drill.

There were many trips in to-day + the camp was full of visitors + some from York brought us word that the Matron died on Sunday night.

(An inquest was held. Verdict. “Death from natural causes). I did not go out until after tea, but lay down in the tent + had a nap. After tea I went down to the promenade + sat there watching the sea the boats + - (I wished I had had some glasses, but dash it, you might nearly as well wear the broad arrow as a scarlet coat).

We turned in at 11 o’clock + with 4 ½ hrs. sleep we were on the stir again, cleaning, folding beds to + generally preparing for drill at 6.30.

Tuesday.

The following is an account of Tuesday’s work, called from the Yorkshire Post. “The four battalions of Rifle Volunteers from West Yorkshire who are brigaded at Bridlington under command of Colonel J.G. Wilson for the week had their first spell of actual brigade duty this afternoon. Many hours of the early morning

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+ the forenoon were spent to good purpose by the corps on their own parade grounds. The evolutions in which the men were tried by the commanding officers were well calculated to help the Volunteers to acquire just the kind of knowledge + dexterity in action requisite to combined exercises with other battalions. Aroused from brief slumbers by bugle notes sounded long before the larks that here fill the air with music are astir, or how volunteers start their daily tasks at home, all four corps were in the presence of their commanding officers by 6.30 a.m. Beginning the day so early + so well, these amateur soldiers, who are pictures of health appear to acquire appetites, not only for breakfast but for all the work which comes after that repast. At 10 o’clock to the minute every man who was not actually engaged upon brigade duty which he could not leave turned out again for two hours + a half’s downright hard work, directed by his Colonel. By bright cheerful demeanour, elasticity of step, smart equipment + alertness to hear + obey the word of command, the men convinced all who saw the morning parades that they had settled down to camp life + work

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with a will.

At 1.45 we were again on parade + at 2.30 we marched away to a large field for brigade drill with the other battalions + to practise firing a Fen-de-joie. We came off duty again at half past four.

Tea was served at 5 o’clock, after which 9 of us commenced to clean all our toggery ready for 9 p.m. at which hr. we had to mount guard for the night. We dressed in overcoats, rolled the haversack + put it on, then buckled on all the remainder of the equipment + last of all slung on the water-bottle. This was a regular nuisance for we had only about 100 yds to go + then pull all the equipment to pieces again.

However, just on the stroke of 9 p.m. the bugles sounded “New Guard” and we fell in on the Parade Ground in charge of a sergeant + corporal. After waiting some little time Capt. + Adj. Luke came + inspected us minutely + being satisfied with our turn-out we received the order

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“New Guard, form fours. Left wheel. Quick march” and away we went to the guard tent of the portion of the camp which we had to guard. Arriving there the Old Guard was drawn up to receive us on which the following ceremony was enacted.

“Old Guard. Present arms.” “New Guard. Present arms.”

“Old Guard. Shoulder-arms.” “New Guard. Shoulder arms.”

“Old Guard. Order-arms.” “New Guard. Order-arms.”

After this we were numbered. There were none of us + 3 go on sentry at once. I was number 6. nos. 1,2 + 3 were then ordered to enter the guard tent + divest themselves of everything exceot leggings, great-coat, waist-belt, one pouch + of course bayonet + rifle. No. 1 then relieved the sentry on duty in front of the guard tent + the other two were marched to the other two posts by the corporal of the Old Guard + the corporal of the New Guard + the relieved sentries were brought back and marched away with the Old Guard, we presenting arms as they did so. As soon as they had gone the

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remaining 6 of us were dismissed to the guard tent to divest ourselves in a similar manner to the other three. It was now nearly 10 o’clock + my turn of sentry go was from 11 to 1. Those in the tent are supposed to be alert + ready for emergencies. They have to turn out when visited by the officer during the night. We had the whole night before us, nothing to eat or drink, the bare ground to sit or lie down upon + then with the bayonet on + rifle + helmet close at hand.

It soon seemed to be eleven o’clock + as the last post sounded, Nos. 4, 5 + myself were called out to relieve sentries. No. 4 relieved no.1, who then took No. 4 place + marched with us to the next beat, where no. 5 + no. 2 change place. This post was on the parade ground. I had to relieve no. 3 whose post was in front of the offices quarters. When we reached the post “Relief Hall.” “Sentries port arms” + then it being too dark to reach the board of instructions. The old sentry had to repeat

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them to me. I was “to march about in a brisk + soldier-like manner, when on the move + when not to stand at ease.

To salute + pay compliments to all officers according to rank + present guns to all armed parties.

To guard the entrance to the officers’ quarters + prevent all entering except on business.

To prevent damage to the hedge + many other duties such as controlling cabs + carriages fetching visitors. This over “Sentries pass". "Shoulder arms.” “Bout turn.” “Relief. Quick march” + I was left to solitude + my thoughts until 1 o’clock in the morning.

My first adventure was with a drunken old chap who was sure “it couldn’t be done for 15 bob a week.” At 11.15 tattoo was sounded for “lights out” + after this I had to challenge all comers.

A concert was in progress in the officers’ mess but by midnight all the guests had departed + the meeting broken up. Then some of the younger sparks came out with a bajo + kicked up a regular now. “Visiting rounds” came four times

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to see if I was awake + at the same time found one or two asleep in the guard room. When the sentry there called “Guard. Turn out”, one came with his helmet on hind before, another had lost his chin-strap + the whole crew were half asleep. Soon after the gong sounded 1 o’clock I heard the tramp of armed feet + posting arms called out the usual challenge “Halt! Who comes there?” “Relief.” “Advance Relief. All’s well” and in a few more moments I was off back to the guard tent while another had taken my place on sentry 90. Here I had 4 hrs. to pass + lay down on the “cold, cold ground” for a nap, but it was no use. It's a difficult matter trying to sleep on the bare ground, with no pillow + dressed for fighting or anything else that may turn up. It was bitterly cold + we were compelled to turn out and stamp about to keep our blood from freezing.

At 5 o’clock I went on sentry again for another spell of 2 hrs. I had only to challenge for half-an-hour

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When Reveilèè went at 5.30 a.m. After this it was not so dreary for men began to turn out + I could watch our fellows fold their beds + make the line. Orderly servants now began to come over to the officers’ quarters, boot cleaning. Sword brightening too.

I stopped everyone until they told their business. As it was inspection day for our battalion, we had no early drill, but soon after 6 I had to “present arms” to one of the other battalions going out for drill, and shortly afterwards the Brigadier General came round on a tour of inspection of all posts. At 7 o’clock I was again relieved, and spent the next two hours in rolling overcoats + shopping all up in marching order. Our breakfasts were brought about half-past eight, but I shouldn’t care to live on the breakfast you can snatch (for that’s about the right word for it) in a guard tent, especially on inspection day. At 9 o’clock the bugle sounded “change guards”, but it was nearly

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half-past before the new guard had been put through all their formalities + appeared on the scene.

While waiting for them a rather heavy shower came on + we beat a retreat to the tent. At last we were relieved + marched off the parade ground, to await dismissal by the the[repetition in text] subaltern for the day. This gentleman was not to be found + we were kept waiting until 10 o’clock, inwardly blessing him. The battalion was out on the parade ground taking position for inspection + while we were waiting the Sheffield excursion steamed slowly by (The railway passes the camp).

At last however the subaltern was found + after examining us we were released from duty for the day. I soon had my things off, changed my kersey for tunic, after a swill, discarded leggings + donned belt + glengarry, to say nothing of the cane + went down to the parade ground, where a host of visitors were assembled in the hopes of finding some one I knew.

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The weather at an early hour in the morning gave considerable cause for anxiety, as the sky was overcast + there was a rather heavy shower of rain but as the morning wore on the clouds broke + a delicious breeze served to temper the atmosphere of what might have been a very hot day + further embrowned the faces of our “citizen orderlies”, many of whom are already looking as though they had endured the vicissitudes of several campaigns. The operations of the day were carried out out[repetition in text] under the most favourable auspices + as the rain held off during the “ceremonial parade” the large number of visitors who assembled were enabled to witness the days’ doings[?] in comfort.

The York Battalion were additionally busy, having fixed Wednesday for their annual inspection which took place previous to the brigade celebration.

The men were first paraded in marching order, 674 strong + gave the inspecting officer Col. Harrington commandant of the 14th Regimental District – the customary salute. After the inspection of Rir.[?] + equipment the men turned out in review order. I was keeping our fellows to change (not having to

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parade myself) + while in the middle of it all I saw Mother + Charlie stalking down the lines. Unfortunately, they had missed the first part of the inspection but were in time for the remainder.

Following in again under command of Col. Kearsley, the men were put through various evolutions + exercises by Lieutenant, Colonels Stawdon + White + Major Anderson. On the conclusion of these Col. Harrington briefly addressed the battalion, remarking that what he had seen executed well + steadily, the marching was capitally done, the word of command being correctly given by the officers. He hoped to make a favourable report on the battalion on his return + he congratulated officers, non-commissioned officers + men alike on the way in which they had turned out. Considering the short time they had been drilled, their work was very creditable indeed. He would not detain them with any further remarks, as the brigade was about to join in celebrating the Queen’s Birthday.

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The Bradford Huddersfield + Skipton Battalions had meanwhile paraded + left the camp under their respective officers, marching to a rendezvous in a field adjoining the encampment. On being joined by the York battalion a double line of half brigades was formed + the various bands were massed, thus:

Union Jack Saluting Pt.

++\*++

+++++

+

General + Staff

+

+

+

Bradford Battalion

York Battalion

Massed Bands.

+

Skipton Battalion

Huddersfield Battalion

The Union Jack was then run up at the saluting point + feu-de-joie fired. In these three rounds of blank are fired in the air, commencing on the right of the front rank + running it down on man firing after the other + then up the rear rank. After this down the front + up the rear of the other half brigade. You can form an idea of the sound made when I tell you that each rank contained 600 men. Immediately the last

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shot is fired the bands play the opening bars of “God save the Queen” the men still remaining with rifles in the air. And talk about a back aching job! It was enough to break your back. A second round was then fired in the same + then a third. After the third round the band playing the National Anthem through. Then three cheers were given for the Queen.

Following this was a march past by battalions in columns of company in order of seniority – York leading.

The brigade was preceded by the massed bands + the pioneer + signalling detachment + following by the cyclist corps, making a total force of nearly 3000 men. After this the brigade marched past in quarter column, then returned in quarter-column of battalions. The principal officers were – Brigadier – General Wilson, Brigadier Major Colonel Armitage, Major Wharton A.D.C.; Colonel Harrington, Colonel Napier, Captains Sichel + Sharpe (Supply + Transport), Lieutenant Young (Bridlington, East Riding Divisional Officer of the Coast guard.

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After the marches past, the brigade formed a hollow square + Brigadier General Wilson, addressing the men, said he was exceedingly pleased with what he had seen of them that day. The whole turn-out was creditable alike to themselves + their regiments + the different movements carried out had been very well performed. The manner in which the whole of the operations had been conducted did then great credit as a brigade of volunteer infantry. He was

glad to see that there were officers of the regular forces present + he might tell them that Colonel Harrington, who had inspected the York Battalion + had allowed them to take part with the other battalions in the brigade celebration, had expressed great approval of that battalion. The afternoon would be spent as a half-holiday + he asked them to recollect the credit of the brigade + not let there be any bad behaviour or disorderliness in the town. He urged them in their conduct during their training to do credit to the uniform they wore + to maintain the good discipline which had already distinguished them. During the next two days there would be various brigade

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movements + he asked them not to cause any damage to the grounds over which they would march + which had been kindly lent for the occasion.

The men were then marched to their own parade grounds + dismissed for dinner.

I then left Mother + Charlie, arranging to meet them again at 2 o’clock, but it was nearly 3 before I got down into the town. We spent the afternoon on the promenade + after tea we met Mr. Gibson + also the Vice who came up + had a talk with us (By – the – bye – Mother holds the honour if such it be of being the first + only relative of any of our fellows to be introduced to H.R.H., I believe).

After seeing the Sheffield train off I went back to the shore + at 9 o’clock turned in for a torchlight tattoo. a picket of 60 men from each battalion + the combined bands took part in this display, which was witnessed by some hundreds of visitors, who had visited the camp for the purpose. The display took place in field near the camp.

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The dots show the torch bearers + the crosses the bandsmen, the brass bands on one side + the drums + fife bands on the other. The brass band, on the signal given by the firing of a rocket

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Commenced to play a slow march + the two bands with torchbearers amongst them slowly advanced, mingled + passed each other.

The signal for each fresh movement was given by the firing of a rocket. They next marched in quick time, this time to the music of fifes merry led + again passed each other. Then they marched round the square + across it in all directions. It was a pretty sight to see the great square of blazing torches all round + the ever moving groups in the middle. The band, at the finish played “God save the Queen” + after this what is called the “Last Post” + “Lights out” on which the torch beams put out the flames + we were left in darkness. Thus ended a most eventful day + at 11.30 p.m. I kicked off my boots, changed my tunic (making a pillow of it) for my kersey + then rolling myself up in the two rugs, laid myself down for 5 hrs. asleep, having been up + hard at work for the last 43 hours. I never felt as wearied + tired out in my life + was fast asleep within 5 mins. of laying, despite the spiders + which were our

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regular guests throughout the week.

Thursday.

I was up again soon after 4 o’clock and how we all enjoyed those swills in cold water first thing in the morning. They were just delicious. Then the business of folding beds + straightening the lines was begun, for they were to be inspected that day + the prize awarded, so we took special care over them, nor were our efforts unrewarded for we carried off the prize in a canter.

The highest + lowest of the officers united in praising us, saying that the line was marvellous + not only did we beat others in the camp but all previous College Companies. I think we may be pardoned for feeling a little vain.

Then came the business of cleaning equipment for the day + cleaning our rifles (not a little task) after yesterday’s firing. Blank cartridge makes the rifle much more dirty than full[?]. The powder slicks + cakes itself all round the barrel. We had no early drill, but breakfast was served

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at 6.30 a.m. + at 7 we were inspected on the parade ground. We wore helmets + kerseys, belts with pouch in front + water bottles + were served with 10 rounds of ammunition + we were ready for the fray. The general idea was that invading force, having landed at Hambore Hd[?], were advancing to seize Danes Dyke + to march on Bridlington + the Query. Danes Dyke was held by the Huddersfield, a battalion supposed to be the advance guard of the invaders. Bridlington was supposed to be held by a defending army + the remaining three battalions – York, Bradford + Skipton – to be sent out against them.

The rendezvous was a place about 3 or 4 mls on the other side of Bridlington to where we were go to meet the foe. Thus we had the distance to march twice over. And it was a march. we were soon white over with dust + marching at ease some with rifles on the shoulder, some trailed some under their arms + some slung behind. Men smoking + singing or whistling. The water bottles

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were of great service + were often refilled at way side houses. We arrived at the rendezvous just followed by an ammunition cart + a dray load of grub. We sat down by the way side, in numbers nearly 700 + waited for the others. Then when they came up we advanced to meet the foe along three different roads, signallers + cyclists keeping the different commanders in knowledge of what each of the others were doing. The College Co. was second in the advance of our Battalion + when we got near the place where it was expected we should find the enemy the first Co. went off as skirmishers at some distance ahead + presently we heard the crack of rifle shots. Our Company were then ordered to advance at the double in half companies. We ran about ¾ of a ml. + through a village – until we arrived at some park-gates. We were just in time to see half the first campaign enter + they were immediately fired on. Taking advantage of this attraction of the

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enemy's attention we slipped in, bending close to the ground + making a detour round a hedge row got into a sort of little valley, quite out of sight. We then spread out 2 paces distance of each other + began to climb the hill + on nearing the top, crawled up on hands + knees (Golly the fun was beginning). When we reached the top, we saw a body of the enemy holding a gateway about 300 yds in front of us + our officer determined to clear that first, we accordingly lay all our lengths + loaded + gave them a fine volley + before they had recovered from the astonishment gave them another + pound in a third before they answered. Half a dozen volleys cleared them from the front of the gate. Umpires were attached to each side, who ordered what they thought to be the loosing[sic] side to fall back. We had not quite finished them, so rushing forward a couple of hundred yds. we dropped on the knee + gave them a bit more, while ammunition servers ran along the rank + filled our pouches. I can

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Understand soldiers being excited in battle. I know I was. Thirst, tiredness, dust + dirt, everything forgotten. All was blood + bullets.

We had now cleared the first field + entered a second + taking advantage of a little copse of wood, we hid behind to load + rose up to fire + by one section firing as another loaded we kept a continual fire, until the enemy once more began to fall back. Our whole battalion was now up + at work + the rattle + roar was indescribable. Then came our hottest bit of work. We passed through the second park + entered a third by a little gate, under a heavy fire of the foe behind a hedge in the next field. We ran at the double + kneeling down as we came up, poured in such a fire of independent volleys + their umpire ordered them to retreat. It was every man load + fire as quickly as he could. I had my pouch filled + emptied three without moving from the spot when I first knelt. Then as they retreated, we followed, giving them volley after volley as they did, until we reached

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The same hedge that had sheltered them. Getting under cover of this we still continued to pour in the deadly hail. I fired + fired until my rifle was choked with the remnants of cartridges + so had to fall out + clean it. The barrel was nearly red hot. After cleaning it somewhat I again got to work, while buglers ran along the ranks with their helmets full of cartridges, supplying us, as we ran short.

We were next ordered to retrace part of the way we had come, in order to enter a field + get on their flank. This would have caused a delay of at least a quarter of an hr. + meanwhile, the enemies outputs were falling back on their main body + it was to our advantage to keep tormenting them. We therefore asked the captain to put us at the hedge + we would soon be over. He said “alright if you can do it”. Our harrier training came in useful + another chap + myself were ordered to push on ahead + signal as soon as we caught sight of our foes, who were taking up position

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in a wood. Over we went + keeping under cover as best we could, ran down the side of a ploughed field when we got to the bottom of the field I saw the enemy plainly, wish one of their flanks exposed. I accordingly signalled to our captain, who came up at the double with the rest of our company + then kneeling down, fired a succession of half-company volleys, fairly raking their ranks. We two were then again sent on to explore a bend in road. On rounding it, we found we had reached the part of Dane Dyke which it was our duty to clear + not a sight of the enemy was to be seen. Our company soon afterwards came up + took possession of the Dyke + then sitting down, we enjoyed a well earned rest, proud of the fact, that as regards our flank, we were victorious.

The firing of the main front continued some short time longer + then ceased. The umpires gave in their decision that we had very

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successfully beaten back the outpost + pickets + that the taking or retaining of the Dyke had now developed into a hand-to-hand fight.

Our captain, now said he thought we had better be looking after some torch + we quite agreed with him. It was now 1.30 + we had breakfasted at 6.30, so you may be sure we were quite ready to attack anything in the form of eatables. We accordingly again fell in + marched off to the grub-waggon. On the way we passed Major Anderson.

“Where are you going, Captain Wood?”

Capt. Wood (salutary) “Nearest way to the tuck-waggon Sir.”

Another Company was laid down just at the spot + hearing this their Captain called out “D Company, Rise”, “Right turn” “Double March”

Seeing this Capt. Wood also called out.

“E Company, Double March + shew the beggars a clean pair of heels” + with our battle cry “[? unclear] for ever”, off we went + beat them

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Easily. The Vice was mightily tickled.

We were soon making inroads into the provender bread + cheese + lemonade or beer – and just you go through the same exercise as we had been through + you would say such fare was fit for a king.

After a short rest, we mustered again + fell in for the return march. As we neared Bridlington there were hundreds out to meet us (many had been with us to see the fight) and what sights we looked. Officers + men alike covered from head to foot with a white mantle of dust, our faces as black as n-----s[[30]](#footnote-30) with powder + smoke.

In the country we marched as we liked, but on reaching the town, we were called to attention + marched in with sloped arms.

Reaching Camp we were dismissed to dinner, which after a good wash down went down well Cleaning boots, belts, leggings, tunics + occupied us until tea time, after which we

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strolled out on the promenade + enjoyed ourselves until 11 o’clock, when we turned in + once more rolling our selves up in the blankets, simply kicking off our boots, we sought repose.

Friday.

We were up betimes again in the morning, cleaning + preparing for another field day. We did not start as early as yesterday, not having such a long march. The attack this time was made from the opposite side of Bridlington to yesterday’s work, the enemy being supposed to be advancing from York. Our Company – much to our disgust – was held in reserve, and our outing consisted in marching here there + every where. We only once got under fire + then five sounds were all we shot, just enough to cause us to have to clean our rifles again + to further some our tempers. Once our good spirits roused when we were put on special duty + had to scale a hedge + a wall, dropped down an embankment through a thick wood into some private grounds, where it was expected we should

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find the enemy concealed. In the wood was a stream which had to be crossed. The enemy had been + gone, but not before blowing up all the bridges + by the time we got across all fighting was at an end. Then we were paraded for a Review + march Post., after which the Officers were lectured by the General, during which we piled arms + lay down. There was no grub this time. Many of us were so tired that though it was bitterly cold + we were encumbered with war’s approval, we fell asleep + slept the sleep of the enemy. After laying about an hr. a fellow came along selling drinks + our Captain (a man only over us for the day in the absence of our own Captain) told him to liquor us up at his expense. We had just got started when up came the officers + we had to leave it + fall in for the homeward march. When we got in we were more of us past dinner.

To-day I was what is known as Tent orderly

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a very unenviable post.

When Reveilèe went in the morning I had to see that all the beds were taken out + folded.

After this I had to fold up the tent flaps so as to let a current of air through + sweep out the tent + attend to the tent ropes.

At 6.30 I went for a can of coffee after which I must wash out the can + time’s[?] ready for breakfast. At 8 o’clock “Come to the Cook House Door boys” sounded on the bugles, on which all we Tent orderlies – one from each tent in the Battalion fell in + after names + numbers being checked, were marched by companies under the charge of the officer + subaltern for the day to the cook house + there received the bread + butter for the day. After taking this in, the same call on the bugle fetched us out again + in the same manner we received Coffee + Bacon. Taking this to the tent, I took another plate + (being put up to the dodge[?]) went back

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for more bacon + got it. Then I got my own breakfast after which I must be woken up. This was sharp work to get breakfast fetched, eat it, wash up, then fetch meat + potatoes, peel them, take them to the ovens, wash, dress + parade in an hr. I don’t know how we should have done it if we had not helped one another. At dinner time I had again to fetch beer + lemonade, then the meat, give in complaints. (I asked for more bread + got it + also, seeing a fellow in the stores, who cleans our rifles, asked him where the cheese was kept + after showing me, he turned his back while I made off with about 4 tts[?]. I bought some of it back to Col. so you may guess. After dinner I had again to wash up + could not go until after tea. However as we did not have dinner, to-day, until 3 o’clock + tea was at 5, it was tea-time as soon as I was ready.

At 5 I had simply to fetch a can of tea + once more wash up + then my duties were at an end.

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After tea we went for a stroll on the promenade + at 9 o’clock a few of us turned in, to go to the officer’s mess to sing some glees. All the old Generals were there + the Colonels, Majors + Captains + many ladies, all in evening dresses. We sang a few glees + then came out + danced a set of [? unclear] on the green in front to music by the band. A great crowd of people assembled out side to hear the singing. (The drinks were off though). Soon after 11 we turned in for the last time for our out-door slumbers + listening to the last wailing notes of the “last post” + tattoo I was soon asleep.

Saturday.

We were early astir in the morning for every article had to be cleaned. By 8 o’clock I had my kit cleaned, brushed + strapped up ready for fastening on, rifle, bayonet + helmet bright + shining. Then followed a good wash + a hastily swallowed breakfast. After this we washed up all pots + pans + took them to store-room,

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While I went round the tent + knocked out all the pegs but from principal ones [? unclear] red-runners.

At 8.30 we took our boxes to the parade ground where they were loaded on a dray + taken to the station with a baggage guard marching on each side. As the gong struck 9, five of us from each tent took our places, 4 at the red-runners + myself at the centre pole. As the bugle sounded the red-runners were loosed + all pole-men knocked the poles from their supports + at the same instant flop went every tent of the battalion. We then folded the tent up into an amazingly small roll, slipped it into a bag, knocked the heads off the mallets, unfixed the poles + carried the lot to the ends of the lines. Blankets were folded in twenties water-proofs in dozens + beds + pillows emptied of straws + folded + all laid together.

We then put our our[repetition in text] equipment + taking our rifles full in for the last time on the parade ground + after a few words from the Colonel -

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words of nothing but praise – we marched off to the station. As we passed through the gate on to the road, the last words we heard from Colonel Kearsley, as we saluted him were to the Vice “You have a splendid company, Lieutenant Busby – a remarkably fine company.” A special was in waiting at the station + we were soon entrained + off on the return journey. The other battalions did not leave until later in the morning + as we passed the camp ground, we took a last look at it + gave a heavy cheer for comrades left behind. We arrived in York at 12.30 + found a large crowd waiting to welcome us back. Among them were the 6 or 7 of our fellows who had not been. And how pale + sickly they looked! We marched first to the Drill Hall, the band played “God save the Queen” + then we marched to the College.

And thus our Camp week is over. How we have

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Enjoyed it too. Though work was hard + there was plenty of it, there was always novelty + when it was over, there was plenty of fun. Our faces are browned + the skin is peeling off. Everybody says “I never felt so well in my life” + I’m sure I never did. We had a taste of all sorts of weather, rain + fine heat + cold + we showed in all work, orderly, picquet + guard. It's fine to go as we did a whole company of friends, but I would never go otherwise. The language in some tents was awful + cast a blot on the week.

To have to spend a week in the same tent with some of these would be misery. But in our case all was different, for everybody tried to make everything pleasant for everybody else + the rescue was a glorious week, and as we sit now + talk over the various events, there’s not one who utters a work of regret that he spent a week in Camp at Bridlington with the West Yorkshire volunteers.

CHURCH PARADE[[31]](#footnote-31)

**West Yorkshire Volunteer Brigade.**

Order of Divine Service.

\_\_\_\_\_\_

BRIDLINGTON, WHIT-SUNDAY, MAY 21st, 1893.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,

And make this Camp thy home;

Descend with al Thy gracious powers,

O come, Great Spirit come.

Come as the light, to us reveal

Our emptiness and woe:

And lead us in those paths of life,

Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts

Like sacrificial flame;

Let our whole soul an offering be

To our Redeemer’s name.

Come as the dew, and sweetly bless

This consecrated hour;

May barrenness rejoice to own

Thy fertilizing power.

2

Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,

The wings of peaceful love;

And let Thy church on earth become

Bless’d as the church above.

Spirit Divine attend our prayers;

Make a lost world Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers,

O come, Great Spirit, come.

**I** WILL arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto him,

Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and

am no more worthy to be called thy son. - *St. Luke, XV., 18, 19.*

*The General Confession, to be said of the whole Battalion*

*After the Chaplain.*

**A**LMIGHTYand most merciful Father; we have erred and

strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed

too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have

offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those

things which we ought to have done; and we have done those

things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health

in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable

offenders. Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults.

Restore Thou them that are penitent; according to Thy promises

declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O

godly, righteous, and sober life; to the glory of Thy holy name.

* + - Amen.

*The Absolution, to be pronounced by the Chaplain alone.*

**A**LMIGHTY God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who

desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may

turn from his wickedness and live; and hath given power and

commandment to His Ministers, to declare and pronounce to His

people, being penitent, the Absolution and Remission of their

sins; He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel. Wherefore let us beseech

Him to grant us true repentance and His holy spirit, that those

things may please Him which we do at this present, and that

the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy; so that at the

last we may come to his eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our

Lord. - Amen.

VOLUME IV

May 28 to June 30

1893.

Sunday.

May 28th

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I awoke this morning a few minutes before 8 and had just time to get on a few things to make myself presentable + then slipped downstairs just as the Corridors were locked. My word how we all slept last night. It felt grand to be able to undress + go to bed properly.

Everybody has gone about to-day half asleep, our faces are so browned + tanned that we feel almost ashamed to go out. Even the Vice was chaffing a couple of us, as I was talking for chapel, about leaving part of our noses at Bridlington.

The skin is peeling four our faces.

We had the usual service at 8.30 and again at 11 with a sermon by the Principal of Archbishop Holgate’s School. After dinner I went out + lay down on the Tennis Court for a read, but I only read about a dozen lines + then fell asleep + slept for over a couple of hours. I felt rather surprised when I woke but had a wash + then went to the Minster.

The Anthem was the Hallelujah Chorus.

To-day is the last Sunday of Evening Services at

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the Minster until next Advent.

Monday.

We were every one down late for lecture this morning. I can’t understand why, for none of us awoke until after 7 o’clock.

The Principal came in this morning to tell us how pleased he was that we had behaved ourselves so well in Camp + had won so many compliments. He had seen several of the officers as well as the Vice + they had told him all about us.

Tuesday.

Feeling awfully idle + listless, I stayed in all day + just lounged about, trying to work.

Wednesday.

This afternoon I was chosen to represent our Study in the Cricket field against the York Grocers. We battled first, or rather our procession, to + from the wickets – began first. I simply walked down to the wicket, said “How do ye do!” to the bowler, got the hue centre from the umpire, made a nice block hole + then waited for the ball. It came + I attempted to hit it. But

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The ball had a word or two to say about that + hit me + then to show what it could do if it liked hit the wicket too + knocked off the bails.

Seeing the ball was so pugilistic I think I was quite justified in refusing to carry on the combat + so I left the wicket.

The eleven of us together made a score of 24, one bowler having dispatched 7 of us for 5 runs. +” I was one of ‘em.”

They did not do much better, finally beating us by 6 runs. I had my revenge somewhat in catching one of them.

Thursday.

June 1st

June 1st + on the 21st we have the inspectors here. We are beginning now to get lessons ready. We have three to prepare of which the inspector chooses one to be given I am giving a Dictation Lesson, one on Lead Pencils + one on the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon. The first must be either Reading Writing or Arithmetic, the second on Object Lesson + the thus, Geography, Grammar or History.

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If i can get some illustrations I should like to give the Nile Expedition, as it as never been given before. I have written to many places, to beg, buy, borrow, or steal, among them being Cassell & o[[32]](#footnote-32), the Graphic Office + the Illustrated London News.

Another difficulty – and a great one too, is that I can get no book on the subject. I have been through the Principal’s library + the Vice’s + Mr Mills.

By-the-bye Mr Mills is working hard for us. Anything he has we can have + he is rooting amongst his friends too. I told him my difficulty + he immediately asked me if I would like to go through the newspapers of that time. Of course I said I should. + this afternoon I went with him to the offices of the Yorkshire Herald (of which he is a reporter) + obtained leave for me to go through their files. It was 2 o’clock when I began + I set into work at once + never gave a thought to the time until I heard a neighbouring church clock strike five. I should have been at Col. by 20 to 4

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so thought I would stay until 6 (tea-time).

It was a tedious tiresome job, reading every telegram, finding a statement hear + a week later contradicted, then confirmed, only to be contradicted again.

After 4 hrs. hard work I got through all the newspapers from Feb. 1884. When I got back I reported myself as being absent from Private Study + when the “powers that be” knew, it was alright.

Friday.

Went down to the Herald Office again + finished my researches + spent the night putting my notes into ship-slope form. I think I can make a nice, interesting lesson from it.

Saturday.

June 3

We had our last Saturday Criticism Lesson this morning. In the afternoon I was playing Cricket on Knavesmire against Victoria Bar. We won the toss + sent them in first. Their innings only lasted about half-an-hour in which time they can up the grand score of 16. Their captain was a chap of about 40 + looked like altering matters but I was successful in catching him at mid-on

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I had to run for it + gathered it just as it reached the ground + nearly broke my finger over it.

Our fellows said it was a fine catch, but I expect anybody else would have done just the same. In a case like that one simple goes for for the ball + never thinks anything more about it.

When we went in we had passed their score in less than 10 mins, without the loss of a wicket. We played until 5 o’clock, when we had made 93 for 8 wickets.

Sunday.

We had two morning services in Chapel with a sermon by the Principal. In the afternoon I was at the Minster + at night went for a walk.

Monday.

We had no early chapel this morning + instead of Science the Prin. gave us an exhibition of Reading.

Neither Cassell’s not the Illustrated have any pictures for my lesson + the Graphic has not answered.

Tuesday.

Read the Lesson in chapel this morning at Morning Service. Some fellows are beginning to

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christen me “The Rev. William.”

To-day the York Races commence. Contrary to expectations nothing was said at dinner time about not crossing the River. Accordingly, before the Vice had time to remember, we all cleared out, + in batches of twoes + threes ended our way to Knavesmire. The City was very busy + the road to the race-course was crowded with people, carriages, cabs, wagonettes.

We arrived there just in time to see the finish of one race + in the half-hour interval between this race + the next, we strolled around the courses + watched the various phases of life among the bookies, hipsters + sharpers. The bookies were busy paying out to the winners + taking in for the next race, shouting out meanwhile in hoarse croaked voices “I lay on the feald” “I lay on the feald” “Two to one, bar one” “I lay 3 to 1 on Rattlecackle” &c

In another sport was a curious looking

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individual in a loud check suit, jockey leggings, an enormous horse, shoe pin, a watch chain heavy enough for a cast chain + a glass eye. This individual was at anybody’s service to make his fortune for the sum of 6£. For this small sum he would give you the winners of every race. As he shuttled round a large ring of admirers he wanted to know if “I didn’t tell you this would win, didn’t I say that would win + didn’t I say the other would win, didn’t I give you this + didn’t I spot that? Didn't I tell you to steer clear of Rattlecackle + didn’t you larf at me. Where are you now? Stone-booke I hope. Serve you blank well right if you are for not following my tip. Take the tip + go nap. Stand by the One-eyed Scottie + One-eyed Scottie will stand by you.” however I didn’t particularly care for this imposing individual to stand anywhere near me, so I stayed no longer.

In another crowd I came across the three

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card tricker + spent some little time watching the trick + how quickly he was conniving money. Five + ten shillings at each trick + sometimes even sovereigns at a time.

We saw one more race + then departed from the scene.

Wednesday.

June 7th

Some of our fellows were again at the races this afternoon. I stayed in most of the afternoon, there being no cricket match on to-day. One of our fellows, thinking to be clever, staked a shilling on the three card trick + very strange to say he lost it.

By-the-bye it’s hardly policy to refer to the subject in any way in his presence, still one can hardly refrain from asking “Say, Bill what about that bob? Some one has executed a little design on the black board[[33]](#footnote-33).

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Thursday.

Read the lesson at Morning Service again.

Stayed in, in the morning + afternoon working up lessons for the Inspector.

Friday.

While in the middle of a practise for the Reunion Concert to-morrow, a fellow came in + said I was wanted in school this afternoon. That was an hour + a half’s notice. I have accordingly put in half-a-day out of my 15 days labour.

I am nominally in charge of Standard III, in the Practising School, but this afternoon Mr Cull has been taking classes himself, as it is the exam in a week + gave me a few Model School loads to pull up in reading. I had them from 2 to 3.30 when they were sent out to play + on coming in I had nothing to do but superintend a double class while a Junior took them in singing.

So that the first day has not killed me.

After tea several old students began to arrive for to-morrow + consequently no work was done, except for a final rehearsal of Antigone.

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Fred Tilbrook is sleeping with me to-night as he has given up his room to a visitor.

Saturday.

June 10th

Of course we had no early lecture this morning though we were early astir.

After breakfast old students (many of them very old began to arrive), and we soon had over 100 signatures on the visitor’s list .

I played several games of tennis + I and an old student played one of our masters ~+ another present student + beat them easily.

A fives match Past v Present also fell to us.

Shortly before 11 a.m. the Principal came in + I asked him what arrangements he had made for going into Chapel. he asked me if I thought a procession could be formed from the study. I said I thought so + so began to toll. Lots of them immediately turned in, saying as they passed “Good old bell.” Some however had been away so long that they had evidently forgotten its call or else were deaf.

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Mr Mills was standing by me + said “They don’t seem to take much notice. Let them have it”. Accordingly I immediately changed the solemn tolling to a loud fire alarm, fairly swinging the bell over. It fetched ‘em.

Then we went into Chapel. About 20 of us had been picked to form a choir. The Service which we had learnt was one composed by Mr Mills for the occasion. He even composed a hymn tune – York College – for the hymn. We sang an anthem – Mendelssohn's “Fest Gesang”, which went very well. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Beverley. After service the visitors adjourned to the De Grey Rooms for dinner, speeches + toasts.

Then came the blot on the days’ proceedings.

Up to last night we had been told that we should have dinner altogether. Now we had to turn in to our own dining hall where for us was spread a most sumptuous repost of slippery duck + chicken meat. We left it just as it

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was without serving it out, so that the servants would be spared the trouble of washing up. Then we went down to the Creamery + had a reunion of our own. We had a fine dinner + speeches afterwards + some toasts.

The first was “The Creamery Maidens” which was drunk with musical honours, to the great delight of a couple of gentlemen sitting at a little table in the room. We stayed about 2 hrs. + then came back + played tennis until 4 o’clock, when we gave an open-air concert consisting of “Antigone” - (a play)- glees, songs + duets. After this we adjourned to the dining hall + had tea altogether, toasting “The Patriarch” a gentleman who was in, in 1842, before the present college was built.

After tea I went a walk with a fellow who was in 2 yrs ago + whose acquaintance I made at Barebro. We turned in again at 7 o’clock for a smoker. Mr Mills had

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obtained the services of the Minster Quartette, who gave their services, though they charge something like five guineas for two or three quartettes. They sang “Haste to the woods away”, “Then the swallows homeward fly”. “Little Jack Horner” + “Old King Cole.”

And it was singing, too.

Several other songs were sung + a couple of humorous recitations given, after which were speeches + God save the Queen. One old student proposed a collection for our Athletic fund which resulted in 25/-. A nice help. Another asked for an extention[sic] for us to go to the station with them, which was immediately granted. A many are staying Sunday over.

And oh! What a time we had in the station. There were three compartments full off to Leeds and from the windows we received some mock political speeches. One fellow – Mr Holmes – was remarkably good, with

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glass in eye + serious countenance.

“Ladies + gentlemen (hear, hear + hurrah) it is not often (cheers) that I have the delightful task (hear, hear + loud cheers, with opposition boos) of addressing (hurrah) such an immense crowd (cheers) of intellectual people (cheers which sent the roof) Gentlemen (hear. Hear) one might think (interruption by opposition) that the inhabitants of York Castle (hear, hear) had broken loose (howls of rage + frantic endeavours to pull speaker from the carriage + pound him, said inhabitants being prisoners).

Speaker endeavours to obtain an hearing + on succeeding explains himself. He meant “That we looked as learned + intellectual that he thought we might all be taken for chaplains.” (Explanations accepted).

Meanwhile an opposition speech was on ground the next window, so our candidate began again.

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“Gentlemen (loud cheers) I consider my opponent (hear, hear) to be a villain (hurrah) a scape-goat (loud cheers) an illiterate lunatic (louder cheers) Gentlemen beware of him (howls + hisses) trust him not (cheers + opposition hisses), (remainder of speech drowned in hubbub)

“Gentlemen” (hear, hear) when next I visit your proudly old ancient city (cheers) with its noble minster & c. (cheers)

I trust it will not be as your candidate (“No! No!” “Go in + win” “You’ll romp home”) but as your membah[sic]! (Hurrah)

I thought we could kick up some row when we start for home, but our noise must take a back-seat. I never heard such a din in my life. The station echoed + re-echoed again + again. Folks flocked round, porters + passengers gaped in astonishment “Who is he?” “Oh! It's only the Marquis of

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Northumberland.”

Then we sang “Here’s a health to all good lasses.” and “Comrades in arms.”

Just as we finished the train started + we followed it to the edge of platform shouting “Hurrahs” at the top of our voices and it was shouting + no mistake. I was given hoarse with my exertions. We landed back at 10.30 + as I had given up my room to Tom Robinson who was sleeping until Sunday, I went out to sleep with a Pal. It was well into Sunday morning before I got to bed.

Sunday.

No early chapel. After breakfast I went with Tom to the station to see about a train to Sheffield. He found he would have to leave York at 10.30 + even then would not get home to Woodhouse until after 8 at night. We accordingly came back to College + I obtained leave to miss Chapel Service + go to the station.

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Some half-dozen ex-students also went with us. While in the station, a special train came in, leaving four open companies.

After seeing Tom off we went for a walk, landing back in time for dinner. In the afternoon went as usual to the Minster. Before night all our visitors had departed + the College once more assumed its ordinary appearance.

Monday.

Put another day in school. I was in charge of a room in the Model School, with two classes, and a Junior as Assistant. I am here until 3.30 every day to the exam, and after that time I go into the Practising School to take singing.

I have not yet heard from the Graphic Officer, so have written again to-day.

Tuesday.

Another day over + another round of the head-mill passed. 2 1/2 days gone – 12 1/2 to come.

Wedensday.

Received a nice letter from the Graphic this morning accompanied by half-a-dozen old Graphics, full

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of illustrations for my lesson. We are now going into those lessons heart + soul.

To-day we have had a visit from the Dean of Chester. I had to come out of school + undergo an ordeal of questioning. We had a sort of theological discussion on various matters for nearly an hour. At the end of which time he expressed himself as being quite satisfied with us. I had to cross of the cricket team to-day though being in school. This is one of the times when school feel irksome.

York Gala – a three days’ gala – commences to-day. The flower show is one of the largest in the north of England. All kinds of amusements are provided, balloon ascents + a firework display each night. We have been watching the fireworks from our grounds.

Thursday.

We worked in school to-day until 1 o’clock + counted it as two attendances so that the

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youngest us can go to the gala. We had also half-holiday with extension until 10.30 p.m. in the afternoon I went to the Gala. We had a splendid time of it + enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Friday.

The schools had half-holiday again to-day + so had I, but I stayed in to work at my lessons for next week. Being in school has caused me to have a lot of night work to do. For the last 12 days it has been midnight 7 times when I have gone to bed, 4 times half-past 12 + once half-past one.

Saturday.

The lists of lessons have been returned from Government, with the one marked which we have to give. The lot has fallen for me to give “The Nile Expedition”, so you may be sure that I am glad that I have been able to get the illustrating though my difficulty now is, which to show + which to not.

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This afternoon I have been playing against St Giles on Bootham Stray. We won the toss + sent them in first + succeeded in dismissing them for the magnificent score of 15. I succeeded in throwing one out, during an attempt to sneak a run.

We scored 38, to which I contributed 5.

During the progress of the game, one of our fellows who was in with me, struck a ball to leg which hit a sparrow flying by + brought it to the ground.

Sunday.

June 18

The Vice being away we had no early chapel.

The usual service was held at 11 o’clock when the sermon was preached by the Principal.

It has been terrible hot to-day. 130° in the sun 90° in the shade. After dinner about 20 of us fetched our rugs downstairs + went to sleep on the lawn.

Monday.

The scholars’ exam began to-day. My morning’s

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Work consisted of giving out the exam papers to the youngsters, when I was told that I might go outside if I cared to + he doing some of my own work. Of course I went + was not wanted again until afternoon, so that I have put in a very easy day.

Tuesday.

Read the lesson at Service this morning.

Went in school, but came out for reading + poetry. We went in 8 or 10 at a time + as I was the head of our batch I got as near the table as I could to see what marks we got. 100 is full marks + they drop 5 at a time. 80 was the highest mark scored + I reached 75.

After tea we were out until 8 o’clock.

Wednesday.

This has been our fatal day – the day on which we give the lessons. I went in school at 9 o’clock. The lessons were heard by three inspectors, - in our Study, in the Organ Room,

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+ in the Committee Room. I had only been in school about half-an-hour when a fellow fetched half my class for his lesson + immediately afterwards the other half was wanted so I went out. The lads in the schools were made into batches of about a dozen + sat in the cloisters waiting to be taken into the rooms + have the lessons.

It was half-past 12 when my turn came + by that time I was pretty well worked up into a state of nervous excitement.

I had taken precaution to have the lads round me in a corner of the quad + give them a bit of previous instruction so that I could begin the lesson straight away, without bothering with any introduction.

When my name was called I marched the lads in, who stood round a chalked ring. i had one block-board for notes, another for the map (one of my own manufacture)

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+ the illustrations pinned on a drawing board. Before commencing the lesson I gave Mr Oakley the notes of the three lessons prepared + then set into the lesson on “The Nile Expedition” was needed, showing a portrait of Gordon + a view of Khartoum.

Then I spoke of the preparations made, the boats for the cataracts, stores, outfit &c.

Then the advance up the Nile, most particularly General Stewarts’ advance across the desert, showing them a picture of the Camel Corps leaving Kortie[?] + of the moonlight march across the desert. Then of the battles of Abu Klea + Metemneh, with pictures of the death of Col. Burnaby + the field after the battle. Then of the final advance + failure, with a picture of the steamers reaching Khartoum under fire.

The youngsters seemed to be very much interested

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in fact I never taught a better class of lads. It was a little after one when the last lesson was given + then the youngsters were sent home for the day; + I count it as two attendance so I have now entered the second half of my time.

In the afternoon we arranged all the apparatus we had used on the tables + hung the walls with pictures, maps + diagrams. Talk about the World’s Fair at Chicago, it’s not it! Mr Oakley passed round them. He said that we must have been at infinite pains to prepare them. He also said that our lessons were much better + we had obtained a higher average mark than last year, which was not by any means a bad year. Among the exhibits were: - Petrified egg-shell + apple, fossils & c, a model of the Isle of Wight, various kinds of iron, steel &c iron ore, pictures of scenes in the Isle of Man, a number of flowers, with diagrams of flowers + plants, pair of scales.

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Home drawn pictures of a ship-wreck, firing the rocket-apparatus, pictures of the apparatus; a cork-belt + cork jacket, a rocket + a blue light, a clay model of the Suez Canal + a map of it, clay and sand of various kinds, a model of a volcano (made to work), cotton in various stages of manufacture, a plan of Hull, various kinds of magnets + other magnetic appliances, barometer &c. My exhibits – pictures of scenes in Nile Expedition, home made map of Nile, lead pencils in every stages of manufacture, plumbago + bad-ore + a pocket knife in various stages of manufacture, crayon drawing of a candle flame, number of cubes, crayon drawing of Niagara Fall + a clay model of them. Model of Yorkshire, pictures of Whitby, Bridlington + Scarboro, a spectroscope, a pump, with glass barrel in working order, clay models of South America + India, crayon drawing of a swallow; pins in every stage of manufacture, various kinds of leaves of

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trees + skeleton leaves, diagrams of a penny sugar &c. Sugar cane, candles + everything used in making them + diagrams of machinery used, coral, leather + all things used in its manufacture, cork + bark, map of Humber + diagrams, teeth + large diagrams of teeth + jaws, needles + fish hooks in various stages of manufacture, model in putty of the basin of the Misissippi; + dozens of other maps + diagrams.

And what a load was lifted from our minds when it was all over. We were out until 9 o’clock + then did no work. After supper we stole out + burned the blue light + then fried the rocket, which went of splendidly. We however made a bit too much noise in coming in + a master came down to see what foolishness (as he turned it) we were after.

We told him that we were celebrating the lessons being over + so after telling

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us not to fetch him down again, he left us. And then we prepared for the dark + desperate deed – one which had been planned + prepared in our study ever since we returned from Camp. While there we each scribbled some blank cartridge + contributed them to the common fund, intending to celebrate the occasion of the lessons being over by the firing of a feu-de-joie. To-night was chosen for the deed. Silently + softly we tip-toed our way to the armoury, seized a rifle + as stealthily stole back through the study, + down the cloisters into the quad.

There we arranged ourselves in line + proceeded to hand out one round each, as we knew that before we had time to give a second the masters would all be down.

It was agreed, too, that all should stand firm until the last shot was fired, then

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form fours + march back in order + pile arms in the armoury. Unfortunately however we spent too much time over arranging these after movements for only about half-a-dozen fellows had been served with ammunition, when we heard a voice say “I’ll take those, please” + looking round found a Junior master behind us. The fact was, it was too light + we had been seen from an upstairs window + followed. Of course our little escapade was nipped in the bud + away went 68 rounds at once.

As soon as he had gone, we held a Council of War + determined to proceed with the drill without the firing. Harry Mason took charge + imitated Capt. + Adjutant Luke very well, even to shouting out “Where’s my d — d corporal?” While in the midst of it, Mr Wilson, the Normal Master came along + stood behind Harry, who was

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still crying out “Where’s my d — d[[34]](#footnote-34) corporal?” We were all laughing at him because he could not see Mr Wilson, but poor Harry thought we were laughing at him on account of the joke. Even Mr Wilson (a volunteer himself) could not force back a smile though he tried to look indignant + severe. At last Harry “swigged” but did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, but immediately called out “Form fours” “Right”, “By the right – Quick march.” + away we all went to the armoury – Mr Wilson, filling up the sergeant’s place. After piling arms we returned to the study + listened to a short lecture on our folly + to the statement that had we fired we have all been run in for firing within 50 yds of the road-way.

I can imagine a York policeman, or even a dozen of them, running 30 of us in. Oh! What a spree. We have still a round each left. I don’t know whether we will fire them or not on some

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future occasion.

Thursday.

June 22

To-day I went back to the Practising School where I now am acting as First Assistant, which means that I am in charge in the grounds + have the duty of getting the lads into school. Another Senior – Len Challenor - + myself have a large room to ourselves so that we are all serene.

This afternoon we stopped work at 3 o’clock + let the youngsters go out to play a cricket match Model School v Practising School. The Practising School lads, as a rule, do not have play time in afternoon.

The Model School batted first + finished their innings at 4 o’clock, after which we went back into school, had prayers + sent them home. The ordinary dismissing time is 5 o’clock + last year when I was in it was nearly always after five when we got out, so that I consider I am

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pretty lucky this time.

We had extension again until 9 o’clock.

On going to bed, four of us met in Jack Lamin’s room + played dominoes until after midnight. We had a jolly two hours of it.

Friday.

Got up for early lecture but had no lecturer down. To-day I have finished a couple out of my three weeks. At night, I was out to supper (on the corridors of course, I mean). After supper we played whist until the small hours.

Saturday.

June 24

A Saints Day, so as usual we had no early lecture. Neither had we a weekly exam to-day, in fact we have not had one since the week before the Re-union. No Crit. + no exam + no early lecture, we hardly knew how to pass the time away. Somebody proposed staying in bed all day. We had been told to be down for Chapel at 20 to 8. At 5 minutes

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to 8. I was in bed. I was not long in dressing + going out on to the corridors found all doors shut + nearly everybody in bed. We got down for breakfast at 8 – half-dressed + many un-washed.

All rejoiced in the fact that we had slipped Chapel, but our rejoicings were but short lived for on rapping for grace after meal (I mean after bread + butter) at 17 minutes past 8, exactly, the Vice announced, “Chapel service at 20 minutes past 8.” Yes. Chapel service to be taken in recreation time. The idea was preposterous, but nevertheless we deemed it wise to submit to the inevitable + went to the Chapel.

In the afternoon I went to play or attempt to play (for I’ve had no practise whatever lately) cricket. We had a long way to go – over four miles + a powerful team to meet – Fulford + St Lawrence – two clubs amalgamated + having the record of having been beaten but

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Once this season + that only by a single run. It was a dull day + we had had some rain so I did not change. The ground was one of the best we have been on, with proper rooms + everything up to-date. We also had a few spectators. We won the toss + our captain sent them in first. The first cricket fell at 13, the second at 16, the 3rd at 49, the 4th at 57, the 5th at 68 + the 6th (their captain) I caught at 75, when they declared their innings closed. This is the third match in which I have caught the captain, but I have also noticed that whenever I catch anyone, I invariably get a duck + to-day was no exception to the rule. The first ball I had resulted in a leg-bye, the second I blocked + the third blocked me. We made a very poor show indeed, only totting up 26 among us.

The night was given us for a free + easy, but I went on the corridors + helped to

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put out the week’s clean linen.

Sunday.

June 25th

Got up in time to dress for breakfast at 8 o’clock. The Vice being away, we had no early service, but at 11 o’clock we had Litany + Full Communion Service + a sermon about going home by the Principal. At dinner time, Billy Walker + myself obtained leave for tea + set off for Wiggington to fulfil a long-standing engagement. We had only just got in when a heavy shower shower [repetition in text] came. After tea we went into the garden + had full play at the currant trees.

They were bowed down with loads of black + red currents[sic], fine, ripe, large bunches they were. There were about 20 trees + of course we must sample each one + took a liberal sample from each one, - not however making any appreciable difference in the members. I never saw trees so heavily laden as these were.

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We left Wiggington at about a quarter to 8, after a substantial supper + landed in Col. just as the 20 past 9 bell rang.

Monday.

As the Vice did not return this morning we again enjoyed the privilege of an extra hour in bed. - a privilege no one grumbles to receive.

Another day in school has made a total of 11 put in + 4 to come.

I have been working all night at music., intending to sit for my Intermediate Certificate as soon as possible.

Tuesday.

The Juniors are having their Midsummer Exam + had to get up at 7 this morning to work a Mental Arithmetic paper.

The Vice says he could not have one year in bed + the other up, and as the First Year must get up, the Second Year must

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likewise get up Q.E.D.

Consequently, we had to turn out at 6.30. a.m. though we had no one + did no work. School closed again at 4 o’clock after playing from 3.30 to 4, so that I have had another easy day of it. (12 days gone - 3 to come).

Wednesday.

Taking advantage of the fact that the York Evening Cyclists Sports are being held to-night, we have asked for + obtained an extension until 9 o’clock. The weather however has been very unfavourable, showers falling all night. I stayed in until 7 o’clock + then went down to the reading room + passed the night away there.

Thursday.

June 29

I am writing this at 10.45 pm, with my bed for a table. Behind me is my box, which I have just finished packing + cording. My portmaneau[sic] lies at my

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awaiting finishing touches.

We came out of school at half-past four + from that time until tea-time (6 o’clock) four of us – two masters + two students – played tennis. After tea four more of us played a set, our side winning after a very close game, 8 games to 6.

We gave up play a little after 7 o’clock, though the Vice, who was watching, said we could play till 10 if we wished. He had given us the night for packing, but as I am in school until 12 o’clock to-morrow + I am having a shot for the 12.30 train, I deemed it advisable to get everything ready to-night, otherwise I’m afraid it would be rather big odds on my catching the train. So here I am just finishing. Everybody seems pretty lively to-night on the Corridors. I fancy there is a concert on the programme down Zion

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For I have heard several glees + choruses. After supper about half-a-dozen of us went into Chapel. Harry Mason – the organist – gave us “The Campbells’ are coming” imitating the bagpipes on the organ. Then we had several marches + finished up with a good singing of some of our favourite hymns. To-morrow, at breakfast, the result of the Junior Midsummer Exam, is read out + the monitors for next year appointed. After this we can go as soon as we like. The first batch leaves at 8.20. a.m. + there is a general exodus at 9.a.m. at which time yours truely goes in school for the last round on the tread mill.

I finish my time at 12 o’clock + as I have said above, intend making a bolt for 12.30 train, + expect to reach home some time between half past two + three o’clock. The Practising School

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Breaks up to-morrow night for their Midsummer Holiday + the Model School on Saturday morning. They are wonderful schools for going on until the last minute. Well now I close this volume, for I heard the Minster Clock strike 11 some time ago + I have plenty of work for the next two hours or so.

So now Good-night and Hurrah! For to-morrow ——

Friday the 30th of June 1893.

VOLUME V

August 21st to September 10th

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Tuesday.

Aug. 22 1893

Well, here we are again! That is, some of us. I arrived at the jail – beg pardon, I mean the college, though the terms are synonymous – about 7 o’clock.

The new matron has evidently been bustling around, for the rooms, upstairs + down, are cleaner than I’ve ever seen them before. It seems, too, that a shilling or two has been spent in whitewash + colourwash.

There was the usual amount of pump handling to be given + received. Bill Dunn missed his train at Shields (his home + has turned up to-day). L'enfant from Skiptong[sic] has spiked himself on some railings + is having an extra day or two, while poor Len Challenor, - the Magazine Editor – has opent[sic] the last 10 days of his holding in Manchester Fever Hospital, when he is likely to remain, lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever. A twelve or thirteen week’s business for him! What hard times for this Christmas

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Prospects.

It was well into this morning before we finally settled down to rest.

I had it out with Harold – the hero of Wainfleet - (N.B. + P.S. Slight hopes are entertained of his recovery). This morning we landed down for breakfast at 8 o’clock, - early lecture + early chapel being omitted.

We had from 9 to 10 to unpack, the first lecture commencing at 10 o’clock.

We had quite a surprise at dinner time.

The old forks, whose prongs we used to sit and plait whilst pretending to have dinner, have disappeared, and the dining hall knows them no more. In the place appear new nickle[sic] plated ones, each marked Y.Y.C. I understand that the matron intends getting new knives next quarter. At any rate, the table looked much more inviting than it ever has done before. Then dishes, plates &c, are removed before

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the second course appears. She seems a regular brick, though I don’t think the servants like the change. They have to work now, and work with them, was an almost unknown quantity before. She has, however, caused several alterations which we do not care for. The armoury (which was also our boot-blacking establishment has been cleaned out + we have been turned out.

“The Matron she has locked the door

She also keeps the key.”

Then she will have no pictures on the bed-room walls. Og! Dear. Oh! Dear. I'd as soon miss my supper as be with pictures. How dreary + desolate the rooms look! Then there is some talk of us having to keep our boxes in the lumber room. If the rumour proves true, there’ll be squalls, for the boxes are the only safe places where we can store what few valuables we possess. Still I suppose it is impossible to have perfection. At any rate, the food

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So far has been better, + above all, everything is clean.

In the afternoon I went down to the Reading Room for a short time. The city is very strong with the races, though to-morrow is the big day.

At supper time we were reminded that the first lecture in the morning will be at 7 a.m.

Wednesday.

With a great effort we managed to land down this morning in time for early lecture.

We had the Prin. in during the forenoon, who informed us that he had received a letter from the doctors saying that Len Challenor had passed the critical point + was progressing favourably. Immediately after dinner we had the Juniors in our Study for an interesting event viz. To present Mr Mills with a wedding gift as a token of the esteem with which we hold him.

In his reply he said that he had had seven weeks in which to prepare his speed + though he had rehearsed it + come to the conclusion that he

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Had it off pit-pat, yet now it wanted it, he could hardly think what to say. As to his married life he had enjoyed it so far, but it seemed a hard matter to get up at 6 o’clock + make a cup of tea + be here for early lecture. It's not what he’s been used to. In fact he was like us very often, getting up at “5 minutes Big Bell” + coming down in slippers for lecture. He hoped his married life would not be like that of a friend of his. While the friend was fixing furniture he chanced to let a mirror fall, without, however, breaking it. His fiancée (superstitious) immediately exclaimed “If that had broken, I would not have married you, for we should have had bad luck for 7 years.” some time after their marriage, he said “Do you remember about that mirror”, pointing to the one he had let fall. “Yes” she said. “Well”, he added “I wish I had smashed every blessed mirror in the house.”

He had had some rather curious adventures over his marriage business, he started

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house-keeping on All Fool’s Day, renting his house from the 1st of April.

Then the fact that his girl lived near Knaresboro’ caused him to have to take out a licence both in York + there, too. So he went over for that purpose. Enquiring where these articles were disposed of he was directed to the post office. Entering he asked “Do you grant licences here?” “Yes! For guns.” “Oh blow it”, he said, “I may be making an ass of myself, but I’m not intending to shoot myself as yet.” “What licence do you want?” “Oh, birth, deaths + marriages.” “Well in that case you will have to go to the workhouse.”; at which place he succeeded in obtaining that which he sought.

So that taking it all together he thought he had a round of experiences. First, commences house keeping on All Fool’s Day, then advised to get a gun + final, on stating that he wishes to get married, is told that he will

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have to go to the workhouse.

He concluded by saying that if his married life was as comfortable as his College life had been, he would have nothing to regret of, and hoped that the good feeling which had always existed between him + the students would continue + that if ever we returned for a visit to York there would always be a welcome + a cup of tea for any one of us at his home.

The proceedings terminated with the College Clap. Immediately this ceremony was over I along with several others, set off for Knavesmire racecourse. To-day is the principal day of the races, and an enormous crowd was on the ground. With some difficulty we made our way to the winning post just in time to see the finish of one of the races. Then during the intervening half-hour – between this and the next race, we made a round among the book-makers, tipsters, cheap-jacks, minstrels &c. We witnessed several races +

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Then sought out a good position to see the chief race of the meeting – the Great Ebor Handicap for a thousand sovereigns. It was a long race, + we matched the start + saw them work their way round the course. Then we crossed to the barriers + saw them come up a straight piece, passing by us all in a heap, making the ground ring + vibrate with their clatter. An outsider won the race, the favourite being simply nowhere, so we made for the tipsters to see how they were getting on. Poor one-eyed Scottie had given the wrong one + was consequently in a bad way. Another youth, who did not look above 18 + who said he was a stable lad at New Market, had given the right one + was consequently in a high state of glee + had good custom for his tip for the next race – one which won again. In fact he seemed to spot nearly all the winners of the day. Of course the inevitable card sharper was there with his three card trick + seemed to be reaping

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a fair harvest, though I’ll be hanged if you can tell which is the simpleton + which the confederate. In one spot I saw a youth buy a purse containing seven pennies for the sum of 7/6 + which he thought contained seven half-crowns, for he said he saw the man put them in.

Alas for the gullibility of human nature!

At night I held an auction again for the sale of the papers + periodicals for this term, and with a great deal of persuasion gathered in the sum of 7/6.

Thursday.

I took up a new work on Education to-day, which rather sits on the fair sex in the matter of education. Speaking of the education of the mind, the writer says: “Among mental as well as bodily acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful. This is clearly displayed in the case of the fair sex. In the treatment of both mind + body, the decorative element has continued to predominate in a greater degree among women than among men. Originally

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personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally. In these latter days of civilization, however, we see that in the dress of men the regard for appearance has in a considerable degree yielded to the regard for comfort; while in their education the useful has of late been trenching on the ornamental. In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, the elaborate dressings of the hair, the still occasional use of paint, the immense labour bestowed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; + the great discomfort that will be submitted to for the sake of conformity; show how greatly, in the affirming of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth + convenience. And similarly in their education the immense preponderance of “accomplishments” proves how here, too, use is subordinated to display. Dancing, deportment, the piano, singing, drawing – what a large

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space these do occupy! If you ask why Italian and German are learnt, you will find that, under all the sham reasons given, the real reason is, that knowledge of those tongues is thought lady-like. It is not that the books written in them may be utilized, which they scarcely ever are; but that Italian + German songs may be sung, and that the extent of attainment may bring whispered administration. The births, deaths v+ marriages of kings + other like historic trivialities, are committed to memory, not because of any direct benefits that can possible result from knowing them; but because society considers them part of a good education – because the absence of such knowledge may bring contempt of others. When we have named reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic + sewing, we have named about all the things a girl is taught with a view to their actual uses in life; + even some of these have more reference to the good opinion of others than to immediate personal welfare.”

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Rather severe, isn’t he? And he has some hard knocks at our sex too.

At night I had an interview with the matron (at her own request) the result of which is that I am to take her a couple of papers to read every night for which she will subscribe half-a-crown per term to the literary society.

At a meeting held after 10 p.m. I explained what I had done + stated that the society had enough money in hand to pay for the papers + periodicals to Christmas, and that with the sale of the papers + the matron’s subscription, we should be left with 10/- or 12/- in hand at Christmas to compare with eleven pence left to us by our Seniors.

Seeing no fun in handing this sum down to next year “I proposed” that we took in one or two more weekly papers. The result was that I have ordered “The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle” (a 2nd paper) + “The Sketch” (a 6th one)

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to be delivered every week in addition to those we already take. We now take 4 Daily papers, 1 Evening, 11 Weeklies + 3 Monthlies.

Not a bad list?

Friday.

I have been up-stairs to-night, having my voice tested by Mr Robinson, the principal tenor of the Minster, in order to choose a song for the exam.

The song is chosen, it only wants singing now. Mr Robinson is coming as often as he can to put us through our paces. The exam is fixed for a month to-morrow. Sept. 23rd.

Saturday.

The all-absorbing question this morning has been “What’s the exam this morning?” and we were immensely relieved to discover that we were to be excused the ordeal for once in a way.

This afternoon we have played the return match with the Yorkshire Gentlemen. The College batted first scoring 116. Then the Gents went in and lost 9 wickets for 55 mins. The Rev. E. B. Firth had

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Had to leave play to go and officiate at the Minster afternoon service + arrived back just as the last wicket fell. Spurway, a Somerset County man, was dismissed for a single + the Gents’ hopes were centred on Firth. He could not be shifted and at the call of time the score had been brought up to 110 without a separation being affected, and the match ended very unsatisfactorally[sic] in a drawn. Last time they beat us by 3 runs 126 to 123, so that we have played them two keen matches. We have several old students staying here the week-end, who are on their holidays yet.

Sunday.

August 27

We had early chapel, with ordinary morning services at 8.30 and at eleven we had Litany + Communion. Prayers were offered for Len. Challenor. We thought he had turned into crisis, but it seems he has not. The doctors report that he is in a very critical condition + their hopes are central only on his youth.

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The Vice preached on “Forgetting the things that are behind + reaching forward to those that are before.” referring to the race on which we are entered he made a point of the toast last Tuesday night. “When, in your own Dining Hall, you proclaimed with mighty voice, that you had just entered on the ‘last lap’.”

It does not seem a year since I last heard that toast.

Monday.

We have a deputation in this morning to the Principal for a holiday to-morrow. It is the Scarboro’ festival week +a day’s holiday is the usual thing.

He at once granted the request, though none of us are going to Scarboro’. We have other fish to fry, and intend having a picnic on the river, as this is the last holiday we shall have to-gether.

The matron was next visited, who has promised that the commissariat department shall be looked after. We have hired 4 boats for the day at a cost of a sovereign.

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At supper time the Vice said we might stay in bed either in the morning or on Wednesday morning, + we immediately chose Wednesday morning. To-morrow is Mr Mill’s early lecture, Wednesday is Algebra. If there’s one thing that we would like abolishing it is the early Algebra lecture. Therefore we got up for singing + stayed in bed instead of Algebra.

Of course we should be tired after being on the river all day.

Tuesday.

August 29

The first thought that entered many a head this morning, was “what sort of morning is it, I wonder? Curtains were quickly drawn aside + anxious eyes peered forth to discern the signs of the sky Hurrah! It looks promising for a fine day. It is only half-past six, but we do not need much rousing this morning. Tommy shouts to his neighbour to ask if he thinks it will keep fine + Harry thinks it will. The Jack enquires

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“Do you think we can trust to flannels? + Hal thinks we can, + as we emerge one after the other as the big bell tells us it is 7 o’clock, some-one gently whistles “What are these? What are these? That are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?

Then we have three quarters of an hour among the Chronicles, Minor Modes + Time Tests, followed by Morning Prayer in the Chapel + then Breakfast. Immediately these are over, we commence preparations for the pic-nic. Two large joints were brought in bread, ad.lib, butter + pastry. Some cut up meat, other attack the bread loaves + some towering piles of sandwiches are quickly made. Three hampers are packed + by half-past nine we are ready for the start. Arriving at the boat-yard, we find the boats are ready, cushioned + comfortable as can be. No time is lost in loading up + soon we are forging ahead, our boat being third in the procession, in which I was rowing bow. Of course we must needs beginning racing, as a means of letting off

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surplus steam, and for such an object, I can heartily recommend a boat-race. I'll warrant you have not much steam of any kind – surplus or otherwise – left, after the first mile.

We quickly over-hauled + passed the second boat, + succeeded in catching the first, but could not manage to pass it, rowing a dead heat for quarter of a mile + then we both steadied down for the others to come up. I rowed for another mile or so + then went off duty + let others have a spell, who in turn changed again. To rowing we arrived at Poppleton. There is a public house here where we generally call on coming up in this direction. The grounds run down to the river’s bank + they have a private landing stage. Fastening the boats up, we went to quench our thirst + rather startled the landlady by hooping[?] in all in a body + all ordering something different in one voice, from Laager Beer to cider shandygaff to Lemonades, a smilter[?] to ginger beer

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stout – to split soda – post + ginger ale, lime juice + stone ginger. However she managed to get us all served at last + then some bought nearby all the apples she had (we had two or three dozen shot into the bow of the boat – apple eating go-as-you-please). Returning to the boats, a few plums fell (?) from the trees, but they were sour.

Then we started again + after rowing a mile or so, we began to take soundings with a view of allowing the swimmers to have a plunge.

Seven or eight were soon in + had a lively time it. Roy Milroy accomplished the feat of crossing the river with a towel in his hand, without wetting it. Then he would come to the side of the boat, dive under + appear on the opposite side. He also suddenly became imbued with the idea that he was the propeller of our boat + catching hold of the rudder, endeavoured to ease us of the trouble of rowing, an attention, which we (especially those in the stern) did not much

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appreciate. I don’t mind a shower bath, but I prefer having notice of it. However a threatened bat on the crown with an oar caused the propeller to shut off steam. Then the boats attached ropes ~+ rowed them through the water for a bit, after which they dried themselves + were allowed to come on board. Rowing now through some splendid scenery, willow + lime trees, on both banks, we reached the little village of Beddington and about a mile + a half beyond, Nun Monkton, our destination, at the confluence of the Nidd with the Ouse. Fastening the boats, we went up in the village for dinner. Nun Monkton is a pretty little village with a large common, in the centre of which stands a Maypole, reminding one of by-gone days. After dinner we rested awhile on the green + then surveyed the village.

The village schools bear inscriptions to the effect that they are endowed by two brothers + two

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sisters, for the education of 12 poor girls and 12 poor boys of the village of Nun Monkton.

The inscriptions also specify the subjects to be taught. The boys are “to be taught reading, writing, grammar, the casting up of accounts, Greek and Latin. Their fear of duty to God Almighty and good manners.” we also visited the Church, which is a splendid specimen of Norman architecture. It is evidently very high church. The chancel is separated from the body of the church by a railing + a small gate. The pulpit was in marble, beautifully carved. While we were in, a workman came in, asked us if we would care to go up the tower, so up we went to the bells. The staircase is extremely narrow, turning round + round. In fact it was a squeeze to get up. Arriving at the bells the fellow showed us the way out to the roof, a way that did not seem to be used very often. However a few of us determined to reach the top, seeing that we had got so far. I made the first attempt. Climbing

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on to the barrier surrounding the bells. I walked round them + over the stays supporting them, to a ladder reared against the wall + fastened to the woodwork. Standing on the top wing I could just comfortably pull myself up through a trap door. + so out on to a narrow parapet surrounding the base of a small steeple. The view we had from the top was well worth the climb, though many were too nervous to finish the climb. On reaching terra-fima once more (not altogether an easy task) we betook ourselves to the boats + rowed a little further up the river to Newton-on-Ouse, returning however without going ashore. We rowed idly down to Nun Monkton + then started altogether to row down stream to Poppleton, agreeing to try who could reach the landing place first + to wait there for another. It was a long race over four miles; one of the boat crew + myself rowing the whole distance, winning by over 200 yds. Then we landed + proceeded to see our friend

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Again. We stayed over an hour, sang a number of glees + finished, as it is most probably the last time we shall visit the place, with “Auld Long Lyne”. once more embarking, we set off, managing, unfortunately to break a rudder, in starting.. The row home was taken quietly in the dim twilight and was a real treat. We landed home a little after 8 o’clock, after a most splendid and enjoyable day – a day thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in the outing.

We showed the proprietor the damage we had done to the rudder, but instead of charging extra, as we expected, he returned us four shillings from the sovereign, which we had contracted to pay. Altogether our day’s outing of nearly 12 hours cost us 9 pence per head all round. We couldn’t have had a much cheaper outing. What say you? An extension was granted until 10 p.m., so we split up into two + threes + sallied forth for a stroll round the city.

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Wednesday.

I think none of us regretted choosing this morning for the extra hour in bed, for we were all jolly stiff with yesterday’s pulling. We landed down in time for Chapel at 20 to 8. the half-holiday I spent in drawing, for the exam, is only about four weeks off.

We have heard to-day that Len Chanellor has safely turned his crisis yesterday + the doctors give some slight hopes of his recovery. But, sad to say, whatever way it turns, he will never take his place among us again. How he will be missed, for he was always a jolly fellow, the life + centre of any joke that was perpetuated; in rows oftener than any of us, he always seemed to drop in for it. As chairman of a meeting I doubt if he could be equalled, much less surpassed by any one, and as Editor, the magazine speaks for itself. It will still be carried on in his name to the end of the year. We are delaying having our group taken, in the

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hopes that he may be able to come over + take his place among us for that event.

Poor old chap! Last time I saw him. Was in the Practising School; we were both doing hard labour at the same time. I finished at dinner time + his time was up at night, so he stayed to finish + I passed his class on my way downstairs, shaking hands, with a light-hearted good-bye as I passed.

Thursday.

History repeats itself, they say. It did this morning at any rate, for yesterday’s idleness caused us all to get up late this morning. Nobody was out of bed when the Minster clock struck seven. Early lecture commenced at 10 minutes past instead of 7, so you can form some idea of our appearance + attire. This is the second time we have done the same kick this term.

After lecture I was hurried by some of our chaps, into Chapel. I couldn’t make out what was up until we got in + then I was told that it was

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Jim Buchanan’s turn to read the lesson + that he was looking for me to read it for him. Last time he read he startled us by declaring that “Here endeth the Scriptures”, and so these men, - wicked fellows, - had determined that he should read the lesson again, + consequently they had hurried me out of the way for fear I should promise to read it for him. I read last Saturday. Poor Jim! He was in a muddle. He hadn’t had time to read it over, in fact when service began he had no idea where the lesson was. I passed him over the chapter + verse, but left him the reading to do + if the way he said “Here endeth the lesson”, showed his thoughts on the subject he must have been jolly glad it was over.

Friday.

A quiet day spent chiefly in work, preparing for an exam. Tomorrow on the Epistle to the Galatians.

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Saturday.

We returned to the drudgery of exams this morning. Galatians, as more than one found, is not the best of subjects on which to write. One fellow headed his paper with his name + the subject of examination and wrote no more. Not a single letter. In the afternoon we played our last fixture in the cricket field. I had the honour + distinction of being elected captain of the team, and brought off an easy victory. I lost the toss + our opponents decided to bat first. We had had to wait a long time for their team to get together, which made us late in starting. We dismissed the whole team for 24 runs. Then our turn came and I sent two men in who put on 18 for the first wicket the next man brought the score to 31 before he was caught, then as the match was won + some of our chaps had business in the city before tea. + it was getting late, they asked me to close the match, which I did.

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Sunday.

Sept. 3

As the Vice is preaching away this morning we are excused early Chapel. At eleven we had the ordinary morning service with a powerful (?) address (rather than sermon) our “Love is the fulfilling of the law” by the Principal, during which he took the opportunity of venting his mind on the subject of larking + practical joking. Probably he had in mind a little occurance[sic] that happened last Sunday morning.

On sitting down at breakfast it was noticed that there was “one vacant chair”, + on the corridors might have been seen a rope attached to a certain door handle + the other end securely fastened to the opposite side of the corridor. Putting your ear to the door, you might have heard muttered growlings, betokening a coming storm.

When one of the servants came in the dining hall, we sent him up to see what was the matter with no 6. when he got up however he found no one there + consequently thought we had

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been “having him”. It seems, however, that a corridor maid had released the prisoner, who coming down to the dining hall found the door locked.

But I reckon he had the laugh at us, for on the servant reporting to the Matron, she sent for him + he had breakfast in the kitchen – ham & eggs – There's a strong competition on, as to who shall be the next to be locked up.

In the afternoon, I went for a stroll along the Foss with Billy Walker + sitting down on the bank watched the fishes, which could be counted – not in scores but in hundreds. The river was fairly alive with them under the shade of the trees. We came back in time to attend Evensong at the Minster + to hear the Anthem as usual.

Monday.

When the Prin. came in this morning he had a letter in his hand from the Hospital at Manchester. The doctor sent word that he was sorry to have to report the bad news. Len has had a relapse

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+ is in a very poor way, - raging in delirium. He has stopped all letters from his friends + wrote asking the Principal to tell us not to write, as he cannot allow him to be excited by them. At night we had Mr Whitby, one of the Minster choir men down to give us a few hints with regard to our songs. We went upstairs one at a time to him + Mr Mills accompanied us on the piano. I sang mine through + then he went over it with me marking + pointing out parts where improvement might be made, after which he sang it through himself. I just wish I could sing it as well, I’d be sure of full marks + one or two extra. I had another try at it, which he was pleased to say was a great improvement. I'll knock Sims Reeves out before I’ve done. The world does not know what is in store for it yet, - + perhaps doesn’t want, I fancy I hear you say. Well maybe it is best that it should not know.

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Tuesday.

Sept. 5

Read the lesson in Chapel at Morning Service -. It has been a common practice all the year for several fellows to slip the Prin’s lectures. Some stay out all morning, others sneak out while he is demonstrating on the black-board – one especially being a regular adept at this business. All has gone well so far, but this morning for some unaccountable reason or other, he ordered the roll to be called, with the result that three names remained unanswered. Of course he was in a regular temper + “gated” them until Friday night, + left a special invitation for them to pay him a visit at 11 o’clock to-morrow morning.

This little outburst had not a very good effect on his temper + we had a lively hour of it I can tell you. Man after man was brought to the board to prove a deduction + he muddled them all “What’s that your name, it is? + down went the name on the back of the an old envelope “With the remark, "Come to my study at 8.30”

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Luck was with me + I escaped. Then when the lecture (?) concluded, we had another lecture on making up his work + he got so mad that he actually forgot the wound in his back, stooped down, + to our amazement, picked up the duster from the floor. Why when he is in his right mind he couldn’t reach it, if it were placed on a chair. Then he picked up the aforesaid old envelope, made a frantic effort to find the pocket of his dust coat (succeeding finally) + putting on his old mortar board with a scientific flourish, wished us a “Good morning, gentleman” + walked majestically from the room. It was a good job he did not look behind him for many thumbs were placed unto the nose, + fingers were outspread.

The College growler is one of the three lucky individuals who are thus gated. On being informed of his fate, he simply said “Oh, lor! Oh, lor! + none can growl Oh! Lor! Like Harry Smith.

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Wednesday.

AI spent the greater part of the half-holiday in drawing + music, taking a short walk before tea. I notice all the three gated ones have been out to-day. Then'll be a jolly now if the Prin. Hears of it. I wouldn’t care to run the risk if I were gated. After tea I went up to the Matron’s room with the papers + she kept me talking for over half-an-hour, comparing York with Carmarthen. She's a lot different to the other old sticks we have had. She says she is buying just the same meat that we had before + that the fault lay in the cooking – some of the tins not being fit to be seen much less used. Chicken-meat is now reduced to once a week, but we could manage with her idea of rice-puddings every day in the week. They are rice-puddings + there is no need to say more. The Sunday “odds + ends baked in tall hat + dignified by the name of plum-pudding) has given place to cold fruit pie, which I need not say is more acceptable. “Leather” is now conspicuous

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by its absence, and is more missed than lost. She has introduced two other kinds of puddings both eatable + good. One defies all attempts to analyse its contents. It is a mystery.

It is cooked , evidently, in the same manner as a Yorkshire pudding + is served in slices + is of a brownish colour. It is placed on the table whole; we do the cutting.

Of course a name had to be invented for it. I suggested “linseed poultice” which was accepted until we got into it, when it was found that it was rather too hard + firm to bear that appellation. + it is now known + recognized as “door-mat”.

A post-card from the hospital to-day gives slightly better hopes for Len. He has asked for his letters, but the doctor refused his request. To-day Fred Tilbrook enters on his third successive week of confinement to his bedroom with his leg. He has something matter with his knee, which has a habit of coming out of

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joint on the slightest provocation. This time he was set in a chair crossed legged + hearing the tea-bell, uncrossed his legs to get up + put his knee out in doing so. The doctor is going to put his leg in plaster of Paris to-morrow.

Thursday.

This afternoon all the Masters were out with the exception of one, who was on drill with the Juniors. Of course when the cats away the mice will play, and it was only natural that we should take advantage + liven ourselves up a bit. Had you come here on a visit + entered our study you would have found it empty + desolate. Listening, sounds of music + singing might be heard as if proceeding from above. Following the sounds to their source, you would have been led to a certain room on the Corridors, dignified as the sitting room of Mr Mills. Entering you would have found the whole body of us having a little concert

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on our own account. Mr Mills’ piano was brought into requisition – many of us sang our songs in turn + then we had a number of glees “Here’s a health to all good lasses”; “Witha a Fa, la, la”, “Flora” “Oh! Who will o’er the downs so free” “The three chafers” &c.

A proper time we had. Even Fred Tilbrook got up + came hobbling down the corridor on crutches to take part in the spree.

Friday.

You will remember at the beginning of the year, a great deal of correspondence took place between certain two cathedral cities of the north. Well in some cases this correspondence has been continued, + various meeting were arranged on the homeward journey of Midsummer.

On returning after the holidays, one of the most “gone” surprised us by declaring his intention of “chucking the job”. However it takes two to make a bargain,

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they say, + letters still arrived here. Early on in the week a post-card arrived, inscribed in Latin “Time changes, but we never.” Of course this was treated as a huge joke + one ventured to make the remark what a lark it would be to send word that Mr —— was ill + could not receive letters. Mr —— agreed with the remark + the purpose was deputed to concoct the epistle.

I suppose he piled the agony on thick.

Mr —— was lying dangerously ill in his dormitory + his anxious fellow-students were eagerly watching which way it would turn. Morever[sic], we were all of the opinion that it was her heartless conduct towards him which had a great deal to do with it. And so on – a regular long string of rubbish, making it very plain that it was all a cod.

As might be expected, the return post brought a little note for the writer, in Miss —— sat on him awfully thanking him to please refrain from meddling with that which is no

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Wise pertained unto him, + to please, for the future mind his own business, if such a thing were possible.

Nothing more was heard unto this afternoon when we were all hard at work. The Vice came in + going up to Mr —— asked him the name of the clergyman at home. He told him, where at the Vice looked rather surprised. “Do you know anyone called Pollard?” N0! Sir! More surprise on both parties, while we began to grow interested. “Do you know anyone in Liverpool?” “N-no! Sir.” A gleam of light flashed across us + we smiled.

Miss ——s’ home is in Liverpool. More mystification “Do you know the meaning of this telegram?” “Principal - Training College – York. Please – wire – immediately – if – R ——, A ——, P——.

(“That’s your name isn’t it?” Yes, Sir) is dangerously ill – and – confined – to – his – room.

(The anst[?] was prepaid, and a name + address

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in Liverpool given. A regular roar of laughter followed, poor —— looked as white as a sheet, while the Vice was mystified + unable to decide whether to be mad or not. “Do you know anything about it?” “N-no, Sir.” “More laughter. Does anyone know any thing about it?” At which we literally rolled over. At least —— summed up courage to refer him to the writer, who was playing the piano in the organ room.

From him he learnt about the post-card + the letter. Then he returned to our study, but only got a few steps in, when he had to turn back + go out for he could not control himself, while we were simply convulsed.

But the question is, who is Pollard? + how has he got to know anything about the matter.

We are plaguing —— that he is a lawyer so that he had better look out. Some say she has gone home ill through the letter + it must be a married sister who is making

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the enquiries. One of our fellows who comes from Liverpool says there is a parson of that name somewhere in Liverpool.

In the afternoon I went to the Guild Hall to a free exhibition of flowers. The Hall of itself is well worthy of a visit. The windows are of stained glass illustrating York history in the various periods through which it has passed. The first is illustrative of the Roman period, the centre figure being the Emperor Constantine who was born in York. The second illustrates the Saxon period, the third Norman + so on. Over the enhance is the finest window of all. It illustrates a meeting of the mayors of England and the Prince Consort in the year preceding the Great Exhibition. The scene is the banquet showing the Prince Consort on his feet addressing the assembly.

There is also a large bell taken as a trophy from a pagoda[[35]](#footnote-35) in Rangoon[[36]](#footnote-36) during the

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Burmese[[37]](#footnote-37) war. All round the room are stacked old rifles in various designs + on the walls stars are formed with bayonets that seem to have seen considerable service.

Saturday.

Read the Lesson in Chapel at early Service. The examination this morning was on Liturgy. We have the Communion, Baptism + Confirmation Services to do + to prove all the articles of the Apostles’, Nicean + Athanassian Creeds from Scripture.

Part of one question was to prove “Light of Light” from the Bible. One fellow, whose knowledge of Scripture is somewhat wanting, was fogged with this + passed a slip of paper to Reg Newton asking for the required text. Reg. always ready for a joke immediately wrote.

“Light of Light”: - Scripture proof. “And he said as I was with Moses so I will be with thee, only be thou strong + of a good courage, O my father.” Incredible as this may seem, he actually wrote

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this down on his paper.

The same fellow last time explained the word “Indifferent” as meaning “without thinking or caring about the matter.”

The ludicrousness of the answer is manifest when one remembers that the word occurs in the prayer “that the magistrates may truely + indifferently administer justice” &c.

In the afternoon I set out for a good walk, but not feeling well returned + stayed in.

In the middle of the afternoon a gentleman came in + looked round the place as if he had something to do with it. He afterwards introduced himself as the new secretary of the Committee + said he was glad to see we were keeping the place clean + asked how we liked the changes. He stayed talking a long time + said that their next adventure would be to fit the organ room with chairs, when he hoped to someday meet all the students there + have a talk

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with them.

After he had gone I made an impromptu couch with a form = cushions + slept until tea-time, and at nine o’clock I got leave for bed + skedaddled. That made three of us from No. 1 table in bed.

Sunday.

Sept. 10th

Did not feel much livelier this morning but got up for breakfast at 8 o’clock.

The Vice is preaching away again to-day as we had no early chapel service.

At 11 we had service with a sermon by the Prin. who is preaching at the Minster this afternoon. I have just taken him the papers in – Graphic + Illustrated London News + am now bringing this up to-date before going out for a stroll preparatory to going to the Minster for the Anthem.

We have had another change to-day. Formerly we went on the corridors from 1.15 to 1.30, when it often happened that some-one stayed up for a snooze until tea-time. Now, however, we are

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stopped at our little game for we go up in the morning for half-an-hour before chapel service at 11 o’clock, so that we can bid good-bye to afternoon naps, for the corridors are fastened from all points of access.

Well I’ve reached the last page of an other Volume. - one more + one less - (another fit of melancholy). Nut you mustn’t look for another being filled in less than a fortnight.

A week next Saturday we have the Music exam. Three weeks to-morrow (Monday) the Religious Knowledge exam is with us again.

Five days later is exam for Model + on the first of November, Black-board + Shading. I don’t know when the two or three day’s break will fit in, probably not at all.

The two Sciences I am taking are not fixed yet, but they will come on soon after the Shading.

And now “Good-afternoon, all.”

VOLUME VI

Sept. 11th – Sept. 23rd 1893

Monday.

Sept. 11

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Another week + another volume commence together and commence, too, with a mistake.

Er commenced the weeks work at 7 o’clock with individual tests in time + tune changing, preparatory to the singing exam. This over steps were wended to the chapel-wards – congregation waiting – I was looking over the lesson I was shortly to read – organ pealing forth – all in readiness + all waiting, but no parson. Presently in walks one, who in a loud voice proclaims “No chapel this morning, chaps”, so we returned without a service.

About dinner time Mr Wilson, our Normal Master, came in + said we could expect a deputation from the Sheffield School Board to-morrow morning at 10 o’clock + those who had applied for situations at Sheffield were to have a lesson ready to give before them. There are half-a-dozen applying. Consequently I have been busy to-night preparing a lesson on Simple Interest for Standard VI. Rather short notice.

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Tuesday.

Read the lesson in chapel this morning instead of yesterday. This makes three out of four mornings that I have been on this duty.

As we were expecting the deputation at 10 o’clock, the six of us did not go in to the lecture from 9 to 11, and got into a jolly row for not doing so. I'm getting about sick of these eternal rows. Only yesterday, one of the quietest + easy-going fellows in our year was dubbed a low mean cad + hauled before the Prin. by the Vice. What for? Yes that’s what we asked. I'll tell you.

Because, forsooth, he preferred to cut a piece of bread from a fresh loaf, instead of eating a small piece that had lain all night, from tea-time to breakfast, on the table. For nothing in the world else. last week a complaint was laid before him from our table. He kept us in the Dining Hall after tea + nearly took our heads off, saying that we were the only table that made any bother + calling us

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So many liars, when we said that we had much more butter when we first came back, than we now had, and that the sooner he saw our backs, the better. Before night was out, he had a deputation to his room consisting of representation from every table but ours to let him know that other tables had bother to make, that it had been passed unanimously in a study meeting that the butter had most certainly decreased in quantity since the first + that the members of No. 1 table were not liars when they said it had, + that we considered that he was not justified in saying what he did.

He was sometime before he spoke + then made an apology, saying that he was in a great rage when he made the remarks he did.

And so we go on, Row, bother + devilment; morning, noon, and night; upstairs + down, never right + always wrong.

However, three more months + then —— something different at any rate.

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Well the Deputation arrived about 10 o’clock, and we went into school. I was first to go on the agony stand + two more were soon at work. I had not been at my subject long when Mr Procter said that will do, + Mr Moss says “Now give them a Geography lesson” (Howling Ceasar + I’ve not seen Standard VI geography for many a year). Well I’d just got fairly under weigh + taking a trip in Asia, when Mr Gilmour pokes his nose round the board. “Oh! That will do thank you, just give them an object lesson” (Great Jupiter, worse + worse, not a moments’ preparation, + not an idea of a subject) What’s he saying? “say a lesson on this”, and he handed me his lead pencil. It couldn’t have been better. “A lead pencil” was one of the lessons I had prepared for the Midsummer exam + I was soon revelling among its component parts, when I was once more stopped. A good job, too, for him, for I was just about to split his pencil down to illustrate how the lead was laid in.

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Then I was left + for fear it was a catch to see what I would do with an idle class (for you never know what these chaps are up to) I commenced Mental Arithmetic + presently up came two of the gentlemen, listened + watched awhile + then said “Thank you, you may go.” And so the die is cast. How, remains to be seen. Mr Gilmour came to me afterwards + asked me several questions, Where I lived? Where had I taught? &c. Would I like to go back to Sheffield? and as he left he said he should endeavour to bring the Sheffielders home again, if possible.

So that I am now hoping for the best.

The deputation had only just gone, + we were standing outside with Mr Wilson, who was telling as much as he had found out, when the Vice came out + unceremoniously ordered us into the study to work, while Mr Wilson was in the middle of a sentence.

Things are getting lively I can tell you. One might think we are so many dogs, judging from the treatment we receive sometimes.

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Wednesday.

I've waited several days to cool down a bit before writing anymore. We are a bit quieter just now. A deputation came on Wednesday from the Leed’s Board + appointed two. Gen. Walker goes to Leeds + has withdrawn his application from Sheffield.

Six are now settled. I wish ours would come. “Patience is a virtue”, but it’s hard to put it into practise in a case like this. However, I suppose we shall have to wait until ‘the powers that be’ choose to send the result + then what will that result be. One thing is worthy of notice, both Boards have highly praised the standard of teaching they have seen at York. That's a feather in our caps at any rate. Another feather has also just been brought to our notice. In the Government Blue Book, lately issued are some remarks by the examiners on the work we did at Christmas.

The examiner of the Algebra papers says that the papers from Boro’ Rd. Battersea + York, of the Firs Year deserve special mention for excellence

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+ from Culham, Saltley + York of the Second Year. York has thus the honour of being the only College in the country where both years have called forth praise from the examiner.

Thursday.

Mr Robinson from the Minster came in the morning + put himself at the service of any one who cared to go up stairs to him with their songs. I had quarter of an hour at mine. If he says much more I shall begin to think I am a singer, if I do only know one song. There's a rare collection of songs on the go too. I don’t think it’s good enough a fellow coming down here + having a free concert all to himself – a play, glees, an anthem + 31 songs.

“The Pilgrim” is prowling about “London Bridge” with his “Serenade” “For ever and for ever”. “In the good old days” we hear of the “Death of Bayard”. But “Mourn not” for “He giveth his beloved sleep”, therefore “Soldier rest! Thy warfare o’er”. “Other lips” proclaim the fact that “Under a rose-bush a child is

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sleeping" and that “Only can the sad heart sing” “Then you’ll remember me”. But I am “Tired, oh yes and weary too, the day has been very long” and so I’ll bid you “Adieu”.

In the afternoon I had 3 hrs drawing. Every time Mr Cull – the Art Master – comes in he reminds us of the pleasant fact that from all he can gather from various sources, we may look out for something “stiff” at the drawing exam. The authorities have doubled the time for shading, so that it its evident that they want something more that usual in that time.

Friday.

We had a full rehersal[sic] of Antigone (Anti-agony), from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Mr Whitby, from the Minster, was down to pick out faults + generally criticize the performance, + during the interval sang us “Deep in the mines” + “Drinking”.

I think the former is the finest Bass song I have ever listened to.

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We are having Royalty here early in October. The Duke + Duchess of York are coming to open a free Library. I see by the papers that elaborate preparations, are to be made; most of the regulars will be on duty, both in the processions + lining the sheets, + the volunteers are to form a Guard of Honour at the station. It is rumoured, whether true or otherwise, I know not, that the College Company are to be asked to form this Guard in the station.

Saturday.

We were subjected to rather a severe test on the Acts of the Apostles. We have only another fortnight before the Religious Knowledge Exam. The Prin. says it doesn’t matter 2d. whether we get a First or a Fail, only for the honour of the College. I'm hoping to uphold the honour at any rate, but I need a lot of polishing up all round yet. Scripture is a peculiar subject to “stew”. One chap this morning gave a graphic description of the wreck of the St Paul “off Thessalonica”.

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In the afternoon I paid the Reading Room a visit, not having been lately.

At night we had the privilege of retiring at supper time having to be up for early communion in the morning.

Sunday.

Sept. 17

Got up for communion service at 7.40 a.m. after breakfast a couple of us had a stroll round the race-course, landing back in time to ring the dressing bell at 10.30.

At 11 o’clock we had another service with a sermon by the Vice. The afternoon I spent in letter writing until time for Minster, when I went as usual to hear the Anthem.

At night I stayed in + had a nap. Fred Tilbrook has got down-stairs again, but can only hobble about on crutches. There are ever so many ill + 4 or 5 in bed, one with the mumps.

Monday.

The Dr. Has been to one fellow to-day + pronounced his case as congestion of the lungs. He has

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been in bed a week very bad, nut no medicine though he asked for some + bullied because he wished to have a fire. A nurse has arrived to-night so we are coming to something now.

While I was writing this the Vice has just thrown open my door (I am writing this upstairs) with “Have you been throwing something down the corridor” I haven’t. He has been round to many rooms, but has not succeeded in spotting the man, though I fancy I could name without having two guesses. It is only a carrot that was rolled down, but you cannot imagine what a row such a little thing will make when bumped down the corridor in a professional manner.

Tommy Tomlinson has been having an interview with the Vice to-night. I have not seen him since but I hear he came back looking very downcast + crest-fallen. I must see him in the morning for I am complicated in the affair. What do you think he has been to the Vice for?

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Only to get his pillow. And thereby hangs a tote. It happened on Saturday, just after the exam, on the Acts + we were on the corridors washing + changing for the half-holiday. I was half-undressed + was dealing out shaving water to the stubble-growers. Of course the chief topic of conservation was the exam – comparing notes &c. One question consisted of a list of names, some of men, some of women + some of towns. We had to “discover” which was which, write what we knew of the persons = state what events happened at the towns. One of these names was “Blastus”.

So as we were talking someone enquired “Who was Blastus?” “Why”, says another “don’t you remember reading about Blastus the kings’ chamberlain?” “Oh, yes”, he replies “but what king was it?” “Why, Herod.” “Of course” I added soft + low “haven’t you Herod about him?” I had to take refuge in the first room I came at.

Tommy + Harry Mason vowed vengeance dire

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+ dreadful. But I could not stay there all day so determined to make a rush for my own room. Harry was standing in his door way with a pot of water + Tommy was opposite with his pillow. As I rushed by Harry let fly with the water part of which reached my neck (necessitating a change of shirts) + Tommy launched out with his pillow but missed. Away I fled down Zion + on to the Long with Tommy at my heels + the pillow lifted on high. However I reached my room + slipped the catch leaving him outside + just then I heard the cough of one who coughs as none can. The owner of that cough came tramping along, past my room, down Zion + stopped at poor Tommy’s door.

Tommy was up to the eyes in lather + shaving away for dear life, but it didn’t wash.

“Aw, Aw. Where’s your pillow?” “It’s on my bed” “Give it me”. + away he stalked with the prize under his arm.

The pillow has been recovered to-night it seems,

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gathering round, broke suddenly in all its fury. A crisis + a serious one too, was reached about 11.30 p.m. last night.

One of the chief agents in all the commotion is one of the Assistant masters in the school, only 3 years out of College himself + who now “Dressed in a little brief authority” seems to make himself as obnoxious as possible, especially on the corridors, ordering men to their rooms, as one would a dog to its kennel, reporting + hauling men before the Vice.

Hints have been dropped several times before him to let him see that he was carrying on too far, but to no purpose.

Last night when he retired to bed, he met with a tremendous surprize. His bed was “chucked” + chucked more completely than any bed has been done before. - Clothes, bed + mattresses all in a heap. + all done before one could say Jack Robinson. I am not going

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to enter into any discussion as to how far we were right in so doing, that is not the question. Some means were wanted to shew him our disapprobation of his conduct + this was the opportunity which offered itself for the purpose + which was accordingly seized.

I heard him go to his room + immediately return to fetch the Vice + knew that more would be heard of the matter this morning. The Vice was in for lecture at 9 o’clock + before beginning said he had something to say. We knew what was coming, + said nothing. Of course we got a regular good wigging + he finished off by saying that unless an apology was forthcoming from the men who did the work by night all holidays would be stopped, including Michaelmas + all extensions, or to put it in other words, failing an apology by bed-time to-night we were to be gated until Christmas. A pleasant prospect, truely.

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As soon as we could we called a meeting to consider our situation. After talking over the pros. + cons. for some two hours or so, it was decided to leave it with the men who actually did the work to decide whether they would apologize or not, but that at the same time it was the unanimous wish of the study that they should not do so. Accordingly the day passed + no apology was sent.

Wednesday.

It was the Vice’s early lecture this morning, but he passed no remark on yesterday’s business until the close of his forenoon's lectures, when he reminded us that no apology had been sent + that therefore we could consider ourselves gated until such time as the men apologized.

Thus I have experienced my first punishment of any kind while being in Col. I had hoped to go through the two years with a clean sheet, but the Fates have ordained it otherwise. At dinner time we were told that there was

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no key-holiday for Seniors + that the Vice would be down at four o’clock to superintend Private Study. In a short meeting we decided to take the work as an ordinary matter of course, to keep quite + show him that we could work as well as play.

When Study time came instead of ringing the bell as ordinarily I tolled it as solemnly as I possibly could.

Then the Vice came in + the silence was broken only by turning of book leaves or the occasional lifting of a desk lid. He was quite surprised, having evidently expected a noisy afternoon. As time went on he seemed to be working himself up + at 5 o’clock he had a cup of tea + something to eat, so we stopped work to eat an apple or munch a pear.

So we sat on, until tea time + before going he said that he was not going to stay in with us any more. But that unless he received

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the apology he would not send in for the papers for Magnetism + Electricity. That means we drop a subject at Christmas, throw 100 marks to the winds, the Vice loses £60 or £70 of his salary, the College would sink lowest in England + he would most likely have to leave. But he expressed himself as being ready to do as he threatened.

Accordingly immediately tea was over we had another meeting. Mr Mills came in to take our songs, but we asked to be excused, telling him that we had some very serious business to discuss, so he gave us the night.

Many projects were brought forward, some were for standing fast, some for giving in, the Code was consulted but we were unable to discover whether he had the power to do so or not. Some proposed writing for advice to Mr Acland M.P. for Rotherham + President of the Board of Education, and also to the N.U.T.

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but I pointed out that it was very improbable, even if they had the authority to interfere, they would do so, without having both sides of the questions, and that however justified we were in showing our disapprobation in the manner we had done, no outsider would back us up a deputation to the Vice + tell him that what we had done, was not done with the intention of putting him to any inconvenience, but to show how incensed we were again the other master. The Study wished to express their “sorrow to the Vice for the trouble we had evidently caused him, but that the Study did not + would not apologize in any way whatever to the other master.”

The Vice had demanded an apology from the men who actually did the trick, but by

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sending a deputation in this way the whole Study took the blame, man + man + we resolved “that only under the most pressing circumstances + as a last final resource would we give up the men”, for whom it would certainly mean a trip home for a time.

After supper the deputation saw the Vice, who did not ask for the men + said he was quite unaware that there was anything wrong between us + the master. They told him plainly the reason why we had done it + after he had tried for sometime to make the deputation view matter from his point of view, but without success, he admitted that we were not altogether wrong in thus showing our feelings, but we had chosen the wrong + way to go about the business.

He wished we would apologize to the master as it put him in a very awkward fix, but they told him that they did not think we would. The Vice then asked them to come down,

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hold another meeting either to-night or to-morrow and see what we could do.

Accordingly another meeting was called (10.15 p.m), the deputation stated what had taken place, and the question was put,

“Shall we apologise or shall we not” and the “Noes” had it unanimously, but a proposition was made, in order to the release the Vice from his predicament, to the effect, that the same deputation wait upon the master, tell him why his bed was turn, + let him know what the year thinks about him. Each member of the deputation declared his readiness to do or say any thing that was passed.

Accordingly they returned to the Vice + informed him of our decision, which he agreed with + thus friendly feeling were once more restored, so far, in fact, that killing two birds with one stone, one of the deputation stayed behind to ask for a subscription towards getting

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out next month’s magazine, which is to be a fine one, and received the promise of half-a-sovereign.

The next business was to interview the other fellow. He came in at a quarter to eleven from the theatre but I’m afraid his night’s enjoyment was rudely upset. he was immediately tackled by the deputation. Eleven o’clock struck, quarter past then half-past. We were all up on the Corridors anxiously awaiting the result, but at quarter to twelve some gave in + went to bed. Midnight struck + a few of us stole down in stocking feet to eaves drop.

We heard one of the deputation telling him that he was the only master from the Principal downward who had so much dignity + importance that he could not take his hat off, when he entered our Study.

At this we cleared out, expecting to see them kicked out, but the time flew by – half-past twelve, quarter to one, then one o’clock, + I

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gave in + relieved still having a few determined spirits who would see the end. It was half past one when they came out, the master declaring that he should go on in the same way as before. At any rate he knows now what we think about him, + for another thing, I think the Vice will be a little more careful in taking notice what is reported to him. And so the cloud has passed by. It has been a heavy storm, terrible + serious when at its height, but I hope that now it is over we shall have sunshine for the remainder of our life here. But how rejoiced I will be to welcome the 16th of December, when I shall once more be free. I have never wished the two years to be at an end so much as I have done this last few weeks. I had an Ideal College Life before coming to St. John’s, but I have found the Real to be considerable in the rear of the Ideal.

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Thursday.

Another morning’s past but no news from the Sheffield Board. I wish we could hear one way or another + so know our fate.

To-day being one of those glorious institutions know as Saint’s Days we did not arise for early lecture, but landed down in time for Chapel. Jack Whitehead is very bad, so bad that the bell has been stopped – a trained nurse in here + his mother came yesterday + is staying in York.

I took my song over this morning with Mr Mill + at the conclusion he said he did not want to hear me again. At first sight you might take this for a doubtful compliment therefore let me hasten to explain. As there is only one more day before the exam, he wished to devote his energies to the weak + doubtful only. Thus much explained I trust you will be able to see the compliment in the same light as I choose to take it.

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The agony is now being piled on the drawing as well as singing. Hours are being put in at drawing each day, but Drawing has one decided advantage over singing – one can talk + draw (that is, when Mr Cull is not in, for when he is, he generally says “Leave all the talking to me gentlemen, please”, + we find it best to do as he wished) but I’ll be hanged if we can sing + talk, even when Mr Mills does not object (+ he invariably does not). So it happened that we were drawing and talking (hence you can infer by induction the Mr Cull was out) and I by some means or other, unconscious by or otherwise made a pun. At any rate I heard afterwards that I had, though my recollection of events just about that period are somewhat mixed + hazy. I have some dim + blurred recollections of being sat at a table in front of a model in the organ room,

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and then came a great + awful shock of earthquake, the room seemed to be tumbling in, the floor got up + cracked me on the head + the next thing I can remember is finding myself sat on the floor in the middle of our Study at least 50 yds from the scene of the disaster. But the strangest thing as yet to be related. Gathering myself up, I was thankful to find no bones broken + immediately made my way to where I knew the organ room formerly stood with the intention of rendering what aid I could to release those whom I imagined to be lying crushed, bruised + broken beneath the ruins. But the room had not fallen in. It looked alright + opening the door I found all the other chaps calmly sat around the tables drawing away as if nothing had happened. When I put my head in at the door I was greeted with “Good morning, you had better go + use Pears’ Soap. Looking at myself

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in the glass, I thought I certainly might have received worse advice so proceeded upstairs to carry it into practise. But it wasn’t Pears’s Soap; we don’t use anything so common. The question I would like solving, however, is “How was it that I alone experienced the earthquake shock, and how did I get from the organ room to the middle of our Study?”

N.B. I was not drunk – being strictly T.T. neither was I asleep – having had an extra dose of bed this morning.

A solution to the problem will greatly oblige.

Yours truly,

Semlok.

Friday.

We had a fine final practise of “Antigone” to-night. Both Mr Robinson + Mr Whitby came to hear our last effort + at the conclusion congratulated us on the fine style we had sung it. They each sang us a couple

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of songs, during the intervals. We have had some rare musical treats from these two gentlemen at various times.

At the conclusion we gave them a hearty vote of thanks + the college clap for the valuable assistance they have rendered us, especially to we Seniors. Many a time I am sure they must have put themselves to inconvenience + neglected their own work to help. Often when Mr Mills could not attend to us, one or the other has come down + taken us individually in singing, + especially our songs, pointing out mistakes + remedies, offering suggestions, and illustrating how a passage should be sung, that one felt it a pleasure to be under their tuition.

In response to the vote they said that the best way we could thank them was to go in for the exam. To-morrow with a determination to do well, keep a cool head, + do well.

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After supper we had a little business to do of rather a peculiar, + yet of a highly interesting character. To relate it fully I must go back to about the first week of this term, when one morning there arrived a letter addressed to “The Senior Students” and being the crest of Bede College Durham. It contained a challenge from the Durham Students to play us a Chess Match by correspondance. The challenge however was declined owing to the nearness of Christmas with its attending miseries.

This was followed by a challenge to a schooling match which we would have liked very much to have taken on, but for the fact that our shooting range is 8 miles away + the expense of getting there was a little too much for our pockets.

We had consequently to again refuse the challenge. Nothing more was heard

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until the other morning, when I again found a letter addressed to the Senior Students, but addressed in a Lady’s handwriting + leaving the crest of St. Hilda’s College. Durham. St. Hilda’s by-the-way is a Female Training College. Our curiosity was consequently aroused to its highest pitch. When the missive was opened we found a rather curious little note. The fair writer, having first asked forgiveness in thus breaking the rules of society by writing to a number of fellows with whom she had not the slightest acquaintance, enquired if it were true that we had refused a shooting match with the Durham fellows because we were afraid of a beating. She had heard of the match, and being a Yorkshire lass was sure Yorkshire could beat anything there ever was or ever will be in Durham.

And, (and she naively adds, “I hope you won’t

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think bad of me”) I have made a bet, to the extent of one cigar to a pair of gloves, that the Durham fellows would be beaten.

“And now” she adds, “they say you are afraid, and he claims his cigar”. “I am thus a double loser, having to pay the cigar + lose a pair of gloves, which I was certain to have won”.

Of course there was but one conclusion at which we could arrive + that was to explain to her our reason for refusing the match, to express our regret that she had lost the pair of gloves, but to compensate her for her loss we decided to send her a pair + ask her to accept them.

The Study Secretary was therefore empowered to buy a good pair out of the Doggery Funds + to send them to her accompanied by a little hate.

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Saturday.

Sept. 23.

Being an exam day we had the privilege of staying in bed until chapel time.

After breakfast we were standing round the fire discussing chances + probabilities when Mr Mills came in to ask us how we felt. Most of us were a trifle shaky + he confessed he felt somewhat of that way himself – just a little nervous + anxious. Mr McNaught arrived at 10 o’clock and business was at once begun. We went up three at a time to Mr Mills’ sitting room.

My turn soon came along + once up I was soon into business. I commenced with the song, and at the conclusion of it, I was informed that I had a very good voice. First time I knew it. However, he gave me full marks, which, were as pleasing to receive as the praise. Then came a harder test, - an unseen test in time and tune + transition of key. I got through it alright at the first attempt + again scored full marks.

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Following this was a test in singing + beating strict time, and scored full marks again. Then came a test for the ear in naming notes as he sang them, and on this I scored 8 marks out of possible 10.

For general character + style I got the full marks, thus scoring altogether 1 + 8 out of possible 50, or 96 percent.

The lowest mark gained was 35.

He was nearly 3 hrs in getting through the lot of us + then heard the Juniors sing a couple of glees, after which we had an interval for dinner. At 1.45 we were once more assembled round the agony stands in the organ room to render Antigone.

Presently Mr Mills came in + in a few hurried words asked us to do our level best for McNaught had been saying a luncheon that Sir John Stainer had specially sent him to York to hear the fine singing for

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which is noted.

In a few minutes he came in, accompanied by the Prin. + without loss of time we commenced the play. It seemed to go well + Mr McNaught frequently applauded the choruses. The final one was a double chorus by two different choirs + this we had made our master-piece. It is a very difficult chorus, my part as a second tenor reaching F. sharp, while the first tenors are revelling up amongst the G’s + A’s.

The two choirs commenced in unison.

“Fair Semele’s high born son. Thou many name’d one,

Thou, who call’st thy father, the thund’rer Jove! -

Object of beautiful Italia’s love;

Thou who crownest what Ce-res bestoweth on all

To thee now we call!

Then the two choirs take up in harmony.

“Here us – Bacchus.

In Thebe, thy Bacchantes’ home.

Where the bright Ismenus rolling her waters,

Unites the Dragon’s sons + daughters.

Unites the Dragons sons + daughters.”

Then once more we have a bit of unison.

“On thy mounts’ double crested heights,

Thy votive flames ascending, with

Corycian nymphs attending,

Grace thy mystic rites.”

Then a pretty bit of harmony.

“While pure Castalia loves the ground.

Thy lofty Nysian summit sings, Ivy crown’d.

Thy praise. Vine and tree, Warble too thee

Thy votive trains chant thy lays; Thy sacred chorus raises, And Thebes fanes resound thy praises.”

Then comes some hard work. Our choir keeps up a continual. “Hear us, Bacchus” all on 7, while the second choir intersperse “Above all the rest; Thebes thou hast guarded + blest!” “She was its pride, who, clasping the Thunder died.” “And now, seeking its lost repose, we pray thee to come + heal its woes:”

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“O hither bend, From thy Parnassean heights descend. Or from over Eubœa’s billows. Hear us Bacchus.”

Here they take up the “Hear us, Bacchus, which we have been interspersing between each of their hires, and now we take runs while they cry to Bacchus, and the end of which we cry one against the other “Hear us Bacchus” until we glide in together with a double forte; + die away with a dims – down to double piano, the final “Bacchus” being little more than a whisper.

At the conclusion, Mr McNaught said he was exceedingly pleased with the magnificent rendering we had given to a really difficult work. He was glad we had taken up a classical piece for study. He was well aware that to get at the real spirit of the play we needed a full orchestra, with scenery + dramatic action, a thing which was absolutely impossible for us to do, but we had evidently grasped the full meaning of the work by the expression we had

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put into the music. He shewed report the performance as “really excellent and highly creditable alike to master + students”.

Referring to the morning’s work of the Seniors, he said that “never before have I examined a set of students who came up with such readiness to attack the tests.” In fact we had gone at them in such a manner as to almost frighten him + in one or two cases marks had been lost through sheer eagerness in tackling the work. He concluded by wishing us all success in obtaining situations for he was sure we deserved success if only on account of our splendid singing this day.

The praise for Antigone goes down all the sweeter when on referring to the Blue Book on finds the report on the same work at Durham last year to run. “The work given by the Students was one which was evidently too difficult for them.

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The performance being over Mr Mills obtained an extension for us + we all went in a body to the theatre. And what a night out we had! We weren’t going in at any early door, not we Doyly Cartes’ Opera Company were here and were playing “Patience”. There was a great crowd as it was the last night. Fortunately there were no ladies in the crown, which soon knew when the “John’s” had arrived. Harry Mason from the middle of the crowd began shouting about Mr Gladstone which raised the ire of certain parties, until the authorities came to remove the man who was making all the bother. Strange to say one asked Harry who it was + pointing into the crush say “Him in the grey cap.” The door was opened just wide enough to admit one at a time. One party determined the John’s should not go in before them + called out the fact in not very polite language. Of course hearing this, we at once determined that we would. So we packed in wedge shape, and amid cries

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of “Now John’s” “Bear to the left” “Screw John’s” “Now with a twist”, signals which we all understood, we literally cut away through them + were inside comfortable seated, when we watched the discomfited ones come in.

Most of them however went into the Gallery + we saw them no more.

We had a short time to wait + of course amused ourselves until the curtain went up.

Just before that event, a note was passed round from the Dress Circle: -

Dear Students,

The management requested me

to request you not to make too much noise.

Ever Yours,

Fam. Mills

The opera was fairly good + we took care to have the best bits over again, one piece being taken over four times only.

We finally arrived home at 10.45 p.m.

VOLUME VII

Sept. 24th – Oct 20th 1893

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Sunday.

Sept. 24.

The Vice was preaching away this morning + as a consequence we had no early service in Chapel. We however went as usual at 11 o’clock, when for the first time I attended service on a Sunday morning at which advantage was taken of the fact that if the minister wishes he may dismiss the congregation without preaching a sermon.

The Prin. who took service to-day, not being up to the mark with his lung powers, dispensed with the sermon portion of the devotions. He went through the prayers in an almost inaudible voice.

At dinner time the Vice rather surprised us by saying that we had only asked for the extension until 20 past 9 for the last term on Sunday nights + that to-night we must be in at the old time 10 mins to 9. within five minutes of leaving the dining hall, I was off, as spokesman of a deputation of three elected by our Study, to interview the Principal on the subject.

Knocking at his study door (we always enter the

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house with knocking) we heard a voice shout “Come in” which was scarcely like the voice that whispered the prayers this morning.

Entering I asked him if he would please receive a deputation from our Study. Receiving an answer in the affirmative I called the other two in + immediately plunged into business, explaining that we were under the impression that the extension was granted for the year, subject only to the leave not being abused.

“Has the privilege been abused?” “No sir, not at all.”

After several more questions of a like character, he pondered awhile + then said that for himself he did not see any objection to our continuing in the same way as last term, unless there was some reason of which he knew nothing. At any rate he would leave the matter entirely in the Vice-Principal's hands. Thanking him we retired + then proceeded to catch the Vice in his room. We told him where he had been + what had

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been said on both sides.

“Aw, aw, I don’t see what you want to be out for now at night. It's dark, and nine o’clock is late enough for students in training.” Silence on our part, which we have found by experience to pay best in the long run.

“Aw, I know about what it amounts to. Aw, aw, you simply want to be hanging about all night with some girl or other. (The other two swore he looked straight at me when he said this, but I swear doubly hard that he didn’t). Still more silence – silence that almost be felt.

“However if the Principal does not object I don’t see why I should, aw,aw. Alright you may have it” “Thank you” + we withdraw in glee.

I immediately began to get ready for Minster, intending to attend both afternoon services. The Lady Chapel was filled to overflowing for Litany + Sermon, which was preached by Canon Flemming. I was bad last time he was in York + did not

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have the privilege of hearing him.

He preached a fine sermon this afternoon + though I only had a “standing seat” I was quite repaid by having a splendid discourse on “The hairs of your head are all numbered.”

There was a short break after this service + before evensong. I stayed until after the anthem + then took a short walk (yes, quite alone) before tea. After tea I was standing with Jack Lamin + Billy Walker + said “Well Jack what church is it to be to-night?” “Oh! I’m not particular, what do you say to St Martin’s” “What Coney St.? Right you are.”

So we three set off at once for it is a church which soon fills up. It was nearly half-past six when Billy Walker whispered “Well I’ll be shot, if Buggins hasn’t just gone into the vestry.”

“get away man you’re dreaming” but a moment after I heard a voice which there was no mistaking give out the processional hymn + as the choir went by the Vice brought up the rear

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alone. He took the service himself throughout + soon had us spotted, looking I thought somewhat surprised. I was rather pleased than otherwise that we had happened just to drop on the same church as the one at which he was preaching, for, taking it for granted that he did look at me at dinner time (+ they still swear he did + I still swear he didn’t) my character is vindicated + the reproach is taken away from me.

My presence in Church + in company, too, with our Doggery Chaplain, is a conclusion proof that I do not want to be out on Sunday night for the purpose of “hanging about with some girl or other”. Still the scoffers + the sneerers won’t give in, + cry “What about after church?” + echo answers what? We read “in the mouth of two or three it shall be established.” There were three of us, but the text does not evidently apply to a Training College. One evil disposed person, even remarked something about being “all tarred with the same brush.”

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Monday.

Read the lesson in chapel at morning service. We have got all this week with the exception of the Science hours for private study to prepare for next Mondays’ Scripture exam.

In the afternoon I went to a gentleman’s house in York to sit for the Intermediate Tonic Sol Fa Certificate for practical skill in singing tune, time, time + tune, transition, singing from memory and ear testing. It is a more advanced certificate than the one I got under Mr Coward in Sheffield + it was a harder exam than las Saturdays, but I am glad to say I went through the ordeal alright and obtained the coveted prize which will be sent down from London in due time. For the ear test he hummed over a chant while I wrote down the notes, + for memory work I had prepared a dozen tunes so that I could sing the notes of any one of them from memory.

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Tuesday.

A note arrived to-day from the Sheffield Board. Out of six applicants, Fred + Tommy are the successful ones + for the first time in a College trial I have come unsuccessful.

The note adds “more may be required” but that is poor consolation.

I have not done a stroke of work since the news came. I suppose I may look forward to exile again. I can’t write any more to-night, I feel too down hearted. I don’t like failures.

Good-night!

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Wednesday.

We had a march out last night to the Drill Hall. Some of the things took a bit of brightening + polishing up, for they were thrown anywhere when we returned from camp. We managed, however, to get into something like ship-shape form by 7.30 p.m.

When I took the papers to the Matron at night, I went after I had got ready + she called me back for inspection, my kersey, in her eyes, did not get well enough. It was a bit too big. I told her that it was a perfect fit 18 mths. ago, but that on college fare I had run off considerably. She can swallow the pill as she like. I had a paper to fetch from the hospital. The nurse was out when I went in, but returned while I was talking to Jack Whitehead. I asked her if she was afraid, but she replied that she was glad to have a Guard of Honour. Poor Jack has had a near shave for it. He could not take the Singing, though he will get a few marks, + he will not take Scripture. I doubt if he will be able to

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manage the drawing.

At 7.30 we fell in outside the Col. in a drizzle which, before we started turned to a heavy shower, causing us to “Fall out” for shelter.

After a few minutes we were able to start though it was still raining. It was a nasty night for a march through the streets, dark, wet + miserable. At the Drill Hall we were taken in hand by Captain + Adjutant Luke for examination + put through various movements + in the manual + firing exercises, receiving cavalry + repelling attacks &c.

At the conclusion he said he was very well pleased with our turn out + neat + tidy appearance.

He trusted that now we were leaving the force, we should find that the course of drill + training we had undergone would prove of benefit to us in our future career, both personally + professionally. After this we returned home + worked and hour at Scripture.

To-day I have been to watch a foot-ball match

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the first of the season, between the College and the Retreat – a large Asylum, for those who can afford heavy fees. I went for the purpose of getting inside the place, but we could not get in the building. Their team was composed of doctors, attendants + one lunatic, - a big stout fellow, who played in faultless attire, linen cuffs + everything complete. He stood solemnly to attention, looking straight before him, until the ball came near him + then he kicked. It was all the same whether he caught the ball or not but at once he returned to his fixed position, + during the whole game he never moved above 3 yds from the place he first occupied.

We won the game 14 goals to 1.

There were plenty of lunatic spectators. One was conducting an imaginary band during the game, + if there had been as much music as there was conducting, I fancy we should have heard a treat.

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The same fellow was great on striking attitudes, and about as good a whistler as I ever came across. When I first noticed him I was at one side of the field + he was at the other + I could hear him whistling “God save the Queen”, with variations.

After the match was over, he proudly carried off the ball, + looked around as if he had scored all the goals. Then he would have us go + look at his rabbit, which was in a bose[?]. He crept up to it as if he were afraid it would run away. Then we passed the cow houses where the milking process was being carried on. Entering the shed, he soon came out laughing, gibbering + shouting “The cows kicked the bucket”.

He was evidently getting excited + an attendant linked his arm through his + they walked off like big chums.

Another lunatic watched them go + shook his head as much as to say “Poor fellow, he’s soft.

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[...][[38]](#footnote-38)

The result of afternoons given to model drawing instead of recreation.

The night-mare of a student sitting for the model exam next week, and for which we are now piling on the agony.

My Certificate I obtained on Monday for singing arrived to-day from London.

At night I went to the Prin. and asked if he would write me a testimonial. I am to go in to-morrow for it. There are two parties

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in our study just now, viz those who are of “unblemished character” according to the Prin’s testimonial, and those of whom he does not say so much. I wonder if I am of “unblemished character”.

Friday.

Sept. 29th. On the almanac, which is pasted inside the lid of my desk, you would see the letter S marked against the 29th. What is it for? You would not ask if you lived here. S stands for Saint. To-day is a Saint’s Day, and as a natural consequence we stay in bed a little longer this morning. It's not much, but one becomes thankful for small mercies now-a-days, yea for very small mercies.

The afternoon I spent with Drawing Book + pencil, the rest of the day and night with the Bible and Prayer Book, when tired of Scripture turning to Liturgy, and when tired of Liturgy returning to Scripture.

At night, according to appointment, I put off

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my P.S. coat, donning one of more respectable appearance, straightened my feathers + generally made myself presentable, and then went over to the Prins. + into his study, for the testimonial. After a few questions he wrote one out + thanking him I adjourned to our own study to see which party I must throw in my lot with.

Diocesan Training College

York

Sept. 29 1893

I have much pleasure (they all begin that way) in testifying that Mr W. N. Holmes is thoroughly well qualified for the duties of an Elementary Schoolmaster.

He is a second year student of this College + has already passed (1st division) the Certificate Exam and (1st Class) the Religious Knowledge Exam of 1892.

Mr Holmes is a young man of strong constitution (mustang is good for the

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constitution), pleasing address (ain’t he flattering) (hells here it is) and of unblemished character (loud cheers from my unblemished brethren, and howls from the not-unblemished crew, yah, yah).

He is energetic, tactful and conscientious in his work, and is likely, in my opinion, to be a particularly valuable teacher.

G. W. de C Baldwin

Principal

And so I’ve joined the noble army of unblemished ones.

Saturday.

We had no examination this morning being allowed the time to make a final cram for Monday. I worked hard to dinner time + in the afternoon went out for a walk along the banks of the Foss. When just where the river nears the road, I stopped behind a bush to watch a couple returning toward York.

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One was in clerical dress and the other was dressed in the uniform of the Nurses’ Home. I knew both, for they are present both living in the same establishment as I am.

“It’ll be rather bad for you, ah, ah”.

Sunday.

Oct. 1st.

We had early chapel at 8.30 when we took the ordinary morning service, and at eleven o’clock we had Litany and Sermon followed by Communion.

In the afternoon I was at the Minster for the Anthem. Many of our chaps are staying in to-day cramming for to-morrow, but I can’t do it. What I know now, I know, and what I don’t know, I don’t know + it will have stay unlearned. I am hoping to get on alright and secure another First, but you can never form much of an opinion before hand, for you never know what style the questions will take.

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Monday.

Being an exam day we had no early lecture. The examination began at 9.30 + we had form papers to work in 3 hours. Each was divided into two actions + each section contained two questions, and we had to make a choice of one question from each section. The first two papers contained questions on the Acts + the other two on the Epistle to the Galatians. The questions were nothing to grumble at, being set quite on the work we had done, + were fairly easy, that is, in comparison with other work we have to do.

We began again at 2.30, after dinner + had another 3 hours of it with questions on the Creeds, + the Communion, Baptism + Confirmation Services. These were stiffer papers than those of the morning, especially those set on the Creeds. However taking altogether, I think I have done very well + am in good hopes of securing a First.

We had an extension at night until 9 p.m. to make up for the lost afternoon.

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Tuesday.

A day of hard work, principally drawing. I was drawing all afternoon, in practise for Saturday.

I have been gathering recruits for our first run of the season to-morrow + hope to have a good turn out.

Wednesday.

As it has kindly been pouring with rain all night, our run has had to be abandoned until some future date, so after dinner I took a walk all round the city to have a look at the decorations before the crowds began to congregate for the arrival of the Duke + Duchess of York.

To describe them properly I have neither time nor ability, but will enclosed a detailed account culled from the Yorkshire Herald. Suffice it to say they were magnificent, both as regards quantity + quality.

He was timed to arrive at 5.30 p.m. + a little before 5 we watched the procession of carriages

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with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen + Councillors leave the Mansion House for the Station + then a dozen of twenty of our year took up a very prominent position on Lendal Bridge (which was free from toll during the afternoon). We had not long to wait. First came the mounted band of the Carribineers[sic] – a splendid band – then the Councillors, Aldermen + the Lord Mayor, who made up a long procession, + whom we constantly kept advising to hurry up + get out of the road – chaff which some of them acknowledged by raising their hats.

At last came the carriage containing the sword + mace bearer, then the Lord Mayor + behind his carriage the mounted escort + then the Royal Carriage. There seemed to be very little cheering – York folks don’t know how – so we gave them a regular buster, causing both the Duke + Duchess to turn directly towards us + bow, for which we gave them another round, if possible, louder than before.

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+ then we went home to tea.

To-morrow is the chief day.

I am on parade for special duty to-morrow to form a “Guard of Honour” at the Free Library which he is opening.

Thursday.

Oct. 5

I was up until after midnight cleaning toggery for to-day. There are 24 of us + 2 masters going on Parade, + we have taken extra pains with our pipe-claying + polishing. This is my last appearance in uniform + according to our chaps who are not on duty we looked cleaner + neater than ever we done.

The early morning broke with rain but it cleared up + the sun got out.

We paraded at 1 o’clock + marched to the Drill Hall, where we were augmented by 76 men picked from the other 4 companies, making us 100 strong in rank + file, with 4 non-coms, a subaltern + Captain.

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The remainder of the Stead Quarter companies formed up in two companies for the purpose of lining the sheets.

After a few words from the Adjutant, in which he asked us to remember that we were to be placed in a very conspicuous position + he trusted that by our smartness we would be a credit to our companies + maintain the honour of the regiment.

Then the band moved out + we followed, those for sheet duty bring up the rear + were dropped off on the road, while we continued our march to the Library, passing + paying the usual compliment to the West Yorkshire Regiment who were on their way to line the streets. We finally took up our position with the band in rear, while the people were packed behind the barriers. We were drawn up in double rank directly opposite the entrance to the library.

Several detachments passed from the barracks, to whom we presented arms as usual. Then the mounted band of the Carribineers[sic] passed, on their

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way to meet the procession at the Mansion House. We had nearly two hours to wait, which, but for the fact that we were “standing at ease” + immediately behind me there chanced to be an acquaintance of the feminine quarter (Oh! Yes, quite accidental, I assure you) the time would have been long.

A short distance away I could here[sic] the strains of “Here’s a health” + “With Fa la la + “Queenly love sick maidens we” which told us that the remainder of our fellows were enjoying themselves.

The cheers + other tokens both of assent + dissent told us some one was evidently speechifying. Then came shouts of hurrah &c + our Captain came bustling along with “Guard - show” “Shoulder-arms” + we were just on the point of “presenting arms” when we discovered the hurrahs were intended – not for the Royal pair, but for an old drunken Irishwoman, who had broken bounds + was careering wildly down the middle of the road

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between the guards of Royal Scots + Dublin Fusiliers + policeman, until a courageous Inspector stopped her career, while we quietly “ordered arms” + returned to the “stand at ease”. However at last he did come + we “presented arms” with a Royal salute, while the band played “God save the Queen”. The Royal pair stood some time at the entrance, so that we got a good view of them, while they in turn surveyed the Guard.

After the Library was opened + the procession was reformed we again gave the Royal Salute + they drove away in a round about direction for the Minster. Immediately they had gone, we formed up again + marched to the Exhibition Square, where we extended to 5 paces down both sides, while police formed up behind us + kept the crowd back. Here we waited until the Service in the Minster was over + then once more they passed by while we again gave the Salute.

We then closed in + marched to the Drill Hall

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where we had “tuck + booze” + then proceeded back to Col. At 7 o’clock for tea having been on parade 6 hours, + tired of it, too, I was, for it got beastly cold standing about. After tea I changed my tunic for a coat + put on an overcoat to hide the striped trousers somewhat + then about 20 yds sallied forth for a “beno”. And we had one, too. The sheets were packed + you had to keep going one way with the stream. There was no turning back. We tried it once but had to give up + return with the stream. Several stops gave magic lantern exhibitions in the upper windows, + of course we patronized them, + of course we applauded. The illuminations were splendid + thousands + thousands of fairy lamps were lit up in all conceivable forms + designs.

Then we went up High Ousegate, where we met a man selling an ingenious top, like a combined rattle + kettle-drum. We each possessed ourselves of one + as we could work them without shewing

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them, we had some rare fun out of them.

In the Market Place another chap was selling dolls which wrestled. He had a couple going on the box lid + I noticed they were worked by a confederate with a string. We surrounded the pair.

“Are they alive?” I asked “No” he said. “You know electricity - ““P.S. chaps, + take heed unto ye lecturer on electricity”. The fellow was evidently taking all in good part. “Now you”, he said “are a gentleman of understanding” “Now chaps”, I interrupted “I am gentleman of understanding, do you understand?” “We do”, they solemnly declared. “Then get out of the road + give the fellow a chance” “Now mate let’s have the electricity”. Then he began “Ladies + gentlemen” but I again interrupted him with “Here I say, where’s the ladies?” + looking round he could only discover a girl of about 20. So I advised him to be correct or we would not listen.

Then he began again + commenced to explain that

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these things “belonged to him + me (pointing to his colleague) “Notice chaps” I said “these things belong to him + me”. “No to him + me” (pointing).

“Alright” I said “him + me”. And so we went on and just when he got to the electricity part the rattles commenced + I whispered “So sorry old fellow. I've got a pressing engagement elsewhere” + we left him.

A little further on we came across a party of three singers, singing verses of their own composition about the Royal visit. Now we had come across the same pair at the Races, singing about the Ebor Handicap for which they were selling tips, the last time of their song running.

“And then you’ll back the winner of the Ebor Handicap”. Now it so happened that they were using the same tune for their Duke of York song, so when they reached the chorus, we chimed in with the chorus of their Race song, finishing off the last line of it with.

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“And then yer’ll back ther winner of the Eber ‘Andicap’. Now the books are only one penny”

Poor chaps it completely broke their song + the audience roared with laughter, while we vanished to the accompaniment of our rattles. We tuned in, tried out at 10 o’clock + quite ready for bed.

In the morning I read the Lesson in Chapel, + contrary to expectations we find we have to be up for early lecture in the morning. It is usual to stay in bed till Chapel time after an extension, but the rule is broken this time.

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Friday.

Nearly the whole day has been spent in drawing from models to-morrow being the exam.

I am beginning to think of resigning my seat at No. 1 Table in the Dining Hall, for we’ve had nothing but ill luck on it. First there is poor Len Challenor’s case – a College career blighted when in the height of prosperity; next comes Fred Tilbrook with 4 or 5 weeks in bed with his knee put out of joint, + who is still hobbling about with a stick. Following him is Jack Whiteheads’ case.

He has ben very near to the threshold of death and is still in the hospital with the nurse in attendance. He will have to go home as soon as he is fit + I hear it has been decided that he will not take any of this years’ exams.

These three sit at No. 1, but the tale is not told yet. Last Tuesday Roy Milroy went home, in semi –blindness. Luckily he does not take the drawing to-morrow, + we hope he will be able to return again after the Michaelmas holiday.

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And as if four were not enough, Tommy Rhodes while going round the city to see the illuminations by some means or other managed to run a nail into his foot. It pierced his boot-toe, between the upper + the sole, + then enter his foot. How he did it, he does not know.

To-day he has gone into the hospital + has now got his foot wrapped in poultices + bandages.

That’s 5 out of the 13 members of the table, and now two questions arise, viz.

“Who will have the next turn? and

“Is 13 an unlucky number?”

Saturday.

Oct. 7

Being an examination day, we had no early lecture, getting up in time to put in “a chapel” at 7.40.

After breakfast we began to “clear decks for action”. The inspector arrived about 9.30. It was Mr Colson, whose acquaintance we have made on several

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previous occasions. He is the worst inspector I ever had anything to do with, + has a great idea of his own importance.

As I relieved him of his hat + umbrella I was reminded of a little anecdote that is told of him, which shews that if he does “boss the show” with us, he, in turn must submit to the indignity of being “bossed” + by petticoat government, too. He resides in York, and on one occasion when paying a surprise visit to a York school, he was accompanied by his wife, who in size, at all events, would make two or three of him. On leaving, just as they reached the door, which was opened for them by one of the teachers, her ladyship suddenly discovered that she had left her umbrella behind her. Turning to her lord (?) and master (?) in haughty tones she exclaimed “Colson, my umbrella!”, and without further ado, Colson returned for the forgotten umbrella.

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He was straight through our study, + I had not got rid of his hat + umbrella, when I heard one of our fellows bawl out “Colson, my umbrella!” but I scarcely think that individual would hear the remark.

Shortly afterwards we were turned out of the room until the models were set up.

At 10 exactly we were readmitted to get as much done as possible in one hour.

The above[[40]](#footnote-40) was the group – not half so difficult as many we have been practising. We expected 5 or 6 figures.

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The most difficult matter was to fig. the triangular prism in its proper position. I got mine finished and had 10 minutes to trim it up, so hope to have got through.

This over, the 1st year men + last years’ failures had a dose of freehand. Each man was free from the moment of finishing until 10 p.m. next Thursday night.

My train did not leave until 3.25 p.m., so I went upstairs to Mr Mills’ room, when letters + telegrams were arriving from students to be + students who would be.

In the afternoon I set of to Askorn, taking train to Moss. On the road to the station we (Geo Walker was going away at the same time) met the Principal who stopped us + had a few words, shaking hands on parting + wishing us a pleasant holiday.

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Thursday.

Oct. 12

The few days holiday has quickly flown by, + here we are once again, settling in for the final struggle.

I have enjoyed the rest very much and some good grub better still.

Roy Milroy has landed back almost better with his eyes. He called to see Len Challenor on his way back who is improving nicely.

The Prin. by the way has given him permission to come and see us + stay several days at a time as a guest, but of course he will do not work.

Jack Whitehead, too, is going home as soon as he is fit to travel + is throwing up the Christmas exam altogether.

Friday.

We had not early lecture, but began work in good earnest immediately after breakfast. The first day after a holiday is usually idled away, but to-day has been an exception to the rule.

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Saturday.

Read the lesson in chapel again.

Contrary to expectations we had to turn in to an ordinary Saturday exam, this morning, seeing that we have not had enough of examinations lately. The subject was Logic, but I’d a rare sight more logic in my pocket than in my head. However I struggled through 5 ½ questions out of 6 so that I expect I’ll be somewhere on the list, even if only the bottom.

In the afternoon we had our first run of the season. We ran along Foss bank, through the fields + meadows to Huntingdon + returned by the main road. It was not a very long run + we ran without trail for the first turn out.

I hope to get up a proper chase for the next time. Unfortunately on the return journey Harry Mason came to grief with his foot when near home, so I dropped out of the run + walked back with him. It is nothing very serious + will soon be alright.

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At night Milroy went in to see the Prin. on some matter or other. He had just dined + consequently was full of talk. It seems while we have been away he has been over to Ireland to bury his brother-in-law. When near Belfast in going a steamer came into collision with them + knocked a big hole into their ships’ side. It was half-past five in the morning + he was the only passenger on deck. He says he has been in a many adventures in his life, but he never before saw a crowd of ladies rushing here + there, screaming, shouting + praying, + clad only in their night-dresses just as they had jumped out of bed.

However they were not in very great danger.

The ship was run ashore + at high tide floated slowly into Belfast.

Kik was evidently tickled about the ladies, but there was more in telling of the tale than in the tale itself. Evidently he had had wine for dinner (hic).

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Sunday.

We had no early chapel + from breakfast time to Chapel preparations I was writing out applications + filling up form for various School Boards &c. I was at the same occupation again in the afternoon from 1 o’clock to 4 + for a couple of hours after tea. By which time, I can tell you I was heartily sick + tired of the whole business. It's a good two hour’s work to fill up some of the forms + copy out the testimonials. And then after all this, one may sit down, take up an educational paper + read a long article on the scarcity of teachers. Some of our fellows are saying to-day that it is all work in vain, for the Prin. in his sermon this morning gave vent to a fine flow of eloquence in which he addressed us “You, who were born yesterday + will die to-morrow".

“If”, they say, “we are to die to-morrow why trouble about applications to-day".

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Monday.

I have been working some questions in electricity this morning. Here is a sample. It's enough to turn one’s brain inside out.

“The current from three Daniels calls in series passes through solutions of nitrate of silver, sulphuric acid, + sugar of lead, all in series, platinum electrodes being used. How much hydrogen is liberated, how much sulphuric acid is decomposed, + how much lead, copper + silver deposited by the time half a gramme of zinc has been fairly dissolved in each cell? Given the atomic weight of hydrogen 1, Silver 108, Copper 63, Zinc 65. Lead 207 + Sulphur 32.

If all this recurs in 30 mins, what is the strength of the current, being given that unit current 1 ampere deposits 4 grammes of silver in 1 hour?

Don't kill yourselves with trying to understand it, please. At dinner time we had some coal mining operations carried on in the pudding, + unearthed a fair

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Quantity, or perhaps I should say “unpudding” it. The pieces – three in number were placed on a piece of white paper on a clean plate + on the paper I wrote: RESCUED

From the

PUDDING

When the servant came I asked him to take it just as it was to the matron + he did so. We have not heard anything further of it.

To-day I made an application to the Hull School Board. This makes four I have out – Cardiff, Warwick, Rotherham + Hull, besides Sheffield.

Tuesday.

Stayed in all day for shading + blackboard drawing. Had 15 good hours work to-day + am just turning in between the sheets. 11.30 p.m.

Wednesday.

Oct. 18

St. Luke’s day + consequently no early lecture this morning. The morning post brought four appointments from Bradford. That makes 13 settled.

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At night we celebrated Fred Tilbrook’s birthday. As it happened there were only 8 of us in to tea on our table + hadn’t we just a jubilee.

Four demolished the jam + four of us shifted the salmon. Butter for 13 made a good allowance for only 8, + after that lot we had to put ourselves outside a couple of large birthday cakes.

And we managed it too, though it was 5 mins to 7 when we left the dining hall. The others had been gone long enough. “Oh”, sighed Reg, with his mouth full “Oh, for a pile driver.”

“Alas”, lamented another “that we feast so to-day + fast to-morrow" “I think I could manage a bit more if I stood up”, remarked a third + in answer to a chorus of “Then stand up” he did so + then managed a bit more.

Poor Chuck finally declared he was done.

He was the last, for the rest of us finished + he had one piece of cake left. “I can’t eat it” “Eat it sir! Or we swear by all that’s horrible

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and dreadful to slap you if you don’t.”

And we stood over him, or rather sat round him until he finished. There had to be no giving in. You can imagine the scene. And we we[repetition in text] filed out with hands clasped across our stomachs after the fashion of the turtle-soup-eating aldermen we see in York.

Thursday.

Two more fellows gone to bed to-day out of our year + one is from our table. Unlucky 13. This makes No. 6. it is Reg’s turn. I don’t think the pile driver had anything to do with his illness, for it seems more like rheumatic.

I have made another application to-day.

Bradford this time, to see if they want any more. An unprecedented event occurred at dinner time when for the first time we had three courses. Surely a mistake has been made somewhere. Our old friend, the foot-wash, whom we mourned as lost, has reappeared once more.

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Our to Jack Whitehead’s inability to attend to his duties. I have to-day taken over the office of Treasurer of the Literary Society, which he formerly held, so that I am now both Secretary + Treasurer in one for the remainder of the year. I have been up to him to-night to receive the cash, of which there’ll be but precious little left when I have paid his term’s bills.

Well, it’s much nearer midnight than eleven so I think I’ll retire for to-day, or I’ll be asleep when the cry of “All off” is heard in the morning, a cry which it generally pays best to heed or there’s a big possibility of being “caged” on the corridors, + “gated” when you do get down.

Four thus suffered yesterday, + the half-holiday was passed indoors.

Friday.

Oct. 20

Another day gone + with it work – some done + some undone. I have already had nearly six hours drawing + have not had tea yet.

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Mr Cull is in for every minute he can catch for shading. We shade till we are tired + then go + draw a group of models on the Black board for a change.

I began shading at 11 this morning and was at it until 1 o’clock + then went in to dinner. I was working again before half-past struck + kept at it continuously until nearly four. Then I had a wash + went in the organ room + drew a group, which makes the third to-day, so that I don’t think I have wasted much time to-day.

To-night I must prepare for to-morrows exam. + in all probability Mr Cull will trot me off for more Black board drawing before the night is out. It will be a relief when we have finished with drawing for this year. The exam is on Monday week for both the subjects.

VOLUME VIII

Saturday Oct. 21st to Saturday November 11th 1893

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Saturday.

October 21

Eight weeks hence I’ll not be sitting down to write up a diary first thing in the morning, but looking out for the first convenient train to carry me away from a life of mingled joy + sadness, a life of alternating cloud + sunshine to —— what will it be, and where? The future lies all hidden + dark. I hope, however, that the question as to “where” my next sphere of life is to be, will not be hidden for very much longer. I am anxiously awaiting results, and ‘tis weary waiting. One tries to forget, but the thought will force itself uppermost in one’s mind. The sight of every letter arouses hope, + should the address chance to be in an unfamiliar hand, how eagerly is the post-mark scanned; but dis-appointment only comes. Truly “hope deferred makes the heart sick”.

I was on duty again this morning in Chapel reading the Lesson at Morning Service.

At eleven o’clock we went up into the exam room for an hour + half’s paper on Algebra, + a stiff exam, we got too. The Christmas paper will have to be considerably easier, or I shall have to put in more time at the subject if I mean to make any sort of a show. Nearly half of this morning’s work “fogged” me.

In the afternoon I stayed in to finish a cast + then went out for a stroll, but rain coming on, I turned into the Reading Room until it was over. Afterwards Billy Walker + I had a walk + as we were coming home, in passing a drapers’ shop in the city, when the boss was attending to a customer at the

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door. I felt someone tap me on the shoulder + turning round I saw it was the draper, who with a smile all over his face, said, “Now, see you be good boys to-night.”

It was some time before I could make out what he was meaning, but I have since concluded that he has seen us sometime or other, when we have been out on the spree, + identified us through our caps. However to-night we have to work, so he need not alarm himself, for he’ll not find much larking going on now.

There is, however, one night we are looking forward to, + that is one of the nights, during the Fair Week, when, opportunities being favourable, + nothing occurring in the meantime to upset our plans + arrangements, we intend making a rumpus of some kind or other.

Sunday.

One chap began the day very well. He managed to get locked on the corridors + arrived in to breakfast 10 mins late. A short interview with the Vice, + a very short one too, resulted in the slow coach having a week in which to stay within grounds, + consider some means by which he will be able to get out of bed a minute or two earlier next time. To put it in plain collegian language “the poor beggar is gated for a week”. It's rather hard bung on a fellow having to stop in a whole week just because somebody else happened to lock

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the door, a couple of minutes before he was ready to come down. As he says, it wasn’t his fault the door was locked; he didn’t do it.

Immediately after breakfast, the Vice went away + we saw no more of him during the day.

In consequence we had not an early Chapel service, but at 10.30 I rang a preparation bell for morning Service + a little before 11 commenced to toll until the Prin. came in. He took the whole service himself + preached the sermon. I've thought many a time that I would copy down all the laws, + all the writers he refers to in a sermon. I should have had a rare haul this morning. He gave us three rules to think about this morning “Talk sensibly, think wisely, + act kindly”, “which”, he added, “is a very difficult matter to do”. Some are asking now, “If after two years training under him, we have not learnt to talk sensibly without difficulty, who is to blame?” and the unanimous chorus [? unclear] “Kik”.

“Oh Kik, thou hast much to answer for.”

In the afternoon I was at the Minster as usual + finished up the day with a long walk countrywards. It was a splendid night, not a speck in the sky + a brilliant shining moon. All seemed calm + peaceful, + it required a great effort of will to return towards the City. As it was the last quarter of a mile had to be walked very sharply, + I reached Col. at exactly 20 past 9, meeting the monitor with the keys in the front hall.

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Monday.

Not to be behind hand in any matter, the College has become the proprietor of a “ghost”. It is one of the real genuine stamp – white, with long flowing hair, + deep sepulchral voice.

But strange to say only one man has seen this spiritual visitant, but he is one on whose word the strongest reliance may be placed. He is none other than Spencer – the poor “illiterate” of whom I sang at the beginning of the year. I am sorry to say he gets no better, + he has been made the subject of some practical jokes, some of which he believes to be real. One of his own year paid him a visit one night arrayed in a long flowing vestment, improvised out of a sheet, + in a low deep voice that seemed to come from the regions below, commanded him to say his prayers. Their year have told him that it was the spirit of Milroy, one of our year, who was entirely ignorant of the whole affair. Judge of his surprise then when he is told that Spencer says “Milroy haunts him like a greyhound.” What a greyhound has to do with haunting I do not know, though if I had given his expression in its entirety, as he uttered it, there would have been some little blood knocking about.

When Milroy had to go home with his eyes bad, we were quite seriously informed that “It is a judgment on him” - with the same pretty adjective prefixing judgment. Poor fellow! A short time ago the ghost made another appearance, which all were at a loss to understand

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For that night no one had played him.

It seems however, that one night while Jack Whitehead was bad, the nurse was watching with him, + he sank into a sound sleep + was able to be left. Now the nurse had never been all round the corridors + thought this was an excellent opportunity for going round, so she set off on her peregrinations attired of course in white apron, white cap + linen collar. It was about 1.30 a.m. + we were all asleep. That is, we were supposed to be, but all were not. On the bottom corridor – Hades – inhabited by Juniors, she was surprised to see one man standing in the door way. What he was doing there at that time nobody knows, but there he was. But only for a moment. In the twinkling of an eye there was a hurried scutter, followed by a violent shutting + bolting of a door.

The next morning we listened awe-struck to a recital of how the ghost had made another appearance.

I hear it was also out again on Saturday night, but surely he could see through the joke.

Some Juniors expended money in phosphorus + entering his room before he got upstairs drew the out-line of a figure on the ceiling.

I will leave you to imagine the feelings of the fellow on entering the bedroom in the dark + his pet ghost blinking at him from the ceiling.

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Tuesday.

I awoke this morning, before hearing the usual tinkle, tinkle of the arousing bell + the heavy ‘thund’ of the knocker-up on the door.

Looking at my watch I was rather surprised to find that it was 10 mins to 7. evidently the “tinkler agitator” was oversleeping himself, so I hastily dressed in order to be ready to see the fun.

When the big bell rang at seven, many were still in bed. Mr Mills had arrived + just as I was leaving the Corridors I met him coming to lock the door. I was the only Senior ready to go down, + told Mr Mills that he would only have me in to lecture.

So he stood with the key in the lock shouting “All off”. Then the fun began. Fellows trooped out in all stages of attire, all unwashed + uncombed. One came along in stocking feet – one brace buttoned the other trailing behind, and coat, waistcoat, boots, collar, cuffs + tie all jumbled up in one confused bundle. Another came along in his night shirt. He had forgotten his trousers in his hurry. Once in the study a very few minutes were sufficient for all to assume at least an air of decency + respectability + lecture proceeded as usual.

I have had a proper hard days work, nearly 15 hours of it.

It is now nearly half past eleven, + I have just been having a look out from my window, my candle extinguished. It is a lovely night + not at all cold. A brilliant moon is shining + the three towers of the Minster, which I can see from

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my window + bathed in moonlight, and every stone seems to stand out as clearly as if it were day, but the light is much more subdued + gives a far more sacred appearance to the venerable pile. The trees look bare, having lost most of their leaves, + stand there bold + dignified along the whole front of the College. There is an occasional passer-by on the Walk, some belated traveller hurrying homeward. The Principal’s house stands there all in darkness but down Paradise, I see glimmers which tell tales of others besides myself who are busy turning the midnight oil.

But now I’ll once more extinguish my light, this time finally, and retire.

I must, however, not forget to record, before I do so, the fact that to-day we have welcomed back amongst us Len Chanellor, who has come on a visit for a few days, that is, if he keeps alright. The poor chap looks bad + the doctor made him promise before he came that he would not on any account touch work of any description. He was exactly 2 months in the hospital + it is 3 weeks to-day since he came out. He has many stories to tell both of his own sufferings + those of others in the hospital, + of the peculiar fancies which came to him during his delirium such as Mr Mills coming to him, ghost-like + weird + asking what song he was going to sing for Sir John Stainer, and how he got it into his head that one of our fellows had eloped at midnight with a girl in York, that the Vice

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gave chase + arrived at a church in York, just as the marriage service was completed. When recovering, the nurse was ascertaining whether he could recognize anyone or not + asked him “Do you know who I am?” “Yes, you are nurse Buchanan” “No, I am not” “You’re a liar” he replied. Another time the doctor said “Do you know me?” “Yes! You are the damned doctor”. Afterwards he knew nothing about it

Then when friends were first allowed to visit him they tell him that he talked quite sensibly to them but he does not remember it.

But the strangest thing of all I think, that I ever heard is that of a doctor thrashing a patient who is just on the point of slipping over the brink.

Len says he awoke one night when the fever was at its height, + was utterly unconscious of all his surrounding. He was, however, full of the impression that he was dying. The thought came into his mind “Well I am going to die now” + he seemed to form a resolve to die laid straight + accordingly stretched his legs straight out + put his arms down by his side. The nurse told him afterwards that she + the doctor, standing watch in Landy[?] were watching him. When the doctor saw his action, he slipped his watch into his pocket + struck him a sharp blow on each side of his face. Len said he did not feel the blow as a blow, but he was conscious of something rushing by him, + he seemed to turn his attention

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to it + thus lost the thought about dying.

He attributes his life to the blows, for soon after he fell asleep again + awoke refreshed.

He can now remember distinctly all about thinking he was going to die + stretching himself out, but knows nothing, except what the nurse told him afterwards, about the doctor + his actions. Is it not strange?

Wednesday.

I have recorded in these diaries many jokes played by us on one another + occasionally on other people. I'll give you one now played by those in authority. It was told to Jack Whitehead by the Vice, when visiting him one day during his illness + Jack has retold the story for our edification.

It happened on the night when we were out in uniform at the Drill Hall.

The Vice + some of the other masters rigged up a dummy in Mr Jones’ room, composed of pillow &c + put a tunic on it. The dummy was then set on the far side of a table on a chair, with the arm on the table + the head bent on it, as though it were a fellow sat at a table with his head on his arm + his face buried. Then the Vice sent one of the Corridor maids to tell the Matron that one of the students had been taken seriously ill, suddenly + she was to come at once to Mr Jones’ room. Away went the maid on her errand + presently

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they could hear her coming bouncing along, the door flew open, + in she rushed exclaiming “Oh! Dear, what ever is the matter?” + advanced towards what she thought was the student in uniform. Seeing the trick, she turned on her heels + with folded hands + nose turned up to heaven, stalked majestically from the room.

“Aw, aw I did laugh; I laughed so much that I had to go to my own room” said the Vice in conclusion.

A night or two afterwards the return joke was played. The Matron + the nurse got a cradle + a big doll + placed them in Mr Daniel’s sitting room, before the fire.

The Master’s instead of looking beaten, carried on the joke + when the nurse + the Matron came along to see how their funniness was working, they found the Vice sat with a piece of string tied to the cradle, rocking away as if his very life depended on it, while Jones + Daniel were bending over their countenances.

I would have given anything to have seen the Vice rocking a cradle. I'll bet he’d look like a father of a family.

But children will hav etheir play all the world over + those in a training College are no exception of the rule.

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Most of the morning was given to shading + I stayed in over an hour in the afternoon to complete a cast before the light changed.

Afterwards I went down to the Reading Room for a little while + from there to a photographers in the City.

We are making arrangements for having our group take on Saturday, while Len is still here + before Jack goes away. The photographers is a trained schoolmaster who has forsaken the profession, so he knows what we are like. I was there about an hour + went up into his dark room to loom at the photo’s of some actresses he has been taking this afternoon.

Then we came downstairs to the reception room + he went out in the City + I stayed to look at a number of photos, many of them College fellows of past years.

N.B. There is always a young lady in the reception room. Mr Eskitt has given several of us invitations to call any time + considerately informed me that he was oftener than not upstairs, whereupon the said young lady, exclaimed “Mr Eskitt!”

When I left it was raining pretty sharply, so I turned in for the night + did a bit of letter writing. After tea we had Mr Cull in for Blackboard drawing. He is here now every night for it + we have to take it in turn for the Blackboards going in the room in batches of 10 at a time.

When I was taking the papers up to the Matron at night, I found the Corridors double locked + also the Mater’s staircase door locked, so I went round to the buttery window + asked the

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servant man to open me the dining hall door, so that I could go round through the dining hall + the buttery + up the Matron’s staircase in the servants quarters of the College. Well I found my way up all night, but getting back was a different thing. However, I thought I knew all about it + that it was impossible for me to get wrong. So down the stairs I came two at a time + along the passages with a hop, skip + a jump, to the buttery, banged it open, with the question on my lips “Any milk knocking about William?” Judge of any surprise + consternation then, to find that when the door open, I experienced a sudden + unexpected drop down three steps, and oh! horrors of horrors! found myself in the middle of a group of girls, who had rushed towards the door when they found it banged open so unceremoniously. However “all’s well that ends well”, + offering profuse apologies for thus intruding upon their privacy I withdrew + wandered forth in a new direction. The next door I tried you may bet I opened a little more cautiously, but this time it proved to be the right one. I was so flabbergasted though that I forgot all about the milk.

When I took the letters at 8 o’clock I saw several of the same girls again, who were evidently highly amused at the episode. Students are not allowed that way upon any

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consideration, the exception in my case only being made because the Matron would otherwise have to go without her papers, as she did several times before. Permission was therefore given to me to use that way in case all the other ways of getting on the corridors are locked.

Thursday.

Another day given almost entirely to drawing. I shall be glad when Monday is over, so that we can get to our work.

The Prin. came in for one lecture from 9 to 10 + then Mr Cull came in and gave us a time study. He filled up a cast for every two or three of us. Commence at 10, + have it as nearby completed as possible by 1 o’clock. It's tiring work I’ll tell you to stick at it in that manner bending over a desk + scrubbing away with stumps + chalk for 3 hrs without a break. I had mine almost finished by dinner time + completed it after dinner. We have the windows blocked with blackboards on one side of the room. It makes the shadows on the casts more pronounced, but it makes the room very dull + dismal. The Vice asked me to-day when I fetched the letters from his table if it was my birthday. On my replying in the negative he said “Aw. I thought it was because you seem to having a rare budget of letters to-day, but I think his eyes were eclipsed, for when I looked the bundle through there were only two.

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One fellow to-day has been undergoining a fair amount of chaff. It seems last night it was deemed expedient for both his moral + physical welfare that he should be chastised in the usual manner. His pleas for forgiveness feel on unheeding ears, his cries for mercy were alike unheeded, but the hardest hearted of his tormentors felt constrained to leave him at peace when he cried out “Dry up, you bally idiots, I’ve got a sore b – t – m.”

Goodnight. 11.35 p.m.

Friday.

The Vice has been enquiring what we were doing yesterday, between twelve + one, + on being told ‘shading’, he said “Well it sounded to me more like a singing lesson”. Perhaps it would have been nearer the truth if we had told him it was a combined drawing + singing lecture. To relieve the monotony of the work some one proposed we should have a sing + as there was no master in, + singing does not materially affect shading, the proposition was carried into effect.

We ran through as much of the College Anthem as we could remember, then “Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay". “Maggie Murphy”, “Rowdy Dowdy Boys”, &c. And of course we must have.

“Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do,

I’m half extasy; All for the love of you.

It won’t be a stylish marriage,

For I can’t afford a carriage.

But you’ll look sweet, sat on the seat

Of a bicycle made for two.”

And concluded the programme with a pathetic + soul stirring little ballad, to which we have some fine tenor + bass parts. I do not know the name of the ballad + I’ll wager you have never heard it, + if ever you do hear it I’ll bet you won’t want to hear it again.

(The last line of each verse is repeated for the sake of effect, + the tenors have some telling work in it).

N.B. The author’s name is withheld + the song may not be sung in any concert room, music hall, or the like, except by special permission.

A little ship in the Month of May

A little ship in the Month of May

Sailed right out to the deep blue sea

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

They sailed as far as the Atlantic Ocean

They sailed as far as the Atlantic Ocean

And they were wrecked on the deep blue sea

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

There was guzzling Jack + gorging Jimmy

There was guzzling Jack + gorging Jimmy

And a nice little boy they called Billy. (Billee)

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Said guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy

Said guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy

We can’t subsist on one split pea.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Said guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy

Will have to eat poor little Billy

Undo the button of your little “gansy”.

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~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“Oh! Let me say my Catechism

Oh! Let me say my Catechism,

Which my old granny taught to me.”

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

He had got as far as the tenth commandment

He had got as far as the tenth commandment

When he cried out “Oh! Land I see?”

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Said guzzling Jack to little Billy

Said guzzling Jack to little Billy

“What land is it that you see?”

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

“I see Jerusalem, Madagascar

I see Jerusalem, Madagascar

I see Cleethorpes + Withernsea.”

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Now ain’t that simply sublime?

It is said “there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous”, + it strikes me that if you heard us sing that lot through, you might possibly form the opinion that we had taken that step.

————————

I promised to meet a man between eleven o’clock to-night. It's now 20 minutes to

+ he hasn’t turned up yet, so I think I’ll go to bed + teach him not to be so early another morning?

How’s that for I wish?

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There has been a very serious accident + another fellow is laid up in the hospital – a Junior this time. I don’t know exactly how it happened, in fact no one seems to do, but he broke his leg very badly, and has had it taken off below the knee. Are we not an unlucky crew? And there the poor fellow he’s helpless – minus a leg – six weeks before the exam. It is hard times for him.

His leg was taken away in a bag, where to, I don’t know, but it came back again to-night. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned that it was a cork leg that was broken.

(it’s all right, you can’t reach me – yah, yah).

Saturday.

We got off the usual Saturday morning exam to-day for the purpose of doing an examination test in Light + Shade. The study is now in semi-darkness. The windows are completely blocked down one side, and about three-quarters of the way up on the other. We worked from 9.30 to 12.30 without a break or a stop of any kind.

We had made all arrangements to have our group taken at 11 this morning, but it has turned out a dismal wet day + we have therefore been obliged to postpone that interesting event until some future date. Tuesday has been fixed + I hope we shall be able to manage it then for Len + Jack Whitehead, too are off home again.

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As I walked into Chapel, the organ was pealing forth the strains of “Soldier Rest” the song I sang at the music exam, + later on, one could discover the air of “Oh, let me say my Catechism”, played with variations. I was reading the lesson again (I. Tim. 5), + have got all the fellows on my track for telling telling[repetition in text] them to “Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach’s sake + thine oft infirmities”.

I could not help wondering to myself as I read it, if a certain respected gentleman about

this establishment used wine for that purpose. If so, I rather fancy the experiment has proved successful, judging from appearance I give you the outline[[41]](#footnote-41); the features being purposely[sic] omitted for fear you should recognize him. Note the stomach, which is no exaggeration.

Poor Spencer has been on about the ghost again. Some one has been stuffing him that

while Milroy was at home he could get no rest because his (Spencer’s) ghost troubled him night after night. He has since sent a fellow to apologize to Roy, saying that “he would not hurt him if he could”.

After tea I was drawing a model group on the Blackboard + he came up + stood watching me. He began about the wine. Had I got any yet? &c. So I started to draw him.

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I asked him how it was he always managed to hit it so nicely with the Vice, + after I had codded him a bit, he began to think that he was the Vice’s special favourite, + proceeded to spin a yarn about how he went to have tea with the Vice, on which occasion they had some biscuits out of a “decanter”. I presume he meant a canister.

Sunday.

Oct. 29

We have had an early chapel service this morning, when we had ordinary morning service.

At eleven o’clock we have to go for Litany + Communion Service, with Celebration afterwards.

In the afternoon I went to the Minster where my favourite Anthem – Hear my prayer –

was sung. At night I went to a Methodist Chapel + enjoyed a good service with some hearty singing. The choir sang an anthem “What are these that are arrayed in white robes.”

Monday.

Oct. 30

Being an exam day we had no early lecture getting up in time to attend chapel – at least some of us did, for four arrived there to find the doors locked. It's no use going late to chapel. We are never disturbed in our services by late comers trooping in. It's a case of ‘be there in time, or stay away’. The aforesaid four unlucky individuals have been on the chapel since to state what just cause or impediment they had for not putting in a chapel this morning.

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After breakfast, we found plenty to do in getting ready for the examiner – fixing up stands, making arrangements so as to get the best possible light on the cast. It was a bad time for shading for the light changed continually throughout the morning, even coming out into brilliant sunshine, which greatly interfered with our work.

At half-past ten the examiner arrived + we immediately got the work. I was fortunate enough to get one the casts I like best. Though it is one of the hardest to do, but we were all troubled over the paper given to do it on. The surface rubbed off with every stroke of the stump when we applied the powder. Mr Cull complained to the examiner about it, but I don’t think it will do any good.

The three hours flew quickly by. I sketched the copy – some fern leaves – in 40 minutes + had thus 2 hrs + 20 mins, in which to shade it + had almost finished when time was called at 1.30.

We then went in to dinner + at one 2.30 turned in for Blackboard drawing.

Mr Cull told us the Inspector had been saying that he didn’t know what we wanted to be bothering with Blackboard for, now that it was an optional subject, + other Colleges were giving it up. Mr Cull told him we went in for anything that was useful.

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The old fogey was mad because he had to examine us + Mr Cull + he said he was sorry for us, for he was sure that the old beggar would fail some who really deserved to pass. We went in, in three batches. I was in the first + I fairly gasped when I saw the model – a cylinder, a cube tilted on it, standing on one edge + a vase, to be drawn standing on a board in 20 mins – a far harder model than the one we had to do on paper in one hour + a half. The Inspector can set what he likes, but it makes one’s blood boil whe one know that the same inspector not long ago set only the cube standing flat (its easiest position) and a vase.

I got mine finished + he examined it + marked me pass 1st, pass 2nd, or fail, but there was no getting to see which.

The next batch had a hexagonal prism with the cylinder reared against it + a ring. Mr Cull says they are the hardest set of models he has ever seen set for blackboard in the whole of his course of teaching + he is properly wild about it.

I happened to say to him “I wonder why he can’t tell us how we have done now, without so much waiting” + he said “He knows

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better, for some of you might perhaps be punching his head for him”.[[42]](#footnote-42)

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After the drawing was over we were free for the remainder of the afternoon, + as we were having a late tea, several of us set off for a good walk in order to clear our minds ready for a good night’s P.S. We went down the Ouse banks + returned through the Fulford by the Barracks. It was a splendid afternoon though very cold + it began to grow dark long before we reached the city.

“Light thickens, + the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood.

Good things of day begin to droop + drowse”.

And now I’ll turn in once more for we have early lecture in the morning,

“Night is almost at odds with morning”.

Tuesday.

It was such a bitterly cold morning that I deemed it expedient to bring my military overcoat into requisition to wear for chapel (What’s the use of using your own, when you’ve got one of someone else’s?)

I had to unstrap + unroll it, for it was bound up just as I left it when I came off “Sentry go” at 7 o’clock on the morning of May 24th. I had worn it all night + had to have it rolled for inspection when relieved from Guard, + I never had occasion to unroll it again + it has lain so in my locker since. It comes in very handy too for extra bed covering these cold nights. I hope they won’t fetch

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our uniform away yet. Our rifles + side arms have gone in. One by one the “last time for this” + “the last time for that” crept slowly by – landmarks passed + stepping stones crossed.

This morning six of us received a note each to the effect that our services would not be required by the Bradford Board.

At eleven we went upstairs to change in order to be “took”. It was a bad day for the job, for it was as bitterly cold + the business was rushed.

Poor Jack Whitehead went home for good at 12.30 to-day. He may, however, turn up for the last supper, if he is able.

Wednesday.

Nov 1

Another saint’s day brings with it its welcome extra doze of bed. We are hoping that before the next one comes round we shall have finished with lectures before chapel for good.

It's getting to cold now to come down first thing in a morning without any fire + sit through a lecture. When they do cease we shall work until 10.30 p.m. instead.

We should have been having a paper chase to-day if all had gone well, but as it happens to be raining beautifully we are staying indoors. After writing the above the weather cleared up somewhat, causing me to be at the trouble of getting washed + generally made presentable with the object of going out for a while.

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I had not, however, travelled very far before the sky again became clouded + overcast.

“The ragged rims of thunder brooding low”

and presently a drenching downpour began, + I deemed it prudent to retire within walls. There were only two or three of us in + as neither of the three of us seemed in very good tempers, + had not much to say to one another, but sat sullen + discontented, pretending to read + to work, + really doing nothing, I gathered up all the cushions I could lay my hands on + improvising a bed therewith slept the sleep of the just + so passed away a dreary afternoon in oblivion.

Thursday.

Had another turn in chapel at Lesson Reading. We had got our magazine out to-day. Some one, criticizing the views in the Chapel, says that they are incomplete because I am not behind reading stand.

After dinner we had a study meeting to settle an accumulated mass of business, + amongst others things it was decided that a deputation should interview the Vice on the subject of early lectures, with a view to having them discontinued. According, after our usual method, a number of names were proposed + recorded from which to elect three to form the deputation.

Seven were proposed thus + voted on, + on

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the result being declared I was head of the poll with 15 votes followed by two others with 13 + 10 respectively. We were consequently declared, amid the acclamations of our supporters, to be a duly elected deputation from the study, while we solemnly promised to do our best for our supporters in the business committed to us.

We went up after tea, + stated our business + I based our petition for the discontinuing of early lectures on the plea that it was now too cold to come down + sit for an hour in the study without any fire, whereas at night the study was warm + comfortable + we could do more work from 10 to half-past than from 7 to 8, when one could do nothing but sit + shiver.

He met the plea off ‘too cold’ by saying that it was as cold for him as for us – to which I agreed, though I might have asked him how many of us had a cup of hot tea brought to them before coming down, as he has, but it does not do to be cheeky when seeking favours. Then he reminded us of the doctor's report last year “What a washed-out lot we look”, just before the Christmas exam + he says he does not want that report again this year through men working late at night. But he can’t help night work. If we can’t do in downstairs, it is done upstairs, so that it

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is as broad as long.

However at the close of the interview he promised to stop them after next week. I saw a Hull paper this morning. The monthly meeting of the School Board took place yesterday, + no Certificated Assistants were appointed, so that I have had another hope ruthlessly cast down.

I had built up hopes within myself for both Bradford + Hull, + both are shattered + wrecked.

O purblind race of miserable men,

How many among us at this very hour

Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves

By taking true or false for hue,

Here through the feeble twilight of this world

Groping, how many, until we pass + reach

That other, where we see as we are seen.

Friday.

We were treated to an Algebra exam to-day working one paper from 9 to 10, and another one from 5 to 6 in the afternoon, both of them very stiff papers.

Saturday.

Another exam this morning – Mensuration this time. The paper was either easier than usual or else I am better up in the subject than in my yesterday’s work for I slipped through the half-dozen questions is what it seemed to be

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almost no time.

I gave up most of the afternoon to work, just going down to the Reading Room before tea.

The Matron has had three visitors to-day - “three of my boys from Caermarthen” - By Scott I wonder if there’s any of our fellows would walk 5 yds to see her. I know not. She had them here to tea, but there was nothing worth cribbling in the tuck line, when I took the papers up to her room. She was up with “her dear boys”. Geo. Walker came on the Corridor while I was up, + taking advantage of her ladyships’ absence we explored the kitchen department under the guidance of the maid “who puts the Matron’s boots on”.

Of course the girls must needs go + tell George that that was not my first visit to these regions + then told him all about my entrance the other night.

Talking out cribbling tuck, we were at tea last night + on the Master’s table was a nice looking spice loaf. Mortie Wilson, who sits by me, kept saying all through the tea time “I wouldn’t mind having a bit” “He might pass us a bit.” “Greedy beggars, I’ll bet they eat it all”. &c &c. After tea I took up the papers + making it convenient to find all other ways locked, had to get William to let me up the Matron’s staircase, necessitating a journey through the now deserted dining hall. On coming

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back I called Mortie to me + said “Have a bit of spice loaf, Mot?” “Yes, have you got some?” I answered this question by dividing with him. “Why this is what was on the Master’s table isn’t it? How have you got hold of it?” “Get it eaten man + ask no questions.

Sunday.

Sunday night! And I sit alone in the big dreary study. What a picture it looks for a Sunday night, + how tempting for anyone to stay in + admire the scene.

The stove is almost out, we have had a job to keep a fire in at all for we have no coal or cork[?], + it was after 9 this morning before we got one bit + then had to do it ourselves. And this on one of the most bitterly cold days we have yet had. There in the corner stands the Black-board, which still contains remains of Kik’s last Heat lecture, some long calculation worked out to find the specific heat of hydrogen. Here's the question – Double Dutch to you I’ll warrent[sic] - “One hundred litres of hydrogen, measured at 0°C., are heated in an oil bath to 210°C. + then passed through a calorimeter containing 500 grams of water initially at 10°C. + finally at 21.75°C. Find the specific heat of hydrogen, given that the water equivalent of the calorimetric apparatus = 5 grams, loss of heat by cooling of calorimeter during passage of gas = 3.6 gram – degree units; weight of 1 litre of hydrogen = 0.0896 grams at 0°C.”

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Close by lie a couple of Indian Clubs + near by some dumb bells, amid a number of walking sticks + umbrellas. Another heap is made up of an old cricket bag, several slippers in their final stages of dilapidation + one or two football books, three or four cushions + an old overcoat.

In another comer there are several old seats, some minus the backs, some minus seats + some minus both. A solitary leg is all that remains of what was once a chair – its brothers having no doubt served at some recent date to light a fire.

On the desks lie books, papers, pens, pencils + dust.

Such is the scene amid which I am passing this Sunday evening.

We had an early chapel service at 8.30 a.m. and afterwards we held a short meeting to decide about having the usual parting supper. The proposal to have it at some temperance hotel was lost in favour of following old custom + having it at a public house at the end of the Walk. A committee of five was appointed to make all necessary arrangements, attend to the printing of menu cards + draw up the programme for the concert.

It was also resolved to ask all the masters to attend. In former years the invitations have been given only to Mr Mills + the Sergeant Major. A discussion also took place on the subject of having a reunion of our own year, next year. Midsummer was spoken of, + one

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chap in opposing this, brought the house down by unmarking that Midsummer was unsuitable because then we should be wanting to go to the sea side with our families.

10 minutes later, when order was restored, he managed to explain that he did not mean “wives + families” but “fathers, mothers + brothers + sisters”, on which we said “Oh!”

However the subject is left over for a week, but the general idea seems to be in favour of Whit-Monday at Scarbro.

At Midsummer we do not all have holidays at the same time, but all get Whit-Monday + trips are run from everywhere almost.

At eleven we went to chapel again + had a sermon from the Prin. I mentioned the other week something about the number of writers he quotes. I went this morning equipped for recording them, but only got an average number. He preached on the text “A Father to the fatherless” and started with quotations from Voltair[sic]. Next he had something about the Agnostics + the Spiritualists, + then quotations from Coult, Professor Huxley, and Max Muller.

Then he proved the universal idea of a Deity from Latin, Greek, and Sanscrit, and referred to the Athenians who built + altar “to the Unknown God”. Then came something from Plato + the recitation of a poem by Lewis Morris, other quotations from Oliver Wendal Holmes + John Ruskin,

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to say nothing of numerous allusions to classic legends + to laws of logic, Euclid, Theology + Philology. He wound up by saying that “we as teachers of the children of this age tremble when we think of their mental suffering which they must endure from attacks on Christianity + Theism, which will make many of them think that the world is an egregious blunder, life a horrid mockery + that there’s nothing to be desired but complete annihilation” + exhorted us to do our best to beat down these attacks.

The afternoon I spent in the delightful occupation of making applications for places – Sheffield, Bolsover + Staffordshire.

The Sheffield one has been advertised several weeks + the salary has been gradually rising until he now offer £10 more than at first. I have offered to come for another £5 still. Bolsover is only “on speck”.

Monday.

A good harmless practical joke was played last night. One of our big smokers recently had a large consignment of the fragrant weed sent to him from home. Another went into partnership with him + the tobacco was kept in the desk of one of them. This one was out last night + the other one went to the desk to fill his pipe before going out too.

There were only two of us left in the study, Jo +

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myself. + Jo concluded it would be a good plan to empty the box of tobacco – about quarter of a lb. + hid it. He did so + wrapped it up in a parcel + put it in his desk.

The other partner + myself were the only ones who knew of this + went we went into the dining hall for supper, this one stayed behind, abstracted the weed from Jo’s desk, gave it back to the owner + told him of the joke.

Of course he pretended to have lost the tobacco + caused a fearful uproar, accusing everyone, much to the delight of Jo, + when he was accused in turn, the round about way he went to keep from saying that he had taken it, showed his guilt. When he thought the joke had gone far enough, he went to his desk for the purpose of returning the tobacco.

Imagine his surprise + consternation then to find that it had gone. He at once accused me of having it, but I could hurtfully say that I had never touched it.

He got more + more excited, the owner waxed more + more angry, thought the joke had gone far enough, demanded his tobacco, while poor Jo would willingly have given it up if he could only have found it, + accused every fresh comer who came to hear the yarn of having taken it.

Then we adjourned upstairs, + the discussion was carried on, on the corridors, while Jo

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got in a worst state moment by moment + all we could do was simply to roar with laughter, until we were ordered to our rooms, which meant that we went to one another’s rooms, while Jo + the owner went together, + we kept up cries of “Gie kid his bacco” until we were turned out + told to settle the dispute to-day.

The joke was still carried on this morning, - some affirming that they had smelt tobacco upstairs + declared Jo had been smoking all night, others offered to buy some, but the poor chap could only declare that he had not got it + knew nothing about it.

Just before 9 o’clock he asked leave to speak. Audience was granted + he began the whole history of the case from the beginning. He told how he cribbled the tobacco + how the owner went to look for it + found it not. “And that’s where he was had” (laugh against the owner). And then when I thought the joke had gone far enough I went to my desk to get the tobacco + it had gone, I knew not where. “And that’s where I was had”.

(laugh against Jo). And then we went to bed + after we had all been sent to our rooms. The owner came + told me he had got it + said “Let’s keep the joke up”. Which we have done. “And that’s where you’ve been had.” (Two laughs against us) + then we were

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friends all round once more + everybody laughed at everybody else; + everybody nudged everybody else in the ribs + chuckled “Champion joke wasn’t it?”

We had no early chapel service this morning, though we had all got into the chapel before the Vice sent us word down. It was my turn for reading, so I shall have to-morrow's lesson to read instead.

To-day too, was fixed for keeping up the old established custom of having a “Ripper tea”, though the procession with the finny articles tied by a tail to a piece of string was abolished. Len Chanellor, having nothing better to do, was deputed to be our buyer in, + after infinite trouble he got the required number of kippers + bloaters which he was to bring. When he had got started he was hailed from the windows with “Hi Len, bring us a kipper”.

And after all, and no wonder either, he came back with the wrong number, but he very good naturedly offered to go a second time + buy up the shop, so long as he did not find the money. So he went once more + returned with another bundle.

Then the question arose, how to get them ready for consumption. None were in favour of cooking them in the study, so we sent Len with them to the Buttery, a body guard armed

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with Indian clubs, attending to ‘bash’ William if he refused to take them in. However their services were not called into requisition for there was no one in, so the fish were brought back. What shall we do with them now? “Take them to the Matron.” “What, do you want me to cart this load all down the Corridors to the Matron?” “Of course”. “Why if the Vice smells me – I mean them, he’ll come + kick me out”. “Never mind, that won’t hurt us”. All right, you old fossils, if I have to back up my traps + clear out to-night know that it will be through you beggars. So he gathered up the bundle in his arms + went capering out of the room, up the Master’s staircase, to the Matron, - the body guard electing to remain behind this time. But the Matron, too, was out, so he next proceeded down to the kitchens + hunted up the cook, who undertook to have them ready for 6 o’clock.

They were very good, but I’m rather sorry for the fellows who don’t like the smell of fish.

Tuesday.

I read the Epistle to Philemon for the morning lesson in chapel, + then our fellows wanted to know whether I had chosen the lesson on purpose or not, because they noticed the name Archipers, + thought it was a horrid attempt to pun on “are kippers”. I explained however that I do not carry puns into Chapel, + showed

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that the lesson was the proper one for the day, whereupon wrath was appeased.

Mr Mills has to-day been answering an enquiry from the place I applied for in Sheffield as to my qualifications in the singing line. He gave me the letter to read before posting it + he had written one a very good recommendation. The master was in here in 84 an 85 + consequently knows Mr Mills well.

Wednesday.

I had a letter this morning from the master who says that my application has been placed before the managers along with others, so that if I am not successful in this, I expect it will be on account of asking too much salary. However I am to know the result in the course of a few days.

We had an exam in Voltaic electricity this morning – a regular eye

opener.

This afternoon I have been down to the reading room for an hour – the first time I have been out this week.

We have another fellow bad with his face. He is one who was bad last year, + he has been lanced from the outside. Another case of an abcess.

No. 1 Table has not yet quite done with accidents. The seventh out of the thirteen of us came to grief yesterday afternoon. A regular battle

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royal was raging between the Monitors + some of their supporters + the remainder of the study.

A few remained round the fire, in reserve but were soon called into action, + advanced to the firing line. It soon became a hand to hand combat; + a scene of indescribable uproar + confusion resulted. In the end the Study was victorious, though they had one wounded – the man from No. 1 who retired with a split skull. Fortunately this was the only case of blood-letting + quite sufficient for one day. A cracked cranium isn’t the best thing in the world to study with, as I have found out to-day. (And that’s just let the cat out of the bag).

While the middle of the last paragraph, I was interrupted by a man coming into the study, who wanted to get to the meter. We can hardly get gas enough to see with. I took him upstairs, for the meters are on the Corridors. The Vice was not in, so I went to Mr Mills’ room, who asked me to take him to the Matron. I accordingly went down to her room + found her just in the act of pouring out tea for herself + one of the Junior masters. Thinking more about this than my business, I somewhat flabbergasted the pair of them by announcing that “a man had come to look at the Matron”. It took me a full minute to grasp what I had said + then to substitute the word “meter” for “matron”.

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Thursday.

I received a communication this morning to the effect that a meeting of the Bolsover School Board held on Tuesday night. I was unanimously appointed as Assistant Master in their schools. I have also to take charge of Evening Continuation Classes, so before formally accepting the post I have written the clerk enquiring about these classes. I don’t want to be buying a pig in a poke.

At night we had a visit from an old student 84 + 5, who being in York called to see the old place again. I happened to be at my locker when he knocked at the door, + enquired for Mr Mills, who was out. However he did not keep up the “Mister” very long. Old habits are too strong, he began enquiring about “Old Kik”. “Jo Skeat here yet?” (Skeat by the way was the predecessor of Buggins, + his correct name was Vinter).

“What is Energy doing now? &c &c.

He has given up the teaching profession + is now horse dealing, which he says pays somewhat better. And judging from his appearance, I guess it does.

We received the proof of our photo group to-night, but it has not come up to expectations at all. The day was so bitterly cold, that everybody seems to have either been blinking or had his eyes filled with water. We are consequently going to have it retaken on Saturday morning, though we shall unfortunately be minus Jack Whitehead.

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Friday.

We had another sickening exam in Electricity this morning.

Our drill certificates have also arrived, which certifies that.

William H. Holmes No 3516 was duly enrolled in the Muster Roll of 1st V.B.P.W.O.W.Y.R. Rifle Volunteer Corps on the 3rd Feb. 1892.

That I have attended so many drills, fired so many rounds of blank cartridges + so many of ball + that I hit the target so many times. The part that is of most use to us, however, is that part which certifies that I

possess a competent knowledge of the Drill + manoeuvring of a Company, as laid down in Infantry Drill; and the Manual Exercise, + of the Preliminary Drills, laid down in the Musketry Regulations for the Army.

I have been working at logic to-night, and of all the stuff I ever had to get up, I think this takes the cake. Fancy sitting down + arguing out that a cat has three tails, + then hunt out the errors in your reasoning.

Here's the reasoning: -

No cat has two tails. (true)

A cat has one more tail than no cat. (true also)

Therefore a cat has three tails.

The again find an answer to this question

“Have you left off beating your mother?”

Either yes or no will land you in a rather curious predicament.

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Here's another deep bit of reasoning.

Some ancient fossil of a Greek philosopher has proved that there is no such thing as motion. He says “If a body moves, the moving body must move either in the place where it is, or in the place where it is not.

Now it is absurd that a thing can be where it is not, therefore it must be where it is. But if it moves it cannot be where it is therefore it cannot move at all.”

Poor old chap, I wonder if he ended his days in a lunatic asylum. I should rather fancy he would, if there were any such places in existence in those days.

I want to know if a thing is not where it is and can’t be where it isn’t, where the hangment is it.

To-night was the night fixed for the Students’ night, - the night on which we have our annual concert. Last year we had it in June, + this year is was put off until the nights were darker. However this has proved a mistake, for wish[?] our exam, + the enormous amount of exam they necessitate take up every bit of our time. We therefore requested Mr Mills to abandon the concert this year because we could not afford to give the time it would require for practises. Accordingly, very unwillingly, both on this part and on ours, the concert has dropped through, + will be numbered with

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the things that are not.

Saturday.

I had promised to read the lesson again for the fellow who had the turn this morning, but at the last moment I told him to grind or find another, and I “sloped” Chapel.

I won’t tell you why.

We had an exam in Magnetism + Electricity from 11.15 to 12.45 - making the third this week. I fancy the Vice is beginning to find out that the subject might have been taught a bit differently. Fancy a years’ course in Advanced Magnetism + Electricity and never being shewn a single experiment or a single price of apparatus. In the beginning of the year we spent hours in copying down notes which are harder to understand than the book itself. Consequently when tests are given we are wofully backward.

I have done to-day's better than the previous two, but I am not satisfied with it.

When we came down from the exam, he said “Well I’ve done it again.”

This time he has filled a side of foolscap

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with formula + calculations + at the end proved that one was one.

Another was giving us tips just before going up on likely questions, + has stuck on the board

The Magnetic Moment

Of the

Earth

Is (according to Gauss)

85, 000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 times that of a magnet of unit strength and centimetre length.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

The[there?] was another, too, about the atoms of the earth, involving the number 96 followed by ninety-six ciphers. We had questions of the Magnetic Moment of the Earth but without involving the above figures, thank goodness.

Just before going up to the exam, we changed + had another attempt to break the camera.

It was a warmer morning and not so windy as last time, but the light was not of the best, though we have to put up with what we can get at this time of the year. Len is still here, but of course Jack Whitehead could not appear.

I hope this one will turn out better than the last. I'll close this now for I want, if possible to get it off to-night + have stayed in this afternoon to finish it on purpose.

So once more I’ll say Ta-Ta

To you all.

W.H.H

VOLUME IX

November 11th to December 16th 1893

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Sunday.

November 11th

As we had an early celebration of the Holy Communion we were up earlier than usual this morning. It is usual to go to bed at supper time on the Saturday night when we have Early Communion, but as it is getting so near Christmas we worked until the ordinary bed time last night. Indeed it was half-past eleven before I went to bed.

To-day I have done little else but read, devouring our Parish Magazine between breakfast + Chapel time. After dinner I rigged up as comfortable a seat as possible under the circumstances, near the stove + with a number of Shand Magazines at hand settled down for a good read, for the weather was not at all inviting for turning out.

Tea-time found me still there, and half-an-hour later I was there again. At 8 o’clock there were only two of us left in – Tommy Tomlinson + myself - +then we decided to go for a short stroll until supper-time. According we washed + straightened our feathers up a bit + then went for an hours’ walk, arriving back a little before the bell went for all to be in.

Monday.

I awoke this morning about my usual time, with the thought that another week’s work had begun – another week of struggle + cram – and then I suddenly remembered that now early lectures are a thing of the past and so turned over for another forty winks.

Saturday morning’s lecture before breakfast

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was the last of its kind, and this week we commence studying until 10.30 p.m. instead of getting up in a morning. Needless to say everybody agrees with the change.

And so for us Early Lectures are gone for ever, + another of those stepping stones “the last time” is past, serving to remind us that we are gradually (and I might say, swiftly, too) approaching the end of our journey.

Never again shall we have the opportunity of watching a confused rush of half-dressed beings, washed and unwashed, combed + uncombed hurrying along the corridors, skipping downstairs – this one with books in hand, that brandishing collar + tie, + another with both arms full of clothes, all in a wild endeavour to be in ere roll is called + thus save a late mark, of which perhaps each of us has as many as he cares to answer for. And then hurried struggles to get into something like a presentable appearance before the arrival of the lecturer, followed on the arrival of that gentleman, by a sort-of half asleep-and-half-awake attention, while every-one wears a wish-it-was-over sort of air, and longs for the time when the bell shall call to chapel, not because chapel service is particularly enjoyed by the greater-majority but because it brings them within half-an-hour of breakfast. I ring this bell every morning

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and woe betide me if I chance to be more than a second or two too late. My orders on the matter are simple + precise in the extreme. “As much before time as you choose, but not a moment later”. Needless to say these are not the Vice’s orders.

Well now these times are o’er + we are supposed to be down in time for chapel at 20 minutes to 8. a man can get up at what time he likes, but woe betide the man who is missing when the voluntary closes.

We commenced the late studies to-day – working downstairs until half-past-ten.

Tuesday.

Nov. 14

Took duty at Lesson Reading in Chapel this morning. At 9 o’clock the Prin. came in with the result of our late Scripture exam. I have pulled off a First again this year, being the 6th on the list, so that I have now got my Archbishop Certificate endorsed with a double first.

We have 10 Firsts, 16 Seconds, 4 Thirds + 0 Failures. I think this is very favourable compared with our Seniors’ result last year, 4 Firsts, 11 Seconds, 16 Thirds + no Failures.

The Prin expressed himself as being very much pleased with the result, + says that the list is a very creditable one indeed.

I append the Questions we had to do, those I answered, being ticked. We had to answer one only from each section.

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We have been arranging matters with regard to our last supper. We have had specimens of menu cards and have chosen a very pretty one, I think.

Our Toast List is exceptionally long, some 16 or 17 items. I'm thinking the water drinkers will be clearest minded when we reach the end of the list. Each toast is followed by either song or glee, chosen as appropriately as possible. For instance after “The Queen” has been proposed, seconded + drunk, Fred Tilbrook will sing “Rule Britannia” after “the Church + State”, Tommy Tomlinson sings “The Vicar of Bray”, after “The Army, Navy + Reserve Forces”, I sing “Soldier, Rest”, as a reminder that our duties in that direction are ended, + we can now rest from drill + parade. Then comes “The College” followed by Mr Mills’ College Song “Old Ebor” then the Principal “The Tutors” “York Club” “Our Seniors” “Our Juniors” after which “Comrades in arms” (a glee) “Our Reunion” “The White Rose! Followed by a duet “Go pretty Rose” then “College Sports” followed by “For thee my love for thee”.

“The Ladies”, “Our Profession” &c &c and finally of course “Our Host + Hostess”.

About half the fellows are taking beds for the night, two + three to a bed, the remainder will be there as visitors, so that if we decide that “we won’t go home till morning”, there’s no one to say that we will.

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Wednesday.

Half-holiday, but there’s little to shew that it is one. Nearly every one settles down to work of some kind or other immediately dinner is over. I worked until four o’clock + then went to a neighbouring College, where our Football team was playing. When I got there they had about half-an-hour left to play + the score stood at 2 goals each. Then the other fellows added another to their score, while our fellows tried hard for another. Excitement was great. Our fellows were all on one side of the field, + the opponent spectators on the other, and each party vied with the other in their shouts of “Play up Bootham”, + “Play up Sinjuns”[[45]](#footnote-45).

Eventually our side equalized, + the excitement increased tenfold. A regular bombardment of the enemy’s goal took place, + a shot went through just under the bar, + came back from the net. It was a fair goal, but the referee disallowed it. Then Bootham broke away + took the ball to our goal + two minutes from time, were given a penalty kick, which resulted in a penalty goal.

The ball had only just been set rolling again, when the whistle blew + Sinjuns had lost 4 goals to 3.

This is an improvement though on the last game I saw here, last year, when we lost the match by 10 goals to nil.

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Thursday.

Took lesson reading duty at morning service again. We have had a very heavy storm during the night, in fact it was so windy that it actually blew down one of our large gas brackets, which was hanging opposite an open window, + when we came down into the Study we found it full of gas.

We have had the gas-fitters here, and they about equal to the rest of the workmen who come about the place. One came just after breakfast, and after a lot of work + fiddling about, simply plugged the hole up + stopped the escape of gas.

After dinner two men arrived, took off the coats, and commenced to rear ladders, + then to refix the hangings. After about an hour’s work (?) they gravely took down the ladders, packed their tools up, shouldered the bag + marched off taking the bracket with them. About a couple of hours later they were once more on the job, and after going though the same performance of ladder rearing managed to complete the job, except that we have found an escape in the pipe. I should like to see the bill now. I'll warrent[sic] walking time is charged for under some head or other.

Friday.

To-day passed similarly to other days – plenty of work + little thought about anything else – until after tea, when a fellow in frock coat, round hat + white choker came to our Study door.

One of the fellows went to enquire his business, +

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from the grimaces + acting which was going on at the door, we guessed fun was brewing. In a while the fellow came to us, leaving the old chap at the door, and said “I say, you fellows, the gentleman standing at the entrance requests me to inform you, that he is out on a “noddle-feeling expedition”, and then lowering his voice “what do you say if we bring him in”. The hint was taken, and we brought him to explain to us all what he wanted.

After a lot of gas, which all amounted to the fact that he was a phenologist by profession, and that he would feel our bumps for one shilling a head, or one shilling and sixpence for two. Then we withdrew to consider + then told him that we thought he was much too exorbitant in his prices, but that he could “feel the bumps” of as many as he liked of us, at the rate of two-pence ahead, and expected that he would turned around + trot off, but instead of that he accepted the proposal + so we adjourned to the Monitors’ room for two-penny worth each.

Len Chanellor was the first to undergo the ordeal, + we began to form a better opinion of the old fellows’ powers when he said that if Len were to have any serious illness, the chances were that he would pull through where many a one would give up the ghost. He told many things that were true but also some that were not.

After Len, I took a seat in the operating chair

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and he certainly gave me a many true point, but likewise some false ones.

For instance he said I was great on the fair sex, which I immediately denied, but was drowned by a chorus of “Go on, Sir, that’s all right”.

As I still “objected”, he qualified his remark by saying he meant that I knew a sensible girl when I met one + would behave sensibly in return, on hearing which I withdrew my objection, + asked him what he was having to drink.

He would have a whisky “Right you are, Sir, just order one at your own expense”, and then he proceded[sic] with his examination.

According to his report I am a big-pot on drawing, (which remains to be decided when the drawing results arrive), have a good eye for bulk, and a good ear for music. Here (no pun) I interrupted to ask if he judged that according to size.

I have a good head for mathematics + science, but I wish I was as sure of firsts in the science exams, as I am that he is a fraud.

Theres[sic] was any amount of similar rot in the usual style, but I had to “object” when he felt at the scar which remains where I got my skull split the other day, and then said that I was brave + plucky, and had a good deal of the bull-dog in me, that I liked my own way + would have it even if I had to suffer inconvenience in some other form. And so he went on one after another, but we interrupted + asked him so many questions, that he several

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times got off the beaten track and stranded. At one time he solemnly declared that “This gentleman would make a very clever clever” and when we asked him how he would make it, he very inconsiderately wanted to talk on some other subject.

We had examined 9 or 10 when Study time arrived and we had to close the interview. Ten of us, however, had a more congenial task to perform that to turn in for P.S.+ while the remainder turned to their musty books, we toddled off upstairs, and arrayed ourselves in best-Sunday-go-to-meetings-attire.

How particular the “shavers” were, + with what care each arranged his tie + fixed his cuffs &c + with what precision every speck of dust was brushed away. Why? Do you say?

Because, oh ye that know not, these same ten are about to partake of the hospitality provided for them by the Rev. The Principal + Mrs Baldwin. the Principal + Mrs Baldwin had requested the pleasure of the company of these same ten to tea on Friday night at 8 o’clock.

Hence these elaborate preparations.

At 8 o’clock we went across to the Prin’s and after being introduced in turn to Mrs Baldwin, proceeded at once to the Dining Room.

Both the Prin. + Mrs Baldwin had plenty to say over the meal, + instead of finding the stiff + starchy sort of affair we expected, everything

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seemed homelike + pleasant. The Prin. was full of anecdotes, + related a good deal of his experience abroad. Tea over, we adjourned to the Drawing Room, where conversation was the rule, until the Prin. proposed a song. No one had taken any in, but he soon over-ruled that objection by saying we could soon fetch some. In the end Fred Tilbrook + myself went out + fetch in some copies.

Fred sang a couple + I sang one, + the accompanist gave piano solo. Between the musical parts we had games – one a very good one in which for the once we all turned poets. I was sitting by Mrs Baldwin – who is a poetess of no mean repute – and she asked if I was given that way, in answer to which I had perforce to plead ignorance.

I told her that I thought I was a hopeless case, because I had found that inspirations would not come even on the most favourable occasions, and I related my experience of an attempt to woo the muse, as I sat on Poets’ stone at Rydal.

However this time I managed a verse, but I attribute my success to induction through being close to Mrs Baldwin.

The Prin. has to answer the question “Why did she blow her nose?” in verse. I wish I could remember it as he wrote it; but the main idea was based on the scanty clothing of Mother Eve and his work end with

“And so she caught the influenza

And had to blow her nose”.

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I had to answer “Will she kiss me when I’m fifty? If not, why not?” but I won’t inflict you, dear reader, with the punishment of reading my effusion.

Some of the other questions requiring answers ran “Who killed Cock Robin?” “How are you old fellow?” “Does your Mother know you’re out?” “Will the doors be locked at 10?” “Have you left off being your Mother?” &c &c – All of which had to be answered in rhyme.

Taking altogether we had a jolly evening + when we left at 10.30 p.m. we found we were locked out, + so went under the window + serenaded the fellows, taking care however to be out of the line of fire, in case any who resented this musical treat, might attempt to damp our jubilant feeling by depositing the contents of the water jug on our heads.

Saturday.

This morning’s post brought me two appointments – one to Neepsend + the other under the Bolsover Board. I have had this last appointment some time, but wanted to know further particulars before accepting it. This morning’s post brought them, and as a result I have accepted at Bolsover + telegraphed a refusal at Neepsend. I am to take day duty only until the end of summer, when the night school is to be commenced, and new terms as to salary made.

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This is just as I would with things to be, for a night school will be just the ticket for winter evenings, and will pass the long nights away pleasantly as well as profitably, and by the time they commence I should think I shall have found my way about a bit + have got properly settled down to the new order of things.

It is certainly an immense relief to feel settled + to have no more bother with application forms, testimonials + the like.

There are now 18 of us settled, and 13 left who are still wanting places, and out of 18, 17 of us are going under Boards, only one going into a National School. That one is at Grimsby.

We are having some proper winter weather just now. This last night has been a regular stormy one – a rough windy night with a heavy snow-storm. To use Shakespeare’s words

“Twas a rought night. My young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it.”

When I got up this morning the corridors were filling with smoke, which was rolling up from downstairs. I was first down + found that it was issuing from our study stove. It has been going wrong for some time.

The study was so full of smoke that it was impossible to see anything at all. As I could not stop the smoke, I pulled all the fire out

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and so to-day we have been without a fire, which to say the least is mighty unpleasant + uncomfortable, when there are two or three inches of snow on the ground. The Prin. happened to come in, so we called his attention to the state of things + he sent him out to fetch a man to attend to the stove. He came, looked at it, shook his head, said it wanted a new stove, + went away saying he would come at 1 o’clock and clean the flue (1 man, 1 journey).

About 4 o’clock another fellow appeared, dressed up, shook his head when he examined the stove, said it wanted a new stove, + went to see the Matron, who sent him away, because, forsooth, she had not been consulted in the matter (2 men, 2 journeys – nothing accomplished; + we shall have the pleasure of spending a Sunday without fires).

As it was such a beastly day I did not bother about changing for the half-holiday, but stayed in all day.

Towards night the wind began to get up again, + snow fell heavily, and at supper time when we went in for prayers, we told the Vice we would sing “Eternal Father, strong to save” (we always choose our own hymns).

It really sounded fine, sung by a body of fellows, among whom not a few have really fine voices, and sung, too, by fellows who recognized the appropriateness of the splendid hymn to the occasion, when in the hushed passage, the howling and the whistling of the wind

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Could be heard as the storm raged outside. Seldom have I heard anything that sounded finer than the subdued

“O, hear us when we cry to thee

For those in peril on the sea”.

Sunday.

Nov. 19

We had no early chapel service this morning + I do not think any of us were very sorry, for the snow lay thick on the ground + it was bitterly cold.

As it was not possible to have a fire in the study we had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances in the Matrons’ room, + succeeded so far that all expressed dissatisfaction when I, as “the fatal bellman” broke up the group, by clashing out the announcement on the big bell that it was time to dress for chapel.

We had a fine sermon by the Prin. on “manly men + womanly women”. I wish I had his sermon copied down. He came down very severely on women who affect men’s ways, act like men, dress like men. With men he was still more severe, not sparring even his own profession, for, said he, how many among the clergy enter the Church for the sake of filthy lucre only.

Doctors, Company promoters, House agents + the like came in equally for a share.

His denunciation of such men as Jabez Balfour was grand. “Jabez Balfour – that splendid ornament to society, who

“With fat affectionate smile

Makes hungry widows lean”.

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At night very few went out + we passed a cozy night in reading + talking, until sermon proposed a sing. So we got out our hymn-books + sang each man’s favourite in turn until supper time. After supper went straight off to bed.

Monday.

The Vice gave us an exam this morning in Magnetism + Electricity. I have had a hard day’s work to-day, and feel about used up now (11.15).

I had just done 12 hours’ study to-day from 9 a.m. to 1 ; then 1.30 to 6, and 7 to 10.30.

Tuesday.

I had a letter this morning from the Clerk of the Bolsover School Board sending me the school I am appointed to. It is

Whaley Thorne Board School

Langwith

Near Mansfield.

York fair commences to-day. I have not been out, but I hear that it does not come up to last year’s affair.

We managed to get our stove mended to-day. Yesterday we were without a fire all-day. A man came in the afternoon, + the Matron came in with him to look at it. He went away promising to send a man to attend to it at once (3 men – 3 journeys, nothing done). Then a man came, put the mended lid on, +went his way (4 men).

This morning two men came, and in half

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an-hour, the pipe was down, cleaned, put up again + a fire going. I wonder what the bill will be now.

Wednesday.

Another half-holiday, but they all pass alike now, unheeded. Nobody seems to care whether we have them or not.

The Vice gave us another exam in Electricity this morning.

We have got the time table for the Certif. exam.

The first day is pretty easy. We have only one paper. Music from 4.30 to 6.

Tuesday we have a heavy day.

School Management 10-1.

Dictation + Penmanship 2.30-2.50.

Euclid 3-6.

On Wednesday we have Algebra + Mensuration 10-1.

On Thursday English Grammar + Literature 3-6.

We are expecting a sneeze in this for previously there has been 3 hours for Grammar, Literature + Composition. This year Composition is taken by itself on Friday morning, + as we still have the 3 hrs on Thursday, I expect we shall have something to do.

I forgot to mention that we got the result of the Black Board drawing Exam. It has been a great surprise + has caused no little indignation both to us + to our drawing Master.

I made a remark on the day about the sort of man (?) we had down, and he has showed

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us what he was like. The list contains no less than 10 failures. I have got a Second which is hard bung, after being told by one’s master that you are a certain first.

The Second is useful, but a First would have been a greater honour, but there are only 3 First.

Mad as I am I have very little cause to grumble compared with others. Fred Tilbrook, both George + Willie Walker, all good men at work, have failed, and one chap has had terrible hard lines, for after drawing for about 5 mins the Inspector told him out of the room. Mr Cull afterwards saw the work + told him he was certain of a First. When the List comes, he is a failure. I think it is something of a shame that one man should have so much power + use it in such a manner. Those 10 men who have failed cannot take the subject any more, either in classes in towns, or at school, or by coming back to college again.

Thursday.

I was just about dropping off to sleep last night, or rather this morning, for I had heard midnight strike by the Minster clock, when some one came 1 am – tamming at my door. After letting the visitor stand outside a while to get over the fatigue caused by his exertions, I asked what was wanted.

“Are you asleep Billy?” “Of course I am, you

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blithering-blighted idiot, + it’s time you were too.” “Well keep your hair on, + read the Lesson for me in the morning. Will you?”

“No, I won’t, if you can’t come at a more decent time than this.” “Get away you b—y ass!”

(This last in answer to more ram-tamming).

“Well I shan’t go away till you promise”

“All right, stop there – Good-night, hope you’ll sleep well” But dash it all I couldn’t sleep for his row + so had to promise at last, for quietness’ sake. So this morning I was on duty again, + before leaving Chapel was button-holed for Saturday’s service too.

Two more of our fellows have received appointments to-day – one in Carlisle + one in Derby, both Board Schools. This makes 20 appointments and only 1 National School in the lot.

Friday.

The days are flying by now, all characterized by a sameness – all work, from morning till night. The Vice gave us another test-paper in Magnetism + Electricity for the last time before the exam, which is fixed for next Thursday afternoon from 2 to 5. The Heat is fixed for Monday night from 7 pm to 10 pm, in fact all next week is taken up with Science exams, for us and the Juniors, there being no less than seven distinct Science subjects being taken.

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Saturday.

Nov. 25

To-day I have worked at nothing but Heat, subbing up doubtful point. Three or four weeks ago, I felt down in the dumps on the matter for I did not seem to make much headway, but a month’s hard + solid grind has improved matters + I feel now fairly confident in entering the lists for the final tussel on Monday night.

In the afternoon I took my work to the City Reading Room + worked there. I have done a lot of work there lately. It is a change to our Study, with comfortable seats + perfect quietness, and one gets a bit of air in the walk there + back.

Sunday.

We had early chapel immediately after breakfast, and Service, with Communion, at eleven again. In the afternoon, I went as usual to the Minster for Evensong. This is the last Sunday of these afternoon Services. Next Sunday the Minster opens again for Night Services.

I see the Training College best for the Day Trainers has come out + this year there are no First, Second, or Third Classes. It is now simply pass or fail, and all arranged in alphabetical order.

We are wondering if our list will be the same, but no one seems to know anything. It has come as somewhat as a surprise. One Principal of one of the Day Training Colleges threw the list in the Waste Paper Basket as soon as he got it.

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We have decided, amid acclamation, to have a reunion of our year on the Saturday preceding Whit-Monday next year, and York has been fixed for the place, as being the most central. Everyone has unforeseen circumstances happening in the meantime, we should have a good muster.

Monday.

Nov. 27

Our Heat exam was fixed to take place from 7 to 10 and by the time 7 o’clock came round I was in a pretty state of nervous excitability, which was in ways lessened on discovering just at the last minute that one of the most important laws of the Science had been given to us by the Prin wrong. It is what is known as the Second Law of Thermo Dynamics, and he gave it to us as “The efficiency of a perfectly reversible engine depends only on the temperatures at which it takes in and gives out heat. The efficiency of an engine is therefore a maximum.”

And now we find it to run: -

“It is impossible for any engine, without the aid of some external agency, to cnvey heat from one body to another at a higher temperature”.

The exam was the hardest I have ever sat for. Eight questions were given, and we had to answer all the lot. In other exams, we have always had some choice.

One of the questions, or rather part of one, was Describe Regnault’s apparatus for measuring

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the absolute co-efficient of expansion of mercury. Now it happen’s[sic] that several old fogies have invented apparatus for this business, s I picked out the one that seems to have the most common sense about it and learn it well, so that I could not only describe all the apparatus but give every step in the experiment, until the final result is arrived at.

I learn Dulong and Petites’ method. The examiner restricts us to Regnault’s method.

Consequently couldn’t do it.

Several have given Dulong + Petites’ method, but it is a risky business, for rules plainly say “Confine yourself to the question proposed”. I'll just give you one sample of the sort of work we had to do.

“Describe the method of determining the co-efficient of increase of pressure of a mass of air occupying a constant volume.”

I never sat for an exam before that knocked me up as this one did. But what with waiting all day, cramming this point + rubbing up that, and then finding such a paper as we had to deal with. I just felt used up when ten o’clock struck, and I went straight off to bed with a head burning + throbbing as though it would split. I suppose it was the heat coming out, for I’m sure I’ve crammed plenty lately.

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Tuesday.

The Juniors had an examination on this afternoon, we were kicked out of our Study. Consequently a number of us went down to the Reading Room and used it as a Study. Everything is giving way now for Magnetism and Electricity, which we take on Thursday afternoon. On the way home again, when passing the Government House, I saw Baron Pollock, who is sitting at the Assizes, set off for the Minster. The state carriage was driven by a be-wigged + be-filled coachman, while a couple of footmen carrying long rods, were stuck up behind. At the Minster doors, were a couple of splendidly attired heralds, who announced the approach of the Baron, and at the doors inside the building were the clergy and choir, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen + City Officials. On the arrival of the coach, the procession was formed + proceeded up the Minster. I did not stay to the service, not having time, though I should have liked to.

Another fellow – Reg. Newton – has got an appointment. That makes 21. Reg. is going to a church School near Normanton.

Wednesday.

Supposed to be a half-holiday, in fact all the afternoons this week have been half-holidays for anyone that wanted them, but strange to say nobody seems to care about having holiday. If you see a chap with a book in his hand, you may safely bet your last dollar that it is a treatise on Magnetism + Electricity of some kind

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Or other.

Thursday.

I was on duty again this morning in Chapel, and being St Andrew’s Day, I read the special lessons, which happened to be a very short one indeed – only seven verses. Consequently I seemed to scarcely have announced “Here beginneth”, than I had to announce “Here endeth the lesson”, with the result that everybody seemed surprised. The congregation had not got through its first yawn, the organist was not ready for the Jubilate Deo, while the parson made a hurried dive among his books to look for his calendar to see if all was right. At breakfast time, the Vice had an announcement to make and did it in his usual style.

He commenced “You will have what you call dinner at quarter to one this morning”.

“What you call dinner”. Was that sarcasm. Seeing enquiring looks, he hastened to explain “I mean”, he said, “you will have no dinner to-day". (Oh, indeed, that will be nice). “That is, you will have tea for dinner” (laughter) “and you can have dinner for tea”.

Accordingly we worked until 11.30, and then went for a walk until 12.45, when we turned in for tea. The Magnetism + Electricity exam commenced at 2 p.m. + lasted until 5. it was pretty stiff, but not so bad as Monday night’s exam, for to-day we had some choice in the questions.

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I was very fortunate in one question, for about 20 mins before the exam commenced one of our fellows happened to ask me if I could describe an induction machine. Now I had not looked one up for some time, so we sat down to-gether + with a piece of scrap paper before us, I drew the diagrams + a sketch of the machine, + went through the explanation of its working (which, as one fellow remarked, is more like solving a Chinese puzzle than anything else) When we got the questions one ran: -

“Describe + explain the principle of some apparatus (other than the electrophorus) whereby, a small initial charge of electricity being given, an indefinitely large quantity may be obtained”.

Of course I sailed into this question + hope to have scored pretty near full marks for it.

Here's a question I did not attempt, but which turns out to be one of the easiest on the paper when you can understand what it wanted.

“If 1 ampère must be passed for 1609 minutes through acidulated water to evolve 1 gramme of hydrogen, for how long must 5 ampère be passed through a copper voltameter that 1 gramme of copper may be deposited?”

(Copper is divalent + its atomic weight = 63)

After the exam was over we went in for dinner, after which we were at liberty until 9 p.m. but it was a wet miserable night so did not go out.

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Friday.

Dec. 1st

The last month! - and how much must be done in it, what changes it will see, and how much will be settled in it.

To-day I received a circular from a Huddersfield firm dealing in Piano, Organs &c. Probably they have got an idea that I am plunging into housekeeping as soon as I get out.

Next I expect there will be circulars arriving from some “House-Furnishing-on-the-hire-system" firm. We have got the photo of our Year to-day, and a very good group it has come out this time. The only draw-back is that we have not been able to have Jack Whitehead on it this time.

Saturday.

I have a little variation to add to-day to the record of events, though I’m afraid that if I record events fully I shall fall in your estimation. However I will endeavour to be a truthful recorder + then cast my character on your mercy.

The morning commenced well. I read the lesson in chapel, the post brought no letters to distract attention from work or arouse feeling of homesickness, and we all settled down at 9 o’clock for a quite[quiet?], undisturbed two hours.

P.S. At 11 o’clock we always have a 15 mins break. About a couple of minutes to eleven some one took a long-drawn sigh + enquired “Nearly eleven yet, Billy?” Looking at my watch

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I replied “Two minutes to” “Oh well that’s near enough, and we left our seats + stood in a group by the stove, until 11 struck when it was my duty to ring the bell.

We had not all reached the stove, when the door opened + in walked his Royal Highness the Vice. “Call this working, Get to your seats”. It was so near time, that before we had reached the desks, the chimes at the Minster began, so I went + rang the bell.

Now on Saturdays we work till quarter to one, then have half-an-hour for changing, dinner being at quarter past one.

We had just settled down again at quarter past eleven, when in stalks His Majesty, with “You’ll go on till 1 o’clock to-day, for wasting time”. Now a few minutes extra work means nothing now-a-days, but punishment for no fault arouses resentment. Nothing however was said until quarter to one struck, when up jumps one + says “Will I work until one o’clock? No I won’t”, a sentiment which was echoed by nearly all in the room. Nearly all, I say, for a few, like yours truly, for instance, thought we might as well be made of the time.

Now it always happens, that if there’s no work, there’s sure to be now, and consequently when one commenced “Here’s a health to all good lasses” the parts were immediately taken up by others + soon the glee was in full swing, while the

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hard working ones (again like, yours truly, who doesn’t know how to make a row + couldn’t make one if he tried) stuck their fingers in their ears + with brows knitted to desperation, endeavoured amidst the general Babel to cram down hard facts. A change had been made to “Daisy” , when as was to be expected the noise soon brought down his majesty, who wanted to know if we thought we were going to make a fool of HIM. Now no one had given this important question the slightest consideration, + therefore there was no answer forthcoming.

What HE thought nobody knows (and nobody cares), but most probably he took silence for consent. There he stood a towering monument of passion, insulted authority, personified.

Great Heavens I see that from now.

“Avaunt! And quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, and thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with”.

And then he opened his mouth and spoke words dire and dreadful. “You are all gated to-day. Come up + report yourself at four o’clock + I will give you some work to do”. Thus delivering himself, he turned on his heels and left the room.

Four o’clock arrived + we unfortunate ones met to go upstairs + report ourselves, + received the work to be done. According to arrangement no one took

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with him either paper or pen, so that if we had to do the work upstairs (as it sometimes the case) we should all have to come down again + fetch the required material.

When all were ready the order “Quick March” was given, and stamping as hard as we could, up the front staircase to the corridors, with a Left!Right!Left!Right! We arrived at the lion’s den + entered in a confused body. Inspection followed, a paper in Algebra given, and another stampede downstairs, with row enough to shake the building to its foundations.

At 6 o’clock we had a similar journey to take up the finished work, taking care first, however, to mixed all the papers + questions together – each putting his paper in the wrong book of questions, and then with one more stampede we returned to the study.

After all a gating has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

Of course it’s not very nice to have to stay in when you had made up your mind to go out, and it is still more inconvenient if, as some do, you make previous arrangements for Tottei to be at the trysting-tree, and at the appointed hour you are grinding Algebra. It makes it rather inconvenient the next time a meeting takes place between the same too.

There is a way out behind the Chapel, but it’s dangerous to be caught.

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Then again it’s a disadvantage, when the other fellows will keep inviting you to go for a walk. It makes you go feel inclined to punch their heads. But there are advantages – great ones, too. For instance, think what an amount of labour is saved. The other fellows had all the trouble of changing attire &c, while we were saved all that labour. We had no need to get washed, no need to brush hair, no need to black boots. Then how we got the laugh at the poor beggars who had been out, as they came in one after another, rubbing their hands + shivering, and telling us, who sat comfortably round the fire, how cold it was outside, while all the sympathy they got was “you should have stayed in then.

Sunday.

Dec. 3

Jack Lamin went home yesterday after a situation. We had a letter from him this morning saying that he has been successful in obtaining the appointment. That makes 23 settled and only 8 without places. I sincerely hope these 8 will have “sits” before the parting day comes.

We are getting scattered about, too, in all directions. One goes to Carlisle, another to Newcastle, one to Jarrow and another to Middlesboro.

One goes to Grimsby, and three to Hull. Bradford takes four, and Leeds three, and Salford one. One finds a shop at Normanton, and two in Sheffield, while three of us are scattered about in Derbyshire – Heage, Derby and Bolsover,

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while the latest is Annesley near Nottingham.

We had an early service immediately after breakfast, and the ordinary service at eleven. The sermon was preached by the Prin. + though he did not say so, from the style of his address I conclude it was his farewell sermon to us. He concluded with a magnificent peioration on the nobility of our profession, and sent us into the world with his best wishes for our future success in life, winding up with an elaborate picture of what might be accomplished in the noble profession we have chosen.

The effect was somewhat lessened however, by a voice in the seat behind me, adding “And all on 30 bob a week”.

After dinner an important ceremony took place. It is an annual event, and consists in holding a combined Doggery Meeting of the two studies at which all the interesting relics are handed down to the next generation.

The Ceremony took place in Organ Room. Formerly the meeting was held on the last Sunday of the term, but we have had it a week earlier so that the smoke may have no ill effect on any one for the exam week. When the Juniors had assembled in the Organ Room, we assembled in our Study + formed a procession.

First came the King carrying the Scripture.

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His Majesty was supported on either side by the “Usher” and the “Portee” armed with instrument of warfare – viz. Indian Clubs + was betide the slave who dares approach too near the Royal Person. His end will be – not peace, but pieces.

Next comes the Secretary – carrying the emblem of the Club, and the Treasurer who bears the bag – empty alas.

Next came the Curate, our Chaplain unfortunately being absent.

Then came the Barber with his staff of office and the Doctor with his emblem.

Following him was the Chamberlain and his relic and then the Precentor, the Sculptor, and the Jester, while the rear was brought up by the Hon’s Members who

“stood not on the order of their going”.

After the opening speech by His Royal Highness the Most Mighty, High + Noble Rex, who was enthroned on a chair on the top of the stove, each officer made a short speech, handed his relic to his successor, who spoke in return.

Very solemnly the Razor was handed by our Barber to the Junior Barber.

This was the razor, which was sent to me at Barlbro, + which I presented to the Doggery Club last year. That razor has now reached the height of its fame, + will be solemnly

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handed down to each succeeding generation as long as the Doggery Club lasts.

The Chamberlain next handed over his emblem consisting of a clay pipe from one of the early London exhibitions with a bowl capable of holding about an ounce of the fragrant weed.

The Precentor’s emblem consisted of the piano which is now placed in charge of the Junior. The Chaplain being absent the clerical duties fell to the Curate, who in the course of a few remarks, said a few very nice things about his superior, as Curates generally do.

He thought that our worthy Chaplain had done his duty nobly and well. Looking back on the two years he could not remember a single time when our Chaplain was absent from Morning Chapel. He had been a frequent attender at the Walton’s Bible Class held on Sunday afternoons. He would not like to say that this regular attendance at the Sunday afternoon class was simply caused by a sermon that had got about of an approaching tea-fight, nor would he like us to know that since it beame known that the rumour was a false one, his attendance had suddenly dropped off.

Then again he had always been a regular attendant (sometimes) at one or other of the various churches + chapels in the City.

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Altogether he had been an exemplary Chaplain and well for us will it be if we have followed conscientiously the good example he has set us. Coming now to speak of himself, he was afraid he had been considerably misjudged.

He, too, had always been a most regular attendant at Morning Chapel because there was no chance of skipping it. But it was more with reference to Sunday nights that he had been wrongly judged and he was glad that he had now got an opportunity of leaving his character from any stain which common report had thrown upon it.

He had heard it said that he never went to church on Sunday nights. Now he knew that many of us did not go to Church ourselves on Sunday nights, and as the Chaplain was too quiet and easy going in such matters, he made it his business to take a walk round every Sunday night for the purpose of finding out who these individuals were, “and you may be sure”, he added “they did not escape without a few words of warning given in season”. With regard to the slander cast upon his name by some who say that it was singular that whenever he was met he had a lady with him he would like to ask “Is it not his duty as Curate to speak a word in season to the gentler sex, as well as to the brethern?” With these explanations, and expressing

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the hope that the scoffer would soon cease his scoffing and turn from the error of his way, he resumed his seat with his character fully cleared.

Following him was the Doctor was gave up the bull’s eye lantern. This is for the doctor to use when searching dark corners for those who have smoked and succumbed, as well as with the idea of discovering any possible smoker who has retired to some shady nook for a few whiffs before he has been irritated, and received his certificate.

The Jester said he had no relic to hand down down[repetition in text] unless it were a list of jokes and puns – and truly they are relics. However we forbade him to pass them on having no desire to inflict punishment on the poor beggars.

The Treasurer’s Bag being empty, there was nothing to be passed on there, and I don’t say that it would have been had there been anything in it.

The Usher + Porter gave a few hints to their successors as to the modes of rushing members to a meeting and also as to the eviction of turbulent members. Next the Secretary handed over the emblem of the Club consisting of a huge tobacco pouch constructed out of an old football bladder, and bearing dates of years long gone by.

Finally, the King abdicated, yielding up the Sceptre to his successor.

The sceptre consists of a villainous looking stick

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With a curved head, and is used by the knocker-up in a morning. At least it was until this year, + in order to preserve it from damage we have got a new knocker-up.

Round the head of the sceptre is carved “Are you up?” - the cry of the knocker-up as he goes his rounds every morning. Down one side is carved “To be handed down with care” and on the opposite side the years from 87 to 93, so that it is now entering on its 7th year of office. The proceedings terminated with the singing of “Home Sweet Home”.

This over I got ready for Minster Service, but had to set off much earlier than usual to obtain a seat. The Advent Services commenced to-day. They are held in the Nave which is packed at every service. The choir is considerably augmented, there being some 60 men, while the trebles are aided by a number of ladies. The Anthem was the same as last Advent Sunday, and I think I fully described it then, so will not do so now.

The Anthem was “Watchmen, what of the night” and our friend + helper Mr Robinson took the Solo. It was really splendid and I would not have liked it to have missed it for anything.

I am only sorry that I shall only be able to attend one more of these services before leaving York – the one next Sunday.

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Monday.

Read the Lesson once more in Chapel, a job I shall not have to do many more times now. We have had a hard day’s work to-day. This week will see a fair amount of examining done I’ll warrant. I have put in over 13 hours at books myself to-day with a two hours paper in Algebra from the Vice.

Tuesday.

Another day gone, and one less before the final struggle. All I can write down for to-day is summed up in one word “Worked”.

As I write we have passed from Tuesday night to Wednesday morning, so I think it is time I returned to bed.

Wednesday.

Dec. 6

I went down to the Reading Room and back this afternoon. This is the first time I have been out since Sunday night.

When I went up to pay my nightly visit to the Matron to-night she asked me if I knew who it was that was making love to the cook. I was rather taken aback on hearing this question. Had it been one of the maids, - well there would have been a possibility, but the cook, oh horrors! Why! Think about fat! We haven’t a chair big enough to hold her. To use the Matron’s own words she is as broad as she is long. And ugly! Well rather, and forty of she’s a day. So I said “Did you say the cook?” “Yes”. “As I sat in my room I heard someone at the kitchen window (just below), and the cook

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was saying “And you’ll send us a telegraft to say you get home safe, and you’ll leave us a lock of yer ‘air’, to which another voice answered “Yes I will”. The Matron was sure that it was a Senior, but I couldn’t see that and told her so. So she said a Junior would not need to leave a lock of hair, because he would be coming back again next year, but I said that probably the cook wanted the lock to play with while the Junior was away. Then she asked if there was a Junior who has the initials J.B, and I was forced to confess that there was not while there were two Seniors who claim those letters.

She then advised me to see if James Buc — n knew anything about it, + you after a good laugh I left her. One question was enough to spot the right man. I waited until there was a considerable crowd round the stove and then quite innocently asked “Got your hair cut yet, Jim?” “No! Why?” “Can I take you a lock off? I’ll do it carefully” but he left without giving me an answer. He had a pressing engagement in the next room, + could not be detained. Of course the others wanted to know what was in the wind, and hasn’t poor Jim just heard a thing or two about his locks, which, by the way, I might add are a fiery red.

We call him The Fiery Dragon, after one of his fathers’ pilot-tugs.

—————————

Good-night. 10 mins to 12 p.m.

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Thursday.

The bread we have been having for the last fortnight or so has not been of the very best quality but this morning amends were made somewhat by giving us bread + meat for breakfast. In fact it was very much meat, but the drawback was that it was alive, and very much alive. More than one loaf on being cut open was found to be inhabited by some very lively occupants. In form they were not unlike ants, but only about a quarter the size. They again made their appearance at dinner time, and also at night in the supper buns.

We have been thinking of buying a good stout rope for each table, so that we can fasten the loaves up, for it’s rather too much of a good thing when the bread loaf begins to walk up and down the table.

I have now solved the question why bread is sometimes called “grub”, for this was both “grub” by name + “grub” by nature.

Friday.

To-night we have had our last night of official P.S. I don’t mean to say that no more work will be done, for cram there is bound to be up [? unclear] to the last moment. It's glorious though to think that there is only one more week of this kind of business, though it is a very heavy one.

The Junior Scripture List has arrived to-day,

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but it is not a very good one. I think ours compares very favourably with it.

Juniors: - 5 Firsts, 22 Seconds, 10 Thirds, 0 Failures

Seniors: - 10 Firsts, 16 Seconds, 4 Thirds, 0 Failures

Saturday.

The last day has witnessed a fair amount of cramming. I was down at the Reading Room this afternoon + noticed above half oour Study there, perched in corners, hidden behind note-books.

This morning saw our last weekday Morning Service in Chapel. The lesson was I John. 2.18 [? ink smudged], which, with somewhat of a coincidence contains the following words “Little children, it is the last time.

Sunday.

Dec. 10

We had an early service immediately after breakfast, taking the usual Morning Service as we were to have Communion together for the last time at the 11 o’clock service. Shortly before eleven I went to the bull rope to toll for the last time. I have never missed tolling for a service throughout the year so I fancy I shall miss the occupation now.

When the Prin came in for the opening prayer before starting for Chapel, he said that owing to some misunderstanding we should not be able to have Communion this morning, but that as he would not like us to part for ever without once more meeting for such

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a service, he intended to celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper on Thursday morning next at 7.30 a.m.

Their sermon was a farewell one from the Vice. In the afternoon I went to the Minster which was filled almost to overflowing.

The Anthem was “Comfort ye” from the Messiah. I was also at the Minster again for Evening Service. My first Sunday evening in York was spent there, and what more fitting place for the final Sabbath? I noticed a good many of our fellows there, evidently like-minded with myself. The service was taken by a man whom we have met on the cricket field Rev. I[?].S. Carter, Vicar Choral. The lessons were shared by the Bishop of Hull + the Dean of York and the sermon was preached by the Vicar of St Martins – Canon Machell.

After service we had time for a short walk before supper time, + this over we turned in. “Now, chaps, sing up. Last time for the Doxology[?]” was passed round, and the old dining hall sang again with “Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Prayers over we adjourned to the organ room to keep up one other old custom – and a very beautiful one too, I think. Each Senior in turn, gave out his favourite hymn which was then sung by both Senior + Juniors, and finally finished with “Christians Awake”.

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Monday.

Dec. 11

The trial week has arrived at last and in the course of 5 short days our fates will be decided[? unclear].

To-day our year had nothing to do until 4, when we had a paper to work in Music for an hour + a half.

Consequently the greater part of the day was spending time with Music Books in hand.

In the morning we had each to undergo an examination by the Doctor + receive a clean sheet with regard to health before being allowed to sit.

The Music paper was a very easy one, + I had finished soon after half-time + left the room at half-past five.

At night all who cared to were given leave to attend a ball + prize distribution at the Drill Hall. Attendance in uniform was however compulsory so no one went from the College except a master who went to receive our 25 line prize.

Tuesday.

This has been our heaviest day with regard to the number of papers we had to work. In the Morning we had a three hour’s paper on School Management + Organisation; Logic; Spenser on Education, and Psychology; and in the afternoon had Dictation, Penmanship, and Euclid.

My night was occupied with squaring up

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accounts, making out balance sheets + paying the bills of the Literary Society, and in passing on its property to the new secretary.

Wednesday.

To-day we had only one paper to work, and quite enough of the sort.

It was an Algebra + Mensuration and most of us seem to have caught a Tartar. In the afternoon I was at the Library rubbing up one or two doubtful points for to-morrow's work.

It was quarter to one when I retired to bed. Last night it was half-past twelve.

Thursday.

Only one paper was given us to-day – one on English this afternoon. Contrary to all usual advice on the matter everybody did a vit of cram all morning.

About 10 o’clock the Sergeant Major came for an equipment + thus we have completely served our connection with the volunteers. At night the Prin’s supper was held in the dining hall at which he presided – all the other masters being present and a very enjoyable meal we had.

After the supper we were ordered to fill our glasses with wine or water to drink the various toasts. The proceedings terminated with the College Song about 10.30 p.m.

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Friday.

Dec. 15

The last day. Can it be true? It seems hard to realize the fact; Auld Lang Lyne at Breakfast. We had an hour’s paper to do this morning – an Essay to write, and when a four minutes before eleven, we heard the Inspector say for the last time “Stop, now, please”, we realized the fact that we had really finished our Students Carrer.

The Juniors were soon off on their homeward journey, while our time was taken up with packing + bidding farewells to first-one + then another of them.

After dinner – our last one here – several of us went out for a last walk together, returning to get ready for our farewell dinner.

Before doing so I had a last interview with the Vice, and also went to see the Matron who thanked me for helping her so well supplied with papers.

Then soon after seven we all went down to Harlands for our last dinner together.

Jack Whitehead, though late, managed to turn up, so that no were missing from our last gathering.

The dinner was splendid in every respect and all agreed that it was impossible to have had a better set out.

There was everything that could be wished for + plenty of it, too.

The dinner over, we had an interval of about

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an hour, while the tables were cleared. Then we met again for after dinner speeches + toasts, of which we had a list of 16 to get through. The order was slightly altered so as to allow Mr Mills (Good old Sammy) to respond to the “College Staff”, as he was not able to be amongst the smoke. After a rattling speech he left the room as we sang “For he’s a jolly good fellow”, and shortly after we similarly greeted our Sergeant Major, who, unable to get to the dinner, came in as has soon as he could, replying in a fine speech to the toast “The Army Navy + Reserve Forces” after which I sang my song “Soldier Rest”. Speech followed speech, and toast followed toast, while songs + glees were given after each until the clock shewed 2.30 a.m. when we grouped round the room + sang, hand in hand

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

In the days of auld long syne.

Then here’s a hand my trusty friend.

And gie’s a hand o thine.

We tak a cup o kindness yet

For the days of auld lang syne.”

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Partings are always tainted to a greater or less degree with sadness, but this was saddest parting I have passed through. More than one completely broke down, + could not manage to sing it, + those men whom you would have least expected to have exhibited emotion + given way to feelings. But it only gave another proof of a rough exterior covering a soft heart. There was not a dry eye in the room, + the words being finished we seemed to stand for an age with hand still claspt in hand. I seemed to put the thoughts of everyone into words when I said “After this I shall look upon ‘Auld Lang Syne’ as something sacred”. This over we took farewells of our Host + Hostess who said we had been the quietest + most orderly behaved of any year that had ever been to their house, a fact we take as a compliment considering this is the 17th consecutive year that has held its last supper at his house.

We then steered our way back to Col. and as Rev. Walker + Alb. Smith were leaving York by a

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train a little before four, it was decided not to go to bed but to go with them to the station + set them away. Some played cards until starting time. Others lay down on their beds, or on other fellows’ beds – in one case three in a bed – for a few minutes nap. Several of us passed the time in Len’s room, until nearly time for starting, when I went round and aroused the slumbers.

There was an escort of a couple of dozen to see the first departures off, + we marched to the station in double file. When we got near the station “When Johnny comes marching home again” was up + to his tune we marched on to the platform. There was only a few minutes left + that time was fully occupied with leave taking + hand shaking.

“Tis well the world our merit knows,

Since time, there’s no denying

One half in how-d'ye-doing goes

The other in good-byeing".

Then in comes the train – the north express, soon

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in + soon out again - + with three cheers + a last wave, the tail lights disappear in the day and two of our number are gone.

The breaking up has commenced + the first parting has come.

It seemed rather a different party that emerged from the station than the one which had only a few moments ago entered it.

Each one seemed occupied only with his own thoughts + had little to say to anyone else + so we quietly returned to Col.

It was now half-past four. The next to depart left about 7, so the returning time was spent in finishing packing + in some case indulging in a few minutes repose.

Every one was early astir, + after setting off the Leeds contingent, the remainder turned in to a breakfast nobody wanted. For the last time I rang the bell for this meal + for the last time I fetched + distributed the letters of which there were several.

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The departures began thick + fast + amongst them my own turn came.

In the station we met Mr Mills who (like the friend he has always shewn himself) had come to bid us a final good-bye. By the time our train was to start all the fellows had turned up most of them leaving a few minutes after we had gone.

A last round of handshakes – a general bable[sic] of “Good-bye old fellow” “Every success” “Hope to meet you again” “Remember Whit sun tide” &c &c. The whistle is blown , and with a “Now chaps three rousers for Mr Mills” we are off + we slip out of the station as the cheer dies away.

There are seven of us coming down to Sheffield. For a time the silence is unbroken + then one says in a faint voice “It’s hard to leave the old place after all, isn’t it?” a fact which none deny.

The journey seems soon accomplished to all

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Of us, especially to the one who all the way has been reading answers “upside down”. Just before reaching Sheffield we sang once more again “Auld Lang Syne” finishing just as we drew up at the Midland Station. Taking farewells of the four who had still further to go + of the other two Sheffielders I had severed the tie to York, said good-bye to every fellow, and the bright, happy College days are at an end, and remain now only to be lived o’er again in memory.

1. Archaic Middle English word meaning “by the name of”, or “called”. The word appears to not have been frequently in use by 1892, but still existed to some extent in literature of the 19th century, including being used by Charlotte Bronte in her novel *Shirley.* https://www.oed.com/view/Entry/231389?redirectedFrom=yclept#eid [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. A kind of course woolen cloth [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. A traditional Scottish cap, often worn as part of military or civilian Highland dress. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Possibly referring to Wiek in Rugen, Germany. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Donkeys. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. The batsman is out “leg before wicket” (lbw) if he intercepts with any part of his person (except his hand) that is in line between wicket and wicket a ball that has not first touched his bat or his hand and that has or would have pitched. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. Patented by Richard Morris, removable liner in the barrel of the rifle which would enable the use of .22 ammunition. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. Former kingdom in south-west India. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. Dandy. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. Water mark on page rendering sentence unclear. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. From Act 1, Scene 2 of Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. Breeches. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. Bowler hat. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. The Hallelujah Lasses were young female officers recruited by the Salvation Army who preached in the streets and ministered to the poor. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
15. Composer Charles Gounod. [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
16. From Shakespeare’s *Macbeth*, Act 1 Scene 7. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
17. From *Macbeth*, Act 2 Scene 1. [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
18. Former name for the Weston Park Museum in Sheffield. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
19. Composer and organist. [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
20. Reverend G. W. de Courcy Baldwin. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
21. A failed Anglo-French attempt to seize the Taku Forts along the Hai River in Tianjin, China, in June 1859. [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
22. An insulting term for a black African, sometimes used by Muslims to refer to non-Muslims, and derived from the Arabic word for 'infidel'. [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
23. A Khoikhoi person - member of a group of indigenous peoples of South Africa and Namibia. Used interchangeably with Kaffir but is of Dutch origin. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
24. Lieutenant-colonel serving in South Africa. [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
25. Tools for measuring time and angular distance. [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
26. Possibly a reference to Eton/Rugby Fives where they hit a ball with a hand/bat against 3 or 4 walls. [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
27. Short for ‘attention’? [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
28. Efferverscent laxative, used to treat various digestive issues. [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
29. Image too complex to recreate. [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
30. Racial slur used to describe Black people. Where otherwise this transcription has been faithful to the original text of the diary, we have chosen to omit this term in our transcription as it is considered highly offensive today. [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
31. Insert into diary – first two pages transcribed only. [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
32. Publishing company founded in 1848. [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
33. Drawing here of three playing cards: a heart, a diamond and a club. [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
34. Damned – likely omitted from text as blasphemy was deemed offensive. [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
35. An Asian tiered tower with multiple eaves common to India, Cambodia, Nepal, China, Japan, Korea, Myanmar, Vietnam, and other parts of Asia. Most pagodas had a religion function (Buddhist or Taoist). [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
36. Now "Yangon", this is Myanmar's largest city and former seat of government. [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
37. The Anglo-Burmese wars were armed conflict between two expanding empires, the British Empire and the Konbaung Dynasty, that became British India's most expensive and longest war, costing 5-13 million pounds and spanning over 60 years. [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
38. Drawing here which could not be recreated. [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
39. Attached to the diary can be found excerpts from the Yorkshire Herald newspaper: "The Royal visit to York. Enthusiastic welcome to the Duke and Duchess of York. the scene in the streets. description of the decorations." [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
40. A drawing here of some figures. [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
41. Drawing on the left of a man. [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
42. Drawing of "what he has set elsewhere". [↑](#footnote-ref-42)
43. Drawings of the 3 batches they had to draw. [↑](#footnote-ref-43)
44. Excerpt attached here from the "Training College Intelligence". [↑](#footnote-ref-44)
45. Nickname for students of St John’s College. [↑](#footnote-ref-45)