

No. 1.

SEPTEMBER.

1881.

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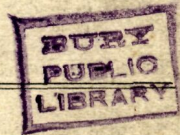
Bury Grammar School

MAGAZINE.



H. WATKINSON ENG. MANCHESTER.

“Disce aut discede.”



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PRICE SIXPENCE.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

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THE
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EDITORIAL.

IN nearly every town, however small, we find at least one newspaper a week recording and putting down in black and white the events and news which are to afford information and gossip to its readers.

By thousands and tens of thousands may our newspapers, magazines and periodicals be now counted, and yet we have the courage to add another to the accumulated literature which almost bewilders us.

We believe that we have at length reached a point when it is due to our honour and energy to give to the world, to uphold and support a Magazine in which we may record our successes in work as well as in sports; in which we may have the opportunity of indulging our literary tastes by penning an article or writing a tale; in which we may occasionally see our own name figure opposite a big score, or under a First Class.

We confess that we have some misgivings as to how our literary venture will succeed, but nevertheless we look forward with hope, and trust that it will receive sufficient support to warrant us in its continuance.

Two things we need—funds and subject-matter—if we are to prosper in our undertaking, and so we first ask the boys one and all to become subscribers, and to prevail upon their friends to do the same; secondly, we would urge all boys of a literary turn of mind to write at least one article, and to devote care and time to its composition in order to insure its acceptance.

One page we intend to devote to Puzzles, towards which every boy might contribute, bearing in mind that they must be *original*.

We also hope the Correspondence column will be found useful in eliciting information on School projects, &c., and we trust through its medium to remedy abuses, and to receive suggestions both about work and games.

We may as well state in this our first number that we do not hold ourselves responsible either for the opinions or grammatical mistakes of those who favour us with their contributions, as they are inserted in nearly every case just as they are received.

With these few words we launch forth our Magazine on the waters of Public Opinion, assured that it will reach the haven of Success, wafted along by the breezes of good wishes and favourable criticisms.

HISTORY OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE present Grammar School of Bury was founded in the year 1726, at a time when the country was harassed by ever-recurring Jacobite plots and machinations; when the South-Sea bubble, with other frauds and corruptions, had just worked their sad havoc in all parts of the nation; and when England's king was even ignorant of her language.

A School of a similar character had been established in the town a century before this by Henry Bury, Esq., a descendant of the ancient baronial family, and probably the last that had any connection with the parish. He endowed it, according to an old record, with £16. per annum; though a later authority, who will be noticed hereafter, states that the emoluments did not exceed £12. per annum,—a considerable sum when we remember the scarcity of money in those days. The exact position of this first Grammar School is uncertain. By some it is thought to have occupied the site of our present buildings, but the more probable opinion is that it stood in some part of the Castle grounds; and tradition points to the Esquire himself as a regular teacher in his own institution. Mr. Bury's foundation, however, came to an untimely end, for it had scarce existed half a century when the

property was lost in a law-suit. The endowment had been invested in the land known as Nabb's Farm, situated in Walmersley, not far from the reservoir, and, at present, in the occupation of Mr. Thorp. This land formed part of the Derby estates, but was then what is called "freehold for certain lives." About the year 1683 a dispute arose between the Trustees of the School and the owners of the other part of the property; it came to a trial, and the Trustees lost their possession. The buildings were still theirs, and, in the year 1688, they nominated a Master; but a second disaster awaited the ill-starred School, for, soon after this, the writings were lost. In 1718 only one Trustee was living, and he could give no account of them; consequently Lord Derby—the School standing upon his ground—challenged the right to nominate. The following is a verbatim copy of a letter written in the year 1718 to Chancellor Gastrell by Mr. Thomas Clough, Curate of Bury; it will give a more clear idea of the facts, so far as they are known, connected with the loss of the property:—

"I find by some MSS. of the late Mr. Gipps, Rector of Bury, that £12. a year (not £16.) being the stipend settled on the School by Mr. Henry Bury, was belonging to the School in 1679, but that shortly afterwards a law-suit broke out betwixt the Feoffees of the School and the owners of the remaining part of the tenement, called Nabb's Tenement, being a Leasehold Farm in Bury, held under the house of Derby, and on its coming to an issue the Feoffees were cast and the rent lost. The only surviving Feoffee is Mr. Thomas Nuttall, of Bury, gent."

The Rev. Thomas Gipps, mentioned in this letter, was Rector of the parish from 1674 to 1712.

Such was the end of Bury's first Grammar School. It may be regarded as a dying gift to the town from a family which had held the local sceptre for four hundred years; and, though its career was short, it comprises the most eventful and important period in our nation's history.

If the tradition which asserts that Bury Castle was battered by Parliamentary cannon be true, it must, in all likelihood, have suffered severely; in any case it stood by a sad spectator of the intestine carnage. The date of its erection (1625) is still to be

seen carved in rude numerals upon a stone which, until four years ago, formed the lintel of a doorway leading into the play-ground from the Wylde. This doorway is now built up, but the stone remains, and shows by its position that they who placed it there considered the continuity of the Grammar School unbroken.

We must now turn to the man who, in his youth, when these evils fell upon the School, and seeing it completely crushed beneath their weight, came forward to re-establish it upon a basis made firm by his munificence and secure by his wisdom. This was Roger Kay, a member of the family of Kay, which then lived at Woodhill, and a kinsman of the sole surviving feoffee mentioned in Mr. Clough's letter. Few definite facts concerning him have come down to us: he is supposed to have been born in Bury, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he subsequently obtained a fellowship. Leaving the University he became Rector of Fittleton, in Wiltshire, and afterwards a prebendary of his Cathedral Church. Notwithstanding the paucity of material facts about his life, the character of this clergyman is made abundantly clear, both by the numerous charities which he founded, and by the devout piety which is breathed even in his will. Indeed we need only to read the statutes of our School to see that Roger Kay was a man of sound and clear judgment, of great and unostentatious benevolence, of profound and varied scholarship, of deep and earnest piety. He was highly esteemed by his diocesan Bishop Burnet, who was a keen discerner of character, and a man that dared to face court wrath and virtual banishment in rebuking Charles II. for his profligacy and judicial murders. Speaking of our founder, a modern writer has well said:—"He appears not only to have dispensed blessings during his life, but to have been solicitous to extend them even to the remotest posterity, and his name is deservedly held in grateful remembrance."

May we not ask with the poet—

"Where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?"

E. J. S. L.

(*To be continued.*)

A SEA VOYAGE.

IN the month of October, 1879, I determined to visit Australia, and health being the chief object of my voyage, I took my passage in the good sailing vessel T—1, of Liverpool, for Melbourne. The weather being very inclement on the date advertised for the departure of the ship, she was unable to leave port until the following day, and so the passengers were left to improve their tempers and spirits by gazing at the shores of old England from the sloppy decks, some of them perhaps for the last time. At dinner I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of my fellow passengers, who were not numerous, there being besides the captain's wife and two children, only one lady and four gentlemen; one of the latter, I was happy to find, was an old neighbour of mine, and we were mutually glad to see one another.

On Tuesday, the 21st of October, at 11-0 a.m., we heaved anchor, and dropped gently down the Mersey in the wake of the steam-tug "United Kingdom." At about 4-0 o'clock in the afternoon the pilot left us with his bottle of brandy (the usual present from the captain); and the next day about the same time we parted company with the tug off the Tuskar, a barren rock off the south-west coast of Ireland.

We were now fairly off, and in a few hours had seen the last of the British Isles. We had the usual bad weather in the Bay of Biscay; the wind was dead aft, and consequently the ship rolled fearfully. I was very sick, but kept on deck as much as possible, and stuck manfully to my meals, only taking care to sit as near the door as possible so as to be able to rush out on deck in case of emergency. After about a fortnight's sail we sighted the Madeira Isles, and being becalmed within a short distance of land for several hours, we had ample opportunity of admiring the shores, which were thickly covered with vineyards, and dotted here and there with white houses. A breeze sprang up about dusk, and we were soon out of sight of land again. About this time we first caught sight of flying fish, which greatly interested us, and as one foolish one flew on to the deck we were enabled to examine it closely. The average size of these fish is about that of a herring; their wings are

very thin, and they can only fly as long as their wings are wet. They fly very swiftly, as their object is to escape from the dolphins, which feed principally upon them; they usually fly in shoals for about twenty to thirty yards, although I have observed an occasional one fly as far as a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards.

Three or four days after leaving Madeira we sighted the Canary Isles; and in the distance we could see the snow-capped Peak of Teneriffe, towering fifteen thousand feet above the sea. We had now fallen in with the north-east trade winds, and kept them to about lat. 4° N., when we entered the Doldrums, which extend about four degrees each side of the Equator. The weather here was very muggy and squally, the rain being exceedingly heavy; this for some reasons was very convenient, as during this time we were able to have a good supply of water, our usual allowance for washing purposes being about two quarts each per diem.

We crossed the line on Tuesday, November 18th, and on the same day we were signalled by the ship "Thessalus," homeward bound from Calcutta, which had run short of biscuits; she asked if we had any to spare, and a favourable reply having been run up to the mast head, we both hove to, and the "Thessalus" sent off a boat to us. Our captain gave them what they required, and we all took this opportunity of sending letters to our friends in England; we then parted with them after giving three hearty cheers. In the evening the absurd ceremonies usual on crossing the line were gone through; and those who did not wish to undergo the unpleasant process of being lathered with a mixture of pitch and other filth, and then shaved with a piece of hoop iron, and eventually ducked in a tubfull of sea water, had to give the sailors the price of a bottle of whiskey. Afterwards most of the crew got very drunk, and one man got his knife out and threatened to stab the boatswain, but he was put in irons for the night, which effectually stopped all further mischief.

After crossing the line we soon picked up the south-east "trades," which took us as far as Martin Vaz, a barren rock off the coast of South America, when we started running eastward. We amused ourselves in these latitudes by "fishing" for albatross with a strong line and a piece of pork attached to a hook at the end of the line.

In rough weather the birds fly up into the air after taking the bait, and they can then be hauled in like a kite; but in calm weather the process of hauling in is much more difficult, as the birds spread out their wings on the water, and the resistance is very great. Some of those caught measured from eleven to twelve feet across the wings, but sometimes they measure as much as eighteen feet across; after they are brought on deck they are invariably sea sick. We caught Cape pigeons and other small birds by letting out several long pieces of sewing cotton over the stern of the ship. The birds in flying backwards and forwards entangle their wings in the cotton, and are then easily drawn on board. I have seen as many as a dozen caught in half an hour in this way.

We passed close to Twelve Apostles Isle, a barren rock forming one of a group called the Crozets; about here we saw a large number of whales, one coming so near that the captain was able to have a shot at it with his rifle.

On Christmas morning some little excitement was caused by my discovering that a few live coals had fallen out of the stove on to the deck of the saloon, setting fire to the planking. I roused the steward up, and with two or three buckets of water we soon managed to extinguish it, with no further damage than a flood in the saloon. This incident was due entirely to the carelessness of the skipper in not shutting the stove doors before he turned in.

I was sitting just after this event in my night apparel on a large chest in the saloon, when a fearful lurch of the ship broke the battens of the chest, and it was thrown swiftly over to the other side of the saloon; on jumping off to save myself being crushed, I went with great force with my chin against the door of the lady passenger's cabin, and the latch giving way I was precipitated into it, and the ship immediately giving a roll in the opposite direction the door was flung to and I was made a prisoner. I made my way out again as soon as possible, and on apologising to the lady afterwards, she said that on seeing a white spectre come shooting into her cabin with the force of a thunderbolt, and several people walking about in smoke in the saloon, she quite thought the world had come to an end.

We sighted the coast of Australia without further accident on the evening of January 8th, and on the following morning we took on board a pilot, who steered us safely through the entrance to Port Philip, which is rather a dangerous place on account of a bar of rock called the Rip stretching half way across; and at five o'clock in the afternoon we were safely anchored off Sandridge, the Port of Melbourne.

PATRIOTISM.

“Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.”—*Horace*.

PATRIOTISM means love of one's country, and is a passion that has been cherished in every age, country, and clime. Painters have portrayed it on canvas, and sculptors have traced it on marble. History has recorded its encounters, and poetry has sung its praises. When there arose from barbarism imposing monarchies and vast republics,—when the national weal was menaced and its name stained,—then sons of the soil came to the rescue, and to their Fatherland offered the highest efforts of which they were capable,—heedless alike of the knife of the the assassin and the axe of the executioner! Ease, pleasure, kindred friendship, affection,—nay, even life itself,—have been sacrificed by noble patriots for their country's good. The ancient Greeks and Romans—whose histories are filled with examples of patriotism—sacrificed every feeling to their love of country, and to meet political necessities. Greece has brought forth many illustrious patriots, among whom ranks the lame schoolmaster Tyrtaeus, whose martial songs of heroes—long since dead—roused the fainting courage of the Spartans with such effect that their arms finally conquered. I must pass over the heroic deeds which Miltiades, Leonidas, Themistocles, Pausanias, Pericles, &c., &c., performed. Rome, also, deserves to rank in the first line of countries made illustrious by the deeds of patriots. The noble Brutus sacrificed three of his sons because they opposed what he thought was for his country's welfare; and in that great republic's latter days, we see Marcus Brutus following in the path of his namesake, and sacrificing his own life after the battle of Phillipi. There are also the names

of Marcus Manlius (who preserved the capitol from the Gauls), Camillus, Fabricius, Regulus, the Grachi, and many others. It was the deeds of such men as these which raised Rome to the highest pinnacle of glory, and caused her to be called the "mistress of the world."

Notice also, in more recent times, the noble and patriotic struggle of the Poles to preserve their independence against three of the greatest powers of Europe who were in arms against them. The Czar of Russia also, Alexander I., nobly seconded by all his subjects, succeeded in driving from his dominions one of the greatest conquerors that ever lived, though not without the loss of one of their finest cities, which they burnt rather than allow it to fall into the hands of their foes, and by which patriotic deed they freed their country.

But we must not confound political patriotism with political ambition. Compare the political patriotism of the Duke of Wellington with the political ambition of Napoleon I. The former fought for the benefit of his Fatherland,—his whole life was spent for its good; with the latter, all was self and aggrandizement. The aim of the one was conquest and power; the aim of the other the salvation, not only of his own country, but of all Europe. This it was that Wellington kept in view throughout his long peninsular warfare; and when the two conquerors, after long careers of victory, met for the first time on the memorable field of Waterloo, his aim was at length accomplished and Europe saved. On that glorious day almost every Englishman showed himself worthy of the name of patriot. Our heroic infantry withstood for many hours, as though rooted to the ground, the numerous charges of the finest troops of Europe. When Wellington was assured that the Prussians—in great strength and in good earnest—had come up, he instantly ordered a general advance; and himself, with his hat in his hand, rode to the front and waved on the troops. Like an electric shock, the heart-stirring order was communicated along the line; confidence immediately revived; wounds and dead comrades were forgotten; one only feeling—that of exultation—filled every breast. The remnants of colours were everywhere raised aloft, and waved by joyous hands; trumpets and drums sent

forth their heart-stirring calls ; the ranks rapidly filled with the stragglers ; such even of the wounded as could walk hurried to the front to share in the glorious triumph. With bounding steps the whole line pressed forward as one man at the command of their chief, and the last rays of the sun glanced on forty thousand men, who, with a shout which caused the very earth to shake, streamed over the summit of the hill. But

“In dust the vanquished and the victor lies ;
 With copious slaughter all the fields are red
 And heaped with growing mountains of the dead :
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,
 And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.”

Indeed the loss on that day to England was terrible ; the total in killed, wounded, and missing, was 6,900 men. Without patriotism, this and many other battles would never have been won. What is the worth, or who can value the riches of a country which can boast of such men in heroic biography ? Where is the soul that is not stirred at the mention of the patriotic deeds of a Nelson, a Wellington, a Havelock, or a Campbell ?

But it is not on battle fields alone that men have led a life of sacrifice for the good of their fellow-countrymen. Who can estimate the benefit of the labours of such men as Newton, Davy, and Dalton, in science ; of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson, in mechanical discovery. Among our senators are the names of Sheridan, Fox, Burke, and Pitt,—alongside of whom may be placed a Russell, a Stanley, a Gladstone, and a Disraeli. In those who have given a stamp and character to her literature—Addison, Johnson, Southey, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray ; those who have excelled in poetry—Chaucer, Pope, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

Here, then, is a short picture of a nation reared by Providence to a great pinnacle of prosperity. With a native population less than that of France or Germany, it has penetrated to the frozen climes of the Arctic as well as the parching deserts of Africa. Nay, wherever is peril or adventure of any kind, there will be found the arduous, persevering, and daring Briton. Its dominions extend from pole to pole, until upwards of two hundred millions of human beings are subject to British rule. Both past and present

generations of native-born subjects have shown themselves worthy patriots of our country. When her existence as a nation was threatened in the time of Elizabeth,

“When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest hearts of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.”

And when, as I said before, our fathers stood unshaken against the greatest conqueror of modern times, and saved their own liberty and independence, and with them those of Europe, in the most gigantic struggle the world has ever witnessed,—at such times the fires of patriotism were kindled in every breast; every person seemed to have left his occupation, and hurried with musket on shoulder to his rallying point—a proof of the force of the lines—

“Come the whole world in arms—nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do prove but true.”

ACHILLES.

FISHING.

QY dear Boys,—I do not think there are any people who delight in fishing so much as the English. Emerson describes them as energetic, always carrying their sports into foreign lands, and seeking those countries where they can indulge their taste for hunting, shooting, or fishing.

The two former pursuits are within the reach only of a few, but *fishing* belongs even to the poor, and to boys who have no capital and but little pocket money.

I hardly ever heard of a place where some kind of fishing was not to be had; and then, when you go on a visit to your friends, what a delight it is to find that you can catch the red-finned perch or the spotted trout. How beautifully clean are the fish that come out of a pure river! The fish that hide among the rocks and dark stones of a brook in Wales have very much the look of the land they pass through. Last year I saw some trout that were taken out of a brook in North Wales, their *backs* were *black*, they were not at all like the dear trout of the Severn.

Fishing is the recreation of the contemplative man, and it ought also to be that of the studious boy.

I know some idle, loafing men who, with pipes in their mouths, do nothing else but fish day after day. Of course fishing, thus pursued, is degraded. *Ne quid nimis*—"Not too much," be your motto.

I hardly recollect the time when I was not a fisherman. I have caught jack roughs, perch, flounders, roach, dace, chub, trout, greyling, and samlets, also lots of pike, carp, and tench; and yet I might have done better—others have surpassed me.

I will say nothing about lines and floats, but I will give you a rule for baiting the hook; insert it into the *head* of the worm, cover the *barb* of the hook and then insert it again; the point of the hook must be towards the *tail* of the worm. I do not like to see the hook quite lost in the worm.

I have a deal more to say, but will reserve it for the next number, if the Editor will kindly allow me.

Believe me, yours truly,

W. SPRINGSEAX.

FOOTBALL.

WITH the last days of summer the national game of cricket ceases for a time; the falling leaves and shortened evenings bid us seek other pastimes more suited for the winter months. With many a regret the cricket-bag is locked up, the cricket bat brought home to oil. *We* indulge in no lamentations, *we* share no such regrets. No! with intense delight and beating heart we "look up" our "knickers," we have our boots "barred," our jerseys mended, for we hail with satisfaction the death of the national game of cricket, which announces to us the birth of the now no less national game of football, a game to which careful parents and fond mothers have a deeply-rooted objection. "It is so dangerous," they say; "so many people get hurt," "so many killed." I need not say that such statements are greatly exaggerated, not to say comparatively untruthful, for they are not the outcome of reason, but perhaps of a rather too tender love. Indeed, I question whether the game is more dangerous than cricket, or more dangerous than an hour's stroll through the

crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. However, football has now taken such a hold of the nation, and especially of the population of Lancashire and Yorkshire, that we think the love of it is more deeply seated in the affections of its followers than is the dislike of it in the hearts of its detractors; and so we advise its opposers to give way with as good grace as possible, and confess that they are not only too timid, too fearful, but considerably behind the times.

Football, in one form or other, has weathered the storms of at least five centuries, for we find mention of it in the statutes of Edward the Third. He discountenanced the game; he even insisted that it should be discontinued as interfering with the practice of archery, and enforced his decree by pains and penalties.

In those days should the non-footballites have lived, or perhaps rather in the time of that wise and vain monarch, King James the First, who forbade his subjects to play a game "that was meeter for laming than making able the users thereof," evidently not understanding the sentiment of the Rugby boy, who explained that he wore "whites" to show that he did not care for "hacks."

But it is perhaps a vain and useless task to try and gain over to our way of thinking those who dislike football, for they who really object to it have, for the most part, never had an opportunity of playing it as it is now played, or if they have, were too frightened of their shins to join their less timorous comrades.

Let us, then, pass on from this vain task to the consideration of the game itself. There are two sets of rules or codes under which the game is now generally played, although a few public schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Marlborough—have their own rules, yet differing in but few *minutiae* from the fixed laws.

In the Midlands especially, as well as in the South, the Association rules are mostly followed; but in the "North Countree" the Rugby Union has by far the greater number of adherents.

Each bravely upholds his own game. We have frequently heard heated and enthusiastic partisans engaged in wordy warfare about the superiority of the rules he recognises. "Association" says Rugby is not *foot*-ball but *hand*-ball. To a certain extent it is, but not entirely so, for in a good match the ball is handled very little;

whilst "Rugby" replies that his game is the most exciting, that it requires more pluck, more strength, more daring. Between the two we will not interfere, but as our sympathy goes with the latter, and as it is certainly more interesting and exciting to the spectator, we will, with his permission, link our arm in his and carry him off to watch a game played according to the Rugby Union Rules.

Having arrived at the ground and paid our sixpence for admission, we take our stand in the front of the ropes, inside which several of the players are "punting" and "dropping" before they commence in real earnest.

The goals, consisting of two upright posts with a cross-bar ten feet from the ground, are about a hundred yards apart; the ground is bounded by small flags and a small trench cut out of the soil, which is known as the touch-line.

Whilst noticing these arrangements the captains have "tossed," the players have stripped and are taking up their positions, fifteen a-side, nine "forwards" and six "backs," the former all powerful well-made men, weighing about twelve stone a-piece, the latter a little lighter but exceedingly wiry and active.

The ground is in perfect condition, hard and "fast," and there is scarcely a breath of wind, so the winner of the "toss" has elected to "kick off." The ball is placed in the centre of the ground, in a niche made for the purpose of keeping it at rest, the "forwards" ten yards off, the "backs" in goal, the "halves" and "three-quarters" in the spot were they think the ball may come. There is dead silence, and then a cry of "well kicked," as the ball rises in the air and drops into the hands of a "full back." A short sharp run and a magnificent "punt" sends it into "touch" near the "quarter-flag;" a line is formed, and one of the players throws the ball out; it is caught and cleverly passed to one of the "half-backs," who tucks it under his arm and like lightning darts off, dodging between his opponents until he is "collared" in the centre of the ground. He shouts "down," and creeps out from among the "forwards," who have instantly surrounded him; a "scrummage" is formed, each side striving to force the ball towards their opponents' goal; at last one of the forwards breaks through with the ball, and

by a splendid "dribble" once again reaches the quarter-flag; another scrum is formed, and this time the ball is forced out of the side, a half-back seizes it, but seeing no chance of getting off, flings it to one of the three-quarter backs. The opportunity is too good to be lost, so he takes his "drop," only missing the goal by a few inches. Once more the ball is brought into the field of play by a drop-kick, and for a minute or two the backs of either side engage in a "dropping" contest, the ball eventually going into "touch;" it is brought out as before, there are several "scrummages" and some good runs, when "half-time" is called. The players are glad of a minute or two's rest—some seek the flask, others suck a lemon, foolish and reprehensible practices, and not needed by men in good training. In the meantime they have changed goals, and the ball is once more placed in the centre of the ground; it is kicked off as before, and there are the same exciting scrummages, the same plucky runs, all loudly applauded by the interested spectators; until at last, near the half-flag, there is a prolonged and hardly-contested "scrummage," watched with bated breath by the partisans of either side; but at length it breaks up, and for a short minute we watch a loose scrum in which many a hack is unintentionally but good-naturedly given and received, then a foolish and too-excited player kicks the ball a little too hard, and into the hands of the fleetest three-quarter back that is playing. In a trice he passes the foremost forwards, cleverly dodges the rest, shoves off one of the opposing half-backs, and with a marvellous spurt dashes alongside "touch," crosses the line and grounds the ball, amidst tremendous cheering, right behind his opponents' goal. A calm, self-possessed forward is deputed to bring it out. Carefully he makes a niche, holding the ball in a vertical position about two inches off the ground, his captain some five yards behind taking to himself the task of converting the "try" into a goal, his opponents on their own goal-line eagerly waiting for the ball to touch the ground, vainly hoping to run in and spoil his kick. It touches, a rush is made, but too late, for the ball passes over the bar amidst protracted and lusty cheers. Five minutes later "time" is called, and an exciting and well-contested match is won by a goal to a touch-down.

Such a sight as I have tried to describe may be witnessed any Saturday for several months to come. Let those who have never seen a match seize the opportunity of watching a game which for pleasure, excitement, and good fun, is "second to none." Of its moral advantages I will say but little, but there is perhaps no game which will so thoroughly teach a man to control his temper, or to be calm and self-possessed in the case of emergency. With its physical advantages I could fill the magazine, but perhaps I have already trespassed too much on its space, and so will simply advise my readers to pursue eagerly and constantly the game, which above all others ought to commend itself to the healthy and plucky English schoolboy, feeling assured that to his friends and parents he will be a living example to the truth of my assertions.

Would that I could persuade every boy that the glow of health, the coloured cheek, is impaired by sitting over the fire, by going an aimless and crawling stroll muffled up in great coat and comforter,—that it is heightened and gained by a frequent attendance at the football field.

PILA.

DICK RAKEAWAY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

A TALE.—BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the year 1840 Mr. Rakeaway, a tradesman in a small country town, having made a comparatively large fortune, retired from business, left his native town, and settled down in the well-known town of Berrah, in the county of L—. This step was very gratifying to his wife and eagerly welcomed by his only son Dick, a lad extremely fond of practical jokes, or, as he termed them, "larks." Never had he been to school, although fifteen years of age, Mr. Rakeaway having taken the education of his son into his own hands. He had a prepossessing appearance, an open countenance with dark eyes, and at heart was a good-natured lad, and devoted to his sister Dora, a sweet and lovely girl of seventeen,—she will in due time be introduced to the reader.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Rakeaway was busily engaged in scanning the advertisements of the *Berrah Guardian* when he was disturbed by the entrance of his wife, evidently in a very unsettled state of mind. In her arms she carried a most peculiar-looking cat, for Master Dick had been cutting its coat after the manner of a French poodle.

"He shall go to school, he shall!" exclaimed she, in high dudgeon.

"Just what I have been thinking, my dear," said Mr. Rakeaway to his better half. "But what has he been doing now?"

In answer, Mrs. R. held out her favourite tabby, which presented a most comical appearance.

"The young—*young*—YOUNG rascal!" bellowed forth the indignant parent, mentally vowing that in less than a week he would pack off his son to school. These thoughts were seconded by his wife, who besought her spouse not to delay deciding on some school where they might send their son Dick.

"How will this do?" said Mr. Rakeaway, reading out to his wife an article in that day's *Guardian*—

"Doctor Canemwell's Acad my will commence on Tuesday next. This Academy has been very successful in training delicate youths, and is unparalleled in its treatment of those boys whose education has been neglected, or who, from laziness, are backward in their lessons. Corporal punishment administered to refractory pupils.—Respecting terms, &c., apply to Dr. Canemwell, Breeton Hall, Breeton."

"Well, what do you think of the advertisement, my dear?" said he, as he finished reading.

"By all means write to Doctor——"

"Canemwell," interposed Mr. R.

"Ah! yes, Canemwell, the name certainly sounds well. I should say write to him at once."

"So I will, my dear, so I will."

The result of this letter was a visit from Doctor Canemwell to Rakeaway Hall (the residence of the Rakeaway family) *in propria person *. What took place during that visit will be the subject of chapter II.

CHAPTER II.

"Doctor Canemwell, sir," said Jane, the housemaid, as she ushered in the said gentleman to Mr. Rakeaway.

"Ah, doctor, how do you do?" said Mr. Rakeaway, rising.

"I am in excellent health, thank you," replied Dr. Canemwell, "and how are you, sir?"

"Tolerably well, doctor, please take a seat. Before we proceed to business perhaps you would like to see my son."

"Yes, I should, very much." And here the Doctor proceeded to apply with great zest imaginary soap and water.

"Tell Master Dick he is wanted," said Mr. Rakeaway to Jane, as she appeared in answer to the bell.

"You sent for me, pa, I believe," said Dick, coming in immediately afterwards.

"Yes, I sent for you to introduce you to your future master, Doctor Canemwell."

"Ah! Doctor Cane-them-well," said Dick, pronouncing each word separately and emphatically.

"Doctor Canemwell, sir," vociferated his father.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I am very happy to make your acquaintance, Doctor Canemwell," said Dick, speaking quite the reverse of what he felt.

"So am I, my boy, and I hope we shall agree very well together."

"So do I," said Dick.

"Do you smoke, doctor?" here interposed Rakeaway senior.

"Well, yes, sometimes I do indulge in that luxury."

"Dick, fill Doctor Canemwell and myself a pipe of tobacco each, and then you may leave us to arrange matters."

So Dick left the room to execute his father's orders, but it was evident that he was in no way awed by the presence of his future preceptor, and after filling one pipe he placed in the bottom of that intended for the Doctor a small quantity of gunpowder, and carefully covered it over with tobacco. When he had given each his pipe he again retired and carefully closed the door, but on the outside he might have been seen applying one of his optics to that part known by the name of the keyhole to witness the result of his experiment.

Nor had he to wait long. Suddenly, bang went the Doctor's pipe, and his face, which before was a sickly yellow, became in a moment as black as thunder.

"The young vagabond," exclaimed Mr. Rakeaway, almost unable to speak for anger, "I'll punish him for it, yes, I'll punish him severely for it."

"Leave him to me, if you please, Mr. Rakeaway, and if you will allow me the privilege of washing my hands and face, I will take him away with me by the next train."

"Yes, certainly—certainly," and Mr. Rakeaway gave the bell rope a vigorous pull.

"Send Master Dick in, Jane."

"What do you mean, you young scoundrel, by placing gunpowder in Doctor Canemwell's pipe? You may thank your lucky stars that the Doctor has interceded for you. Just show Doctor Canemwell to the lavatory."

Whereupon Dick conducted the Doctor to the lavatory and there left him.

(To be continued.)

KENSINGTON SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS, MAY, 1881.

MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.

First Class.

Williamson, 25	Bland, 25	Wardleworth (i.), 24	Slee, 24
Chell (ii.), 25	Hartley, 24	Hewart, 24	Thorp, 24
Withers (i.), 25	Roberts, 24	Tuer, 24	Wood (i.), 24
Crapper, 25	Nuttall (ii.), 24	Nuttall (i.), 24	Harrison, 24
Gilbert, 25	Halliwell (i.), 24	Pilkington, 24	

Second Class.

Chell (i.), 25	Rigby, 24	Rothwell (i.), 24	Calvert, 24
Brown, 25	Lucas (i.), 24	Yates, 24	Davy, 24
Halliday, 25	Merchant, 24	Withers (ii.), 24	Robinson, 24
Crompton (i.), 25	Chantler, 24	Grimes, 24	Wardle, 24
Hazlitt, 25	Lucas (ii.), 24	Openshaw, 24	Parkinson (ii.), 24
Hall (i.), 25	Hobson, 24	Leigh, 24	Kirkman (i.), 24
Vickerman (i.), 24	Squier, 24	Pollitt, 24	Rothwell (ii.), 24
Taylor (i.), 24	Griffiths, 24	Kay, 24	Turner, 24

PHYSIOGRAPHY.

First Class.

Brown, 05	Bland, 15	Nuttall (ii.), 02	Tuer. Pa.
Gilbert, 25	Hartley, 04		

Second Class.

Williamson, 05	Hall (i.), 04	Chantler, 02	Thorp, Pa.
Chell (ii.), 04	Vickerman (i.), 00	Lucas (ii.), 04	Leigh, Pa.
Chell (i.), 04	Roberts, 04	Hewart, 10	Kay, Pa.
Battersby (i.), 04	Rigby, 04	Hobson, 04	Calvert, Pa.
Withers (i.), 04	Pritchard, 04	Squier, 04	Harrison, Pa.
Crapper, 05	Lucas (i.), 04	Nuttall (i.), 04	Parkinson (ii.), Pa.
Halliday, 04	Merchant, 04	Pilkington, 04	Turner, Pa.
Parkinson (i.), 04	Halliwell (i.), 04	Grimes, 04	Kirkman, Pa.
Crompton (i.), 04	Wardleworth (i.), 04	Openshaw, 04	Rothwell (ii.) Pa.

MATHEMATICS.

First Class.

Williamson, 04	Chell (i.), 04	Withers, 04	Hall. 04
Chell (ii.), 04	Battersby, 04	Bland, 15	

Second Class.

Brown, 05	Rigby, 04	Chantler, 02	Kay. Pa.
Roberts, 04	Halliwell, 04		

ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.

Second Class.

Crapper, 05	Hartley, 04	Halliwell (i.), 04	Tuer. Pa.
Gilbert, 15	Nuttall (ii.), 02	Wardleworth (i.), 04	

MACHINE CONSTRUCTION AND DRAWING.

Second Class.

Crapper, 05	Bland, 15	Taylor (i.), 04	Yates. Pa.
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FREEHAND DRAWING.

Second Class.

Vickerman (i.), 04	Haziitt (i.), 04
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ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ON Thursday, June 16th, the Annual Sports of the Grammar School were held on the Bury Cricket Field by the kind permission of the Town Club. To avoid the crowding of last year a grand stand was erected by Mr. Inman, of Fishpool, opposite which a space was roped off for jumping, &c. About five hundred people paid for admission. The band of the 8th L.R.V. played selections during the afternoon. Most of the Prizes were given by ladies and gentlemen interested in the School. Mrs. Howlett collecting subscriptions for the Ladies' Prize; Miss Jessie Oram for the Young Ladies' Prize. About £10. was collected by the sisters of the boys, showing how great an interest

they take in the School, which interest we trust will increase every year. The sports commenced in fair weather, but very heavy showers fell during the latter half of the afternoon, however all the events were "run off," although most of the spectators were forced to seek shelter. Some of the events were well contested, notably the high and long jumps. Appended is a list of the prize winners:—

- Throwing Cricket Ball—J. Halliwell (distance 78 yards).
 One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race.—1, H. Hall; 2, J. Wardleworth.
 Long Jump (Seniors).—E. Rigby, 16 feet 1 inch.
 Long Jump (Juniors)—C. Crossley, 12 feet.
 One Hundred Yards Race (Juniors).—1, C. Chantler; 2, W. Wardle.
 One Hundred Yards Race (Seniors).—1, H. Hall; 2, J. Halliwell.
 One Hundred Yards Race (under 10 years).—1, H. B. Sykes; 2, J. Withers.
 "Old Boys" Race.—1, T. Price; 2, H. Clifton.
 Quarter-Mile Race (Juniors).—1, W. Kirkman; 2, W. Wardle.
 Quarter-Mile Race (Seniors).—1, E. Rigby; 2, J. Wardleworth.
 High Jump (Seniors).—H. Hall, 4 feet 7 inches.
 High Jump (Juniors).—R. Parkinson, 4 feet 2 inches.
 Donkey Race.—1 { E. Gilbert, 2 { E. Hartley,
 H. Nuttall, C. Withers.
 Tug of War.—W. Clegg, H. Grimshaw, A. Rostron, J. H. Thorp, S. Walmsley, B. Withers.
 One Mile Race.—1, J. Wardleworth; 2, E. Rigby.
 One Hundred and Twenty Yards Race (under 11 years)—1, J. Barrett; 2, F. Milburn.
 Three-Legged Race.—J. Rostron, J. Halliwell.
 Half-Mile Handicap.—1, J. Wardleworth (pen. 20 yards); 2, H. Nuttall (80 yards start).
 Consolation Race.—1, W. Clegg; 2, W. Crompton.
 At the close of the Sports the Prizes were given to the successful competitors by the ladies and gentlemen who had kindly contributed to them. It will be seen from the above that Rigby, Hall, Wardleworth, and Halliwell carried off three prizes each.

CRICKET.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. BROUGHTON HIGH SCHOOL.—*Played at Bury on Wednesday, May 11th.*

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	BROUGHTON HIGH SCHOOL.
Rev. J. H. Kidson, b Dobson .. 12	H. Wynne, c & b Rigby 2
E. Rigby, not out 48	L. Jenkins, c Kidson, b Rigby.. 11
S. Walmsley, b Dobson 0	E. Holt, b Rigby..... 1
A. Rostron, b Dobson 0	R. C. Dobson, b Rigby 2
Rev. W. H. Howlett, c Holt, b Dobson 5	Mr. Kneebone, b Walmsley .. 1
H. Hall, b Holt 5	H. Holt, 1 b w, b Rigby 3
Mr. Lister, b Holt 1	H. Walwork, c Lister, b Walmsley 1
F. Grimes, b Holt 0	S. Earl, c Lister, b Walmsley.. 4
J. Halliwell, thrown out 6	Mr. Lee, not out..... 15
B. Crapper, c & b Holt 1	B. Wilkinson, st Kidson, b Walmsley 0
E. Hartley, c Kneebone, b Holt 6	P. Simkinson, st Kidson, b Rigby 8
Byes 14, wide balls 1 .. 15	Byes 2, wide balls 1..... 3
Total..... 99	Total..... 51

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL *v.* LAUREL BANK SCHOOL.—*Played at Bury on Wednesday, May 18th.*

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		LAUREL BANK SCHOOL.	
Rev. J. H. Kidson, c Barclay, b Tinker	39	Mr. Tinker, c Kidson, b Rigby	18
E. Rigby, b Crossland	16	Ernshaw, run out	13
S. Walmsley, c Muschett, b Tinker	3	Muschett, run out	0
Mr. Lister, b Tinker	0	Barclay, hit wicket	1
H. Hall, b Crossland	1	Crossland B. Walmsley	10
J. Halliwell, b Tinker	2	Witworth, b Rigby	5
F. Grimes, b Crossland	4	Poole, l b w, b Rigby	7
E. Gilbert, c Crossland, b Tinker	6	Redo, b Rigby	1
B. Crapper, b Crossland	0	Buss, b Rigby	7
E. Hartley, c & b Tinker	0	Hewitt, b Grimes	2
T. Bland, not out	2	Hague, not out	0
Byes 2, leg-byes 2, wide balls 1	5	Byes 1, wide balls 1	2
Total	78	Total	66

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL *v.* OLD TRAFFORD SCHOOL.—*Played at Old Trafford on Saturday, May 21st.*

1st Innings.		BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		2nd Innings.	
Rev. J. H. Kidson, hit wicket	9	c Monteath, b Brownlow	0	st Monteath, b Bingham	20
E. Rigby, b Paul	30	1 b Brownlow	0	c Bowman, b Paul	5
F. Grimes, c and b Gilchrist	1	c Bowman, b Paul	0	c Monteath, b Paul	0
S. Walmsley, b Bingham	1	0 c Paul, b Gilchrist	4	b Gilchrist	2
A. Rostron, b Bingham	2	0 b Gilchrist	2	c Bowman b Gilchrist	0
H. Hall, b Bingham	0	0 run out	0	c and b Bingham	0
J. Halliwell, b Gilchrist	0	0 c and b Bingham	0	not out	1
E. Gilbert, c and b Critchley	1	0 not out	1	Byes	2
M. Williamson, b Gilchrist	0	0			
C. Chantler, c Bowman b Gilchrist	0				
B. Withers, not out	0				
Wide balls	1				
Total	45	Total	34		
1st Innings.		OLD TRAFFORD SCHOOL.		2nd Innings.	
O. Critchley, b Rigby	9	c Hall, b Rigby	0		
R. Critchley, b Rigby	11	not out	2		
K. Monteath, b Walmsley	1				
R. Monteath, c Halliwell, b Walmsley	8				
R. Bingham, st Kidson, b Rigby ..	6	not out	12		
C. Gilchrist, c and b Rigby	17	b Rigby	1		
H. Paul, st Kidson, b Rigby	7				
Mr. Goulty, b Rigby	0				
J. Bowman, b Walmsley	1				
T. Brownlow, c Rigby, b Walmsley	5	0 b Rigby	0		
T. Berry, not out	0				
Byes	1				
Total	66	Total	15		

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. BROUGHTON HIGH SCHOOL.—Played at Broughton on Wednesday, May 25th.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		BROUGHTON HIGH SCHOOL.	
E. Rigby, b Dobson	8	Mr. Anderton, st Kidson, b Rigby	23
Rev. J. H. Kidson, c Taylor, b F. Holt	7	J. Taylor, run out	32
F. Grimes, c & b Dobson	9	F. Holt, hit wicket	10
A. Rostron, c Nuttall, b Dobson	0	Mr. Lee, run out	2
Mr. Lister, c E. Holt, b F. Holt	3	H. Holt, not out	29
T. Walmsley, b F. Holt	0	E. Holt, c Walmsley, b Rigby	0
J. Halliwell, c Nuttall, b Dobson	8	R. C. Dobson, run out	14
H. Hall, c & b F. Holt	5	W. Massey, b Rigby	0
J. Slee, not out	3	A Nuttall, not out	4
E. Hartley, c Taylor, b F. Holt	2	L. Jenkins	} did not bat.
J. B. Bland, c Massey, b F. Holt	0	H. Wynne	
Byes 9, leg-byes 2	11		
Total	56	Total	114

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. HOLLY MOUNT COLLEGE.—Played at Bury on Wednesday, June 1st.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		HOLLY MOUNT COLLEGE.	
E. Rigby, b Smith	1	J. W. Barlow, c Gilbert, b Walmsley	23
F. Grimes, b Smith	0	W. Nuttall, c Slee, b Rigby	11
A. Rostron, c Barlow, b Smith	8	T. Rud, b Rigby	0
T. Walmsley, b Barlow	5	J. Heys, c Rigby, b Walmsley	1
J. Slee, b Smith	27	T. Smith, not out	6
H. Hall, c Nuttall, b Barlow	0	W. Emerson, b Walmsley	7
J. Halliwell, c Heys, b Smith	0	B. F. Hollings, not out	6
E. Hartley, c Barlow, b Smith	0		
E. Gilbert, run out	2	Byes 1, wide balls 3	4
J. Rothwell, c Smith, b Heys	2		
B. Crapper, not out	5		
Byes 3, leg-byes 1, wide balls 6	10		
Total	60	Total	58

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. OLD TRAFFORD SCHOOL.—Played at Bury on Monday, June 6th.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		OLD TRAFFORD SCHOOL.	
Rev. J. H. Kidson, c Monteath, b Warburton	0	C. Critchley, b Howlett	18
E. Rigby, b Warburton	11	R. Critchley, run out	0
J. Slee, b Bingham	12	R. Bingham, b Howlett	3
A. Rostron, b Warburton	0	K. Monteath, b Walmsley	15
T. Walmsley, c Monteath, b Warburton	0	Mr. Goult, b Howlett	3
F. Grimes, b Warburton	0	Mr. Warburton, c Howlett	9
J. Halliwell, b Warburton	4	C. Gilchrist, run out	34
Rev. W. H. Howlett, not out	31	R. Monteath, b Rigby	5
H. Hall, c Monteath, b Warburton	2	H. Paul, c Rigby, b Walmsley	6
B. Crapper, b Warburton	3	J. Bowman, not out	2
E. Hartley, c & b Warburton	11	T. Berry, b Rigby	0
Byes 5, leg-byes 1	6	Byes 2, wides 1	3
Total	80	Total	97

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. MR. F. WATSON'S ELEVEN.—*Played at Bury on Wednesday, August 3rd.*

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		MR. F. WATSON'S ELEVEN.	
Rev. J. H. Kidson, b Maiden ..	32	J. Maiden, c Hartley, B. Grimes	3
E. Rigby, c G. Watson, b Buxton	7	W. Sandiford, not out	50
J. Slee, b Buxton	1	G. Watson, b Grimes	1
Rev. W. H. Howlett, c G. Watson		T. Bull, c Kidson, b Grimes ..	0
b Bull	31	W. Buxton, st Kidson, b Grimes	2
F. Grimes, c G. Watson, b F. Watson	7	F. Watson, b Rigby	1
Mr. Lister, c Maiden, b F. Watson	3	T. Alcock, c Kidson, b Rigby ..	0
J. Halliwell, c & b Buxton	8	H. Pilkington, c Hartley, b Rigby	1
H. Hall, run out	1	H. Oram, b Rigby	0
E. Hartley, b Buxton	2	T. Bland, b Grimes	0
B. Crapper, not out	9	J. Wood, run out	10
J. Brown, b Buxton	4		
Byes 2, leg-byes 6, wide balls 1	9	Leg-byes 2, wide balls 1 ..	3
Total.....	114		71

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL v. BOLTON HIGH SCHOOL.—*Played at Bury on Wednesday, September 7th.*

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.			
Rev. W. H. Howlett, b Sugden.....	25		
E. Rigby, b Roscoe	28		
Rev. J. H. Kidson, b Sugden.....	0		
F. Grimes, c Brown, b Roscoe	13		
S. Walmsley, b Roscoe	0		
Mr. Lister, b Sugden	2		
J. Slee, b Roscoe	3		
H. Hall, c Thompson, b Sugden	9		
J. Halliwell, c and b Roscoe	1		
E. Hartley, not out	1		
J. Rostrom, b Sugden	2		
Extras	8		
Total	92		
<i>1st Innings.</i>	BOLTON HIGH SCHOOL.	<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
Mr. Sugden, b Rigby	2 not out		85
Mr. Thompson, run out	0 c and b Rigby		6
J. T. Kenyon, b Rigby	0 c and b Grimes		0
B. G. Roscoe, c Rigby, b Howlett..	1 b Rigby		2
J. Brown, b Rigby	9 b Walmsley		11
R. Hough, c and b Howlett	0 (sub E. Sugden), b Walmsley		0
Mr. Forest, b Rigby	0 b Grimes		1
W. Tonge, run out	0 b Walmsley		2
R. Ritson, b Howlett	0		
A. Tonge, c Rigby, b Howlett	0 not out		2
J. Greenhalgh, not out	0 st Rigby, b Grimes.....		0
Extras	0 Extras		1
Total.....	12	Total.....	110

NOTES AND EVENTS.

THE Midsummer Holidays commenced on June 17th. Studies were resumed on Monday, August 1st; the sixth and fifth forms did not return till the Tuesday.

We have been very successful in the Kensington Science and Art Examinations, having obtained one hundred and nineteen passes, distributed as follows:—

	<i>1st Class.</i>	<i>2nd Class.</i>
Mathematics	7	6
Physiology	7
Physiography	6	36
Electricity and Magnetism	19	32
Drawing	6
Total.....	32	87

The names of those who have passed will be found on another page.

For our success in the above examinations the Head Master gave a whole holiday on Tuesday, August 16th. A few of the masters and boys availed themselves of the opportunity to witness the county match at Old Trafford, Manchester. The play was rather slow, with the exception of one over, in which Mr. Vernon scored six, four, and two, off three successive balls sent down by Watson. A few played cricket, some went fishing, and others miserably wasted their holiday.

We hear that the Rev. J. H. Kidson intends to leave us at Christmas.

Our next number of the Magazine will be issued on November 1st. There will be articles on Fishing, Art, Australia, &c., &c., and the History of the Grammar School will be continued. We shall be pleased to receive any anecdotes or information about the School that will assist the writer of the latter article.

The "Old Boys'" Match was to have been played on Monday, Sept. 5th, but was unavoidably postponed; we hope to give a full account of it in our next.

We shall commence Paper-chasing soon after the Michaelmas holidays.

In our next number we shall give the batting and bowling averages of the "Eleven;" also a statement of the cricket accounts.

The following boys left at Midsummer:—*Lower Fifth*, Crompton (i.); *Upper Fourth*, Wardleworth (i.), Rostron (i.); *Lower Fourth*, Metcalf, Yates, Hordem (iii.); *Remove Form*, Lee, Kay, Harrison, Lucas (iii.), Hardman; *Lower School*, Woodcock (ii.), Clegg, Ward. Their places have been filled by fourteen "new" boys, distributed as follows:—*Remove Form*, Whitehurst, Simpson, Jones; *Lower Third*, Vickerman (ii), Wood (ii.), Nuttall (v.); *Second Form*, Taylor (iii.); *First Form*, Bott, Barrett (ii.), Webster, Calrow, Cartman, Peel.

On Monday, October 28th, at 7-30 p.m., the Lord Bishop of the Diocese will distribute, at the Athenæum, the prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Kensington Science and Art Examinations.

Football will commence immediately after the Michaelmas holidays. The subscription for the Upper School will be two shillings; for the Lower School one shilling. Mr. Spencer has kindly allowed us to rent the field opposite Chamber Hall,—the same we had last year. Two matches have already been arranged with Bolton High School,—the first, on our own ground, on Wednesday, November 2nd; the return, at Bolton, on Wednesday, November 30th.

We publish in this number the commencement of a tale about School Life. So far as we have read, the author entertains us solely with practical jokes; we have hopes that in future numbers we shall find instructive as well as amusing matter, and have great confidence that the writer will in the end adorn his tale with a moral.

Following the precedent of last year, the Christmas holidays will be shortened, and we shall have instead a week at Michaelmas. We shall break-up on Saturday, October 1st, and resume on Monday, October 10th. It would be well if the boys and their parents would be satisfied with the regular holidays, and not go to Southport, Lytham, and elsewhere during term-time.

PUZZLES.

A PRIZE will be given for the highest number of marks, the value of each puzzle being denoted by the number in brackets. All answers must be sent to the Editor on or before September 30th.

SQUARE WORDS (4 each).

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. A river of Germany. | 1. A town of Algeria. |
| 2. An untruthful person. | 2. A preposition. |
| 3. A dog's cry. | 3. A part of the body. |
| 4. Slothful. | 4. Coffers. |

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. A boy in the Remove. | 1. A mineral. |
| 2. Ill-will. | 2. Latin for they. |
| 3. A son of Cræsus. | 3. A tenor voice. |
| 4. A point of the compass | 4. An animal. |

BURIED COUNTRIES (2 each).

1. I will go, papa, lest I never have the chance again.
2. You are blind, I am sure, to those beauties of nature.

BURIED TOWNS (2 each).

1. In rowing he was an adept, for did not he win the race?
2. Were you gazing at aunt on her grey pony?
3. Weber lingered a long time over the piano.

BURIED RIVERS (2 each).

1. To and fro a Chell did go.
2. He sent Wardle with a message, and told him to go with a man engaged by him.
3. Naughty Neptune was angry with me.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS (6 each).

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. A food for animals. | 1. A maker of wheels. |
| 2. An animal. | 2. To adorn. |
| 3. A castle in England. | 3. A cover for the hand. |
| 4. A noted statesman. | 4. Lawful. |
| 5. A Jewish sect. | 5. The Latin for tools, &c. |
| 6. A vessel. | 6. One of the twelve tribes. |
| 7. Bronze. | 7. Noise. |
| 8. Nigh. | 8. To heave or palpitate. |
| 9. All. | 9. A river in Siberia. |
| | 10. Part of a finger. |
| | 11. A title of nobility. |

The *primals* of the above will name a celebrated Liberal, the *finals* a Conservative.

The *initials* will name a celebrated statesman, and the *finals* one of his latest projects.

DIAMOND PUZZLE (8).

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. A consonant. | 5. A scientific man. |
| 2. A place for repose. | 6. An accomplishment. |
| 3. Is seen in Bury. | 7. A strong-smelling root. |
| 4. A balcony. | 8. An animal of burden. |
| | 9. A consonant. |

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE columns of this Magazine are open to the boys, as also to their parents and friends. Only letters of general interest will be inserted. The name of the writer must accompany every communication, although he may assume a *nom de plume* for publication.

All letters and communications must be sent to the Rev. J. H. Kidson, The Grammar School, Bury, at least a fortnight before the day of issue.

THE GYMNASIUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I beg you to kindly call attention to the state of the gymnasium. In the first place, the horizontal bar is practically of no use in its present loose condition. In the second, I should like to see the swings fixed up oftener than they have been of late.

I remain, your truly,

HIPPOCLIDES.

[*Note by Editor.*—The Head Master has promised to have the horizontal bar examined. The swings are so recklessly used, that they have been discontinued lest some fearful accidents happen.]

THE SCHOOL ARMS.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me what creature owns the head that figures as the School crest? Is it an ostrich, swan, snake, or do you think it is a mythical bird? Also, can you tell me why it was adopted as the School crest?

Truly yours,

PUZZLED.

NOMENCLATURE.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps it may interest some of your readers to know that we have in the School two *Woods*, one *Park*, one *Hill*, a *Moore* with a *Bland Shepherd* on it, who takes his *Davy* that he has a fine brace of *Woodcock* for the *Squiter* from the *Hall* and the *Peers* and *Merchant* to shoot. The *Humber* flows through the *Meadow-croft* and is crossed by a *Bridge*.

A *Brown dog*, like that of *Bill Sykes*, which is a veritable *Barker*, keeps watch in the *Hall* over the silver from *Mappin* and *Webb*, as well as the *Parkin-son*, *Prit-Chard*, and *Hartley's marmalade*.

A *Turner* and *Cartwright* live on the estate, the expenses of which are duly kept by *Mr. Cocker*.

Truly yours,

NAMELESS.