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THE WINDSOR REVIEW.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Never, since the happy day when we carried off the shield at Wimbledon, has the Rifle Corps gone through a more severe ordeal with success than it did on Saturday week. When it is considered that the rifles arrived on the previous Friday morning and the shakos on Friday evening, it must be granted that our officers had performed no small feat in turning out so smart a company as appeared on parade at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. Even the criticizing eyes of the School could find no fault with our appearance, and they sent us on our journey with three hearty cheers as we started at a brisk

pace from the School quadrangle, under command of Captain Phillpotts. We joined the Town Corps at the bottom of High Street, and had only just got into our train when the remainder of the Battalion came into the station. As soon as we were off, haversacks were turned out and the contents discussed with pleasure, at least by the occupants of our carriage. To be sure there was an absence of corkscrews and knives, but swords and bayonets proved efficient substitutes enough. The viands were devoured with rapidity, which seemed to imply that in the hurry of starting most had omitted to make a good breakfast. Bletchley being now reached and our repast over, there seemed a desire to get out of the heat and some tried the tops of the carriages, but finding the heat as bad and the dust worse than inside, they presently rejoined us. Arrived at Datchet at 2.15 we found two omnibuses waiting to convey us to Eton, and to those who had not seen the place before the drive must have been charming. Passing by the playing-fields we saw the Eton Eleven engaged in a match with Marylebone. After piling arms in the cloisters we marched into a large and most beautiful hall where the Collegians were seated at dinner, who cheered us heartily as we marched up to the top of the hall, where a most welcome dinner was prepared for us. At three o'clock we fell in again, and had a most tedious two-and-a-half miles march to re-join our battalion. Here we had a few minutes to look about us, and certainly the sight was most magnificent. In all parts of the park, dark masses of grey kept moving about apparently in dreadful confusion, but gradually getting more in order as the time for the review drew near; these dark masses were relieved by the bright scarlet of grenadiers, and on each side of the avenue were posted lancers, who elicited much admiration from our corps.

On falling in again we were marched to the front and took up our position in line, having the Grand Stand considerably to our left. In this position we had to wait for a most tedious hour, sadly in want of water, but not being able to fall-out and get any—warned possibly by the desperate resistance made by an officer of a neighbouring corps to two privates who were decamping. While here the Robin Hoods marched past us and were loudly praised for their excellent marching and appearance in their beautiful green uniform. At last the firing of the Royal salute notified the approach of the Queen,

who drove past in an open carriage drawn by four greys, with the Princess of Wales by her side. After driving slowly past the whole line the Queen went to the Grand Stand and the march-past began. Among the first was the Eton and Harrow Battalion, whose light grey uniform afforded a pretty contrast to the dark colours around; their marching and general appearance was exceedingly smart, and they were loudly applauded by the spectators. At last our turn came, and with the Adjutant's last caution "keep your heads up, and step like rocks" sounding in our ears, off we went. It would have needed a sharp eye to have found much fault with our line as we marched past the stand, and though there was a slight wavering at the third wheel, we may, without being said to boast without cause, congratulate ourselves on having gone through the ordeal most successfully. After the march-past, I could not follow the plot further: some skirmishers opened fire, artillery followed their example at intervals, cavalry charged, we ourselves advanced and opened a most deadly fire on some unseen enemy—deadly enough to have cut to pieces any foe, or at any rate to prevent our seeing ten yards in front of us. On ceasing fire, the battalion formed close column, and the officers went to the front to see the Queen drive off amidst most hearty cheers from all the Volunteers and spectators. The next question was without doubt where to get provisions. The majority marched to some booths and there obtained a pitiable meal. We, that is, three of us, including our gallant left-hand man, went to forage in Eton, a provident father having forwarded to a shop there some cider and sandwiches; after some difficulty our request was granted and strapping the hamper to a rifle off we doubled to Datchet, arriving ten minutes after our train should have started. After waiting an hour our hunger required satisfying, and we attacked the sandwiches. Then a snooze on the grass, constantly broken by the arrival of various battalions, but never a Warwickshire man appeared. At length some stray shots close to our ears brought us to our feet, and an officer in grey asked if we had seen who fired them. After some talk we asked him to take a glass of cider, but he "was afraid it would not agree with him." And this officer was Lord E—o. Shortly afterwards Colonel Hughes' (Tom Brown's) Corps marched in, and we spoke to him for a few minutes, but he was too busy for a long interview. Mean-

while the 12th Warwickshire had finished their meal and marched through Windsor to the Pontoon bridge, where, owing to the confusion, they had the pleasure of stopping about three hours, some amusing themselves by singing songs, others by drinking Thames water. At one o'clock, dusty and tired, they arrived at Datchet. At ten minutes to two we started homewards, and after getting as much sleep as we could in the train arrived at Rugby at a little before seven; marched through the town as smartly as such a dirty and tired body could, and fell out after being twenty-two hours under arms, and spent as pleasant a day as I for one ever remember; and may many such occur in the future of the 12th Warwickshire.

CRICKET.

THE MARLBOROUGH MATCH.

Various as are the arrangements for playing this match alternately on the Rugby and Marlborough grounds, it is our humble opinion that it is a mistake to remove its locality. There is always more interest in a match played at Lords' than in the country; and the fact that Lords' is the ground were all aspire to play, and which is strange to both elevens alike, causes us to deprecate the change which had been made this year. The eleven arrived at Rugby on Monday last, having had a long journey from Marlborough that day. Arrangements had been made to quarter the team in the various master's houses, to which they immediately repaired. Ten o'clock next morning saw the "Edge" lined with the representatives of the dark and light blue, eagerly criticised by their backers. Soon it became known that the Marlborough had won the toss and were about to assume the defensive. This was soon done by Gordon and Baggally, to the bowling of Francis and Walker. At the very commencement runs came fast, and it was a little time before our bowlers settled down to their work. When 27 runs had been accredited to the Marlburians, a most excellent piece of cricket between Soutter and Yardley disposed of Baggally, who had played well for his 12. W. E. Leach was the next to appear, and both players seemed on their mettle. A change of bowling seemed necessary, Soutter and Gwyer taking the ball *vice* Francis and Walker. Up to this time, it may be stated, Francis had been