

No. 190.]

OCTOBER, 1884.

Pattingham and Patsbull
MAGAZINE.



PRICE THREE-HALF-PENCE,
or One Half-penny for the Parish Pages separately.

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

MISS EMILY BROWNE } Pattingham.
MR. LAKIN }
MR. J. W. STEWART Burnill Green.

BARFORD & NEWITT, STEAM PRINTERS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Pattingham and Patshull Magazine,

OCTOBER, 1884.

THE PARISH REGISTERS.

Third Quarter ending September 30th, 1884.

PATTINGHAM.

BAPTISMS.—July 6th, Sarah Brooks; 13th, Walter James and Rosa Ann Holles (twins); August 3rd, William George Bacchus; 4th, William Mytton; 17th, Charles Clemson Piggot; Leonard Bridgwood; 24th, Lilly Garner; August 31st, Gertrude Helen Thorpe; September 21st, Frederick John Matthews.

MARRIAGE.—August 5th, Richard Sergeant and Jane Howells.

BURIALS.—July 10th, Matthew Miles, aged 83 years; August 16th, William Bolland, aged 5 years; September 20th, Fanny Nicholls, aged 3 years.

PATSHULL.

BAPTISMS.—August 3rd, William Price; Sarah Taylor.

THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH'S ESTATE SCHOOL, BURNILL GREEN.

This School was examined on Monday, July 7th, by Mr. Roe, Assistant of her Majesty's Inspector.

The 42 children presented in Standards had 42 passes in Reading, 41 in Writing, and 37 in Arithmetic. Total, 120 passes. Of these, two are marked as *bare passes* in Reading, three in Writing, and three in Arithmetic.

The School is reported as "in good order," and as having "passed a very creditable examination in the Elementary work and in Grammar and Geography."

The Report further states that the "Needlework appears to be carefully taught. Drill is very fairly good. The Infants are fairly advanced in Elementary work."

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

On Monday, September 15th, the West Bromwich Branch of the Girls' Friendly Society had a second annual invitation to Patshull. They mustered 82 on the occasion, their numbers being considerably reduced in consequence of the "strike" which has now been going on in the coal trade for three months. They enjoyed themselves immensely, and expressed themselves very grateful for all the kindness shewn them. There was a short Special Service in the Parish Church, and the Rev. J. P. O'Connor preached.

On the following day, Tuesday, September 16th, the annual treat was given to another Branch of the Society, of which the following account is taken from the *Midland Weekly News*, of September 20th :—

"Through the kind invitation of the Countess of Dartmouth, the Wolverhampton branch of the Girls' Friendly Society held their annual festival at Patshull, on Tuesday afternoon. Eighty associates and members left the Diocesan Lodge, 45, Waterloo-road South in brakes, at 1.30. On reaching Patshull, after a delightful drive in perfect weather, a short service was held in the church by the Rev. J. P. O'Connor, and an excellent address delivered by the Rev. C. H. Leigh Lye, rector of Badger (late Archdeacon of Bombay), founded on the words, "She hath done what she could." The offertory for the branch fund realised £1 13s. 6d. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in boating, games on the cricket ground, and visiting the terrace and flower garden. An elegant and substantial tea, presided over by the Countess and Lady Georgina Legge, was provided in the Drill Hall, which was most thoroughly appreciated, each member finding by her plate a bunch of flowers and an apple to take home. After hearty votes of thanks to her ladyship and cheers for Lady Georgina, Mrs. T. M. Whitehouse, branch secretary (who was unavoidably absent), Mrs. Stephens, &c., the party returned home, where they arrived safely and in good time."

In the last April number of this *Magazine*, three "Easter Holiday Sums" were given to our readers. Answers to the two first have at length been received from a far country; the post cards conveying them being stamped "Simla" and "Outw, Bombay."

What anonymous Poet can be their author?

Answer to No. 1, about the "Crawling Snail."

On Sunday night, the foolish' snail
Began his dreary walk
Upon a barren, slippery,
Uninteresting stalk.
When seven inches he'd attain'd,
The stars began to twinkle;
He nodded then, and went to sleep
As fast as Rip Van Winkle.
The sun shone brightly when he strove
His journey to continue;
But, oh, it boil'd his marrow up,
And shrivell'd every sinue.
The more he strove to journey up,
He slither'd down the more,
And lost two inches in the day
Of what he gained before.
And so it happen'd through the week
To that most hapless snail;
Until the stalk was silver'd o'er
With sluggish slimy trail.
But on the night of Saturday
He strove with might and main,
Until the summit of the stalk
At length he did attain.
"I've earned," he said, "my Sunday rest."
(I almost think 'twas true:
But mind! don't speculate on bliss
Which may not come to you.)
He scarce had sat upon a leaf,
And thought, "Alas, I'm thinner!"
Then flew a blackbird from his nest,
And took him for his dinner.

Answer to No. 2, about A and B's loaves, shared by C.

Oh, what a greedy boy was B!
Two loaves and then two-thirds ate he,
And gave a wretched third to C.
But A, who ate as much, had more,
And so from out his plenteous store
To C gave seven-thirds loaves more,
Then C, who dearly loved the laws of justice,
Said, "Farthings two, the price of C's poor crust is;
But seven half pence must I give to A,
For making me so full of bread to-day."

(Simla, 4, 7, 84.)

Answer to No. 3.

The four nines in $99\frac{2}{3}$ make 100; and the five in $999\frac{2}{3}$ make 1000.