

THE
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKING HANDS.

 THE English are essentially a peculiar people, and some of our habits fully confirm this remark in the eyes of foreigners; none more so, however, than our time-honoured institution of shaking hands. Nothing seems more natural than this strange sort of greeting when one Englishman meets another, and yet none of our national institutions is more singular, or more piously observed than this in all classes of British society. Nay, to such an absurd extent is the custom carried, as to contain in itself a kind of inventory to a man's inner character. The adoption or omission of this formal ceremony betokens as surely friendship or enmity, as the equally small observance, that of eating salt together, does amongst the Orientals. No one shakes hands with an obnoxious neighbour, and not to do so is a polite way of showing one's aversion; but as soon as a quarrel is made up, it seems part and parcel of the compact to 'shake hands and let bygones be bygones'. Thus it is a matter of nice distinction whether or not to perform this trifling act at the same time that you bow to an acquaintance first introduced to you. Probably, if an inferior, or if you anticipate that at some future day you may be more closely connected, you do condescend to this mark of favour. But this is no general rule, and of course will not hold good in all cases, for so instinctive,

apparently, and so innate a thing is the etiquette of shaking hands, that it arranges itself without our consciousness; and so regular and silent is the working of the whole system, that it shows how closely it is bound up in society to our very natures. In fact, hand-shaking is decidedly one of our quaint observances, and as such, its manifestations deserve a more careful attention.

Now when and whence arose this extraordinary form of expression that so unmistakeably distinguishes an Englishman all over the world? In classical times, we certainly have hardly any notice of it at all, at least as we understand it; and there is nothing in the Roman *salve* or *vale* to imply that one senator grasped the other's hand on arrival or departure. The phrase, however, 'dextra jungere dextram', occurs often enough in the great Latin poet, and would seem in some measure to point to this kind of things amongst the warriors of the old world. But even so it seems hardly possible to suppose that this custom really existed then as at present, and there seems something incongruous and out of place if we fancy this to be the case. And surely the majesty of those old times would be sensibly diminished, not to say rendered absurd, by the introduction of such an innovation as this. Indeed the habit cannot be considered as heroic at all, but is evidently the growth of a comparatively modern and more western civilization, and so the more minutely reflects all the lustre of its invention on the Saxon race. It may have had its origin in the lands of the East, but was certainly never cultivated to the extent it is amongst us. Hand-shaking, therefore, is entirely the produce of British soil, and does not form one of the items on the list of our imports. People do indeed shake hands on the Continent, in America, and elsewhere, but their mode and manner is far removed from the dignified condescension of the English gentleman, and can in no way be compared with it. When one hairy *Mossoo* meets another hairy *Mossoo*, or when one greasy German meets another oily representative of his race, if they manage to refrain from leaping into one another's arms and indulging in the pleasures of the double embrace, you can see by their excited gestures and animated

bearing, that they are longing to do so. Such is the case too with our Transatlantic brethren, only the difference of national affection shows itself in another way. When one Yankee encounters another, he does indeed indulge in a good sprawling shake of the hand, accompanied by the euphonious exclamation, "Wall, old boss, guess I see you pretty smart to-day!" But this is really nothing, and only forms a preliminary introduction, to the real welcome of 'liquoring up.' But to the true born 'Britisher,' on the contrary, whoever and wherever he may be, shaking hands is a real and most important operation, to be piously performed on the instant of recognition. As forming one of our glorious national institutions, second only to the Magna Charter, it is no brief ceremony to be lightly esteemed, or quickly hurried through, except at a railway station. Everywhere over the world, be it among the Pyramids, on the Rhine, or the field of battle, the Englishman is at once to be recognized by his insular greeting. "Well, Brown, old fellow, how are you?" and at once a hearty pressure of the hand assures you of the brotherly sincerity of English friendship. And even in so insignificant a matter as this, it is possible to show that 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

Having seen, therefore, the importance of this conventional usage of ours, it is but natural to endeavour to find out its origin. Many theories on the subject might be broached, and sundry explanations attempted to account for its existence amongst us. Is it a polite relic of the bygone ages of feudal times, when the vassal's hands were laid between those of his suzerain, avowedly declaring that from henceforth he 'became his man,' and so making it a kind of solemn pledge? Or does it date back to prehistoric ages, and the days

"When earth was young, and men, at last
Taught wisdom, in friendship joined their hands."

Certainly we have no mention of the operation as performed in any country at all, and so perhaps it arose silently and surely, without the notice of any one, until it grew into the lasting bond of amity as we now see it.

In hand-shaking there are many vanities; and in this, as in all other sciences of a similar nature, it is astonishing how many subtle shades of character are to be noticed by an attentive observer. Commonplace as this appears, yet like all other energies of our feelings, it contains much secret lore that is well worthy of nice discrimination. Even a casual student of the human nature can have no difficulty in discerning the mental characteristics of another man as his palm encounters his own. Several painfully affectionate friends afflict us with their superfluous mode of greeting. Your hand is seized in an herculean grasp, and swung violently up and down, till your very fingers tingle with the warmth of the demonstration. Thus you are so thoroughly persuaded of the genuineness of their friendship, as to have no room left for any doubt. Diametrically opposed, however, to this hearty kind welcome, is the reception of the gentleman who is decidedly 'a clod', and who hardly knows his right hand from his left.—You are met perhaps with a broad smile beaming over his honest countenance, and to your extended offer of civility, a flabby member is coldly thrust forward, and deposited confidently within your hand. Beyond this, the duty of your friend does not appear to go, and so it is left for you to decide as to the best mode of proceeding with a closer acquaintance. From this you can at once gather that your companion is rather a 'slow coach', very impassive, and not particularly talkative on any subject; and accordingly you would be wise in your generation to have as little as possible to do with him.

Cases such as these might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, which would fill too large a space for the pages of the *Shirburnian*. For the rest, therefore, it will suffice to add, that in the shake of the hand is included and expressed every feeling of the mind of man, requiring only the agency of the possessor to display either love, hate, friendship, or animosity.

ECCE.

AN ADVENTURE.

 T comes round upon me as a monthly duty, to rack my brains for somewhat which may satisfy, for a time, the ravenous appetite of the *Shirburnian*, which, notwithstanding, never ceases to cry, 'Give, give'—which, being translated, means 'Write, though there is nothing to write about.' Yet, peradventure it may be granted me to exonerate myself, for this once at least, from the unfeeling charge of neglecting my duty, which, my otherwise humane friend, the Editor, is always urging against me. For I have, of late, been amusing myself by making incursions, to the best of my ability, into the domains of a remarkable science yecept, 'Physical Geography'. Probably, a few of my readers will not disagree with me, however greatly it may please me to magnify the hardness or the wearisomeness of the expedition. Yet I hope that this specimen of the results of my enterprise may not be very wearisome after all. I will tell it after the fashion of an allegory; and any reader who may be hardy enough to venture beyond my preface, may explain it as he likes. I have my own peculiar theory on the subject, but I have no objection to any one else forming a different one, if he be so disposed.

To begin, there is an island far away, wherein dwell a strange and truly remarkable people; of wondrous civilization, as they think. Now I would have you direct your attention to what it was my hap to see in one of their towns, whence you may form an idea of the rest. To this town, then, I came one day in the autumn; now the land was a rainy land and a cold, and it had been pouring for the last fortnight, and the leaves were falling from the trees, or turning yellow and ready to fall in the next gust of wind. Consequently, the roads in all the land were about an inch thick in mud; and as I approached and came near to the town, the ways, both highways and byways, were barely possible to the wayfarer,

especially to one as wearied as I was. Still, I struggled on, in hopes of a good night's rest at the end of my journey: and, after passing many flocks of sheep and herds of cows and oxen, evidently tending all to the town as a centre; I entered by a street, still worse in condition than the roads which I had already traversed. Verily, thought I, this is a bad case: but presently I came to what seemed to be the heart of the town: and there, behold! the streets were lined, and almost blocked, with strange carts and wooden structures, painted in divers colours. Also there were to be seen at short intervals, not far from the middle path, tent-like buildings supported by four poles, one at each corner, and with a board fixed horizontally not far from the ground, whereupon were set forth many articles of strange and barbarous fashion, and not a few eatables, for sale, as it appeared. Having contrived, with the utmost labour, to wend my way through the seemingly endless maze of obstructions, I thought myself lucky in getting a bed in a "hotel", as they called it, at the top of the town: and I retired to rest as soon as I had partaken of some refreshments, of which I stood much in need. Sweet sleep soon closed my eyelids,—sleep, as I fondly hoped, not to be broken until the next morning; though I had seen and heard a great and noisy concourse of people not far from the door. But my hopes were doomed to frustration; for suddenly in the hour of midnight, when slumbers seal the eyes of men and beasts, at least of all reasonable men, there arose a din of arms and a trampling of armed hosts, as my dreams at first suggested to me: then my sleep was broken,—I might say shivered into fragments, by the most discordant sounds I was ever unlucky enough to hear. Curious to know what might be the cause of this disturbance, I started up and found my way to the window, stumbling on my way over a chair—wherein I may observe that in the country whereof I speak, it seems to be the fashion to set chairs as traps to lame strangers: which will be seen to be of a piece with my other experiences there. Well, on looking out of the window, I perceived a vast crowd in the street, composed, I should think, of the very most disreputable class of barbarians which any land

under the sun ever had to complain of. Armed with tin kettles, ancient saucepans, horns which uttered the most abominable and inharmonious notes I ever heard, and other equally formidable weapons, the whole band appeared to have for its one sole object the discomfort of any visitors who might be so unfortunate as to venture thither. Utterly void of rhyme and reason, this mad display of most undesirable vocal and instrumental music, as perhaps they thought it,—I never heard anything less worthy of the name,—continued for about a quarter of a hour, when the procession, having completed, as I supposed, its numbers, started to perambulate the town. The horrible sounds gradually "melted into silence", and I went to sleep again, though only to dream of the same horrible things; but not even this poor modicum of rest was to be allowed me, for in about an hour's time back came the barbarians who had before disturbed me, having fulfilled their mission of sleep-breaking, if not house-breaking. At any rate, this latter pleasant little addition to their other ever-memorable exploits now seemed probable in my case at least; for the nearest and most atrocious-looking of the band began to knock and hammer at the door, and ring the bell violently, till that snapped, and the house shook with their onsets on the not very strong door. Visions of robbery and murder floated before my eyes,—my ears were already full of the delightful sounds of the modern "Sirens" of this barbarous country; for Sirens they surely were, like those in the old fate who lured men to destruction by their music,—this time it was the music, however, which destroyed, but which certainly was not calculated to attract many victims,—I, at least, warn all travellers to give that city a wide berth, if the fates should lead them near it. This time, as you may have previously judged from my writing this account, the door was *not* burst open, and I escaped the fate which my excited imagination had so vividly set before my mind's eye. Some of the amateur burglars and musicians went their ways; but some also—O my mind shudders at the recollection, and would fain avoid the pain of it, as the poet says,—some, I say, entered the inn where I was lodging, and, below my "silent

room", made night hideous with the row they made while engaged in the, to them exhilarating, to me horrible, process of imbibing rather more liquor than was absolutely needed for purposes of intoxication. I remained till daybreak in constant fear of my life, but then they went off, and I rose and came downstairs. You may imagine that I made all haste to leave the town, having had the pleasure of paying pretty dearly for my night's rest, which, they "hoped had not been much disturbed, it was only the procession".

On my way out of the town, which was rather more difficult than the entry, in consequence of the increased crowd, I often heard noises as of the return of the procession, and saw various barbarians engaged in beating drums and blowing horns with stentorian lungs and indefatigable arms, in front of some of the curiously-painted ligneous structures which I mentioned above. Probably, these were cells wherein they destroyed all foreigners whom they caught, as I saw a great crowd of the infuriated populace elbowing and crushing one another in their eager desire to enter one of the cages; I took it for granted that some unfortunate individual had just been caught, and proceeded on my way with all the speed I could make. Glad I was when I got out of the town; and not all the flattering tales of travellers, if such there be, and I think I have heard some, shall ever bring me back thither again. And now that I have narrated my adventure, may I take the liberty of asking your opinion of the character of the people who permit their lower orders to indulge in such orgies as that which I have just described, to the best of my poor abilities? I came away, for my part, thinking that they must be either the most senseless, the most apathetic, or the most absurdly submissive of all nations upon the face of the earth. It was even told me by some, with what truth I know not, that such crowds, or worse, and certainly larger in numbers and more dangerous in intent, sometimes met for political purposes, illegally, and with the intent of overthrowing the government, calling themselves patriots and friends of the people; and that on one occasion, when the authorities endeavoured feebly to oppose them, they attacked the preservers of order, and subse-

quently complained that these had assaulted them. And moreover, the leaders and movers of these riots are known, and at large, and so far from being in any danger, are highly honoured by the people. Truly this land may be said to be yet involved in the blackest darkness of the Dark Ages! Believe me, there is such a land in the world, and I have seen it. Indeed we live and learn.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Shirburnians,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

H. G.



“QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.”

SEE! the depth of night is past,
 And the fairer dawn is breaking:
 If this day must be our last,
 Whereunto we now are waking,
 Yet we look on light once more,
 As 'twere brighter than before.

Oh! the break of day is sweet,
 When the sunbeams wake the heaven;
 Let us joy the dawn to greet,
 Though we may not see the even;
 Oh! till then let every hour
 Blossom like its fairest flower.—

Is it that the drawing near
 Of some unseen joy elates us?
 Is it in unconscious fear
 Of some sorrow that awaits us,
 That we love the dawn so well,
 Never more its light to hail?

How is it we cannot know?
 But the speedy hours will shew it;
 Better far to leave it so,
 Then in vain to seek to know it;
 Which, if known, might bring us pain,
 Never to be glad again.

N.

B O Y S .

“Plinius scribit: nunc pueri omnia sciunt, neminem verentur,
 imitantur neminem.”

PLINY (so writes that versatile author Delectus) was wont to say: “Boys now-a-days know everthing, respect no one, imitate no one.” If Pliny did really say anything so spiteful of the boys of his day, I would venture to suggest that he said it “in his haste.”

Boys have ever been the most estimable beings in creation; and if they ever cease to please, it is when they cease to be boys, i.e., when they enter upon that critical period of life which is a transition state between the boy and the man, the chrysalis state of entomologists, a state which in the human genus, as in the insect world, is but temporary. Being a state of short duration, a state that lasts while a great change is progressing within the individual, we must not wonder at its being attended with abnormal conditions of the mind; a broody hen passing from a life of happy carelessness to one of anxious maternity, from the girlish pullet to the matronly hen, seems to us very fussy and self-important, and exceedingly ridiculous; so does the boy who struts and crows as he draws near the end of his teens, and who makes a sad display of conceit, over-weening vanity, affectation of horse-racing lore, and other symptoms of a moral malady. But who will lay this to their charge? Is it not one of the many ills to which the flesh is heir? Children do not cut their teeth without evincing unamiable moods, forgetfulness, angry tempers, &c., for all of which they cannot be held responsible. Corresponding but not identical symptoms accompany the growth of beard; impatience of control, self-asserting ways, an inordinate affection for rings and kid gloves, affectation in word and deed; these are but too frequent in the

transition state; they are a moral malady, a kind of moral small pox for which there is no vaccination, but which almost all must go through before they emerge into healthy manhood.

Some few escape; just as a few fortunate babes get through their teething comfortably and cheerfully; but they are few indeed. The great majority go through the ordeal; for a season they are offensive coxcombs, unsufferable puppies; but they cannot help it: the effort nature is making to produce a beard, disturbs the whole moral organism of the individual. It is the same with poultry. Who would chide a moulting bird for being so unlike himself, so peevish and unamiable? Have patience with him, he makes but a sorry show just now; but nature in him is making a mighty effort that "takes it out" of the poor creature; but by and bye he will present a finer physical, as well as moral, aspect. And so with the boy who is going through his moulting time; he may look objectionable and often is so; but in a year or two he will have grown out of all his nonsense, and will have become a fine fellow after all.

Pliny then, no doubt, spoke of chrysalis boys, i.e., half-fledged men, but not of the "ingenuus puer", the free-hearted, noble, generous boy, who is the type of all that is loveable in man. With us, nay more, all the world over, the word "boy" is a term of endearment; it is a friendly appellation which we would not apply to one whom we don't esteem. "My boys," are the words with which an officer apostrophises the stout-hearted men whose courage and devotion he has learned to prize; "Old boy", is the kindest word with which we can greet a genial, true-hearted friend, and, by analogy, "Old girl" has become an affectionate address for the most amiable among women.

It is worthy of remark, that in those professions which bring out much that is noble and unselfish and generous in the human heart, the members are addressed as "*boys*" all their life long. Sailors, in particular, are always "*boys*". Their happy, careless existence, remote from the duplicity of selfish aims of the world, keeps them free from the hypocrisy, the painted exterior and internal corruption that too often leavens modern society; they

maintain through life that trustful, generous nature, so conspicuous in boys, and with it they preserve also the buoyant cheerfulness, the happy-go-lucky character of the genuine boy.

Nations, again, are often grown-up boys; boys from the youngest to the oldest of the community. The Irish are boys, and merry, hearty boys they are; brimful of generous impulse and enthusiastic fire. And, if we look farther West, what we admire most in the American race, is, its fresh boyishness, its youthful vigour and hopeful go-a-head-ism.

But over and above all this,—all who have ever done great things, all the heroes of past ages, were heroes simply because they were "*boys*" at heart, i.e., because they acted from no selfish calculating motives, but yielded themselves up to their fresh enthusiastic love of right and truth, and acted under its inspiring influence. For all enthusiasts are *boys*; their hopeful but boyish trust that right will prevail; their strong, unquestioning faith in the power of truth leads them to work miracles, where riper men would hesitate, would question and calculate, and accomplish nothing. They are the martyrs of one age, the Knights Templar of another, the Victoria Cross of the present. Moreover, when Pliny complains that boys "respect no one, imitate no one", in this very fault, we trace their main virtue; the main-spring of their heroism and their glory; in this fresh love of originality, this contempt for old dogmas, and impulsive search after new light, we have the true secret of all intellectual advancement, of all useful discovery in science and art.

With regard to school boys of the present day, they suffer but little from the chrysalis malady; if they have it at all, it is in a very mild form; its evils are checked by the general healthy atmosphere of Public School life; manhood with its duties and responsibilities, creeps upon them gradually, and they emerge into the world, *men*, nay, rather "old boys", men in understanding, but "*boys*" at the core.

AN OLD BOY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I want to make a remark or two on one of our half-holiday occupations, which I think is generally popular in the school, but which like so many other popular amusements is liable to become abused if proper care be not taken of it. The system of paper chases has hitherto been constructed on rather a loose principle, I fancy, both as regards the foxes and the hounds; and there seems to be plenty of room for improvement in this department of our sports. What I should like to complain of mostly, is the absence of all definite rules on this point, and the unfair way in which the hunt is sometimes conducted. No harm is intended of course by those who 'cut corners' or don't follow the scent, or perform some other astute feats of wood craft, as well to their own satisfaction as that of their companions. But these are just the kind of things that tax the energies and try the tempers of the foxes in a way that those who have never experienced it cannot understand. And so, if these defects could be remedied for this season, I have no doubt that all parties would be better contented in the end.

Now I am perfectly aware that much has been said on this subject in former years, and that various plans have been proposed to render both the flight and pursuit matters of an easier nature. But as far as I know, no rules have ever been put into force, or if they have, at any rate not for long; I think, then, that if the Committee were to take the question in hand, and draw up certain rules to be observed now and for ever, having especial reference to the points I am just going to mention, great good would be done, and there would be less chance of failure in future. The foxes ought to have quite four minutes start, I am sure, unless it may happen that they are extraordinarily good runners, and on all occasions some one in authority ought to preside and see that the full amount is given.

When the scent be lost a halt should be made and all should endeavour to find it.

These are the most important laws that occur to me at present, though there may be several others I have omitted. And so hoping that the subject will receive all the due consideration that it certainly deserves, and with many apologies for the length of my words,

I have the honor to remain,

Yours respectfully,

AN OLD HAND.

Dear Sir,

In the last number of the *Shirburnian*, a letter was inserted, rather unjust to our late Captain of the Games, who did his best to improve the football in the School, and for this reason issued a new set of rules last year. Besides, the statements expressed in "Wellwisher's" letter are, I am glad to say, principally erroneous.

As to the younger boys, dreading the very name of football, because they have to stay three or four hours in goal, this is totally wrong, for—

- (1) A football game never lasts more than an hour, or an hour and a half at most.
- (2) Last year a game was established entirely for the younger boys, and few or none of them join in the higher game.

I agree entirely with him, however, in saying that "If the Rugby rules are played at all, they ought to be played properly, and as it is played at Rugby". Why should we not play according to the Rugby rules entirely? If this be the case, no other game, I am sure, can surpass it. Hoping to put rather a better colouring on Sherborne football,

I remain, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. E.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It has often occurred to me what a very good thing it would be if a Rifle Corps could be got up in the School. It does not really seem such an impossible thing after all. Most (or rather I should say some) Public Schools have one, and why should we at Sherborne be behind the rest of the world? A short while since "a Trombone" proposed getting up a brass band (which I am sorry to say has not come to much yet,) in the School; now what better use could it be applied to than to lead the Corps? The drilling alone, I'm sure, would do sufficient good to the fellows to make such a measure highly desirable; to say nothing of the pleasure derived therefrom. Hoping that sometime, attention may be paid to this suggestion.

I beg respectfully to subscribe myself,

A CARTRIDGE.

A DREAM.

ALL night long in a garden of roses,
 A bird sang unto me,
 "Ah, weary soul, ah, sad soul,
 Come seek thy liberty,
 Up and away to the twilight islands,
 Over the misty sea,
 Where the gods dwell, and the nymphs dwell,
 Around the golden tree.

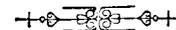
There no sorrow awakens the morning,
 And all forget their fight;
 Toils are o'er, and resting mortals
 Under the golden night."

It ceased on a sudden, alone I stood
 Under the moonlit skies;
 The echoes dropped, and the dews dropped,
 And sorrows filled mine eyes.

Then quickly I rose up aloft on wings
 Cleaving the startled airs,
 Through rolling worlds, and great deeps,
 And starry hemispheres.
 Till I paused at last in a cloudless clime,
 Over the ocean's rim;
 A primrose light below me,
 Swam on the fields still dim.

Then long lost friends and faces I saw
 Chanting aloud a strain:
 "Joy, joy for us, rejoicing,
 Our playmate once again!"
 And I found my own love of the old world
 Waiting to welcome me;
 And the bird sang, we all sang
 Songs of eternity.

ECCE.



GAUDIA RURIS.

“Ruris amatores Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus.”

HORACE, *Ep.* I, x.

 HERE are many persons who would never think of going out for a walk into the country, and consider that no greater folly can be committed than taking a *constitutional*, supposing that to mean walking against time with their eyes shut, or at any rate fixed on the long straight line of a dusty road. I have myself laughed at *constitutionals*, and would still do so at persons who took them in the manner described above. But not many such exist, except in the mind of those who despise them, and of those who employ their leisure time in lazily sauntering up and down the streets of a town, staring in at shop windows, and making remarks on the passers-by. I have often been left for a long time together with nothing else to do in my leisure time, and no other way of getting exercise than taking walks in the country; but I may say that I have never enjoyed better health than at such times. I have learnt to accommodate myself to the mood of my companion, and am ready for any pace, provided it be not much less than three, and not much more than five miles an hour; but that which I prefer, and which I think most conducive to health and enjoyment, is a good steady pace of about four miles an hour. There are pleasures in a country walk which are not easy to describe, and of which the men about town, and street loungers, have no idea. A great desideratum, though not absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of a walk, is beautiful scenery, a pleasant admixture of hill and dale, woods and hedge-row timber, and certainly the great agricultural improvements of the last few years are not calculated to add to the enjoyment of a walk, except perhaps when taken by

those who have made the improvements themselves, or are thinking of acting in the same barbarous fashion. It is sometimes rather hard to refrain from using strong language on hearing a man descant on the beauties of the surrounding country, meaning thereby long lines of straight hedges, something less than a yard high, or if lately planted, two rows of post and rail; levelled banks, where you in vain look for the ferns and wood-sorrel that you found the year before,—hills, once downs, now alas! ploughed fields, *labours of oxen*. These same improvements of lowering the hedges, leveling banks, and cutting down trees, have done much towards extirpating the rarer birds and animals of our country. The game-keepers too are almost as bad as the agriculturists, and unfortunately it seems that the gayest birds and the prettiest animals are those which they are most fond of destroying; and you can very seldom walk through a wood without seeing jays, squirrels, &c, hung up to rot on trees, on which they ought to be left alive to enjoy themselves.

Much however as the agriculturists and the game-keepers have done to diminish the pleasures of the country, yet there are a sufficient number of high hedges and green banks left in our part of the country, at least, for the would-be botanist and naturalist; and the limestone quarries afford plenty of materials for the young geologist to begin his investigations. You may have seen that I am not one of those who recommend the taking of *constitutionals* in the sense of walking for miles along straight and dusty roads, with the only idea of getting over so much ground in a given time, but what I am convinced of, and what I should like to convince those who are afraid of soiling their patent leather boots, is, there is profit both to the body and mind to be obtained in the country, and I think there is some truth in those often quoted lines of Cowper, that essentially country-loving poet of ours:—

“God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves?”

If however, as I have found in some parts of the country, to my cost, there is nothing to be seen but long straight roads, dividing square ploughed fields, with no hills and very few trees to relieve the view—then perhaps you will find it almost necessary to combine some amusement with your walk, to avoid the alternative of keeping in the town, and loafing about the streets. You will always find some five-barred gates, and ditches, which may perhaps afford you some amusement in the vain attempts which you and your companion make to jump them. I think if we took more walks in the country, we should all be in better health, and the result would be seen in the greater number of entries for the high jump and long jump in the annual athletic sports, and we should be in better condition for the other contests.

There are a great many days in every half-year when, for some reason or other (it may be bad management), there are no games going on, and several fellows do not know what to do with themselves. I rather wish to shew the advantages walking has over the pursuits of our friends who case their white hands in kid gloves, and their feet in patent leather, and who would as soon think of flying as of taking a good healthy walk, and if they do by any chance find themselves four miles outside the town, wonder how in the world they are to get back again, and if they do, make up their minds not to do such a silly thing again. Let such make the experiment of taking a walk every day—say for a week—gradually increasing their pace and distance, and I shall be surprised if after that they will ever care to confine themselves to the smoke and bustle of the town.

RUSTICUS MUS.

CRICKET FAGS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Although it seems rather an odd time to write about Cricket Fags, now that the Cricket season has for some weeks come to a close, the hope of effecting a slight improvement for the next season, seems almost a sufficient excuse. Scarcely any one, not even, probably, a fag himself, would deny that the fagging at Cricket has been, during the whole of the past season, on an extremely unsatisfactory footing. In the first place, the fags did not attend at all regularly; they could easily trump up some excuse of an imposition, the truth of which statement it was impossible for the Captain to ascertain. When the fags were down, they did not half do their work. If a ball came near them, they generally ran away from it, instead of trying to field it. There is all the less excuse for their not fagging well when on the ground, because so much less is required of the fags than formerly. They used to be obliged to come down almost every whole School day, whereas now they are never required more than once a week; and if they missed a ball, they generally had another *shied at their heads*. Now I do not wish to see *this* introduced again, but I should very much like to see *another* old custom brought into work, viz., that each one of the First Eleven should have a certain number of fags allotted to him. It would then be the fault of each one of the Eleven individually, if the fags did not do their duty properly, and I believe this plan would cure most of the present evils. I should like also to remind the fags that nothing is likely to be of so much use to them in learning and practising fielding, as doing as much work as possible whilst fagging. Hoping that these suggestions may bring the matter under the consideration of "the powers that be."

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

LUDI-SPECTATOR.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I should like to be allowed to make a suggestion through the medium of your influential periodical. In almost every School, the names of the Eleven are either cut out, or hung up, painted on boards, in the Cricket Pavilion. Why should not this be done here? Shirburnians will always look with interest on the list of past Elevens.

There is another point I should like to mention. When the present Pavilion was built, it was understood that a locker was to be put up in it for each of the Eleven to keep his bat, pads, boots, etc., in. Now the subscriptions have been raised, surely the Captain cannot have the excuse of insufficient funds, and it would really cost but a very little; at all events, a peg might be allotted to each member of the Eleven and the Sixteen, to hang his coat, etc., on; I have heard many complain of the trouble they experience in finding their things after a game; if every one had a peg of his own, this would be entirely remedied.

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

M-N-E.

SCHOOL NEWS.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that W. B. NIVEN, Esq. (late Mathematical Master at the School), has been elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge.

An Examination in Modern Subjects, and another in Mathematics, was held on Friday, the 25th inst., and following days. These Examinations are for the future to take place in the middle of the Christmas half, and to correspond to the Leweston, at Easter.

The Fives' Matches for the Challenge Cup and other Prizes, are to take place at the end of this, or the beginning of next month.

THE RACES.

THE Races were begun on Wednesday, the 30th inst., but owing to the heavy rain that came on, were obliged to be postponed at four o'clock, till the following day, after only a few had been run. In spite of the weather, however, a great many spectators were present, as also on the following day, when the races were concluded.

Most of the races were very well contested, and done in very good time, considering the dreadful state of the ground. The 100 yards flat, was wonderfully close; it is however due to the winner to state, that he had sprained his ankle in a previous race. The hurdle race of 120 yards was also a splendid one, between Mogg and Malan, but the 200 yards hurdle race was won pretty easily by Mogg, who accomplished the course in less time than it has been performed in for several years.

J. F. FALWASSER, Esq., *President.*
 REV. A. C. CLAPIN, } *Judges.*
 J. TANNER, Esq., }
 H. P. PRICE, Esq., *Starter.*

W. C. PERRY,
 M. T. GRAY, } *Stewards.*
 A. F. E. FORMAN, }
 W. C. PERRY, *Hon. Sec.*

THROWING CRICKET BALL.

1st, E. C. Malan. 2nd, F. Mogg. *Distance, 97 yards.*

HURDLE RACE of 200 yards, over 16 flights. Heats.

First Prize presented by J. Parsons, Esq.

1st, F. Mogg. 2nd, E. C. Malan. 3rd, G. N. Callwell.

Time, 34 sec.

FLAT RACE of Half-a-Mile, for all under 14.

1st, E. Greaves. 2nd, E. Eade. 3rd, F. Edwards.

Time, 2 min. 50 sec.

FLAT RACE of 100 yards. Heats.

Prizes presented by Sixth Form.

1st, W. Forde. 2nd, A. Sturmer. 3rd, A. Forman.

Time, 10½ sec.

HIGH JUMP, for all under 15.

1st, O. H. Channer. 2nd, H. Vachell. *Height, 4ft. 5½in.*

HURDLE RACE of 200 yards, over 8 flights, for all under 16.

1st, J. Rendall. 2nd, B. Board. *Time, 34 sec.*

BROAD JUMP.

First Prize presented by H. Hammond, Esq.

1st, J. Rendall. 2nd, R. Henley. Distance, 15ft. 1in.

FLAT RACE of 200 yards, for all under 13.

1st, E. Greaves. 2nd, E. Eade. 3rd, H. Guppy.

Time, 26 sec.

HURDLE RACE of 120 yards, over 12 flights. Heats.

Prizes presented by J. F. Falwasser, Esq.

1st, F. Mogg. 2nd, E. C. Malan. 3rd, G. N. Callwell.

Time, 21 sec.

FLAT RACE HANDICAP of Half-a-mile.

First Prize presented by the Rev. H. J. Rawlinson.

1st, G. Norman. 2nd, W. Nicholson. 3rd, E. Scott.

Time, 2 min. 28 sec.

CONSOLATION STAKES of 200 yards, Flat.

First Prize presented by the Rev. H. J. Rawlinson.

1st, S. Cresswell. 2nd, E. Hall. 3rd, W. deWinton.

Time, 24 sec.

Challenge Cup (*presented by J. F. Falwasser, Esq.,*
and the *Rev. H. D. Harper*) for greatest number } F. Mogg.
of First Prizes }

Challenge Cup (*presented by J. Parsons, Esq.*) for } A. F. Forman.
the best average of Runs in Cricket for the year }

Challenge Belt (*presented by Major Hammond*) for } A. F. Forman.
the best average in Bowling }

Prize for best average of Runs in Cricket A. F. Forman.

Prize for second best ditto W. C. Perry.

Prize for Fielding W. C. Perry.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from "Histrio", which we are unable to publish, purposing, that as there will be no Concert at the end of this half, a play of Shakespeare, or something else, might be got up and acted.

Also an advertisement from X. Y. Z., offering a reward for the finding of the Debating Club, which, as the Club has been already found, it would be rather superfluous to insert.