

THE  
SHIRBURNIAN.

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THE CAIRNGORMS.

 TWO summers ago, I found myself with three friends at Braemar, or Castleton as it is sometimes called, being in fact the Castle town of the Braes of Mar. We had been rambling about the Highlands for some time, and had come northward through Glen Tilt, which took us through one spur of the Grampians only to land us in a cul de sac. From this there is no egress northwards, unless you go round by coach and rail through Aberdeen, or are willing to cross the Cairngorms which form the more northerly spur of the Grampians, into the valley of the Spey.--We chose the latter. It was some days however before we could tear ourselves away from Braemar. It is one of the most inviting spots in Scotland, unpolluted by railways and cockneys, and the centre of many spots of interest. It stands at one end of perhaps the finest Glen in Scotland, made notorious a few years ago by the Duke of Athole's attempt to stop the right of way through it, for the sake of his red deer. His gillies were however defeated in a pitched battle by two Cantabs whom they tried to stop, and he himself thrown in a suit which he afterwards instituted to try the right of road. In a fit of spleen he ordered the bridge in it which crosses the Tarff to be broken down, and

its broken buttresses still stand as a memorial of his devotion to game preserving. A few miles lower down Deeside stands Balmoral, with the Queen's favourite Lochnagar close to it, while a few miles above Braemar is the Linn of Dee where the rapid running waters are all penned in one seething mass within a narrow rocky channel, over which you may leap, as Byron did, and back again, as he did not. Within easy reach are the falls of the Coramulzie and Garrawalt among the pine covered hills, far behind which the snow capped Cairngorms, the highest of our British hills, keep guard. In addition to these attractions Braemar boasts an air unrivalled for clearness and purity, and last, but not least, excellent inn-accommodation.

To us who had fed long enough on the food of the Gael, salmon, oatcake, and whisky, the attractions of its more Sassenach diet were almost irresistible. Beef or meat of any kind we had asked for among the rugged headlands and indentations of the west coast for many a long day, in vain, though the request was productive on more than one occasion of some amusement. One day, I remember, we had walked up the island of Skye in a pouring rain to see Quiraing, and took refuge for the night at the little inn at Stenchel. We were naturally hungry enough, and on a damsel appearing some one asked as a mere matter of form if they had any cold beef. To our astonishment we were saluted with the stereotyped shibboleth of the British waiter—'Yessir'. Emboldened by this unexpected success, a second fondly enquired for beer.—Still, 'Yessir'. Now on all previous occasions when mortals have had three wishes granted them, they have proved one too many. Even the Scotchman was compelled to recur to '*more oceans of whiskey*' after he had got his 'mountains of snuff.' Not so with us. A third smitten with overweening confidence fraught with not far distant Nemesis mentioned *his* summum bonum in a note of interrogation, which happened to be—pickles—'Yessir' for the third time. There were unmistakeable traces on the table of some one having lately finished a frugal repast based appar-

ently on the common herring, but him we pitied rather than sympathized with, and sat impatiently but cheerfully awaiting the promised beef. Meanwhile a German whose acquaintance we had made the day before, came in, and by way of opening the conversation observed that strange to say there was no one in the house who could speak a word of English, but a girl, and she could only say 'Yessir'. We tried to laugh but it was '*malis alienis*.' We dined that evening on herrings, and how we hated that German, who by the way had appropriated the only bedroom, and consequently we had to sleep in the dining room. Next morning however *we* had the laugh. He wanted a looking glass, and shouted 'glass, glass', getting in answer at last a glass—of whisky, which however he took off with all the imperturbability of his race, beaming the while through his spectacles. Thus much to account for our unwillingness to leave the fleshpots of Braemar. Moreover we knew we had a very long day's work before us, made more difficult by the fact that the Cairngorms, especially on their north side have never been laid down with accuracy on a map. Black's large map, generally admirable, fails you here.

I had crossed once before, but my experiences were hardly consolatory, for we had narrowly escaped having to sleep out all night. The greatest difficulty of all was mist, for we knew the ground on the north side was too rough to be safe unless it was clear, and a delay of any length would involve camping out. We were first to ascend Ben Mac Dui, which is all but the highest of the Scotch hills, and then make our way to Aviemore in time to catch the afternoon train to Inverness which left at five. After a substantial breakfast of cold beef and beer, we effected a start at half-past six. After an hour's drive through Mar Forest to the keeper's lodge, which is the farthest outpost of civilization, we dismounted at the end of Glen Derrie, and at 8 o'clock buckled on our knapsacks and faced the hills with the consoling reflection that we had no chance of getting anything to eat but what we had with us till we got to Aviemore. It was already broiling hot, for the sun is a very

short while below the horizon in those regions in July. We walked fast, and an hour brought us to the head of Glen Derrie, where we turned sharp to the left up Corrie Etichan with snow filled gorges all around us. Train time seemed an immeasurable way off. 'Why not go round by Loch Avon and see the famous shelter stone, and so get up Ben Mac Dui from there.' 'Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat.' We consented, and striking due north over the Etichan stream just as it leaves the loch, came after about a mile of scrambling over Loch Avon, which indeed well deserves its reputation.

It is considerably the highest sheet of water in Britain, and about three miles long, though it looks a mere bason in the arms of the huge hills that throw their shadows across it. Nothing would satisfy us but a nearer inspection, and an allusion to the train was scouted as an excess of caution. By making a circuit we managed to scuffle down to the edge, though it was tough work, for nature shews her bones there through the skin. However, a knapsack has one advantage in going down hill, it makes falling a comparative luxury. Once down, we went crunching through the snow that lay plentifully round the edge in search of the shelter stone, which we found at last. It used to be a great resort for poachers, but the keepers have torn the back out of the cavern it sheltered, so that it is now little better than a huge cistern to collect the streams from the hill sides.

We were now at the end of the loch, and at the foot of the precipitous Corrie which runs right into the heart of Ben Mac Dui, down which tumbles the stream that feeds the loch. It was choked with snow, and looked extremely awkward, but there was no help for it now, and after a plunge into the loch, which to say the least of it was bracing, at it we went. Once I put my hands on a ledge above the level of my eyes right into a grouse nest, and the old bird very nearly sent me backwards over with the noise she made getting up. However we all got safely to the top at last, and striking due south came without much difficulty to the cairn on the top of Ben Mac Dui. The view was glorious. All around

us lay the very highest of the Grampian peaks, in their garb of Scotch plaid, black rock with snow white checks, while below on the left was the huge rift of the Larig which cuts them in two, with the wells of Dee in the bottom. Facing us on the other side of this rift was the long grisly back of Braeriach very few feet lower than we were, and with the glass we could distinctly see Aviemore, due north west.

Here let me enter a protest against those people who go up a mountain merely for the sake of the view. To their question 'If I look on a mountain simply as a greased pole', I reply, 'Yes, and so do you, but with this difference: you climb it for the sake of the leg of mutton at the top, whereas I do it for the sake of the climb. If the leg of mutton is there, I enjoy it as much as you, if not, as happens in five cases out of six, I am not disappointed, and you are'. Moreover, in many of our hills the sides of the mountain itself are far superior to the birds-eye view from the top. This is conspicuously the case with the three representative hills of England, Scotland, and Wales, viz Helvellyn, Ben Nevis, and Cader Idris. But (in this case) to *leave nos moutons*. In sooth the station looked a long way off, and the way to get to it far from obvious; However, we crunched our crusts and took counsel. "Skirt along this shoulder for a little way till we can get down to the bottom of the rift safely and then make our way to Aiemore as best we can." This seemed feasible, but one there was who considered this the two sides of an ill-advised triangle, and preferred to take his chance of the somewhat startling hypotheneuse, i.e. go straight down. Like all men who object to go wrong in company, he met with no encouragement, but much abuse, under which he quietly vanished over the edge without map or compass, nearly twenty miles, as the crow flies, from any inhabited house. The rest of us attempted to skirt along the edge of the rift, but the ground was very bad, and I don't think we made more than a mile in the hour. The boulders were just of that size which object to being treated generically: unless you study the peculiarities of each you

inevitably sprain your ankle. The train now began to get a little dubious, and it was evident if we were to catch it we must get down at all hazards in the hope of finding better ground. Accordingly, we worked down in parallel lines to avoid sending contributions of rock on our predecessors, and on getting to the bottom we found water still running south, but soon came to

“The grisly rocks that guard the infant rills of Highland Dee”

It was now three o'clock. It was clear, we must make a push for the train. So after having recourse to our flasks for the first time, tempered with the infant rills, we did make the best of pushes. i.e., to say we walked steadily along the path which we struck at Dee Wells for five hours without a single halt, at the rate of about four miles an hour. This path took us through the huge pine woods of Rothiemurchuss to the shores of Loch an Eilan, running by the side of the stream which rises opposite the Dee, sometimes crossing it, but generally keeping the east side.

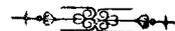
At the boat of Rothiemurchuss they could not take us in, and we had to go on to Lynvuilg which we were glad enough to get to, for it was half-past nine and we had been on the hill since eight o'clock leaving, after the liberal allowance of an hour and a half for our stoppages, twelve hours hard walking. On the previous occasion when I crossed, we omitted the detour to Loch Avon which added about four hours to our day's work, but coming down many miles away to the east of the Larig rift we had great difficulty owing to the absence of a path, in avoiding becoming entangled in the pine woods. On that occasion we came down on Loch Morlich, which lies far away to the east of Loch an Eilan. We found our friend of the hypotheneuse had been in half an hour. He had got down with great difficulty, and had to cross the Dee when running nearly waist high, just before it passed under a tunnel of snow, a feat which I suspect none of us but himself could have accomplished safely.

It has been in the hope of inducing some one on the look out for ground for a holiday ramble at this time of year to try the

Braemar District, that I have described this walk. It has only one drawback, you need a more substantial feed than they can give you at Aviemore after doing it.

The Cairngorms, Glen Tilt, and Loch-nagar introduce you to scenes which are unequalled in Britain for wildness except, perhaps, by the Cuchullins, in Skye. Let any one who knows how to carry a knapsack go and try them; he will not be disappointed, for verily

“There is a sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, which bloated ease can never hope to share.”



## P O E T R Y .

 AM coming, I am coming o'er the snow,  
O'er the north plains where the rivers hardly flow,  
O'er the ice-fields, where no life can grow,  
To meet you there.

I am coming, I am coming, whom you call ;  
I am weary of the sun, weary of all  
That shines in this south land, where no rains fall  
To cool the air.

It suits not with my mood, this sunny clime ;  
Ah ! I have changed, have changed ; there was a time  
When I have watched the eagle soar sublime,  
And envied him.

Now I am restless, all my peace is gone ;  
My hopes are fled, and I am left alone,  
Here, where white sunbeams fall on still whiter snow,  
My eyes are dim.

The things that pleased and fired me in my youth,  
Please me no more ; I almost think, in sooth,  
That all was empty then, and that the truth  
Was sad as now.

An empty vision of an airy height,  
I fondly hoped to reach by mortal flight,  
The unsubstantial summit that so bright  
Did seem to show.

The vision long ago is passed away,  
But in its place a shadow dim and gray  
Darkens the air, and hides the upward way  
That once I knew.

Or seemed to know,—for sure I only seemed ;  
I fell asleep, and in my sleep I dreamed ;  
What wonder if I lost the path I deemed  
I would pursue.

Yet was it nought I pursued so long  
A fleeting end ? The goal is for the strong,  
The weak must falter, fail, and fall along  
The rugged way.

I looked to you, that on you I might lean,  
If you had stayed, who knows what might have been ?  
But now the light is gone which I have seen,  
And lost I stray.

I ran, but could not win ; and you who could  
Went on ; I cannot follow though I would :  
And uncomplaining, patient quietude  
Can ne'er be mine ;

But yet I hope it may be mine to go  
Where you are gone, over the fields of snow ;  
That is the way to seek thee, well I know,  
That way was thine.

Over the northern land ;—'neath southern skies,  
I stay too long ; my weary spirit flies  
To reach you, where your voice upon me cries ;—  
I stay too long.

Farewell to all that once was sweet to me,  
 For nothing now can please me, but to be  
 In that far distant other world with thee,  
 Where shadows throng.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have lately attended several of the school debates, and although it gave me great pleasure to see the immense spirit with which they were carried on, and although in certain cases speakers have even risen to flights of eloquence, there are a few flagrant faults which members would do well to correct. The first thing that struck me was the great bigotry of the speakers' views: there are two parties in the club, those that indulge in a Tory view of every matter, and those that have leanings to Radicalism, and there is very little of the golden mean; so it happens that, whenever one on either side is inclined to the views of the opposite party, he is immediately attacked as a second Gladstone, everybody forgetting that a member may be Conservative on one point and Liberal on another. There are certain ways and means, too, of raising applause, and an attack on John Bright is an argument for almost every point upon which a certain member has anything to say. Often, too, the president has to call to order his vice, for accompanying his opponent's speeches with a low, mysterious murmur, and when the last-mentioned gentleman gets upon his legs, though he has plenty to say, his speeches have a soporific effect on his audience. One member of the committee is fond of commencing his speech with several deafening shouts, to the effect that he is thunder-struck at his opponent, and that he cannot believe his ears, while the secretary usually begs us to excuse the roughness of his speech, as he has not had time to get it

up, and one is always tempted to ask what has been occupying his time so much. One would wish too that the president, whose speeches are like angels' visits, few and far between, could set a better example on this point, as he is by far the best speaker in the club. One of our friends, too, treats us each time to a speech upon private matters, to our intense amusement, while another thinks it necessary to haul in America each time, and will insist upon its immaculacy. One of the committee-men stutters and stammers, blushes, and is unable to dispose of his hands to his own personal comfort, as though he were before the House of Commons, but when once well under way with a good Radical subject, sails along gallantly. Lastly, the speeches of one of the members is usually a mercilessly long extract, which he *will* read, from Hume or some other book. Hoping that these little points will receive attention.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

JUPITER TONANS.

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Dear Mr. Editor,

I am sorry to be obliged to return to a well-worn subject, but I want to know when we are to have *our* Fire Brigade. At the fire a month or two since, the energy of the School was the subject of universal praise, and drew forth encomiums in all the local papers. How much more could we have done if we had had our own engine. The Town Engines are very well in their way, and generally get to work before the fire is quite extinguished, but there is always a great difficulty about the hose and other appliances rather necessary on such an occasion. The bigger fellows in the School would be only too glad to give up some of their time to practice with their engine, and would be sure to keep it in perfect order. At the last fire constant enquiries were

made about our Fire Brigade which was so much talked of after the studies were burnt; and we hope that at the next fire in or near Sherborne, the School will be first to answer the call of 'Fire' with *their own* engine, and show that they well know how to use it.

Yours, etc.,

A WOULD-BE FIREMAN.

P.S.—I understand that the Editors of your Magazine have offered £5 towards a school engine.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was extremely sorry to hear that the Debating Club did not hold its meetings now because of Cricket; now I think that this is a very poor excuse for putting off Debates, seeing that they are very beneficial to the members. I sincerely hope that next half they will go on uninterruptedly. I also think that it would be a good plan if discussions were held sometimes on School matters, as I believe the members are almost all, if not all, Sixth-form fellows. Hoping to see these suggestions acted upon.

I remain, yours etc.,

H. S. E.



## THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

THE following is the Programme of the School Concert to be held on Tuesday, July 7th.

### PART I.

#### LOCKE'S CELEBRATED MACBETH MUSIC.

Song... ..	Truth in Absence ... ..	Harper.
Quartett ... ..	May Day ... ..	Müller.
Part Songs ... ..	{ O fly with Me A cold frost came } ... ..	Mendelssohn.
	{ Over Her Grave }	

### PART II.

Part Song ... ..	I Love my Love in the Morning ... ..	Allen.
Song ... ..	I am a Friar of Order's Grey ... ..	Thomas.
Quartett ... ..	In a Wood ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Part Song ... ..	Come let's be Gay	
Song ... ..	Ruby ... ..	Virginia Gabriel.
Part Song ... ..	Ah could I with fancy stray ... ..	Hatton.
Song ... ..	To Anthea ... ..	Hatton.
Part Song ... ..	Home, Sweet Home ... ..	Land.
Part Song ... ..	Auld Lang Syne ... ..	Land.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

We understand that Nicholson has had a Tankard given him for his running in the mile race. Of course if any one likes to make him a private present they are at liberty to do so, but we do not see on what possible pretext anyone who has been disqualified by competent authority from holding any prize whatever for a race can have the School Arms, and also "Mile Race" engraved on a Tankard, as though he had won the First Prize instead of nothing.

SCHOOL NEWS.

We have much pleasure in announcing that T. R. Buchanan of Balliol College has been awarded the Stanhope Prize for English Essay. Subject—"The effects of the Renaissance on England."

Also that E. C. Malan has been elected to an Exhibition at Worcester College.

The Concert is fixed for Tuesday the 7th, and the Prize day for Wednesday the 8th. Morning Service in the Chapel at 10.30. Preacher, The Rev. NORTH PINDER, late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. The Examiners are the Rev. N. Pinder, the Rev. C. E. Hammond, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, and the Rev. J. R. Cornish, Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

The Past and Present Match is to be played on Tuesday, the 7th, on the two following days a mixed eleven of Past and Present are to play the County of Dorset.

CRICKET.

THE ELEVEN v. NEXT SIXTEEN.

An easy victory in one innings for the Eleven; Bennett, Perry, and de Winton all showed some good play. For the Sixteen no one made any stand except Heathcote and Mr. Price. Malan 2 bowled remarkably well in the second innings, getting 9 out of the 15 wickets.

THE ELEVEN.

A. Forman, run out	5
E. G. Bennet, c Hawkins, b Game	0
W. C. Perry, run out	26
E. C. Malan, b Game	8
F. E. Bennett, bt. wicket, b Callwell	31
R. Henley, c Hall, b Game	1
W. B. de Winton, b Callwell	15
H. C. Hawkins, run out	3
J. Wills, b Callwell	0
O. Channer, b Game	1
A. H. Malan, not out	5
b 2, w 17...	19
Total...	114

NEXT SIXTEEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
H. P. Price, absent	0
Twynnam, c Henry, b Forman	1
Hall, b Forman	0
Holland 2, b Forman	0
Cresswell, c Bennett, b Forman	6
Game, c Bennett, b Malan 2,	0
Heathcote, c Malan 1, b Perry	11
Holland 1, b Perry	3
Gray, b Forman	3
Callwell, run out	6
Tancock, c and b Perry	0
Tapp 1, 1 b w, b Perry	2
Nicholson, ct. Hawkins, b Forman	0
Upcott, b Hawkins	9
Eade 2, not out	0
Hawkins 2, b Hawkins	1
Kelly, c Hawkins, b Forman	0
b 5, w 3, n b 1...	9
Total...	51
b Malan 2	11
b Malan 2	0
b Forman	2
b Forman	0
b Malan 2	8
c and b Forman	1
c Wills, b Malan 2	0
b Forman	4
b Malan	5
b Malan 2	0
b Malan 2	1
b Malan 2	6
b Forman	1
b Forman	0
b Forman	0
not out	5
b Malan 2	0
b 3, w 4, n b 1...	8
Total...	52

MR. CURTEIS' HOUSE v. MR. TANCOCK'S HOUSE.

It was expected beforehand that Forman's bowling would prove a great deal too strong for Mr. Tancock's House, and so the result proved. No one with the exception of Cave made any stand against it. For Mr. Curteis' House Forman played well in both innings, and made several very fine hits especially to square leg. Tapp's wicket too was not easy to get, but we wish his action was not so remarkably stiff, and that his arms were not so stuck to his sides. Watkins managed to hit the bowling about considerably. Turner's fielding at cover point was remarkably good. Mr. Curteis' House won by 82 runs.

MR. CURTEIS' HOUSE.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Forman, run out	26
Bishop, b Callwell	5
Parsons, run out	1
Tapp, run out	11
Watkins, c Cave, b Wills	1
Coates, not out	0
White, st. Wills, b Callwell	1
Boodle, b Callwell	0
Norman, b Callwell	0
Green, b Callwell	0
Commans, b Callwell	0
b 5, w 4, 1 b 2...	11
Total...	56
c and b Wills	39
c Board, b Wills	4
b Callwell	0
c Callwell, b Wills	19
c Cave, b Wills	18
run out	0
b Callwell	2
c Turner, b Callwell	0
c Adams, b Callwell	3
c Turner, b Callwell	0
not out	1
b 1, w 3, 1 b 2...	6
Total...	92

## MR. TANCOCK'S HOUSE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Nicholson, run out	4	b Forman	5
Luke, b Forman	0	b Forman	0
Wills, b Forman	0	b Forman	6
Callwell, c Watkins, b Tapp	1	b Forman	0
Hawkins, b Tapp	1	b Forman	3
Turner, b Forman	2	run out	2
Cave, b Forman	14	b Forman	7
Moore, not out	6	b Forman	0
Board, 1 b w, b Forman	0	run out	4
Adams, b Forman	0	b Tapp	1
Broome, b Tapp	0	not out	0
w 6, b 8	14	w 1, b 1	2
Total	36	Total	30

## MR. TANCOCK'S HOUSE v. DAY BOYS.

There was the usual amount of excitement in this match, which resulted in a victory for Mr. Tancock's house. The day boys won the toss and went in first, some of them playing a good innings, viz., Hawkins, Eade, Cameron, and Ffooks. The innings closed for 96. We must make some excuses for Mr. Tancock's house as Callwell, one of their two bowlers was away. Wills was the only one who played well for the house, and the innings closed for 60. The order of the game was, however, reversed in the second innings, owing, principally, to the presence of Callwell, as both he, Nicholson, and Board, played well for their runs. Ffooks was the only one of the day boys who reached a double figure by some very steady play.

## MR. TANCOCK'S HOUSE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W. G. Nicholson, c Eade, b Harris	8	b Harris	19
G. Cave, b Twynam	3	b Harris	9
J. P. Wills, 1 b w, b Twynam	28	c Tanner, b Twynam	8
W. Hawkins, b Twynam	2	b Harris	1
E. R. Luke, b Harris	1	not out	5
H. Turner, c O. Hawkins, b Twynam	2	b Harris	0
W. Moore, run out	0	1 b w, b Harris	13
A. Adams, b Harris	0	b Harris	3
T. C. Board, b Twynam	3	c Harris, b Eade	27
T. C. Peter, c Harris, b Twynam	1	b Twynam	1
G. N. Callwell, not out	2	b Twynam	22
b 7, w 2, n b 1	10	byes	4
Total	60	Total	112

## THE DAY BOYS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
O. Hawkins b Luke	22	b Callwell	6
A. Carré c Moore b Luke	3	b Wills	2
C. Eade c Hawkins b Luke	14	b Wills	4
T. H. Twynam b Luke	0	b Callwell	9
W. V. Eade b Wills	1	b Callwell	0
H. B. Harris run out	0	b Callwell	0
C. F. Cameron not out	12	b Callwell	0
J. Tanner run out	2	c and b Wills	5
J. Rawlings c Turner b Luke	2	not out	0
E. Pickering c Wills b Nicholson	1	b Wills	2
J. Ffooks b Luke	12	b Callwell	12
b 13, w 12, 1 b 1	26	b 2, 1 b 1	3
Total	95	Total	43

## SCHOOL v. TOWN.

The School were not expected to win so easily, though it must be said their eleven was thought to be the stronger. The town won the toss and sent in Messrs. Tanner and Custard, the wickets, however, fell very fast, no one making a double figure except Twynam, and the innings closed for 41. Forman and Bennet then represented the School, and easily knocked off the runs without the loss of a wicket, when Bennet was badly run out, and was succeeded by Malan. The rain then fell very heavily, so it was thought advisable to postpone the game till Saturday. The all round play of the School was very good, and the innings closed for 260. Messrs. Tanner and Henning again went to the wickets, and when time was called five wickets were down for 21. After the match the club presented Forman with a bat for his 79, the best score of the half.

## THE SCHOOL.

A. F. E. Forman, c Miller, b Henning	79
E. G. Bennet, run out	10
E. C. Malan, b Henning	31
R. Henley, b Miller	9
H. C. Hawkins, run out	25
W. B. de Winton, c T. Driver, b Colson	0
J. Wills, b Miller	25
W. H. Game, b Colson	34
J. C. Heathcote, b Colson	14
O. H. Channer, b C. Driver	0
S. B. Cresswell, not out	2
b 16, 1 b 4, w 11	31

## THE TOWN.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
J. Tanner, b Hawkins	1	b Forman	11
G. Custard, b Forman	6		
C. N. Henning, st. Heathcote, b Forman	4	b Hawkins	0
Colson, b Forman	2	b Hawkins	5
Gapper, b Hawkins	0		
W. Miller, b Hawkins	0	c Channer, b Forman	4
C. Driver, b. Forman	3	not out	0
W. B. Harris, b Forman	0		
E. B. Harris, run out	6		
H. T. Twynam, c Wills, b Forman	12	b Hawkins	0
E. Hawtrey, (for T. Driver,) not out	1	not out	0
1 b 2, w 7	9	wide 1	1
	<hr/> 44		<hr/> 21

## THE SCHOOL v. CLIFTON COLLEGE.

On Saturday, June 20, the School played their annual match with the Clifton College. Their adversaries, it must be allowed, were a very strong team in batting, but we were dreadfully disappointed to see the School make so very poor a stand against such inferior bowling. The Clifton won the toss and put the school in, much to their surprise. Perry and Bennett began the match, but though Bennett played well for his runs he was bowled by Taylor, and Henley took his place and his wicket fell directly. E. G. Bennet, in his usual style, quickly ran up the score, but lost his partner in the middle of his innings and was joined by Hawkins, who played in his second innings in very pretty style, but the most careful innings of all was Forman, who, however, from being rather unwell, was not up to his usual mark either in bowling or batting. The play of the rest in the first innings does not require any comment, as they, like the eleven in the second innings, seemed to be utterly dumbfounded at Tylecote's slows. It was very unfortunate for the School that one of their best bats was unavoidably absent. The fielding of the Clifton in both innings was admirable, but the same hardly applies to ourselves, except in the case of Perry and de Winton. For the same side Cross played a pretty and steady innings, though he was easily missed when he had only made 3; Tylecote showed his usual form, but was unluckily caught at long on. No one else made a long stand, though Goodwyn

reached a double figure, including a very fine drive to the off into the hedge.

## THE SCHOOL.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
W. C. Perry, c Bush, b S. N. Fox	3	c Wilson, b S. N. Fox	0
F. E. Bennett, b Taylor	9	run out	8
R. Henley, c Goodwyn, b Taylor	0	c Bush, b Tylecote	0
E. G. Bennet, b Tylecote	27	c Goodwyn, b Tylecote	3
H. C. Hawkins, c Tylecote, b Taylor	4	not out	13
A. F. E. Forman, not out	14	b S. N. Fox	15
W. B. deWinton, run out	0	b S. N. Fox	0
J. Wills, c Goodwyn, b Tylecote	6	b Tylecote	3
W. H. Game, c Goodwyn, b Tylecote	0	c Moore, b Tylecote	8
J. C. Heathcote, c Tylecote, b Wilson	1	c Stow, b Tylecote	0
S. B. Cresswell, run out	0	c Bush, b Tylecote	1
	b 1, lb 1	wide 1	1
	<hr/> 66		<hr/> 52

## CLIFTON COLLEGE.

<i>First Innings.</i>		<i>Second Innings.</i>	
L. J. Stow, c Cresswell, b Hawkins	0		
W. C. F. Cross, c Cresswell, b Forman	21	not out	11
S. N. Fox, lb w, b Hawkins	7		
E. F. S. Tylecote, c Bennet, b Wills	17	not out	21
W. F. Goodwyn, c Perry, b Wills	12		
A. J. Bush, b Wills	3		
H. J. Budington, c and b Wills	4		
O. M. Wilson, c and b Forman	6		
J. C. Fox, not out	4		
A. T. Taylor, c deWinton, b Forman	2		
E. N. P. Moor, run out	3		
	b 2, lb 2, w 3	byes 4	4
	<hr/> 86		<hr/> 36

## SHERBORNE SCHOOL v. MARCHWOOD ROVERS.

This match was played on the School Ground on Saturday, June 28th, and resulted in an easy victory for the School, though their opponents were decidedly a strong team, as will be seen by the names. The School won the toss and went in. F. E. Bennett played a very good steady innings of 25; E. G. Bennet, Henley, and Perry also reached double figures. Mr. Gundry was the only one that made much stand on the opposite side, the bowling of H. P. Price and Forman being very much on the spot. In the second innings of the School, Price played in his usual form, making one of the hardest drives off Cassan we ever remember seeing on our

ground, though it was unfortunately stopped by some hurdles. E. G. Bennet played a fine hitting innings, including four 4's and three 3's. In the second innings of the Marchwood Rovers the wickets fell very fast, but time was called when three more were left to fall, and thus the School won the first innings by 54 runs.

## THE SCHOOL.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W. C. Perry, b J. P. Gundry ... ..	11	c Elers, b T. B. Gundry ...	0
W. B. de Winton, b Cassan ... ..	8	b Mallet ... ..	8
H. P. Price, c subs. b Cassan ... ..	3	c Elers b Cassan ... ..	32
F. E. Bennett, b Cassan ... ..	25	c Gundry b Cassan ... ..	10
E. G. Bennet, b Cassan ... ..	14	b Mallet ... ..	30
A. F. E. Forman, b Cassan ... ..	8	b T. P. Gundry ... ..	8
E. C. Malan, b Cassan ... ..	0	c Gundry, b Cassan ... ..	14
R. Henley, c Ellers, b Mallet ... ..	14	c Cassan, b Mallet ... ..	15
H. C. Hawkins, b Cassan ... ..	0	c Cassan, b Mallet ... ..	3
T. Wills, b Mallet ... ..	6	not out ... ..	3
W. H. Game, not out ... ..	3	b Cassan ... ..	4
b 12, 1 b 4 ... ..	16	b 5, 1 b 5, w 5, n b 1 ...	16
Total ...	108	Total ...	143

## MARCHWOOD ROVERS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C. F. Mallet, b H. P. Price ... ..	5	b H. P. Price ... ..	2
J. J. Cross, b H. P. Price ... ..	4	b H. P. Price ... ..	12
J. P. Gundry, b Forman ... ..	24	c Wills, b Forman ... ..	7
Rev. C. A. Bragge, b Forman ... ..	0	b H. P. Price ... ..	13
Rev. Horsman, b Forman ... ..	1	not out ... ..	4
E. Cassan, b H. P. Price ... ..	10		
E. Gundry, b H. P. Price ... ..	0	b Forman ... ..	3
C. G. Elers b H. P. Price ... ..	0	c F. E. Bennett b H. P. Price	9
P. P. Easton, c Game, b Price ... ..	0	not out ... ..	2
W. B. Harris, b Forman ... ..	3	b H. P. Price ... ..	3
J. C. Heathcote, not out ... ..	0	b ... ..	2
b 5, 1 b 1, w 1 ... ..	7		
Total ...	54	Total ...	57

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was present the other day at a match played in the field of a public school, and at the time was not a little amused at the picture it displayed of the foolish side of schoolboy nature; in the hopes, then, that it may afford some fun to the readers of the *Shirburnian*, I will now attempt to paint the scene as nearly as it presented itself to my eyes.

It was a fine day in June, with a fair sky and plenty of sun, and the visitors, who had come down in numbers to witness the match, amongst other commonplaces, called it "rather warm," though I should have thought the good old word "hot" would have come nearer the mark. Besides these were the schoolboys themselves sitting in long lines, who like nothing better than looking at the matches that go on in the ground, and naturally, too, for does not each hope that he one of these days will be in the eleven and called upon to stand up for the honour of the School? They are all in high spirits and expecting nothing less than complete victory, for hadn't they already beaten two neighbouring elevens, and efficient ones, too, and nobody could say that it detracted from their glory, that they were composed of much the same men each time, and those, too, who had left off cricket as a practice, while as for the only other out-match that they had played, why, *if* it had not been for one particularly good player, and for another who was a great "stick," and *if* the ground had not been so bad they certainly would not have been beaten and almost doubled as they were. They placed great confidence in the fact that some of the eleven had lately won bats by the number of their runs, and no one can deny that 79 is a great number (and it does not much matter whether it is made off easy bowling or not). Their hopes were, however, disappointed, for their towers of defence were soon disposed of and the School received a disgraceful defeat. The match lasted three or four hours and we will now see what the boys managed to do with themselves during that time.

I was at first sitting among the ladies, and I was rather amused at their telling me, how every match-day, or indeed any time that

they show themselves in the field, they are immediately set upon by five or six of the non-cricketers, who will persist in hanging about them and, as I heard it expressed, flattering them with their looks and words. I hinted that they were rather hard upon them, for that the young men, for some of them were big enough to warrant that name, no doubt thought that they wanted enlivening and that, of course, they took themselves off when they had a hint to that effect. This made the ladies laugh and I must say I looked foolish, when I was told that they were impenetrable to all hints, and were boys in mind, for some hardly talked at all and the others mere nonsense. Just at that moment two or three bore down upon us, and I thought I would wait and hear what they had to say for themselves. They began—and what the ladies had said was quite true, for they talked such utter trash and seemed so affected that I took my departure from that part of the field, unwilling to hurt the lads' feelings by the laughter I could not restrain any longer.

I next went and mixed with the rest of the boys and I must say that if I was not greatly edified by their conversation, at any rate they talked naturally: from them I learnt that these lady-cultivators were thoroughly contemptible, that they made it their object to get introductions and their talk was only of the respective beauty of the fair sex. Their schoolfellows laughed, too, at the vanity with which the ugliest of them—and I must confess that some of them could not boast of particularly prepossessing appearances—decked themselves and fancied that they were the centre of the ladies' admiration. I noticed others, too, lounging round and round the field in pairs, dressed very smartly in light trousers, white waistcoats, and flashy ties, who eyed their more fortunate compeers near the ladies, with half sarcastic, half envious looks. These, I was told, had not been introduced, and that every match-day they walked round in the hope of attracting attention. The afternoon wore on and still the boys did not tire of their several pursuits, but carried them on to the very end, till the match was finished, at which point I walked away from the ground, at once amused and disgusted at the very folly of the thing

I remain, yours respectfully,

T. DIOGENES.

## SHERBORNE SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB.

### COMMITTEE.

W. C. PERRY, *President*,  
M. H. GREEN, *Vice-President*,  
E. C. MALAN, *Secretary*,

F. E. BENNETT,  
R. W. BOODLE,  
C. C. TANCOCK.

*March 5th.*—Proposed, C. H. Tamplin.—“That the pastime of Steeplechasing is a disgrace to any country.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Tamplin  
\*Kelly  
\*Heathcote  
\*Bennett  
\*Green  
de Winton  
Holland  
Hall

*Noes.*  
\*Cresswell  
\*Forman  
\*Perry  
\*Malan  
\*Tancock  
Upcott

At the same meeting a rule was proposed by the President, and passed—“That all members appearing a quarter of an hour late be liable to rule XXIII of the Society.”

*March 19th.*—Proposed, W. C. Perry.—“That Capital Punishment ought to be abolished.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Perry  
\*Upcott  
\*Cresswell  
\*Bennett  
\*Kelly

*Noes.*  
\*Boodle  
\*Forman  
\*Malan  
\*Tamplin  
\*Green  
de Winton  
Holland  
Hall

Another rule was passed at this meeting (proposed by the President)—“That all members having books, or being otherwise employed during the debate, be liable to rule XXIII.”

*March 26th.*—Proposed, S. B. Cresswell.—“That Theatres are prejudicial to Society.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Cresswell  
\*Malan  
\*Tancock  
\*Holland  
Hall

*Noes.*  
\*Boodle  
\*Tamplin  
\*Forman  
\*Perry  
\*Kelly  
\*Bennett  
\*Heathcote  
de Winton

*April 2nd.*—Proposed, R. W. Boodle.—“That Hannibal is the greatest general that ever lived.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Boodle  
\*Cresswell  
Perry

*Noes.*  
\*de Winton  
\*Forman  
\*Kelly  
\*Green  
\*Malan

*Noes.*  
\*Tamplin  
Tancock  
Upcott  
Heathcote  
Hall

*May 7th.*—Proposed, L. E. Upcott.—“That Compulsory Military Service is disadvantageous to a Country.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Upcott  
\*Green  
\*Tancock

*Noes.*  
\*Forman  
\*Boodle  
\*Bennett  
\*Kelly

*Noes.*  
de Winton  
Cresswell  
Holland

*May 1st.*—Proposed, C. C. Tancock.—“That Queen Elizabeth does not deserve our admiration.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Tancock  
\*Cresswell  
\*Forman  
Malan  
Bennet  
Holland  
Hall  
Heathcote

*Noes.*  
\*Boodle  
\*Green  
\*Bennett  
\*Upcott  
\*Kelly  
de Winton

*May 26th.*—Proposed, W. C. Perry.—“That England no longer deserves a place among the first nations of the world.”

*Ayes.*  
\*Perry  
\*Kelly  
\*Boodle  
\*Forman  
Holland

*Noes.*  
\*Upcott  
\*Tancock  
\*Green  
\*Bennett  
\*Malan

*Noes.*  
de Winton  
Cresswell  
Heathcote  
Hall

*An Asterisk is prefixed to the name of every member who spoke during the debate.*