

Vol. V, No. XX.]

[Price 6d.

THE  
**SHIRBURNIAN.**

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SECOND SERIES.

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“A trivial Grammar School text, but worthy a wise man's consideration.”—*Bacon's Essay on Boldness.*

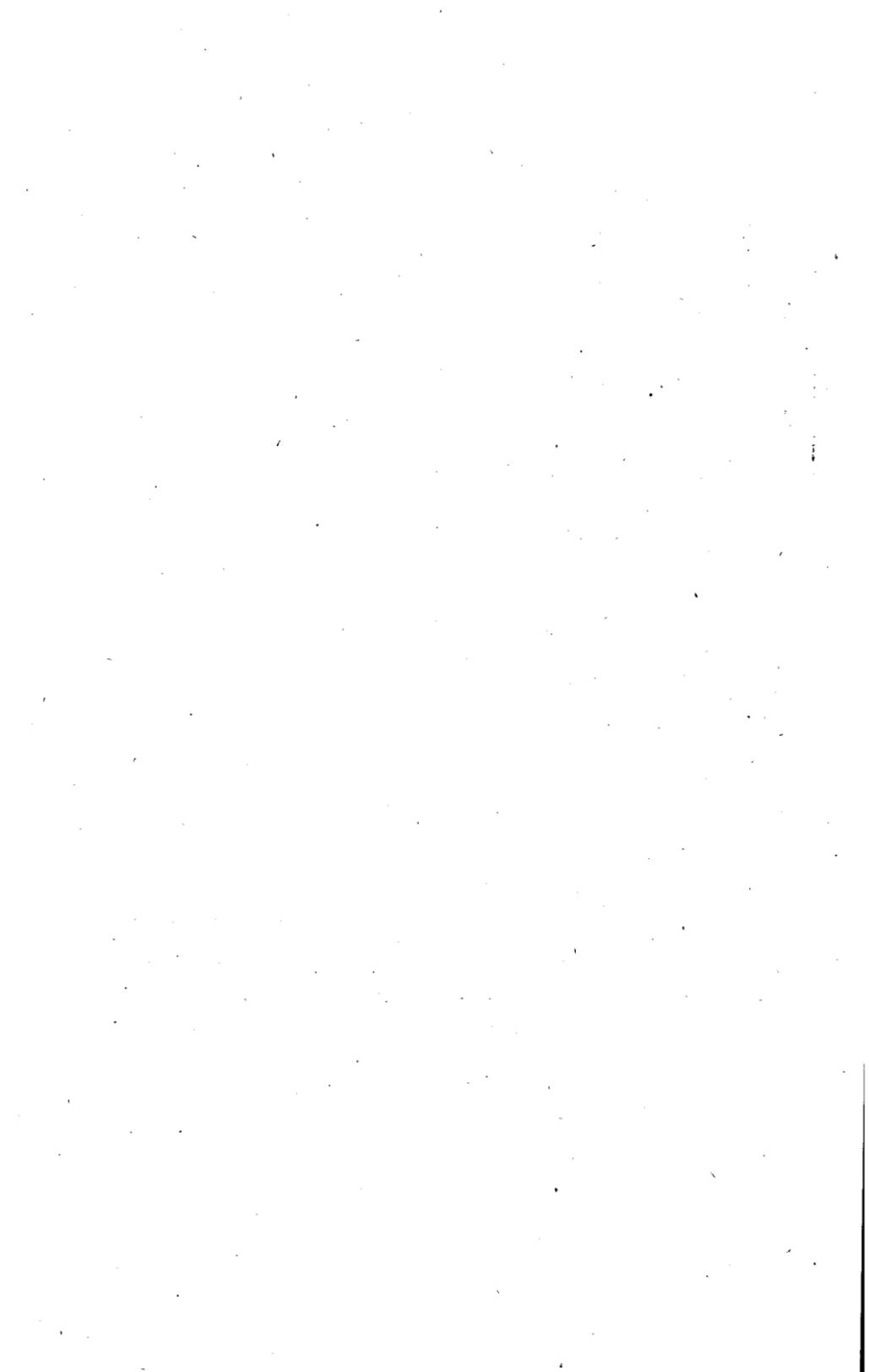


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APRIL, 1870

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Sherborne:  
PUBLISHED BY JAMES ELLIS, BOOKSELLER,  
THE PARADE.



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A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIMES.

**A**USICAA sleeps in a palace fair,  
Whilst two female slaves,  
The dastardly knaves,  
Are trying to keep watch just outside on the stair.  
Now Minerva she made up her mind to get in,  
How she did it she didn't care, no, not a pin,  
For she thought that to show herself just within  
Would be very good fun, and yet no sin.  
As she sat on her throne high up in the air,  
She saw down there  
The maiden fair,  
And she thought to herself, "Now I declare  
She's uncommonly pretty, she'd make a good wife  
For my old friend Ulysses, who's been all his life  
Travelling over a world of strife."  
She thought for a while, then she hatched up a plot,  
Indeed I dare say that she thought of a lot:  
But she made up her mind that she'd look like a ghost,  
And go in and stand just up by the post

Of this princess's bed, with its sheets so clean,  
 But she didn't know how,  
 Without making a row,  
 She could ever get in, or without being seen.  
 She thought of the chimney, she thought of the door,  
 She thought of the window, and then of the floor,  
 But to save her life, she couldn't think how  
 She could ever get in without making a row.  
 At last she thought of a plan that seemed fair,  
 She made herself up into empty air,  
 And then through the key-hole gently crept  
 Near where the maiden so quietly slept.  
 Then she went and stood at the top of the bed,  
 When Nausicaa woke ; then the goddess said—

“Hollo my friend ! pray why is this

“Your dirty clothes are lying about?

“You must get up at break of day

“And go to the river and wash 'em out.

“Why don't you know, you'll be married soon,

“And what do you think they'll say

“When you put it off, and dally about :

“Don't you know there's death in delay?”

This makes her jump up, so she runs to the hall  
 Where her father is passing his judgment on all,  
 And she begs her mamma and her dear papa  
 To lend her the mules, and the donkey car,  
 To go down to the river, for 'it's not very far' :  
 They both give her leave, and what is more,  
 They gave her some dinner to eat on the shore,  
 With slave attendants to help her there,  
 And to see that everything went on square.

She went out, and drove at a terrible pace,  
 You'd have thought she was out for a steeple chase.  
 When she came to the river's bank, 'tis plain,

She met a poor man, Odysseus his name,  
He's a very great hero, quite well known to fame,  
(Of course you know each of these things mean the same;)   
At first her breast was filled with alarm  
At this fearful man, so he spun this yarn :—

“ I am a poor sailor,  
“ I've nothing to do ;  
“ I have not a coat,  
“ And I have not a shoe.  
“ My garments I've lost  
“ In a storm that arose :  
“ Take pity I pray thee,  
“ And give me some clothes.”

Now the poor attendants at seeing the man  
Took fright, and then turning, cut it and ran,  
But the princess being pluckier far than them all,  
Forthwith uttered this warning call—

“ Come back now every fearful maid,  
“ Just look at me  
“ And then you'll see  
“ That there's nothing at all to make you afraid.  
“ This poor man here wants a wrapper or something,”  
(To ask for a wrapper 'tis true is a rum thing,  
But what would A. Tennyson do, or Byron,  
To render in English ' Eilūma speirōn'?)  
“ Just fetch me one of those we brought,  
“ That is not too long nor yet too short :  
“ Then run along the edge of the brook,  
“ And try and find out some shady nook  
“ That's far away from the public path,  
“ As this fellow here wants to take a bath.”

Then Odysseus went off, and washed himself clean,  
And wrapt himself up, till quite fit to be seen,  
Having made up his mind to walk to the town,  
Which Nausicaa said was of no small renown.

Now reader I've done, if you wish to know more,  
 There was an old Greek wrote in days of yore,  
 And he told the legend I've just told you,  
 Though I really can't swear that it's all quite true.

N.B.

If ancient and modern you'd like to mix,  
 Just turn to the Odyssey Book No. VI.

T. N.

#### INDIVIDUALITY.

**T**HE doctrine of Equality has made such progress of late years, that it is no uncalled-for task to attempt to shew the dangers which its full acceptance might inflict on mankind. Few of those who discuss the subject, start, or even wish to start, with a clear idea of what equality means. Judging from the use sometimes made of the term, there is a prevalent idea that all men are, or ought to be, on a dead level in every conceivable particular. The advocates of this idea are themselves a standing evidence of the falsity of one half of their theory: as nobody would dream of looking on their modicum of intelligence as a fair representation of that of the human race in general. A critic, not long ago, remarked, that if all men were really equal, socially, morally, and intellectually, the result would be much the same as the cheerful prospect of a flat fen-country, and the French language would not stand alone in possessing such a word as ennui. The fact is that individuality is the life of the world. "If all the body were an eye, where were the hearing?" In the same way, if every man were a mathematician, we might indeed all be engaged in calculations, but meanwhile it is not improbable that we should have nothing to calculate, to say nothing of the probability of not finding sustenance

during our occupation. And variety is the only thing which will make any occupation, or anything in life, endurable. A man who is forced to confine himself to a monotonous round of employments, soon degenerates into a mere machine, and neither he nor his work is any the better for it. It is perhaps a dangerous analogy to argue from one man to the whole race: but in this case it seems even more certain that without innumerable varieties, not only in tastes but in powers and capacities, life would be unliveable, and the world a desert. A wide experience would become impossible; the slightest observation might justify us in assuming the universality of every law; and the mind would remain unstrengthened, the imagination unstimulated, the higher powers of man an utter waste. The same enthusiasts who desire to see this state of things, seek a stimulus in another quarter. They are always advocates of change and revolution; they would certainly be consistent in that advocacy if their utopia of equality were realized. But the uses of change are very much the same as those of variety in existing things; and just as

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

So in different parts of the world, so in the same part, at the same time, it is well that there should be found men of every shade of character, station, and powers, as well as institutions and employments of various kinds, which could not be without a difference in the framers of the institutions, and the doers of the works, to start with. The time happily only existing in poetical imagination,

“Ere England’s griefs began  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,”

could never have lasted long. A mere animal life, where everyone merely lived to till the ground, and to eat the fruits of it, would either so far animalise men as to set them all fighting, or kill them off from sheer dullness. Political economy is all very well, but the inferior beasts themselves require some recreation besides grazing and ruminating: and if they have nothing better to do, they will

butt one another. Yet this is the state to which we should be consigned if every man were equal, (the level would not be high if the average were the same as now,) and if every man had just enough to live on, and not enough to do anything more on. We cannot shut our eyes, it is true, to the fact that now some must strive, or nearly so, to make the life of men in general worth living. But even this is hardly necessary : the spread of civilization, which will not be promoted by the policy of levelling down, so greatly exemplified in the memorable Bill which has left its stigma on last year, the spread of civilization, especially if accompanied by a little more Christianity than has ever yet gone with it, will do much to check if not stop material distress. And along with this, the present move in favor of education is a sign of a brighter future, when possibly ignorance, if it exists, may be merely wilful : when there will be a larger field, including every nation, and every individual of every nation, from which the highest intellectual powers may be taken. No mute inglorious Miltons will then waste their sweetness on the desert air, though their companion Cromwells may still be guiltless of their country's blood, and employ their talents more profitably. Such may be the prospect now opening before us : and anyone who can persuade himself that it will be so may well echo Tennyson's lines, his spirit may indeed

" Leap within him to be gone before him, then  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men,  
Men our brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,  
That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do.  
Not in vain the distance beckons ; forward, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change ;  
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day ;  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Only then perhaps Cathay and Europe may be equal in enlightenment, though diverse in character, and still preserving their individuality. The condition of any high state of culture is variety ; the same man cannot be eminent in everything ; and yet no branch of knowledge or of anything else can be pursued far, unless every other branch is also advancing. Like Milton's birds "with mutual wing easing their flight," the mechanic teaches the Astronomer the laws

of motion, which govern the regions he observes : the Astronomer in turn will tell the sailor how to guide his course over the seas ; the sailor will bring the precious things of foreign lands for the philosopher to examine, and the artisan to manufacture ; and the golden rule of toil co-operant to an end pervades the whole of nature :

“For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.”

Where would all this be if all were alike ? And not only if all were alike, but if all were equal in any way ? Inequalities of power are the source of eccentricities, and of originalities ; and originality or eccentricity, call it by either name, for the two are one as far as results go, produce every invention and every improvement in art or science, or in the whole world. Nay, even what we condemn at first sight works with the rest ; it was no idle allegory that Prometheus stole down fire from heaven : the men who are now most execrated for their crimes have, even by those crimes, benefited the human race, and led the way in the march of progress. The cruelty and recklessness of life and suffering which built the pyramids, which raised the walls of Babylon, which caused and carried on the great wars and the great revolutions of the world. All these monstrosities, as they seem at first sight, and deformities of human nature have led to the ennobling of man, to discoveries and inventions, to the most lasting monuments of dominion, and of the triumph of mind over matter. The history of our Cathedrals, unrivalled as they are in architectural magnificence, is not always creditable to their founders. The greatest sculptors and painters were not always the best of men, and unworthy motives have led to the worthiest performances. Then shall we say that the effect does not justify the existence of the cause ? The evil that is in the world is no more unmixed than the good is ; and often its seen or secret results are the highest good on earth. Who regrets the wars which made England what it is ? The hard training which educated the world to the advanced stage already attained, and the hard training which must be anticipated if we are really to go on advancing ? When

Wordsworth could say, and De Quincy could commend him for saying,

“God’s most perfect instrument  
For working out his grand intent  
Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter :  
Yea, carnage is his daughter,”

it is hard to deny that the advocates of war have much to plead in its behalf. As Tennyson appeals to the upholders of peace to put down not war, but the passions which lead to war,—ambition, avarice, pride, jealousy :

“The evil tongue and the evil ear,  
For each is at war with mankind,”

in the same spirit it is possible to appeal from these to the good they do, unconsciously indeed and unwillingly, but none the less effectually and surely. Ambition is attacked. It has found defenders worthy of it. Everyone knows that

“Fame is the spur which the clever spirit doth raise,  
(The last infirmity of noble minds)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days,”

many a man has done for fame and for honour and power what he would never have done, what would never have been done at all, without that stimulus. The fame desired may not be the best, the power gained may be unworthily exercised, but the desire does its work. Pride or avarice may save men from meanness, or from rashness, when there is no other motive strong enough to do so. The dread of ‘the evil tongue and the evil ear’ may have a salutary effect, not indeed upon the malicious, but upon those who keep on their guard to avoid giving them a handle. And if these passions had not existed themselves, and given rise to war and misery, we should never have read the Iliad ; we should never have seen the grandeur of Rome ; the states of Greece might have sunk as they did when a servile peace was all that was left them, and as some think that England is sinking now. There is meaning in the charge that we are a nation of shop-keepers ; if we settle down in peace, and think peace is all, that we have no duties to our fellow-men beyond lowering ourselves to their level, giving up the attempt to

exalt them to ours as vain, and teaching them that all are equal, and that no man should venture to desire more than to eat and drink, and work that he may do so : if we forget that we have minds as well as bodies, and still more, that we have souls as well as bodies, if money is to be the sole object of our lives, and if the sole object of policy be to take care that one man has not more money than another, and that no man shall rise intellectually or in any other way above his fellows : then we may as well plead guilty to the indictment at once, and the best thing that could happen would be what would inevitably follow,—that some stronger, wiser, and nobler nation should come and sweep us off the face of the earth.

Di meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum !

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FROM CATULLUS.

ITH Diana's company  
Girls and boys as pure as she  
Let us sing Diana's name  
Boys and girls of virgin fame.  
Daughter of Latona, styled  
Mighty Jupiter's own child,  
Whom thy mother bore and laid  
In the Delian olive's shade ;  
Destined queen of mountain-height  
And of glades that shrink from sight,  
And of green and leafy woods,  
And of rivers' torrent-floods ;  
Mothers call thee in their pain  
Juno who relieves the strain ;  
Lady Trivia art thou high,  
And the Moon with borrowed light.  
Month by month and day by day,  
Measuring thy yearly way,  
Goddess thou the rustic shed  
Fillest with good store of bread.  
Whatsoe'er thy chosen name,  
Thou art holy all the same ;  
Save with wonted kindness us,  
Sons of ancient Romulus.

M. H. G.

## HOMER AND VIRGIL.

 PROPOSE very briefly to suggest a broad distinction which exists between the two great Epics of antiquity. Many of the readers of the *Shirburnian* have at present an opportunity of observing how far it is a true one; else I would hardly have ventured to introduce a topic savouring so strongly of the Class-room. In the series of lectures which the late John Keble delivered before the University of Oxford, whilst professor of Poetry, he drew a comparison of which the following is the key-note: "Homerus propter homines flumina ac silvas, Virgilius fluminum ac silvarum gratia ponit facta moresque hominum." Is it not true as he says that Homer's poetry is a stage over which the men, women, and horses pass fighting, loving, and weeping by turns, while Virgil's is a picture in which we admire the streams, and dales, and woods? Homer, if he had not been Homer, would have been Achilles, and fought, not sung. Virgil would have been the Mantuan farmer still, and gone round his fields, chuckling with a true farmer's glee over his smiling cornlands, sleek teams, and tightly packed hives and barns; or grumbling and cursing with a true farmer's zest at his crows and his twitch, (Geor. I, 118.) Homer's stage is not bare of scenery, but the woods and streams are there only at the scene shifter's mercy to make an arena for his heroes to fight in: Virgil's men and horses come trampling ruthlessly over the smiling picture, as much out of place as in a sunny landscape of Claude's. So too Claude himself thought, for when he went to the *Æneid* for a subject, he did but transfer to canvass the prettiest of all the pretty pictures in it, (*Æn.* VII, 25.) True, it was a culminating point of interest in the adventures of the hero and his companions. Their troubles by land and sea were over, and they were at last setting foot in the promised land. But it was the bright early morning, the unruffled sea, the richly wooded Tiber's mouth, the birds making the air melodious with their songs, that he, like his

master, painted ; not the few figures disembarking in the foreground. The Xanthus, the Simois, the shore of the Troad, though painted as scenery never was yet, would fail to recall the Iliad or Homer. We would ask, where were Ajax, Hector, and Achilles ? How came it then that the Mantuan farmer transferred his Georgics into an epic poem like the Æneid, where there is hardly a page but betrays the debt it owes to the Iliad ? How came Æneas, Turnus, and Mezentius to be trampling and fighting beside the yellow Tiber, the majestic Eridanus, or his darling Mincio ? Why, in short, did he write the Æneid ? And why, (if the old story be true,) did he order it to be burnt when on his deathbed ? His gratitude to Augustus for restoring once more those dearly-loved acres, after they had been torn from him to reward the Emperor's triumphant veterans, was strong enough to make him do anything ; strong enough to make him sing his benefactor's praises, and those of his people in twelve long dreary books : strong enough to make him write the Æneid. But the distasteful task had been done, his mind eased, Augustus repayed, Mæcenas and Horace satisfied. Why should it live to tell a false tale to posterity, to proclaim him an Epic instead of a Bucolic poet, a follower of Homer instead of Theocritus ?

Nor are we left merely to infer all this without his own authority for it.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes ;  
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius,

is his true motto. See too what he says of his unfitness for the lofty themes of Heroic verse in the beginning of the sixth Eclogue ; and how Horace, who knew the bent of his mind if any one did, puts him down among the pastoral poets :

Forte epos acer  
Ut nemo, Varius ducit : molle atque facetum  
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camænæ.

Dying men, burning cities, and bloody fights there may be, and are, in the Æneid, but they are never introduced without a shudder.\* His hero too, though always ushered in as 'pius' and 'pater', is after  
\*Æneid II, 427. Æn. IX, 774. Æn. X, 517. Æn. X, 782. Æn. XII, 517.

all not a real flesh and blood hero. He has no distinctive personal characteristics. He moves about uneasily under the weight of Roman tradition, with which he is invested. We can not realize him as we do the chivalrous Achilles, the bull-dog Ajax, or above all that noble type of a true gentleman, Hector. He wins neither sympathy or approval from us in his dealings with Dido, whom he is evidently ashamed of meeting again, and not without reason, in the world below. (*Æn.* VI, 469.)

How different it is in the *Iliad*. We never lose sight of Achilles. If Homer goes out of his way to tell us Nireus was the handsomest man that fought beneath the walls of Troy, he stops to add 'after the blameless son of Peleus'. He is alike superior in strength to Ajax, in counsel to Odysseus, in fight to Hector. He goes to the war a conscious victim, his choice, a short life but a glorious one. Is he angry? Troy is safe. Is he appeased? It totters to its doom. He carries the fortunes of all Asia and Greece in his grasp. We are dazzled by the splendour of our hero.

But all our admiration for Achilles does not diminish, nay rather it increases our love for Hector. Was there ever such a noble knight as he? So brave, so pure, so forgiving? Well might Andromache weep for him. Is there anything in the *Æneid* that could touch one like that wail of her's? I confess I know no passage in Virgil likely to rouse our sympathies so keenly as that near the end of the third *Georgic*, where the ox in the plough laments for his 'brother's' death. If this be true, if a poet of Virgil's powers fail to enlist our sympathies on behalf of his heroes, it must be because he felt none with them himself. His interest lay in his farm, his sympathies with its four-footed denizens, his enjoyment in scenery, scenery too of a quiet woodland kind. Notice how fond he is of rivers. Virgil's rivers would have been Homer's hills.

To conclude, is there not something of the same difference in the outward form as in the inward spirit of the two epics? Virgil's hexameters come on, it is true, with the matchless precision and regularity of well-trained infantry, but Homer's are on horseback. They bear down on us like a charge of cavalry, making the ground shake beneath their tread.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Mr. Editor,

Time was when I need hardly have apologized for asking your acceptance of an Epigram. But things are changed. The petty puerilities of Latin Verse are doomed. They are to be put away as childish things. The intellectual giants of a succeeding age will have their mental thews and sinews developed on a sterner ground. Jacobians, Quadrics, and Hydrochloride of Magnesium will soon be names on every infant's tongue. May be however, Mr. Editor, the less strong-minded of the *fair* sex, who have recently shewn such avidity to enter on our labours, may find in days to come a congenial occupation in mounting the well-worn steps to Parnassus, and indite charming Latin Sapphics on the gilt-edged Valentines of a future Rimmel. The Managers of the new College at Hitchin are welcome to the hint. Meanwhile let the following serve the future readers of the *Shirburnian* as a monument to the imbecillity of their predecessors.

Dick finding a purse left a rope on the ground,  
Jack losing his purse used the rope which he found.

Sustulerat follem laqueumque reliquerat ille,  
Se follem repetens sustulit hic laqueo.

Absentis rapuit sinum Macrini  
Davus, sed laqueum suum reliquit,  
Quem Davus rapuit sinum requirens,  
Reperto laqueo est Macrinus usus.

ICTHYOSAURUS.

[Another rendering of the above epigram has occurred to us. It runs as follows:

Fur laqueo saccum mutat, desiderat alter  
Cujus erat saccum, sic fruitur laqueo. *Eds. Shir.]*

Dear Mr. Editor,

I happened the other day to see a Football match played at the Oval between respective elevens of England and Scotland, and was quite surprised at the simplicity of the game I saw played there. In the first place, nobody was allowed to touch the ball with their hands at all while it was "inside," and ergo there

was no running with or grovelling for it, which certainly was a great advantage. Then there was no such thing as hacking, tripping, or even touching the ball down either behind the goal or outside, for when it went behind it was merely kicked off again, and when outside the person who kicked it out sent it in again. The goals too were different from our Sherborne ones as instead of having to kick over a high bar they had to kick under a low one, a much more difficult thing to do against a good goal keeper. From the absence of hugging and grovelling and of anything like drop-kicking the game was both more lively than those we play at Sherborne frequently are, and much fairer for fellows who could not kick, and yet could "dribble": for if I remember right, fellows after having earned a "touch down", are frequently obliged to let some other fellow have the "*kudos*" of kicking the goal, because of their not being able to do so themselves. Now I am not disparaging our Sherborne game, as I have enjoyed it far too much myself for that, nor have I the slightest expectation of my suggestions being adopted, opposed as they are to popular prejudice, but still I think that our Rules might with advantage be simplified.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.,

P. O. U. S.

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Dear Mr. Editor,

Although it is generally thought to be untrue that birds can speak the Queen's English, yet the gods have given us speech to put forward our wrongs before the public. At the present time there is great cawing and wailing going on in our home at Corton, at the great destruction of our eggs which has taken place during the last fortnight. Although between us all we have laid more than one hundred eggs, yet there are only five left, and one of them has just now been broken by being trodden upon. Nearly every afternoon we are frightened at seeing boys climbing up to our nests, and robbing us of our greatest treasures. Now I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will use your influence to put a stop to

this wanton cruelty. We do not mind giving up a few eggs for the cause of science, but we really cannot, with justice to our race, spare so many as have been taken.

With many caws of friendship, I remain,

Your faithful bird,

A ROOK AT CORTON.

N.B. We claim relationship with your School, as we used often to come and see our cousin Jack, the Raven, in days gone by.

[We cannot help expressing a hope that our old friend the Rook's account is exaggerated, but we are quite sure such a touching appeal will not prove fruitless. *Eds. Shir.*]

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Dear Mr. Editor,

In most Museums there is a Magazine containing accounts of additions made to them ; articles written by members ; and questions, and answers on scientific subjects. Here, I believe, this is found to be impossible, on account of the small number of members, and for other reasons.

In your last number, you say that you find a scarcity of subjects for your pages, would it not be a good plan to allow a page or two of the *Shirburnian* to be entirely devoted to scientific subjects, questions, answers, and the like. I should think two or three pages could readily be filled, and if more room was wanted, perhaps the Museum would agree to pay something towards the increase of size. At any rate fellows who wished to gain information on scientific subjects could do so, and I can answer for it that some fellows would write articles about them. I hope I shall not be thought interfering, but I only wished to make the suggestion in hopes of its being of some use, and not wishing to see the last of the *Shirburnian*.

Yours truly,

G. G.

[We have always wished our pages to be open to articles and letters on all subjects in which any fellows would be likely to take an interest, and shall be very pleased if the suggestion which is so modestly made by G. G. is taken up by any of our scientific subscribers. *Eds. Shir.*]

## BIRDS OF SHERBORNE.

AS the season for egg-collecting is coming round, a few notes on the birds and eggs obtainable in this district may be of use to some of the egg-collectors in the School. I have in the last five seasons met with more than seventy species, and of the less common of them I give some of my notes.

Taking Yarrell's *British Birds*, of which there is a copy in the Library, as my reference book, I begin with the 'RAPTORES', or Birds of Prey.

The *Kestrel* (*Falco tinnunculus*) is the common Hawk of the district, especially common in the valleys about Yeovil and Trent. These birds build in high trees, or avoid the trouble of building by making use of an old Magpie's or Jay's nest, and begin to lay about the middle of April. The eggs are five or six, and of a dark mottled red colour.

The *Sparrow Hawk* (*Falco nisus*) is less common, but may be met with almost every year. I have never found the nest myself, but have bought the eggs from a country boy. It builds rather later than the Kestrel, and in the same sort of places. The eggs are usually five, of a bluish white ground colour mottled with red; they vary much, some specimens having but a small spot here and there, others being almost covered with large brown blotches. I have seen no trace of any other Hawk in the district: and next pass to the *White* or *Barn Owl* (*Strix flammea*), which builds in holes in trees, or old walls. The eggs are round, white, and five in number, and may be found in May and the early part of June. I have known four or five nests taken, and the bird itself is very common.

The *Red-backed Shrike* (*Lanius collurio*), of the family of INSESSORES,) is commoner here than in many places. He is also known as the 'Butcher Bird' from his habit of taking unfledged nestlings

from their nests, and sticking them on thorns, with a view, it is said, of attracting insects on which he feeds. This bird, which may easily be recognised by his grey head and chestnut back, is migratory, but appears in the spring, and begins to build in May. He builds a largish nest, in a thick low bush or hedge, and lays five or six eggs of a pale cream colour, with a ring of darker spots, usually round the large end. The thorns round the nest will often be seen covered with large beetles, or young birds, the food of this greedy bird. He is also said to allure small birds, which he could not otherwise catch, by imitating their notes.

Of the *Flycatchers* (Muscicapidæ), one only is common,—the *Spotted* (Muscicapa Grisola), a migratory bird which arrives in May. The nests may be found early in June, built against the trunk of a tree, or in the smaller twigs, or in a creeper running up a wall. The nest has been taken in the ruins of Sherborne Castle, and in a quarry in Sandford lane. Its eggs are five or six in number, and of a pale blue tint blotched with light red, sometimes of an almost uniform reddish brown.

The representatives of the *Thrush* family, (Merulidæ,) are three, all very common. The *Missel Thrush* (Turdus viscivorus), whose eggs are five or six in number, of an olive green with liver coloured spots, the *Song Thrush* (Turdus musicus), and *Blackbird* (Turdus merula), are too well known to need description.

Of the *Warblers* (Sylviadæ), the nest and blue eggs of the *Hedge Sparrow* (Accentor modularis), are very common: so too the *Robin* (Erythaca rubecula), our tamest bird. I once found a Robin's nest under a tuft of grass in the lower part of our Cricket field. The *Redstart* (Phœnicura ruticella), a migratory bird, reaches us in the middle of April. It builds in holes in trees and walls, and lays five eggs of a blue colour, smaller, but rather more elongated than those of the Hedge Sparrow. The nest has been found in the Park.

W. BROOME.

(To be Continued.)

## SCHOOL NEWS.

We are again able to record two successes at Oxford, which have been gained since our last number, each of them great successes too.

M. H. Green, formerly Captain of the school, who gained the School Exhibition whilst here, and an open Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has won the "Hertford", for acquaintance with the Latin language; a University Scholarship open to all members of the University who have not passed their eighth term. We are told that his answers to the Critical Paper were so good that they would almost have gained him the Scholarship unassisted.

The other success to be recorded is that of L. E. Upcott, who, in the Examination held last month, obtained an open Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. So far he has followed in Green's steps successfully; we must congratulate him heartily, and express a hope that he will still continue to follow the same example, and gain the school many half-holidays before he has finished.

Many old Shirburnians will be glad to hear that J. Gent, Esq., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxon, a short time ago master here, has been adjudged the prize of the Arnold Essay, open to all Bachelors of Art in the University. Subject, "The Ancient Scythians."

Dr. Moberley, the Bishop of the Diocese, held the annual Confirmation in the School Chapel, on Thursday, the 7th inst.; a large number of candidates presented themselves. His Lordship, in the course of the Service, gave a most instructive and interesting address, in which he referred to his large experience in training school boys for Confirmation, during the many years he was head master of Winchester School.

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 THE RACES.

Our Annual School Sports were held on the 30th and 31st July, in the most auspicious weather, which attracted an unusually large number of spectators. The ground, from the successive improve-

ments made on it for the last few years, was in splendid condition ; and as far as management and good order went, the Races were a complete success. We must tender our best thanks to those who offered prizes for competition, among whom were several old fellows. At the same time we cannot conceal our disappointment at the fact that more of the latter did not present themselves as competitors for the prizes given by the Rev. H. D. Harper and Mrs. Harper for old Shirburnians. The only excuse we can find for them is that they may have been frightened by a report that measles were prevalent in the School—a report which, though not unfounded, need have caused them no alarm from the harmless nature of the attack.

FIRST DAY.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, for all under 15.

This was the best junior throw we have had for many years, and was a great advance on that of last time.

1st, E. S. Eade. 2nd, W. Moore. Distance, 77 yds, 8 in.

Hurdle Race of 300 yds. over 12 flights.

Previous winners to give 10 yards.

Hall, notwithstanding his disadvantages, made the result of the race very doubtful : but Twynam, by well-timed running, won by a few inches. The third was some way behind ; Channer was a good fourth.

1st, H. T. Twynam. 2nd, E. S. Hall (10 yds.) 3rd, D. Jones.

Time, 44½ secs.

Flat Race of 300 yards, for all under 14.

As was expected, the first prize fell to Baker, who won easily. Twynam and Norman ran well for their respective places.

1st, R. A. Baker 2nd, G. E. Twynam 3rd, R. Norman Time, 42 secs.

Broad Jump.

First Prize presented by Sir W. C. MEDLYCOTT.

1st, E. S. Hall. 2nd, H. T. Twynam. Distance, 16 ft. 7 in.

Flat Race of 100 yards for all under 15. Heats.

1st, {	R. A. Baker	2nd, {	T. C. Fenwick	3rd, {	T. H. Vachell	4th, {	W. Norman
	F. B. Scott		W. Moore		R. Norman		C. E. Wilmot
	R. T. Finch		H. M. Leggatt		J. W. Gill		E. Tanner

Final heat :—1st, R. A. Baker 2nd, T. C. Fenwick 3rd, T. Vachell

Time, 13 secs.

Hurdle Race of 200 yards, over 8 flights, for all under 16.

Shettle and Edwards were running a good race, when the former met with an accident over a hurdle, and Edwards won easily. Shettle picked himself up, and with ardour unchecked came in close behind Weir, and carried off the third prize.

1st, F. Edwards    2nd, W. K. Weir,    3rd, J. H. Shettle  
Time, 29 secs.

Flat Race Handicap of 400 yards.

First Prize presented by A. F. E. FORMAN, Esq.

We were rather surprised at the results of this race, as is often the case in a handicap. All three winners ran in capital style, pushing all obstacles out of their way. Game was a good first, and Heathcote secured his place by a bold spurt at the last 10 yards. Adams, a small fellow, ran very pluckily.

1st, W. H. Game, (8 yds.)    2nd, J. C. Heathcote, (8 yds.)  
3rd, W. Adams, (45 yds.)    Time, 49 secs.

High Jump for all under 15.

First Prize presented by H. HAMMOND, Esq.

Caunter jumped the same height as in the previous year, and as everyone expected, easily carried off the first prize. Baker and Moore however obstinately refused to be beaten by each other, and after divers attempts carried off the second prize between them, for 4 ft. 4 in.

1st, J. H. Caunter    2nd,  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{R. A. Baker} \\ \text{W. Moore} \end{array} \right.$     Height, 4ft. 6in.

Flat Race of 200 yards for Preparatory School.

Scott was from the beginning selected as the winner of this race, and fully sustained the character that had been formed of him, coming in an easy first. Trelawny and Travers ran well for second and third, but the Cornishman was determined not to be done out of the second prize.

1st, Scott    2nd, Trelawny    3rd, Travers    Time, 32 secs.

Flat Race of Half-a-Mile.

This was an extremely good race: Heathcote led off at a rapid pace, and for the first two rounds took an easy lead, but in the third round he evidently seemed pressed, and yielded with a good

grace to Broome, who with a fine spurt in the last 100 yards, easily came in first: and afterwards to Game, who had wisely reserved a little of his strength for the final struggle: and had to content himself with the third place. Jones came in a good fourth.

1st, W. Broome    2nd, W. H. Game,    3rd, J. C. Heathcote  
Time, 2 min. 31 secs.

#### SECOND DAY.

Hurdle Race of 200 yards, over 16 flights.

First Prize presented by C. CHATTERIS, Esq.

Previous winners to give 6 yards.

This was a good race, but proved a moderately easy victory for Hall, who took the hurdles in capital style; Twynam, who was handicapped by 6 yards, did his best, but in vain, to make up the lost yards, and came in a good second.

1st, E. S. Hall    2nd, H. T. Twynam (6 yards)    3rd, W. Broome  
Time, 32 secs.

#### Throwing Cricket Ball.

The winner in this having thrown 99½yds. last year was expected to reach the 100 this time; but by ill-timed modesty apparently afraid of out-distancing his opponents, failed to do so: we must regret the absence of J. H. N. Barton, who had entered his name, but was kept away owing to a slight indisposition.

1st, W. H. Game    2nd, H. T. Twynam    Distance, 91yds. 2½ft.

Flat Race of 440 yards, for all under 16.

This race was run in splendid time; Edwards carried off the first prize with great ease, leading nearly the whole way and putting on a fine spurt at the finish. Pulling, true to his name, pulled off the second prize in capital style; Baker also well deserved his place though separated by a few yards from Pulling.

1st, F. Edwards    2nd, W. Pulling    3rd, R. A. Baker    Time, 60 secs.

#### High Jump.

First Prize presented by H. HAMMOND, Esq.

Here again we have to deplore the absence of J. H. N. Barton, who it must be remembered carried off the first prize last year with

Channer, at 5ft. ; Channer evidently either missed the excitement of the competition or was reserving his strength for greater achievements next year, though we think this was mistaken policy. We were glad to see Phillips carry off the second prize by a very pretty style of jumping.

1st, O. H. Channer 2nd, E. Phillips Height, 4ft. 10½in.

#### Flat Race of 100 yards (Heats.)

Previous winners to give 4 yards.

In the second heat only three started, so the competition was not extensive and merely required the winners to walk over the course, a feat which Hall accomplished to perfection amidst the laughter of the spectators : the final heat proved a capital race ; Hall, who was handicapped four yards, tripped at the start and failed in getting a place ; Heathcote was followed by Twynam close at his heels, and Tancock pressed Jones very hard for the third place, which he however refused to give up.

First Heat, { 1, J. C. Heathcote  
2, C. C. Tancock  
3, D. Jones

Second Heat, { 1, H. T. Twynam  
2, A. Adams  
3, E. S. Hall

Final Heat—1st, J. C. Heathcote 2nd, H. T. Twynam 3rd, C. D. Jones Time, 11 secs.

#### Flat Race of Half-a-Mile, for all under 15.

This was a splendid race, competition for places being very good ; For the first round Gill led, but not being in the best of training he had to relinquish his post, to be filled by Eade, who faithfully retained it to the end : Caunter for a long time looked as if he meant to carry off the second prize, but Leggatt who had kept himself well for the end, in the last round put on a most brilliant spurt, easily passed Caunter, and had there been a few more yards we think he would have carried off the first prize : all three victors deserve great praise.

1st, E. S. Eade 2nd, H. M. Leggatt 3rd, J. H. Caunter  
Time, 2 min. 42 secs.

#### Flat Race of 200 yards, for all under 13.

As was expected, Twynam won this race with great ease and

pluck. Finch and Taylor, though some way behind, shewed promising running.

1st, H. M. Twynam    2nd, T. R. Finch    3rd, E. F. Taylor  
Time, 28 secs.

Hurdle Race of 120 yards, over 12 flights. Heats.

First Prize presented by C. CHATTERIS, Esq.

Previous winners to give 4 yards.

The excitement in this race was intense, since Hall though handicapped by 4 yards in the final heat, caught them up, and ran in a dead heat with Twynam. It was decided that they should run it over again after the consolation stakes; this time Twynam, amid great applause, just succeeded, we may almost say by a hair's breadth: the running of both was certainly A I. Channer also ran very well, and came in a good third.

Final Heat:—1st, H. T. Twynam    2nd, E. S. Hall (4 yds.)  
3rd, O. H. Channer    Time, 21 secs.

Flat Race of 200 yards, for Old Shirburnians.

Prizes presented by the Rev. H. D. HARPER, and Mrs. HARPER.

Cooper won this with comparative ease, and was apparently in good training. H. P. Price and R. Henley came well in to the fore. The time was very good.

1st, C. H. Cooper    2nd, H. P. Price    3rd, R. Henley    Time, 22 secs.

Flat Race of One Mile.

First Prize presented by Rev. H. RAWLINSON.

Previous winners to give 4 yards.

For the first two laps Cox led, forcing the pace; but after a time he was obliged to retire from the scene. Game judged the course to perfection, putting on well-timed spurts at various points in the race. Heathcote till the last round, was within the first three, but his training had not been sufficient to enable him to get a place. Jones ran in a good second; and Broome, notwithstanding the 30 yards he had to give, secured the third place. The time appears bad, but it may to a great extent be accounted for by the fact that the angles at the corners were too sharp. This race decided the destination of the Challenge Cup for greatest number

of first prizes, and at the same time brought back the first mile prize to the School house.

1st, W. H. Game 2nd, D. Jones 3rd, W. Broome

Time, 5 min. 45 secs.

Consolation Stakes of 200 yards, for all under 15.

(Open to all who have not won a prize up to the time of starting, but have run in a race.)

The prizes here were carried off as follows, by some good running :

1st, H. Tanner 2nd, E. Wilmot 3rd, W. Barnes Time, 26 secs.

Consolation Stakes of 200 yards.

This was won easily by Tancock. Adams, who had been tripped near the start, came in second, while Tufnell was a good third.

1st, C. C. Tancock 2nd, A. Adams 3rd, R. Tufnell Time, 24 secs.

CHALLENGE CUP for greatest number of First Prizes, W. H. Game

Presented by J. F. FALWASSER, Esq., and the Rev. H. D. HARPER.

CHALLENGE CUP for best average of Runs in Cricket, A.F.E. Forman

Presented by J. PARSONS, Esq.

CHALLENGE CUP for Fives, presented by the Masters, J.C. Heathcote

CHALLENGE BELT for best Bowling Average ... .. A.F.E. Forman

Presented by Major HAMMOND.

PRIZE for best average of Runs in Cricket ... .. A.F.E. Forman

PRIZE for second best ditto ... .. W. H. Game

PRIZE for best FIELDING ... .. W. H. Game

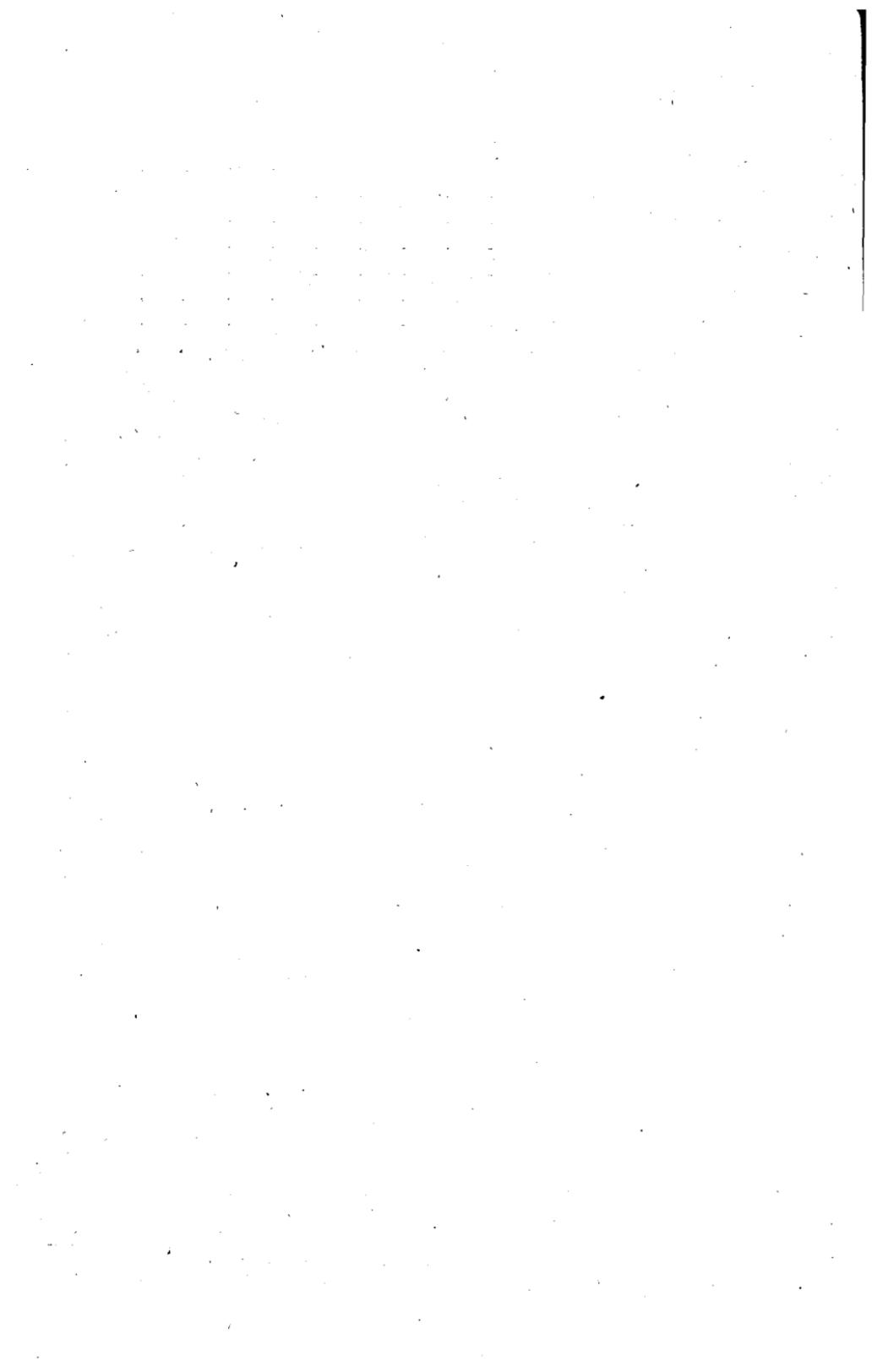
The prizes for Fives Matches were presented at same time :

SENIOR DOUBLE: 1, { W. H. Game 2, { J. C. Heathcote  
E. Atkinson J. H. N. Barton

SENIOR SINGLE: 1, J. C. Heathcote 2, W. H. Game

JUNIOR DOUBLE: 1, { J. Fortescue 2, { A. B. Bateson  
W. Game E. Hall

JUNIOR SINGLE: 1, J. Fortescue 2, A. B. Bateson



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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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No contribution will be inserted which is not the *bonâ fide* production of some one who is, or has been, a member of the School.

No anonymous contributions will be accepted: but the full name must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened if the article be rejected.

If an article is to be continued in successive numbers, the whole is to be sent in at once.

N.B.—No contributions will be returned.

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Cricket commenced as soon as the Races were over, and several matches have already been played. Our room does not permit of our inserting the account of any of them in this number, but we hope to do so in our next.

The account of Debating Club is postponed from want of room, as also further reports about Football.

“How we beat the Ballyrigger Club” shall appear in our next.

Reserved for further consideration—“A trip by water from Hayle to Bristol.”

Declined with thanks—“Once upon a time.”

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*Contributors are requested to write legibly, and only on one side of the paper.*

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