

Vol. VII, No. XXXVIII.]

[Price 6d.

THE
SHIRBURNIAN.

SECOND SERIES.

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



DECEMBER, 1872.

Sherborne:

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

CONTINUED.

ON the Thursday afternoon before we began work this term, I made up my mind to turn homewards with all the three peaks undone,—all our three cards unplayed. I had packed up and was ready to start down the Rhone valley next morning early for Geneva, when lo! before dinner, the north wind blew, the stars had that bright clear look which we had so long in vain watched for, and “Won’t you stop and have another try at her in the morning?” was irresistible. We agreed to get up at twelve and start at one, and try to do the Jungfrau in a single day, straight from the inn, as it was then far too late to think of starting for the Faulberg cave, to sleep that night. There were three of us this time, not counting guides, as a member of the Alpine Club turned up at the table d’hote, and asked to be allowed to join us. He had Zorfluh, a tolerably famous guide, with him, and we had Fischer and Meynig, as before. Fischer, indeed, was out sleeping in the Faulberg cave, but we calculated we should be able to pick him up about four in the morning as we passed up the glacier.

We were off, as agreed, by one, stumbling by lantern light up the stony zigzags of the Eggischorn path. It is very disagreeable

work by the fitful shimmer of the lantern, but we had during our long stay, got to know that path only too well, and in time we got down on the other side of the ridge, across the now empty Marjelen See, and on to the Aletsch glacier. By this time we could do without the lantern, and Zorfluh, who as the first ascender of the Dent Blanche (said to be the most difficult of all the Swiss peaks), enjoys some little reputation among guides, lectured the unfortunate Meynig a good deal, as being only a local man, and shewed him the way about his own glacier. I suppose it was about four when we got well abreast of the Faulberg cave, which is high up among the rocks on the left bank of the glacier. They jodelled for Fischer, and presently we were delighted to see him coming striding over the glacier with his axe under his arm, and uncoiling the rope as he came along. He scanned the party closely, smiled approvingly at us for trying again, put the rope round himself and then stood at ease while Meynig strapped us all up, and then without a word led off. Zorfluh was never heard of again. He relapsed into an unimportant unit, and never ventured to dispute supremacy with Fischer as he had done with Meynig.

There was no mistake about the weather this time. The Jungfrau was standing out in dazzling white against a cloudless blue sky, and so were all her neighbours. We rattled merrily along over the firm crisp snow, a very different process to our last journey, and in time got to the rocks we had turned back on before. On getting to the top of them, we had steep snow slopes for a very considerable time, and it began to get decidedly hot work. I suppose it was necessary not to lose more time than we could help, as we had only one day instead of the usual two, but I am inclined to think that the union of two parties tends to increase the pace. I rather think Fischer thought there would be no great harm in "extending" Zorfluh a little, and I do n't suppose any of us cared to be the first to ask for a stoppage. At all events, I know I had come to the conclusion that if Fischer did n't stop in about another minute I would be obliged to give in and call a halt, when all at once I heard a voice from the rear, "Halt." It was Zorfluh's employer, I am glad to

say, and I instantly assumed the air of a person who does n't mind stopping as a particular favour, but looks upon it as a nuisance. The parties' respiratory organs were all in very full working order, I concluded, on looking into the question, except Fischer's. We had now come to the interesting part of the ascent. In front of us rose a very very steep snow slope, seamed across by two yawning bergschrunds, and ending in a level ridge which led up on the right straight to the summit of a peak. The ridge we knew was the Roththal Sattel, the peak we knew was the top of the Jungfrau, but had I been asked, I should have said first that we could not get across the chasms, second that the snow near the Sattel was overhanging and would inevitably come down with us, and sweep us into the schrund, and thirdly, that if we once got on the Sattel, that sharp ice-covered needle was much too steep to climb. As no one thought of asking my opinion on any of these subjects, I did not communicate my views to the public, but Zorfluh was, as far as I could understand him, ennuiciating one or more of them. From Fischer he got contemptuous grunts in reply, and finally a peremptory request to hold his tongue, as far as I could judge from the tone. It was very interesting to see Fischer cross the schrund. He reached up with his axe in his right hand as far as he could, and pulled down deluges of snow into the chasm, which he managed to knead into consistency. Then he took a gigantic lunge and succeeded in driving his axe-head firmly into the snow on the other side, and by the hold he thus got, pulled himself on his stomach up across his newly-made snow bridge, and established himself. He then hauled us up seriatim by the rope, and when well established we proceeded up the snow staircase he made us, and across the second less troublesome schrund. On getting to the top, he was to be seen with his legs out in air, balanced on the pit of his stomach on the Sattel, and I suppose investigating things in the Lauterbrunnen valley beneath. The process seemed to give him great satisfaction, as he began to jodel vigorously. We all finally got on to the Sattel. It is a sharp edge no doubt, but not so bad as I expected by a great deal. You certainly can not see down into the

Roththal, as you are told, though if you slipped I have no doubt you would slide down into it, as in fact the party had done so fatally about three weeks before. Fischer's only other unsuccessful attempt to ascend, before the one I have just described in the last *Shirburnian*, ended at this point. He had two Frenchmen in tow, and one was very very much exhausted, but Fischer thought if he could only get him to the top of the Sattel, the view down on the other side would give him a fillip for the final climb, and he accordingly dragged him up, I believe, by main strength. The unfortunate man, however, on getting to the top, covered his eyes with his hands, and shrieked, "Abîme profonde, abîme profonde," and refused to do any thing but return to the Eggischorn, where he stayed and narrated the terrors of the Sattel to every fresh arrival, until the landlord had to interfere to prevent the custom of his inn being destroyed. The final climb was hard work for Fischer; he cut a *spiral* ice staircase patiently and carefully round the top of the peak, and we wound slowly up. It was perilously steep. I did not think so at the time, but I do now. It was so steep that, as I say, we were obliged to work up *spirally*, and a fall would have been disastrous. The top is a sharp edge about twenty feet long, nearly level, and falling sheer away on both sides like the roof of a house. We sat across it with a leg dangling on each side, all in a row, and ate and drank, and looked on such a view as the eyes of man seldom see. I won't attempt to describe it. It was the Jungfrau view on a perfect day. Every peak was glittering in the sun, against a deep deep blue sky, and far below was the Lauterbrunnen valley and Interlaken. It is stereotyped in the mind for ever, and herein lies the true charm of mountaineering. A view like that seen for only a quarter of an hour impresses itself so vividly on the mental retina, that it can always be recalled even amidst an English November fog. Then we came down again, Fischer *last*, as the most onerous post. Zorfluh and his man went down backwards all the way, looking down between their legs for each step. We went forwards. The great point is to lean boldly forward and not attempt to cringe in to the face of the hill. You can never fall

head foremost. It is the heels that fly out of the steps, owing to not keeping the centre of gravity well out over the feet. We went down steadily and firmly. None of us, I think, ever felt the slightest fear of falling, much less stumbled or hesitated. At the same time there can be no doubt that a fall at any point between the top and the Sattel would be an exceedingly dangerous matter, even with a Fischer behind as sheet-anchor. However we all came down famously, but I ought not to have passed over in silence the songs we had on the top. Fischer sings admirably, and favoured us with one or two German songs while the others joined in the chorus. The chief one was an exceedingly complimentary one about "Die Schönste Jungfrau" herself. It was about half-past three, I think, when we got back to the Faulberg, so that we had been at work for about $14\frac{1}{2}$ hours, going a very fair pace all the time. But long before then we had conceived a daring scheme. The weather on the morrow was almost an absolute certainty; we had got into the spirit of the thing, and I for my part felt if I was ever to see the top of the Finsteraarhorn, it would be next day (Saturday), or never, though I felt doubtful of my ability to do it after such a day, and the few hours' rest we should get on the straw in the cave. My companion was certainly quite equal to it, and exceedingly anxious we should try it together. Fischer thought I could do it, and accordingly we resolved to make the attempt. To get from the top of the Finsteraarhorn to Sherborne in ninety hours was a thing requiring some energy, but we calculated it was possible, and so it proved. Accordingly, the two detachments parted in the middle of the Great Aletsch glacier, after an interchange of invitations, probably never to meet again. But after all, the world is a very small place.

We clambered up to the cave and found it pretty well crammed. If I remember rightly, there were nine travellers and about fifteen guides, huddled together that night in that den. Yet of the nine travellers, of different nations, two proved to be college friends, and one of the guides an old co-voyageur of both of us. We were packed like herrings in a barrel. I had a very firm German elbow

in my eye, but I managed to sleep a bit, and on waking found Fischer sitting by the wood fire making chocolate, as calmly as possible, in the centre of an admiring circle. It is all very well now looking back,—one forgets the discomfort, and I will dismiss the subject with the remark that I have only slept in the Faulberg twice, and I don't care if I never sleep there again, and if I do, I hope I shall not have a German with an elbow quite so near me. We started with the lantern about two, I think, next morning, and a more startling exhibition of skill than we had from Fischer it would be difficult to imagine. The way he steered in and out among the labyrinth of crevasses on the glacier in the dark, now jumping, now step-cutting, winding and twisting but never at fault, but like a patient hound, slowly and surely scenting his way, was astonishing. As it happened, Meynig tried in returning to take us *back* over the same ground *in daylight*, and repeatedly was baffled (i.e., came to an impracticable crevasse), and had to return and try another route. How Fischer found his way seems to me a miracle. But he did, and when the sky began to grow grey in the East we were already merrily mounting the first snow slopes. What a sunrise that was. There was not a single patch of cloud on all that deep blue sky, and as each peak in its turn caught the rays of the coming sun, it became bathed in such intensely brilliant crimson hues as would pass all belief if transferred to canvas. I shall never forget the Aletschorn's noble pyramid, dazzling white from base to summit, cut out sharp against the intensely deep blue of the sky, and surmounted with that fiery crown of crimson, when we first turned and saw it. The first portion of our journey consisted in crossing the ridge separating the Aletsch and Viesch glaciers. It lay across a snow pass called the Grünhorn Lücke, in itself a good walk, and I remember reflecting as we descended to the Viesch glacier on the then crisp hard snow what a different process it would be wading up again in the afternoon, when the sun had made his influence felt. We crossed plenty of perfectly fresh chamois tracks, but I never either then or at any other time have succeeded in seeing any of these mysterious members of nature's Alpine club. Fischer was

evidently in great tune. He strode along at a round pace, down to the Viesch glacier, straight across it without a stop, and then straight, straight as a line up the face of the Finsteraarhorn. It was a new and more direct route. He literally cut his way straight up the face of the hill from base to summit. At first he used his axe with one hand, merely notching the snow as a support sideways for the foot. With an even rythmical swing of the right arm he cut the notches, and stepped upwards, not very fast, but at a fair pace, never stopping. Every now and then the rock protruded and we had a scramble, sometimes a stiff one. Then on again with that unceasing monotonous swing of the arm taking us up foot by foot. Soon the snow got harder, and it took a sturdier swing to fetch away the semi-frozen surface, but that iron arm of Fischer's never seemed to tire or falter, as the hours wore on. Then came the second breakfast, on a friendly rock, and the disastrous discovery that both chickens were left behind in the cave, and we had no flesh but a solid hard cube of something, tough as leather, and most nauseous in flavour. I admit all my efforts to swallow that repulsive chunk failed, and there was nothing for it but some bread and chocolate and wine. And now to it again; there's no mistaking the way. There's the top, and here are we, and if we mean to get up Fischer must cut a long weary staircase for us straight up that ice slope, for it is ice now, unmistakeable hard ice. It is very steep and each step needs four, five or six blows, besides clearing out, for no one must slip here. Fischer turns now each time as he steps up and holds the rope firmly. It is cold too, and as we look up to the ridge that stands out so sharp against the sky above us, we see little whirlwinds of snow rising from the top under the breath of the keen North wind. Fischer never stopped, never asked Meynig to relieve him, but cut the steps the whole way, a feat that might well have tried any muscles less trained than his. As we mount higher, gusts begin to sweep over the top, and he turns and shews us how we are to crouch down with knees to the ice if necessary when a fiercer gust than usual comes. I was next to Fischer, and as his foot left each step I cleaned out the fragments of ice with

my hands before stepping up. It was quite evident from the way in which the fragments of ice went hissing down the face of the hill that a fall here would be dangerous. It was bitterly cold too, and though our hands were in woollen bags, they began to grow numb as they grasped the alpenstock. Fischer had not calculated on a hard ice wall of this height in the new route, and he now had all his powers called into play. He cut each step most laboriously and carefully, and turned and watched with anxious face as we stepped up one by one after him, holding the rope tight in his hand, and ever and anon shouting a warning to Meynig, who was last of the party. We were now drawing near the edge, and still those little white whirlwinds of snow could be seen rising like small waterspouts, at different points along the crest. The prospect of a strong biting North wind in such a position was not exactly pleasant, despite Fischer's assurance that it *always* blew on the Finsteraarhorn arête, and that was the chief difficulty of the peak. About this point I remember asking him some question which he entirely misunderstood, and apparently took as an indication that I was not anxious to go much further, for he turned round and bellowed like an angry bull, "Courage, Vorwärts." I took this as a hint that he was not in a conversational humour, and left him to his chopping in peace, while I devoted all my energies to the proper adjustment of my centre of gravity.

(To be Continued.)

P. GERALDUS VAXIS.

 DJUNXI tua quod meis labellis
 Conatu temerario labella,
 Haec nostro est tribuenda culpa amori ;
 Si mulctare cupis male immerentem,
 Rursus oribus ora, labra labris
 Compone ; est etenim mihi hausta raptō
 Tanta ex basiolo prius voluptas,
 Omnis paene anima ut foras abiret,
 Et me linqueret ægra mens amore :
 Daretur si iterum mihi ore anhelō
 Ista mellitula ora suaviari,
 Septa mens mea transiliret oris :
 Culpa haec morte mea satin'luetur ?

IDEM ANGLICE REDDITUM.

 F I have placed my lips on thine,
 With more than mortal rashness dight,
 Love's is the blame, I vow, not mine ;
 My Joy, my Light !

If this my fault to chide thou seek,
 Tho' innocent and pure my breast,
 Again permit thy lips, thy cheek,
 On mine to rest.

For when I snatched that kiss away,
 My soul drank in such draughts of love,
 That life was fain to leave this clay,
 And soar above.

If once again with panting breath,
 'T were mine thy honied lips to win,
 My soul would cross these shores, and death
 Atone the sin.

M. C.

GUY FAUX DAY.

THE golden age of Literature is again springing to life from its ashes, more glorious than before. It is not however in prose that our geniuses give vent to their pent-up feeling, but in poetry. In truth it seems that the fountains of the muses have been flooded by the late rains, and poured their tempestuous waves over our editorial furrows. Our only marvel is that our old friend Telemachus, who has been silent these 2500 years or so, did not lead along the bold epic, while delighting our ears a month ago with his artless prattle.

Be that as it may, this month we have had no lack of poetical effusions. One gifted author sends us some two hundred heroics, of which we cannot refrain from giving a brief sketch. He commences by a somewhat lengthy invocation to the Muses, whom he appeals to as,

“The bright ones, who the broad Olympus hold.”

We were not previously aware that the Muses dwelt in Olympus, but it seems a more probable abode than our author's breast, though he speaks of himself later on as,

“A temple where Melpomene's adored.”

A truly touching metaphor! After this he plunges without more ado *in medias res*, and gives us a glowing picture of the glorious

customs with which our ancestors from time to time kept fresh in their memory the villany

“Of that accursed treacherous Guy Faux”,

describing “the aery rockets heaven-bound course”, the “many-spark-emitting squib”, and,

“Thou luminary of the tallow gens,
To whom great Rome her appellation lends”.

By this remarkable couplet we were at first fairly staggered, and though making every allowance for the poet's over-wrought brain, we were unable to find the clue. Some among us suggested that the passage was corrupt, and even conjectured *Thallogens*: this we believed was an order of plants. Could it be a new species of firework, resembling a fungus, a sort of rocket with a monstrously developed head? What then had Rome to do with it? Ha! a bright ray of inspiration illuminates our darkened intellect. How about Roman candles? The very thing; a candle is closely connected with tallow, in fact, the majority are made of tallow: hence all candles may be said to be of the tallow genus, or *metri gratia gens*; and after the passage has been so far elucidated, the connection with Rome is obvious.

To crown all, he compares the dealing-deathness, as he calls it, of the cracker, in the following expressive manner.

“As oft-times wanton boys with mischief full,
Goad into fury some revengeful bull,
He lashes round from side to side his tail,
Wrathful that every effort needs must fail;
At every lunge of his all-powerful hoof,
They sway about, eager to keep aloof.
E'en so the cracker, bounding with fresh force,
As every coil revealed some latent source,
Caused dire confusion 'mong the swaying cads,
Alarming young and aged, girls and lads.”

After the fire and energy expended in this magnificent simile, he relapses into a very mediocre style, and in fact becomes rather tedious; bewailing the sad way in which we have departed from

the good old time-honoured customs of our progenitors ; contrasting the glory of bye-gone bonfires and holokausts of effigies, with the miserable exhibition this 5th November in Sherborne,

“That ancient pile, that moss-encrusted heap,
In the winding street our sires of old called Cheap.”

For as he exclaims in his just indignation,

“Scarce one would dare, for sake of olden days,
At small expense to kindle to a blaze,
A penny squib or e'en a ha'penny one,
Such great degeneracy had on them come.”

After some more poetry of a like nature, our author takes leave of us with the expressive signature of 'Ardens'. Whether in this he alludes to the fiery nature of the work, or because having begun with fire, to use the words of Horace, he has ended in smoke we have as yet been unable to determine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,

It appears to me very strange that although jerseys have lately been ordered for the Twenty, caps have not. If the Eleven have a cap to distinguish them as superior beings, why should not the Twenty? I think that this subject, which has been mooted for a long time, should receive immediate attention.

Hoping that this will have the desired effect,

I am, yours truly,

C. H. W.

OLD SHIRBURNIAN SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

4, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,
November 8th, 1872.

Dear Sir,

I beg to inform you that the Annual Meeting will be held at the Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, Strand, on Monday, December 16th, at 5 p.m. ; when the accounts (an abstract of which is sent herewith) will be submitted, and the Officers elected for the ensuing year.

I have to suggest that, if you are desirous of making any proposition as to the Rules or otherwise, you will forward me a copy thereof, at least a week before the date of the meeting.

I take this opportunity of reminding you that the subscription for the year 1872-3 became due on the 1st instant, and I shall be obliged if you will forward the amount at your earliest convenience to the Treasurer,

E. F. HENLEY, Esqre.,
35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.,

and also if you will notify to him or me any change in your address.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. NORTHMORE LAWRENCE,

Hon. Sec.

* * * Post Orders should be made payable at the Lincoln's Inn Office, Serlc Street, W.C.

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E. F. HENLEY, *Hon. Treas. and Joint Trustee.*
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1872.	C. J. Upcott, Manor House, Collompton, Devon	10	10	0

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		£	s.	d.
J. Parsons	5	0	0
Rev. G. W. Griffith	5	0	0
A. B. Sparks	1	0	0

RULES.

1.—By means of the donations and subscriptions of Old Shirburnians, a Fund is established for the purpose of founding Scholarships at Sherborne School.

2.—The Fund is called the "Old Shirburnian Scholarships Fund," and the Scholarships, "Old Shirburnian Scholarships."

3.—The annual subscription is one guinea, and any sum exceeding that amount is treated as a donation. A Donor of not less than ten guineas is a Life Subscriber.

4.—All donations are to be invested in such securities as are sanctioned by the Court of Chancery in the case of trust funds, or in Colonial Government securities, in the joint names of two trustees appointed by the Subscribers in General Meeting.

5.—The Committee consists of fifteen Members, of whom not less than two shall be residents in London, and one in Sherborne, Oxford, and Cambridge respectively.

6.—Five of the Committee retire in rotation each year, but are eligible for re-election.

7.—All vacancies are filled by the Ballot Vote of the General Meeting.

8.—At a General Meeting *ten*, and at a Committee Meeting *five* form a *quorum*. In both cases, all questions are decided by the vote of the majority of Members present; and the Chairman has a casting vote.

9.—The General Meeting appoints annually an Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, and three other Members of the Committee to act as an Executive Committee.

10.—The Secretary, by at least ten days' notice, must call not less than one General Meeting of the Subscribers in every year.

11.—The Secretary must, at the request of any three Members of the Committee, convene a Committee Meeting, and one such meeting must be called in every year.

12.—The Annual Subscription becomes due on the first day of November in each year; and the Treasurer must send for publication in the "*Shirburnian Magazine*" a list of the Subscribers for the current year, and a statement of his accounts.

13.—The sums offered in Scholarships at any time must not exceed the amount then at the disposal of the Committee.

14.—The Treasurer hands over to the Head Master by half-yearly instalments the amount to be given in Scholarships in each year; power being reserved to the General Committee to withdraw any Scholarships upon the representation of the Head Master.

15.—The Scholarships are held by boys whilst at the School; and the annual value of any one such Scholarship must not exceed the amount of the yearly tuition fees. With these reservations, the disposition of the sums received by him is left to the discretion of the Rev. H. D. HARPER, so long as he remains Head Master of Sherborne.

CHRISTMAS TIME.



LOVE the joyous Christmas time;
 Its swelling chime
 Tells of hopes aroused;
 Of Babe and Virgin in a stable housed;
 To human-kind of love
 From heaven above;
 Of songs Angelic in the midnight air;
 Of human nature the Divine to share
 Lift up on high;
 Of GOD come down with men to live and die.

I love the merry Christmas time ;
 Its rippling chime
 Speaks of holly bright
And clustered laurels lit with Church's light ;
 Of laughter loving home,
 Of wanderers come ;
Of willing gifts to thankful hearts now given,
Of mistletoe, of dance, of yule log riven,
 Of tuneful waits,
Of hospitality's wide open gates.

I love the solemn Christmas time ;
 Its warning chime
 Whispers of vows once made
But broken now or deep in slumber laid ;
 Of high resolves and great,
 Whose differing fate
Has been with some all crushed and torn to lie,
While some a slight fulfilment still does beautify ;
 To me, to you,
Of opportunities begun anew.

I love the beauteous Christmas time ;
 Its soothing chime
Calls back those friends now gone,
Of circles reft by death, of races run,
 Of vacant places here,
 Faces so dear ;
In snowy mantle clad of purest white,
It speaks of those who walk in robes of light ;
 While promising
A glorious hope of still more beauteous spring.

To the Editor of the Shirburnian.

Sir,

Sherborne is a great School and is rapidly becoming greater.

The genuine work of the last twenty years, which those who have watched it most closely can best appreciate, has not failed to bear its fruits, and has raised this foundation of Edward the Sixth to a position second perhaps to none among the Public Schools of the West of England.

Yet there are probably few Shirburnians who have not been constantly mortified by the real or affected ignorance of strangers with regard to their School. The question "Where is Sherborne?" ought to be impossible, but is not uncommon. To have to reply "In Dorsetshire", as if the question were one of village topography, is humiliating.

This being so, a real evil would seem to exist, and one which must tend to impede in some degree the progress and usefulness of the School.

It may be possible to point out certain causes which have contributed to it, and at the same time to offer a few suggestions with reference to them. And in attempting this, these lines will address themselves chiefly to the present generation of Shirburnians.

Every public institution—and not least a public School—ought, as the phrase is, to be kept before the public. Lights, if they are lights, have no business under bushels.

It is not of course meant that there should be anything like bragging or thrusting forward of claims to attention, but that an adequate amount of information ought to be supplied to the outside world as to the life and doings of such bodies, and this for the sake both of outsiders and of the institutions themselves: the former have a right to criticise, the latter benefit thereby.

If these are truisms, sufficient regard has scarcely been paid to them at Sherborne. People at a distance, even if connected with the School, hear little of its affairs save through the medium of an occasional *Shirburnian*. Files of newspapers might be (and are) searched in vain for a notice of a speech day, a concert, athletics, a paper chase, a football or a cricket match. Nor is the Magazine itself supported as it deserves to be. Again, in at least one instance recently, a match has been played of a character calculated to give quite a false impression of the strength and position of the School.

These things are not really trifles. They argue either indifference or laziness on the part of the generation of the day—equally attributable perhaps to their predecessors, but none the less to be regretted—which if persisted in, cannot fail to damage the interests of Sherborne. No great School can in these days afford to be quite silent as to its life and progress, and it is the business of the boys themselves (and indeed of all) to afford information of the events which mark them.

It seemed time that something should be said on the subject, and it is hoped that a few practical suggestions as to matters of detail may be of use towards remedying the defect which must be admitted to exist.

First with regard to cricket. Every effort should be made to play as large a number as possible of really good matches—with other public Schools for choice—and if one match a year in London could be arranged, so much the better. *Sherborne v. Charterhouse* or *Uppingham* (for example) at Lord's or Prince's, is the class of match ought to be played, and which would, we will

answer for it, ensure a sufficient amount of support among past members of the School.†

The match of *Past and Present v. Dorset*, which seems to be getting a hold as an annual event, should unquestionably be given up in its present shape. A School eleven ought only to play as a School eleven. In these mixed affairs half of the eleven have the pleasure of being *pro tem*. turned out, and lose all the advantage of the match; nor is it the slightest credit to the School if a team composed of the best of their number, with five or six old members usually in pretty good practice from Oxford or Cambridge, scores a victory over a weak so called County eleven.

The scores of all matches should be regularly and punctually sent to the proper paper, after the example of other public Schools. Indeed a week in the season ought never to be allowed to pass without some notice in the papers of Cricket at Sherborne. This is the duty of the Secretary of the Eleven; and here it may be observed, that the office of Secretary should be distinct from that of Captain, and should be filled by some member of the Eleven, of business like habits, who does not mind a little trouble.‡

At the end of the season the averages ought to be sent to any paper or periodical (such as *Baily's Magazine*.) which is in the habit of publishing School averages.

Similarly, notices of Football matches, and Athletics, &c., should be systematically sent up for insertion.

Land and Water has a department for general School intelligence, to which Sherborne might well contribute. It gives *data* for useful comparison between different places, and may possibly develop to some extent into a means of intercommunication.

Lastly, the *Shirburnian* itself may do good service in the direction already indicated. A School Magazine ought above all things to be a complete chronicle of the many-sided life of the School, representing all interests, admitting correspondence, and inviting discussion on all subjects connected in any way with the School's welfare and amusements. In this respect there have been great improvements, which might however be carried further§

It will be observed in conclusion that it is not desired that anything novel or out of the way be attempted. What is contended for above is simply that Sherborne should follow the practice of other public Schools. Why we have hitherto so greatly neglected to do so is not easy to explain: this however matters little, provided the future sees a change for the better.

GERALD A. R. FITZGERALD.
T. NORTHMORE LAWRENCE.
EDWARD F. HENLEY.
ROBERT J. BEADON.

New University Club, Nov. 20, 1872.

† The chief difficulty of course of every School match in London is the accommodation of the members of the Eleven. This difficulty we feel sure would be satisfactorily surmounted by the hospitality of Old Shirburnians.

‡ May a hope be expressed that the slovenly habit of lumping together "W. B., N. B., and L. B." as "Extras" in the *Shirburnian*, will be abandoned. It is hard lines on a long-stop who has filled 'the unthankful post' without granting a single bye, to see "*Extras 15*", and to know that he is probably credited with the larger portion of the score of that very bad cricketer; and the converse applies equally to the bowlers. Bowling and fielding are sufficiently neglected as it is; read what that true lover and sound judge of Cricket, Mr. Pycroft, has to say on the subject.

§ As a matter of verbal criticism, may it be suggested that the expressions "*fellows*" and "*K. S. S.*", which are at present employed *ad nauseam* in the pages of the *Shirburnian*, and indeed in all School notices, should be discontinued. *K. S. S.* is now in fact an anachronism.

F O O T B A L L.

A-M *v.* The rest of the Alphabet. As the rehearsal for the Concert was held on the same day, many of the XV and upper XX were unable to attend. The game was very evenly contested and finally ended in a tie, neither side obtaining a goal though 'The rest' obtained two touch downs by Tanner, ma., and Mr. Wilson.

School-House *v.* The School. The School-House did not muster nearly their full strength and were consequently greatly outweighed, the School driving them back in every scrummage. For the School, Tanner, Newmarch, and Mr. Wilson, among the forwards, and Weir and Tudor as half-backs, played especially well. Whitehead and Fortescue, on the School-House side, played an uphill game pluckily. The School was victorious by four goals (two of which were obtained by Mr. Wilson) and two touches, to nothing.

The first XI *v.* The next XX with Masters. This was one of the best games of the season. Neither side at first gained any advantage; about half-way through the game Bere obtained a goal for the XI by a capital drop-kick from the side of the ground. Just before time was called, this was counterbalanced by a goal kicked by Mr. Wilson for the XX. The XI played up well especially Whitehead, Newmarch, and Fortescue, among the forwards; Shettle and Weir, half-backs, made several good runs. For the XX, Mr. Wilson ran well throughout the game, while Tudor was invaluable as half-back.

Light *v.* Dark. This was a capital game as far as it went, each side obtaining two goals. The Light seemed the stronger side at starting; a goal was kicked by Mr. Wilson within the first quarter of an hour. Soon afterwards Mr. Kennedy, for the Dark, obtained a touch which Weir converted into a goal. A splendid drop-kick by Mr. Wilson obtained another goal for the Light, but just before time was called, Adams touched the ball behind the lines of the Dark, from which Mr. Kennedy kicked a neat goal. For the Light,

Martyn, Tudor, and Mr. Wilson played well, while on the other side, Mr. Kennedy, Weir, and Newmarch, especially distinguished themselves.

THE OLD FELLOWS' FOOTBALL MATCH

will be played on December 17th. All Old Fellows who wish to play are requested to send in their names to W. C. Perry, Esq., Exeter College, Oxford.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

Oct. 24th. Proposed, H. Whitehead...“That the Ballot is beneficial to the country.”

Ayes.

*H. Whitehead
*M. S. Crawford
*W. Warry
*J. Churchill
*J. P. deWinton
*E. Tanner
E. P. Smith

Noes.

*R. Patey
*T. S. Raymond
*M. R. Fortescue
*A. W. Upcott
*E. M. Venn
H. A. Ashworth

At the same meeting, E. S. Eade, R. Tanner, D. Travers, G. E. Twynam, and S. Tryon were duly elected members.

Oct. 31st. Proposed, H. Whitehead...“That the present Government has the confidence of this House.”

Ayes.

*H. Whitehead
*W. Warry
*M. S. Crawford
*E. P. Smith
*S. Churchill
E. S. Eade

Noes.

*R. Patey
*T. S. Raymond
*E. M. Venn
*R. D. Hancock
*W. Martyn
*J. P. deWinton
*M. R. Fortescue
H. A. Ashworth
G. E. Twyman
A. W. Upcott
E. Tanner
R. Tanner
D. Travers

Nov. 7th. Proposed, W. Warry...“That Ajax is more worthy of our admiration than Ulysses.”

<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Noes.</i>
*W. Warry	*R. Patey
*H. Whitehead	*M. S. Crawford
*S. Churchill	*T. S. Raymond
E. P. Smith	M. R. Fortescue
E. Tanner	W. Martyn
A. W. Upcott	H. A. Ashworth
E. S. Eade	R. Tanner
J. P. deWinton	R. D. Hancock
	G. E. Twynam

On this the Government resigned and a new ministry consisting of R. Patey, J. P. deWinton, and R. D. Hancock, was formed.

Nov. 14th. Proposed, R. Patey,...“That the conduct of the Government with regard to the Alabama claims is unworthy of our admiration.”

<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Noes.</i>
*R. Patey	*M. S. Crawford
*E. M. Venn	*S. Churchill
*J. P. deWinton	*T. S. Raymond
*E. Tanner	*E. S. Eade
*W. Martyn	*H. Whitehead
*G. E. Twynam	W. Warry
*M. R. Fortescue	
R. D. Hancock	
H. A. Ashworth	
D. Travers	
A. W. Upcott	
R. Tanner	

At the same meeting C. H. Weir, and J. Caunter, were duly elected
An Asterisk is prefixed to the name of every Member who spoke during the Debate.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL MUSICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, 13th November, a Public Rehearsal was given by the Sherborne Musical Society in the School Room which had been fitted up for the purpose tastefully, but not elaborately. The services of musicians had been procured from the Western Counties by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Bennett. The first part of the Programme consisted of selections from Handel's *Samson*, which

on the whole did not go off as well as had been expected, partly owing to the low position of the string instruments and the nature of the roof. Some of the choruses however were well sustained.

After some substantial refreshment the choir favoured us with the second part of the programme, consisting of selections from Mendelssohn, the chief feature of which was the solo of "Hear my prayer" sung with great clearness and expression by McCaul.

On Wednesday, December 4th, all who had a taste for good music were enabled, owing to the kindness of Mr. Bennett, to enjoy a real treat. The performance was chiefly instrumental, and exquisitely rendered throughout. Several of the pieces were loudly encored, more especially the solo on the Violin by Mr. Burnett.

The following is the Programme :

QUARTETT in G minor - - - - - *Mozart.*

PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, VIOLA, and VIOLONCELLO.

Allegro. Andante. Rondo (Allegro).

AIR - - - - - *Bach.*

With VIOLONCELLO OBLIGATO.

SONATA—Violin - - - - - *Corelli.*

Grave. Allegro.

DUETT - - - "Greeting." - *Mendelssohn.*

LARGHETTO from Quintett - - - - - *Mozart.*

HAUTBOY, TWO VIOLINS, VIOLA, & VIOLONCELLO.

SONG (from Oratorio *Joseph*) - - - - - *Mehul.*

TRIO (No. 1.) - - - - - *Haydn.*

PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO.

Andante. Adagio Cantabile. Hungarian Rondo.

PERFORMERS.

Mr. BURNETT.

Rev. WM. GEE.

UPCOTT, ma.

Mr. FOLKES.

Mr. BEAZLEY.

McCAUL.

Mr. BENNETT.

TODD-NAYLOR.

"On dit" that Sir Sterndale Bennett's Pastorale "The May Queen" will be given us at the next Rehearsal.



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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No contribution will be inserted which is not the *bond 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.

Reserved for want of space:—"A Play that never was written"; "Trout fishing in North Wales"; "The doing of Snowdon"; "Ghosts and Ghost-lore".

We beg to acknowledge the following:—*The Epsomian, The Rosalian, The Rathmine School Magazine.*

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