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THE
SHIRBURNIAN.

SECOND SERIES.

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



APRIL, 1874.

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE.—SOUTHAMPTON TO SYDNEY.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

E next entered the Armoury, a long, handsome building, filled with arms and armour. Tall figures down the centre carry the emblazoned shields of various Grand Masters of the Order of S. John and others. Among the curious arms we noticed especially a breech-loader three hundred years old! and a cannon made of leather girded round with iron hoops. Under a glass case in the centre of the room is the original bull of Pope Pascal II., in which he acknowledges taking the Order under his protection in 1110. The charter by which Charles V. presented the island to the knights is also to be seen here, and the trumpet with which the retreat from Rhodes was sounded, and many other old and interesting relics.

In the stables adjoining the Palace was the old carriage in which Napoleon Bonaparte drove through Valetta.

Having seen the Palace, we made our way to the Capuchin Convent, which lies a little out of the town, and the gates of which swarm with beggars.

The Church contains some fine pictures, altars, and one or two figures of Saints.

We next descended to the subterranean galleries, and the crypt, in which the brothers of the Convent have long been entombed.

It is a ghastly sight to see the dried and half-decayed forms of these old men in their religious garb standing each in his solitary niche with his fleshless hands crossed upon his breast. But little of the dark and discoloured flesh still clings to the bones, and time and change have made frightful ravages on the features, though in some faces the expression still remains. Over each figure was placed the date of entombment; the earliest 1776, while some were as recent as 1869.

On returning to the ship, we found them in the midst of coaling, a very dusty operation; orders had unexpectedly come to coal here, and we were told the ship would not leave Malta till 6 p.m., and as it was not quite three, my friend and myself hired a boat, and after a jolly sail round the harbour, looking at the fortifications, and an unsuccessful troll for mackerel, we landed in some barracks to the west of the town, and then ascended a hill overhanging the town, from which there is a beautiful view.

The day was hot and hazy, or we should have seen the faint outline of the coast of Sicily; still the deep blue Mediterranean stretching far away, the harbour full of ships beneath us, and the island itself, bold, steep, and abrupt, formed a view sufficiently lovely to entice us to sit down and rest. We were on a sort of heathery common, bright with small plants of various colours, over which flitted butterflies and moths of every hue.

After half-an-hour's rest we went again into the town, by a draw-bridge, over a deep, wide moat, with heavy portcullis and thick walls on the other side. We returned to the Khedive just in time to witness a combat between one of our passengers and the Maltese divers. The former had taken it into his head to bathe, and, being a good swimmer and diver, excited the jealousy of the divers, who struck at him with an oar. He seized the oar, wrested it from them, and swam with it towards the ship. A chum of the divers in another boat pulled after him, and managed to recover the diver's oar, but with the loss of his own, which was instantly handed on to the Khedive. The owner of the oar came on board with a volley of vociferations, but was speedily expelled by the quarter-

master on watch, and we kept the oar to his great chagrin until the ship sailed, which was about seven o'clock.

CHAPTER III.

MALTA TO SUEZ.

Before dark we passed a large P. and O. steamer, the *Columbian*, bound for Shanghai, which had left Malta just before we did. The next day was Sunday, which was passed as usual.

Monday, the 16th, was the day fixed for our theatricals, but a heavy swell rolling up caused some fears that the lady part of our actors would be unable to perform in the evening. However, our fears were groundless, and before the afternoon a large placard appeared in the *Companion* to wit that a talented company of actors would give "Cool as a Cucumber" and "Whitebait at Greenwich" that evening, to which one of our passengers, doubtless under a fit of temporary insanity, had added "Carriages ordered at 10.30." We were also informed that "Neptune was expected;" and indeed he very nearly came in the shape of sea sickness, which was not far from robbing us of some of our actors and spoiling the plays. At five o'clock the first officer and others set to work to erect a stage, which, draped with flags and ensigns, was very pretty. The theatricals went off very well, interspersed with songs by our negro crew.

The next morning was spent in packing up, as we expected to arrive at Alexandria that night; the day passed as usual, and the evening was varied by a sort of penny readings. The weather had become warm and the cabins very close, so I ordered my bed to be brought on deck, which was far pleasanter, and besides I wanted to be up at daybreak. Before midnight we had sighted the lights of Alexandria, and when I awoke in the morning we were about two miles from it and signalling for a pilot, on whose arrival we soon entered the harbour, which is safe and commodious, though the passage in is dangerous and never attempted by night. The Egyptians seem to be copying England in their seaport towns. Here

plenty of work was going on, throwing up breakwaters and piers, on which were running English-built engines and trucks. The land on the other side of the harbour appeared desolate enough, about twenty windmills close together all hard at work, a few scattered houses and no vegetation of any kind, with a background of dry sand and rock, composed the whole landscape.

Hardly had we anchored when the quarantine officer's boat boarded us, then the mail officer and the P. and O. agent, and soon a small screw steamer with a lighter made fast on either side to convey passengers' baggage to the Egyptian Railway Station.

The dress of the Egyptians strikes one as very awkward : it consists of gigantic panjamas, things like a very large sack with a hole in each corner through which the feet are thrust, the mouth of the sack being drawn together round the waist, and a loose surtout. Never did I see such figures, and so I remarked, but an officer who was standing near, said, " Well you won't complain of the dress at Aden, at any rate." After breakfast we all went ashore in parties. My companion R— and myself went in one of the Egyptian boats, and on landing thought it best to take a guide or dragoman, for reasons I will explain by and by ; and hiring three donkeys we started sight-seeing.

We followed our guide through various parts of the town examining the shops and buildings. Some parts of it are old and wretched, but the newer part resembles an English town very much. What surprised me most was that the inhabitants will take any coin under the sun, English, French, Italian, Indian money, &c., &c., all pass freely.

Leaving the town for the present we rode along by the side of the old canal which runs from Alexandria to Cairo, and which is still navigable for small vessels. It was made in the present century by Mehemet Ali, who employed a large number of Arabs to scoop it out. They were driven there by his soldiers band after band to complete the work, which they did by digging out the sand with nothing but their hands. No less than thirty thousand are said to have died before it was finished.

On the other side of our road were the palace grounds ; passing these we came to the Khédivé's bake-house and brew-house ; here turning off to our left we dismounted and entered a small subterranean passage leading to some catacombs. These are approached by a flight of steps, at the bottom of which is a door, which was opened by an Egyptian who stood there. A strange feeling came over me as I entered this tomb, so silent and grim, with my companion and two swarthy Egyptians, and I could not help thinking how easily they could murder and rob us here without being found out.

To compare small things with great, an English country gentleman's wine cellar will represent these catacombs on a small scale, only the bins are all big enough to hold a mummy. Contrasting strangely with the solemnity of the place, covered as it is with ancient inscriptions, were the names of Tommy Jones and others of undoubted English and French origin, proving that less ancient personages had intruded there. A few minutes here satisfied us, though the coolness below ground was delightful, and we ascended the steps, mounted our asses, and turned away from the canal.

The donkeys in Egypt are very good animals to go, willing and obedient, and we had a capital race over a green slope, but R— had chosen the best animal and kept well ahead.

Turning through a narrow street we saw one of the seven wonders of the world directly in front of us (Pompey's Pillar), to which we rode up and then dismounted. It is well worth seeing ; one large block of granite sixty-nine feet in height standing on a pedestal about twenty feet high, and topped with a Corinthian cornice. It is a puzzle to know how it was ever got into its upright position, which even now, with the help of cranes and pulleys, would be a hard task enough : but once there it is so firmly fixed that nothing seems to shake it.

The view from the place is beautiful, on the one side Alexandria and the sea stretching far away into the distance, a little to the left we could see the famous Aboukir Bay, on the other side the Cemetery of Alexandria, the Palace and Palace Gardens, the railway

from Alexandria to Suez reaching far away into the Nile Valley. The day was fine and bright, indeed in Egypt it never rains, but one or two clouds floating about formed a very pretty variety of light and shade.

After sketching the pillar, we remounted, rode round the palace gardens, which are full of splendid flowers and beautiful shrubs, and rejoined the canal, along the side of which we had another donkey race, and then we rode quietly for some way amusing ourselves by watching the chameleons and lizards running up the trees. A little further on we came to a small refreshment place, where we "laid in" lemonade and eau sucré, finishing up with cigarettes lighted at a lump of charcoal lying quivering on a brazier. Then we returned to the town by another road through the country, bordered with large trees; we dismounted here, and spent half an hour in trying to catch chameleons—no easy task, as they run up the trees at a tremendous rate. However, at last we succeeded in capturing one. It was about as large as a young rat, something like an English lizard in shape, but with a large double chin and a long tail strong enough to hang from branches by, and a crest on its head like a jay. Its colour was then green, and some we afterwards obtained and kept on board used to change to black, brown, green, yellow, and mottled black and yellow. They seem generally to assimilate their colour to that of the ground they are upon, doubtless in order the easier to escape detection.

Presently we passed some fortifications guarded by Arab soldiers, re-entered the town and followed our guide to the Needle of Cleopatra. It consists merely of an upright tall pointed pillar, posted on a low cliff overlooking the bay. The upright Needle is only a copy of the original, which, broken in pieces, lies at the foot of its successor. It is only interesting as a historical relic.

Turning into the town and feeling hungry we entered a French Café for luncheon.

Alas for our memory of French, the garçon presented us with a bill of fare, beginning with "Poisson—grelettes au naturel," which I am sorry to say neither myself or my companion could interpret,

and the waiter did not understand a word of English, so we ordered "Grettes au naturel" in faith. The garçon bustled away, returned with salad, water-cresses, vinegar, and a dish of prawns, fancy rolls and plates, but we waited in vain for the fish. At last it began to strike me that grettes might possibly be prawns, so we ate them and rang for the waiter. All right so far. Another look at the bill of fare brought "Coutelettes de mouton" before our eyes, and as there could be no mistake here, we got on very well. The dessert was less puzzling, names of fruits being generally dinned into one at school. Our luncheon cost ten francs, and we then left the Café and sat in the Square in front under some acacias and fig trees. After half an hour's rest we remounted our donkeys and visited the Theatre, the British Post Office, and the Consulate, all very fine buildings, and rejoined the ship in time for dinner. I was tired with the day's work, and so had my bed brought on deck early, and was up at daybreak next morning watching a thin line of smoke on the horizon, which the quartermaster said was the Poonah mail steamer from Brindisi. She turned out to be a Liverpool and Canal steamer; however, a couple of hours afterwards the Poonah moved in sight with the P. and O. flag flying, and by breakfast time she was at anchor not far from us.

After breakfast I went forward to see if my baggage was all safe, and on my return found most of the passengers had gone ashore, and as they were sure to be found at the Post Office, I determined to follow alone. On my way to the shore we passed a large Italian steamer, just come from Trieste, with yellow flag flying, and making her way towards the quarantine harbour. The passengers looked very dismal as they crowded on the quarter-deck, and well they might, with the prospect of having to wait on board for perhaps a week. We afterwards heard that there was cholera at Trieste.

On reaching shore I was seized upon by about a dozen rascally Arabian and Egyptian dragomen all anxious to be my guide. In vain I tried to shake them off, wishing to find my own way to the Post Office; but they were too many for me, and it was no use

calling "Police," as such creatures here are a nonentity. I was about to give in, when I saw my guide of yesterday, Joseph Aphepha by name, standing talking not far ahead. I invoked his aid, and was soon freed from my persecutors, and hiring a donkey rode to the Post Office, where I met some of my companions, and got a letter from England, *via* Brindisi. In the afternoon a man came on board with chameleons for sale, and several were bought by the passengers, as well as necklaces, Egyptian jewellery, fezcaps, and fruits of various kinds, also Turkish delight, all of which found a ready market among the children, the second class passengers, and the crew.

At 4 p.m. we dined, and at 5 a steam tug came to take us to the harbour railway station, and we left the Khedive with hearty cheers for the captain and officers. We took on board the Brindisi passengers from the Poonah, and landing at the station found the train already drawn up; thence we were taken to the Alexandria station, where we waited about an hour. We laid in provisions for the journey in the shape of fruit and lemonade buried in lumps of ice, as we were to be more than twelve hours on the road.

Alexandria is distant from Suez 224 miles, the line passing through the country from Alexandria to Zagga-zig, then crossing the Nile and turning into the desert, whence it approaches Suez alongside of the Fresh Water Canal.

I shall never forget that railway journey, with its engine and carriages all built at Birmingham and thoroughly English, and yet carrying us through a country so very different from England. After the first half-hour of our journey we lost daylight, but during that time we were passing through a well-watered and fertile district, thickly planted with crops of rice, while at all the small stations the chirp of innumerable locusts drowned nearly every other sound. Our carriage was just like an ordinary first class carriage, made to hold eight, and six of us were put in each of these. Ours was well lighted, and after dark two settled down for a nap, and the other four to a game of whist.

It was a very curious journey, stopping at stations with the most outlandish names, where women and boys brought fruit, hard-boiled eggs, and water in little calabashes holding about a pint, for which they charged 6d., or 9d. if you kept the jar. Luckily our lemonade rendered us independent of water, though we lost two bottles from their bursting as the ice cooled them. About 1 a.m. we stopped at *Zagga-zig* half-an-hour for refreshment; afterwards I went to sleep, and did not awake until 6 a.m., when we were passing through the desert, a dreary wretched-looking place, like a sea of sand stretching away on either side without a sign of vegetation, and nothing whatever to catch the eye, save the telegraph posts by the side of the Railway.

Presently we saw some shrubs and tall plants on our left, and in a few minutes we were running alongside of the Fresh Water Canal, from which the inhabitants of Suez obtain all their supplies.

Here we stopped at a small station where tickets were collected, and at seven o'clock ran into Suez. The train carried us down to the pier, and we got out alongside of two steamers, the *Geelong*, bound for Bombay, and the *Zambesi*, a three-masted schooner, which was to take us to Galle. A miserable little steamer she looked after the *Khedive*, built chiefly for cargo, with no main deck accommodation for passengers except round the saloon. Her tonnage is 2,183 tons, length 300 feet, breadth 35 feet.

We got on board with our baggage, and after enjoying a cold sea bath and a good breakfast, we went to the *Geelong* to bid good bye to the Bombay passengers. At half-past nine the *Geelong* left for Aden, and we returned to the *Zambesi*, which was then nearly ready to start. I went below to see my cabin and unpack my portmanteau, and judge of my horror when I found we were to have four passengers crammed into a stuffy little cabin about twelve feet square. However, it was no use complaining, everybody else was nearly as badly off; and that during the heat of the Red Sea is atrocious.

(To be continued.)

MY FISHING EXCURSION.

 never was a great fisherman, and to tell the truth, after angling for some hours with little or no success, I generally come to the very uncomfortable, not to say humiliating, conclusion that I am a fool at one end of the line, while a sodden worm adorns the other. It is the preparation, not so much ill success, that is chiefly the source of my troubles in that most noble, but not exhilarating art. It would be a difficult and disgusting task to describe fully the torture I endure while impaling my unfortunate worm on the hook ; to delineate the hideous struggles and slippery writhings of that most extraordinary animal, which, if you divide into six separate particles, will appear as lively as ever ; playfully he gambols off just as the hook is fairly under weigh through his body ; how happy you feel when, having at last got him on the hook, you look down and perceive that you have left the worm-box open, and some twenty comrades, carefully procured the night before, are careering in all directions.

But away with these revolting allusions, since my subject is not the "deathbed of a worm," but—— Having never attempted fly-fishing, except when, in youthful days, I lashed the water with a long hazel stick and a pennyworth of line, in the hopes of exciting some demented fish to the surface, I have ever confined myself to a cheerful day's fishing in a canal about seven miles from my home. The excursion which I am about to relate to you was the most memorable of all these visits. Having provided myself with the necessary articles for fishing, such as hard-boiled eggs, sandwiches, accompanied by large masses of sticky paste, and several boxes of worms, with which I hoped to decoy my victims, I set out by train early in the morning, and reached my destination, the proverbial town of L——, with two friends, whom I will *not* call, A— and B, at the appointed time. On arriving at the canal, which, by the bye, somewhat resembled in colour our noble stream, the

Yeo, my difficulties began, and, I grieve to say, continued till the end of the day.

Our first quarter of an hour was spent in getting our tackle into working order, a task always of immense difficulty to me, principally owing, as I mentioned above, to the playfulness of my bait. An angle for about half-an-hour brought nothing; however, I was determined this time to exhibit an unwonted stock of patience. I could see, when under the bridge, about a dozen minute perches, of gaunt and hungry appearance, approach my bait with eager eyes, but only to turn up their noses and slink off. By the bye, I should like to hear that question discussed, as to whether fish, or perch in particular, do signify their disgust by a movement of the nose. I feel positive that they do.

To avoid wearying my readers, I tell them shortly that I fished without success till luncheon time, some two hours, with little or no casualties, except that I broke my gut three times in large masses of delightful-looking weeds lazily proceeding down the canal, got "hooked up" seven times," and dropped my hat and a parcel of sandwiches in the water.

Exasperated beyond measure, for my friends had secured half-a-dozen fish between them, I determined to secure the most of the lunch. Having finished off the greater part of the sandwiches, claret, eggs, &c., we resumed our sport. Sport! Good heavens! I was in a streaming perspiration with the exertion of frantically extricating my line from a thousand entanglements, and wildly rushing to the capture of fleeing worms, and I hadn't caught a fish! Call you *that* sport? O anglers.

In a word, I felt mocked. I had tried paste until I looked a very miller for whiteness, and a general stickiness pervaded my clothes; I had renewed my bait until I was tired, when perchance I espied near the opposite bank a long, black object near the bottom; it was a pike; I could see it clearly, as the sun was shining brightly on the water. I at once called my companion, and in our eagerness we all three began to fish for it; we dropped the three various baits before his nose, so close that it must have

tickled him ; but the animal was obdurate, and stirred not. I dropped my bait on his back ; he did not move. We touched him with our rods, tried to coil our lines round him, but still he was immoveable ; we threw little pebbles at him, and at last, in our madness, we hurled great rocks, until the water became one mass of foam, and the pike was lost to view. In anxious expectation we watched for the water to calm. There was the gentleman still. I tore a stick from the hedge, and crossing the bridge close by leant over the bank, under which he lay, and dealt him a fearful smack on his back ; but the stick hit something harder than a pike, a great stone lying at the bottom, and the supposed fish only its shadow.

You may imagine we retired crestfallen. I separated from my companions and proceeded to a bridge some way farther down, and seeing a shoal of fish just beneath the parapet, I angled with great vigour, if vigour were possible in bottom fishing, till I heard a long splash close by me. I was considerably startled, but concluded at once that it was a perch rising, a pastime in which, however, I believe that species never indulges, and accordingly threw my line on the spot where I saw the rings. I had hardly fished half a minute when I heard another splash ; I conveyed my bait to the spot. "A lucky place," thought I. "Hillo, what's that?" A large piece of mud struck me on the hat, and bounded into the water. I looked up, and beheld, with mingled feelings of rage and fear, the rotund visage of a small rustic above, grinning from ear to ear. "'Illo, what 'ave 'ee caught? Perch risin' much, yer honour?" he inquired, with an irony that was gall to my faming spirit. I was at a loss whether to abandon my rod and give chase, or to treat the youth with merited contempt. I decided on the latter course, and majestically but speedily stalked off. As I retired I heard the enemy deriding me : "He, he, maister, was you a-goin' to 'ave them veesh for tay?" Having thus made the best of my retreat I rejoined my friends, who, during the interval, had caught a couple more of the fish. My feelings were so embittered that I began to look with a jaundiced eye upon the whole species. Perch!

What were they? Little scrubby beasts, which pricked your fingers when you were in the act of withdrawing the hook; I wouldn't have one at a gift. My disdain was apparently crowned with success, for hardly had I uttered these words when I saw my float disappear suddenly under water. I rushed to my rod, which, in utter disgust, I had abandoned, and began carefully to haul up my prize; it must be a pike, or at least a big roach, judging from its weight. My friends stood by in intolerable suspense; it reached the surface; half of it appeared, it was a—I can't tell what it was without emotion; I was considerably incensed at the time. A pike? Oh, no, only a great stick with a lot of weed on it. I withdrew behind the hedge, and stayed awhile in utter prostration. I counted up my losses, my broken lines, my weeds, my sandwiches; I remembered the insults heaped upon me by the youthful rustic, and I wept. But suddenly there arose a mighty shout from my companions, whom I had left with my rod. I rushed to the bank and beheld my float bobbing vigorously; it dived suddenly; I seized the rod, and with a mad effort hurled my unresisting victim from the water; it purlled through the air, line and everything else broken, and fell into the quickset hedge of the neighbouring field. We all dashed in pursuit. I was the first to gain the hedge, and, to my joy, heard a faint wriggling, and descried a silver gleam amid the leaves. I plucked out my gentleman, a fine large roach, and, overcome with joy, put him to death and into my basket. More good luck followed; I caught two perch and one more roach before our day's fishing came to a close.

We then took our victims from the basket and laid them in a triumphant line on the towing path. We had been standing wrapt in admiration for some minutes, when my big roach kicked, being not yet defunct. I endeavoured to pick him up; he kicked yet more, until he was quite creased with a coat of dust. I couldn't take him home like that, you know, so I determined to wash him, a curious plan, you may think, but still I hit upon it. I washed him carefully, kneeling on the edge, but, alas, as I was taking him out, he slipped through my fingers and fell in. Who can describe

my feelings as I watched him disappear beneath the weeds, my first fish, my joy, my pride? I put my other fish into the basket, and slowly and sadly proceeded with my melancholy friends to the village railway inn. We ordered tea; we had our fish cooked, and some eggs; my spirits rose with the stimulants; I forgot my grief, and came to the conclusion, on finishing tea, that the art of angling was most worthy of our admiration.

PISCATOR.

FOOTBALL.

The final House Match, School House *v.* Town, Price's, Wood's, was begun on the 28th of February, and concluded on the 7th of March. On the first day nothing was obtained on either side, though the School House had decidedly the best of it. On the second day the allied Houses played much better together. Collier, by a good run, secured the first touch, but the try at goal was unsuccessful. Barnes then obtained a touch, which was converted into a goal by Finch, who shortly afterwards kicked another from a touch by E. Tanner. Macaulay (School House) carried the ball into his adversaries' quarters, and Caunter shortly afterwards ran in, Martyn kicking a goal from the touch. Besides those mentioned, the Twynams, Schacht, and Shettle played well throughout for their respective sides.

SCHOOL *v.* PANTHERS.—This, the final match of the season, was played on the 4th of March, and resulted in a draw, although the Panthers played 16 to our 14, and were vastly superior in weight. The School kept the ball in their opponents' quarters, and were not long in scoring a fine goal, dropped by Tudor. After the kick off the Panthers made a rush, and Pike, by a good run, obtain a touch, from which H. Paget kicked a neat goal. On changing at half-time, no further advantage was gained on either side; although the School had perhaps the best of it, and once compelled the Club to touch down in self-defence. For the School, Collier (captain, quarter-back), R. Finch (half-back), E. Tanner (forward), played best, while Parke, Garland, and Farquharson did good service for the Panthers.

CHARACTERS OF THE FIFTEEN.

W. W. Martyn (1873-74).—Has proved himself an efficient and energetic captain; under his management the Fifteen has had an excellent season. A very useful forward, having a happy knack of getting the ball through the scrimmages. A good place kick. Has left.

W. Collier.—Has played quarter-back this season, and has been of great service to the Fifteen; never idle, and always energetic. Would play better if he paid more attention to dribbling. Leaves.

E. Tanner.—A strong forward, his weight proving very effective in scrimmages, though perhaps he shows to more advantage in open play, his running being brilliant. Leaves.

W. Barnes.—A capital forward, always on the watch for a run; owing to his great speed, a dangerous antagonist to opponents' backs. Should use his feet more in scrimmages.

H. Tudor.—A most useful and at times brilliant back, his collaring and drop-kicks at goal surperb. Fell off somewhat in running towards the end of the season. A good place kick.

F. G. M. Lynch.—Has played quarter towards the end of the season, and generally been of great use; his collaring was very fine. Has left.

J. J. Lowes.—Has played full back during the whole of the season, and at times brilliantly. Would play better did he use his head more in running.

T. Drew.—A hard working forward, but rarely shines; when running has an absurd way of keeping his head down. Leaves.

A. P. Adams.—Played forward. His running powers have showed to advantage at times. Leaves.

G. E. Twynam.—A hard working forward, especially good in loose scrimmages, and passing on. Should go into tight grovels with greater energy.

E. F. Honey.—A good quarter; was disabled early in the season. Has left.

J. H. Caunter.—Has played both forward and back, in the latter capacity not successful. A good kick and fine collar.

F. F. Schacht.—Has also played both back and forward, at times kicks well. Improved towards the end of the season.

A. Finch.—A most useful and brilliant back, his dodging powers being marvellous. A neat kick. Should drop more.

W. Evans.—A good forward, always working and at times brilliant.

H. Edlin.—Of great use in scrimmages, when there always on the ball; otherwise, owing to his want of speed, of little value.

W. M. Barnes has succeeded W. W. Martyn (left) as Captain of the Games. The following have received their First Eleven colours :—H. A. Tudor, F. G. M. Lynch, A. P. Adams, and E. Tanner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The races were held, as last year, on Easter Monday and Tuesday. The weather was all that could be desired, both for the few weeks devoted to training, and during the days of the races themselves. The turf was therefore in excellent order, and the attendance of visitors on both days good. The programme was nearly the same as that of last year; the main alterations being that the junior high jump was under 16 instead of 15, and in the handicap starts were given up to 150 yards, not merely 100, as before, and in consequence this race was much more evenly contested. In the teeth of the proverb it is usual to compare the times, &c., with those of preceding years, suffice it to say that a large majority of events were decidedly better than those of 1873, more notably the high jumps and throws. Collier was expected to have bettered his last year's performance in the mile, but the strong wind and lack of competition proved fatal to him. Lowes' hurdle-racing was remarkably good; in fact he was never headed in any race for which he entered.

FIRST DAY.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (Open).

1st, W. W. Martyn. 2nd, R. A. Bewes.

Distance, 105yds. 11in.

Broad Jump (Open).

1st, E. Tanner. 2nd, H. W. Macaulay.

Distance, 19ft. 1in.

We believe Macaulay exceeded the winning distance, but was thrown back by the turf, which had not been dug sufficiently far. Finch jumped in pretty form.

Flat Race of Half-a-Mile (under 15).

1st, W. W. Battiscombe. 2nd, E. H. King. 3rd, E. Hughes.

Time, 2 min. 35 secs.

Battiscombe jumped off with the start, followed closely by Willcocks, King, and Lacey. In the second round Lacey resigned his place to Hughes, who ran pluckily throughout. Coming up the hill for the last time, King passed Willcocks and challenged the leader with a good spurt, but failed to catch him, finishing two yards behind. Willcocks was passed at the last bend by Hughes, and could not recover his place.

Flat Race of 200 yards, Preparatory School.

1st, J. Parsons. 2nd, E. T. Watts.

Time, 15½ secs.

Flat Race of 100 yards (under 15). Heats.

1st heat—1st, L. Watkins. 2nd heat—1st, E. H. King.

2nd, W. Busby. 2nd, R. E. Edwards.

3rd heat—1st, H. D. Bewes.

2nd, A. G. Galpin.

Flat Race of 100 yards (Open). Heats.

1st heat—1st, E. Tanner. 2nd heat—1st, H. W. Macaulay.

2nd, J. J. Lowes. 2nd, A. P. Adams.

3rd heat—1st, B. Peren.

2nd, R. T. Finch.

High Jump (under 16).

† P. Aplin. † L. Watkins.

Height 4ft. 6½in.

Of the eleven who entered Aplin and Rees alone cleared the first height. Lacey displaced the bar three times and withdrew, rapidly followed by Lester and Cattley. The example was infectious, and the brothers Crosby with Anderson next retired. Aplin and Watkins alone remained, and after jumping *ad nauseam* the result was a tie. Watkins' form was remarkably neat, and he ought to furnish next year's winner.

Hurdle Race of 300 yards (12 flights).

1st, J. J. Lowes. 2nd, W. Collier.

Time, 40 secs.

Lowes led off at a tremendous pace, and was never approached. The order of the others at the first corner was Merriman, Tanner, Peren, Collier. The latter, not without trouble, overhauled his opponents and finished a yard in front of Tanner.

Hurdle Race of 200 yards, 8 flights (under 16).

1st, H. W. Vail. 2nd, G. Matthews.

Time, 31½ secs.

Vail won as he liked from first to last.

Flat Race of 300 yards (under 14).

1st, A. J. Galpin. 2nd, E. Hughes.

Time, 39 secs.

Galpin started at a great rate, Hughes picking him up near home. Both finished far in front of the field.

Flat Race of Half-a-Mile (Handicap).

1st, W. Collier (scratch). 2nd, H. Toomer (150 yards).

3rd, H. B. Peren (50 yards).

Time, 2 min. 15 secs.

Despite the long starts, the scratch-man was favourite throughout. Toomer started well and kept his lead for three-quarters of the distance, when he looked like stopping. At this point Collier, who had cleverly picked his way through the ruck, assumed the lead, and finished an easy winner by 20 yards. H. Twynam pressed Peren hard for third. Considering that 107 started, the time was good.

SECOND DAY.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 15).

1st, E. W. Phillips. 2nd, E. H. King.

Distance, 79yds. 1ft. 7in.

This unseasonable event was unnecessarily prolonged by the number of entries, and the scrupulousness with which even the worst throwers exacted their three tries.

Flat Race, Quarter-Mile (under 16).

1st, H. W. Vail. 2nd, B. W. Smith.

Time, 64½ secs.

Vail won easily. Mayers made an effort for second place, but unsuccessfully.

Flat Race, Quarter-Mile (Open).

1st, J. J. Lowes. 2nd, W. Collier. 3rd, A. P. Adams.

Time, 54 secs.

Won easily. H. Twynam, besides the winners, was the only one who passed the second corner.

Flat Race of 200 yards (under 15).

1st, H. Broadmead. 2nd, T. W. Cornish.

Time, 27 secs.

Cornish drew away first, Broadmead caught him up; the rest being nowhere.

High Jump (Open.)

1st, E. Tanner. 2nd, † H. W. Macaulay, † J. H. Caunter.

Height, 5ft. 3½in.

There were five competitors, all of whom cleared 5ft. At this juncture Elrington succumbed, followed by Merriman. Caunter and Macaulay had three jumps each at the end, but failed to surpass each other.

Flat Race of 100 yards. Final (under 15).

1st, H. D. Bewes. 2nd, H. A. Galpin.

Time, 13 secs.

King rushed away first, but was soon caught, passed, and left far behind.

Flat Race of 100 yards. Final (Open).

1st, J. J. Lowes. 2nd, E. Tanner.

Time, 11¼ secs.

Hurdle Race of 100 yards, (10 flights). Heats.

1st heat—1st, E. Tanner. 2nd heat—1st, J. J. Lowes.

2nd, H. Merriman. 2nd, H. B. Peren.

Hurdle Race of 120 yards (10 flights). Old Shirburnians.

1st, D. L. Jones. 2nd, H. Williams.

Time, 19 secs.

Jones led the way. A good race for second. Five started.

Flat Race of One Mile (Open).

1st, W. Collier. 2nd, A. Adams.

Time, 5 min. 1 sec.

This was considered Collier's race from the first, and the issue verified the prediction. Macaulay at once made the running, followed by Collier and Twynam. At the end of the first round Collier passed Macaulay, and Glasgow for a moment superseded Twynam. The second round Macaulay had had enough of it, and entered the shed, resigning his place to Adams, who had now passed Twynam. Collier's stride told plainly, and at the fourth round he was at least 30 yards in front of Adams, Twynam and Webb being the sole survivors of the 15 who had started. In this order they finished.

Hurdle Race of 120 yards 10 flights. Final (Open).

1st, J. J. Lowes. 2nd, E. Tanner.

Time, 18 secs.

Consolation Stakes of 200 yards, for all under 15.

1st, F. G. Clarke. 2nd, F. Edwards.

Time, 25 secs.

Consolation Stakes of 200 yards (Open).

1st, H. Merriman. 2nd, R. Finch.

Time, 23 secs.

Challenge Cup for the greatest number of First Prizes—won by J. J. Lowes.

Challenge Cup for the greatest average of Runs in Cricket—by P. T. Clark.

Challenge Cup for Fives—by E. W. Wallington.

Challenge Belt for best Bowling Average—by S. B. Kennard.

House Challenge Cup for Cricket—by School House (West).

House Challenge Cup for Football—by The Town.

Prize for best average of Runs in Cricket—by P. T. Clark.

Prize for second-best ditto—by E. W. Wallington.

Prize for best Fielding—by H. Whitehead.

Stewards: W. W. Martyn, M. S. Crawford, W. Collier, R. Bewes, A. Cattley, W. Barnes, H. M. Merriman, H. A. Tudor, F. G. M. Lynch, A. P. Adams.

	1st Prizes.	2nd Prizes.	3rd Prizes.
School House ...	8	5	2
Curteis' ...	2	1	0
Tancock's ...	4	2	0
Town ...	2	3	1
Price's ...	0	3	0
Hetherington's ...	1	1	0
Blanch's ...	0	1	0
Wood's ...	3	2	0

H O N O U R S .

Since our last number we have to record the following :—J. W. Drew, Open Mathematical Scholarship, Pembroke, Cambridge; J. Aldous, Open Mathematical Scholarship, Queen's, Cambridge.

DEBATING CLUB.

March 4th.—Government motion : “That home rule in India would be an advantage.”

Speakers for.

M. S. Crawford
F. G. M. Lynch
E. S. Eade
F. F. Schacht

Speakers against.

H. W. Macaulay
A. W. Upcott
E. A. Upcott
J. L. Holland
W. Llewellyn
H. P. Thornton
G. E. Twynam
J. J. Lowes
R. Tanner
A. Cattley
E. Tanner

For the motion, 8 ; against, 14.

After this debate the Government resigned, and H. W. Macaulay, with A. W. Upcott, and J. H. Caunter, came into office.

March 11th.—Government motion : “That self-love is the motive of every action.”

Speakers for.

H. W. Macaulay
A. W. Upcott
M. S. Crawford
A. Cattley
J. H. Caunter

Speakers against.

E. A. Upcott
R. Webb
W. W. Martyn
H. P. Thornton

For the motion, 9 ; against, 13.

March 18th.—Government motion : “That Charles II. is worthy of our admiration.”

<i>Speakers for.</i>	<i>Speakers against.</i>
H. W. Macaulay	E. A. Upcott
J. H. Caunter	F. G. M. Lynch
A. W. Upcott	W. W. Martyn
M. S. Crawford	A. Cattley
	R. Webb
	R. Tanner
	J. L. Holland
	W. M. Collier
	E. A. Travers
	W. Llewellyn

For the motion, 5 ; against, 17.

On March 21st the following gentlemen were elected members of the society : H. M. Twynam, H. Tryon, M. S. Bulteel, W. Watts.

March 25th.—Government motion : “That the British Volunteer Corps is neither useful nor ornamental.”

<i>Speakers for.</i>	<i>Speakers against.</i>
H. W. Macaulay	E. A. Upcott
A. W. Upcott	H. P. Thornton
M. S. Crawford	W. W. Martyn
J. H. Caunter	A. Cattley
G. Twynam	R. Tanner
E. Sellon	W. Collier
	A. R. Lyon
	F. F. Schacht

For the motion, 10 ; against, 15.

April 1st.—“That the conduct of the Government in the Ashantee war was reprehensible.”

<i>Speakers for.</i>	<i>Speakers against.</i>
H. W. Macaulay	A. Cattley
J. H. Caunter	M. S. Crawford
J. L. Holland	W. W. Martyn
E. A. Travers	E. A. Upcott
W. M. Collier	H. P. Thornton

For the motion, 6 ; against, 17.

April 4th.—A ministerial crisis resulted in the deposition of Mr. Macaulay's Government, and at a private meeting held to elect a successor, Mr. Crawford proposed that the Club should revert to the old system of having a Committee of 6 (elected by the Club), who should administer the entire business, a President, a Vice-President, and Secretary being chosen by themselves from their number. In this he was seconded by Mr. Lynch, and the motion was unanimously carried. The next thing was to elect the Committee, and the following gentlemen were chosen: M. S. Crawford, President; A. Cattley, Vice-President; F. G. M. Lynch, Secretary; A. W. Upcott, E. Tanner, J. H. Caunter.

April 8th.—Proposed E. A. Upcott: "That the House of Lords ought to be abolished.

Speakers for.

E. A. Upcott
 M. S. Crawford
 H. W. Lloyd-Tanner, Esq.
 H. W. Macaulay
 C. C. Tancock, Esq. (O. S.)
 G. E. Twynam

Speakers against.

A. Cattley
 A. W. Upcott
 E. S. Eade
 W. Llewellyn
 E. Tanner

For the motion, 8; against, 16.





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

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