

THE
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A POPULAR DELUSION.

(From our Special Correspondent).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

No doubt when you read the heading of my note your mind will revert to the three acres and a cow of Electioneering fame, and you will steel your heart to receive a long disquisition upon politics, including my valuable opinion upon the Irish question, and other kindred matters ; but I hasten to relieve your anxiety. The three acre delusion was widespread, I own, far too widespread in fact, but it can't hold a candle to the one I wish to bring before your notice. It is all very well for us to sneer at the ready belief of the country yokel in the specious promises of Mr. Jesse Collings ; but your ignorance, dear sir, is equally astounding. You sir, have gradually been deluded into believing—it is really scarcely credible—that it is more virtuous in a man to get up and go to bed early, than to do the reverse. Nor are you alone in this belief ; almost imperceptibly it seems to have become a part of our moral code, and though not universally practised, is at any rate universally admired. So deeply rooted is this ridiculous opinion, that I am aware a protest in your pages will have no effect at all, but I feel that I must unburden myself of the arguments which are seething within me. Since it is “law which makes sin,” the foolishness of establishing a superfluous rule of conduct, when there are quite enough to break already, must be patent to the meanest intellect. If public opinion

had not sanctioned this detestable notion, my conduct—for I make no disguise that I am apt to rise a trifle late—would not be considered less estimable than that of the hateful man Jones, who rises with the lark. Yet now I see that man presuming upon his fancied superiority and applauded by a venal and time-serving society.

How can men, I ask again, be so absurdly foolish as to consider it is a good trait in a man's character to make himself uncomfortable without a cause (for mind you I attack, not those who are obliged to get up early, but those who make a virtue of so-doing) for my part I consider it a sure sign of imbecility. I despise Jones, the superior, from my inmost soul. If he likes to desert a comfortable fire in the evening, and prefers the attractions of his bed—well and good. What I cannot get over, is the absurd inconsistency of the man, who is so fond of his bed when it presents nothing but a mass of cold repulsive whiteness to the eye, and yet cares so little about it when it has grown accustomed to him, so to speak: yes! I know for a fact that Jones regularly deserts his old friend at 6.30 a.m.; I abhor such ingratitude not only in the abstract, but because of the tortures it entails. Jones may get up in the dark on a cold winter morning, and search five minutes shivering, for the matches: Jones may wash in icy water, and have hands too cold to hold his razor: his is the reward of virtue. Poor fellow—although a fool I rather pity him; he doesn't come down as I do to a comfortable breakfast, he is not surrounded by warmth and daily papers as he emerges from his dressing-room. No! such delights are not for him; he enters his study, cold and comfortless, amid a perfect cloud of dust, he tumbles over the fire-irons, and collapses against special china vases, before he becomes aware of a dim red-visaged figure with bare arms and a huge broom threatening his temerity with destruction. Half blinded, half choked, with the all-penetrating dust; he gurgles

out an "oh!" and rushes from the room. He tries another; more dust! more chaos! despairing and disheartened, utterly non-plussed, he resolves on that pis-aller, a constitutional. What a name! its very length is expressive of tediousness, and I am convinced it was originally the invention of some early riser to account for the stupidity of his behaviour in getting up on purpose to go out, and catch cold. His wretched walk over, Jones returns. He is hungry: breakfast is not ready: his servants haste to bring it in. What is the result? There is not enough toast, the sausages are underdone, no other member of the family is down, the servants are bad-tempered, the paper boy has not arrived; and relieved from its painful tedium only by an occasional angry exclamation the weary meal concludes. To me his conduct appears almost as amazing as that of the world in general; who give their admiration to this man, whose pride lies in his stupidity; and who, while torturing himself and forcing his tortures upon his servants also; poses upon a pedestal of virtue, unattainable by such as I.

In fine I consider that it is a popular delusion to measure your admiration for a man by his bedtime.

Hoping to see all this rectified soon,

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

S.N.L.



WONDERFUL PRESERVATION OF A DEAD TONGUE.

Only last night I was in Rome; after supper at Sherborne, the most prominent feature in which was the discussion of an excellently preserved tongue, I awoke in the 'infernal city,' as the modern traveller invariably terms it. Now we all know that when we go to Rome we must 'do as Rome does,' and after my Sherborne education, I felt fully competent to play the high-born Roman to the life. For is not every Sherborne boy replete with all the latest inventions in Latin prose, and fully competent to charm a Roman duchess with his persuasive tongue, or break the head of the hapless Agricola with delicate invective? The first person who accosted me in Rome was by no means a stranger, for in a stout fustian-togaed bricklayer sauntering out of a convenient public, a short clay pipe in his month, and both hands deep in the pockets of his infandi, (surely they are of the masculine gender,) I recognised the immortal Balbus; moreover the mortar bespattered garments of this hero of a certain famous novel, afforded ample evidence of his mural proclivities. "Si tu, et Tullia (presumably a facetious allusion to my intended) valetis, ego et Cicero, valemus," said he, surprising me at once by his gross familiarity with that august author, and the well-known ring of his greeting, "et tua et mea interest te valere," was my ready and polite rejoinder, but he opened his eyes at my foreign accent. For some moments he contemplated me in silence, but "humanum est errare," and Balbus was but mortal after all; slapping my back familiarly, he exclaimed, "bibendum est nobis," "heu mihi," I replied knowingly, "tabernae tota urbe clauduntur," "ubi res adsunt, quid opus est verbis," he ejaculated with a grin, pointing over his shoulder towards that too convenient inn; "vae victis, fungan vice cotis," said I, and treated him accordingly.

Then he left me, and I was forcibly reminded that, "imperat aut servit, collecta pecunia cuique;" my amassed coin had served Balbus, and lost me his company. On emerging from the "*Cicero's Beak*" for such was the sign of the house, I was entranced by the strains of a Germana Manus, (an instrument or combination of instruments of torture not wholly unknown in England I believe.) But not for nothing have I learnt that the Ablative, the case of the instrument however much out of tune, is also the case of separation, and I promptly turned down the next street. But I was too late; for one of their number pursued me hat in hand, and as there are no policemen in Rome, only a stray lictor or two; I was at his mercy, "vilius argentum est auro," but I prefer the latter, he whined; "quod non opus est, asse carum est," I answered, with great spirit, "all right," said he with a sneer, "esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis." He was no friend of mine, and I told him so, but alas he was not thus easily to be dicomfited, for wiping a tear from his eyes, he observed "pater mihi et mater, mortui sunt;" "that comes of drinking," I hazarded; "well," he admitted smiling, "they did die of drink, "Exitio est aridum mare nautis," so you see they drank salt water in excess, but come now "nil nisi bonum de mortuis, usus est filio viginti minis," he continued. However, "amicus verus in re incerta cernitur," and at that moment I discerned a lictor coming round the corner, my tormentor vanished, and I awoke to find the bell, (probably that German Band) had rung some 20 minutes previously.

LATIN ULTIMER.



NEW ZEALAND. (*Continued.*)

But the elevated spirit of the mountains abides in the hearts of our hosts the kindly Southland folk. Hardworked from early morning till late in the evening they can always manage to snatch a moment during their hasty meals to put you in the way of your business or amusements : and arrive when you will you are sure at a Southland sheep station of a kindly welcome. No matter what may be the nationality of the gentlemen at whose house you arrive, English, Irish, Welsh—or as is most frequently the case—Scotch, the heart is tender and the help is sure.

“Will you like to come and watch the shearing?” said our host at “Castlerock.” “See there is the last muster being driven along the paddocks.” Over hills and downs had the faithful collies mustered them, and now the compact array was slowly approaching in the distance, musterers on horseback or leading their weary animals, dogs ever busy and restless, barking carefully around to keep the stragglers in. We descended to the sheds with our host. Sheep were being driven through ever narrowing pens till they reached a small passage having a gate which turned on its hinges so as to open or shut the way into either of the two pens it led to. One of these pens contained lambs ; into the other passed the sheep to be shorn.

As the sheep rushed frightened down this passage the man at the gate made the lambs to pass into one pen, the sheep through into the other, while the strangers were sent flying over the fence into another enclosure, all like clockwork. Inside the shed shearers were ranged down each side, and the sheep to be shorn were driven up the centre. We entered the shed and surveyed the work. Fifteen or sixteen men worked away silently shearing off fleece after fleece. Meanwhile a boy perpetually swept the floor, picked up the fleeces, and rapidly threw them upon the wool sorters' table. By these men they were silently tirmmed, rolled up, tied together with flax, and cast aloft into different compartments of an upper storey. In the adjoining chamber of the great shed stood the machinery for baling and pressing, and

fresh groups of silent men worked busily around us. We watched the fleeces being thrown into a bag. This bag made of canvas exactly fitted into a square wooden box; upon this box down came a presser which was worked by a screw by three men, and pressed into the bag enormous quantities of fleeces from the landing above till it could press no more; then the bale was rapidly sown up by two men and placed in a cube shaped bale to be squeezed even once more, and this time by hydraulic pressure. The water which was pumped down through a cylindrical pipe seemed a very small quantity to produce such immense power. When two bales were reduced to less than the original size of one, three iron bands were bound around them. These bands we had seen measured accurately before, and cut into equal lengths and punched with three holes at each end. They were now rapidly riveted together round the the two squeezed up bales, with three strong rivets. Then the name of the sheep station, and the class of the wool and its weight were as rapidly painted on them over an iron plate cut out with letters, and now the wool was ready for transport. You dear readers may be at present wearing some of it. May it keep you warm. And when you put on an extra warm coat, think sometimes of the far off land with its sheep scattered on a thousand hills, and picture to yourself the poor little animal dazed and troubled as she issues white and sometimes wounded from the shearer's hands. Standing helpless at the little door which leads to freedom, till struck by the shearer, she canters and leaps away into the sunshine, and he sharpens his shears and seizes another victim. And lastly we were going to add—picture to yourselves the shearers, silent busy, well to do. But we have taken your time too long, and talked too much, so you must come and see them for yourselves for as we said the journey is short, now the world has grown so small.

R.V.E.

In Memoriam.

W. P. COCKERAM, O.S.,
Lieut. 23rd Madras Native Infantry.

Born Dec. 11th, 1860. Died Dec. 27th, 1885.

AND

L. H. WARMINGTON,
Died Dec. 23rd. 1885.

W. P. Cockeram was a few years ago a prominent member of this School, and had a place in the first XI, of the year 1879. He afterwards passed through Sandhurst, coming out 15th with honours, and carrying away the riding prize. He also won the high jump R.M.C. and R.M.A. at Lilliebridge. He entered the Army as second Lieutenant in 1880, being appointed to the 77th regiment; in 1881 he became a Lieutenant, and was appointed a probationer to the Madras Staff Corps, and attached to the 23rd Madras Light Infantry. He served as a Transport Officer in the Soudan Campaign; and accompanied the expedition into Burmah; where he met his death at the head of his men, while attacking a body of Dacoits, who had entrenched themselves strongly within a pagoda. Lieutenant Cockeram was a very promising Officer; and in the Army, as at School, a universal favorite.

IN MEMORIAM.

Two souls have parted from us, one a star
New-risen, quenched in shades of night,
And one whose noon-day splendour shed afar
A blaze of burning light.
One in the quiet of an English home
And whispers of the winter breeze,
One by the shapely oriental dome
Amid the tropic trees.
As ships that slowly through the live-long day,
Long leagues apart, their course pursue,
Over the pathless waters bend their way
Beneath Heaven's vault of blue;
But towards evening, when the setting sun
Scatters his radiance far and wide,
They make the port, their ocean journey done,
And anchor side by side.

THE SONG OF MERLIN.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Tennyson.

Slowly the long procession
 Wound over the steep cliff-way,
 Till it came to old Tintagil
 At the closing of the day ;
 And Merlin spake to Uther,
 " All hail, all hail, Sir King,
 And a thousand blessings from heaven above
 On the child the sea shall bring !

 He shall come on the ocean surges,
 He shall come as the ocean foam,
 He shall come as the roaring winds that ring:
 Around his Castle-home ;
 He shall come as never mortal
 Came since the world's first dawn,
 He shall pass away like the fading day
 To rise like the morrow-morn.

 Honour and joy and plenty
 Shall flourish in the land,
 For he comes to bind us soul to soul
 And to form a noble band ;
 And the thousand notes of discord
 That rise over hill and plain
 Shall blend to a nation's song of peace
 When Arthur comes to reign.

 Then the banner of Pendragon
 Shall wave o'er the royal hall,
 And the hordes of wrong and riot
 By Arthur's sword shall fall,
 He shall reign o'er a loving people,
 He shall reign from shore to shore,
 He shall build up a realm that shall never die,
 But endure for evermore.

 All hail, all hail to Arthur !
 All hail to the new-born child !
 Like the stormy billows, mighty,
 Like the quiet waters, mild,
 Wave ye the silken banner,
 The flag of the mystic name,
 And shout for the King that comes to rule
 O'er a land of deathless fame !"

 So sang the wizard Merlin
 By the lonely Cornish sea,
 So spake he of the coming King
 And the noble days to be ;
 And a shout like a shout of thunder
 Rose up at the words he sang,
 And the rocky headlands caught the sound
 Till from point to point it rang.

Y.E.S.

A SHERBORNE LEGEND.

(A true story of the man at the Antelope Hotel.)

It was a darksome, stormy night :
 Against my window pane
 I heard the wild wind sadly moan
 Fast fell the driving rain.
 But I was snug and quiet within
 I cared not for the storm,
 For I kept out the nipping cold
 With nips of something warm.
 Still time crept on and I grew tired
 My candle-stick I clasped,
 And climbing up the cranky stairs
 My chamber-door I grasped.
 I entered soft my little room
 And on my downy bed
 With hopes of peace I laid adown
 My weary night-capped head.
 Alas, I then recked naught of that
 Which I was doomed to know,
 And started soon a slumbrous snore
 Upon those sheets of snow,
 Oblivion deep had seized my soul
 And I was fast asleep—
 But hark ! what ghostly trump was that,
 It made my flesh to creep.
 Half shriek, half sigh, half moan, half cry,
 A gruesome sound— ah me,
 Never did aught on mortal heart
 Strike fear more terribly.
 I am not brave, and in this strait
 My plan was quickly made,
 I buried my head in the bedclothes deep
 And, trembling, still, I stayed.
 But hark ! another blast I hear,
 More awful than the first,
 For it pierced the muffling clothes on my head
 And shrill on my ear it burst.

A sudden frenzy inspired my heart
I stayed no longer still,
I flew to the door—'t was locked—then rushed—
For a jump from the window sill.
It was a darksome, stormy night :
But I opened the window wide,
And a sight I saw, which never before
Had been by mortal eyed.
Some lanterns dark lit up the scene,
And flitting to and fro
Without a care for wind and storm
Those dusky forms did go.
A mighty shape past mortal size
Seemed chief of their array :
And terrible weapons they held in their hands
Accursed in the light of day,
Fast rooted to the spot I stood
In dread—they saw me stand,
And there flashed a gleam of fearful joy
In the eyes of that awful band.
Their chieftain then his weapon waved
And I knew my fated doom,
For every shape raised his skinny arm
And pointed it at my room.
The shot came not—and I tried to flee
But my limbs they lost their power,
As I heard one cry with a ghastly laugh
We wait for the midnight hour.
The clock tolled out—a terrible din !
I woke with a start—and there
I was safe in bed, yet it was'nt all dream,
T'was the eve of Pack Monday fair.

S.N.L.



FOOTBALL.

THE SCHOOL V MID-SOMERSET.

This match took place on Thursday December 3rd. Play commenced at 3 o'Clock ; and the visitors who came three men short, had substitutes provided from the School. Aldous won the toss, and elected to play with the wind, which was blowing straight down the ground. The visitors kicked off but the wind brought the ball back to half-way, where some obstinate scrimmages took place. The School forwards were gradually driving the visitors back, when Gregory by a splendid run passed every one, and secured a try behind the posts ; which Brutton converted into a goal. After this the visitors were again being driven, when Dickinson by a good run, brought the ball into the School 25 ; they however gained no further advantage before half-time, which was called soon afterwards. On resuming, Aldous gave " a little one " and scrimmages took place near the visitors 25, whence Gregory again got in. The try, rendered nearly impossible by the high wind, was unsuccessful. After this, the visitors took the aggressive and forced the School to touch down two or three times, while Bryant nearly obtained a goal from a free kick off a catch in the School 25. For the rest of the time the game was chiefly in the visitors quarters, but nothing further of importance resulting, the School won by a try and goal to nil.

For the School.—Benson, Brutton and Gregory played well : while for Mid-Somerset ; Bryant, Lovibond and Beebe showed most prominently.

The School.—A. B. Church, back ; G. K. Brutton, A. Devitt, W. ff. Fendall, three-quarter-backs ; J. K. Gregory, Bryant, half-backs ; A. G. Aldous, captain, A. C. Brodbent, A. S. Littlewood, J. Benson, F. C. Bree, R. C. Maunsell, C. A. Hankey, C. G. Jenkins, E. J. Nelson, forwards.

Mid-Somerset.—Waldy, back ; G. H. Bryant, A. Beebe, Dickinson, three-quarter-backs ; R. Somerville, A. Poole, half-backs ; P. W. Bradbeer, W. Vorke, N. Baker, J. Stroud, H. S. Lovibond, captain, Leslie and another.

SCHOOL V WEYMOUTH.

This match took place under most unfavourable circumstances on December 5th. There was a steady down-pour of rain from the beginning to end of the game, which made it unpleasant for spectators and players alike, while the state of the ground can be better imagined than described. Aldous won the toss, and elected to play with the wind. Reed kicked off for Weymouth at 3.20, and scrimmages were formed in the School 25. The superiority of the School forwards was at once shown, and they gradually drove their opponents back. A good dribble by Broadbent forced Weymouth to touch down in self-defence. Seymour kicked the ball out, which was well returned by Brutton. Beebe now relieved his side by a good run, but was collared by Church. Scrimmages followed in the centre of the ground, till good runs by Gregory and Brutton took the ball to the Weymouth goal line. A rush headed by Leslie forced the School to touch down, but the kick out being well followed up, the School again pressed their opponents. Broadbent now got over the line, but failed to secure a try. A lucky kick out by Seymour took the ball to the half-way flag, where scrimmages were formed, in which Aldous was conspicuous. Brutton got off, but was recalled for "Off Side." The School continued to drive their opponents, and when half-time was called were in their 25. Aldous kicked off, and a rush headed by Broadbent gained a good deal of ground for the School. Symes averted the danger by a good run, which was counteracted by Fendall. From a loose scrimmage, Aldous now obtained a try, which was nearly converted into a goal by Brutton. On the ball being re-started, Gregory made a splendid run, and the School forwards penned their opponents, till Fendall obtained the second try. The kick at goal by Brutton failed. From this point till time was called, the School were in the Weymouth 25, but though they forced them to touch down repeatedly in self-defence, the score was not further increased, and the match ended in a victory for the School by 1 goal and 1 try to nil.

Of the School we may mention as conspicuous—among the forwards—Broadbent, Aldous and Nelson—while the pick of the outsides were Gregory and Fendall.

For Weymouth, Symes, Beebe and Seymour, did their best to avert defeat.

The School.—A. B. Church, back ; G. K. Brutton, W. ff. Fendall, Baker, ma, three-quarter-backs ; J. K. Gregory, H. Bryant, half-backs ; A. G. Aldous, captain, A. C. Broadbent, A. S. Littlewood, J. Benson, F. C. Bree, R. C. Maunsell, C. A. Hankey, C. G. Jenkins, E. J. Nelson, forwards.

Weymouth.—A. Seymour, back ; A. Beebe, W. S. Jacob, J. Despart, three-quarter-backs ; S. E. Symes, A. Backhouse, half-backs ; W. B. Reed, captain, N. Parsons, E. Bethell, A. Smith, R. Quick, W. Ayling, E. Laing, Leslie, Dickinson, forwards.

SCHOOL V OLD SHIRBURNIANS.

This match, always looked forward to by the School, as likely to be the most enjoyable of any of the Season, took place as arranged on December 19th. The Old Shirburnians, owing to several disappointments at the last moment, had not so strong a XV as had been anticipated, and were eventually defeated by one try to nil. The game was played for the most part 16 a side.

After the kick-off, the ball remained for a few moments in the centre of the ground ; owing to the exertions of House, however, the Past soon took the ball into our 25, which was relieved by a drop by Gregory. The School forwards now played very hard, and rushed the ball into their opponents quarters, whence in spite of the energetic working of Broadbent, Bryant, and Cochrane, it was soon ejected, and the game continued in neutral territory. A run by Fendall put the Past once more on the defensive, until a vigorous rush by their forwards brought the ball into the School quarters. Matters were looking bad for the School ; when a splendid dribble by Broadbent, put their goal again in safety ; a success which Gregory shortly supplemented, after one of his usual brilliant runs, by gaining a try for his side ; from which no goal resulted. House kicked off from the 25, and for some time nothing noticeable occurred ; until Jaffrey dribbled into the School 25 ; hence after several determined scrimmages, Cochrane succeeded in removing the

ball to the half-way flag. Here it remained, till a good run by Harper brought the game into School territory, where it continued till half-time was called.

When play was re-commenced ; after a few scrimmages in neutral ground, a good run by Hobbs brought the ball into the Present 25, where Aldous, Broadbent, and Harper were conspicuous by their play for their respective sides. Cochrane then ran to the centre of the ground, where Jaffrey barred his further progress. The efforts of Harper, Gray, and Jacob to drive back the School were most vigorous, but were frustrated by the excellent play of Cochrane and Fendall, the latter of whom by a good run brought the ball into the Past 25 ; where Littlewood showed prominently in the scrimmages. Jaffrey eventually relieved his lines, but was stopped by Benson in the middle of the ground. Another run by Fendall brought the game into his opponents quarters ; the Old Shirburnians succeeded however in keeping the Present from scoring, and eventually, after some good play by Tracy, Harper ran into neutral territory, where the ball remained till time was called.

The School XV all played well ; but among the forwards, Aldous and Broadbent, among the outsides, Cochrane, Gregory, and Fendall were conspicuous.

The Past forwards were also very good, and it is almost invidious to make distinctions, perhaps the most useful were Jaffrey, Hewitt, and Mongan, while the weakness of their outsides was in great measure atoned for by the splendid play of Jacob and Hobbs.

The following were the teams :—

Present :—A. B. Church, back ; J. K. Gregory, C. A. Cochrane, W. ff Fendall, three-quarter-backs ; E. J. Stroud, H. C. Bryant, half-backs ; A. G. Aldous, capt., A. C. Broadbent, A. S. Littlewood, J. Benson, F. C. Bree, R. C. Maunsell, C. A. Hankey, E. J. Nelson, Pickering, forwards.

Past :—W. Elton, back ; E. I. L. King, E. Hobbs, V. Harper, three-quarter-backs ; A. le G. Jacob, H. H. House, capt., half-backs ; D. Hewitt, A. G. Tracey, E. W. Wallington, N. P. Jaffrey, H. J. Mongan, H. A. Gray, W. S. Sheldon, E. S. Chattock, C. E. Benedict, and another, forwards.

CHARACTERS OF THE XV.

A. G. ALDOUS :—Has given universal satisfaction as Captain, a heavy and very hard-working forward, showing equally well in a tight or loose scrimmage; uses his height and weight to great advantage in lining out. Passes very well. Chiefly to his energy is due a most successful season. Is leaving.

G. K. BRUTTON :—Has done good service to the team as three-quarter-back, though scarcely up to last year's form, possibly owing to an injured leg. A good collar and place-kick. Has left.

E. J. STROUD :—A very useful half-back, playing most pluckily in all out-matches, exceedingly good at stopping rushes, tackles very well and uses his pace, of which he has plenty, to advantage. Is leaving.

A. C. BROADBENT :—A light and very active forward, by far the best at dribbling in this year's team, showing to very great advantage in loose games, has fair pace and passes excellently. By his dribbling, has often prevented foreign teams from scoring. Is leaving.

C. A. COCHRANE ;—A really good three-quarter-back, collaring and passing excellently, a good punt, and the best place-kick in the XV. Always energetic in in-matches.

A. B. CHURCH :—Has played back during the season. A brilliant collar, but poor at drop-kicking: should pay more attention to the latter.

A. S. LITTLEWOOD :—A heavy, hard-working forward, always in the middle of the scrimmage, where he is exceedingly useful. Makes good use of his height in lining out. Is leaving.

J. BENSON :—Quite one of the best forwards in the team; goes straight into the scrimmage, and is always on the ball. A very good collar. Is leaving.

F. C. BREE :—A fast, enterprising forward, always follows up quickly, works hard and collars well; is rather too fond of kicking, but with practice would dribble well.

R. C. MAUNSELL :—A heavy, hard-working forward, showing to advantage in tight scrimmages; at times dribbles well. Is leaving.

J. K. GREGORY :—Has played half-back with great success ; has good pace, especially on a wet ground, and dodges well. Has secured a greater number of tries than any one else in the team. Is leaving.

C. J. JENKINS :—A heavy, energetic forward, with fair pace, can kick, collars well at times, and is useful in lining out.

C. H. HANKEY :—A hard-working, but not brilliant forward, takes great pains and shows signs of improvement. Is leaving.

W. ff FENDALL :—A light, and plucky three-quarter-back, has good pace, and would dodge well but for his constant falling. A fair kick, but should practice collaring.

E. J. NELSON :—A useful, hard-working forward, steady, but not brilliant except in lining out.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Eighty-eighth Concert of the School Musical Society was held on Monday Evening, December 21st. This Concert took the place of that usually performed on Easter Monday, as the greatest Concert of the present School year ; a change necessitated by Easter falling so unusually late.

The programme opened with the "Woman of Samaria" an oratorio too seldom heard in the musical world, but which will never be entirely lost sight of owing to the extreme beauty of its choruses. This was a complete success, every solo and recitative reaching such a pitch of excellence, as was a guarantee of real study and pains on the part both of Mr. Parker and the performers, while the choruses were all greatly above the average. Indeed the rendering of "Therefore with Joy" and "Come, O Israel" could have been surpassed only by a very first-class choir. The unaccompanied quartet "God is a Spirit;" one of the chief features of the oratorio was sung with great expression, and was evidently appreciated by the audience, who insisted upon an encore. Owing to a slight cold, Broadbent had to forego singing the tenor solo "His salvation is nigh them" which was in consequence omitted. The

difficult treble solo "I will love Thee" however discovered a really good vocalist in the person of Turner, mi., whom we hope to hear again. Mozart's Overture "Die Zauberflöte" was given by an orchestra which would have graced any concert room; and although not aiming at individuality, the beautiful playing of Messrs. Doukin (violin), Woolhouse (violincello), and Webb (viola), could be easily distinguished.

Mr. Parker's new Christmas Carol (the words by Mr. Rhoades) was then performed for the first time, and was loudly encored.

It would perhaps be presumption on *our* part to comment on the music, so greatly appreciated by all, of such a composer as Mr. Parker. The general opinion seemed to be that the Carol ought to have ended before the Recitative, but no doubt as we get more initiated into the Wagnerian School of Music we shall the more appreciate the conclusion.

The Trio part (which has no accompaniment) is extremely beautiful; but the best writing in the piece perhaps is on pages 7 and 10, where the altos, tenors, and basses respectively sing alone. In the orchestral parts there was almost too great a predominance of the wind over the stringed instruments; this however was of course due to the composition of the orchestra itself.

The Carol is a fine work, and will no doubt be heard in some of our great concert halls,

ORGAN RECITAL.

Again we have had the pleasure of hearing the Organ in the schoolroom, played by the greatest living organist, whose playing on this occasion was even better than it was when we heard him at the beginning of the year. The programme, as one could see at a glance, was decidedly difficult—indeed anything harder to play than No. 4., one of M. Guilmant's own compositions is entirely beyond our imagination, and yet we can never forget the beauty of the last two movements. Anyone learning the organ knows how difficult it is to

manage pedalling at all, and will understand the complete mastery, M. Guilmant has over his instrument when he hears him playing triplets and chords on the pedals with as great ease and clearness as on the manuals.

Perhaps the real greatness of M. Guilmant is exhibited in his fugue-playing, which is so entirely different to that of most of the organists of the present day, who, as a rule, couple all the manuals together and play the fugue through with full organ. M. Guilmant, however, showed us how a fugue ought to be played, and in No. 1, Bach's famous prelude and fugue, he actually reserved one stop for the last three bars, and so worked the piece up as to make the organ seem double its size.

For the improvisation: which no one can ever forget, a few bars of Mr. Parker's new Christmas Carol, and the well known air 'We won't go home till morning' were given. It was a great treat to hear how different an air like 'We went go &c, sounded with French harmonies, and worked, along with the few bars of the Christmas Carol, into a grand fugue.

Mr. Parker almost in tears afterwards remarked that his Christmas Carol was played out and would never be liked again; but its success at the concert at the end of the term, must have raised his drooping spirits.

All Old Shirburnians must mournfully regret that still a large sum is required to clear off the debt on the organ. Mr. Parker has informed us that many Old Musical Shirburnians have made promises—alas! only promises—of subscriptions. Begging is not a pleasant duty: however, we can't help thinking that this is the last time we shall ever have to do it, for, no doubt, in answer to this petition every post will bring in letters to Mr. Parker full of bank notes from Old Shirburnians.



CONVERSAZIONE.

This Entertainment, somewhat novel in its character to many as a feature in our School life, took place on December 2nd, and was pecuniarily speaking, we are happy to state, a success, being well, sometimes rather too well, patronized by ourselves ; and by the ladies of the neighbourhood. The programme was varied and interesting, and, as far as we could see, well carried out, in its somewhat heterogeneous particulars. There was a sad want however of that complete organisation so necessary in matters of the kind ; unpunctuality soon rendered the official programme useless ; many of the Entertainments were going on at once, and at times during the afternoon the School precincts became a scene of most admired disorder. In spite of these draw-backs, the inherent excellence of the several performances was amply sufficient to save the *Conversazione* from becoming a failure. Among these, the wax-works were deservedly the most popular, and the greatest praise is due to Mr. and Mrs. Rhoades, for the way in which, in conjunction with Messrs. Wildman and Parker, they succeeded in representing the ideas of Dickens. The get-up of the various characters was really splendid ; those of Mr. Rhoades as Barnaby Rudge, and Cayley as Solomon Gills, being the most remarkable ; while for actual working, although, where all were so good comparisons are odious, perhaps the palm must be awarded to Mr. Penney, who, as Dick Swiveller, was most amusing ; Pickwick, Mr. Bent, was also excellent. There is only one thing we can regret, namely, the complete waste of the great mechanical genius of Mr. Cowley, who was utterly extinguished by a large red wig, and rendered incapable of causing the laughter, which so freely greeted him as Simple Simon. The gymnasium practices, magic lantern shows, and concerts received a fair share of popular applause, and Mr. Rhoades' recitation of "The Raven" was a feature of the day. Two extra performances of the wax-works were given in the evening for the benefit of the Town at large.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.--A meeting was held in the Sixth Form Common Room. Subject for Debate:—"That the conduct of Warren Hastings meets with the approval of this house." Proposed by Messrs. Hayward and Cotton. Opposed by Mr. C. H. Bardswell and the Cabinet.

The following members spoke.

<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
C. J. Hayward	C. H. Bardswell (2)
H. E. A. Cotton	G. H. Prevost
A. Wyatt-Smith	H. Cayley
J. J. Cotton	J. B. Harris-Burland
E. Kincaid	F. B. Hicks
H. S. Rix	R. de C. Findlay
	W. F. Baldock

Although the speeches were for the most part good, the smallness of the audience was dispiriting; and eventually after rather a tedious Debate, the proposition, mainly owing to the spirited speeches of Mr. Bardswell, was lost by one vote.

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.--A Debate was held as usual in the Sixth Form Common Room. Subject:—"That lying is unjustifiable in any case whatever." Proposed by the Cabinet. Opposed by Messrs. F. B. Hicks, and A. Wyatt-Smith.

The following members spoke.

<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
G. H. Prevost (2)	F. B. Hicks (2)
F. G. Richmond (2)	A. Wyatt-Smith
H. Rix (2)	A. E. Baker
E. Kincaid	E. W. Pickering
J. B. Harris-Burland	

The proposition was carried by one vote.

The attendance of members was small at this Debate, and the speeches suffered, in consequence. There was a large and attentive audience, but so little enthusiasm was thrown into the discussion, that the meeting closed earlier than usual.

After the audience had dispersed, the following subject was chosen for Debate on the following Saturday. "That the benefits reaped from the study of Mathematics are greater than those from the study of Classics." Proposed by the Cabinet. Opposed by Messrs. F. B. Hicks and A. Wyatt-Smith.

This Debate took place on December 12th. The following members spoke.

<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
G. H. Prevost (2)	F. B. Hicks (2)
H. Cayley (3)	A. Wyatt-Smith
J. B. Harris-Burland	E. J. Stroud (2)
W. D. Oliver	E. W. Pickering
A. E. Baker (2)	E. Kincaid
R. de C. Findlay	

The proposition was at last carried by one vote ; the arguments on the Classical side finding but inadequate expression.

After the dispersal of the audience, a vote of thanks to the Cabinet, proposed by Mr. E. J. Stroud, and seconded by Mr. A. E. Baker, was passed unanimously. The President briefly returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUSEUM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I may be rather a fossilized specimen ; but still I consider myself "worthy of a wise man's consideration." Why then am I to be denied all intercourse with the ordinary run of school-boys; who used once upon a time to enliven my retreat. The keys of my

abode have disappeared, I hear; but this has been the case so long; that, if recovery is impossible, surely something should be done to replace them, since I am really quite tired of thus "wasting my sweetness on the desert air."

Apologising for intruding upon your valuable space,

I remain,

Yours in hope,

THE MEGALOSAURUS.

DEAR SIR,

As a well-wisher of cricket in this School, I should like to see the match with Wellington College revived. In point of numbers, Wellington is about the same size as ourselves, and as their XI is about evenly matched with our own, I see no reason why this match should not take place in the ensuing season.

Hoping that this matter will meet with every consideration,

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

σφαιριστής

SCHOOL NEWS.

Since the publication of our last issue the following have been presented with their colours; 1st XV., C. G. Jenkins, C. A. Hankey, W. ff. Fendall; 2nd XV., A. E. Baker, P. N. Leslie.

Owing to the unfortunate illness of the Headmaster, which has rendered him unable to do as much work as he would like, Mr. Green, has been temporarily added to our magisterial ranks.

Owing to a much regretted mistake, we did not in our last number congratulate A. G. Aldous and R. C. Maunsell upon their successes, at Hertford and Wadham Colleges, respectively. Remembering the old

saying "its better late than never" we hasten to do so now. We are equally glad to be able to congratulate A. S. Littlewood upon gaining a Scholarship at University College.

We are pleased to welcome M. C. Ll. Griffith, Esq., again as a master among us.

The debt upon the Shirburnian has been cleared off. The Editors beg to thank Mr. Rhoades and the other Masters who have so liberally come forward to their aid.

Mr. Whitehead was married during the holidays. We wish the bride and bridegroom all prosperity.

We are happy to notice that C. H. Salisbury has been elected to an Exhibition of the Grocers Company at Trinity College, Cambridge.

We must congratulate A. le. G. Jacob upon his passing out of Sandhurst 8th with honours.

The Editors beg to acknowledge subscriptions to the Shirburnian from the following, H. A. Gray, Esq., E. A. Upcott, Esq., S. H. Mitchell, Esq., O. Leigh Clare, Esq., C. H. Salisbury, Esq., W. C. Perry, Esq., J. Tanner, Esq.

The Games Committee have fixed March 13th, as the date of the annual match between the School House and the three Cock Houses.

The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following periodicals :--*Clavinian* (2,) *South Eastern College Magazine*, *Carthusian*, (2) *Bromsgrovian*, *Wellingtonian* *Uppingham School Magazine*, *Lily*, *Felstedian*, *Youth* (9,) *St. Marks School Magazine*, *Radleian*, *Granthamian*, *Epsomian*, *Fettesian*, *Blackheathian*, *Marlburian*, (2,) *Durham University Journal*, *Malvernian*, *Ousel* (2,) *Raven*, *Bathonian*, *Barrovian*, *Cliftonian*, *Reptonian*, *Eastbournian*, *Thistle*, *St. Edward's School Chronicle*, *Rossalian* (2.)

