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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.*



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THE
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VOL. VII.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BERNESE ALPS.

CONCLUDED.

MY reminiscences of holiday mountaineering have extended far beyond the few pages of the *Shirburnian* originally placed at their disposal, and another year has overtaken us with the top of the Finsteraarhorn still unreached. After all one cannot hope to impart by means of a description much of the pleasure which one feels in recalling either the incidents of a successful ascent, or the view which forms the trophy of victory; and I must hasten to draw my narrative to a close, before it grows tedious by its length.

I have already described how after two unsuccessful attempts we succeeded in making the first ascent of the Jungfrau that was made last year, under most favourable circumstances, and with a perfect view, and how under the strong stimulus of fine weather after weeks of wet, we resolved to attack the Finsteraarhorn on the next day without returning to the hospitable shelter of the Eggischorn's roof, as being my only chance for the ascent before work began.

As I said, Fischer resolved to deviate from the ordinary route and scale the peak straight hand over hand from the Viesch glacier, a proceeding which led to a very long severe amount of step-cutting in hard ice before reaching the end of the arête which leads to the

highest point. Even his powers were a little tried before we stood on the edge and were able to look down that sheer wall of rock and ice which rises over the Aar glacier. We were beginning to feel the cold in feet and hands as we slowly wended up that monstrous ice staircase, and I, at all events, to feel in addition a little anxious about the North wind which was sweeping over the edge, and raising little waterspouts of snow against the sky above us. But just as we reached the top of our staircase the wind suddenly lulled, and we made our way along the arête under such circumstances as it has seldom, if ever, been traversed. There was not one single patch of white cloud to break the vast expanse of intensely deep blue sky into which the peaks around raised their snowy heads, and the sun shone so brightly that the air was comfortably warm as we started on the last stretch of our journey. It was as far as I remember between nine and ten, or even later; every thing went smoothly, and we rapidly passed one by one the difficulties of the edge. The serrated rocks that form the very top are not in all places practicable, and in a few places you are obliged to cut foot-holds in the ice which sweeps away so steeply from them. When we had got about half way along the edge, I felt for the first time what I hope never to feel again in such a position,—that the work had told a tale. I felt I suppose what has been so often described by Alpine climbers, as a “peculiar difficulty in breathing at a very great elevation.” You may describe it as you like, but there is no world like the old simple one. I was pumped, and though I followed my leader it was with an increasing effort every step, till at last I said, “Fischer we must stop here a few minutes.” He answered with the gleeful exclamation, “As long as you like,” and so saying stepped up on to the top of the peak. Every thought of fatigue vanished instantly under the intense pleasure and excitement of the view.

North and South, East and West, the peaks rose in snowy tiers one behind the other, like Titan faces in some crowded amphitheatre. I never saw any thing comparable with it before, and I don't suppose ever shall again. I remember Cologne Cathedral and feeling awed into silence and breathless admiration by its perfect beauty of

glass and stone, such beauty as man and art can achieve,—but this was God and nature. The first thing that rivetted one's gaze was the grinning form of the Schreckhorn, that "Peak of Terror," which frowned at us apparently so close at hand. It and the Finsteraarhorn were a kind of Rhium and Antirrhium, but oh what a gulf between! The eye went down without a single jutting rock to break the line of sight straight to the Aar glacier. You could I believe have thrown a stone on to it. And then arose the giant obelisk of the Schreckhorn, the "grimmiest fiend in all the Oberland," as Lesley Stephen, who first set foot on him, describes him, in his checkered shepherd's plaid of black rock and glittering snow; whose precipitous face mirrored to us the invisible wall of rock and snow on whose summit we were standing. Turning round we saw a strange sight. The huge massive dome of Mont Blanc was tinted with that mysterious colour which distant snow assumes even in bright sunlight. It is not yellow or pink (save perhaps in the case of Monte Rosa, whence I take it, its name), but a dull opaque mixture of the two, which would pass unnoticed unless brought into contrast with the brilliant dazzling white of nearer snow. But the contrast is here, for the sharp spike of the Aletschorn rises exactly in the middle of that huge massive dome, falling just short of it in apparent height, and you can see what little fear there is of monotony of colouring in a snow view.

If I remember aright the late president of the Alpine Club in his excellent Guide-book, says that the unrivalled view of snow mountains from the top of the Finsteraarhorn has one peculiarity. It is nowhere relieved by the sight of green, but presents one chaos of vast snow and rock. Probably neither he nor any one else ever had such an opportunity of deciding the point as we had that day. The green sides of the huge Rhone valley with its silvery tenants were visible enough, but turn North and you will see what looks an interminable plain of sombre hue, hardly green it is true, but which leads the eye on and on to a tolerably level horizon which seems almost infinitely distant. Fischer has had a finger in a large proportion of the ascents of the peak which have been made, and rolls

off with infinite glee the long string of 'horns' he knows so well, and looks on as his own peculiar property, rolling the *r* each time in true Oberland fashion, a way that has no parrallel save in Cumberland. (By the way, how few people know that the Northumberland burr so often alluded to is the omission of the *r*, and how strange a thing it is that the adjoining county should far more than atone for all her neighbour's omissions in thot way). But he is staggered by this. What is this? Prussia he says,—and if not Prussia exactly, is it not the plains of Wurtemberg? What else can it be? for turn East and see the huge snow pile of the Gross Glöchner, far, far away, though seemingly so near, and remember you are looking along the back-bone of Europe, and that Mont Blanc and the Gross Glöchner are two salient vertebræ at a strange distance from one another. I had no map or figures to guide me then, nor have I now, but they are far enough off to make one wonder how far that Northern view extends. Certain it is that we saw what can be seen. Take the height of the Finsteraarhorn, and calculating the dip of the horizon, determine the points in Europe which bounds its view on the North, and there on that dark distant horizon it lay that cloudless morning, as we stopped and sat almost basking in the sunny windless air, which, thoroughly damp from the long continuation of rain, made the view incomparably clear and bright. One distinction we may fearlessly claim for our ascent: the view from the top of the Finsteraarhorn has never before been seen to greater perfection, nay, I think, judging from Fischer's remarks and the accounts of previous ascents in Alpine records, I may even go a step further and say never seen to *such* perfection. A few hasty glances under a piercing wind have been the reward of even the successful ascents. *We* satiated our gaze in warmth and comfort. The view on the previous day from the Jungfrau we also saw to perfection (though to my mind not to be compared with this), and two such views on two consecutive days have fallen to the lot of few. But it is time to be jogging down.

Off we started merrily enough, for I had long ago forgotten about the last pull. Meynig was leading, and Fischer in the post of dan-

ger in a descent, last. We passed briskly along in our old foot-holds in the rocks, or on the ice, as the case might be, but in passing along the longest of the places where the rocks were impracticable, and where large steps had been cut in the ice, I slipped and fell. I was never conscious of falling, but simply found myself on my back on the ice slope, forming the end of a V of rope, and as helpless as a turtle on its back. It was the first time I ever fell, and had I not had three good men tied to me, it had been the last. Fortunately I did not do what would probably have completed a mishap, I did not struggle, and fortunately no one else did what would certainly have done so, no one flinched. But it was a cruel strain. My co-voyageur, who was following, had no axe, only an alpen-stock, and with the points to steady him managed to keep his feet under the sudden jerk he got, but I don't suppose there was much to spare. Fischer, who was last, saw the fall of course, drove his axe point into the ice, drew the cord between him and my friend tight, (but not till he had borne the first jerk,) and stiffened every muscle in his body into rigidity. But what of Meynig who was leading? With the instinct of desperation he had clutched with the fingers of one hand a projecting knob of rock above him: he had not the rock in the *palm* of his hand, and I wistfully watched his fingers trembling under the heavy strain. Fortunately they were sturdy ones, and he held like a man; but though the first jerk had not dislodged any one, and though the rope round our bodies was a new Alpine Club one, and would have held half-a-dozen men, how was I to be got up? Meynig's fingers had done well but they could not bear that strain long, and no one could venture to haul upon the rope, they had enough to do to keep their feet. We were in a perilous position. I could not have fallen in a worse place. There was the Viesch glacier we had left so many hours before below, (useless now to consider how far,) but fortunately there was Fischer above, and he did I believe what alone could have saved us. He knew that to wait as we were was a question of minutes, and that when Meynig's fingers relaxed their precarious hold we must go; he resolved to make a dash for it, and quitting his hold and

step, he flung himself in a way best known to himself, sideways to the rock above where Meynig had gripped it, and getting firm hold of it in both his brawny paws he shouted out gleefully, "Now you may all fall as much as you like." He was like Jove at the end of the golden cord, and was willing we should do our little utmost to dislodge him,—

"League all your forces then, ye powers above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove,
 Let down our golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and main :
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag by this the Thunderer down to earth :
 Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land,'

as Pope has it, though he loses half the roystering joviality of the challenge as old Homer puts it.

Well I was fished up on to my legs again, and we all got safely down to the Faulberg again. I have said more perhaps than I need have done about it. But for that slip I would have gone through life averring Alpine ascents to be devoid of danger, but this is hardly true. I could undertake to cross that couloir again and again in safety and without hesitation, as I had crossed it that morning before, but I fell, and in one of the most dangerous places probably in the whole Alps, and that the fall did not lead to a disaster was due solely to the sure-footedness and courage of the three men who were tied to me, and whose lives I placed in jeopardy. There were two reasons which I believe united to cause it, the first was that I had not had nearly enough to eat during the severe morning's work, owing to our fowl having been left in the cave, and my being unable to chew the chunk of meat we had with us ; and the second that the nails in my heels were worn to perilous smoothness by the severe work they had done in the previous thirty hours. It is all important to be thoroughly fresh and vigorous in such a place. Fatigue begets unconscious carelessness, and though I was not aware

of it, I was probably tired and consequently careless. The rest of the descent to the glacier was safely made, the rope cast off, though it threatened for a long while to need the knife to get it from my body, so desperately tight had my weight drawn it, the Grunhorn Lücke was crossed once more, and we bore down on our old friend the Aletsch glacier, falling in with a party of travellers not all unknown to us. At this period Fischer left us and hurried on to the cave on hospitable thoughts intent. He had left half a bottle of brandy there in the morning, and he communicated with all the pride of a new discovery the soothing and grateful effects of hot brandy and water under our present circumstances. He looked quite crestfallen when we hinted that the beverage was not unknown, at all events in England, but his face suddenly brightened up again with tenfold glee and triumph as he exclaimed, "Aber mit Zucker." No one could have had the heart to hint that English epicurism had anticipated him in the addition of sugar, and the old fellow soon left us out of sight, and when we got to the cave he had lighted the fire and had a tinful of his particular vanity ready for each of us. I have no hesitation in saying that he thought his greatest performance that day was the brew which he concluded it with. Toddy is an idea apparently which has never taken root in the Continental mind, and I look upon Fischer's affinity for it as yet another proof of his greatness. He unbent under its genial influence, and even got so far as to observe my comrade had marched well, but with the instinct of a true gentleman he never alluded to my performance, though I heard from subsequent visitors at the Eggischorn he spoke seriously enough about it.

After the toddy and a short rest the Aletsch seemed but a stroll, and we marched down the glacier and up the side of the Eggischorn at a round pace. On descending the ridge homewards we were welcomed and heartily congratulated by our friends from the inn, and it only remained to go to table d'hôte with an appetite worthy of the great occasion, for we had been thirty hours out of the preceding forty hard at work on the snow.

Next morning I was obliged to start for Sherborne, and so had to

abandon my intention of "playing the knave." The Aletschoru, however, was most successfully ascended by the strong Cambridge party I left behind on the following Monday, and I shall always consider I ascended him by deputy, and I hope gaze on him from below without any pangs of regret.

A PLAY THAT NEVER WAS WRITTEN.

THIS is not strictly accurate. It should be rather, a Play that was never completed. A Play in fact that is numbered among the *Poetarum Scenicorum fragmenta*, and is likely ever to remain a *fragmentum*. Whether this is to be lamented, it is proposed to leave the candid reader to judge from the account of it and the specimens that will be presented to him.

They—that is to say the authors—were three. Plato quotes Homer in support of the proposition that two are better than one, and hence it might be inferred that three authors are better than one. The inference may be open to dispute, and a book for instance is more usually written by one than by three; however the authority of Homer is great, and experience so far in favour of it, that division of labour saves trouble.

Each of the three (to put it modestly) had his merits. To X. was due the conception of the design, the selection of the *subject*, and the construction of the plot; Y. was great in the delineation of character (especially feminine); while the strength of Z. (though multiform) resided chiefly in the invention of puns, some painfully excogitated, some the result of happy thought. All bore their share in the writing, yet so harmoniously did their several styles blend, that the sniffing critic may, it is believed, be defied to say of any one portion, on comparison with another *alteram manum olet*.

It is hard even at this distance of time to own that it was a

Burlesque—a classical Burlesque, the lowest form (according to some) of imbecility. The subject was the capture of the Golden Fleece and the fortunes of Medea and Jason: the treatment (not in any invidious sense) broad, since the scene was variously laid in Thessaly, Colchis, and Corinth, and the story began at the beginning with the oracle informing Pelias, king of Thessaly, that he ran a fair chance of being ousted from his throne by a claimant. Where or how it would have ended must be left to the conjectures of the learned. With this preface the contents of the work (so far as it exists) may be cautiously unfolded.

The first scene opens in the palace of Pelias, king of Thessaly, a worthy but somewhat selfish old gentleman, with a fair daughter whose name is not unknown in the fourth form, Alcestis. Pelias, after premising that

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,
proceeds to illustrate this proposition by announcing that he has received

An oracle

From Delphi, which is rather metaphorical,
and to this effect,

When from fair Tempe's vale there comes a feller,
To Pelias' palace, with a green umbreller,
And with a sandal on one foot alone ;
Let Pelias tremble on his gilded throne.

Alcestis treats the oracle with some contempt, and recommends her parent to

Take a cigar, then try and get some sleep.

Pel. A-*n'appy* thought, hand us the safety matches
If you can *only light upon the box*. Despatches
And oracles be hanged. I'll try the sofa

(Throws himself on sofa,)

So far, so good. A weed, Alcestis?

Alc. (scandalized) Oh, Pa!

To them enter his nephew Jason, a red-headed but otherwise not unprepossessing youth with the identical imperfection in shoe gear

alluded to by the oracle. Pelias, though dismayed, is equal to the occasion and in reply to Jason's intimation,

All these long years you have usurped my throne,
And now I'm come of age I'll have my own,
expresses the infinite pleasure it would afford him to resign, adding,
But there's one thing, I've had a revelation
That no one after me shall rule this nation,
Save the possessor of the Golden Fleece.

and enlarging on the attractions, personal and financial, of Medea, daughter of Aetes, king of Colchis, and possessor of the important article, Jason accepts the prophecy and decides

I've got my yacht the Argo,

Ar 'll go in her. (Loud noise heard without.)

Pel. What's that infernal noise?

Jas. Ah! that must be my Argonauts—brave boys!

Pel. A boysterous lot. (Enter Argonauts pell-mell.)

Castor. Avast there.

Pollux. Heave to, mate.

Herc. Sheer off.

Theseus. (examining bottle) They've left no liquor.

Pel. *Pas si bête.*

* * * *

Cast. (to Jason) Long to stay

At these here moorins we've no *more intentions* :
Whither bound next? perhaps you'll kindly mention.

AIR—Great Sensation.

Jas. My boys we're off to fetch the Golden Fleece and
Aetes' daughter.

Pel. You'll find them both in Colchis fair, just t' other
side of the water.

With a fol de rido, &c.

Jas. So off we go in the Argo swift at half-past ten to-morrow.

Pel. (aside) And if you never come back again Alcestis and I
sha' n't sorrow.

With a fol de rido, &c.

* * * *

The reader must now accompany us to Scene II.

(Argonauts discovered by night in the street of the capital of Colchis.)

Jason appears in time to stop a threatened row between Pollux (*πύξ αγαθός*) and Theseus.

Jas. Pollux for shame! Why, you great hulking lout,
Even at Eton fighting's now gone out.

Poll. (sulkily) The fellows funk each other.

Jas. Yes, just so,
And that's why all are *Mutual Friends* you know.
But where's the palace? (All stare vacantly at him.)

Why they all are sunk
In senseless stupor—I believe they're drunk.
You left my privateer, I'm much afraid,
And in a *public'ere* too long have staid.

Thes. We hav' n't touched a drop, the more's the pity,
Since from the *Strand* we came into the *City*.

The discussion is interrupted by a member of the Colchis police who moves on the Argonauts, but for the trifling guerdon of a shilling indicates Aetes' palace to Jason.

Jas. (Looking up at the palace.) By Zeus, *de spot* suggests no *common*
wealth,

(Knocks repeatedly.) I'll knock the house down—I do n't care
a farden.

Aetes. (from within) Hullo you there! It must be *H' enoch Harden*.

Jason proceeds to state his business and courteously demands the Golden Fleece, which is promptly refused by the Sovereign of Colchis, who retires again to his slumbers, leaving Jason, so to speak, rather gravelled.

Jas. What's the next move? a song perhaps: at least
Music hath charms e'en in the savage East.

AIR.

* * * *

Medea. (appearing at Window.) That husky voice! No doubt a *Hoarse*
[marine.

Jas. The fairest maiden that I've ever seen.
Who art thou?

Med. I? well I'm Aetes' daughter.
And you?

Jas. A prince just come across the water.

Med. I see,—a convict, evil deeds you rue.

Jas. No, though *transported* quite at seeing you.

Medea on learning the object of Jason's quest explains the difficulties, especially in the shape of dragons, that attend it; but promises the aid of a soporific.

Jas. Thank you so much. (*Aside*) She's really quite a Venus,
Nought I'm resolved shall ever come between us.

Med. (*Aside*.) He's really rather handsome, I declare;
I always did admire auburn hair.

Jas. (*Dropping on one knee*.) Dearest, be mine!

Med. It's rather sudden—still
I do n't much mind.

Jas. Then say the word.

Med. I will.

* * * *

Med. (*Caressing Jason's hair*.) Sweet auburn!

Jas. Loveliest! (*thoughtfully*) Vill-age make thee plain?
Oh no! for ever beautiful thou 'll't reign.

The betrothal being thus satisfactorily adjusted, Medea and Jason fly together, leaving Aetes to play the not unfamiliar part of baffled and irate governor. A third monarch—Creon of Corinth—appears in the Second Act: but having regard to economy and dramatic propriety the three never are introduced together, Aetes therefore is heard of no more, so that his part could conveniently be entrusted to the artist who represents Pelias.

The Second Act opens with a chorus of Argonauts at Corinth, describing the moving incidents of the Argo's voyage in words like these:

AIR—*The Mermaid.*

Oh 'twas on the wide Ægean
That sea to school-boys dear,
That we set sail to Colchis' land,
When all the coast was clear.
Aetes swore, Idyia* raved,
But we didn't care a hang ;
For Medea wed with our Captain fled,
While thus we sailors sang :—
(*f*) Pull, pull together boys,† &c.

By many a clime the Argo flew,
By Greenland's icy mount ;
By India's coral strand we sailed,
Afric's sunny fount.
We saw the great rhinoceros,
The wild ourang-outang,
The polar bear, and the crocodile ;
Yet thus we sailors sang :
Pull, pull together boys, &c.

Says my lady to our captain bold,
" I'm aweary of the ocean :"
Says our captain, " We'll put in to land,"
Says she, " That's just my notion."
'Twas so we came by fate's decree
To this Corinthian shore :
And now my mess-mates, let us sing
Our chorus just once more.
Pull, pull together boys, &c.

In the next Scene Creon and his daughter Glaucé are introduced seated in an apartment in Creon's palace. It might be objected that this scene is too like the commencement of the play, and the resemblance must be admitted, but Glaucé was necessary to arouse Medea's jealousy, and Creon's Toryism distinguished him from the worthy Pelias.

* Wife of Aetes, according to Smith.

† Chorus by Sydney, no relation to Smith.

Glaucé (reading *Morning Post*) Arrived, last evening, off Cenchrea, the
Of H. R. H. Prince Jason. Wake up. [yacht

Creon (drowsily.) What?

Gla. The Jasons Pa.

Cr. Young Jason, did you say?

If he's arrived he's sure to call to-day :

I knew his father well in days of yore,

He used to be my fag at Eton.

Gla. Lor !

I should so like to see his wife Medea,

They say she's lovely, but a little queer.

Cr. (pensively.) He'll be like other youngsters now, I fear,

Given to smoking, billiards, betting, beer.

Hating the *good old Times*—like Rigby Wason.*

Servant (Announcing) Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and
Princess Jason.

Cr. Welcome to Corinth, Prince and Princess fair ;

My daughter Glaucé—I've no son and heir.

Jas. No *sun and air*, and yet this lovely flower,

Then your *mild reign*—

Jason being evidently smitten with the fair Glaucé, Medea is not unnaturally annoyed in spite of the devotion expressed in a little song which Jason made and sang :

AIR—*Tight little Island.*

Mistress Pallas one day

Unto Jason did say,

“ If ever you sail on the ocean,

You should build a snug vessel

In which you can nestle :”—

Says Jason “ That ain't a bad notion.”

I'll build one and call her name Argo,

My princess shall be her sole cargo ;

A smart little schooner

In which I can spoon her,

And then we can never too far go.

* Who brought an action against the *Times* for libel.

On the departure of Jason and Medea, Glaucé thus expresses her maiden meditations.

Gla. With that young Prince, Papa, I'm quite delighted.

Cr. My dear, you must forget your troth was plighted—

Gla. (*aside.*) A sorry plight.

Cr. To Theseus who his Cretan
Dominion left so strangely.

Gla. (*aside.*) Most *discreet 'un.*

Where were ye Nymphs, when my remorseless swain
Closed with the bailiff, darked his peepers twain?
Where art thou Theseus? In the isle of Jersey,
Flowing with untaxed rum and unstrained mercy?
O! gentle love, like that notorious star
Of Doctor Watts, I wonder what you are.

The scene then shifts to the Esplanade, where after some conversation between Glaucé and her handmaid on the subject of a handkerchief marked "Th." which they pick up, and a strong flirtation between that young lady and the gay Jason, Medea appears. Row.

Jas. Why, what's the matter, love? you're out of sorts.

Med. I *sought you out*, for something in my thoughts
Misgave me.

* * * *

Base, to deceive me,
Ah! men were deceivers ever, says the poet,
Perfidious, perjured, villain, caitiff.

Jas. Go it.

Med. (*Weeping.*) Little I thought 't would ever come to this.
I pictured to myself domestic bliss,
A loving husband and a happy home.

* * * *

By Pallas, to some other land I'll fly,
Untrodden by the foot of man.

Jas. Bye, bye.

Here Theseus appears and recognises Glaucé; they embrace and

exeunt. Medea departing meets Pelias, who has just arrived by the mail steamer.


Pel. Pray pardon me, fair damsel, if I ask
Where lies the palace of your king?

Med. The task
I can fulfil; First on the right, the second
Upon the left, (the third I mean,) I've reckoned
Wrong; then keep straight on until you turn again;
Then ask a Bobby.

Pel. Thanks for your plain
Direction, now my traps this lovely day
Around I'll lay and sing a *roundelay*:
Or rather since of *rolling bark* my soul
Hath had his fill, I'll sing a *barcarole*.


Cetera desunt More courses than one seem open to the playwright. Medea might obtain a judicial separation and retire into a convent, or she might seek the aid of a cup of cold poison, first disposing of her children (behind the Scenes), or there might be a grand finale of reconciliation and happiness. In this interesting situation tenders are invited for completion.

WALKING.

 LIFE of flowers that bud and grow!
 O Sun that has to shine!
 O River with thy course to flow!
 O Man not yet Divine!

O strength to climb the mountain side!
 O scorn of things below!
 We live to test the yet untried,
 And death we die to know.

RESTING.

 PEACE that comes with length of years!
 And patience hardly won!
 When hope is fled we have no fears
 But wait till all is done.

O river lost in boundless main!
 O faint and fading light!
 We shall not cross the sea again
 And we shall rest to-night.

OLD SHIRBURNIAN SCHOLARSHIPS FUND.

Report of the Committee, for the year ending 31st October, 1872.

In pursuance of the notice issued on November 8th, the Annual General Meeting was held in London, on December 16th, sixteen Subscribers being present.

Mr. Lawrence having been called to the chair, a short statement of the affairs of the Fund during the year 1871-72 (for which see *infra*) was given by Mr. Beadon.

The Treasurer's accounts, which were identical with the statement made to the Subscribers by Circular of November 8th, were passed without discussion*

The Chairman next called the attention of the Meeting to a Correspondence between the Head Master and himself regarding the times of payment; it was determined that, as no practical inconvenience was found to arise from the present half-yearly system, which is the best for the financial interest of the Fund, no Change should be made in Rule 14.

The following Amendment to Rule 15 was moved, in accordance with notice given to the Secretary, by the Rev. C. E. Hammond:—

MOVED:—In Rule 15 to insert after the words "The Scholarships are held by Boys whilst at the School," the words "who shall have satisfied the Head Master for the time being of their need of such assistance."

SECONDED by Mr Highmore.

The Amendment, having met with strong opposition on all sides, was withdrawn without a division.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of officers for the current year. The Members of the Committee retiring by rotation, under Rule 6, were Messrs. Edwards, Hammond, Henley, Hutchins and Lawrence. Mr. Hutchins having expressed his unwillingness to be re-elected, his name was withdrawn from the list of candidates, and Mr. J. F. Peter, of St. John's, and Mr. C. S. Whitehead, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, were proposed by the Executive Committee. A ballot being taken resulted in the election of Messrs. Hammond, Henley, Lawrence, Peter† and Whitehead.

The Executive Officers of last year were re-elected without opposition.

This concluded the business of the Meeting.

The position of the fund is fully shewn by the statement of accounts already referred to and it will therefore be sufficient here to state briefly that during the year 1871-1872 Annual Subscriptions of One Guinea were received to the number of 66, one Life Subscription of Ten Guineas, and other Donations amounting to Eleven Pounds and Five Shillings, Three Scholarships, as in the previous year, each of the annual value of Twenty Guineas, were offered for competition, and won by—

ATTWATER,	(under 16),	Form VI.
SANCTUARY,	(„ 15),	Form V. B.
CATTLEY, <i>mi.</i> ,	} æq. (under 14)	{ Form V. A.
LOWNDES,		

Early in the year 1872, by means of adding to the capital sum created by Donations, the sum of £64 1s. Od., then in their hands (which, though made up of Annual Subscriptions, is not required as income), the Trustees were enabled to invest, as capital, the sum of £104 on the security of a Canadian Government bond paying £6 per annum interest. A *nucleus* is thus formed for a permanent capital fund; and, as all Donations (including Life-Subscriptions) are, under Rule 4, necessarily treated as capital, it is hoped that in course of time a substantial sum will be accumulated and a perpetual endowment thus created; while at the same time it may be safely assumed that any decline

* This being so, it has not been thought necessary to reprint the accounts in this Report.

† Mr. Peter has since declined to act.

in the number of Annual Subscriptions, whether caused by Members becoming Life-Subscribers, or otherwise ceasing to contribute annually, will be more than compensated by the constant addition of new names to the list, as boys from time to time leave the school.

T. NORTHMORE LAWRENCE,
Hon. Sec.

4, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,
Jan. 28th, 1873.

NOTICE.

Subscribers desiring of moving amendments to Rules, or of making substantive propositions of importance at General Meetings, are requested to communicate with the Secretary before October 31st in each year, in order that notice thereof may be circulated among the Subscribers at the same time that notice of the Meeting itself is given.

Those gentlemen who have not yet paid the subscription for the current year, *due 1st November last*, are particularly requested to send it at their *earliest* convenience to the Treasurer.

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

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE past year has been one of considerable importance in the history of the School. It has been chiefly occupied with the deliberation which must necessarily precede action. This year we hope to see the innumerable Governors' meetings and discussions bear some fruit and present us with at least an instalment of the good things so long expected. A Bathing-place is the most pressing want both for our profit and amusement; and that there is prospect of obtaining some time in the course of the ensuing Summer. Covered Fives' Courts are second in importance, but we can easily afford to wait for them until the Autumn. A Gymnasium and Workshop are perhaps necessary, as most other Schools have them or are going to have them, and as they are the correct things to have; but it is open to doubt whether they would be at all a

success. The experience of other Schools seems rather to shew that the novelty of the idea creates considerable excitement for one or two terms, but that after a time the number that derives any practical advantage from them is decidedly small.

But meanwhile, though the School from want of space has of late not greatly increased in size, it has still fully maintained, if not increased, the reputation which it acquired in former years. It has manifested plenty of life and energy both in play and work. The Cricket season of last year, it is true, was not a satisfactory one. But the reasons were as unavoidable as they were unfortunate. The Eleven was as strong as in any previous year, but sickness broke up the School in the middle of the term, and most of our matches were of necessity altogether put off.

The prospects of the Eleven for this year it is hard as yet to forecast. Only four of last year's team remain. The batting with care may be brought up to the mark, but there seems to be a strange dearth of good bowlers, and the loss of Smith and deWinton in that respect will be most severely felt. The Eleven will therefore in all probability be unusually weak in the field unless the fielding is decidedly good. Hence there is all the more necessity for any who are anxious to win their colours, to practise the art of fielding even more carefully than that of batting.

Turning to Football, there are certainly some points which will bear correction. Owing doubtless to our somewhat frequent change of rules of late there has been a certain amount of laxity apparent in some of the games which we should wish to see disappear in future years. A fair proportion of the School play regularly and play heartily, but the proportion of those who do not play at all but merely "loaf" about the town is far larger than it ought to be. The character of the 'loafer' is certainly not held in the contempt which it deserves. It is rumoured that there is some chance of a challenge cup being presented for the various Houses to contend for at Football. And if the School-house could be enabled to enter into the competition by playing the three first or two first Houses, as its size may vary in successive years, there is no doubt that it

would prove a real boon to the School and tend greatly to arouse an increased interest in the game. Another subject for regret is the fewness of our matches. Since we are so far from town, it is not very easy to get any Clubs at all to play, and even of those we do get, many put us off at the last minute owing to the difficulty of getting together a team in the country. Of the five arranged last term, four disappointed us. How this is to be remedied it is not at first sight apparent.

The results of the past year's work it is not for us to comment on. They may best be seen by reference to the list of Honours below. The list of 1872 is by no means small, while at the same time the auspicious inauguration of the new year shews no signs of degeneration for the future.

FOOTBALL.

Dec. 19th. Past *v.* Present. The team of the Old Shirburnians was one of the strongest that they have mustered for some years. The School however managed to hold their own against them, though somewhat hard pressed towards the end of the game. For the first half the Present had the wind in their favour, and kept the ball in dangerous proximity to the goal of the Past. At the first rush, Drew secured a touch for the School, but the try was a failure. After this the back play of the Past was so good that the Present could not succeed once in passing their lines. When half time was called and goals changed, the Past somewhat turned the tables on their opponents, and compelled them more than once to touch the ball down behind their own goal line, but could obtain no further advantage. On time being called, the game was drawn slightly in favour of the Present, they having obtained one touch, and the Past nothing. Both sides played well throughout the

game; the play of W. H. and G. Game, Eade, and Twynam, for the Past, and that of Whitehead, Tanner, and Tudor, for the Present, being especially good.

A.-M. *v.* The Rest. A.-M. being the heaviest side, pressed their opponents hard all the game; for them Martyn dropped a goal and also kicked one from a touch-down by Drew. Mr. Kennedy placed another touch to the credit of the same side, but the try failed. For The Rest, Schacht obtained one touch, and Mr. Wilson a goal after making a splendid run across the ground.

School-House *v.* School. The School-House were outnumbered in this game, but for the first ten minutes made a good fight, keeping the ball in the middle of the ground. After this however the School drove their opponents back and Tanner obtained the first touch for them, which Tudor converted into a goal. Upon changing ends the School-House made a vigorous charge, and Whitehead by a good run carried the ball behind the School lines, but failed to kick the goal. For the rest of the game the School played up well, and Tanner obtained another touch, from which Tudor again kicked a goal. After this no further advantage was gained by either side.

Light *v.* Dark. This match was played on February 18th and 19th, and after a well-contested game, ended in a victory for the Light by three goals to two. The first day's play resulted in favour of the Light, who obtained one goal and two touches to one goal of their adversaries. The goal for the Light was kicked by Whitehead from a touch by Tanner. The two other touches were obtained by Martyn and Tanner, but in each case the tries at goal were unsuccessful. For the Dark, Mr. Kennedy obtained a touch which Tudor converted into a goal.

On the second day, the play was as even as before. Tanner played up in his usual excellent form, and obtained no less than three touches for the Light, from one of which Mr. Wilson succeeded in kicking a goal. On the side of the Dark, Collier, by a good piece of play, secured a touch, from which Tudor again kicked a goal. For the last twenty minutes the ball was kept well in the middle of the goal. Just before time was called, however, Mr. Wilson, by a

splendid drop from the side of the ground, obtained a victory for the Light.

Curteis' v. The Town. Played on Saturday, the 15th February, and ended in a most signal defeat for the former. The Town having won the toss, Curteis' kicked off at about a quarter-past three, but the ball was almost immediately taken into their quarters, where it remained till E. Tanner, who was playing half-back, obtained a touch, which Finch converted into a goal. For about twenty minutes after changing ends, the game was a little more even, chiefly owing to the energetic play of Curteis' backs; at the end of this time Venn ran in for the Town, but the place by Tanner was a failure. Not long afterwards, however, a neat kick from Eade placed the second goal to their credit. After this two more touches were obtained by Venn and E. Tanner, but in each case the try failed. For Curteis', Adams, Chaffey, Lacey, and Bastard, did their best to avert defeat, while on the Town side, Eade, G. E. and H. M. Twynam, played up most energetically, and the running of Finch and E. Tanner was exceedingly good.

PAPER-CHASE.

Saturday, February 15th. The meet was held at Marston Turnpike. A better day for a Paper-Chase could hardly have been chosen, but the attendance was thin. The foxes, Wallington, Crawford, and Norris, started punctually at half-past two, and after following the lane for a few hundred yards, led up the steep hill in front, and ran for Coombe Farm over some slightly heavy country. Passing through the orchard they made tracks for the picturesque village of Sandford, along the line of valley through a series of orchards and pasture, carefully avoiding Merton. After a brisk rattle down the main street, they turned to the right through a

farm-yard, and made the best of the stiff country which now followed for a couple of miles ; leaving Corton on the left, they reached the Bristol Road by climbing two tremendous hills. From this point the ground ran well down to Pointington, where the foxes crossed a wall, and so through an orchard and some very stiff plough to the hills above Osborne, whence they trotted home, and reached Sherborne, after a capital run of an hour and a half. The pace was fast throughout, and the scent and country good. Collier and Shettle kept the hounds well to their work, and were ably backed up by J. Kennedy, Esq. The running of Brine, Glasgow, King, and Watts, was plucky throughout.

HONOURS.

Since the publication of our last number :

E. T. Gibbons,	1st Class (Finals) - -	Exeter, Oxford.
E. T. Gibbons,	Fellowship - -	Christ Ch., Oxford.
W. Warry,	Scholarship - -	Exeter, Oxford.
E. M. Venn,	Close Scholarship, - -	Exeter, Oxford.
H. Whitehead,	Scholarship, - -	Trinity, Oxford.

The following is the list of Honours gained during the past year :

H. W. Andrew,	Scholarship - -	Christ's, Cambridge.
M. H. Green,	Proximè accessit for Ireland	
	Scholarship - -	Corpus, Oxford.
C. S. Whitehead,	Scholarship - -	Magdalene, Camb.
A. J. deWinton,	Scholarship - -	Merton, Oxford.
J. Tanner,	Scholarship - -	Pembroke, Camb.
M. H. Green,	Fellowship - -	Trinity, Oxford.
A Carré,	Scholarship (in residence)	Lincoln, Oxford.
C. C. Tancock,	1st Class Classics (Mods.)	Exeter, Oxford.
L. E. Upcott,	1st Class Classics (Mods.)	Corpus, Oxford.

E. T. Gibbons,	1st Class Classics -	- Exeter, Oxford.
E. T. Gibbons,	Senior Studentship-	- Christ Ch., Oxford.
F. Willcocks,	Warneford Scholarship	- King's, London.
W. R. Millar,	Indian Civil Service.	

and minor successes are :

M. H. Green,	2nd Class Classics -	- Corpus, Oxford.
R. W. Boodle,	2nd Class Classics -	- Magdalen, Oxford.
F. E. Bennett,	2nd Class Classics -	- New Coll., Oxford.
C. E. Whiteley,	1st Class (Scholarship)	- Jesus, Camb.
J. F. Peter,	1st Class (Prize) May Exam.	S. John's, Camb.
J. Adams,	1st Class „	- S. John's, Camb.
H. Williams,	1st Class „	- Magdalene, Camb.
F. J. Beckley,	1st Class „	- Sidney Sussex, Camb.
E. M. Venn,	Open Exhibition -	- Wadham, Oxford.
L. E. Upcott,	2nd Class Mathematics (Mods.)	Corpus, Oxford.

Mr. Tancock has now in course of building excellent accommodation for 35 boys, and will, it is hoped, be ready to receive them on the termination of the Summer holidays. Mr. Hetherington's house, too, has been greatly improved, and will soon, we hear, receive considerable additions, while Mr. Blanch has already a few boys, 25 being his full complement.

We also expect to have by the May term, a Laboratory, Museum on the premises, Music and Drawing rooms, and Swimming Baths.

The Masters who were fellow-workers with the late Rev. P. R. Clifton at the time of his death, have raised a fund among themselves with the object of erecting to his memory a stained glass window in the School Chapel.

The following have been promoted into the Sixth Form since last term,—E. A. Upcott, J. W. Drew, H. M. Tooze, W. Llewelin, J. H. Caunter, and J. Drew.

The days fixed for the Athletic Sports are Easter Monday and Tuesday.

An attempt is being made to raise a Rifle Corps amongst the School, which we hope will fully succeed.

B. Newmarch, H. A. Tudor, F. G. M. Lynch, and J. T. Lowes, have received their Football colours.

Owing to great want of space, the Fives Matches cannot be inserted till our next number.

The following left the School at Christmas :

S. Tryon	Bourke	Edwards, ma.
E. P. Smith	Brown, ma.	Sloper
J. P. deWinton	Reader	Rigden
Weir	Tandy	Synnot, ma.
Fletcher	Watkins	Synnot, mi.
Mant	Bodilly	Lyon, mi.
Miller	Butt	Scott, mi.
Pope, ma.	Coutanche	Falls

The following arrived this Term :

Clapp	Bartlett	Bishop
Pierson	Petherick	Bond
Reed	Phillips, ma.	Loveband
Tregarthen	Phillips, mi.	Mayers
Jenkins	Smith	Poole
Leggatt	Sparkes, ma.	
Vail	Sparkes, mi.	

THE DEBATING CLUB.

At the end of last term a supper was given in the School House Hall to the members of the Club ; after numerous songs had been sung and toasts proposed, the President, Mr. Patey, made a complimentary speech on the condition of the Club under the new régime. A most pleasant evening was terminated by a unanimous vote of thanks to the Government for the able way in which they had conducted the affairs of the Club during their term of office.

Jan. 30th. This being the first meeting of the term, was devoted to private business, and the following gentlemen were duly elected members of the Club : A. Cattley, H. G. S. Codd, M. Barnes, F. Lynch, J. M. Green, E. A. Upcott.

Feb. 6th,—Proposed, R. Patey.—“That Horse Racing is no disgrace to the country.”

<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Noes.</i>
*R. Patey	*J. S. Raymond
*W. W. Martyn	*E. S. Eade
D. Travers	*S. Churchill
B. D. Hancock	*M. S. Crawford
M. R. Fortescue	W. Warry
F. Lynch	E. M. Venn
H. A. Ashworth	A. Cattley
A. W. Upcott	
E. Tanner	
G. E. Twynam	
J. Caunter	
J. M. Green	
R. Tanner	
H. G. Codd	
E. A. Upcott	

At this meeting, R. Patey resigned his seat as President, after having been in office for more than two months without losing a debate. A new Ministry was then formed consisting of E. M. Venn, W. W. Martyn, and M. R. Fortescue. A vote of thanks to R. Patey, for the able way in which he had managed the Club, closed the evening.

Feb. 13th,—Proposed, E. M. Venn.—“That Capital Punishment ought not to be abolished.”

<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Noes.</i>
*E. M. Venn	J. H. Caunter	*J. S. Raymond
*W. W. Martyn	D. Travers	*E. S. Eade
*R. Patey	R. Tanner	*W. Warry
*R. D. Hancock	G. E. Twyman	*M. S. Crawford
*S. Churchill	H. G. Codd	
*A. W. Upcott	J. M. Green	
M. R. Fortescue	E. A. Upcott	
H. A. Ashworth		

Feb. 22nd,—Proposed, W. W. Martyn.—“That Oliver Cromwell is unworthy of our admiration.”

<i>Ayes.</i>	<i>Noes.</i>
*W. W. Martyn	*R. Patey
*E. M. Venn	*R. D. Hancock
M. R. Fortescue	*H. Whitehead
D. Travers	*M. S. Crawford
E. S. Eade	*S. Churchill
R. Tanner	*A. Cattley
	G. E. Twynam
	J. H. Caunter
	E. A. Upcott

An Asterisk is prefixed to the name of every Member who spoke during the Debate.

In Memoriam.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of

J. M. GREEN,

a Member of the School, on the afternoon of the 7th of this month. His constitution was naturally weak, and the proximate cause which is thought to have hastened his death was the excessive fatigue consequent on over exertion. He was in his 18th year and had but lately received his promotion into the VIth Form.

We beg to acknowledge the Magazines of the following Schools:

December.—Uppingham, Clifton, Radley, Repton, Rossall, Tonbridge, Epsom, King's College School.

February.—Marlborough, Clifton, Epsom, Magdalen College School, Tonbridge, Radley, Rossall.



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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:—"Doing of Snowdon"; "Trout fishing in Wales"; "A Cornish-Tin Mine"; "The Scilly Isles"; A Tragico-comic Farce"; "W. C. P."

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