

Prince Alfred College

CHRONICLE.

VOL. I.—No. 2.

ADELAIDE: SEPT. 15, 1884.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

It seldom happens that a useful quotation or expression is not hackneyed and inappropriately employed. Still, this should not deter us from making use of a word or phrase that carries with it the exact idea we wish to express. Now, of such well-worn and commonly employed phrases, *esprit de corps* is one. We hear it said that this, whatever it is, should exist amongst soldiers, officers, and, indeed, all who are associated together as colleagues. Now, the dictionary meaning of this expression is *brotherhood*, although it really means more than one single English word can convey. It denotes all those qualities of honour, reliance, union, and friendly feeling that ought to exist in the hearts of all who are working together for a common object.

After this somewhat lengthy preamble, let us now come to the point. Amongst none have we a better right to expect this *esprit de corps* than amongst an assemblage of boys attending the same school. And yet do we, as a matter of fact, find it there? or are we compelled to acknowledge that it is a feeling school-boys know nothing of?

We are surely driven to no such acknowledgment, and it would be simply base calumny to deny that this estimable feeling is to be found amongst boys at school. Still, the sentiment loses its value if allowed to lie dormant; its presence should make itself known by practical demonstration.

We are led to make these few remarks from the result of our own observation. It has been noticeable during the football season, which is now drawing to a close, that on many occasions several of the team chosen to play certain matches have not "turned up." The excuses made are as paltry as they are various, but in any case, surely a member of the College twenty should play for his school rather than for a local Club with which he may be connected. In matters of this kind we ought not to consider our individual selves, but should look upon each one as a member of the school community, and as one without whose support the school would fail. This may appear at first sight as over-weening self-conceit, but it really is no such thing. The strength of a chain depends upon the strength of every single link in it, and so in school matters, whatever they may be, their

success or otherwise depends on the individual efforts of each boy.

We know what pleasure it affords an old boy to look back upon the days when he was a shining light in the cricket or football field, and he feels proud to remember that he had a hand in maintaining the honour of his school. Such feelings tend to unite us more closely with those we meet at school, and thus friendships begun in youth are cemented and strengthened as we grow up.

BEFORE our next number appears we shall have commenced the last term of the year, and the term at the end of which come the annual examinations, both in school and at the University. It may not, therefore, be amiss to remind all who intend to stand well in the class-lists that now is the time to begin work in real earnest. Three months of hard work will hurt no one—indeed, the long vacation will be enjoyed with a much keener relish if the last term is spent in real honest work. Our school is very rich in prizes, and all attending it are highly privileged in having the opportunity of working for these prizes. Even to look at it for a moment from this mercenary point of view, let us notice the value of the prizes, and then, again, the high distinction of having one's name emblazoned on the tablets in the large schoolroom, and left there to be read in reverence and awe by all succeeding pupils, do not the poet's words, *postera crescam laude*, inspire one with ambition? But far above these advantages to be derived from competition are the more lasting and real benefits attending it. The very endeavour in it-

self is beneficial to one, even if it does not meet with success. Does any one become a proficient football player at once? has he not to go through a course of training? As a general rule, in no walk of life is success attained at the first attempt; the actual attempt strengthens and prepares for future trials, till at last the honest worker receives the reward he deserves. So it is with regard to the examinations for prizes at school. Let no one say, "Oh, it's no use my trying! Jones is sure to get the prize." This is the argument of either a lazy boy or a coward. No one knows what he can do till he tries. We append a list of the prizes open to competition by all boys who have attended the school during the present year, and we trust that each one having made choice of his pet subject will work with the determination to win the prize:—

1. The Old Collegians' Scholarship, £15 15s., for Classics, Mathematics, French, and German.
2. The Colton Scholarship, £12 12s., for Classics, German, and French.
3. The Longbottom Scholarship, £12 12s., for Mathematics.
4. The Robb Scholarship, £12 12s., for Scripture, English Arithmetic, Science, Greek, and Latin.
5. The Malpas Scholarship, £12 12s., for Science.
6. The Foundation Scholarship, entitling to one year's free education, for same as in No. 1.
7. The Cotton Silver Medal for Chemistry as applied to Agriculture.
8. The *Advertiser* Prize, £5 5s., for Essay on "The Crusades and Richard I.," to be handed in by November 28.
9. The Smith Prize, £5 5s., for English History.

10. The Howard Prize, £3 3s., for the first in the Junior Examination..

11. The Smart Medal for Natural Science.

12. Arithmetic Prize for Commercial Work.

13. D. Garlick, Esq.'s, Prize for Drawing and Mapping.

14. Messrs. E. S. Wigg & Son's Prize for the Neatest Set of Report, Copy, and Exercise Books in the Fourth Term.

15. The Head Master's Prizes, one in each form, for the greatest relative progress.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JUVENIS.

I HEARD the other evening that you invited contributions for your columns from "old boys." And soon the desire came upon me to write something. I have long wanted a chance to speak up for the ordinary schoolboy and tell something about his life and thoughts. I don't think justice has been done him. The schoolboy of books and literature is generally a good deal worse than the mates of my early days were certainly. I could tell you of many a score of those who were at school with me. They have lived and are living creditable lives, and yet they were not a bit like "Jack Harkaway" or "Dick Wildfire." They seemed to me then and now to have a more earnest aim in life than Paul Bultitude. Even Tom Brown and Seud East would not have been head and shoulders above them, while they were vastly better than the bulk of the fellows at Rugby under the greatly-praised "Doctor."

We were fond of cricket, and most of

us who had been picked were there ready to play when the match began. If one or two stopped away, their names were oftener mentioned than ours. But that didn't make them any better nor us any worse; indeed the absentees were generally the "duffers." The one that did best then and has done best in life since was the Secretary. He seemed as if he couldn't do enough for us. He was in the Sixth Form, and near the top of it; studied hard, and was respected by the masters. But he never missed a match; he arranged everything—saw to the pitch the evening before, was down first on the Wednesday or Saturday afternoon lugging the bags with him. In the game he played hard, seemed everywhere in the field, was generally longstop, but covered slip and leg pretty well too; always went in first, saw many wickets down, rarely made a showy score, but was pretty high on the average at the end of the season. His greatest fun was stealing runs while the field little expected it. He has sons who play now, and he plays with them still. He was and is a great favourite.

But now comes the fact which they seem not to tell in books: we liked our studies too. I am sure we were thoroughly earnest and happy in reading of Achilles at Troy, of Ulysses and his coming home again, of how one Horatius beat three Curiatii, and so on. I don't remember that we stopped to discuss whether the study of classics was a good thing or not. They were set us, and we liked them. I could write a long time about this, for though I can't play cricket as well as I used to do, the love for these old-world stories has grown stronger, and I read them, admire the heroes, and draw fresh stimulus from

them many a leisure hour now. Euclid we generally liked, especially a "rider." I have done some difficult athletic feats in my day that would alarm some timid ones. But I am sure solving geometrical exercises gave me as much pleasure when a boy as ever I have had since in climbing some high peak or clinging in perilous fashion to some cliff face, or at last getting round it. Sometimes the master was nonplussed himself; not often—it was generally child's play to him. But if he looked "posed," we went at it with a will. Then the eagerness with which the first lucky solver of the puzzle shouted victory—"I have it, sir"—was quite as intense as was the joy at holding a "catch" after a long run for it.

Chemistry was the best of all; some of us could not be in the laboratory too much. We got boxes of our own, and worked at home, and I shall never forget the delight with which I saw the first bubbles of oxygen come off from my chlorate of potash. I had been heating it nearly all day trying one expedient and another. At last the evening came; the Company turned on more gas at the main; my salt melted and boiled, and I ran off to fetch the whole household to see the marvel.

No, almost all of us liked learning; to pursue something difficult to catch and master it; to try our "prentice hands," and consciously to grow more skilful and stronger. It isn't put so in books, but most of us loved work and effort. Idleness belongs to men rather than boys, and to worthless men indeed.

WE have been compelled to hold over several interesting articles from want of space. These will appear in our next number.

HOBBIES.

By A. F. R.

There is no unhappier boy than he who has nothing to do. He is a nuisance both to himself and to every one else besides. Not knowing what to do with himself, he is almost bound to do some mischief, for want of a better occupation. It is here that the boy with a hobby has the advantage over him who is without one. The former can almost always fill up his spare time, but the latter has generally the greatest difficulty in doing so. And now let us glance at some of the hobbies of boys. They may be divided into three classes, viz., Collections, Animals, and Employments.

1. Collections.—In this class probably the commonest is the collection or postage stamps. There are few boys, who have not at some time or other, been seized with a mania for these. Every year or two, one of these manias breaks out, and for the time being no hobby is so eagerly pursued. Besides the amusement which it affords, we also gain information about places of which an ordinary geography would tell us nothing. Besides stamps, some also collect crests and monograms, or coins, or minerals, or a host of other things, all of which have each a use of their own. The first of these which I have last-mentioned is perhaps as good a practical test of one's knowledge of Latin as any for the mottos beneath the crests are almost always in that language.

2. Animals.—Amongst these there is not one which can be said to be desired more than another, for everyone has his favourite. Some, for instance, like pigeons, others rabbits, and others again dogs. Others take a delight in sur-

rounding themselves with as many as they can of every kind.

3. Employments.—Of the three classes this comprises those hobbies which last the longest. For one, as a rule, soon loses the interest of collecting, the love of keeping animals often dies away with marriage; but these when once taken up are but rarely laid down again. Like the other two classes, it includes a great number of different tastes. Thus some are fond of music, others like nothing better than carpentering, while others have a passion for gardening.

About these three just mentioned, it may be said that the first is poetical, the second is practical, and the third combines the two. And now, in conclusion, let me say to him who has not got a hobby, "get one;" and to him who has one, "don't ride it too hard."

"OUR UNIVERSITY FRIENDS"

(BY ONE OF THEM).

"Ab uno disce omnes."

II.—*Their pastimes.*

"All work and no play

Makes Jack a stew-pid boy."—*Play-to.*

So said the *sage* of ancient *thyme*; and so say all of us. One essential of a *sana mens* is a *sanum corpus*. Just as one of the essentials of a corpse is want of breath. "Anythink for air and exercise," as the very old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his deathbed to carry ten gen'l'men from the scaffold in an apple-cart; and just as there is no rose without a thorn, no schoolmaster without a cane, so there is no "'Varsity" without fun. Now it is the indulgence in this fun to a right or wrong degree which marks the difference

between libery and license, e.g., commemoration days at Adelaide and Cambridge *respectably* (the latter very much so). Cooks tell us "to let off steam" is natural to "stewpots," and to all such latter I would say, in the words of the poet (soon to be famous)—

"Play away; if your teachers inveigh
Crossly against you they're lunatics, eh?
Is not your teacher your natural prey?
Should he confound you, it's *only* in play."

"Not much in 'em," is your comment; and you're about right. They are a fair sample of modern poetry. Well (as cook says), "to my muttons." We have been rather unfortunate in our pastimes, for, unlike Midas, King of Phrygia, everything we have put our hands to has not been blessed; but the fault, no doubt, lies in the pastimes. Last year some of us set the ball of recreation rolling, and very quickly joined the 'Varsity Boat Club. (*Note from Secretary*—"The subscriptions have not been paid with similar promptness.") Sitting in a practice-boat, we made several interesting (to onlookers) tours between the banks of "ye muddye Torrens." *Crabs* were plentiful and shower-baths *gratis*, so we had nothing to complain of in the way of sport—neither had the spectators on the bank. On these never-to-be-forgotten occasions "Box" would invariably assume the place of "Cox" (who is no "stern swell"); but after some slight persuasion he was induced to accept the responsible position of oarsman, and those on *terra firma* had hopes of witnessing a variation in the gymnastics. Nor were they disappointed. His action on his "trial trip" bore a *striking* resemblance to that of a rustic using a scythe, and the quantity of weeds and green stuff

which he reaped as the reward of his exertions would have gladdened the heart of any scavenger. He improved wonderfully, however—under my tuition (that's one of the disadvantages of greatness). On one memorable occasion, when we had rowed further up the river than usual, "Box" (who has an eye for the picturesque and a mouth for tarts) expressed a wish to land. Now, you must know he is one who likes to know "the why and wherefore" of created things, and who would like to get at the bottom of everything—if there is one. An excellent trait, truly, but, as you will see, it has its disadvantages. We landed "Box." Now, any ordinary heathen undergraduate would have been content to remain on the surface. But no, "Box" wasn't satisfied with such a superficial acquaintance with the subject, but wanted to get at the bottom of it. Consequently he began to sink; and he sank. "Nine days he sank"—or thereabouts. Much to our relief, however, "Stick-in-the-mud" "Box" soon extricated himself (*à la* Munchausen) *manibus suis*. Our curriculum does not include the *high arts*; but I once had a mania for painting on canvas (due, no doubt, to some rays of genius that were shed on me from the bright countenance of a very dear friend of mine who paints artistically), and, fired with "painter's colic," I essayed a "Madonna." The result was such a *speaking* likeness that I was obliged to write beneath it the words, "I am a woman." I showed it to a painter whose masterpieces (or is it "mantelpieces") have excited admiration. "Dressed in a little brief authority" (in the shape of a short-tailed coat and an eyeglass—lent by his brother, the glazier), he remarked, *à la*

Dryden, that truth *was* sometimes stranger than fiction. He also mentioned that I ought to be hung. "In the Academy," he should, of course, have added; but with us artists, you know, time (like halfpence) is money. The application of this personal experience is that if I were to attempt to depict for you the appearance of "mug-bearing Ganymede" as he emerged from the deep, with eyes "dreadfully staring through muddy impurity," you might make similar appreciatory remarks, and, being of a modest disposition, I forbear to do so. Suffice it to say, when he entered the boat he was a browner and a heavier "Box."

It was on this occasion, when gliding sorrowfully shedwards, that we observed some distance ahead of us the "Sticker" in a boat with two small boys, pulling away like a dentist. He looked (in the words of an old chronicler describing the appearance of "Tom Felis" by moonlight)—

"Like bow by some tall bowman bent at Hastings
or Poitiers;
His huge back curved till none observed a vestige
of his ears."

Quo magis, he increased his exertions; *eo magis*, he *diminished* his speed. We enjoyed several similar salubriously sensational slow spins as time rolled on; but whether it was from *ennui*, or sheer laziness, or both, or because our chances of being included in the 'Varsity crew seemed very small, or owing to a combination of these three causes, an effect *was* produced, *i.e.*, the non-appearance of arts' students in a boat on week days. Some who do *so* enjoy a *good* thing, have expressed an ardent desire to behold our manœuvres once more before they die; but the fates have decreed otherwise.

Hac tenus, so far; *tam male*, so bad. The next pastime we indulged in was "putting the shot." This *barber-ism* was introduced by a fellow familiarly known as "Bushy," who, it is said, once sent an article, "The Scrub *v.* the Razor," to one of our contemporaries. That paper did not publish it. The author sent it to another editor, with similar success. Four other copies of it filled four waste-baskets of four other editors. And so the six had it. Last of all, the article died—of disgust, though the author still adheres to its precepts. He received his *surname* on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" plan, because he was invariably wrong, being born with a bigger biceps than brain—a proof of the adage that "right" is made of "might." I speak of him in the past tense, because he has left "the noble army of *m-art(s)yr's*," and now (oh, law!) is studying for the bar (not of the taproom, being a staunch teetotaller). In this profession "Cox" would remind him that "*Truth is right, and will ultimately prevail.*" Now for some logic.

First premise. Truth is right.

Second premise. Truth is green (Spanish proverb).

Argal. Right is green—which nobody can deny.

(Mem. for logician.—This is not a syllogism in *Barber-a.*)

Well, we passed an anxious week or two "putting the shot," and then "that villainous salt-peter," introduced his cannonball into the library with a (horny) *claw* (*éclat*; French joke). Here, however, he overshot his mark, "Box," happening (as usual) to miss a "catcher," thud went the orb, and away went we, like a *shot*. An esteemed functionary was close at hand, and con-

sequently we had to forego the pleasure of putting the shot. Cricket was next proposed, and one undergraduate—a "*Maschera*" (not of ours) picked up a small Hindostan—game-of-whist, *alias* indiarubber—"ballo-in" a playground, and wanted to make out he had bought it. Our consciences having been deadened for some time past, we interchanged a few catches (the majority of which—to shame the devil—I must admit were "battered"); and as we knew of no taxidermist who kept *bats*, nor any kind dentist who lent out *stumps* gratis, our cricket season was soon over. It was about this time that a brilliant idea (one of the few that ever did so) entered into the numbskull of the "*Maschera*." Why not have a lawn-tennis court? "Why not?" echoed we. So we all proceeded with spades and picks and barrows to the back, where there is a nice plot of ground about as suitable for tennis as a galvanized-iron roof would be for a game of billiards, were the denizens of midnight so inclined. Here *alii* began to *peg in* at the heap of *débris*, *alii* to *peg out* courts. In the words of A. Tennis-un—

"Fashed they, by jabers, were,
Fashed as they earned dinnair,
Lab'ring like (*sons of*) *gun-ners* there,
While nobody wondered."

As to the meaning of "fashed," "dinna fash yersel'." Still, strong in the hope that strength supplies, we wouldn't give *in*, so we gave *up* instead. A meeting was held. Rules were drawn up. Here are the first three, which have all been kept:—(1) *Club to be called the "Varsity Lawn-tennis Club."* It is certainly not known by any other name. (2) "*That the number of members be limited.*" The number is limited—to zero. (3)

Only undergraduates shall be members. Quite true, no outsiders have joined. It is perhaps superfluous (though painful) to add that the Club, at present, is *non est* for want of net cash. But "sufficient for the paper is the evil thereof." And so I must complete the account of our doings "*pour passer le temps*" in the next issue.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES DICKENS.

There is, perhaps, no other of our illustrious nineteenth century heroes who has been placed at greater disadvantages in youth, and come forth so victoriously in spite of them, as Charles Dickens. His father, John Dickens, was engaged in the Navy pay-office. Charles was the second son of a family of eight. In 1816, four years after his birth, his father was appointed to the dockyards in Chatham, and here the family lived for some time in very comfortable circumstances. Charles was a weakly child, and lay often on the sick bed; he was therefore debarred from taking part in those outdoor exercises and amusements which English boys so much enjoy; he was, however, greatly delighted at seeing others at play. Altogether he was a "very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy." Dickens was now sent to a small school, and began to read a good deal. He had access to his father's small library, from which the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Arabian Nights," and many more came forward to cherish his infant fancy. His great forte, however, at

this period of his existence was to sing comic songs.

During the latter part of the time the family lived at Chatham, he attended the school of one Mr. Giles, who first influenced and directed his young mind.

In 1821 the elder Dickens removed to London, where he became involved in "difficulties of a pecuniary nature," and the circumstances of the family were greatly changed. They took up their abode in a miserable little house in one of the lowest parts of the great city. Here Charles was separated from all companions of his own age; he was kept at home and there uncared for. The resources of the family now ran very low, and the mother was called upon to exert herself. She resolved to keep a school. For this purpose a better house was rented, and on the front door a large brass plate called the attention of all passers-by to "Mrs. Dickens's Establishment." But no one ever came to school, chiefly because the brass plate was the only preparation made for their reception.

Concerning this time of his life, Dickens himself afterwards said:—"We got on very badly with the butcher and baker, and often we had not too much for dinner, and at last my father was arrested." His father was consigned to prison, and matters continued to grow worse at home. Little Charles became very well acquainted with those ominous looking shops over which three golden balls always project, and one by one his books, the household utensils and articles of furniture were transferred to the proprietors of the afore-mentioned establishments, till there was nothing but a table, a few chairs, and beds left.

A distant relative of the family,

largely interested in a blacking warehouse, who had often visited them in better days, now proposed to take Charles into the factory. This offer was gladly accepted by his parents, and poor Dickens, then ten years of age, delicate in body and very tender of heart, set out upon life in the blacking trade; a mere drudge on six shillings per week. His chief duty was to cover and label bottles, at which, in a short time, he became very expert. His companions at work were Bob Fagin and Paul Green.

The sensitive heart of the child felt keenly his degradation, and yearned after something better; but no one took any interest in his welfare. He afterwards said of himself—"I know that but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been for any care that was taken of me, a little robber, or a little vagabond." At length the whole family were compelled to live at the prison, so Charles was put to lodge with a poor woman, afterwards embellished into the famous Mrs. Pipchin.

He had to keep himself in food with his six shillings a week, and many a day he had scarce enough to eat. He would leave the factory during the dinner time and after hours and wander about the streets a small, shabby, ill-fed, neglected child; and if ever he had a few pence to spare it was spent on a dinner.

He tells us that one evening he went into the bar of a strange public house, and said:—"What is your very best, the VERY best ale a glass?" "Twopence," said the landlord. "Then," said he, "just draw me a glass, if you please, with a good head to it." The landlord was somewhat astonished at the small child, and instead of drawing the beer called his wife. They both gazed at him

from over the bar and asked him a good many questions. At length they served him with the ale, and he says he doesn't think that it was the strongest on the premises; the landlord's wife then gave him a kiss and, according to David Copperfield, returned him the twopence.

During this time he was paying frequent visits to the prison, and there he spent his Sundays.

One day he had been very ill at the warehouse, and Bob Fagin had been very attentive to him. He recovered towards evening, and Bob, much to his discomfort, insisted on accompanying him home, and he had to yield. He made several attempts to get rid of Bob, but in vain. He didn't want his friend's company either to his poor lodging or to the prison, so he stopped in front of a very respectable house, pretending he lived there; he shook hands with Bob, and in case his good friend should look back, he walked up to the door and knocked, and when it was opened inquired: "Is this Mr. Robert Fagin's house?" Well it wasn't. Saturday night was the most precious part of the week. It was glorious to have six shillings in his pocket, and occasionally to spend one, and to think of all the things that might be bought.

The elder Dickens had now come to terms with his creditors, and the family left the prison. The father quarrelled with the proprietor of the blacking factory about his son, so Charles was removed.

The circumstances of the family gradually improved, and Charles was sent to a large school, the Wellington House Academy. Here he formed many friendships; and although he did not distinguish himself at his lessons, he had a

great idea of using his pen, and a wonderful turn for theatricals on a small scale.

His education did not thoroughly begin till he left school, and then he educated himself; but all this time another kind of education had been going on, though he did not know it then.

A.W.

A DAY AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY A VISITOR

Most of my readers have, I suppose, heard of this ancient castle, once a fortress and a royal residence. It is now nothing more than a Government storehouse and armoury, but is a place of great interest to all visitors. As the visitor approaches the entrance his mind cannot fail to be enshrouded with historical recollections which it conjures up before him, since it carries him back to the earliest stages of English history. However, I must not dilate too much on the past, but fix my attention on the title I have taken, and, as I suppose the reader has by this time reached the entrance and is in a hurry to behold what is inside, I will proceed with the duty I have imposed upon myself.

After passing the entrance the visitor enters the fortress by the Middle Tower which protects the entrance to the principal bridge over the moat, and in former times was filled with water from the river. Still passing on we leave behind the Byward Tower, the principal entrance to the exterior fortifications. Entering the outer ward on the left we notice the Bell Tower in which Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was imprisoned by

Henry VIII., and which was also asserted to have been Queen Elizabeth's prison lodging during the reign of her sister Mary. Following along this ward on the right appears to our view the gloomy archway of the Traitor's Gate by which State prisoners were brought into the Tower. On the left, passing under the gateway of the Bloody Tower, we come to the inner ward. Close to this is the Wakefield Tower, so called from the imprisonment of the Yorkists by Queen Margaret after her victory at Wakefield Green. In the Bloody Tower it is reported that the young princes—sons of Edward IV.—were smothered. The Wakefield Tower was also called the Record Tower, because the records of the nation in the early Norman times were kept there. We now come to that part of the Record or Wakefield Tower containing the regalia or Crown jewels. As it would take up too much space to explain each minutely, I will merely point out the most important.—(1.) The crown of our Most Gracious Sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria. (2.) The Prince of Wales' crown. (3.) The royal sceptre. Besides these the collection contains the Victoria cross, and the orders of St. Michael and St. George, of the Bath, Garter, and Star of India.

The horse armoury of the Tower of London has been the depository of the national arms and accoutrements from the time of its erection. It contains equestrian figures wearing suits of armour to represent the different periods. In this room are also specimens of instruments of torture, as the scavenger's daughter, thumb-screw, collar, &c.

We now ascend the stairs of the White Tower, under which stairs tradition says that the murdered sons of Edward IV.

were buried. This tower is a magnificent specimen of Norman architecture of the time of the Conquest. In the banqueting room of the Tower is stowed away a collection of small arms. We then pass through St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England.

On quitting the White Tower the visitor proceeds across a plot of ground known as the Tower Green to the Beauchamp Tower, and on the right notices St. Peter's Chapel. The present chapel was erected by Edward I. Here rest in peace Lady Jane Grey, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Surrey, the Duke of Somerset, Robert Devereux—Earl of Essex—the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. In front of the chapel was erected the scaffold on which Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded.

We now enter the Beauchamp Tower in which Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, died. In this tower is a piece of sculpture by John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of that ambitious Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, who endeavoured to place the crown of England on the head of Lady Jane Grey. On it the following words are inscribed:—
"You that these beasts do wel behold and se,
May deeme with ease wherefore made there they be;

With borders eke wherein

4 brothers names who list to serche the grounde."
The four brothers referred to were Ambrose, Robert, Guildford, and Henry Dudley. Here is also seen the word IANE, supposed to have been the royal title of Lady Jane Grey.

We have mentioned that the Tower was used as a royal residence. It was the Court of Edward III., John, Henry VIII., and James I., and was the scene of both the coronation and the execu-

tion of Anne Boleyn. Charles II. was the last English King who used the Tower as a Palace, and its decline may be dated from that time.

Some part of the Tower was supposed to have been founded by Julius Cæsar, but William the Conqueror was the real builder of this structure, which was afterwards improved by Henry VII. Although this building has stood for such a great length of time, and England itself has undergone so many internal changes, yet the Tower has never been called upon to withstand the attack of a foreign foe.

Thus my task is finished, and my pen and I must at last part company. My object throughout has not been to impart to my readers a dry discourse, but to tell in as plain and concise a manner as possible the most important points of interest as I myself beheld them.

CHOICE TRANSLATIONS.

It is not often that we are favoured with such remarkable instances of talent and genius as are displayed in the following. It is on the suggestion of several of our worthy masters that a few exhibitions of mental endowment, so often met with in such an institution as Prince Alfred College, are made known to the school-boy public through our valuable organ of communication.

The position of Aeneas and the Sybil must be borne in mind as they approached the murky Styx. Here they perceived Charon in his "sutilis cymba"—which, by the way, has been rendered by one, not far from Matriculation, "subtile boat"—in which the unsubstantial shades are described by Virgil

as "umbræ sedebant per juga longa." A certain euphemistic individual, no doubt thinking that here the writer has taken advantage of his poetical licence, has translated this quotation into idiomatic English as "the spirits were lounging all along the long banks."

Perhaps the mighty son of Anchises would have been rather surprised when Charon with his bright flashing eyes "laxat foros," if he had the slightest idea that this phrase could be freely translated into English as "loosens the hatchets."

Numerous additional instances could be given of the readiness with which some can translate Latin to English, such as "infernî regis," "the infernal regions." And vice versa from English to Latin, e.g., "magnissimum," "very highly;" "bravissimum," "very brave," etc.

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

I SUPPOSE everyone is acquainted with the pictures of Dumaùrier in the London *Punch*, but very few know the part that photography plays in their production. It appears Dumaùrier's sight does not admit of his doing the work very small, so he is forced to make the drawings on a large scale and then have them photographed to the required size for the wood engraver.

A "NEW KIND OF HARP" has been invented by the brothers Forré, made entirely of wood; the strings being strong strips of American fir. Tyndall in his work on Sound mentions an exactly similar instrument, so that there cannot be anything very new about the "invention."

THE Field Naturalists' Society appears to be a great success, and no doubt some really good enjoyment can be obtained in their Saturday rambles. There does not seem to be the same passion, among the Australian boys for Natural History as in England. In many of the English schools almost every boy has his collection of birds' eggs, butterflies, beetles, shells, or wild flowers; and I have seen some really good collections made by boys at school. But I suppose cricket and football have more attractions for Australian youth.

THE course of evening lectures to be given by Professor Tate at the University on the Physiography of South Australia ought to attract some of the P.A.C. boys, and I have no doubt they will be worth listening to.

A MR. W. A. JONES has been giving a course of lectures at the Port in opposition to Professor Hughes's theory of Magnetism. Mr. Jones must be rather a brave man to oppose any theory advanced by such a man as the inventor of the Microphone and the Induction Balance.

P.A.C. DEBATING SOCIETY.

Following out a suggestion made by a correspondent of this paper, the above Society was formed on August 8th. The first debate was held on Saturday evening, 23rd August, in the Sixth Form Class-room. Mr. Chapple occupied the chair, and there were 14 members present. The subject for debate was "Classics *versus* Mathematics." Hollidge, the leader for Classics, opened the discussion, and contended for his side that they help us to understand our own language

better; and also that were it not for Classics Euclid, one of the most important branches of Mathematics, would never have been discovered. Wyllie followed in defence of Mathematics; he urged for them that they encourage the use of common-sense, and are exceedingly useful in training the mental powers. Besides those already quoted, the chief arguments used by other speakers were:—For Classics—"That a knowledge of them is indispensable in the professions, Law, Physic, and Divinity." For Mathematics—"That acquaintance with them is of great practical use in business life." After every member present had spoken, Mr. Chapple summed up, and a vote was taken with the result—For Classics, six; for Mathematics, seven; majority for Mathematics, one. The interest was well sustained throughout the debate, and the meeting was altogether very successful.

The subject of our second evening's debate was "Is Dancing morally and physically injurious?" The affirmative was taken by A. F. Robin, who opened the debate; A. Hill on the other side championed dancing. There were some strong arguments employed on both sides, and several of the speakers enlivened the meeting with jovial remarks. After a careful summing up by the chairman, Mr. Chapple, the question was put to the meeting, and answered in the negative by a majority of two out of fourteen votes.

All boys in the school are eligible for election as members of the Society; they have to be proposed by a member, and at the following meeting to be balloted for. We all feel that the evening is profitably and agreeably spent, and look

forward to our next meeting, which will be on Saturday, 20th, when we shall determine whether or not Capital Punishment should be abolished.

A. F. R.

LIBRARIES.

By "BIBLIOTHECA."

A FEW words about libraries may be interesting to your readers, and under this head we shall confine ourselves to a few of the largest and most valuable libraries open to the public. Few cities of any size or importance are unable to boast of a respectable collection of books for the use of the citizens, and almost every country town has its Mechanics' Institute with a circulating library attached. Of course a large collection of books is a work of time, and consequently we cannot expect to find any very important collection except in old cities.

Every one has heard of the British Museum Library; it contains 1,300,000 volumes, besides enormous numbers of tracts, pamphlets, and manuscripts. This is the largest collection of printed literature in the world, except the Imperial Library of Paris. An older library in England is the Bodleian or Public Library of Oxford. This was a gift made by Sir Thomas Bodley to the University of Oxford in the year 1597, and at present contains 300,000 volumes, exclusive of a very extensive and valuable collection of manuscripts. It is impossible to give anything like a minute account of any of the libraries, however interesting such account might be; we must pass on to notice a few of the leading libraries in foreign countries.

Paris can boast of the largest collection of volumes in the world; these volumes form the La Bibliothèque Nationale. The estimated number of volumes it contains is two and a-half millions, together with 150,000 manuscripts. The library of the Vatican at Rome contains the most valuable collection of manuscripts extant. In Spain the largest library is at Madrid, and contains nearly 430,000 volumes. The Royal Library at Munich has nearly a million volumes, while the Dresden Royal Library contains only half this number. Amongst the books in the Dresden Library are some of the earliest specimens of printing, including a copy of the first book printed with a date in 1457. It would be beyond the limits of this article to do more than mention some of the most important libraries. Let us now name one or two in the New World. Harvard College, Massachusetts, contains the oldest and one of the largest collections of books in America, comprising 260,000 volumes. The library of Congress, supported by Government, is the largest, having 400,000 volumes, besides thousands of pamphlets. In the Australian colonies the largest library is the Public Library of Melbourne, of which the citizens are very proud, and which contains 100,000 volumes, amongst them many rare and valuable editions.

A CAMBRIDGE DON.

THERE can be few schoolboys who have not made some acquaintance with Isaac Todhunter's books, or who have not, at least, heard of the great mathematician.

For many years past Todhunter's works on mathematics have been used as text books in all high schools, and will continue to puzzle the brains of many a schoolboy yet to come, for his elementary books are not elementary enough, although his advanced works are very masterly. We gather the following few remarks about Todhunter, who lately died, from a contemporary in a neighbouring colony:—

Todhunter went from London University to Cambridge in 1844, and came out Senior Wrangler at St. John's College four years afterwards. He was a quiet and retiring man, but a very hard worker. Not being rich, he had to support himself by coaching, and by writing works on mathematics. He seems always to have disliked mere arithmetical calculation; all his work must be done by symbols. It is said that when his pupils showed him work containing angles measured by degrees, &c., he begged them, "Do use circular measure; bricklayers and masons use degrees." He was not a man for much company, and on one occasion having asked a new acquaintance to tea, he had to provide a new cup and saucer for his visitor, as his cupboard could boast of only one. Todhunter did not enjoy the evening spent with his new friend, so when he had gone he broke the extra cup and saucer that he might not be able to entertain anyone else.

He used always to cover his books with paper, because he thought that if his pupils saw what books he read they would lose confidence in their tutor. Mathematics were not the only study that Todhunter excelled in—he was a good linguist, and was deeply read in philosophy.

NEWS AND NOTES.

MR. R. S. ROGERS, B.A., who left us last year and proceeded to Edinburgh University to study medicine, has in the last examination obtained the gold medal for Zoology, and took second place in the Anatomy class-list. We heartily congratulate Mr. Rogers.

MR. GEORGE E. MORRISON, son of the principal of Geelong College, Victoria, and who, while in command of an exploring party in New Guinea last year received a spear wound of a serious nature, has lately undergone a successful operation in the infirmary, Edinburgh. A portion of the spear which had remained in the wound was extracted, and a drawing of it has been made for the Medical Journal. Mr. Morrison first made himself notorious by walking alone from Adelaide to Melbourne, but since then he has taken a longer constitutional—from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Melbourne.

FOR the last few weeks some of the more sedate amongst the boarders have been amusing themselves in the leisure hours with a set of iron quoits, which belong to one of their number—L. Hancock, we think.

WE endorse the sentiments of our correspondent "Long Shot." In Victoria the public schools and many of the larger private schools send representative teams to the annual match in connection with the Rifle Association. The Martini-Henry rifles are lent by the Government, and the ammunition is sold to the boys at a lower price than to others. A trophy is fired for annually, and some excellent scoring is done.

SOME time ago we were shown a pair

of common mice that were kept as pets by one of the boarders. They were certainly strange little animals for pets, but of course there is no accounting for taste. Still we see no reason why anyone who is fond of animals should not keep his pets at school. It is a good sign when a boy is fond of dumb animals, and treats them well, and we feel sure that no more harmless or interesting and useful amusement can be found.

THE next best thing to being original is to follow a good example, and we would suggest that in lieu of any strikingly original idea, the Adelaide Cricket Club follow the practice of the leading Club of a neighbouring colony. At the end of each cricket season this Club gives a member's ticket to the best cricketer of the season in each of the public schools. This encourages good play, and the Club referred to has in this way secured to itself the services of some of its best men.

RECEIVED, No. 3 of the *St. Peter's School Magazine*; also No. 1 of a new series of the *Young Victoria*, a monthly journal of the Scotch College, Melbourne.

WE appeal to all old boys to support our little paper, by becoming subscribers and by sending us any literary efforts they can find time for. Copies may be had in the city at Geo. Robertson's, E. S. Wigg & Son's, and the Wesleyan Book Depot.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

By A. H.

THE past season on the whole has been a tolerably successful one. The first

twenty has played seven matches, winning four, losing two, and drawing one. Besides these, however, there were several other matches which were forfeited through the inability of obtaining a team, but this is touching upon rather a sore point, and the less said about it the better. The first match of the season was played in combination with St. Peter's against the first twenty of the Adelaides, who defeated us by four goals to two. But the first twenty did not play its first match till it met the second twenty of the Kensingtons, and was defeated by four goals to three. In the next match, however, it retrieved its laurels by defeating the second twenty of the Hothams by five goals to two. On the following Saturday it journeyed to Prospect, there to experience its second defeat at the hands of the Prospect's first twenty by two goals to one. Watt, however, should have equalised matters, failing to put the ball between the posts from five yards distance. The next match was played on June 4th, on the Adelaide Oval, against St. Peter's, who had put a strong team into the field, and were rather astonished at the result—a win for Prince Alfreds by four goals eight behinds to one goal and seven behinds. The St. Peter's boys certainly were unlucky, having to play against a strong wind in the first half, and with a wet ball in the second. I think the Prince Alfred College Committee were quite right in refusing to play St. Peter's again, as in the event of being defeated there would necessarily be a deciding game, and with three football matches there would be three cricket matches in a year, so that in all probability the match of the season would lose its in-

terest. The last match of the quarter was played against the Creswicks, who were defeated by two goals to one. After the holidays the team was materially weakened by the loss of several prominent players, amongst them Day, who has since entered the Civil Service, so there was considerable difficulty in getting a good team together, and the first twenty did not play again till August 23, when it met the North Park second twenty on the latter's ground and drew with them, each side kicking three goals. The match with Whinham College, which was to have been played on August 30th, took place on the Adelaide Oval on the 28th, and resulted in a win for Prince Alfreds by two goals thirteen behinds to three behinds.

Speaking individually of the players, Stephens is by far the best in the team, his marking and running being very good; next to him I think comes Boase, who plays a sturdy game, always to the fore in a scrimmage; Henning, too, has improved, having learnt to get his kick before he is collared; Miller, although handicapped by the loss of his arm, is of good service at a critical moment; Henderson, Readhead, and Fry, the followers, do their work well, and are seldom far from the ball; Hill is a good back man, but a trifle slow; Price and Rowley forward are useful, but their kicking is not very sure; Cleland is useful in a scrimmage, and with a little training would make a good follower. On the whole our fellows played well together, and I only hope that next season they will keep their engagements a little better than they have this.

THE first match of our representative

team this term was played against the North Parks second twenty on their ground, August 11th. The toss having been won by our opponents, the game began, P.A.C. kicking towards north goal in the face of a strong wind. The first half was marked as being almost entirely one-sided, save occasionally a few neat little runs by our back men. When half-time was called, the game stood—N.P., 3 goals 7 behinds to 1 goal and 2 behinds, the players on both sides having done fairly well, except one or two at the tail end. Those of our party who specially deserved commendation were R. Stephens (Capt.), Boase, Readhead, Rowley, and Fry; and of the opponents, J. Stephens (Capt.), Sharland, Hamp, and Rogers.

The game again began; our fellows determined to avert defeat if possible by immediately scoring their third behind, and a few minutes after their second goal, Rogers and Sharland showing slight resistance, but all to no purpose. The game now continued even for a short time, when Robinson by a fine run placed the ball into the hands of our centre forward-men, when a fourth behind was quickly scored. Our fellows now had the game completely under their control, adding another goal and four behinds to the list in less than half an hour, their opponents meanwhile having scored a single behind. Time was now called, the game being a draw, although our twenty showed up decidedly to advantage during the latter half.

Those who kicked the goals for our side were R. Stephens (one), Price (one), and Fry (one); and on the North Parks', Hamp (two), Sharland (one). Robinson

and Miller did good service for the College, besides those already mentioned.

P.A. COLLEGE v. WHINHAM COLLEGE. (First Twenties).

TEAMS from these Colleges met for the first time this season on Thursday afternoon, August 28th, on the Adelaide Oval. This match has been looked forward to for some time past, with some slight degree of interest by us, since it was known that Whinham's intended to put into the field the best team they have had for some years past, although it was not then known that such prominence would be given to it by the red and blacks; but nevertheless the pink and whites, as is their wont, prevailed. P.A. College won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. The first noteworthy feature was the Whinham supporters "*stridentes horridum*" when our team entered the field, but the Captain (Cox), to his credit, essayed to nullify this proceeding by cheering our representatives. The ball being started by Cox, Stephens immediately returned it, and shortly the first behind was notched. The leather was then put in motion by Warren, and after a few scrimmages, our skipper showed off to advantage his splendid running powers, and marked to Price, who with a capital shot obtained second behind. After the ball had been again started, a good run round the wing was made by A. Cox, but his efforts were rendered void by Readhead, and from the kick of the latter Mackintosh marked prettily, and scored first goal, amidst enthusiastic and hearty, though I cannot say loud, cheering from our supporters. The ball was started a second time from centre by Cox, marked by Stephens, who

marked to Fry, and after some little marking the reds seemed to rally, but Fry prevailed, and scored another behind. After some good marks by Whinham's, Daw with a splendid running kick, scored second goal for P.A.C. The ball being kicked off, and marked by our Hon. Secretary, who returned it, there was some good play by Cornish and E. Solomon, subsequently Stephens got a mark and had a shot, which again resulted in a behind, then after good play by Macfarlane, a couple more behinds were kicked and half-time was called, the scores then being *two goals ten behinds to nil*.

After the usual breathing time, the ball was thrown up, and some good play from Whinham's having ensued, Miller sent it down with a good run, but it was brought back by the black and reds only to be returned by Boase just as speedily. The game now became fast and furious, each man (?) straining every nerve. Soon the ball was played on to Robinson, a young and rising player, who throughout played a good steady game; then Fischer marked well, who passed to Stephens, and he to Fry, who made a capital shot from about 40 yards, but only scored a behind, and before any material advantage had been gained on either side, time was called.

It must not be forgotten that during all this time our opponents' goal was being stubbornly and well defended by Warren and Cornish, and if it had not been for the united exertions of these two, they would have suffered a much more signal defeat. Scores—P.A.C., 2 goals 14 behinds; W.C., 3 behinds. For P.A.C. every one in the team played well, Stephens and Daw figuring pre-eminently, while Hill, who was back,

played in his usual masterly fashion. For the losers, Cox (2), Brown, Basham, Ricken, Macfarlane, Cornish, E. Solomon, and Warren played well. If the latter had played more together, and had practised little marks more, the result would have been far different, while there was only one fault which could have been found with our team, and that was their shooting for goal from too great a distance, but this is rather a good fault, and can easily be remedied.

VIX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GYMNASIUM. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—As I observe you sympathise in *little matters* which affect the general good order and well-being of the school, allow me to call your attention to the abuse of gymnasium properties caused by both gymnastic pupils and others, by the unwarrantable use of the same without the usual slippers. It is seriously annoying to have one's hands blistered by the rough edges of the rungs of the ladders and also of the rings. I would suggest that a heavy fine be inflicted on any boy making use of gymnasium without slippers, which would, probably, effectually stop the abuse referred to.

I am, Sir, &c.,
A GYMNAST.

Kent Town, Aug. 27, 1884.

A SUGGESTION. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—Might I take the opportunity of suggesting to the Prince Alfred College the advisability of forming a Rifle Club

among the boys. They would thus learn to use a rifle in their youth, which would be of great service to them when they grow up to be men. The expense connected with such a Club would be a mere trifle, which any school-boy could easily spare from his weekly pocket-money. The Government, I feel sure, would be quite ready to lend the necessary rifles, and thus encourage a military spirit. Each member of the Club would have to take care of his rifle and keep it in order, as well as to supply himself with ammunition, which would be the only expense.

I have no doubt that this plan can be easily carried out, if only a few leading spirits put their heads together. Hoping something may come of this proposal,

I am, Sir, &c.,
LONG SHOT.

MUSEUM FOR P. A. COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—As "Z." very sagely remarked in your last issue, "that as a school we have football and cricket clubs, our gymnasium and our concerts," and that now, as he proposed, our debating society has been set on foot, I am of opinion that we should strive to get up a collection of minerals, curiosities, &c., to form a miniature museum in connection with the College. I do not doubt that many of the boys have private collections; and I feel sure that no one would be so selfish or so devoid of interest in the welfare of his College that he would not willingly contribute his mite, however small, to the collection of which our much-esteemed science master, Mr. Walker, possesses the nucleus in the U. IV. class-room. Mr. Walker has also intimated, that if such a "miniature museum" as I propose

were started, he would have pleasure in taking upon himself the management of the affair, although I have no doubt it would trespass rather heavily upon his very valuable time. With these few remarks, which I hope will receive some little attention,

I am, Sir, &c.,
SCIENTIST.

RIDDLES.

1.

My first is in Baby, but not in Child;
My second in Cross, but not in Mild;
My third in Piano, but not in Fiddle;
My fourth in Puzzle, but not in Riddle;
My fifth in Night, but not in Day;
My sixth in Willie, but not in Ray;
My whole is a country in South America.

2.

My first in Faith, but not in Hope;
My second in Parson, but not in Pope;
My third in Land, but not in House;
My fourth in Kitten, but not in Mouse;
My fifth in King, but not in Queen;
My whole in a boy's common name is seen.

S. M.

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
I will the College paper take,
Both for my own and the College's sake?

If such there be, let him repent,
And let the paper to him be lent.
He'll spend happy hours through
Summer and winter,
And in advance he'll pay the printer.

Adapted from Sir W. Scott by A. H. A.

A NOVEL GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

DURING the present term the boys of the Second Form have been learning geography after a new and interesting fashion. They are not satisfied with Nelson's or Johnson's maps, but have started to construct maps of their own, and even to attempt building continents with their own hands. The system has been introduced, if not originated, by Mr. Evans, the master of the form; and whilst combining pleasure with business, it is found to give most satisfactory results.

A short description of the plan will perhaps interest those not already initiated, and at the same time give them an idea of how the juniors spend a pleasant hour occasionally.

Let us suppose that Australia is the subject of to-day's lesson. All the boys in the class march out to the back playground, and there, with any stones they can find, lay out a plan of the coastline. When a good outline has been made, our young geographers set to with spade and shovel and dig a small trench along the line of stones, throwing the earth thus removed into the interior of the map. Now, having secured a good outline map of the continent, they require to represent the mountains. Here, again, the stones come in useful, and are heaped together or placed in lines to represent the peaks and mountain chains in their proper places. The rivers are then marked by little trenches, gradually becoming wider as they approach the sea-coast. While this has been going on, some of the boys have been preparing little sticks having a slit in the top to receive a piece of paper—very much like garden labels. Mr.

Evans has provided himself with small slips of paper having on them the names of capes, bays, mountains, and rivers. A boy is now called upon to place a stick where Cape Howe is supposed to be; if he does this correctly, the paper bearing the name of the cape is fixed into the slit in the end of the stick, and left there. Another marks Cape York in the same way, and so on until all the capes are marked. Similarly the mountains, rivers, &c., are labelled, and when all is finished there may be fifty or a hundred labels stuck all about the map. These are then gathered up, and other boys take their turn at marking the physical features, until all have had a chance of showing how much or how little they know of the lesson. The positions and names of places thus once thoroughly learned will never be forgotten, for each boy has had a hand in the work, and has seen a continent growing under his very eyes. The boys look forward with pleasure to their geography lesson, which, instead of being a drudgery, is an interesting amusement, and their quarterly examination shows that they know well what they have been taught.

Observe yon plumèd biped fine!
To effect his captivation
Deposit particle saline
Upon his termination.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juice of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can the feat enact
Quite independent of your kind instruction.

ADELAIDE: Printed by Webb, Vardon,
and Pritchard, Gresham-street.

Special Supplement to the Prince Alfred College Chronicle.

THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE most important event of the third term, and that which is looked forward to with most interest outside of ordinary school work, is the annual demonstration of athletic sports. This year quite as much interest has been taken in the great event, and as much energy has been displayed by all, as in former years, with the result that a thorough success was achieved. Saturday, the 13th instant, was the day chosen, and during the week considerable anxiety was evinced by every one as to the kind of weather we should have. But all such feelings were allayed when Saturday morning broke clear and bright, with a fresh breeze from the north. Everything had been prepared that was necessary by the energetic Committee, with Mr. Sunter and A. H. Hill at its head. By their strenuous efforts and judicious forethought the arrangements were rendered thoroughly complete, so that not a hitch occurred during the whole of the proceedings.

Punctually at two o'clock the bell was rung for the first event, and soon the competitors were toeing the line under the able directions of Mr. G. M. Evan, the starter, while Messrs. Vasey and Martin, who acted as judges, were ready at the other end to announce the winner. Our space will not allow us to give a detailed account of each individual race, but we propose to mention those events which were marked by any distinctive characteristics.

First there comes the 150 yards handicap flat race, which was the first event for the College Cup. This was a well-contested race, R. Stephen, with one yard start, just beating Heath, who started at

scratch; G. Boase came in a good third. In the second number—100 yards handicap flat race for boys under eleven years—C. Naumann came first easily, with Ferguson and C. Dowie second and third respectively. The running high jump was good, the jumping of Jackman and Laughton being much admired, but, notwithstanding their handicap, Cowling beat them and won, jumping 4 ft. 9 in. In throwing the cricket ball Kentish came off first with a splendid throw of ninety-two yards, Hill second, his throw being two or three yards shorter. In the champion race for the Master's prize, R. Stephen, who got away from the first, kept the lead and came in first, with Heath close after him. The medley race caused some amusement; it was won by H. Oldham, who started from scratch and ran bouncing the football; Laurance, who skipped, was passed only a few feet from the winning post, and took second place. Rischbeith easily won the 100 yards champion race for boys under fifteen. Then came the second event for the College cup—the 150 yards handicap hurdle race; in this race a good deal of damage was done, some of the hurdles being knocked over and broken; G. Boase ran 1st, Dixon 2nd, and Heath 3rd. Next came a very juvenile race—100 yards for boys under nine years; sturdy young Alfred Chapple won this in good style, but F. Hobbs ran him very close and came in a good second. The 220 yards handicap flat race was a capitally contested event, won by Henderson with Heath second, and A. J. Boase third. There were so many entries for the 150 yards flat race for boys under fifteen that it had to be run in three heats, the final result being that Rischbeith won first prize, A. H. Clark

Special Supplement to the Prince Alfred College Chronicle.

second, and Darling third. Our ex-champion, Rounsevell, won the 120 yards old scholars' handicap flat race, G. M. Evan being second. This was a very good race, and it was pleasing to see so many old faces back amongst us again. The third event for the College Cup (440 yards flat) was won by R. Henning, with A. Hill second, and Stephens third. By this result, Stephens and G. Boase scored an equal number of points, so they ran it off at 100 yards after the last number on the programme, when Stephens beat Boase, and thus won the College Cup. The 120 yards flat race for boys under 13 was carried off by C. E. Stephens, who was followed by E. Toms, J. C. Robertson, and E. J. Born in the order named. Heath, who had been running splendidly all the afternoon, was at length rewarded with first place in the 120 yards flat race, A. F. Joyce being second, and A. J. Boase and A. J. Jackman third and fourth respectively. Kicking the football followed, but was not a success, the kicking generally being poor, but perhaps this was owing to the high wind that was blowing at the time. E. Fry kicked the farthest, but the distance was, unfortunately, not measured. The 120 yards hurdle race for old scholars was won by W. J. Williams, G. M. Evan being second. The last race on the programme created some excitement, being a half-mile handicap flat race. B. Newbold, who was at scratch, won in splendid style, beating C. E. Stephens, who had 95 yards start, by only a few yards.

The prizes were then distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs. Colton, who was kind enough to per-

form this office, and after a few remarks by the Rev. R. M. Hunter, the Hon. J. Colton, and our Head Master, who specially noticed how largely old scholars had contributed to the prizes, and the customary cheers for the Queen, the ladies, and prize-givers, the afternoon's proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

Twelve buried names of boys, the initials of which, when read downwards, give *P. A. C. Chronicle* :—

1. There is a rap at the door.
 2. I hope the citizens will not part Hurtle-square as they did Victoria-square.
 3. The Hill & Co. line of busses runs to Strathalbyn.
 4. The woman that comes to char lessens my labour considerably.
 5. Have you fed the hen? Rye and water form a very good food.
 6. The mountains of Tyrol and Lucerne are very high.
 7. The olive ripens very quickly.
 8. Neither animals nor man die without a struggle.
 9. Hi! van, oh! exclaimed the man who was left behind.
 10. Mr. Maclaren certainly deserves the prize.
 11. Richard Cœur de Leon ardently endeavoured to take the Holy City.
 12. That red garment is very ugly.
- A. G. N.

The earliest winged songster soonest sees
And first appropriates the Annelides

'Tis permitted to the feline race
To contemplate a regal face.