

Prince Alfred College

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EDITORIAL.

WITH the close of the first term the cricket season has come to an end, and the football has now again taken its place in the field.

Those who intend to go in for football this season should begin to train at once and keep at it regularly every day until the Oval Match comes off, when it is very evident which side has undergone the stricter course of training. Of course, football should not be indulged in to excess, as too much of it is as hurtful as no exercise of any kind at all; and not only this, but it might even interfere with our studies, which are so much more important. Again, another great point in the game is that one member of the team should play to another, and not try and work individually.

It is just the same in rowing, the great thing not being for each oarsman to see which can pull the hardest and fastest, but simply to pull together with a long, strong pull.

We lost in the great contest of last season in spite of the efforts put forth by our players, but let us go in this time with the determination of winning and upholding the prestige of P.A.C.

It can only be hoped that we may be as successful in this match as we were at the last University examinations, when all who entered passed, and also in obtaining the three University Scholarships annually offered by the University of Adelaide. This is the second time our boys have succeeded in taking all three, and it is to be hoped it may not be the last, although it was an achievement, that was hardly thought of and one that any school might well be proud of.

In rowing we have not been so successful as last year, when we overcame both Whinham's and St. Peter's. At this last regatta, we had to row the whole course, and being an exceedingly light team, and Whinham's just the opposite, we were rather easily vanquished.

P.A.C. DEBATING SOCIETY.

The following is a report of the proceedings of the above society since the last issue of the *Chronicle* :—

On February 20 the third half-yearly business meeting was held, when the usual report and balance-sheet were presented and adopted. The former stated that the affairs of the Society were in a fairly satisfactory condition, although it was regretted that the average attendance was

still rather small ; while the latter showed a small balance due to the treasurer. The business of the evening ended, J. D. Iliffe read his prize essay on "Knowledge is power," which was favorably criticised ; and the opinion was expressed that the paper was certainly not below the average of those which had gained the *Advertiser* cheque in former years.

One of the historical subjects which seem such favourites with members was discussed on March 6, when the question, "Was the character of Napoleon Bonaparte admirable?" was debated. The dislike towards this great conqueror which is apparently characteristic of John Bull and the majority of his kind seemed to pervade the meeting on this occasion, for after a long and warm discussion the question was answered in the negative by a majority of eight votes. The affirmative was upheld by C. Harding and the negative by H. W. Crompton.

A paper on "Novel-reading," by T. Trestrail, was the subject for discussion on March 20. The essayist strongly condemned the practice mentioned, and pointed out what he considered to be its evil effects. The opinions expressed in the paper were subjected to considerable criticism, but it was decided to take no vote as to their correctness or otherwise.

A considerable change of subject took place on April 3, when the question, "Which is pleasanter—Morning or Evening?" was discussed. T. Trestrail supported the claims of the former, and J. D. Iliffe of the latter part of the day to that designation. Its coolness and freshness were the chief arguments used in favour of morning, and its restfulness was the chief reason given for their views by those who took the side of evening. Trestrail's party was victorious by one vote.

Five anonymous papers were read on April 17. Their titles were respectively : "Phrenology," "The Tarantula," "Sigurd the Volsung," "Tennyson," and "Burns." As most of them appear elsewhere in these columns, the readers of the *Chronicle* will be able to judge of their quality for themselves. It may here be mentioned, however, that they were, on the whole, regarded with approval.

It is with much pleasure that we have to record that the attendance at, and the evident interest taken in our meetings has considerably increased since the beginning of the present half-year. Satisfactory though this is, it is, of course, no reason for idle content. Our membership is still a very small proportion of the whole school, and there certainly must yet be some who could be induced to join us. This appeal is made in the hope that at our next meeting, to be held on May 8, there may be at least some nominations of new members.

TWO HUNDRED MILES ON HORSE BACK.

About a year before I came to this college, my father, my brother Fred, and a gentleman who was staying with us, named Mr. Carlyon, and myself resolved to visit a piece of land taken up by my father about 200 miles from our station. The road was through bush inhabited by fierce aborigines only, who were treacherous and badly disposed towards the whites. We were all well mounted ; my steed was a handsome black mare which I had received as a present from my father on my last birthday. Fred carried a Winchester repeating rifle, Carlyon and myself each had Martini-Henri carbines, and my father contented

himself with a Colt's revolver, with which he was a remarkably good shot. By 6 a.m. we were all mounted and after hasty adieux set off. I in trying to show myself off to the best advantage dug the spurs into my mare; with a bound she started off, and like John Gilpin, I lost my hat and wig, that is to say my hat and valise, and after running about a mile she took it into her head to go over instead of through a high gate and quietly deposited me in the road, when the others who were following picked me up and placed me in the "pigskin" again, and we set off as merry as a marriage bell. We were soon beyond the precincts of the station and halted by the side of a fresh water lagoon where Fred shot a brace of ducks, which were soon roasting on spits cut from the tree under which we reposed. Off the ducks we made a hearty meal, washed down with some excellent tea made in our billies. After dinner we saddled up and rode on again through some very monotonous country with little to attract the eye until we entered the bush.

About 3 p.m. we saw an isolated peak, Mount Ney, looming in the distance; about two hours later we descried the smoke of a native fire at the foot of it; but not knowing what force they might be in we approached carefully, when coming to a bend in the road we dashed forward, but were suddenly obstructed by a huge barrier of tree trunks, which our sable friends fondly imagined would stop the encroachments of the whites into their territories. But that which must have cost them days of labour was easily removed by a charge of dynamite judiciously placed, of which we were taking out some for mining purposes. When we arrived at the fire the natives had departed, the

explosion no doubt having frightened them. We set off in pursuit; the bush was so thick we thought they had all escaped, but Mr. Carlyon's sharp eyes detected a "gin" just disappearing in a thicket of myall trees; we all dashed up and just as we were about to enter a man stepped out with his spear "shipped," but my father was too quick for him and shot the womerah from his hand with his revolver, the noise of which so alarmed him that he set off with the speed of a deer, but Mr. Carlyon was too quick for him, and secured him in a "brace of shakes," as did my father another dusky warrior. We led them back to their recently deserted fire, and my father, who can speak their language, the Dlangearah dialect (which scarcely differs from that of the Gabakeali, as the blacks at our home station are called) asked them what was the meaning of some bones that bore a suspicious resemblance to those of a horse. They said, "Yocah wah, yocah wah," i.e. down there, down there, pointing suggestively to their mouths. My father gave them a lecture on the sin of stealing and dismissed them with fleas in their ears. We turned in, taking the precaution to have our rifles loaded by our side. By sunrise next morning we had caught the horses, breakfasted, and were on our way once more. Towards evening we entered what is known as spearwood brake, which is so called because it is from this wood the natives make their spears. We camped that night in a clearing in the spearwood brake called "Knamallyl;" after a supper of damper and sardines turned in and slept soundly. Next morning early Mr. Carlyon and I went for a walk in the brake, when we started a troop of about a dozen red kangaroos, the first we had

ever seen of the species, but a well-directed ball from Mr. Carlyon's unerring rifle laid the largest low, and later on Fred secured one also. The skins we pegged out on a tree, intending to get them on our return home, after which we resumed our journey. About 3 p.m. we entered the "Dubichmyre" Hills, *i.e.*, hills where snakes abound; but this must have been a misnomer, as we did not see a single snake during our stay there. A sharp twist in the hills brought the house into view, but somehow it did not seem to look quite right. On getting nearer we saw that the roof and windows were not in their usual places, in fact, they were nowhere to be seen. On entering the house it became evident to us that the natives had forced the lock, and had been having a jollification on the strength of it. They must have put a box of gunpowder on the fire, and the results must have startled them not a little. On further looking about us it was evident that they had been there very recently, for there were preparations for a great feast. About a score of sheep had been dexterously killed by having their eyes removed and their brains tampered with through the apertures thus formed, and a bark vessel filled with quondongs and other native fruits. We visited a spot where the men some time previously had been sinking a well. Amongst the earth thrown up Fred and I collected a number of huge bones, which, my father said, were those of an immense kangaroo. We carefully cleaned them and put them in a box, and afterwards had them taken home, and gave them to one Mr. Sherratt, who carefully put them together and measured them, and found that from the head to the tip of the tail they measured about fifteen feet, and probably when whole would have mea-

sured much more. Fred and I had been there a week, when we were sent home to send men to repair the house, and reached home without further adventure or mishap, except that our kangaroo skins had been torn and chewed, and altogether spoiled, probably by dingoes. S. D.

A DAY'S HUNTING.

During the last Christmas holidays, when I was staying at Morgan, one of my companions, named Jack, called out to me at 5 o'clock on a beautiful morning, "I say, Frank, what do you say to a day's sport on the Murray?" I agreed to his proposal, and three of us went out and hired a boat. We had arranged to row up the river towards New South Wales, and when about ten miles from Morgan to land, leave our boat for the day, and go shooting. We left at about 7 o'clock in the morning and reached our destination at 10 o'clock, Alf and I rowing all the way, while Jack acted the part of coxswain. We only had one gun between us, but nevertheless, expected to have some good sport.

The gun belonged to Alf, so he claimed the privilege of carrying it, and of having first shot. We brought our boat up a small creek and after safely concealing it under some overhanging bushes, we departed inland. We had not gone above half a mile when we suddenly came upon a flock of wild duck on the margin of a small pool. Alf crept up unobserved to within about twelve yards of the flock. He picked out a nice one and fired, bringing it speedily to the ground. We rushed up and secured it, and after taking off its feathers, roasted it for our dinner, having besides this a little bread and some biscuits that we had brought with us.

After dinner we again set out, and Jack discovered the tracks of a kangaroo. We followed it, and soon to our great joy, we saw the animal grazing a few hundred yards ahead of us. As Jack had discovered the tracks, he took the gun and went quietly towards it, but before he had got near enough to fire the animal saw him and set off at full speed.

We, of course followed, and came up with it after a long run. Jack took the weapon again, and in this attempt was more successful than before, bringing the animal down but not quite killing it with the first shot. He, therefore, loaded again and put an end to its sufferings.

As it was now getting late and time to return home we turned our faces towards the boat, having a bit of heavy work in carrying the kangaroo. We proceeded rather slowly at first, and I suggested that the tail should be cut off. This was therefore done and the rest was left behind.

We did not reach our boat until 6 o'clock and consequently did not get back to Morgan until 8 o'clock, after two hour's hard rowing.

Q. E. D.

A SHORT DRIVE IN NAPLES.

This last winter seems to have been one of exceptional severity throughout Europe, it certainly was bitterly cold on the night of December 15 and 16, in which I travelled from Rome to Naples. Our train left Rome at 10 p.m. and reached Naples at 7 a.m. A plentiful supply of rugs, the regular change of the warming pans, the generous puffs of tobacco smoke kept us from being much troubled by the severe cold. In the dim morning light we saw

the dark form of Vesuvius rising on our left, relieved by the narrow stream of molten lava flowing down its side and the red tongues of flame issuing from its crater. Below the lava stream was a belt of white snow; while the mountain vomited forth from its summit volumes of pitch-black smoke which, wafted away by the winds, seemed to cover the heavens with ready-made thunder-clouds.

Arrived at the station, I went for a cup of *café noir*, and here, as everywhere else, the waiter offered me as change for a sovereign, 20 francs instead of 24. I demanded the full change. He "did not know, must go and see the master." So I had no choice but to await his lordship's fanciful convenience, and when it was judged that my patience had been sufficiently tested, the waiter brought me the remaining 4 francs, which he had had in his pocket from the first.

Going outside, I hailed a caracella, threw my bag inside and was on the point of jumping in, when I found myself surrounded by several gesticulating Neapolitans. Two or three of them wore the faded blue blouse of the police, and I wondered what in the world was the row now. I listened attentively as they voluminously slanged me in Italian, and when there came an opportunity of putting in a word, I said seriously "It's all true, my dear fellows, I quite believe you, but I don't know what you say and I want to be off." However, they objected to my going and began to make dives for my bag which I was cautiously guarding. At last it dawned upon me that these were customs officers, and when allowed to feel my bag they seemed quite satisfied, and to the whole swearing ring of them I bade a laughing farewell, which was wholly unreturned, and we drove off.

The customs duties in Naples seem childish and pettifogging in the extreme. On all eatables coming in or going out of the town, they have their dues. Amusing stories are told of country men stopped at the station to have the wine in their stone bottle measured and assessed, who, while waiting their turn have emptied the contents down their throats and given the examining officer the trouble of uncorking the empty bottle. If you take the tram to Puteoli, a pretty country place about six miles from Naples, you have to show your picnic fare to the officers and pay some slight tax on your bread and cheese. It seems a strange policy to keep men at stations for work of this kind.

My driver saw, of course, that he had a stranger to deal with, and pretended not to know the address I gave him. So he drove me up and down for about three-quarters of an hour, inquiring or pretending to enquire his road. It was all pleasant to me. There was something so entirely novel in the appearance of these steep, narrow, crowded streets, where stalls, foot passengers, carriages, cattle, and charcoal fires, seem jumbled together with no sign of order. In most streets there is no separate path for those on foot, but the whole streets are paved with slabs of rough cut stones. The horses, mules and donkeys all present a very jaded appearance. Here, all animals draw from the breast, and have no collar; the breast-band very frequently chafes off the skin and it is most painful to notice the great raw patches on the animals' breasts.

It is very entertaining to observe the wondrous admixture of easy-going, good nature, and of ungoverned temper displayed on every hand. Everything seems so delightfully informal. Just in front

of us is a man driving a cow; a friend comes trotting out of a neighbouring café and gives him a glass. Madame cow is at once "stuck up," mulcted in half a pint of milk; the filled glass is handed back, and she is permitted to proceed. The strife of tongues and merry laughter, always is heard near the public fountains, for these are surrounded by women, washing clothes, and here too, women have learnt the art of talking hard while at their work.

The houses are built in several stories, and on each flat there is accommodation for a family. The ground floors seem to have no light except that which comes through the open door. In these the poorest people live, and often the same single room, without a window, serves for a crowded shop, as living room, and a family bedroom. The utter disorder of these native shops would drive an Englishman wild. But here, "time seems no object," and the customer will contentedly stand puffing his cigar, while the shopkeeper leisurely looks among his bundles of musty goods, for the articles he knows are there; and in the course of half an hour they are sure to "turn up." The chief shops are English, and until these English came there was little method about sale prices anywhere in the town. "Fixed prices," is a mere fable to a Neapolitan tradesman. For instance, I saw some Englishmen buying deck chairs for the voyage out to Australia. They asked the price and were told, 17s. 6d. each. They at once offered 2s. 6d. each, and finally got them at 3s. 6d. But all are not so successful in their purchases, and are regularly swindled about the prices of goods. The Neapolitans are far too keen themselves than to be cheated by one another, so in restau-

rants and other places, where a regular tariff of fares has to be shown on demand, the manager will have three different scales in use, to be shown respectively to foreigners who are strangers, to resident foreigners, and to natives.

The limited space of these ground-floor rooms makes it necessary for the little cooking to be done outside, and up and down the streets are rows of charcoal fires in their three-legged iron stands. Baked chesnuts were the most popular article of food on this particular morning. Coarse brown bread with or without fruit seems the general food of the poorer classes. Scarcely any meat is eaten, and their forced vegetarian habits best suit the climate.

In one place I saw flour-making in a most primitive fashion. The grain was strewed over the paved floor of a room, and it was crushed by men standing bare-foot on the flat surface of rough hemispherical pieces of stone. Each guided his stone over his own allotted portion by the alternate pressure of either leg. Constant practise had given the men some skill in this, and though the method was slow it appeared effectual.

A little outside the town are factories of the world-famed maccaroni, and as you drive along you can see rows of poles fixed on the verandahs of the factories, and covered with the long pipes of this ambrosial food which is being dried into the form with which we are familiar. But this maccaroni is a luxury to be indulged in by the poorest classes only on special days.

Outside the tobacconists' shops are fastened long pieces of lighted tow, and throughout the day you see men stopping to light their everlasting cigars. Smoking seems much commoner in Italy than

among the English, though strange to say I never met young boys smoking, a thing so abominably common in our Adelaide streets. The tobacco trade is all regulated by the grandmotherly government. There is none of the profuse variety you find in an English shop. You may buy tobacco of the first, second, or third quality and nothing else. If a man has a tobacco plantation of his own, I was told that a government agent fixes the amount of the tax by counting the exact number of stalks raised,

His lordship, the driver at length found that it suited his convenience to take me to the place to which I had told him to drive. He had been nearly an hour, so I gave him two-and-a-half francs (2s. 1d.), and got out. He contemptuously gazed at the coins and asked for three francs. I told him that he had too much already, and went into the house. I afterwards learnt that the charge for a caracella is fixed for sevenpence for any place within the city; it used to be fivepence.

I have heard an amusing story of an Englishman who took a caracella from the station to the Museum. It was a fine morning, and the driver took him up the city and down again from side to side through most of the principal streets, and finally after three hours driving drew up at the Museum, which is only three-quarters of a mile from the station by the direct road. The Englishman enjoyed the drive immensely and demanded the fare. The driver promptly said five francs, but the Englishman knew the legal charge and gave him half-a-franc, and as the man expostulated he called up a gendarme who settled the dispute in the Englishman's favour. So the driver, crestfallen, had to retire, having fallen a victim to his own roguery. This is just

an illustration of the regular way in which the natives endeavour to dupe all foreigners, and the tourist has to choose between constant haggling or constant cheating, and it is hard to say which is the worse.

I headed this article at first "A visit to Pompeii," but have already filled up too much space, and have only just landed myself in Naples, so after changing the title I will put down my pen and leave the wonders of Pompeii to some future occasion.

WIND AS A MOTIVE POWER.

It seems strange that wind should never have been adopted as a power to propel vehicles ; it surely would seem a far more likely means of propulsion than either steam or electricity. But it has lately been utilised to drive cars on the Pacific railway, and boats over the ice. The idea, however, is not a new one, for 250 years ago a certain Bishop Wilkins propounded a scheme, which explained how wind might be applied to moving conveyances upon land. He tells us that such a method of locomotion had in his day already been common in the flat districts of China, Spain, and Holland, and had been very successful. The good Bishop solemnly declares that in the last-mentioned country, one of these conveyances carrying several persons had been known to travel nearly two hundred miles in a few hours. He then describes the appearance of surrounding objects to the travellers ; how, "men running in front of the machine after a while appeared to be going backwards, so quickly were they overtaken and passed ;" how "objects at a distance were approached in the twinkling of an eye, and were left far in the

rear." The writer's astonishment at this high speed may be easily accounted for when we remember that this was before the time of steam or even of stage coaches.

Bishop Wilkins proposed to make sails act upon the wheels of a carriage in such a manner, that it might move independent of the direction in which the wind might be blowing. This idea has just lately been carried into effect on the Pacific railway. The carriages there used are light trucks with four wheels, and two masts on which the sails are erected. They are employed to transport materials for repairing the lines, and in connection with the telegraph department, and prove a very cheap mode of locomotion. They usually travel at the rate of thirty miles per hour, but have been known to attain a speed of over forty.

THE MANTIS.

Some of the boarders were very much amused the other Sunday evening watching a mantis. He had settled upon the dining-room table, just near where the Head Master sits to read prayers. He was preying, too, but it was on flies. He seems sometimes to be called mantis religiosa, or else a near relation of his bears that pious name. And certainly, when still, he looked devout. He was an odd-looking creature, of the hue of a fresh green leaf, with a narrow body divided into two unequal parts. The hinder and larger part, the abdomen, was kept off the ground by two pair of long thin legs, and was carried along parallel to the table and close to it, for the slender limbs sprawled out far. The front part of the body, the thorax, was thinner and looked harder. It was joined to the abdomen by a very

thin hinge. Plenty of chance of doubling and twisting this afforded, but surely none for connection between the two parts for blood-vessels and food tube. The thorax was tilted up nearly at right angles, and the one pair of legs that came from this were held forward in a most sanctimonious manner. Above this was a head, in shape like a triangle, with large flat eyes, and two or three little eyes besides, standing out from the head on stalks. Antennæ thin as hairs stood out from the head, and eyes, and head, and antennæ had together a most fierce look.

We watched him for a long time as he stood attent, and seemed to chant his Paternosters. Soon he dropped his disguise and rushed quickly after some unwary fly. In a moment the heedless victim attacked in the rear was seized by the quick darting out of the front legs. The third joint of each leg closed on the second, and grasped the fluttering insect tightly. Then the fly seemed to be swallowed whole, and once more the hypocrite attitude was assumed.

On taking it up it was seen to have wings folded like a fan, and lying on the upper surface of the abdomen snugly packed away under hard, thin coverings or case. The legs, too, ended in claws, and clung to the hand. It fought wildly about with antennæ and front limbs, but in vain. The body was, at a rough guess, nearly three inches long.

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

St. Helena, an island ten-and-a-half miles long and six-and-a-half miles broad, is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, midway between Africa and America, and is 600 miles from Ascension, which is the nearest land.

The island was discovered by the Portuguese in the year 1501, and its existence was concealed from the rest of Europe by that nation for upwards of eighty years.

It was then accidentally discovered by an English explorer. About this time it was evacuated by the Portuguese, and taken possession of by the Dutch, who, in their turn left it, when it was taken and held by the English up to the present time.

St. Helena, when first seen, presents anything but an attractive appearance. Nothing is visible to the eye but steep and jagged cliffs, bristling with cannon, rising abruptly out of the sea, with scarcely a sign of vegetation on them, and no one would believe that the island was so beautiful.

On entering Jamestown, the capital, the island still appears to be anything but charming, but a mile or two inland the whole scene becomes changed. Instead of bleak and rugged cliffs there are hills and valleys covered with luxuriant vegetation.

Ferns and flowers grow in the greatest profusion, while here and there may be seen a blackberry bush with its luscious fruit peeping out amidst its dark green leaves.

Soon the house where Napoleon Bounaparte spent the last six weary years of his life is reached. It is situated on the summit of a small hill, and looks down upon his lowly grove, o'ershadowed by trees, in a beautiful valley beneath. Close by the tiny spring, from which he so loved to drink, trickles slowly away.

After leaving this enchanting valley the scenery becomes again unattractive, and the coast is soon reached.

But now a very curious ladder comes in view; it is known as "Jacob's Ladder" and leads from the town up the side of a hill to a fort. This ladder has 700 steps, and a great many people may be seen ascending and descending it.

There is nothing else worth seeing in the little town. There are Botanical Gardens, but they hardly deserve the name.

The population of the island is about 4,000, and the people live chiefly by trading with ships that call for provisions and water. But the beauty of the island well repays anyone who may chance to visit it.

DOGS.

"Can I never get a good start at this essay?" is my cry, after having *doggedly* torn up three bad attempts; however, I will fix my mind *dogmatically* on things canine, and begin afresh. I suppose an essay should be introduced by a verse or so of poetry, but in the fear of writing *doggerel*, I will omit that ornament and commence.

Dogs are, so I hear, animals of various colours, each having a body, a head, four legs, plenty of *bark*, a *tail* to unfold (like the ghost in Hamlet), and usually a good pair of lungs to unfold it with; and it has been observed, judging from the very *waggish* way in which they manipulate their *caudal* appendages, that they possess an inordinate sense of humour, and are anything but *molly-caudals* (coddles).

There are more than thirty classes of dogs, but I will not attempt to enumerate them all, as I should in that case only *dog* the footsteps of certain learned men, who have drawn up the *catalogue* of the different varieties of these animals. Yet

there are a few that should be mentioned, viz.—The bulldog, so called from its *bullet* head; English terriers, whose *bark* has a peculiarly shrill sound, and a black-and-tan colour; poo (h!) dles, which receive their name from being such contemptible creatures; *greyhounds*, which had their cognomen given to them because they were black, tan, white, and other colours; hounds, so called because their inventor felt b(h)ound to give them a s(h)ounding name; retrievers, so named because their characters were so bad that they needed much retrieving; spaniels, called so because they have such spick and *span'eels*; lap-dogs, which take their name from the remarkable manner in which they drink; and last, but by no means least, mongrels, and although *hybrid curs*, on account of the ugly *curve* in their *curly* backbones, it would never occur, even to an unsophisticated gumsucker taking a *cursor* glance at them, to call them *high bred* in any particu(r)lar.

A year or so ago it was enacted in Parliament, I suppose during the dog days, that all dogs must have a collar on, or else be captured by the policemen and shot; so that if they *were* collared they would *not be* collared, but if they *were not* collared they *would be* collared, and as is natural, this caused some confusion. So then the wise (?) Parliament decreed, that if a dog were *dis(k)covered* without a *disk over* (not a dish-cover) his collar, his life would be "*dis(k)continued* in our next."

When dogs are young they are called puppies, and at a certain time of their life their *pup(p)ilary* organs are not fully developed, and then, not being able to see what they drink, they are very fond of *whine*. Many *puppies* grow up to be sly old dogs, clever dogs, happy dogs, etc.,

and I have even known one puppy to become, in course of time, a *dog(c)tor*. Strange, isn't it?

I really haven't the time nor yet the strength to go on any further, so I will stop here. N.O.T.

BEETLES.

HOW TO CATCH AND PRESERVE THEM.

"Well, William, why are you always troubling yourself about those dirty insects? Whenever you go out you always seem to have a bottle or box of some sort with you, into which you put those ugly creatures," remarked Harry laughingly.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking that question, Harry, have you not already learnt that nobody can get on well in these days without knowledge," said William in reply. "Again," said William, "I collect insects both for the sake of curiosity and of learning something about the species to which they belong, and to learn something about their habits."

"Then, William, if that is your object I shall try and make a collection myself, if you would be so kind as to tell me how to catch and preserve them," replied Harry.

"Very well," said William with a smile, "I shall relate that which you wish to know."

Firstly you require the following things which you can make for yourself:—

1. A bottle to kill the beetles. (A clean wide mouthed bottle into which some blotting paper saturated with spirits of wine is placed.)

2. A preserving board (made by smoothing the top of a large cork) and a moderate number of pins.

3. A net. (This is made by bending a piece of cane or strong wire into a circular shape about eight inches in diameter, and sewing a muslin bag about one and a half feet deep on the cane or wire. Where the ends of the cane or wire meet fasten a strong stick about three or four feet long.)

4. A collection case (being a shallow wooden box with a sheet of glass sliding into a groove at the top. On the bottom, inside the box stick a thin layer of cork, and on the top of this spread just enough to cover the cork.)

Now there are various ways of catching beetles, but always go to a place where there are either some trees, stones or high grass.

On coming to any trees commence by pulling off the dry bark, under which there is generally some sort of insect sheltering itself.

If you have not a small pair of wire tongs to catch hold of the insect with, use your fingers to put it into the killing bottle.

Having surveyed the trees, turn over any stones round about, under these also many insects find shelter.

When you come to any high grass draw the net quickly over the top of it, so that any beetle on the top of the grass will fall into the net.

Do not shake the bottle when there are any beetles in it, as the legs are liable to be broken from the body.

Now comes an important part of the preservation, viz:—The setting of the legs. Place the beetle on the preserving board, wings upwards, and gently push a slender pin through the top of the insect's right wing thence into its body and the board. Draw the legs out from close to the body and place pins by them

so that they will not regain the old position, and so that the beetle is in a walking attitude. After this has been done leave the preserving board in a dry place for at least a week. When the week is up pull all the pins out of the board except the one through the body of the beetle. Now pull out the pin with the beetle on it, and gently push the beetle to the top of the pin and then stick it in the case.

If it happens that the insect is too small for a pin to pass through it, gum it on a piece of paper and pass the pin through the paper into the case.

Always keep camphor in the case to prevent small insects which find their way into the case from eating your specimens.

This is all I have to tell you about beetles; but next time I will tell you about butterflies, Harry."

"Thanks for your kind advice, William, I shall be glad to listen to you."

W.N.H.

TENNYSON.

Whatever reverence we may feel for the poets of the past, it is only natural that we should feel a special interest in the great singer of our own times. For though the poet of to-day may not rank so high, nor his poetry be so grand and profound, yet he seems to reach us more easily, and his words to come home to us with a force that the words of the past ages cannot do. This is probably due to the fact that we are breathing the same social atmosphere, are subject to the same spiritual influences, and are thus united to him by a stronger bond of sympathy.

Rarely has any poet gained during his lifetime such a hold on the minds and hearts of his countrymen as Tennyson has done. He did not, like Byron, wake one morning to find himself suddenly grown famous, but ever since some of his earlier publications proved him to be a true poet, his acceptance among the cultivated classes has gone on widening and deepening.

His style is admirably pure and correct, whether you consider it grammatically or logically. It is often singularly simple. There is none of that bombast or forced inversion of words which often gives such a stilted and artificial air to poetry. As a proof of the simplicity of his vocabulary, it is said that more than ninety per cent. of his words are Saxon. These are always selected and arranged with such nicety, that the wonderful charm of his sentences would be lost if you altered the words ever so little. With delicate instinct he rejects such expressions as have coarse or vulgar associations—indeed he often carries this to purism; but on the other hand he often pleases by his use of simple homely phrases which have a hearty ring and living warmth about them.

In one respect Tennyson is excelled by none, and that is the wonderful harmony with which his words are fitted to the feelings which he intends them to express. In some of his poems the very cadence of his words conveys much of their meaning. Some of his songs approach, as nearly as words can do, to producing in us the peculiar charm of music. As instances of this may be mentioned the little song called, "Break, break, break," also, "Tears, idle tears," which is so wonderfully sweet, and yet its rich minor undertones falling on the ear make you sad as death in thinking of "the days

that are no more." The song commencing with "Sweet and low, sweet and low" is a mother's lullaby, and to hear it well read makes one think of a mother crooning her child to sleep.

The great French critic, Taine, bears evidence to the purity of his words and thoughts in the following passage:—

"There is no poet that suits English society better than Tennyson. Without being a pedant he is moral; he may be read in the family-circle by night; he does not rebel against society and life; he speaks of God and the soul nobly and tenderly. There is no need to reproach him like Lord Byron; he has no violent and abrupt words, nor excessive and scandalous sentiments; he will pervert nobody. We shall find a purity and elevation of moral emotion when we close the book. We may listen when we quit him, without contrast, to the grave voice of the master of the house, who repeats the evening prayers before the kneeling household. And yet when we quit him we keep a smile of pleasure on our lips."

All Tennyson's poems are characterised by a strong feeling for the *dignity and efficiency of law*. This permeates all his representations of God's dealings with men, and he manifests a strong faith in the future of mankind wrought out by the development of law. Indeed, no idea occupies so large a space in his writings as this of the *progress of the human race*, which is uniformly represented as the evolution of a law, which works gradually and slowly, and is to reach its goal in a remote future—"the one far off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

His noble ideal of human character must enrich the mind and heart of every one who studies it in the grand men and

women that are found throughout his poems. We see it in the noble soul of King Arthur, in the purity of Sir Galahad, the bravery of Tristram, the faithful love of Enid, the self-sacrifice of Elaine. Perhaps above all in the noble portrait of his lost friend, Arthur Hallam, which is unequalled by anything of its kind in the whole realm of literature. With a loving hand he has, in "In Memoriam" delineated his lofty intellect, his ardent and generous spirit, his intense love of truth and freedom, his purity of soul, and rare sweetness of disposition.

Tennyson well deserves the peerage which the Queen has bestowed upon him, and the wreath of poet's laurel with which his country has crowned him. He has worthily fulfilled his mission. He has devoted himself to his art, and striven honestly to give us the best he could. He has ever sought by presenting high ideals and inspiring pure sentiments, to do the poet's noblest work—to raise us above ourselves, above vulgar aims and selfish narrowness, and low-thoughted cares. What Wordsworth said of his own writings, may with equal truth be applied to Tennyson's:—"They will cooperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

"A DAY AT OLYMPIA."

(From an English Magazine.)

It was a lovely day in June, when Hannibal, the Carthaginian, not unknown to fame, was sitting at an early breakfast, sipping a beaker of Phœnician vintage. A hurried knock at his front door announced the arrival of the post-

man. In less than a minute the following brief epistle was in the great general's hands. "Dear Hannibal—grand cricket match at Olympia, (Plains of Elis), between those old opponents, the Greeks and the Romans. Latter are reported to be going to turn up strong. The Greeks request the favour of your assistance, which they are sure will prove invaluable. Could you bring another man? Try Ingurtha, of Numidia. Play to begin at eleven o'clock precisely. I'm not sure of date, for I never was sure about Roman dates, but its A.D. something, so that if you come every day for a week you're sure to hit it.—Yours truly, P. M. ULYSSES, Hon. Sec., factotum, and very much Treasurer.

The rosy figured Aurora, rising very early, left the couch of Tithonus on that eventful morning. Be with me, gracious muses, and prompt my tardy pen, as I tell of the mighty heroes now harnessing themselves for battle. First, let me tell the names of the Greeks, "Hoi Hendeca," as they called themselves. Foremost amongst them came the redoubtable captain, the far-travelled, and much enduring Polymetis Ulysses, whose wily character will come out more clearly as the narrative proceeds. Next upon the ground appeared Pericles, a deeply respected Athenian cricketer, reputed a great master of scientific play, especially careful about keeping in his ground. His aspect was somewhat melancholy, but I was told he had just been attending a funeral and making an oration. Immediately after him Nicias arrived—a queer-looking, moon-struck personage, also of funeral aspect, which was apparently due to the fact that he was closely followed by a vulgar-looking young fellow, with a red necktie, and white billycock, whose

name I afterwards learnt was Cleon, who was excessively rude to Nicias, and kept repeatedly calling out "Good morning, Mr. Peace," and "Old slow toes," and similiar disagreeable expressions. These two were followed by a funny little man of a seedy theatrical appearance, wearing an opera hat of the latest Athenian make, who was apparently taking notes of the other two, and occasionally mimicked their gestures. He was clearly in the theatrical line, and apparently did his own advertising, as he was encased in a couple of sandwich boards inscribed in flaming letters, "' WASPS,' to-night, seven o'clock. Come early and come often. No fees." His name was Aristophanes. Next came two tall fellows, rather thinly clad as to the upper part of their bodies, but wearing tin pads upon their legs, and armed with bats of a very antique pattern. These two I learnt were Achilles and Agamemnon, who had taken part many years before in a grand match on the Troas ground, between the Greeks and the Trojans, which had lasted some unconscionable time. I have not leisure to describe minutely the appearance and accoutrements of the whole team, which included Alexander, rather conceited, but a dashing bat, and Pyrrhus, who arrived on an elephant, and Phormio, the great bowler, renowned for a marvellous discovery in the art of delivering the ball, (the Romans complained that his bowling was not consistently fair.) The last to arrive and complete the team was a very splendid young man, Alcibiades by name, who was dressed in the latest style—white waistcoat, spats, a brown hat rather on one side, and wearing a gigantic buttonhole. Ingurtha came after all, and was very angry when he found there was no place for him, and offered the wily Ulysses un-

told gold if he would allow him to umpire.

The opposing team arrived in a bus, having travelled from Italy by ferry, Charon having been summoned specially from his duties on the Styx, to convey them over, as one or two of the eleven were rather afraid of the sea. Down from the box-seat springs the redoubtable Captain Julius Cæsar, with a book under his arm, on the cover of which we detect the words, "Notes on an interesting drive." "With some difficulty, an old man, with rather the "heavy father" appearance, climbs down after him. This was Cato. On the back seat were Caius Marius, a gentleman of very truculent aspect, and Cicero and M. Antonius. The two latter apparently had had some quarrel for they were calling each other names. From the inside stepped several notable worthies,—Pompeius, tall and very imposing, but without much to say for himself; a young farmer with long hair and leggings, called Virgil; Horace, a fat, little man, and a friend of Virgil's, who was puffing a big pipe, and said he had only come to look on; whilst beside these were others, of whom we shall hear more anon. The wickets were punctually pitched, and the scorers, Euclid and Archimedes, had their parchments ready. The umpires, Cæcus and Phadamanthus (specially engaged at a fabulous price), are seen proceeding to the scene of the struggle. I, Cæsar and Ulysses tossed for choice of innings; the stealthy Greek had been careful enough to provide himself with a two-headed obol, and was even bold enough to try the "heads I win, tails you lose" ruse, but the noble Roman was to quick for him, and tossing his sisterce into the air, Ulysses cried "heads," and as it turned out to be

"tails," the Romans batted first. Now it chanced that the driver of the Roman 'bus was a man well skilled in anguines: this man had privately informed the Romans on the way over, that it was fated that whichever side should lose the first wicket without a run being scored should win the day. This was just the opportunity for Decius Mus, who at once came forward and offered to sacrifice himself. The Romans were loud in their applause, and consequently it was arranged that Mus and Fabius, a steady, but a very uncertain runner should go in first.

The Greek bowling was entrusted to the ever inly Ulysees, who bowled exceedingly curly lobs, and Phoruino. The latter's delivery was peculiar, taking a run of 100 yards or so, he delivered the ball at an extraordinary speed, straight for the batsman's body, glancing from which it was destined to defect slightly, and eventually to reach the wicket. This peculiar manoeuvre was known among the Greeks by the name of *diekplous*. Ulysses started the bowling from the *temple* end, Mus taking first ball. Now Ulysses had heard of the "busman's oracle," and had determined to outwit the Romans, so creeping up to the wicket after the umpire had cried *Nunc tempus est ludendi*, he deliberately bowled a wide. D. Mus hesitated a second, and then before the umpire had time to call *lata* dashed down the pitch crying out to his partner *age, curre!* Achilles, who was keeping wicket, heedless of the oracle, threw down the stumps, and Mus, amidst tumultuous applause from the Romans, ran off to the pavillion. J. Cæsar, who was next man in, played perfect cricket, and ten was soon telegraphed, when Fabius, who had nearly run himself out three or

four times, at last succeeded in so doing. He was greeted with derisive cries of "cunctator, o cunctator." Next it was Crassus, a very fat man, "just the fellow for *dickplous*," murmured Phormio to himself, and so saying he delivered the ball with extraordinary swiftness right at the stomach of the unhappy Crassus. The aim was too true. Rebounding from that gentleman with a drum-like sound, it shattered his wicket, and Crassus retired in great agony: 3 for 12. Caius Marius appeared next, stalking grimly to the wicket. Phormio remarked, in a piteous tone, "I cannot bowl Caius Marius," and delivered a comparatively feeble ball on the off stump, which Marius hit to leg for six. The score now rose rapidly; Marius hit off-balls to leg, and leg balls to the off, and mowed and scraped, whilst Cæsar played with consummate skill. At last, however, a "daisy-cutter" from Ulysses settled him, and he retired shaking his bat at the field generally: 4 for 61. Cicero was next in, but a very fine catch by Alexander at square-leg immediately after terminated Cæsar's faultless innings of 30. The admiring Romans had prepared a laurel wreath, with which, after much protestation, they crowned his head. Marcus Antonius then joined Cicero, who was evidently very nervous, and ran away from Phormio's fast deliveries; at last, however, he managed to get a smack in the slips, and Antonius in his endeavours to get two for this, ran Cicero out, who retired abusing him in no measured terms, 6 for 63. Pompeius and Antonius then took the score to 82, when Cleon was put on with fast underhand in place of Phormis, and clean bowled both of them with balls which Nicias declared were sneaks. Old Cato, who played in a tall hat and top-boots, and had an ante-

duluvian bat, made 6, but Virgil and Horace did not stay long, as Phormio, who had resumed the attack, did for Horace with a *dickplous*. The latter retired with Virgil (*non-ex*) remarking, "nunc est litendum."

At the luncheon which followed there was a good deal of hubbub, and the crafty Ulysses so plied Mus with a compound of Ambrosia and Falernian that he was quite unable to field, and the Romans had to be content with ten fielders.

Ulysses and Agamemnon first represented the Greeks, Cæsar (medium round) and Maruis (fast grubs) undertook the Roman bowling. Horace was short-leg (a jar of Falernian being carefully concealed behind him,) Antonius long-leg, and Crassus long-stop. Agamemnon was at once given out leg before: 1 for 0. Achilles should have been next, but owing to a dispute between himself and Agamemnon about a certain maiden(over), he refused to leave the pavillion, and sat sulking in a corner. Hannibal therefore filled the vacancy, and, although possessing but one eye, mowed away vigorously whilst Ulysses played a strictly defensive game, praying to Athene at intervals. At last the former gave an easy chance to Antonius at long-leg, who was, however, engaged in talking to a stylish-looking young lady, and, to the consternation of the Romans, failed to secure it. Needles to say, the watchful Cæsar instantly removed him to short-leg. As a last resource Fabius went on in place of Marius, and got a very slow ball into the wicket on Hannibal's blind side; two for fifty-three. Hannibal fifty-two Ulysses one (a snick). Cleon wanted to go in next, declaring loudly that he could knock that slow stuff of Fabius' to smithereens. He was finally allowed his

own way, after some angry objections by Nicias, and soon got to work, scoring several sharp runs, and addressing Ulysses as "old man." The hopes of the Greeks were high, when they were reduced to zero by a series of catastaophes. Cleon was given out "leg before," and retired, stating in a loud voice that the umpire was "a fool." Nicias was clean bowled by Cæsar first ball, Pyrrhus ran himself out, and Pericles was caught by Horace at long-leg, amidst great applause. Alcibiades made a stylish cut for two, and was then thrown out by Virgil. His remarks deserve recording, "Aw, I say, you fellows, how many did I get?" Two! "Haw! small score for me, rather!" Aristophanes hit his first ball to long-on, but although Cicero neatly avoided the hit, the indefatigable Cæsar secured it and threw down the wicket. Phormio was caught by Pompeius, and the score stood at eighty for nine wickets, with Ulysses still *non-ex*. A deputation was then sent to the pavilion, and Achilles was dragged to the wickets. Amidst a perfect storm of applause he hit his first ball clean into the Ægean for six, and thus, despite the oracle, the Greeks won on the first innings by four runs. Time would fail me to tell of the chairing of Ulysses to the pavilion, and many more wondrous things. As Virgil remarked:—

"Verum hæec ipse equidem spatiis
exclusis iniquis
Prætered atque aliis post me memo-
randa relinquo."

Appended is the full score.

ROMANS.

P. D. Mus, Esq., run out	0
O. Fabius, Esq., run out	6
J. Cæsar, Esq., c. Alexander, b. Ulysees	30
M. Crassus, Esq., b. Phormio	0
C. Marius, Esq., b. Ulysees	9

M. T. Cicero, Esq., run out	1
M. Antonius, Esq., b. Cleon	12
O. Pompeius, Esq., b. Cleon	9
M. Cato, Esq., c. and b. Ulysees	6
P. Virgilius, Esq., <i>non ex</i>	5
O. Horatius, Esq., b. Phormio	2
Præterea	2
Total	82

GREEKS.

P. M. Ulysees, Esq., <i>non-ex</i>	2
Agamemnon, l.b.w., Cæsar	0
Hannibal, b. Fabius	52
Cleon, l.b.w., Fabius	20
Nicias, b. Cæsar	0
Pyrrhus, run out	2
Pericles, c. Horace, b. Cæsar	1
Alcibiades, run out	2
Aristophanes, run out	0
Phormio, c. Pompeius, b. Fabius	1
Achilles, <i>non ex</i>	6
Total	86

SIGURD THE VOLSUNG.

The deeds of him who has been called the "Achilles of the North" are perhaps unknown to most schoolboys, although his exploits, as told of by the old Norse writers, are certainly no less wonderful or interesting than the feats ascribed by Homer to the hero of his greatest poem. To such, therefore, as have not read the story of him whose name heads this paper, an account of his adventures may have some attraction. Sigurd, son of Sigmund and Hiordis, and descendant of Volsung, lord of the mid-world, was born, when and in what country is not exactly stated, but presumably after Adam and in Scandinavia. Even as a babe, his eyes are said to have flashed so brightly as to have stricken with astonishment and terror all who looked upon them. He grew up a brave, handsome, lovable young fellow in a sleepy, peaceful land of far-

mers, who were born, married, did their work quietly and well, and then passed into the realms of silence. As teacher, he had the wise smith Regin, the "master of masters," and, save one, the only survival of the race of dwarfs who in times gone by inhabited the earth, and thought themselves equal to the lords of god-home. This sage, wishing, for purposes of his own, to arouse the martial spirit of the lad, which, hitherto, owing to lack of favouring circumstances, had slumbered, told him to this end, one day, the story of "Andvaris Hoard," which is as follows:— "Once when the three gods Odin, Hœnir, and Loki were walking in human semblance (as was their wont) by the side of a stream, the last-named deity slew with his spear an otter, which was fishing in the water, but which also happened to be a dwarf in disguise, and one of Regin's brothers. Darkness coming on, the gods sought shelter for the night in Riedmar's palace, in which they had, however, what proved to be indeed dear lodgings, for Riedmar, recognizing in the skin which Loki held that of his late son, refused to let his visitors go until the hide had been completely covered with gold. Leaving Odin and Hœnir as hostages, Loki went away and dived into the ocean, and there by force obtained from the sea-dwarf Andvari his gold-breeding ring and countless hoard of gold. On returning to the palace, Loki covered the whole of the skin with the exception of one hair, on which he placed the magic ring, and thus fully paid the ransom. Riedmar, enraged that his foes should escape so easily, cursed the hoard, and, as the first fruit of his anathema, was soon afterwards slain by his two sons Fafnir and Regin. The former, however, being the stronger of the two, seized all the gold and retired, in the form

of a serpent, to gloat over his wealth on "The Glittering Heath," a weird, lone country—a "land of the midnight sun," feeble, wan, cheerless; of moonlight, cold and ghastly; of twilight, grey and dim—"a waste land where (save this miser) no one comes or hath come since the making of the world. On its horizon flash the northern lights and cast their many-coloured radiances over the eternal snows, causing these to sparkle like a peaceful sea or forest in its growing-time when lighted with the rays of the unclouded sun, and giving the country its name. The story ended. Regin entreated his pupil to gain for him the hoard, and promised him, if he would do so, the finest sword which earth had ever seen or would see. After some hesitation Sigurd consented, and preparations were immediately made for the expedition. The promised sword, named Gram, was soon forged by Regin, and was, when finished, as the dwarf had said it would be. Everything at last ready, Sigurd set out on Greyfell, the gift of Gripir, a royal sage and demi-god. Regin went with his pupil, and after a long journey the pair arrived at the borders of Glistenheath. Here a voice from the clouds called to our hero, telling him that if he would kill Fafnir he must hide beneath his trail, which, like a barren watercourse, marked the dreary plain. Sigurd returned thanks for and followed the wise advice. Soon the monster came gliding down his accustomed track, but when our hero felt the serpent passing over him he up with his sword through the snow and slew him. Regin, who had prudently kept at a distance the while, then came up and told his companion to roast the victim's heart so that he (Regin) might become possessed of all knowledge. Sigurd

obeyed, but the cooking taking too long for his fancy, he touched the meat with one of his fingers to see if it were done, but while so doing the boiling fat dropped on his hand and scalded it. Putting it into his mouth to cool, he found that he could understand the language of the vultures which were hovering over the carcase. These told him that Regin meant to kill him, so that he might enjoy the hoard alone, and so become lord of the whole world. Turning towards his old teacher, our hero first accused him of treachery, and then, receiving no denial of the charge, killed him. He next went to Fafnir's cave, and found there the accursed hoard, together with the "helm of aweing" and other fine armour. Assuming the two latter and fastening the former on to his horse, he road away; and after passing through a land in which mountains and rocks were hurled together in similar confusion to that in which Milton tells us the battle-field of the heavenly and hellish powers was before the final rout of the latter by Emmanuel came beneath an avenue of flames to Hindfell's ruined "castled steep." Here he found and awakened Brunhild, a "sleeping beauty." As is said to be usual in such cases, each fell in love with the other at first sight. Brunhild told how that she, once the dearest favourite of All-Father Odin, had for some offence been condemned by him to sleep in Hindfell till some son of earth should awake her. Sigurd in turn, related his adventures as already described. After spending some time in sweet converse with one another, and mutually swearing "to love none else besides," they separated, Brunhild returning to her own country, and Sigurd searching the world for fresh adventures. After some time, our hero

came to the land of King Giuiki, who had, as wife, Grimhild, as daughter, Gudrun, and as sons, Gunnar, Högni, and Guthorm. He introduced himself to the king, and his fine manly face together with the fame of his wonderful exploits soon gained for him popularity. Gudrun conceived a violent affection for the valiant stranger and her crafty mother, in order that he might forget any other love, gave him a potion which he drank with the desired effect. Love begat love, and the marriage of Sigurd, and the Queen's daughter was soon soon an accomplished event. Gunnar now would marry Brunhild, but she would wed none, save he who passed unhurt through the flames which surrounded her tower, Gunnar could not succeed in accomplishing this, but Sigurd, clad in his armour, did, and exchanged rings with her, from whom treachery had severed him. The wedding of Gunnar and Brunhild soon followed, and it was on this occasion that the spell of the potion was broken, and that all Sigurd's old love for Brunhild returned. Matters being in such a state, no good result was likely to ensue, and such proved to be the case. For Brunhild, whose former love to Sigurd had now given place to fierce jealousy, maddened by frequent quarrels with Gudrun, in one of which the latter had told her rival that it was Sigurd, not Gunnar, who had passed the flame-guards of her castle, incited Guthorm to kill Sigurd. This he did, but in doing so, was cut in two by the sword gram which Sigurd had just strength enough left to fling after him. Brunhild threw herself on her first and only love's funeral pyre while Gunnar and Högni were afterwards slain by Gudrun's second husband. Thus like a dark sanguine-hued sunset at the close of a stormy day ends this strange

old Norse legend. Its hero is indeed a noble character and a wonderfully lofty ideal to be created in such rough barbaric times. Under the name of Siegfried he is to-day to Germans and to other Northern European nations what the Chevalier Bayard is to Frenchmen, and King Arthur, as depicted by Tennyson, to Englishmen a human type of stainless honour, purity and truth.

SILKWORMS.

The eggs of the silkworm are generally obtained on sheets of paper just as they were laid by the moth. They should be placed in trays made of cardboard, and these should be covered over with gauze. Some young lettuce leaves should be placed at the bottom of the tray, and it may then be placed in a warm spot (if possible in the sun's rays) till the eggs are hatched. When the young worms appear they should be removed into other trays, and fed on mulberry leaves. The trays should be kept very clean, and the silkworms should not be touched with the fingers. The caterpillar moults four times; the first four or five days after hatching, the second in four days more, the third in five or six days more, and the last in about eight days. About ten days after the last moulting the caterpillar attains its full size. At the end of that time the worm changes to a clear pink, or flesh color, and appears semi-transparent. It refuses its food and prepares to spin. What is called the cocoon nest should now be made by forming a piece of writing paper into the shape of a folded sugar paper. The worm is placed in this, and it will then dispose its web in such a manner as to leave a cavity within. Inside this cocoon the worm passes into the

chrysalis state. It remains thus for about fifteen days, and then comes forth in the form of a moth. In escaping from the cocoon it would destroy a portion of the silk, so care must be taken to wind off the silk before the fifteen days have expired. The cocoon is placed in a cup of warm water after the loose texture has been removed, and then an end being taken, all the silk may be wound off on a piece of card. The chrysalis is then put away till the moth comes forth. The moth is of a pale-yellow color, with wings too small for its body. It crawls about the box with a slight tremor in its wings, and eats nothing. The males soon die, but the females linger awhile and lay their eggs on slips of paper, placed there for that purpose.

Thus there are many revolutions in silkworm life.

B. T.

On Monday, March 22nd, a meeting consisting of the boys of the two sixths was called together to consider the means to be employed in the issue of the Chronicle during the ensuing year. Mr. Chapple, who was chairman, said that the meeting was called to elect an editor, sub-editor, and treasurer, caused by Wylie, Solomon, and Fletcher leaving, and to hear the balance-sheet for the past year read. A vote of thanks was prepared by Laughton and seconded by Leitch to the retiring officers, to which Wylie, the late editor, responded. W. A. Leitch, and F. S. Hone were unanimously elected editors, and J. Treleaven treasurer, while the remainder of the upper sixth is to act as a committee. A. W. Fletcher read the balance-sheet, which showed a small credit-balance.

ROWING NOTES.

By No. 2.

The new racing boat ordered for the College last year arrived during March in the s. s. "Barunga," in good time for the regatta. On the whole she is a very good specimen of a racing boat, although she has her faults.

The committee feel very grateful to Messrs. Van Senden, F. Braund, A. H. Messent and others, for the trouble they took in coaching our crew.

I notice that No. 3 in Whinham's boat weighed over thirteen stone, and I know him to be considerably over twenty-one years old; surely the association should make some limit as to who can row in a school-boys' race, for it is not a school-men's race.

SWIMMING NOTES.

(BY DUCK.)

The newly organised swimming club held its first annual matches in the City Baths on April 5th, in the presence of fully 400 spectators; the racing in some cases was very exciting. Mr. Basedow M.P. was voted to the chair, and in course of some remarks urged the boys to pursue the art of natation.

The programme consisted of seven events and the following is a list of results:—

1. Learners this season, 66 yards.—N. Dowie 1, J. B. Allen 2. The finish was very good, and it was lucky for Dowie that the race was not 5 yards longer.

2. Championship of the College, 200 yards:—D. Fowler 1. Fowler won by nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ of a length.

3. Headers:—Keam 1, A. Chapman 2. This event was splendidly contested, the judges had great difficulty in deciding between Keam, Chapman, Brown, and Burford.

4. Championship under 15, 130 yards:—Keam 1, S. Payne 2. Keam won as he liked.
5. Long swim under water:—Keam 1. Keam swam a length of the bath (33 yards).
6. General Natation:—H. Brown 1. This was well fought for, but was fairly won by Brown.
7. Old Scholars:—Klauer 1. A very good race.

At the conclusion of the races, Mr. Bastard gave an exhibition of his powers which was greatly appreciated.

The head master moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Bastard, which was responded to by three hearty cheers. After a general splash the meeting dispersed.

CRICKET.

P.A.C. v. TELEGRAPHS.

Played on the College ground on Saturday, January 30th, and resulted in a draw. Scores—P.A.C., 192; Telegraphs, four for 111. For us Fry scored 61, and Davis 86.

P.A.C. v. INCOGNITI.

Played on the College ground on Saturday, February 20th, and resulted in an easy victory for us. Scores—P.A.C., one for 147; Incogniti, 87. Darling and Fry scored 70 not out and 57 not out respectively.

P.A.C. v. GAWLER UNION.

Played on the ground of the latter on March 13th, and resulted in a draw against us. Scores—P.A.C., 147; Gawler's, four for 130. For the College Fry scored 62.

P.A.C. v. WHINHAM COLLEGE.

Played on our ground and resulted in a very easy victory for us. Scores—P.A.C., 189; Whinham's, 78. For P.A.C. P. Hill scored 97; Peterson, 28; and Fawcett, 19, while Cook took seven wickets at the cost of 26 runs.

The annual match between the Combined Colleges and the University was played on the Adelaide Oval, and resulted in a win

for the latter, by three wickets and six runs. Scores—Combined Colleges, 180; University, 186 for eight wickets. For the Colleges, Darling scored, 78; Scott, 36; Braund 11; and Ross 10.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE THREE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS offered for competition by the Education Department all fell to our candidates this March. T. M. Burgess, A. Wyllie, and G. A. Fischer, are to be heartily congratulated on their success. They came out, first, second, and third in the order in which they sat in the sixth form all last year. A university career and the best literary culture South Australia can offer are now fairly within their reach. And doubtless they will show the same industry as they have done for several years past at P.A.C. and make good use of their opportunities.

THREE others of last year's sixth have also gone to the University, to pursue the Arts course, Solomon and the two Fletchers. So there will be half-a-dozen friends together still treading the path to Parnassus. We wish them diligence and good speed.

Several other "old boys" are in the evening classes, some trying to make up for lost chances. "I wish I had learnt more at school" said one. "I wish I had not left so soon" said another. These regrets are common, and will be felt again.

THE FIRST TERM of 1886 ended on Friday, April 2. Easter comes late this year; and the four school terms are made nearly equal in length, one of ten weeks, and three others of eleven each; so the holidays did not come as usual at the close of the school quarter.

An assembly was held in the big school-room on Friday, April 2, at 3 o'clock to formally close the term.

The head master made a few remarks, particularly saying that he had never known the school work to be done so well as a whole; especially the lower third and middle third forms were complimented upon their improvement. He was sorry that there was a falling off in the boarders' gymnastic class, for good drill before breakfast was very serviceable. He spoke of engaging a drill master to drill all the boarders before breakfast, as they, having given up gymnastics, would now be free for it.

The "School Order" was then read, the top boys in each form were:—

Sixth	Form	T. M. Burgess
Lower Sixth	"	J. Drew
Fifth	"	A. L. Gray
Lower Fifth	"	R. C. Hoile
Upper Fourth	"	J. Darling
Fourth	"	R. H. Harris
Lower Fourth	"	A. Basedow
Upper Third	"	A. L. Rogers
Third	"	W. H. Hammer
Lower Third	"	E. J. Hurcombe
Upper Second	"	H. B. Tippet
Lower Second	"	G. E. Hughes
Upper First	"	G. Schmidt
Lower First	"	H. S. Cowan

MARCH MATRICULATION.—The three boys who went up to matriculate all passed, von Bertouch and Vero in the second class, and Price in the third class. No first class was awarded to any one and only three second classes were given. Price gained "stars" in both his optional subjects, Latin and Chemistry. It is a pity he did not take up Mathematics also, which he knows very well, and so secure a higher class. First classes must have been hard to get, for von Bertouch had "credit" in Mathematics and German, and passes in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, and Vero "credit" in Chemistry, and passes in three other things. However, if not first class, they have done well. Haslam went up in the compulsory part only and passed.