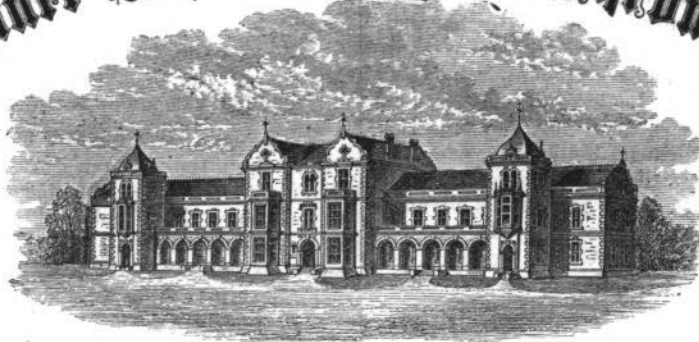


# Prince Alfred College Chronicle.



UBI NON EST SCIENTIA ANIMÆ NON EST BONUM.

VOL. III.—No. 17.]

ADELAIDE : MAY 8, 1888.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.

OUR College history for the past quarter has been by no means unimportant. Early after our last issue the University examination was held, when the three scholarships offered were taken by F. S. Butler, T. H. Frewin, and F. W. Wheatley. This is the third time that all three have been taken by our Sixth Form. We heartily congratulate those who were successful in adding to the long list of honours gained at the University by the alumni of P.A.C. For the future we neither fear nor boast. In those who are now striving for honours to come we have confidence that they will do their best to uphold the reputation of the College, and in their success they will reap for themselves a substantial reward. From those whose names are on honourable record present workers may well take example of diligence and determination, and may also be stimulated by the thought of their success.

In reference to sports. Cricket has

been superseded by football. We hail with delight this king of winter sports. Our boys appear to be playing well and we hope that, under Captain Kelly and Vice-captain Jackson, they will practise hard and again be successful on the Oval.

The swimming season has also come to an end, and although it has been more successful than last year, it still needs the interest and support of more of the boys.

Rowing, too, has ceased. This lacks a great amount of the attention which it ought to get; only a very small proportion of the school indulge in this pleasant sport.

Several of our older scholars have gone from us; we regret to part with them, but wish them success in the several spheres of life to which they have been called. Notwithstanding these departures, the school has increased in numbers. We welcome the new boys and hope that their turn at the College may yield nought to them but pleasant memories in their after-life.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. R. S. WELCHMAN, B.A., whom some still remember gratefully as their form master, has taken another step upwards. He has been appointed Lecturer in Deductive Logic and History at Ormond College, the college in connection with the Melbourne University, where he has had such a distinguished career as an undergraduate. We hear of his advancement with great pleasure. He has also just gained First Class Honours for History, Political Economy, and Jurisprudence, and the Cobden Club Medal.

The three University Scholarships offered for competition by the Education Department were again all carried off by P.A.C. boys. The list published was as follows, in order of merit:—F. S. Butler, T. H. Frewin, F. W. Wheatley, J. B. Allen (*prox acc.*) These boys are to be heartily congratulated on their great success. All three are exhibitioners from the State Schools. Butler obtained his exhibition in December 1883 from the Port Model School; Frewin his from the same school in December 1884; and Wheatley from the Kapunda Model at the same date. We hope for them an equally distinguished course at the University.

The Council of the University have resolved "that the names of candidates in the Senior Public Examination who have entered for the examination as a whole, and have failed to pass, shall not appear in the general list nor in the division lists." This seems quite gratuitous unkindness. It was some consolation to a boy who had entered for three subjects to know that if he had failed in one, he had at any rate passed in the other two.

The papers must be marked; why won't they tell the results? They used to. Melbourne University does it most clearly.

Mr. Chapple has again been elected Warden of the Senate of the University of Adelaide without opposition.

An assembly was held on Friday, April 13, to close the first term of the year in due form. The Head Master said he had never known the school work so well done as a whole, though of course there were some exceptions. A few of these he named while reading the lists.

The dux of the		
Sixth Form	was	Butler, F. S.
Lower Sixth	"	Trüdinger, W.
Fifth	"	Lillywhite, R.
Lower Fifth	"	Walker, J.
Upper Fourth	"	Duncan, R. A.
Fourth	"	McFarlane, J. A.
Upper Third	"	Hawke, W.
Third	"	Braddock, A. E.
Lower Third	"	Drew, T.
Second	"	Cox, E. R.
Lower Second	"	Elfenbein, W. H.
First	"	Coombe, G. E.
Lower First	"	M. R. Aldwell

The number of certificates gained was			
Sixth Form	4	or	'67 per cent.
Lower Sixth	7	"	'27 "
Fifth	2	"	'5 "
Lower Fifth	2	"	'6 "
Upper Fourth	9	"	'32 "
Fourth	5	"	'15 "
Upper Third	6	"	'21 "
Third	11	"	'39 "
Lower Third	2	"	'7 "
Second	11	"	'34 "
Lower Second	6	"	'23 "
First	10	"	'59 "
Lower First	1	"	'10 "

The best averages are those of the Sixth and First; the worst, the Fifth, Lower Fifth, and Lower Third.

Some slight changes have been made in the work with the new term. Monsieur

Aucher is taking all the French, teaching different classes all morning. So in the Lower Fifth, Fifth, and Lower Sixth, all but three learn Latin; then a choice is made of Greek, French, or German. In the Sixth, of course, they learn all four of these languages.

Mr. Ashton is introducing practical geometry and model drawing into his classes more than before.

A big case of apparatus arrived the other day, so the physics lectures will be able to be illustrated more fully. The Sixth and Lower Sixth fill the laboratory with vapours and smells pretty thickly now that they work many chemical experiments themselves. The Head Master is taking the Lower Fifth in Chemistry too, so that he is in the laboratory a great deal now.

The Gymnastic Demonstration will come off as usual towards the end of this term, so the gymnasts must practice well.

There are three red tassels of Scholarship holders in the boarding-house now, a good proportion, seeing that the boarders are not a fifth of the school.

There are not many promotions at the beginning of the second term. It is hoped that the work of the forms may go straight on for at least half a year. But of the 17 that were "sent up" this term 9 were boarders. The number in attendance is now over 350, higher than at any quarter for the last two years.

The Boat Club balance-sheet for the past quarter shows receipts, £2 19s. 6d.; expenditure, £6 11s.; balance deficit, £3 11s. 6d. This is not satisfactory. There will have to be a call made, or something done to meet the amount due.

The Hon. John Colton, our Treasurer, and Mrs. Colton, are about to start in about

three weeks for a trip to Europe. We trust that the voyage and change may lead to a great and permanent improvement in that gentleman's health, and may be thoroughly beneficial to the rest of the party.

The Gething Scholarship has been awarded to Civiall Hawkins, as the highest candidate from the district of Port Adelaide. We congratulate him on the honourable distinction gained.

The Balance-sheet of No. 16 of *P. A. C. Chronicle* shows as receipts, £5 16s. 6d., and expenditure, £5 3s. 2d., increasing the balance in hand to £8 2s. 10d.

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of subscriptions from J. M. Uren, L. Casely, W. A. Leitch, H. Leschen, G. Braund, F. W. Kay, T. H. Frewin, F. W. Wheatley, Mrs. Clay.

The subscription is two shillings per annum. All back numbers can be obtained from F. J. Chapple. *P. A. C. Chronicle* may also be obtained at the Wesleyan Book Depot.

The annual meeting of the *P. A. C. Chronicle* Committee was held on March 18. A vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring Editors and Treasurer; and as officers for the ensuing year, J. B. Allen and J. A. Haslam were elected Editors, and F. J. Chapple, Treasurer. The Treasurer's report showed that the finances of the *Chronicle* were in a flourishing condition.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES. — We have received since our last issue the following periodicals, *Patchwork*, *Blue Bell*, *Melburnian*, *Newingtonian*, *Ipswich Grammar School Magazine*.

ALWAYS laugh at your own jokes. If you want anything done well, do it yourself.

### OLD BOYS.

H. R. Hill was admitted as a practitioner in the Supreme Court of South Australia, on Friday, April 20.

In the LL.B. list published in the Adelaide University this March appear appear the names of H. V. Rounsevell (Second Class), E. E. Cleland (Third Class), and certificates at various law examinations were awarded to J. A. Hargrave, G. F. Michell, S. B. Dunston, C. J. H. Wright.

Lionel F. Praagst, M.B. Melbourne, has just graduated as Ch.B. He obtained the second place on the list for the scholarship in the School of Medicine, and the first place on the list for the scholarship in Surgery, so that, considering the two together, he is the first man of his year. He has been appointed Resident Physician and Surgeon to the Melbourne Hospital.

Harry Price, stroke of our winning crew in 1885, called to have a talk with old schoolmates. He is a member of the Melbourne Rowing Club, and will be glad to help our rowing matters in any way that he can. There is some talk about a trophy being given for annual competition between the colleges. This is a capital idea, and would give a wonderful stimulus to rowing. Several old boys wrote protesting against the management of the last race; St. Peter's had rowed an easy race, and we a hard one. This gave them a great advantage. Our Head Master protested against the arrangement before the regatta, but it was no use; it was arranged without us having a voice in it, and they would not alter it. We had to row at a disadvantage or not at all.

Another old boy—"It is too bad of the Adelaide and Norwood clubs to try to get the best P.A.C. players to join them. We hadn't a single first twenty match last year after the Oval matches through it." Let us hope the leading boys will not be selfish, but will stick to their school. They ought to be proud of it, and keep up its good name.

A. Wyllie, who was the John Howard Clark Scholar at the Adelaide University for 1887, is to be allowed to retain that distinction for this year; and F. S. Hone is to be appointed the John Howard Clark Scholar for 1888.

W. A. E. Tucker at the Edinburgh University continues to add to his list of successes. He has won the senior J. C. Carlyle Bursary medals for Senior Anatomy and Physiology, and been appointed Prosector in Anatomy to Professor Sir William Turner.

### SWIMMING.

The Annual Swimming Matches were held at the City Baths on

The evening turned out to be a little wet, and this most likely caused the attendance to be smaller than it otherwise would have been. The attendance mostly consisted of *alumni* of the College, but Mr. Chapple in a few words said that it was a good thing if the boys took an interest in matters connected with the school. Our head master spoke a few words, in which he thanked Mr. Bastard for the help he has always afforded the College in all swimming matters. Boucaut won the Champion race, swimming six lengths of the baths in 3 mins. 17 secs. A very good programme had been got up,

and the entries for the various races were reasonable.

The programme opened with,

Learners this season, two lengths of the baths.—1, Tait ; 2, W. Eimer.

Boys under 13, two lengths.—1, Chaffey ; 2, Foster.

Champion of the College, six lengths of the baths.—1, Boucaut ; 2, Hooper. This was the principal race of the evening, and Boucaut came in about 10 secs. before Hooper. Boucaut swam the first length in 25 secs. ; second in 30 secs. ; third in 33 secs. ; fourth in 36 secs. ; fifth in 36 secs. ; sixth in 37 secs. ; in all, 3 mins. 17 secs.

At this part of the programme. Mr. Bastard asked Ferris, a very good swimmer, to swim six lengths of the baths against Bullen, champion swimmer of the Colleges. Ferris gave Bullen  $\frac{1}{4}$  minute start. Bullen started off well, but at the end of the third length had to stop to take in breath, and it was well that he did so, because notwithstanding this, he finished about five yards ahead of Ferris.

Champion under 15, four lengths of baths.—1, Boucaut ; 2, Brown. Boucaut won by  $\frac{1}{4}$  length.

Long swim under water.—Storrie beat Throssel by a couple of yards.

Neatest dive off spring board, three dives.—Brown, Hooper and Boucaut were reckoned pretty equal on first three dives, and dived again, with the result, 1, Brown ; 2, Hooper.

Canoe race, two lengths.—This caused a little amusement. Jackson and Hunter got in one canoe, and Hill and Jude in another, but they no sooner started to pull than the boat sank, the boys being too heavy. Hooper and Brown then took a canoe, and Hooper and Boucaut

another, and these, being lighter, managed to get along. Hooper and Boucaut pulled one length and capsized. Hooper and Brown pulled both lengths and were declared winners.

Novelty race.—first length side stroke ; second length breast stroke ; third length swimming on back ; fourth length in life buoy. 1, Jude ; 2, Stevens.

General Natation.—(Dive, breast, side, on back and backwards swimming, floating.) Boucaut and Brown had to shoot and tread water to determine the winner. 1, Brown ; 2, Boucaut.

Old Scholars' Race, four lengths.—Only two entries. 1, D. Fowler ; 2, Toms. Toms only swam two lengths.

General splash.

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## FOOTBALL NOTES.

(BY B. F. C.)

On Thursday, April 4, a meeting was held, presided over by the Head Master, when the following committee was elected:—Kelly, Scott, Wilson, Chapple, Boucaut, with Jackson and Conigrave as Secretaries.

At a meeting of the members of the first twenty Kelly was unanimously elected captain, and Jackson vice-captain. On Saturday, April 21, we defeated the Cliftons, kicking 3 goals 8 behinds to their 2 goals 5 behinds. Kelly, Jackson, Wilson, and Chapple played well for us.

The fixtures for the teams are at present:—

### FIRST TWENTY.

May 5—North Adelaide Second Twenty on our ground.

May 30—Combined Insurance Offices, our ground.

June 9—Glenelg Grammar School, ten

present and ten past scholars, their ground.

July 14—Glenelg, our ground.

SECOND TWENTY.

May 5—Adelaide School Collegiate, their ground.

May 12—Glenelg Grammar School, their ground.

THE TEAM.

Ballantyne, J.—Plays on one of the wings forward. Very cool. Very sure mark. Plays a good, useful game.

Birks, R.—Generally follows. Weak in marking. Good kick. Lacks experience.

Boucaut, J. P.—Centre-man. Rather fond of running. Although very useful at times, needs plenty of practice.

Boucaut, W. H.—Wing-man, half back. Pretty fast, and, like his brother, needs plenty of practice.

Conigrave, B. F.—Plays back on the wing. Good reach. Good mark. Fair kick. Keeps his head about him.

Chapple, F. J.—Follower. Fast. Sure mark, and plays with his wits. Very brilliant at times. Always where wanted.

Downer, J. H.—Plays half-back on the wing. Too much inclined to run. Marks well.

Fraser, R.—Should play more to the rest of the team, and not play the man so much. Marks well.

Hill, A.—Very slow, needs more practice, otherwise would be a fair player.

Hill, H. E.—Plays half-centre back. Cannot be depended upon. Kicks and marks well.

Hone, G. B.—Wing man forward. Would be very good if a little bigger. Good mark. Sure kick.

Jackson, A. E.—Plays right back. Very fast. Seldom fails to take the ball out of danger. Sure mark. Excellent kick.

Johnston, J.—Wing-man. Very fast with the ball, but rather rash. Will be very good in time.

Kelly, E. L.—Captain. Marks and kicks splendidly. Plays very coolly. Uses his weight well.

Marlow, A. C.—One of the best players in the team. Sure kick and surer mark. Fast and very useful.

Newman, E.—Wing-man. Fast. Sure mark. Plays a very useful game.

Oldham, A. M.—Follower. Plays well in the ruck, but requires constant practice to keep on the ball all through.

Scott, J. S.—Very fast. Generally follows. Good kick, and plenty of weight. Very sure mark.

Stephens, C. E.—Plays half forward. Can be depended upon as a follower. Dodges well.

Stuart, P.—Goal-sneak. Very sure kick. Good mark, but needs plenty of practice, as yet, to be as good as last year.

Throssel.—Plays forward on the wing. Kicks well at times.

Wilson, W. R.—Back wing man. Very fast. Good kick. Very sure mark, and all there when wanted. Can follow when called upon.

THE ROWING MATCH.

On March 24, 1888, in connection with the Easter Regatta, the rowing contest between the crews of Prince Alfred College, St. Peter's College, Whinham College, and the Adelaide Collegiate School, was held on the Torrens Lake.



The weather was very good for rowing, and consequently there was a large crowd of spectators lining the banks and covering the bridges all along the course, and all the rowers were in good spirits, hoping for victory. Prince Alfreds had lost all but one of the old crew. In the first heats Prince Alfred rowed against Whinham and won by about a length. It was a very hard race; neither crew could gain any sensible advantage until they had reached the City Bridge, when Prince Alfred pulled ahead until the end.

The race between St. Peter's and the Adelaide Collegiates was not anything like so hardly contested. St. Peter's pulled ahead from the very beginning and gained a lead of six or seven lengths without very much exertion.

Then came the final heat between us and St. Peter's. The St. Peter's boat very gradually forged ahead at the beginning until it was a length ahead at the bend of the Rotunda; then our crew began to assert themselves and lessened the distance, until at the finish the lead of St. Peter's was only about half a length.

It is but fair to notice that Prince Alfred took about 7 seconds longer in their second race than in the first race. This was because they had to exert themselves to the utmost to win the first, whereas St. Peter's had very little trouble, and so were fresher than our crew. It certainly cannot be said that we were ignominiously beaten.

The following is our crew:—

	st.	lbs.
L. E. Kelly, stroke	...	11 0
J. P. Boucaut, 3	...	11 1
A. E. Jackson, 2	...	10 8
G. M. Hunter, bow	...	9 13
H. Rischbieth, cox.		

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLLEGE SPORTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir—I think it would be advisable to have a bicycle race at the sports, so I here take the opportunity of proposing it. There are a good many boys at the College who ride bicycles and tricycles and would like to enter for such a race, as it would be quite a novelty, and I feel sure the spectators would be very interested in it. Hoping that this little matter may be considered, I remain, &c.,

ROTA.

FOOTBALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—Having seen some time back a footnote on the notice board, requesting players to practise on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I would suggest that players, especially of the first twenty, should be forced to remain on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for practice. This arrangement would avoid the irregularities that now prevail; some play one afternoon and others another, and some not at all. This is not as it ought to be. Let each player stick to his work, go in for regular training, and correct mistakes in playing when pointed out to him, then we shall have a twenty that will take a lot to beat. Hoping the football committee will view these suggestions in a favorable light.

I am, &c.,

FUSSBALLSPIEL.

TAKE two letters from money and there will be but one left. We know a fellow who took money from two letters and there wasn't anything left.

## A TRIP TO OAKBANK.

At six o'clock last Good Friday morning I was awakened by a continuous knocking at my bedroom window, which reminded me of a projected trip to the Onkaparinga to try our luck at crayfishing; so jumping up and looking hurriedly at the clock, I was dressed in a very few minutes and ready to start.

Our plan was to catch the 6.50 train to Balhannah at Mitcham and then to walk to the Oakbank racecourse, which was to be the scene of our piscatorial efforts. After a walk of about a mile we reached Mitcham station at about a quarter to seven and obtained tickets for a first-class carriage, as we knew there would be a large number of travellers by this train whose ultimate destination was Serviceton.

While we were waiting for the train to arrive, let me tell who "we" are. First of all comes "Joe," who carries one of the baskets containing the eatables for those who were not content with eating the crayfish which were only in prospective, but who thought it would do no harm to bring something for fear the fish would not bite; then "Jim" who also carries a hamper of delicacies, and who cannot refrain from punning at that early hour about the *crazy* crayfish; and, lastly myself, of whom the less said, the better.

At last we hear the whistle of the approaching train, and the "iron horse" steams into the station. After vainly endeavoring to obtain a seat in a first-class carriage, we have to be content with one in a second-class, which already

contains at least a dozen passengers, some of whom I may as well describe.

As we took our seats we were somewhat startled by hearing an elderly female in one corner of the carriage say, "Going fishing?" Of course we had to reply a civil "yes" to this female inquisitor who afforded us plenty of room for amusement during the journey, as it was evidently her first trip on the south line, and also as she was a "new chum," which we *knew* by her continued references to the railroad wonders of London. She repeatedly expressed great wonder at some of our engineering feats to her husband, who as frequently reminded her of some parallel work in the "old country." In the other compartment of the carriage was a female holding an infant which, not sufficiently impressed with the grandeur of the scenery, kept up a continuous cry from the time we started till we left the train, except when we were passing through the tunnels, which made some of us wish the journey was all tunnel. I will not describe the journey up there, as most of you have travelled on the south line; suffice it to say we reached Balhannah at ten minutes to nine. After a journey lasting nearly two hours we alighted from the train and proceeded along the Woodside road for about three miles. When we had got about half way we asked an individual, who was surveying his farm with monarchical interest, how much farther we had to go. He politely told us, but also cautioned us about the holes in the river, saying, "Plenty of people gets drowned in them air holes." We thanked him for the information and told him that if he did not see us coming back he would know what had become of us. We arrived at the race course without further adventure



and proceeded at once to tempt the fish from their haunts by lowering into the depths pieces of meat fastened to the end of a string, at the other end of which was one of us, who, when he thought that it had been down long enough, would carefully pull it out of the water and plunge underneath it the net before the fish could escape. After a few unsuccessful attempts we became quite expert in the art and during the course of the day managed to catch between us ten dozen, but the fish were not plentiful just then, as one of the natives informed us, or else we should have caught "bucketsful." About eleven o'clock we all began to feel a bit "peckish" as we had had breakfast at six and the ride and long walk had sharpened our appetites. We built a fire in defiance of the "Bush Fires Act" after asking a man employed on the premises for permission to do so, and enjoyed a repast of meat, cake, &c., and a cup of cocoa, which made us wish every day was Good Friday. In like manner we had tea at half-past two; but we did not cook the crayfish, as we wished to show when we reached home that crayfish were blue and not red.

After tea we left the course and went back to the station, and as we did not see the apprehensive individual we suppose he concluded we were "drowned." Several traps passed us on the road containing picnickers. We reached the station a quarter of an hour before the train was to start. When the train came into the station we managed to secure what we thought was an empty first-class compartment, but found it had an inmate who was asleep. After enjoying some jokes at his expense, we left Balhannah and reached Bridgewater before we were disturbed by any more intruders. Here, however, we

were joined by two gentlemen, one of whom we knew, and we were unable to carry on any more pranks. By the time we reached Mitcham the carriage was full of holiday makers, who, if they had enjoyed the holiday as much as we had, must have spent a very pleasant day. We left the train and went, the other two to enjoy on the morrow the remainder of the holidays, I to the sterner realities of life.

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### THE KAPUNDA COPPER MINES.

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Several years ago I went to Kapunda on a visit, and while there I visited the copper mines and I thought a description of them might be interesting to some of the readers of the *Chronicle*. A party of us reached the mines about 11 o'clock; they are situated on the south-west of the town. We took some lunch, which we had brought with us, upon a heap of white refuse which had been used in working the mines; we then started to examine the rest of the mines. Most of the shafts are about a yard wide and four feet long, and there are enormous pits and heaps of rubbish all around for an area of about a quarter of a mile square. There is plenty of good ore still there, but owing to the low price which copper fetched in the market a year back, it was found that the mine did not pay so it was not being worked then. There are some very good specimens of the various kinds of ore to be found all over the ground, so we filled our pockets and baskets with the best pieces we could find and went back again well pleased with the Kapunda copper mines.

## COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

BY E. PLURIBUS JONES.

## 2.—THE DAY AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

Mr. Scanwell was an Oxonian, and a fair specimen at that, full as he was of wise saws and modern instances. It was worth going miles to hear him lay down the law on some disputed point in the Classics, and back up his assertions with an array of quotations, the very number of which would frighten an adversary into being convinced. He was sarcastic, too, and woe betide the unfortunate commentator whose notes or emendations were not acceptable to the great classic, for in a twinkling Mr. Scanwell would whip out his satirical scythe and mow the blunderer down. As I recollect him he was fair and square to look upon. His head was like an advertised room to let, commodious and well furnished, but almost overwhelmed by waves of flaxen hair, which he had a knack of plunging his fingers into when in the heat of debate. He was kind hearted, though, and this, coupled with the fact of his being really A1 at classics, seemed to us to hide a multitude of blemishes. This morning, as he walked to the desk in front of us, I thought his classical countenance wore a self-complacent smile, at the prospect doubtless of at last engaging in work more congenial to his tastes than that of drilling the eternal Latin grammar into

heads fearfully and wonderfully (because youthfully) thick. Producing a well-worn edition of HORACE from his coat pocket, he held it up to view, and inquired in an indifferent tone of voice, as if it mattered little to men of our mental calibre whether we *had* or not, if we had ever read any. Now, had it been Cæsar, or Cicero, or even Virgil, we might have answered affirmatively and truthfully, but being somebody else you see we said nothing, but thought the question rather superfluous. "Well," he continued, not waiting for our confession of ignorance, "I intend reading the odes and satires with you this year. You will find the style different from that of any author you have yet read, but, at the same time, I venture to predict, much more attractive. We shall not have time to do very much this morning, so I think we'd better begin at once."

"Will you start construing?" he added, and much to my embarrassment, handed me the book open at page one. I had been considered rather good at "the Aeneid" the year before, after going through it a dozen times, in fact, I had got a first-class matric. mainly owing to the quality of my Latin papers, yet, putting all modesty aside, I must confess I was scarcely the proper person to pitchfork on to an ode like that before me bristling with fine points of phrase and construction as dangerous as they were novel to me. So in order to gain a little time I feigned ignorance of the starting-point,

but the plump index finger of my mentor soon rectified this matter, and rendered desperate by the patient, expectant air of Mr. Scanwell, and the anticipatory sniggers of Clive and Hevistone, I plunged boldly *in medias res* and struck out. I have too much consideration for the feelings of the gentle reader to wish to harrow them by reproducing here my rendering of the Horatian verses; suffice it to say that notwithstanding occasional surreptitious advice from Habberton and Clive, which was really of a negative value, I found myself very shortly in a quagmire of difficulties wherein I floundered about a great deal, to the infinite amusement of everyone but myself. I was about to give myself up for lost when the Oxonian, who should have done it before, smilingly extended a helping hand, and I was extricated muttering "for this relief much thanks." Once on dry land I felt more at home, and was just starting off again when Mr. Scanwell, with ill-concealed impatience, exclaimed "Oh, we've had quite enough, Jones, thank you, it's only too evident the style is unfamiliar to you." The shaft struck home, and rankled all the more that some of the lower second juveniles, who previous to the entrance of the classical master had begun to look upon us as prodigies of the first water, were eye-and-ear witnesses to my discomfiture, and our reputation suffered accordingly. Mr. Scanwell contented himself with setting us Ode I. to prepare for the morrow, and

a few minutes afterwards the bell rang for the interval.

As far back as I can remember it had been a sort of unwritten custom with the Sixth and Fifth fellows to spend the fifteen minutes interval in strolling about about the play-ground together looking very important and discussing the preliminaries of school events to come, yet now and then as a great favour to admit to the conference a lower school boy of recognised athletic ability to help in arriving at a decision respecting the advisability of including Tom, Dick, or Harry in the team; whether cricket, football, rifle-shooting, or lawn-tennis were the subject under discussion. To-day, however, the Fifth held severely aloof, and finally dispersed in groups to dilate with characteristic volubility of speech and dramatic gesticulation upon the state of affairs brought about by our unlooked-for reappearance on the stage of college life. The smallness of our numbers—we were but six all told—was rendered painfully conspicuous, both to ourselves and the rest of the school by the secession of the Fifth, and some fellows of the baser sort made merry over it; but we found it consoling to bear in mind Habberton's truthful remark to the effect that what the sixth lacked in quantity this year it made up for in quality. The attention of most of the smaller boys was being taken up by a display of cricket on the part of young Slammer, of the lower Fourth, who having had the luck

to secure the bat before anyone else was making the best use of his opportunity by knocking the bowling about right and left. All at once he hit a "skyer," and the ball, after "lobbing" a short distance in front of where we were standing, rolled along almost to the feet of Tom Clive. I had noticed just before that his temper was not being improved by the furtive, but unmistakable glances of disfavour levelled at our little band by the Fifth fellows and their satellites, and I was expecting something serious, when the cricket ball making its appearance brought matters to a crisis. Tom hesitated an instant as though uncertain what to do with it; then in response to the cries from the cricket-pitch of "Thank you; there, thank you," he reached down and picked the ball up; but instead of returning it to the players, he turned deliberately round and muttering, "I'll scatter those ill-conditioned curs if I kill one of them," threw it a tremendous height in the air right above the heads of the Fifth as they stood and murmured.

Chaff never scattered before the wind with such celerity as did these heroes from the vicinity of the descending ball, when they saw the danger. But Clive bounded forward, and by reaching out his left arm managed to receive the ball safely in one hand. Then, without a word, he tossed it to one of the open-mouthed cricketers, and, plunging his hands into his pockets, at the same time whistling in an uncon-

cerned sort of way, he rejoined us. There was an ominous quiet over the play-ground for a minute, as though the school was undecided whether to hoot Clive's vindictive throw, or applaud his splendid catch. Party feeling was running high at the time, and I verily believe he would have been hissed but for the "all in" bell ringing just then, and the Lower School, over whose head the punishment in store for being late always impended like the sword of Damocles, decamped with a rush and a shout, whilst we old hands, wiser in our generation, took our time and walked in leisurely. At the school door Clive suddenly broke silence, by asking us fiercely, "What do you fellows make of that blessed Fifth form? I've a jolly good mind to punch their heads for them all round. Did you notice the sneaks just now egging on the Lower School to hoot us, and they would have, too, if that ball hadn't scattered them like the cowardly sheep they resemble," and Tom stalked into the school-room with a scowl, like a thunder cloud, on his honest face.

*(To be continued.)*

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VISITOR—"Is Miss Smith at home?"  
 Irish servant—"Yes, I b'lave she is, sir."  
 "Is she engaged?" "Faix an' I can't tell ye, sir, but she kissed Mr. Brown last evening, as if she'd never seen the loikes of him before, an' its engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

## WORDS FOR BOYS.

The noblest ambition that each of you can put before himself, in his school-life, is that during the time you stay here, your example, your influence, your words and your deeds shall be on the right side; that you may not simply swim with the stream, but strive consciously towards the good, so that the school may be all the better for your presence.

Remember that it is not your cleverness nor your success in gaining prizes, either in the class-room or the play-ground, that is the highest glory of your school, but your honest industry, your loyal obedience, your cheerful pure life—these are the true glory of your school. Lay here the foundation of a life of self-restraint and self-respect, and of true public spirit. You will find that here, at school, as in the world outside, true influence is won by character, not by gifts.

One of the dangers of school is that, in holes and corners, out of the way of public observation, among little knots, there shall grow up dirty talk and dirty ways. Now this is an evil which you ought to abandon, utterly and for ever, if you have ever been foolish and weak enough to join in it. Nothing is so disgraceful and pernicious. Set your face against it, not only by your own example, but by promptly putting down by force, by kicks and contempt, any coarse, or profane, or dirty talk.

You should set yourself to conquer the natural tendency to sloth and shirking, not only in work, but also in play. The games of a school are a very important element in it. It is part of your duty to train your body into all strength and healthful activity. You may depend upon

it you will do better work as men, if as boys at school you are vigorous, keen and active. I hate to see the slow, lounging, loafing step; the boy looking on at the game when he might be a player; one who shirks the gymnasium, or cricket, or football, because it is too much trouble, or because he is not likely to distinguish himself. It is not such as he who will do anything for us. Bodily sloth and inactivity is the first and most odious foe to conquer, and you will find that the attempt to conquer it will give you increased health and power of body and mind. Distinction may or may not come. At any rate you can do your best.—*Extract.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIRDIE.—We feel that we are not at liberty to publish your letter as it is slightly personal. Your suggestion should be taken to the proper authorities. We also decline to answer the question "where they come from."

DEFENDANT from the country, to friend, "Oh, my lawyer is a Q.C., is he? Ah! what's a Q.C., then?" Friend (always inclined for a bit of a joke), "I don't know exactly, but I think it stands for 'Questionable Character.'" Defendant, "I see, then it don't matter if he tells a few good *crammers* for me."

THE man who comes to the station two minutes too late, and sees the train scudding out at the other end, derives no satisfaction from the proverb, "Better too late than never."

## HENRY V.

(BY NEMO.)

It was not only anger that marked King Henry's brow,

As on that load of tennis-balls his glance fell stern and low.

"So the Dauphin thinks this, does he, that we like children play?"

I'll see what he does take me for when I his soldiers slay.

"What think ye counts and nobles? What think ye brethren all?"

What think ye of this insult, men, shall England's honour fall?"

King Edward was my grandsire, his claim to France was true,

And why should I not, as he did, fight for my country too?"

Bright shone the sun on England's soil as vessels left the shore

To gladden the hearts of soldiers brave, who might return no more.

And crossing now the Dover Straits Henry to Calais sped

While the Dauphin with uneasy fear his own large army led.

The Prince, with all his soldiers brave, were on the field arrayed,

And scoffed while Henry, with his men, on the eve of battle prayed;

But the King did cheer his soldiers with many a well spoke word,

And told of the field of Crecy, and every brave heart stirred.

Cold, and wet, and raining dawned the daylight on the field

With soldiers, ammunition, and guns and swords to wield;

And soon arose the battle with many a mingled sound,

With cries of death and victory, and dead and dying round.

And now the battle's over, a glorious victory's won, King Henry is victorious, many feats of courage done.

The King of France and Dauphin both are prisoners of war,

And England still shall victories gain, though Henry is no more.

## NURSERY RHYMES ON EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

A guzzling grandee of *Madrid*  
Bet he'd eat at a meal a whole kid,  
So he minced it up small,  
Ate horns, beard and all,  
But he died after dinner—he did!

There was a small boy of *Berlin*  
Whose legs were remarkably thin;  
People said to the lad  
"Why on earth don't you pad?"  
He answered, "Deceit is a sin."

There was an old lady of *Brussels*  
Who lived upon cold tea and mussels;  
When she swallowed a shell  
She said, "I'm not well,  
But I think it's the tea, not the mussels!"

There was a young man at *Belgrade*  
Who had learnt no particular trade,  
So he swore he was pat in  
French, German, and Latin,  
And set up a school—and it paid.

A hansom ran over in *London*  
A wag, who thus wittingly punned on  
His fate, and cried, "Oh,  
This wheel is my woe;  
I'm tyred"—so expired—all his fun done.

There were two men from *Adelaide*  
Who came and drovs such a roaring trade  
By selling meat pies  
To guzzling boys  
That their fortune was very soon made.

The good boys at Prince Alfred College  
Work so hard to gain their knowledge,  
They'll pass their Exam.  
Without any cram  
And do honour to P.A. College.

The boys who eat apples in class  
Are punished severely, alas!  
By sums in plenty—  
(No less than twenty);  
I'll not make of myself such an ass.

SELECTED.



AN IMAGINARY FOOTBALL MATCH  
BETWEEN THE ANCIENT  
GREEKS AND ROMANS.

'Twas a great day in the annals of the ancient world when the strength and skill of the Greeks and Romans, the rival nations of the world, met upon the Campus Martius to test their respective merits in the noble game of football.

The match had been looked forward to for a long time and there was a great dispute whether Pompey or Cassius should have a place in the team.

The captains were chosen by ballot. On the Roman side the opinion was unanimous that Julius Cæsar was the fittest man to hold that position, but a great deal of haggling took place among the Greeks as to the rival merits of Philip, Achilles, and Alexander; but by shamelessly bribing Æschines to speak in his favor, Philip secured that honour, which so displeased Demosthenes that he decided not to play, but afterwards relented. The grand stand was more crowded than had ever been known before. The game should have started at the third hour, but was delayed owing to the absence of Antony, who rolled up half an hour late with Cleopatra on his arm.

Cæsar won the toss and decided to kick with the wind. The umpire Diogenes was now rolled on to the ground in his tub by two little boys, whom he had hired for the occasion.

The kick-off was entrusted to Scipio Africanus, who made a frightful hash of it, and was hooted by all the lady spectators.

The ball was rushed round the wing in the direction of Horace, who took to flight immediately, and Xenophon might have kicked a goal, but he was shouldered by Livy with such force that he was borne off

the field. There was then a scrimmage till the umpire cried from his cask, "ball up," and sent one of the boys to bounce the ball. The play was all over the ground till Virgil, by scientific play to Augustus, was the cause of scoring a behind.

This roused the ire of the Greeks, so by a series of little marks it was passed to Socrates about ten yards in front, and the ball hit the post; nevertheless, Æschines, the goal umpire, declared it was a goal; it afterwards transpired that he had been bribed by Philip. Half-time was then called.

During the interval it was decided among the Romans to play roughly, but Archilles overheard it, and vowed that they should rue it; the result was that after the bounce, upon Cæsar attempting to throw Alexander, he was pushed from behind by Achilles with such force that he fainted, but as Diogenes was asleep, no mark was given; upon recovery he exhausted his vocabulary of profanity upon the Greeks, but as it was in Latin they didn't understand it.

The Greeks had meanwhile been playing together with great skill, and had got the ball near the goal, when Cicero, after a brilliant run round the wing, with a most tremendous kick of about ninety yards, kicked first goal for the Romans; Æschines gave it as his opinion that it had been touched by Homer, but as he was blind and taking no part in the game, this objection was overruled, and Æschines was run off the field by Marius and Cincinnatus, and was severely kicked. After this the play was disorderly, and there were free fights between Cæsar and Philip, and Ajax and Tacitus, until time was called. Both sides insultingly claimed the victory, and it was referred to Diogenes, the field um-

pire, who said he didn't care, but he thought it was drawn very much in favour of both, as each side had one goal. He would give the prize to the honest side, if there was one. The Greeks departed home next day, running down the Romans severely, and calling them cads and larrikins.

BY PLUTARCH SECUNDUS.

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### LUDICROUS MISTAKES.

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Sometimes boys make some very ludicrous mistakes, of which the following are samples. One bright youth when asked who smothered the princes in the tower, replied without hesitation 'Catesby and Digby.' We believe it was the same precocious genius who stated that "Tananarivo was the capital of Turkey" and that "the New Hebrides were in the Mediterranean." It is interesting to learn that "The Pilgrim Fathers and their sons sailed to America to convert the Indians in the time of Charles II. because they could not pay their ship-money." Quite a flood of light is thrown on many points of history, which must have been much misrepresented by previous historians, who certainly have never informed us that "Sir Phillip Sydney defeated Napoleon at the Nile." The Salic law then enunciated by one of these prodigies:—"No man who was the son of a woman could inherit the French kingdom." We could cite numerous other omissions on their part, supplied by these youthful historians, but space forbids. In closing we cannot forbear showing the following authentic note which we obtained possession of:—"Send 2nd sum to me, please."

An oyster will live 26 years—that is, in the sea he will. In the restaurant he sometimes lasts a long time—Oh, a very long time! But he does not live nearly as long as he lasts.

AN Irishman was receiving twenty lashes well laid on. Instead of bellowing he laughed immoderately all the time. The officer enquired what was the cause of his mirth. "Because it was the other one who was to be flogged, I'm the wrong man," replied the man.

"WHAT a picturesque little cottage! A veritable Swiss chalet." "A Swiss shall he, do you call it? To my mind its more like an Irish shan't he."

It is about an even thing between man and the orange peel, sometimes the man throws the orange peel into the gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

AN ode by a poet, dedicated to "Senora," runs as follows:—

"Oh! the snore, the beautiful snore!  
Filling the chamber from ceiling to floor,  
Over the coverlet, under the sheet,  
From her wee dimpled chin to her pretty feet;  
Now rising aloft, like a bee in June,  
Now sunk to the wail of a cracked bassoon;  
Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again,  
Is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane."

"JEREMIAH, compare the adjective—cold," said his schoolmistress. "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Jeremiah.

"THERE is a villain at the end of this stick," said a judge to a truculent looking prisoner, pointing at him with his stick. "Which end, my lord?" enquired the prisoner.

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