

# Prince Alfred College Chronicle.

UBI NON EST SCIENTIA ANIMÆ, NON EST BONUM.



VOL. IV.—No. 27.]

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[PRICE SIXPENCE.

## EDITORIAL.

As each new year begins, many new faces are seen among us, but to counter-balance these additions, many of our old boys leave to begin life's battles, but they can never forget their connection with the College—and some go to swell the list of those "Old Boys" to whom we look up with a feeling of pride. It must be with feelings of the greatest gratification that a master hears that such and such a boy whom he once taught, is making his mark in the world, and certainly such news helps to repay him for all his hard work and trouble.

In the scholarships this year we again have been successful. Last year's list of four scholarships, was one that could not be paralleled, and though such a brilliant result cannot be shown this year, still the fact that the two boys whom we sent up

headed the list in the University Scholarship, is indeed a triumph. Every one connected with the College congratulates Boundy and Nicholls on their success, and hopes that their future career will be a brilliant one, and if ability and diligence have any influence it will be so.

Cricket matches have been played almost every Saturday this term, and our team has been fairly successful, but now the football season takes the place of cricket, and though many of the players of our last year's "Firsts" have left, still there are others to fill their places, and we hope that this year's football season will be as brilliant as that of last year. Matches will be arranged for each Saturday, and next term, practice for the boat match will begin.

Football is not the only outdoor sport attracting our attention, for a rowing club has been established, and the members of

it are at present practising very diligently for the coming contest which is to take place three or four weeks after Easter, between our crew and one from St. Peter's College.

### NOTES AND NEWS.

Rowing is looking up again. This is because it is proposed to have a race on the Torrens with a St. Peter's crew soon after Easter, and perhaps to make the engagement annual. We are trying to select the best four, at present about six are being tried under the coaching of Mr. Grayson and Mr. Barker.

T. M. Coombe and J. B. Combe have been chosen Secretaries of the Football Club. The other members of committee elected are F. Hill, C. Hill, J. D. Kelly, A. Gurr, M. Boucaut, and T. Drew.

We could only find two candidates this year for the three University Scholarships, and therefore the more pleased to find these two have acquitted themselves so well. A. P. Boundy and L. H. Nicholls were bracketed as first on the list just issued.

A meeting was held in the Chemistry Room to consider football matters, the Head Master presiding. J. B. Coombe and T. M. Coombe were elected Secretaries, A. Gurr, T. Hill, J. Kelly, C. Hill, and T. Drew the committee.

Of course we missed the Governor. But Speech Day went off capitally. The Hon. John Colton was most kindly and hearty in his appreciation of all that was going on, and spoke some earnest words full of wisdom. The Rev. H. T. Burgess spoke most enthusiastically about the College and its work, showing how proud

the committee are of its great and steady success. He said that indeed "they had become so accustomed to success in connection with Prince Alfred College—so accustomed to brilliant records—that it would need a very wonderful year to surprise them." The singing went splendidly, especially the "Cricket Song." Indeed, the audience would have that repeated, though an *encore* on Speech Day seems "bad form."

At the Special Junior Examination, held at the University, in March, W. Boucaut, C. Cooper, F. Jude, and B. Smeaton, passed in physics; Smeaton in mathematics, and Jude in chemistry, with credit.

A. Hall, of Snowtown, has obtained an open scholarship at Roseworthy Agricultural College.

We welcome among us five out of six who gained exhibitions at Christmas, S. C. Lang, M. H. Hodge, and G. M. Hains, from Port Adelaide; and H. W. Gepp and E. C. Padman, from Sturt Street; and wish them as successful career as nearly all exhibitors before them have had.

The receipts for No. 27 of *P.A.C. Chronicle* from classes and subscribers are £6 15s. 7d.; expenditure in printing and postage is £8 2s.; making a deficit of £1 6s. 5d. The total balance now in hand is £16 15s. 10d.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt, since last issue, of subscriptions from Messrs. G. B. Hone, E. Davis, G. L. Melrose, E. T. Bailey.

J. A. C. Newbould passed the Civil Service Examination in January.

Swimming comes in the first term. The hot weather makes a bath enjoyable, and bathing without swimming is very dull

work. The swimming races are to be held towards the end of term. Mr. Bastard found a new attraction for his annual races on February 16, by including a "Championship for the Colleges." L. H. Boucaut (P.A.C.) came in a good first, amidst loud applause from his school-mates.

Mr. Kerr has been missed from amongst us the last three weeks, and is not back yet. What at first seemed an ordinary cold settled on the lungs, and has confined him to the house for some time, much to his regret. The classics of the sixth form particularly missed him; for though Mr. Sunter came at once to the rescue, he could not well do the work of two men, especially when the additional one was so hard a worker as Mr. Kerr. We trust he will soon be quite well again.

During the vacation the Head Master has been busy in conference with the architects, Messrs. Garlick & Son, in perfecting the details of the plans for the new science buildings, and now the builders are fairly at work, and the walls are rising. There will be two large rooms, one for science lectures, or class teaching, and the other fitted with benches, sinks, gas-jets, water-taps, and every convenience for the boys to work experiments themselves. The room used as a laboratory so far will be turned into a classroom. The building, with fittings, furniture, etc., will cost about £1,500. The contract date for finishing is June 9.

The tennis-ground underwent improvements in the holidays. A second court was formed, wire-netting put up at the end of it, and a picturesque seat placed round the grand old gum-tree on it. The game is growing in favour everywhere, and here, too,

The present term opened with a very large attendance, an increase of 20 on this time last year, a roll of 383 boys present. Let us hope they will all try to be honorable and industrious and advance the good name of P.A.C. The Head Master said the other day that he wanted to have a hard-working school, that had always been his great wish and aim.

Easter comes very early this year, we shall only have had nine weeks' work before Easter week. However, it will be convenient to make up the marks and start with new places on coming back from the holiday.

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#### OLD BOYS.

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In the Adelaide University Eight that is to represent their Alma Mater on the Parramatta against Sydney and Melbourne, old P.A.C.'s are taking an important part. Mr. Bayly is stroke, A. H. Henning, R. H. Henning, H. V. Rounsvell, C. R. Penny, and W. M. Anderson have seats in the boat, and F. J. Chapple is again to be cox.

In the Lawn Tennis Tournament they came out well, too. F. S. Hone has perhaps only the champion to beat him. He formed one of the champion double. G. B. Hone and H. E. Hill were a good second pair, and J. R. Fowler, and R. G. Bowen a good third. S. S. Glyde won the handicap single, and played brilliantly.

D. G. Evan has been elected a Fellow of the S.A. Society of Accountants.

F. S. Joyce has offered himself for the China Inland Mission, and, indeed, is now *en route* for the scene of his labours,

## SHAVINGS.

Hurrah!

Nicholls and Boundy.

Well done Prince Alfred!

Much praise due to Mr. Kerr for his efforts.

Sympathy for him in his illness universal.

A splendid start for 1891. YOU can make it end well.

What are you doing to honor the College?

The tablet is erected at last. *Signum lugubre.*

How we missed one happy face last Speech Day!

Second and Third elevens again defeated by S.P.S.C.

Swimming matches will probably take place this week.

The new laboratory will be ready towards the end of next term.

Nine weeks in this term and eleven in each of the others

F. S. Butler, B.A., once our "Dux," is now a teacher at Hamilton.

T. H. Frewin, B.A., now studying at St. Barnabas' Theological College, N. A.

Several P.A.C. boys successful at the Special Junior Public Examination.

Boat race against S.P.S.C. a fortnight after the holidays.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse conducted evening prayers for the boarders a few nights ago.

Frank Hone, B.A., highly successful in the late Tennis Tournament.

We also congratulate "young Bone," and "Brahma" for their play. Well done old bird!

The football match of the season early

in June. We shall have to do all we know to win.

Mr. Bayly goes to Sydney next Saturday as stroke of the University Eight. We wish him success.

We can't send Easter eggs to all our readers, but we wish them all a happy holiday.

Are you in the P.A.C. Debating Society? If not why not? Join at once.

Mr. Treleaven's lecture on Queensland was highly appreciated by the members.

The top boy in each form next term gains a prize. Let each one do his best to win.

How often has "Micky" been "down behind the gym.?" He is not the only one either.

Quite a revival in tennis this quarter; why does not the secretary arrange matches?

S. S. Glyde, an old boy of P.A.C., won the handicap singles in the tennis tournament.

Some friendships are formed at College which last for a life time. Oh for more of them!

"Ching" Rischbieth has distinguished himself at Bradford, England, by his skill in football.

The *Chronicle* would now and then like to hear from any of its old readers.

Mr. Ashton, our worthy drawing master, was very busy painting during the last holidays. Many of his beautiful pictures are sold now.

There is a speaking likeness of the late Mr. Churchward in the Reading-room.

It is a pity there were no intercolonial College cricket matches this season.

Forty University scholarships have been awarded, and twenty-five of these have come to Prince Alfred boys. Well done!

CRICKET.

P.A.C. v. SEMAPHORES.—Played on the Alberton Oval, and resulted in a win for the Semaphores by 6 runs, the finish being very exciting. Semaphores batted first, making 64, of which 21 were contributed by Gull. For P.A.C. Kekwick made 28 not out, Coombe 11, Atkins 7. Homburg bowled in his usual style, getting 6 wickets for 27 runs.

P.A.C. v. ADELPHIANS.—Played on our ground, resulting in a draw. We won the toss and elected to go in first, and knocked up a total of 200 runs, of which T. Coombe made 41, Boundy 40, T. Hill 30, and A. C. Atkins 26. The Adelphians lost 5 wickets for 80, W. Guard making 37. Homburg took 4 wickets for 30.

P.A.C. v. PORT CENTRALS.—This match was played on their ground, on a very bad wicket. P.A.C. made 86, of which J. Drew contributed 23, T. Coombe 27, Atkins 10. Port Centrals 7 wickets down for 130; Sidoli 40 not out.

P.A.C. v. RAMBLERS.—Played on their ground, and resulted in a draw. Ramblers 316, of which T. Chinner made 169, and A. Chinner 65. P.A.C. 4 wickets for 160. C. Hill 41, T. Coombe 26 not out, and T. Drew 23.

SPECIAL PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS.—CHRISTMAS, 1890.

Old Collegians' Scholarship, £15 15s. (presented by the Prince Alfred Old Collegians' Association)—Nicholls, L. H.

Colton Scholarship, £12 12s. (founded by the Hon. J. Colton)—Boundy, F. P.

Longbottom Scholarship, £12 12s. (founded by W. Longbottom, Esq.)—Mitton, E. G.

Robb Scholarship, £12 12s. (founded by John Robb, Esq.)—Chapple, A.

Malpas Scholarship, £12 12s. (founded by H. Malpas, Esq.)—Jude, F. J.

Foundation Scholarship, one year's free education (presented by the College Committee)—Johnstone, P. E.

Medal for Agricultural Chemistry (founded by the Hon. G. W. Cotton, M.L.C.)—Hancock, G. A.

Advertiser Prize for English Essay (presented by S.A. Advertiser)—Smeaton, B.

Smith Prize for History (presented by Sir E. T. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.)—Adams, E. H.

Alfred Muecke Prize (founded in memoriam)—Clark, E. V.

Arithmetic Prize (presented by S.A. Cricketing Association)—Benbow, J.

Writing Prize (presented by E. S. Wigg and Son)—Lever, R. H.

Music Prizes (presented by W. B. Chinner, Esq.)—Chapple, A.; Cooper, C. T.; Cane, C. A.; Proctor, H.

Music Prizes (presented by W. R. Knox, Esq.)—Potter, J.; Grey, W. C.

German Prizes (presented by Herr Drews)—Nicholls, L. H.; Johnson, P. E.; Marshall, H. W.; Vardon, R.; Atkinson, A. H.; Mellor, F. R.

Drawing Prize (presented by D. Garlick, Esq.)—Wilson, R. H.

Drawing Prizes (presented by J. Ashton, Esq.)—Kingsborough, F. E.; Cowan, W. J.; Haycraft, J. H.; Hantke, T. C.

Painting Prize—Goode, B. H.

Mapping Prize (presented by D. Garlick, Esq.)—Büring, L. H.

Mapping Prize (presented by J. Ashton, Esq.)—Drew, H.

Recitation Prize (presented by W. C. Rigby, Esq.)—Robertson, J. B.

Boarders' Scripture Knowledge Prize—Hancock, G. A.

Librarian and Curator's Prize—Hancock, G. A.

Silver Medals for Cricket (presented by the Head Master)—Boucaut, W. H., 3; Coombe, T. M., 2; Drew, T. M., 2; Cobb, W. M., 1; Hill, C., 1; Homburg, R. B., 1; Darling, F., 1.

Cricket Ball for Best Bowling Average—Homburg, R. B.

Gold Medal for Best Batting Average (presented by A. H. Jarvis & Co.)—Boucaut, W. H.

#### DUCES OF FORMS.—CHRISTMAS, 1890.

Form.	Dux.
VI.—L. H. Nicholls (Captain of School).	
Lower VI.—A. Chapple.	
	V.—H. W. Marshall.
Lower V.—F. W. Young.	
	IV.—C. F. Stephens.
Lower IV.—H. Horner.	
Upper III.—J. G. Hannah.	
Middle III.—A. M. Paton.	
Lower III.—N. H. Thallon.	
	II.—W. H. Young.
Lower II.—W. T. A. Harris.	
Upper I.—H. Hooper.	
Middle I.—A. J. Darling.	
Lower I.—H. N. Lindschau.	

#### DEBATING SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 7TH.—This was the initial meeting for the year, and seven new members were nominated. Nominations were also taken for vacancies in the committee. The debate was "Loafing v. Working." After a lively discussion, Working, represented by Benbow, beat Simpson's party by 9 votes to 4.

FEBRUARY 21ST.—The proceedings of

this meeting were of a new kind. A triple debate, "Tennis v. Cricket v. Football," was represented respectively by Kelly, Hancock, and Dawkins. Football was thought by the majority to be more attractive than the other games, and after an amusing discussion, Dawkins won by 5 to 4 to 2 votes. Two committeemen were elected.

MARCH 7TH.—After the usual preliminary business, Sutton read an essay on "Is not School Teaching an Easy Life." Mr. H. Homburg, an old scholar and member, also favoured us with an essay on "Aboriginals." Owing to his unavoidable absence, the Secretary read his essay. Both papers were attacked vigorously, but pronounced by show of hands to be highly commendable. A vote of thanks was sent to the latter essayist. Refreshments were provided, and the meeting terminated with a vocal performance by the outsiders.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—As the football season has just begun I would like to point out the desirability of the committee forming a rule to the effect "that if anyone be picked to play for a P.A.C. football match and does not turn up, unless he can give an satisfactory excuse to the committee, he shall be debarred the privilege of playing for P.A.C. during the season." This would have the effect of making our boys play for the school. The question whether the captains of second and third twentys shall have a voice in picking a team, if a member of the team be not already in, is yet, I believe, to be decided.

I remain, &c.,

OLYMPIUS.

AN ENIGMA.

When the breezes shake the trees with  
gentle murmuring,  
And the rushing brook rejoices, and each  
voice proclaims the Spring,  
From the songster in the branches with  
note so sweet and clear,  
To the clustering bees untiring in the  
honeysuckle near,

My *first* I hear.

When no sound salutes the ear save from  
yonder distant tower,  
And the moonbeams fire the chamber in  
the silent midnight hour,  
And the ghosts of memories buried once  
again their shapes reveal,  
And the sharp sting of the present adds  
to wounds that will not heal,

My *next* I feel.

And when on ocean's margin two gentle  
souls have met,  
And they talk of feelings changeless as  
the stars above them set,  
And each listens to each voice softly  
murmuring and low,  
And they dream their love is boundless  
as th' unfathomed depths below,

My *whole* I know.

(The answer to the above will be given  
in our next number.)

SWIMMING.

The annual swimming matches will be held shortly in the City Baths. A meeting was held in the Chemistry Room on Friday, March 6, when the following were elected to form a committee to make all the necessary arrangements:—F. Magarey, F. Hill, M. A. Boucaut, with A. Gurr as Secretary and M. Brown as Treasurer.

OLD BOYS.

We regret to have to record the decease of the Rev. Wm. Diment. He attended Prince Alfred College from July, 1869, to December, 1871, and always showed generous loyalty to his old school. He was one of the first members of the Old Collegians' Association, was on the committee of that association for some years, came to its annual meetings, and made warm-hearted speeches upon several occasions. He was always most cordially received amongst us, and we observed with great pleasure his success in the high calling to which he had devoted his life, and especially his election, though so young, to the position of President of the Primitive Methodist Church. He was a most earnest man, and now "his works do follow him."

Scarcely had these lines been penned when another honorable and useful man, who entered Prince Alfred on the same day as Mr. Diment, and attended it about the same period, was called by sudden summons to "cease at once to work and live." On Monday, January 12, Mr. Hugh Craine Kelly, M.P. for Wooroora, was thrown from a trap on to his head, and never regained consciousness. He was highly respected as a conscientious and straight-going man of business, magistrate, Chairman of District Council, and member of Parliament. He worked zealously as a member of the Wesleyan Church, as a local preacher, and in many offices, and he ever took the kindest interest in the welfare of his old school and in the Old Boys' Association, and otherwise did much to help it.

Several congratulations on the good Senior List came from old boys. One

pointed out that it was "almost as good as ours," namely, that of 1885. There used to be an "order of merit" then and the first eleven places were taken by P.A.C. boys—all the first class and the first five places in the second class. Nine "matriculation," or "senior" lists, issued from the Adelaide University have shown a similar victory, that is, all the first classes given to boys have been won by P.A.C. boys. Four of these were December lists and five March lists.

We are glad to note the appointment of Mr. M. M. Maughan to the position of Head Master of the Sturt Street Model School, certainly one of the most important positions in the Public School system of this colony. Sturt Street has deservedly gained a high reputation under Mr. W. L. Neale, and now that gentleman has been promoted to an inspectorship we rejoice to learn that Mr. Maughan has been thought worthy to succeed him. The name of M. M. Maughan is on our rolls as one of the twenty-eight who, on January 18, 1869, first began the studies at "Prince Alfred College." With him were enrolled G. S. Cotton, now our worthy honorary secretary, J. T. Mitchell, now an M.D., of Aberdeen, and a successful medical man; J. C. Hill, a minister of the Wesleyan Church; Arthur Langsford, the secretary of the National Mutual Insurance Society, etc., etc. "There were giants in the earth in those days." In 1873 the first old collegians scholarship was awarded, and it fell to M. M. Maughan, and in 1874 he was taken upon the staff of the college as a junior master, and did good service for us for four years. During this time he continued to prosecute his studies, having matriculated at the Melbourne University. On the opening of the Adelaide University he attended its classes. In December,

1876, he passed the 1st B.A. examination in the First class, in December 1877, the 2nd B.A. examination, obtaining a Second class in classics, and a First class in Natural History. Unfortunately he did not see his way to complete his degree course, to take the third or final year for the B.A. Mr. Maughan had always shown enthusiastic admiration for his former schoolmaster and chief, Mr. Hartley, and the reforms he was introducing into the State Schools of the Colony, so in 1878 he followed his bent and entered that service. His upward progress in it has been steady, and as beforesaid he has won very high promotion indeed, and has our very heartiest congratulation and good wishes.

Percy Robin, M.A., London, has received the appointment of Second Master of Newington College, Sydney. Newington is quite one of the leading collegiate schools of Sydney, and we warmly congratulate Mr. Robin upon entering upon so important an office, and have every hope and confidence he will prove a great success in it.

F. S. Butler, B.A., Adelaide, has been appointed Second Master at the Hamilton Academy, Victoria.

F. H. Frewin, B.A., proposes to enter St. Barnabas College with a view to being prepared to take orders in the Anglican Church of this province.

The South Australian Cricket Eleven gained a great victory over the Victorian team early in January, beating them by an innings and 62 runs. The chief credit was due to the splendid batting of George Giffen; 237 of the 472 we scored came off his bat. He had far the best bowling average, too; 12 wickets for 192 runs. We had additional interest in the match, for there were two representatives of P.A.C. in the eleven—L. W. Evan and



B. O. Scrymgour. They did not shine much with the bat, for Evan made only 3 and Scrymgour not out 0. He went in last, and had not a hit. But in the field they were very useful, for Evan caught out one man and Scrymgour three. One of the last catches was a brilliant effort, one hand, low down, after a big run. We understand that both Arthur Hill and Joe Darling were asked to go, but were unable to get away.

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### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS' ITEMS.

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J. D. Kelly caught 13 hares and 53 rabbits in one morning.

H. Proctor managed to secure 97 crawfish in an hour and a half near Kapunda.

T. M. Coombe and C. F. Stephens went down the Broken Hill Mine and came up very greasy and dirty.

A. C. W. Royal and his friends shot 70 rabbits in four hours in the hills.

R. Homburg and friend caught 30 dozen crawfish in one day.

C. J. Hall, while staying at Tea-tree Gully, put his hand into a sparrow's nest and thought he had got him, but on drawing out his hand found a lizard hanging on his finger, which refused to let go till he had bitten his finger-nail in two. Be more careful next time, Charlie.

F. N. Simpson had a nasty fall over a precipice, but fortunately fell into a pear-tree, which probably saved his life.

L. H. Fuller fell from his pony, and was dragged for about 30 yards, when luckily the stirrup gave way.

C. E. Gilmore put two of his fingers out of joint by coming in collision with a wire fence when riding after a kangaroo.

C. B. Benham and friend caught 6 dozen snook in one day's outing.

L. T. Boas sank up to his waist in the sand at the Gorge, and was with difficulty pulled out by his companions.

H. Stone nearly managed a double somersault over the head of his horse, which had put its foot into a rabbit hole.

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### A HOLIDAY TRIP TO ANGASTON.

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Leaving Adelaide by the 7.15 a.m. train, we arrived at Freeling at 9.30 a.m. From there a pleasant drive of about an hour along beautifully level roads brings us to the subject of my sketch, viz., Angaston. Angaston is about 51 miles from Adelaide, and is pleasantly situated on a slight rise at the foot of some low hills (on which large and shady gum-trees are growing), which almost encircle the town. A little stream, fringed with fine spreading willows, passes through the township, and affords the wherewithal to slack the thirst of the horses and cattle belonging to the inhabitants. Angaston might very truly be termed the "Garden of South Australia," both on account of its luxuriant appearance, but also on account of its chief industries being connected with gardening.

Fruit-growing forms its staple industry. The soil is very well adapted for the growing of all kinds of fruit trees and cereal crops of every description, as it is a rich black loam, which extends to a very considerable depth. Another great advantage is that water is very plentiful; springs can be found almost anywhere at very little depth below the surface. Angaston is, however, not only famed for its wheat and fruit producing qualities,

but it is also rapidly taking a foremost place in the production of wines, raisins, etc.

The names of some of the largest fruit-growers and vigneroners are as follows:—Messrs. S. Smith & Sons (of Yalumba), Messrs. S. & W. Sage (of Gawler Park), Messrs. Salter & Sons, Mr. Seppelt (of Seppeltsfeld), and Hurn Brothers. Messrs. S. & W. Sage's property is situated right along the banks of the Gawler River, which is fringed all along with willows of colossal size. One of them is said to extend over a quarter of an acre of ground. All the employes of the firm at the close of last wine-making season held a dance and supper under its spreading foliage.

There is also on the estate a remarkable spring, from which is derived all the water used for irrigation, and also all that used during the wine-making season; in fact, the spring has been in almost constant use for the last 30 years, and has never yet been known to run dry.

During the disastrous floods of last winter all their wine cellars were four feet deep in water, but luckily it receded without doing any great harm.

In one corner of this garden there is a willow tree with a history. An old gentleman, at present resident in Angaston, was in the early days a conductor of oxen to Adelaide with loading. On one occasion on leaving Adelaide he cut a willow stick to use as a walking-stick. The country was rather wet at the time, and one day, leaning more heavily than usual upon the stick, it stuck in the ground and was pulled from his hand. He did not trouble to pull it up, but on his return journey went to get it, but found that it had sprouted. He accordingly left

it. It is now a mighty tree, and stands alone far from any of its kind, as if to assert its proud position of the first willow tree planted in Angaston.

The estate of the Hon. J. H. Angas is also one of the sights of the neighbourhood. It is situated about three miles out from the town, and forms quite a township by itself. For all the people employed by the station are congregated together—blacksmith, carpenters, boundaryriders, and all. There is also a public school maintained for the children on the estate; a chapel, for which Mr. Angas maintains his own chaplain. Angas Park—the recreation ground of the people of Angaston—is a monument to his generosity. It is about 20 or 30 acres in extent, and is planted with ornamental trees and flowers. In this reserve all the picnics, cricket matches, etc., etc., of Angaston are held. During my stay Mr. E. M. Twiss (an old P.A. Collegian) made 109 not out (his first century) for the Hardwickes against the local team.

In conclusion, I would advise any one who is at a loss for a place in which to spend his holidays to visit Angaston, and at the end of his leave of absence he will find that his time spent in this beautiful country resort has not been thrown away.

A. E. STEPHENS.

January 19, 1891.

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### EXAM. CURIOS.

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The fourth edition of "English as she is taught" is just issued. From its many funny quotations, which are declared to be genuine replies, verbal or written, of schoolboys, we select the following:—

He was a member of the *mediocrity*.

He landed safe on *vice versa*.

Some of the best fossils are found in *theological* cabinets.

Grammar gives us the *languish*.

To find the number of square feet in a room, you multiply the room by the number of feet. The product is the result.

*Climate* lasts all the time, *weather* only a few days.

Julius Cæsar was quite a military man on the whole.

Washington Irving was a great poet and prose.

No north-west passage has ever been discovered around the Cape of Good Hope.

Samuel Johnson, an American writer. His writing is proved and accepted, being exciting and meritorious.

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### KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

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The following literary effusions were found not 100 miles from the city, written on two leaves of an exercise book, and evidently the production of a South Australian school boy. The papers on "Heat" and "Rest and Motion" are recommended to the fellows in the VI Form as being more practical than the ordinary text-book:—

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#### HEAT.

After a boy has been running he always feels hot after it. And when a train comes in after a long journey the wheels always feel hot, and that is with force, and if you feel a carriage or an engine wheel on a winter's morning, it will feel rather cold. If you ever notice the rail-

way lines when they are putting them down, you will notice that they lay the lines apart.

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#### REST AND MOTION.

When any one is walking along it has a name, for it is called motion; and when any one is standing still that also has a name, and the name for it is called rest. The forces that act upon it balance one another. When a person moves from one place to another it is called by the name of motion. The word motion is produced by force. Motion always depends upon force. Velocity is the quickness with which the body moves.

When the engine-driver wants to make the engine go he always has to put the steam on before it will go. When a person throws a stone up in the air it never goes straight; it always slants, and that is caused by gravitation.

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#### OLD SCHOLAR.

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#### TO THE SENIOR BOYS.

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"In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives probably when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in than you ever can have again. Quit yourselves like men, then; speak up, and strike out if necessary for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty, and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of

feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good, which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and rarely have any settled principles. Every school, indeed, has its own traditionary standard of right and wrong, which cannot be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying, though it changes only slowly and little by little, and subject only to such standard. It is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest, and make the school either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would if he were turned out to make his way in London streets."

FROM TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

### A RACE WITH A KAFFIR.

Time is getting on, and it is four o'clock, and at half-past five we have an athletic event coming off, which has aroused all the sporting instincts of the immediate neighbourhood. Not far from us is a Kaffir Kraal, and amongst its inhabitants one young man, Segani, is renowned for his running powers. One of our own party, recently arrived in Cape Colony, has also acquired a reputation in England as an athlete, and for the last few years has been amongst amateurs at the top of the tree at distance-running, more especially from half-a-mile to two miles. The question arose whether the

hardy Kaffir, inured to mountain exercise and capable of running immense distances, would be a match for the young Englishman, who had proved himself able to run a mile in four minutes twenty-eight seconds, and had gained many a prize on the running-path and green sward.

The Kaffirs were decidedly of opinion that their champion could not be defeated, while our party were equally confident of the Englishman's success.

Thus a friendly match was made for a race of one mile, on the best part of the road near us, which was pretty fair going for South Africa.

A mile had been measured out, and already the Kaffirs could be discerned about half-a-mile away, near the winning post, discussing and gesticulating in excited groups.

Our champion having donned the nearest approach to running costume he can find, and assumed a pair of canvas shoes which, luckily, he has by him, is ready. Proper spiked running shoes he has not, and indeed, on this occasion, they would be of little use; for though it is the best we can find, the road is "far, far from gay," and has a fair number of stones upon its surface, and to spring with spiked shoes upon these would be, to say the least, unpleasant.

All being ready, we stroll down to the winning-post, where we meet the Chief of the Kaffirs of the district, who resides at the Kraal before mentioned. About fifty other Kaffirs, the Boers recently arrived, with a few Hottentots and Bushmen make up the spectators. The Kaffirs are chattering at a great rate, and a betting man, if he were present, would have no difficulty in laying a good book against their pet.

The Kaffir champion is not attired in conventional running costume; to speak the truth, his costume is very nearly *nil*. He looks, as he always does, in hard condition, and his brown skin bears that peculiar and splendid polish that betokens in the Kaffir the best of health.

Three watches have been set at the same time; one of these goes with the starter to the starting-post, another is held half-way, and the third remains at the winning-post. These precautions are adopted as we are rather curious to know what a Kaffir really *can do* in the way of running. The two champions and the starter then walk quietly along the road till they reach the starting-point; they are unable to carry on the light and airy conversation affected by our English athletics on such an occasion, which but too often ill-conceals anxiety and nervousness within; for, to most persons, the few minutes of preparation immediately before a race are very trying moments indeed.

They are accompanied part of the way by about half the onlookers, who stop at the half-mile mark, where there is a slight bend in the road from which they can see the start. It was agreed that the race should be started by a rifle shot fired behind the runners. The Englishman has doffed his hat and coat, and stands ready in a light jersey and a pair of old flannels cut down to just above the knee. He is not so fit as he would be for an English championship, for he has not done much running lately; but for the last month he has had any amount of hard walking exercise while shooting among the mountains, and is in excellent health.

The contrast between the white skin of the Englishman and the rich chocolate

colour of the Kaffir, as they stand prepared, is striking; as to physique there is not much to choose between them. Segani stands about 5 feet 11 inches, weighs 10 stone 11 pounds, and has splendid muscular development about his chest and shoulders, and the setting sun lighting upon his gleaming skin shows up these features to perfection. Below, he is not quite so well set up as his opponent; nor are his legs and thighs so good; but he is an excellent specimen of a Kaffir, and his friends can put forth no finer champion.

The Englishman stands 6 feet 1 inch, weighs, in training, 11 stone. Though slim and somewhat lean, he has broad shoulders, with plenty of room for lung power, to which, no doubt, he owes his staying qualities, and is well set up on excellent clean-cut limbs.

The brother of our host takes up his position behind the two, whom he has placed on the starting-scratch. "Get ready!" he calls out. Another second, and the rifle cracks.

Let us watch now the tactics pursued by each of the runners.

Segani jumps off with the lead at a fair pace, but to his opponent, who has made up his mind to run a waiting race, it is but moderate, for he has been accustomed to be taken along for the first quarter of a mile in sixty seconds and less.

The styles of the two men are widely different. The Kaffir holds his arms somewhat low, and runs with a short stride, yet he moves easily and well. The Englishman strides quietly some two yards in the rear, with a free, machine-like action, and makes good use of his arms. So they journey for a quarter of a mile, when the Kaffir takes a glance

round, and seeing his adversary just upon his heels, quickens up a little, evidently not quite satisfied with the way things are going. However, the second man shows no signs of coming up to him until they reach the half-mile (time, two minutes thirty seconds), when the Englishman goes to the Kaffir's shoulder, and runs stride for stride with him for a dozen yards, just as a feeler. Segani is not quite happy, but he increases his pace, and the Englishman again drops back, with just the shadow of a smile on his face. He knows now exactly what he can do with his man.

Both men, as they approach three-quarters of their race, can hear their partisans shouting in the distance. Some of the Kaffirs follow at their side cheering on their champion. Ever since the half-mile post Segani has been trying to get away from his man, and the Englishman in turn has been pushing him hard every foot of the way. Look at them now! The Kaffir is in trouble, his anxious face and laboured breath proclaim it but too plainly. He has been used to trot all day about his native mountains in his own way, but to be pushed hard just beyond his pace in this fashion is a new sensation to him, and evidently he doesn't much like it. The Englishman is striding along as freely as when he started, still a few feet in the rear. Three hundred yards from home he suddenly goes to the Kaffir's shoulder, and the real struggle begins. For thirty yards they race side by side, but it is soon over. The Kaffir is beaten; he is breathing hard, and his legs feel like bars of lead; and our champion, drawing right away, and finishing at sprinting pace, has won the race by seventy good yards, which, if he had made

his own running, he might have increased to double the distance.

The mile has been run in five minutes two seconds, not bad time considering the state of the road, which in some parts was stony, and in others of a soft sandy nature.

The delighted Englishmen crowd round their champion, eager to pat him on the back for having so well defended the honour of the Old Country. The Kaffirs, rather cast down, gather round Segani, to know how his defeat happened. The poor fellow had done all he knew, and in reality made a very fair display, and was simply beaten by a better man.

Segani looked rather down in the mouth at his failure, but when his successful opponent handed him a gift of some tobacco and half-a-crown, he marched off with a face beaming with delight.

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## A BABY IN BATTLE.

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### THE BRAVE YOUNG BRITISHER.

"Hello! What's 'young Salamander' up to now?"

"Mad, I fancy; or else he wants to get killed."

"And so he will, whether he wants it or not, if he goes running in among the bullets like that!"

In truth "young Salamander" (otherwise Lord Charles Hay, of the First Life Guards) did seem to be running a fearful risk without any reason whatever.

One of the hardest battles ever fought between the French and British in Belgium was at its hottest. The French Army was

much the stronger of the two; and, although the British held their ground as stubbornly as bulldogs, it seemed very doubtful which way the fight would go. Just then, in the thick of the uproar and confusion, the rolling smoke, and the flying shot, young Hay (whose bravery under fire had long since earned him the nickname of "Salamander" from his adoring soldiers) was seen to step forth from the British line and advance straight toward the enemy. A more desperate venture could hardly be imagined, for so thickly were the bullets flying between the two opposing lines that the little jets of dust which they knocked up from the dry earth formed a cloud almost as dense as the smoke itself. Nothing mortal surely could live in such a storm of shot; and what could he possibly be going to do there?

"Come back, my lord; come back, for heaven's sake!" shouted a dozen deep voices at once.

"The young fool's mad—stark mad!" roared the British Colonel, recovering from his stupor of amazement. "Come back this minute, you young idiot! Do you want to be killed?"

But Lord Charles still went forward without a moment's pause, as if he had not heard them.

Then the British ceased firing in sheer astonishment. But just at that moment the flash and crackle of a fresh volley burst forth like a storm along the glittering line of French bayonets, and all was hidden in smoke.

When the smoke cleared again every one expected to see the brave lad lying dead. But no—Hay was still on his feet. His cap had been struck off, and some said that they could see blood on his face. But he

was still marching onward as steadily as ever.

And now the French grenadiers, beginning to desecrate him through the rolling smoke, stopped firing in their turn, supposing that this single man who was coming toward them so boldly from the British line must be the bearer of some message from the British general; and the attention of the two contending hosts was bent upon the solitary figure between them. Just then a sudden gust of wind whirled aside for a moment the cloud of smoke and dust, and every one saw for the first time what Lord Charles Hay was about.

A little to the left of the English line of battle stood a cluster of miserable hovels; and the Flemish peasants who inhabited them, instead of running away when the battle began, as one must have expected, had stayed where they were, seeing that the fight seemed to be rolling away from them, and not liking the idea of abandoning their huts, which, poor and wretched though they were, were the only home they had.

But they soon found that they were mistaken, for a sudden change in the position of the two armies brought these unlucky cottages right into the line of fire, and the terrified peasants, finding the cannon balls falling thickly on every side of them, took to their heels at once, dragging with them their children and what few goods they could manage to carry. In the hurry of this panic flight, a tiny girl, hardly old enough to walk a'one, had fallen or been left behind, and was now lying on the ground midway between the French and British lines, crying bitterly, while her mother could be seen in the distance shrieking wildly and tossing her arms in the air, and struggling

to break loose from her husband, who was holding her firmly; for, counting his child already lost, he had no wish to lose his wife as well.

Coolly as if on parade the brave young guardsman strode onward to the spot where the helpless child lay; his fair hair and bright young face showing through the billowy smoke like those of an angel in some old Italian painting. He raised it tenderly in his arms; and some who saw it said afterwards that the poor little trembler ceased crying at once, as if soothed and comforted by his gentle voice and kindly smile. Then, keeping his own body as much as possible between the child and the levelled muskets of the French, he went straight on, as calmly as ever, toward the dark mass of his enemies.

"Don't fire, comrades — don't fire!" shouted a tall, stern-looking French soldier, whose grim face was black with dust and gunpowder. "If he were twenty times a Briton he's as good as a saint from heaven for all that!"

At that moment a mighty shout, which was heard high above the roar of cannon and musketry from the other side of the battle-field, burst from the British ranks as they saw their young hero bearing the child unharmed across that deadly space; and scarcely had the cheer died away when it was echoed by an answering cheer from the French, which rolled along the vast plain like a peal of distant thunder.

Meanwhile the young officer, passing close to the cruel French bayonets as coolly as if they had been only bullrushes, with the tiny face nestling trustingly against his shoulder, went straight up to the distracted mother and placed the child in her arms. Then he kissed the thin little cheek tenderly, and

was just turning away to go back to his own men when a stately old officer with a long grey moustache, whose broad breast was covered with crosses and decorations, stepped forth from the French line and held out his hand.

"Monsieur," said he, bowing courteously, "permit me to have the honor of shaking hands with the bravest man I have ever met."

An hour later Lord Charles Hay was laying face downward upon the earth sorely wounded by a chance bullet which had hit him just as the enemy was giving way, and beginning to retreat. But, though his wound was a severe and painful one, and though he lived to become one of the richest and most popular men in Britain, he always spoke of that day as the happiest of his whole life.—*Exchange.*

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### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

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We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—*Our Boys' Institute Manuscript Newspaper, Wesley College Chronicle.*

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JOHNNY: "My book, pa, says that honesty is the best policy. Isn't that true, pa?" Munnibags: "Yes, my son; if there hadn't been honest people in the world, how do you suppose I should have ever been able to get ahead as I have? Yes, my son, honesty is a great help to a man, a great help."

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