1893

FRUIT. FRUIT. FRUIT.

ESTABLISHED 1859

JOHN POPE & CO.,

WHOLESALE FRUIT MERCHANTS.

Importers and Exporters,

Packers and Shippers,

129 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

Every description of Fruit in Season always on hand.
Orders promptly and carefully executed.
Consignments received. Cases supplied.

J. GRAHAM & CO.

NURSERYMEN, &c.,

No. 6 The Strand, George St., Sydney

Auburn Nursery, Auburn.

FRUIT TREES, FLOWERING SHRUBS,
VEGETABLE & FLOWER SEEDS, &c.

JOHN HUNTER'S
CITY BOOT PALACE,

CORNER OF

GEORGE & MARKET STREETS, SYDNEY.

Branches in all the Principal Suburbs and Country Towns in the Colony.

BOOTS AND SHOES
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

While out Shopping to-day Call and Inspect our Splendid Show of Seasonable Goods.

JUST ARRIVED. ALL STYLES. ALL PRICES.

New Goods by every Mail. Send for Price List.

NOTE.—Special attention given to Country Orders.

PLEYEL, WOLFF & CO.,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS.

JEROME THIBOUVILLE-LAMY

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MANUFACTURERS.

The LEADING MANUFACTURERS in the WORLD.

PIANOS.—The finest stock of Pianos in Sydney.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description, at Manufacturers' Prices.

Complete **BRASS BANDS** Supplied.

The Finest Selected Stock of **INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC** in Australia.

Save Money by Purchasing Direct from the Makers.

The French Musical Instruments Depot,

FERNAND AENGENHEYSTER, MANAGER,

325 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Under the Distinguished Patronage of
HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP.

FINN BROTHERS & CO.,

Educational & Catholic Booksellers, Stationers, Printers and Publishers,

586 GEORGE STREET.

PRINTING—In all its branches, in first-class style, at very MODERATE PRICES.

STATIONERY—Of every description. Fancy Boxes, Foreign Note, Commercial, &c.

FANCY GOODS, ALBUMS, PHOTO FRAMES, &c.

ALL THE LATEST CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS,
From all parts of the world, at PUBLISHED PRICES.

BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PRIZES,
Off which a good Discount is allowed Convents, Schools, Colleges, and other buyers in quantities.

Prayer Books, specially bound, in great variety.

Holy Pictures, Rosary Beads, Scapulars, Incense, Statues, Wax Candles, Vestments, &c.

Newspapers and Periodicals from all parts of the World.

FINN BROTHERS & CO.,
586 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.



MILITARY TAILOR BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS EXCELLENCY, THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT DUFF, K.C.M.G.
AND THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP, &c.

CHAS. ANDERSON,

Civil, Naval & Military Tailor,

CARRINGTON HOUSE,

30 & 32 OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY

(NEAR HYDE PARK).

NAVAL & MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR ALL RANKS. CADET UNIFORMS A SPECIALITY.

Contractor to the Permanent and Volunteer Forces.

Largely Patronised by Officers of all the Forces.

CIVIL DEPARTMENT.

This Department is characterised by its Excellence, Economy, Variety, and Style of Material, Latest Designs and Perfect Fitting.

CLERICAL GARMENTS AND ROBES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO ORDER.

All requisites for Personal Outfits of Clergymen kept in stock.
Birettas, Doctors' Caps, Stocks, Rabbas, &c., &c.

Manufacturer of Military Helmets, Caps, and Hats of every description.

Patterns & Self-Measurement Forms forwarded on Application.

Prices on the Most Moderate Scale.

"BELL"

CANADIAN

PIANOS & ORGANS,

6 BRIDGE STREET,

SYDNEY.

J. SCOON, Manager.



THE

MAGIC CLEANSER

COLD WATER SOAP.

Best in the World.

Manufactured only by the

Sydney Soap and Candle Co., Ltd.

E. Butcher & Co.,

MANUFACTURING

Goldsmiths & Jewellers,

RING ✣ MAKERS

AND

DIAMOND SETTERS.

MASONIC ✣ WORK ✣ OF ✣ ALL ✣ DESCRIPTION.

Gold and Silver Cups, Trophies, Medals,
School Badges, &c., made to Order.

126 PITT STREET

(OPPOSITE S. HOFFNUNG & CO.),

SYDNEY.

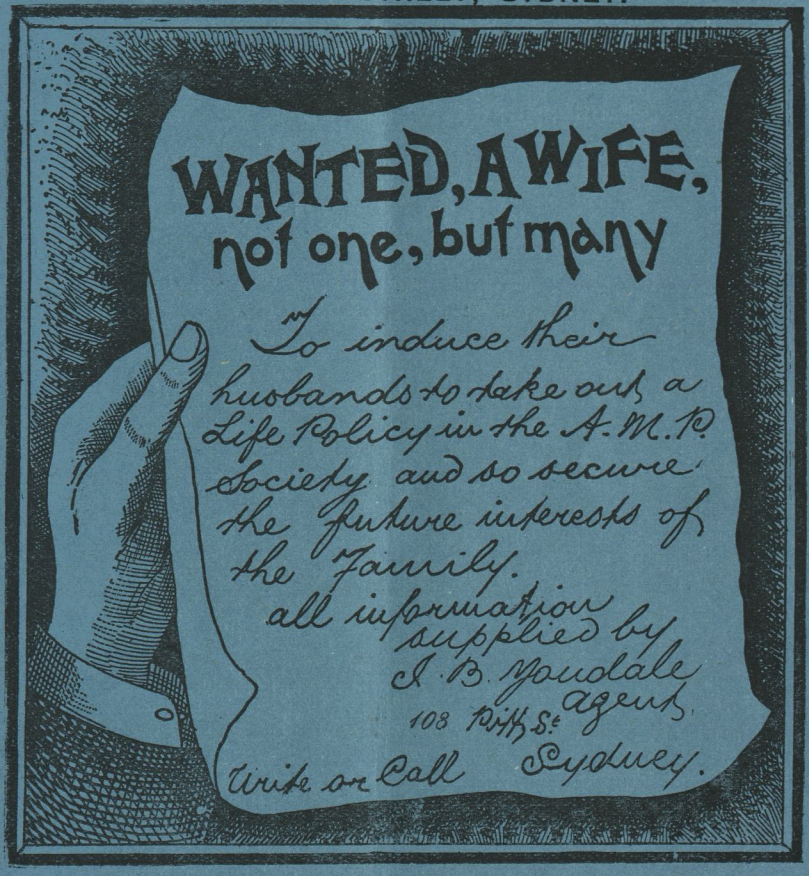
A PLAIN DUTY.

The Head of every Household should be insured. Any of our readers wishing to insure would do well to write to—

J. B. YOUDALE, Agent,

Australian Mutual Provident Society

108 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



Australian Mutual Provident Society.

J. B. YOUDALE, AGENT,

108 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

WRITE OR CALL.

BIDDELL BROTHERS,

Wholesale & Manufacturing

CONFECTIONERS.

ESTABLISHED OVER 35 YEARS.

Office and Factory—

Lackey Street, Darling Harbour.

Branch Establishments—

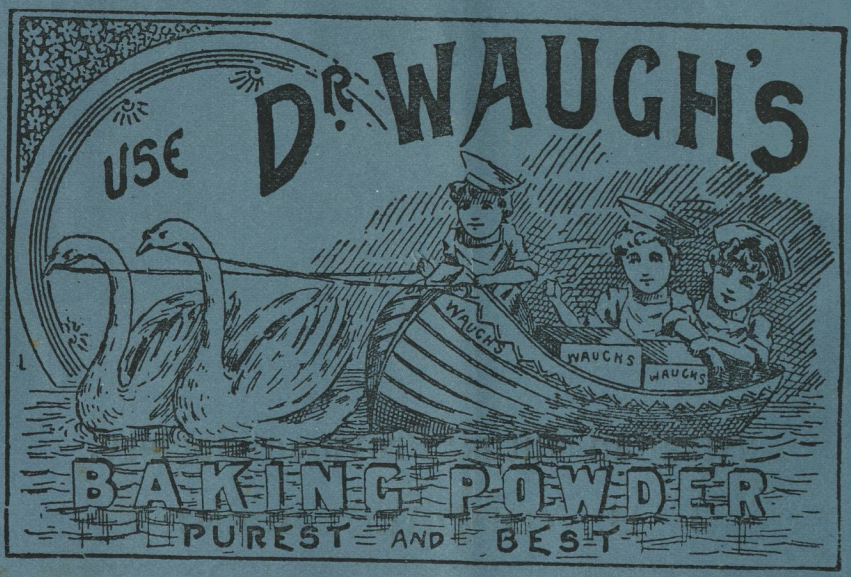
507 & 649 George Street.

☛ AWARDED SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS

For Purity and Excellence of Goods.

Have always in stock Novelties and all other Imported Goods.
Also, every Requisite for the Trade.

PROMPT DISPATCH OF ORDERS A SPECIALITY.



A. M. D. G.

St. Ignatius' College,

RIVERVIEW, SYDNEY.

CONDUCTED BY THE JESUIT FATHERS.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE is situated on the Lane Cove River, an arm of Sydney Harbour, about four miles from the City, in an estate of 120 acres, which has a water frontage of one mile. It has its own private wharf, at which ferry steamers call every half-hour, baths (200 by 100 feet), senior and junior boat sheds, with a fleet of twenty boats, lawn tennis courts, handball courts, rifle range (600, 500, and 200 yards), and four cricket and football grounds, covering twelve acres.

The College has its own Post and Telegraph Office, and is connected by Telephone with Sydney, and lighted throughout with the Electric Light. Upwards of £40,000 have been spent by the Jesuit Fathers on the buildings and general improvements.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches required for a High Class Education in Classics, Modern Languages (French, Italian, German), Mathematics, the Natural Sciences and Mercantile Subjects, and is so arranged as to include the subjects of the Junior, Senior, and Matriculation University Examinations. There are Special Classes for Chemistry, Physiology, Book-keeping, and Short-hand.

A competent Drill Instructor and Fencing Master resides at the College.

The younger pupils have their dormitories, play-halls, and study-rooms apart from the seniors, and an experienced matron attends to the wants of the very young boys.

A dairy farm, vegetable and fruit garden, are attached to the College.

TERMS:

(PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE).

For Pupils over 12 years	...	...	60 guineas.
For Pupils under 12 years	...	...	50 „

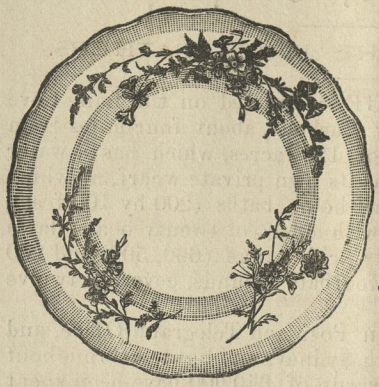
Full Illustrated Prospectuses forwarded on application to

JOHN RYAN, S.J.,
RECTOR,
RIVERVIEW, SYDNEY.

Telephone No. 6 H.

JOHN DYNON, SON & CO.

The China Hall,



265

GEORGE STREET

(Opposite Bond Street),

SYDNEY.

IMPORTERS OF

China, Glass, Earthenware

&c., &c.

Continental Novelties and Modern Dinner Decorations by each Mail.

THE LATEST PRODUCTIONS IN

Crown, Derby, & Royal Worcester Porcelain



SOLE AGENTS FOR

"Brown Litchfield Dinner Ware."

WE INVITE VISITS OF INSPECTION.

Our long experience, as the Oldest House in the Trade, offers Buyers special advantages.



Established Half a Century.

SMITH & MANNELL,

Shirt Manufacturers,

HOSIERS, GLOVERS, MEN'S MERCERS,
AND OUTFITTERS,

298 George St., Sydney,

ONE DOOR SOUTH OF HUNTER STREET.

White Shirts made to our special order in Ireland, latest fashion, from 30s. the Half-dozen.

White Shirts made to measure or pattern from 50s. the Half-dozen.

Importers of the best makes and latest styles in Hosiery and Underclothing, Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk and Cambric Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns, Waterproofs, Over Coats, Umbrellas, Hand and Travelling Bags.

Tennis, Boating, and Cricketing Shirts and Suits always kept in stock.

Perfumery and Toilet Requisites and Brushware.

Agents for the Celebrated "BARILLA ASH" Soap.

SMITH & MANNELL, 298 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

MYERS & CO.,

PRACTICAL

Macintosh Makers,

PITT STREET,

OPPOSITE SCHOOL OF ARTS.



THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN SYDNEY

For Reliable Climate-Proof Macintoshes, in Stock or to Order.

Sewn Seams from 25s.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

REPAIRS.



AUSTRALIAN

General Catholic Depot.

Under the Most Gracious Patronage of HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney.

LOUIS GILLE & CO.,

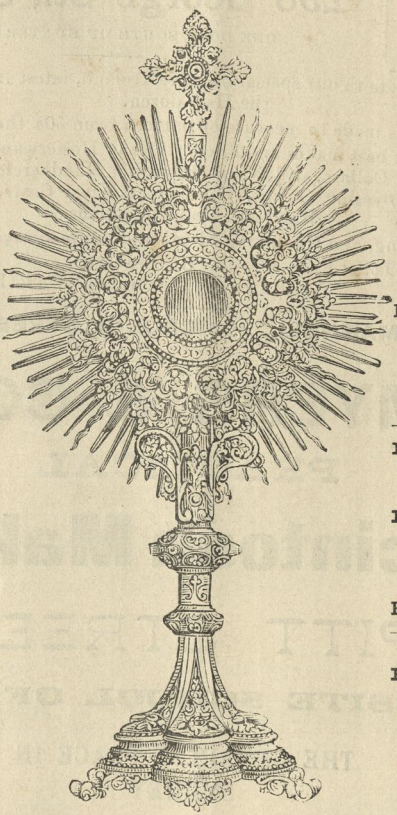
Manufacturers of Church Requisites.

Head Factory:
11
Quai Vitriolerie,
Lyons
(France).

Candlesticks,
Chalices,
Vestments,
Benediction
Branches,
Statues,
Stations of the
Cross.
Altars,
Stained Glass
Windows,
Banners, &c.

PURE
OLIVE OIL
for
SANCTUARY
LAMPS.

PRAYER
BOOKS.
Over 10,000 to
select from.
2s. to 9s. 6d.
At Home
Published Prices.



Australian
Branch:
75
LIVERPOOL ST.,
Sydney.

Religious
Articles
of all kinds for
Churches,
Convents, and
Schools.
Rosaries, Medals
Scapulars,
Lace Pictures,
Oleographs.
Crucifixes.

Latest Missals
& Breviaries.
Devotional,
Liturgical, and
Meditation
Books
At Home
Published Prices.

PURE
HARD WAX
CANDLES
Manufactured
especially for
the Australian
Climate.

Splendid Selection of Religious Articles for Presentation to Priests, Nuns, &c.

Charcoal and Incense, Tapers, Wicks and Floats, Beads and Medals Lamps, Branch Candlesticks, Bread, Irons and Cutters, Crucifixes, and Fonts.

Over 1000 Churches and Convents supplied all through Australia.

75 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY.

A. M. D. G.

"Our Alma Mater."

A SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS

OF

St. Ignatius' College, S.J.,

RIVERVIEW.

PRICE—SINGLE COPY, 1s. 6d.

FIVE OR MORE COPIES, 1s. EACH.

Sydney
Batson & Co., Ltd., Printers, 146 Clarence Street,
1894.

A. M. D. G.

"OUR ALMA MATER."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial—1893	5
Ourselves	8
George Flannery, B.A., LL.B.	9
The Lane Cove River—By John Plummer	11
The Deer Chase of St. Eustachius—Poetry, by D.J.	15
Riverview Revisited—By an Ex-Ignatian	17
My Secret—By "C."	21
In the Domain—By John Daly	30
A Terrible Tale of Latin Hexameters and Cold Mutton—By Morgan Evans	36
Riverview—By F.M. in the *Star*	40
Baptism of St. Augustin, A D. 387—Poetry, by "M.F.G."	48
A Riverviewer in Rome—By H. FitzGerald	50
English, as She is Pronounced	53
Dog Yarns—By Tobias	54
A Dream of Plum Pudding	59
A Lady's Impressions of Riverview Regatta	63
The Irish Pilgrims in Rome—By S. Burke	67
En Route to Coolgardie—By "M.F."	70
Faithful Friends and Generous Critics	74
The Tower of London—By a Riverviewer Abroad	76
Class Competition Prizes, 1893	81
Obituary	83
Wardens' and Examinees' Picnic—By T. Sexton	83
The Editors' Table	86
The Debating Club	89

CONTENTS—*Continued.*

	PAGE
Second Division Debating Club	94
Social	99
General Notes	104
Public and University Examination Record, 1893—1894	120
Speech Day—	
General Description and Entertainment	123
Annual Report of the Prefect of Studies	126
The Governor's Speech	130
The Prize List	132
Bishop Higgins' Speech	132
Bishop Murray's Speech	133
The Premier's Speech	133
Rowing Club	135
Thanks	136
The Riverview Senior Eights' Gold Challenge Cup	139
Old Riverviewers in the Intercolonial Boat Race	139
Annual Regatta	140
Distribution of Regatta Prizes	143
Semi-Annual Regatta	146
Handball	149
Athletics	151
Cricket	153
Football	157
Cadet Corps	165
Tennis	166
Press Criticisms on *Our Alma Mater*	171

"Our Alma Mater."

"Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient lore;
Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the more;
Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one;
Together we impelled the flying ball,
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
Or, plunging from the green declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore.
In every element unchanged, the same
All, all that brothers should be, but the name."—*Byron.*

Editors:

1893.

F. DUBOISE. JOSEPH HAYDON. T. SEXTON.

1894.

E. KELLY.

Reporters:

1893–94.

Social	F. DuBoise, H. Manning.
Debate	F. DuBoise, E. Kelly.
Rowing	F. DuBoise.
Cricket and Cadets	C. Carey, J. O'Brien.
Football	E. Kelly.
Handball	J. McEvoy.
Tennis	W. D'Apice.
Athletics	G. Dow.
Second Division:	A. Deery, A. Goold. M. McMahon.



OUR ALMA MATER.
(General View of St. Ignatius' College).

Editorial—1893.

We greatly fear that the memory of 1893 will not be in benediction amongst many in these southern lands. Bank smashes, labour riots, bankruptcies, with their attendant convulsions and depressions, have been the order of the day; consequently there are few found to say a good word for the dead year. All the better. We shall have the field to ourselves, and quite willing we are to take up the cudgels in defence of the reputation of a departed friend. Yes; harsh, and cruel, and bitter as he may have been to many, to us 1893 was a real and fast friend, dealing out to us favours and rewards with no niggard hand.

Of course, we had heard a great deal of the hard times that had set in for Australia, and naturally we were a little anxious on our return from the holidays, fearing lest there should be many notable blanks in the roll of our comrades. Our fears were groundless, for not only were there but few of the old faces absent, but there was a goodly show of new ones, so that we started our year with a longer roll call than that with which we ended 1892. Needless to say, that commencing our labours under such encouraging circumstances, we students—and masters also, we suspect, for that matter—entered upon the work with a spirit, energy, and heart that augured well for the maintenance of the good name of our College. It will be for the readers of our pages to judge as to whether the results justified our high hope and expectations.

In the matriculation examination—that unpleasant ordeal to which aspirants to University honours are subjected so soon after the re-opening of classes—we passed eight, several of our representatives securing creditable mention in the honour list. Amongst these latter, our trusty and loyal schoolmate, Gregan M'Mahon, won the highest distinction, taking honours in Latin, Greek, and French. In the senior our success was, perhaps, more marked, for the glad news "all the Riverview candidates successful"

was telephoned to us immediately on the result being made public. Our chief claim, however, to having nobly upheld the traditions, and increased the fame of our school rests on the performance of our candidates in the junior University examination. Some two thousand students from all parts of N.S.W. and Queensland presented themselves, and how severe was the test to which they were put may be judged from the fact that over fifty per cent. failed to come up to the required standard. Of the candidates sent from Riverview, eight in number, not one failed, four got matriculation passes, fifty per cent. of the marks obtained in individual subjects were first-class honour marks, and in the small list of medallists and prize winners St. Ignatius is represented three times. George Dow, in addition to passing with the highest excellence in the greatest possible number of subjects, won the University medal in that most difficult subject (because of its scope and vagueness), English. The *proxime accessit* in this subject was obtained by B. M'Evoy, who was credited with a like enviable distinction in Greek. No one will blame us for being very proud of these results, and from the fact of their being attained in a year, when a greater number of subjects was required, and the character of the papers was more searching than heretofore—we think most people will pardon us if we look upon them as an argument in favour of our often advanced contention that a wider range of subjects and a severer test therein would be a change altogether in favour of our *Alma Mater*.

Whilst we inmates of St. Ignatius' have been doing our best to hold high the Riverview banner in the intellectual arena, we are delighed to see that our comrades in arms and fellow-students of former years have not been satisfied with linking themselves to us by their expressions of loyal interest in our triumphs, but have themselves exceeded us in their efforts after the highest prizes bestowed by the University upon mental excellence. Their successes will be duly chronicled in our pages, for we look upon them as reflecting great lustre upon our common mother.

And now let us pass from the more serious work of our college days to the attractive item of sports. Here, too, we find that the good old year has been a giver of good gifts to us. It is quite true that circumstances were strongly against our winning great battles on the football or cricket field. The measles epidemic paid us a visit when football was in full swing, and though the unwelcome visitor appeared in a very mild form, and assumed none of those nasty complicated shapes which it not infrequently

pleases him to assume, nevertheless, as he took a fancy to some of our best athletes—the captain of the team, amongst others, and his wiry brother—he very effectually checkmated our ambition to championship honours. With regard to cricket, we were satisfied to sacrifice present gains to more solid future advantages; and abstained from playing on the chief of our three cricket grounds till near Xmas, in order to give a fair chance to the recently formed turf pitch. But if we were prevented from adding notable victories to our highly creditable record in cricket and football, we did not fail to win the laurel wreath in another line of manly sport. In the All Schools' Competition at the N.S.W. Rifle Association meeting, our ten cadets, representing the College rifle club, beat all comers and secured possession for the year of the massive silver shield presented by the Association. For six years we had been resolutely but vainly striving to carry off this trophy from the Sydney Grammar School and Newington College; and our readers may give full scope to their imagination in picturing the burst of wild enthusiasm which the news of our victory elicited, when proclaimed in the dining hall.

In its proper place, full particulars will be found of the marked success of our annual and semi-annual regattas, but this much we may say here—the magnificent entries for the races and the crowded attendance of spectators demonstrated beyond question that the Sydney rowing clubs, without exception, and the Sydney public bear the heartiest good will toward ourselves and our school. Indeed, the general spirit of marked and cordial sympathy with Riverview was never more emphatically manifested than during the past twelve months. Three times during the year, the Premier of the colony, Sir George Dibbs, did us the honour of being present at our entertainments; and the annual distribution of prizes was attended by the most brilliant assembly that has yet honoured the academic hall of St. Ignatius' College. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Duff paid us the high compliment of being present. The Premier, with three of his colleagues in the Ministry, was with us; so, too, were their Lordships the Bishops of Sydney, Maitland, Bathurst and Wilcannia. Surely, it was a happy ending to a happy and successful year. And if anything should encourage us in our strivings after high honours in life, it is the thought that not only much is expected from us, but that on all sides and in all places we have friends—warm-hearted friends—able and willing to second to the utmost our honorable and laudable ambitions.

Ourselves.

We feel that a word of explanation is due to our many kind and indulgent friends for the change in the time of publishing Our Alma Mater, which hitherto has been issued towards the end of January. A good number of subscribers have been asking when was the number for 1893 to come out, and some, even of our old companions, seemed to anticipate that the next news they would hear of the Riverview school annual would be somewhat of the character of the announcement of the Yankee editor of a certain weekly. This gentleman cheerfully informed his readers that "owing to the remarkable popularity to which the paper had suddenly attained, the wild enthusiasm with which it had been received, and the exceedingly liberal support which had been extended to it, instead of appearing weekly it would henceforth be published every fortnight." We certainly never contemplated any announcement of this sort, and our friends will, we know, be patient with us, when they learn that the non-appearance of O. A. M. at the usual time was no mere matter of convenience, but almost a necessary preliminary to the further development of the work.

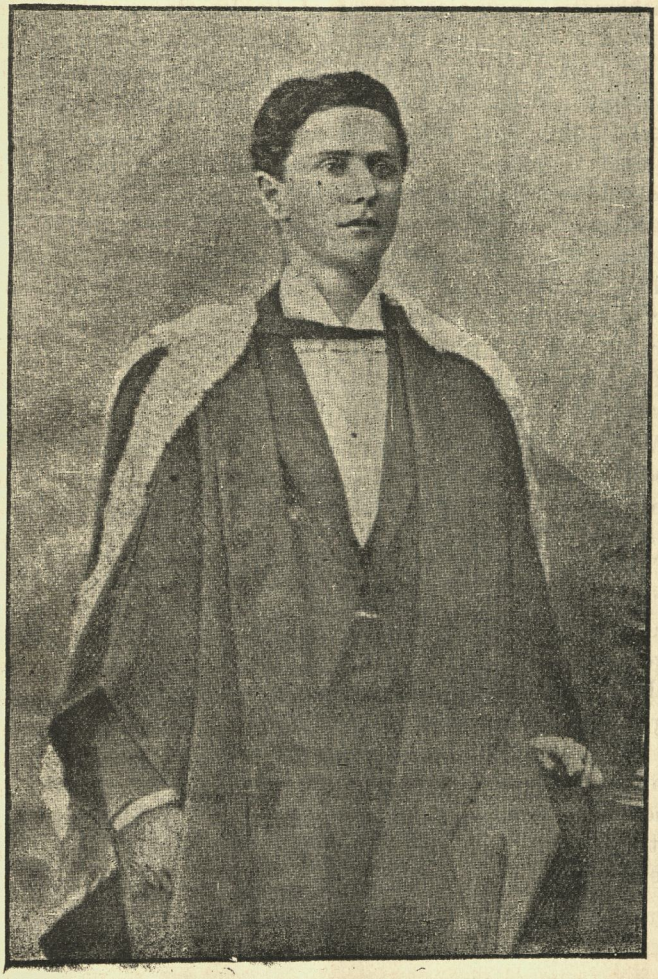
The reason of the change is very simple. The Superiors of the College decided that as our time in December was fully taken up with the examinations immediately preceding the holidays, the difficulty of getting the editorial work done was too great, and they accordingly judged it better that the annual should be brought out on the eve of the midwinter recess. It is, moreover, proposed to make the publication a bi-annual by preparing a summer number just before the yearly examinations begin and publishing it at Xmas. Should this be done, each number will be, we presume, less bulky than the present one, and we are inclined to think that this will be an advantage, for it is beginning to be a task of some delicacy to satisfy the claims of our different reporters without unduly enlarging the volume.

The anxiety of our friends on our account was, it will be seen, quite unnecessary; and now that they know the truth, we trust they will heartily endorse our action. They will, we are sure, be all the more ready to do this and to continue their generous confidence in us when they understand that if we held back for a little time, it was merely in order to execute that retrograde, but at times very profitable manœuvre which the French term "*reculer pour mieux sauter.*"

Editors O.A.M.

George Flannery, B.A., L.L.B.

THE accompanying photo of Mr. George Flannery calls for at our hands a short account of his early and brilliant career. Born in Albury in 1872, Mr. Flannery came to



Riverview early in 1886, and in September of the same year he succeeded in passing the University Junior Examination with seven "A's." In 1888 he passed the University Senior Examination in ten subjects, and in March, 1890, he

passed the Matriculation, obtaining second class honours in mathematics. During his last two years in Riverview he held first place in his class, winning many prizes, chiefly in mathematics, literary subjects, English, and history. Mr. Flannery entered the University, in April, 1890, and in his first year's examination he won first class honours in mathematics, and also a prize of books stamped with the University stamp, a distinction which entitled him to rank as a "Prize Man." In the class lists for the "pass," he was first in mathematics and fourth in English. He entered the Law School in 1891, and took his B.A. in 1892, and won the George Wigram Allen Scholarship in Law. In due course in March, 1894, he took his degree of LL.B., winning the much coveted prize of a *"first class in Law."* This is the first time since the establishment of the Law School that this high distinction has been conferred, and Mr. Flannery is the first Law Gold Medallist that the University has yet turned out. Mr. Flannery has deferred being "called to the Bar" till August next, meanwhile he is reading under Mr. Ralston.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Flannery on this highly creditable record, and we shall surely be pardoned if we congratulate his "Alma Mater" on having another name added to the growing roll of her successful Alumni. "Crescant in mille millia." We wish Mr Flannery every success. May the past be the pledge of the future. Knowing as we do his great ability, his steady perseverance, his high principles, and his earnest devotion to Faith and Fatherland, we have no hesitation in forecasting for him a brilliant, a useful, and an honourable career. In the history of that Holy Chancellor, Blessed Thomas More, of a Montelambert and an Ozanam, we see what an amount of good one or two earnest and highly educated Catholics can achieve. May they be our distinguished friend's models.

"Macte nova virtute puer, sic itur ad astra."

Jos. Dalton, S.J.

The Lane Cove River.

Some evil genius must have suggested the naming of many of the most beautiful places in Australia, especially in the vicinity of the mother city—the ever-growing, busy capital on the shores of Port Jackson. To those who have become familiar with the manifold beauties of the Lane Cove River, the name is associated with pleasant reminiscences of scenic loveliness; but to those to whom that enjoyment has been denied, it conveys no indication of the real character of this—one of the most charming inlets of Sydney Harbour. As the boat leaves the main waters of the harbour and enters the mouth of the river, a rapid, almost magical, change in the aspect of the surroundings becomes effected. The numerous signs of industrial activity at Cockatoo Island, with its magnificent dry docks; the Atlas engineering works and floating dock at Woolwich are left behind, and before us lie Gore Creek and Woodford Bay in all their peaceful beauty, and in places retaining much of their primitive appearance.

Gore Creek is a favourite resort of boating parties, although its shallowness—being dry the greater portion of its course during low tide—necessitates landing within two or three hundred yards from the entrance. As the head of the creek is approached, it contracts to the dimensions of a tiny rivulet, falling here and there over projecting masses of rock, and forming a number of miniature cascades. In this picturesque glen, maidenhair and other ferns are still plentiful, despite the vandal ravages of visitors, who seem to think these lovely portions of the native flora were intended simply to be plucked and idly cast away. Fortunately, there are spots inaccessible to even the most daring climber, and here myriads of ferns tantalise, with their graceful forms and delicate tints, the intrusive visitors.

Rounding the picturesque promontory which divides Gore Creek from Woodford Bay, and passing the little wharf used by Northwood residents, we have before us the broad expanse of one of the loveliest bays in Sydney Harbour. The water-worn rocks on the right are surmounted with large masses of luxuriant vegetation, among which the bright green of the Christmas bush is conspicuous. In former days, the waratah was plentiful here, but native flower shows are largely responsible for its disappearance. The native fuchsia, native rose, flannel flower, and other indigenous plants are, however, still abundant. At the head of the bay is a deserted quarry, and, as the opposite side of the bay is reached, the shore



LANE COVE RIVER FROM COLLEGE GARDEN.

slopes gently down toward the water. Here are traces of the old days in the shape of a small stone building, several of the blocks forming the walls being marked with the broad arrow. Here, too, is a fine specimen of the linden tree—famous in German tale and legend—and said to be the only one in Australia, but how it came hither or by whom it was planted, no one knows. There are traces of early settlement in more than one spot, in the shape of neglected fruit trees, the remains of former orchards; and, until within the last few years, portions of the trunks of giant trees—stately monarchs of the forest—far larger than any now found growing in the neighbourhood, were occasionally met with. This part of Woodford Bay, being a Government reserve, is much frequented by pleasure seekers at holiday time.

The waters of the bay abound with fish, and during the colder months of the year its more secluded recesses are largely frequented by sea birds seeking shelter from the ocean storms. Occasionally a number of porpoises may be observed disporting themselves in the sunshine, while here and there stray fish are seen leaping out of the water. Rounding Longueville, where—as at Hunter's Hill, on the opposite side of the river—the shore is studded with elegant villas, the noble pile of collegiate buildings rise boldly from the heights which they proudly surmount. Here the river becomes extremely shallow, despite its width; the channel for steamboats being marked by a number of piles. As a rowing course the river, from the wharf at Riverview to the mouth of Gore Creek, possesses several advantages, not the least being its freedom from interruption during a rowing or sculling race. Passing the Longueville wharf, where the shore again assumes a rocky character, the entrance to Tambourine Bay is reached. The name possesses no meaning, and is said to be a corruption of some aboriginal word, although this is somewhat doubtful. On the further side of the bay are the lands belonging to the College, with the College boat-house and enclosed bathing place. A more suitable *locale* for an educational institution of the higher class it is impossible to imagine. It may be doubted whether another like it is to be found either in the old world or in the new.

But there is no need to chant the praises of Riverview. Its success is best illustrated by the success of the lads who have left its walls for the purpose of fighting the battle of life. All that can be done to instil high and lofty principles into the minds of the students, to inspire

them with grand and noble aims, is being done; and among those destined to guide the future fortunes, not of New South Wales alone, but of the whole of the Australian colonies, the men whose characters were moulded at Riverview will be found occupying a leading place. In the College and its surroundings are to be found everything which can assist in developing a true manly spirit, in promoting the health both of mind and body, and in making the student a gentleman in the highest sense of the word.

Beyond Riverview, on the opposite side of the river, is the venerable fig tree, which gives a name to the wharf forming the terminal point of the steamboat trip, and indicating the head of the navigable portion of the river, which here becomes a mass of sand-banks and shallows. Passing under the bridge that spans the river, the fragrant odours from the distant orangeries are wafted gently by us, while the shores on either side are rich with native bloom. For those who delight in boating, and have a few hours at their command, a pull on the upper waters of the river is extremely pleasant. There are numerous windings, and in places the stream contracts considerably, but the signs of life are few and far between. It is the solitude of nature; and, as we land and lazily recline in the cooling shade of the moss-covered rocks, we instinctively sympathise with the self-communings of the melancholy Jacques in the Forest of Arden.

The country surrounding the upper portion of the river has always been a happy hunting ground for the botanist and the naturalist, while the terraced lines of the rocks forming the shores lower down possess an interest for the geologist, showing, as they do, the gradual subsidence of the waters and the steady upheaval of the land, for elevated as are the highest lands of Riverview, they possess indications of having been submerged for ages, and in their history is told much of that of the pre-Adamite world. But our interest is more with the present than with the past. To us the Lane Cove River has always been associated with sunshiny gladness and beautiful flowers; and we have never experienced an enjoyment more exquisite than that afforded by the spectacle of school children, laden with bouquets of ferns, roses, and lovely blossoms, proceding in the steamer, on a bright spring morning, on their way to school. Ferns and flowers are the great characteristics of the Lane Cove River. Few visitors return to town without posies of one or the other, if not of both. It is a kind of happy valley; a region of

peace and content. May it always remain such—a welcome oasis in the great wilderness of political and industrial strife where the hearts of men too often become steeled by the universal greed for gold and political power.

JOHN PLUMMER.

The Deer-Chase of St. Eustachius.

PLACIDIUS was illustrious by his noble birth, his great wealth, and military renown. The Emperor Trajan bestowed on him the title of a "Master in War." On one occasion while he was out hunting, and while he was pursuing a stag of enormous size, the stag stood suddenly still, and Placidius beheld between his horns a large and brilliant image of Christ crucified. A voice from the crucifix invited Placidius to seek in future the prize of life everlasting. Placidius became a Christian with his wife and children; they all after years of suffering closed their lives by a glorious martyrdom. —ROMAN BREVIARY, Sept. 20th.

To-DAY Placidius hunts the deer,
And hurrying at his call
The young and gay patricians throng
His hospitable hall.
To nerve them for the coming toils
Rare meats, of former sport the spoils,
With Bacchus' gifts and snow-white bread,
By Ceres on the table spread,
Invite to eat. With smiling grace
The host each friend arriving greets:
Welcome, see thy vacant place;
"Welcome, thy presence here completes
"Our pleasure. Haste while yet we may—
"Nor long will now the horn delay;
"Refresh thee and repair thy strength,
"Unknown the chase's toils and length."

Soon on the ear
Of startled morn
Thrills low and clear
The hunter's horn.

They hear—and eager all uprise.
"A moment yet," Placidius cries;
"Let every cup before we go
"To Dian of the silver bow
"Libation pour. Hear, too, my pledge:
"If Dian, mistress of the woods
"And all the leafy solitudes,
"To meet us at the forest edge
"Will send her fleetest, strongest deer,
"Nor we ungrateful shall appear,
"But at her shrine we vow to pay
"The antlered trophies of the day."
"Agreed," they cry; "be this the sign."
Then flows all round the dark-red wine.
Behold them now to saddle leaping,
Swiftly o'er the green sward sweeping:
How many gallant hunters ride
How many steeds with hoof of pride

Like thunder beat the heaving ground,
While echo sends the thunder round
Rolling thro' the forest wide.
And hear ye how the bugles sound?
And hark how deep the hound is baying—
How fiercely the charger's neighing?
Oh, the wild music of the chase!
How care flies far from every face,
How every hunter's heart rejoices
And mirth is heard from many voices.
And now the forest side they reach—
A forest thick with oak and beech.
Nor long delay awaits them here.
Comes rushing from the wood a deer—
An antlered deer of wondrous height,
In hue than Alpine snows more white.
One startled look around it throws,
Then flies—and fly its canine foes
In front the white deer like the wind
The yelping pack press on behind.
Placidius gives his steed the rein
Follow the rest with might and main;
Beneath their feet the miles fly fast
Till Arno's tide is reached and pass'd.
In that long chase fails many a steed
And many a hound, renowned for speed.
Yet still the buck flies like the wind,
Lag few and faint, and far behind
The silent remnant of the pack.
One hunter only keeps the track:
He never turns nor looks he back.
Surely some more than mortal force
Sustains that rider and that horse.
But see, at last, the milk-white deer
Take refuge in a darkling wood;
And now Placidius thinks the victory near,
And hopes to make his promise good.
Loud calling on the Delian maid
He enters bold the gloomy glade;
His arm is lifted for the stroke—
And lo! beneath a spreading oak—
But who will tell what there he saw?
O sight of wonder and of awe!
There stands the deer, with antlers proud,
And round them poured a mystic cloud
And thro' the cloud is seen to shine
A cross, a form, a face divine.
Once had he heard a Christian tell
What erst on Calvary's height befell;
But now he sees,—he feels,—confesses—
While low to earth his bent head presses—
He hears a voice above him speak:
"Some nobler quarry henceforth seek
"Placidius. Are there not other spoils
"More worthy of the hunter's toils?
"Hunt—live no more for things of earth;
"And proof of this thy second birth,
"Eustachius, rise! though still the same,
"Rise other both in heart and name."

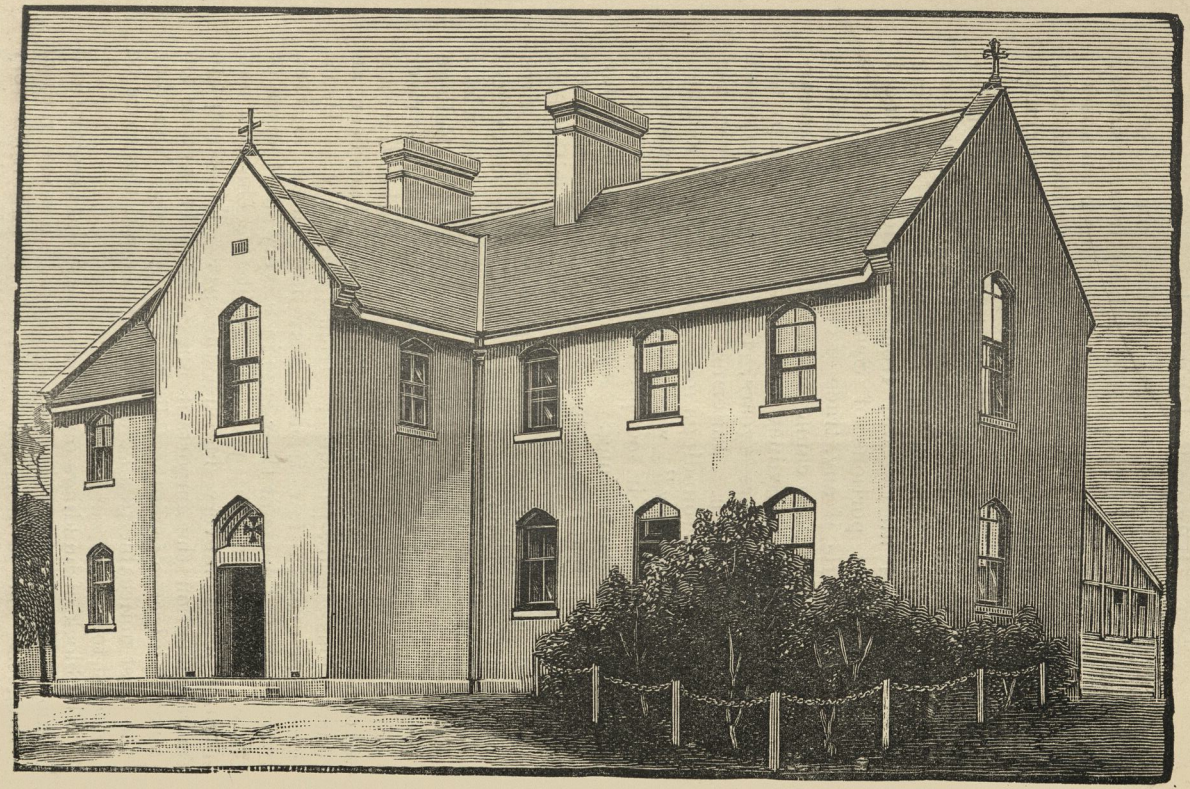
D. J.

Riverview Revisited.

[By an Ex-Ignatian.]

Early in '92 the present writer, availing himself of the opportunity offered by a few week's holiday from business, took a long-coveted trip to Sydney. Having been absent from the parent colony for some three years or thereabout, it was but natural to expect that coming in such proximity to his old College, its attractive force would immediately manifest itself. And, indeed, little time elapsed before he sought Lime-street wharf, and took a top deck seat on one of M. Numa Joubert's Lane Cove liners. Steaming up to the "river all the way from Cockatoo," splendid views of different portions of Sydney and suburbs are obtainable. Little, if any, trace of change was discernible in them. After all, one cannot expect the general appearance of such a city as Sydney to be much affected by the changes of three years—years, too, of unprecedented commercial depression. Entering Lane Cove River, the entire change of surroundings gave birth to new thoughts. "Romantic Riverview" was soon within measurable distance, and at first, it too presented little evidences of change; but not so for long. As the wharf was neared, a most noticeable feature of improvement was a second route from wharf to College, dotted here and there with rustic seats and summer houses, and a number of overhead wires indicated that not ouly had the College been put in telephonic communication with the city, but that the wharf itself was supplied with electric light from the College dynamo—a great boon for persons using the wharf or river by night. On landing, it was found that Father Gartlan, who had been sitting on the lower deck, had been an unconscious fellow-passenger from the city. Usual greetings over, a few friends were introduced to him, welcomed, and made at their ease in a very short space of time. On arriving at the College itself, changes and improvements on every side met the eye. To attempt to merely mention the important ones would be asking too much indulgence from the Editors of O. A. M. None but the most noticeable to an old Riverviewer will therefore be referred to.

The block of buildings once comprising the lavatory and seniors' dormitories has been subjected to some radical changes. The lavatory has been converted into a very commodious play-shed, where the requisites for the various outdoor games may be safely stored under cover. The whole length of its one side being completely open to the



SENIORS' LIBRARY AND RECREATION HALL.

playground, allows of indulgence in outdoor recreations, even in rainy weather. From its other side, immediate entrance is obtainable to the seniors' library and play-rooms. The former, containing a very large and choice collection of standard literature in every department, is in its fitting and management replete with every convenience for students and readers. The latter, which is furnished with a piano, an Alcock's billiard table, with card and chess tables of various sizes, and a large variety of indoor games, presents a very inviting appearance. The scene in this room, as in the library, very forcibly demonstrates how fully alive the students are to the advantages by which they are surrounded. Passing across the grounds to the block that long comprised the class rooms, study hall, chapel, armoury, &c., an almost total transformation is to be observed. The walls which once resounded to the daily enunciation of mathematical or scientific principles, or to the vocal efforts of budding linguists or literateurs, are now either severely silent, or re-echo the billiard stroke or the enthusiastic demonstration inseparably incident to juvenile games of every description. Here are the juniors' library and play-rooms. Even apart from their completeness and intrinsic worth, it is most interesting to visit them, if only to contrast the religious silence observed by the occupants of the former with the enthusiasm and excitement rife in the latter. The old study hall, to an old Riverviewer, presents now a comparatively deserted appearance. Dissevered from almost all its old associations, it has been converted into a science hall and lecture room, for which it is in every way admirably adapted. The armoury, too, has a somewhat changed appearance from what we remember it as of yore. The chapel preserves the same beauty and order, the same elegance and taste, that always characterized it. It has still the same charm and the same inspirations for us. A chapel of which the College ever felt justly proud, and which the visitor ever entered with feelings of admiration and reverence, alone in the midst of changes and revolutions, one might say, a symbol of the great Church of which it is but the humble instrument; it has been preserved in its pristine strength and beauty, undiminished, unimpaired. It recalls Macaulay's eloquent remarks on the immutability of the Church, and it must be admitted that, did we regard "the Church" as the material structure or structures used by the faithful for the purposes of divine worship, the noble lord might have been near the mark in attributing its vitality and immutability to human wisdom and human prudence.

The buildings in the vicinity also illustrate the operation of the law of change and improvement obtaining throughout the institution. The old refectory and attached rooms have been so altered as to serve for domestics' quarters, linen rooms *et alia ejusmodi*. The stone cottage, which was the original college and afterwards the Fathers' rooms, is now the guests' house. Two of the rooms, however, are used for a Rector's office and a post and telegraph office respectively. Crossing the grounds towards the "Lyceum Hall" the hexagonal band-house is for a moment missing. It has been transferred to a site nearer the playgrounds, and, having been subjected to various "alterations and repairs," does additional duty as a shop, at which on half-holidays and other festive occasions toothsome wares in great variety are obtainable at a moderate tariff. Near its former site, an electric lamp from on high turns the early hours of the night into day—a circumstance for which the constant lovers of outdoor amusements must be very thankful; while keeping all those within a radius of some miles alive to the exact position of Riverview.

"The Lyceum" has been vastly improved. The stage has been considerably enlarged, enter and exit doors made more convenient, and trap-doors fitted up. A large and handsome collection of stage scenery and drop scenes, a drop curtain, footlights and other accessories, have been procured and placed in position, making the stage as complete and convenient as one could wish.

Passing from this subject, for fear of the temptation to take up too much space, the engine-house next claims attention. Proceeding in its direction, it is noticeable how these once scrubby slopes have been opened up. Paths to the rifle range, engine-house, infirmary, &c., have somewhat altered the face of the country, and Riverview from Burn's Bay no longer presents its once comparatively primeval appearance. Connected with the steam engine, in addition to the dynamo for electric lighting purposes, the cream separator and other conveniences, at a little distance on the opposite side there has been erected a small building, containing several rooms or apartments fitted with all the latest appliances for washing, wringing, drying, ironing, &c., to be found in steam laundries of greater pretensions. It is truly astonishing what a lot of different work this versatile steam engine can do, and how well it does it.

Following the track to the infirmary, we may notice that the regular road to that edifice has been slightly diverted to admit of the laying of a fine asphalt tennis court for the seniors. Evidently no trouble nor expense has been

spared in its construction, and it is gratifying to hear that the visiting knights of the racket, "who ought to know," pronounce it one of the finest, if not *the* finest, court in N.S.W. From the tennis court may be seen through the branches of the trees in the direction of the old farm a large space of cleared land, upon which a handsome sheltering structure has been erected. This is the seniors' new oval, with its commodious pavilion. In addition to its proximity to the main portion of the College (being only a few hundred yards distant), it is in many other respects superior to its predecessor, which is now devoted to the exclusive interests of the second eleven. The juniors still meet their visiting opponents in their old ground by the route to the baths and seniors' rowing shed, which latter, by the way, has been improved by the addition of a much larger pontoon and several new racing gigs, at considerable expense.

To say anything of the conveniences and improvements in the completed portion of the new College would require a separate paper, and a very long one at that. One cannot but observe order and judicious management everywhere manifesting themselves, and the visitor goes through the College with the conviction forced upon him that nothing is left undone that may tend to secure the happiness and the success of every student within what a rabid Sydney organ once, in jealous envy, termed "the palatial walls of Riverview."

H. Keating.

My Secret.

"Yes, Mary," said my father; "I'll make a doctor of Tom."

"Very well, my dear," said my mother, looking sadly at me and wondering, no doubt, whether I was destined to live long enough to realise such hopes. "Very well, my dear," said she; and she would have said precisely the same thing, and in precisely the same melancholy tone, if he had proposed to make a tinker of me or to make me Czar of all the Russias.

Many a man would have been provoked by this too ready acquiescence, which I think more exasperating than the flattest denial, but my father did not mind; he was plunged in deep reverie, and, I believe, he hardly heard her answer.

I had always been delicate; and many and many a pound, that he could but ill spare, had my wretched health cost my father. Whether I owe much to Doctor Stoker's

skill or not, I shall not venture to say; but, at any rate, I lived on, and grew up to be a tall, awkward, weakly lad. The awkwardness I do not myself perceive. I mention it on the authority of my friends, who seem to have given the matter a good deal of attention and to have thoroughly made up their minds.

The idea of making a doctor of me first presented itself to my father on the occasion of paying an unusually heavy bill for cough mixtures and cod liver oil and other delicacies supplied by Dr. Stoker for my consumption. (Excuse the pun.)

I think I see him now (my father, I mean) sitting at the breakfast table. One hand supports his head, in the other he holds that "little bill," which seems to have taken away his appetite as completely as ever the cod liver oil took away mine. He looks out dreamily, but, ah! how sadly, on the wet, low-lying farm on which we live. That line of willows fringing the shallow, sluggish little river, though pleasant enough to look at, reminds him how little suited the place or the business is to his delicate boy.

He looked again at the bill and at the little pile of gold intended for the doctor, and thought, no doubt, how much pleasanter it would be to be the receiver than the dispenser of such fees. Suddenly his face brightened up. A change appeared to have come over the whole scene; or, rather, a new idea had given new meaning to it all. "Yes, Mary," he said again; "we must make a doctor of Tom. Where could you find a better opening for one than in a nice swampy country like this? And, besides, the fellow has swallowed so much physic, that it stands to reason that he must know a great deal about it already. There's nothing like experience, you know, especially in the medical profession.

From that moment forward he never looked upon the swampy environs of our little village that pleasant thoughts of colds, coughs, rheumatisms, and agues, did not present themselves to his mind. From that moment he paid Dr. Stoker's bills cheerfully—gaily, even—supported by the conviction that he was in reality merely lending the money to Galen Hippocrates & Co.—money to be paid back with compound interest when it would be his darling Tom's privilege to feel people's pulses and blandly invite them to put out their tongues.

Now I would not have you believe that my father was more hard-hearted than his neighbours; but when he heard that old Simmons was laid up with a cough, or that the rheumatism had taken Frank Casey by the shoulder again, I fear that the news was not altogether unwelcome.

When they recovered, he certainly was glad, partly through good nature—in which, I am told, I take after him—but ——— but partly because he already speculated on the chance the invalids had of living long enough to benefit by my services as a professional man.

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! No University has given me the right to add the magic letters M.D. to my name. The University authorities insisted, for some inscrutable reason, on my proving my ability to translate I am afraid to say how many books of Xenophon. To this day, I can neither translate them or find out what on earth is the use of translating them.

And yet I gave them a fair trial. One day I remember that I made a positively heroic effort, and, with an exercise of patience worthy of a Teuton, I produced what I still think a very remarkable attempt at translation. My master smiled sarcastically as he read it, and then quietly told me that in my composition graces of style and propriety of diction were conspicuous—by their absence—but that when he compared my translation with the original Greek, he was forced to admit that the palm of originality *was mine*. How my heart swelled with delight at such praise! Then he added that *in a translation* originality was not indispensable, and might actually become a defect.

As I write these lines, I sit once more in the old farmhouse—now my brother's home. I look out on those swampy, low-lying lands that excited such hopes in my poor father's breast. I can see the village, whose inhabitants—at least, those who could afford to pay—were to have been kept in a state of chronic convalescence by my fostering care. Alas! that I should have to say it—if a head is broken at fair or market, not mine the hand that snips the plaster to heal the rent the envious blackthorn made. If a little boy has eaten too much cake or toffy, not mine the pleasant task of administering the salutary bitters that are, if not to cure him, at least to fill him with a wholesome fear of exceeding too soon again. Never has my index been laid on any pulse but my own; and if an opportunity has now and again been afforded to me of examining the state of another's tongue, I have owed it not to the ill health but literally to the rude health of some urchin who has first taken the wise precaution of putting a high hedge between him and me. In a word, I am not an M.D., and for what the world in general, and my native village in particular, have suffered in consequence, Xenophon and his Anabasis (or Anabasis and his Xenophon —which is it?) must bear the blame.

From what has been said, the reader will not be surprised to learn that although I am not a doctor, my thoughts have received so decided a bias that I take the greatest interest in the science of medicine. Fortunately for the indulgence of this taste, our village is not far from the town of ———, where there is a public library. Besides the usual stock of novels, it contains the back numbers of the *Esculapian Review*, bound in huge volumes. When one of Ned's cows was sick, I at once went to town, and got a volume containing an immense amount of information about the diseases of cattle—so much information, indeed, that before I had quite mastered the subject the cow died. In this volume, I read a series of very remarkable articles on certain miraculous cures said to have taken place on the Continent. To my great surprise, the facts—and most wonderful facts too—were not denied. The evidence was admitted to be conclusive, but the writer gave what he considered a complete explanation of them on scientific principles.

As for me, I did not then examine and I have not since examined the evidence. The admission made in a journal of such high repute was enough for me. I knew that if it had been possible to deny the facts, they would have been denied. I was particularly taken by the simplicity of the explanation given by the writer in the *Esculapian*. He maintained that all these cures were to be attributed simply to the imagination of the sufferers.

A light broke in on my mind at once, as I read these words. What a magnificent career was now opened up before me! Has the reader guessed "my secret" as yet? When he does, he will, I think, appreciate the trustful disposition that allows me to impart to *him* a secret of such importance.

Once I have told what the secret is, many perhaps will say that the thing was perfectly obvious and could hardly fail to be noticed by any thinking man who gave the subject even a moderate share of attention. Ah! kind reader, not so fast; remember the story of Columbus and the egg.

When I hear such stuff, I am almost tempted to assert with the learned Apollonius, bk. xxxii. chap. 999, that "Genius is the power of noticing obvious things." "That we all wear mental spectacles which force us to look forward at distant objects; and that the man of genius is simply the man who has got the knack of looking under the spectacles at objects situated *at the end of his nose*. When he makes a discovery, all the others shift the specs a little

and declare that the thing was as plain as the nose on his face."

But the secret? Well, the secret is this. I saw at a glance that if these cures were really the effect of imagination, then the imagination must be a therapeutic agent of no ordinary power. I resolved, therefore, to win for myself fortune and—what I valued far more than fortune—fame, by travelling over the whole world, healing all manner of diseases by acting on the imagination of the sufferers.

A very serious difficulty, however, presented itself at the outset. If the imagination was really so powerful a remedy, might it not, like other powerful remedies, kill as well as cure? And would not this be a very unpleasant result, I do not say for the patient, *cela va sans dire*, but for the unlicensed practitioner? This thought staggered me somewhat, and kept me from yielding to my first impulse, which was to rush from end to end of Europe—of the whole world—healing right and left, so that when my secret became known, the glorious work would already be far advanced, and the day near, when, in the words of Tennyson—

> "Not even one crutch or wooden leg
> Should in the world be found."

Now that I have written it, I do not feel so sure that the lines are Tennyson's. No matter; let him keep them.

On reflection, I thought the best plan would be to enter into a partnership with someone who, being protected by the letters "M.D.," need not be so anxious about the effects of the great remedy as I should feel. The terms I meant to offer were these: The science to be mine, the responsibility his, the rewards to be equally divided. I drew up an advertisement asking for such a partner, and I did not forget to add that he should have no objection to town or country and that a young man of lively imagination and poetic temperament would get the preference. Perhaps it was unwise to add these last words; they might have betrayed my secret. As a matter of fact, they did not, for the simple reason that I never sent the advertisement to the papers, fortune having sent me, as I thought, the very man I wanted—my old schoolmate, Jack Mason.

Jack was a promising medical student, who had, for some reason best known to himself and the University authorities, obtained leave of absence for some months from that seat of learning. During these months he and I met rather frequently, and I thought I saw very plainly that he was just the man to suit me. The fact I am now going to mention decided the matter—at least, as far as I

was concerned. A rather elderly maiden aunt of Jack's lives in our village; she was always very kind to him. One day that he was short of cash and unwilling to acknowledge that the last supply had disappeared so soon, he called upon his aunt. While he waited for her appearance, Jack drummed with his finger upon the window pane and hummed "How Dear to Me the Hour." Miss Mason delights in Irish music. As soon as she came into the room, he turned round with a smiling face to greet her. Suddenly a shadow seemed to flit across his expressive countenance as he asked in accents slightly tremulous how she felt. She could not but be pleased with the kindness of her nephew, though his manner made her somewhat uneasy. Still, she assured him that she was well—"quite well," she said.

"You have not felt a loss of appetite lately, Auntie?" asked Master Jack, with a very serious professional look.

"Well, now that you remind me of it, Jack, I have," said she.

"Just a little languor occasionally?" inquired Jack.

"I do, indeed, sometimes feel very languid," said Miss Mason. (N.B.—This was in the middle of the dog days; thermometer at ever so many degrees "Far-in-height.") "I do, indeed; but I have not attached any great importance to it."

"Ah!" said Doctor Jack, and shook his head with a melancholy smile. He continued his examination. "When you run up stairs quickly you get out of breath, don't you?" He was right again; matters were getting to look serious. "If a tray or anything of that kind falls, or if a mouse runs from under the table, you feel a kind of sinking of your heart, don't you, and the next moment you feel as if it was up in your mouth?"

"I certainly do, John," said Miss Mason, now beginning to be very much concerned indeed.

"Do you take strong tea?" asked Jack.

"Pretty strong," said she.

"Exactly!" said Jack. "Good deal of sugar?"

"N-n-no," said she; "scarcely any sugar."

"I thought as much," said he. "Now, Auntie," said he in his very kindest tones, uniting the gravity of the M.D. and the affectionate solicitude of a nephew. "Now, my dear Auntie, I hate alarming people, but will you allow me to feel your pulse?" Then he made her sit beside him, took out his watch, and took her hand in his. He made some commonplace remarks about the weather, at the same time keeping his eye fixed steadily on the second hand of

the watch. In her simplicity she thought all this was done to set her mind at rest, and for that very reason she became still more alarmed. At last the doctor put up his watch very slowly, looked grave for a moment or two, and having sat for a little while with knitted brows and compressed lips, as if plunged in thought, he said, "The great point in cases of this kind is to take the thing in time. There is really no occasion for alarm, but there is always occasion for precaution. You had better go to bed; you are certainly a woman of wonderful energy and strength of mind, or you would not have got up to-day. So you will go to bed; that is settled. I will send you some simple—very simple—remedy, and we shall have you as right as a trivet in less than no time. But I am so glad I called in to-day."

He sent her a box of bread pills, one to be taken before each meal, and a draught made of burnt sugar, cayenne pepper, and olive oil. "That can do her no harm," said he. He was on the point of writing on the label, "When taken to be well shaken," but feared that it would be too evidently a joke. Under the judicious care of her nephew, Miss Mason's health improved, not rapidly indeed, but surely, and on the third day she was able to sit up and actually pick the wing of a roast fowl, but during the three days she lived chiefly on tea and toast.

When Miss Mason, on her recovery, saw how pale and thin—in fact, interesting—she looked, she blessed that dear, kind Jack and never wearied of praising his skill, his carefulness, his mingled gentleness and firmness. It must, I suppose, be sufficiently obvious that Jack had not taken all these pains merely to earn such praises from his aunt; he was much too practical for that, and hoped for some more solid proof of her esteem for him as a medical man and of her love for him as a nephew. Nor was he disappointed.

"My dear Jack," said she to him one morning that he breakfasted with his patient; "my dear boy, I must have the satisfaction of being the very first to give you a fee."

Jack looked indignant. "Take a fee from you, Aunt Mary!" said he. "Can you think me capable of such a thing?"

"Can you," she answered, "can you imagine me capable of engrossing so much of the time of an eminent medical man and giving him nothing for his pains?"

She thought the best plan was to laugh him out of his scruples, and she succeeded. He pocketed the fee.

Now, the reader has judged me very harshly and very rashly into the bargain if he thinks that I admired or approved of this conduct of my friend Jack. Should these lines meet the eye of Miss Mason, I beg to assure her that although I may have laughed at the trick, I remonstrated with her nephew, but could not turn him aside from his fell intent. I succeeded, however, in inducing him to write "teaspoons" instead of "tablespoons" in the prescription and to substitute olive oil for the cod liver oil he had intended to prescribe. I persuaded him also to lessen materially the size of the bread pills, though when I remember the spare diet to which she was kept for some days, I am willing to acknowledge that in this I made a mistake; but I meant well. Why then, if I did not approve of his conduct, did I choose him for a partner? The question is hardly a fair one. How many people do you know whose conduct you can always approve of. I will, however, acknowledge that it was precisely this joke of Jack's that made me select him as my confidant. The reason is obvious enough. Here was a man who evidently believed in the power of the imagination and who had the knack of acting on it. What man so likely then, to see the value of my great idea, or who so capable of making its success, not probable, but a glorious certainty? Accordingly, I took him into my confidence; I showed him the *Review*. I pointed out to him how satisfactory was the explanation of miracles by the power of the imagination. As long as I spoke in this vein, he listened willingly enough. Jack is nothing if not scientific. But when I drew the evident conclusion, when I spoke of the new curative agent and the grand career it opened up to us, when I expected to see his eyes glisten, his face brighten up with the light of intelligence, he told me not to make an ass of myself. These were his very words.

I never felt so much disappointed in my life. Could it be that this belief in the power of imagination was not genuine, and, such as it was, came from a desire to avoid the necessity of all higher forms of belief? I would not admit this for a moment, but still my disappointment was so great that I felt tempted to let the whole thing, as the Yankees say, "slide." But great discoverers are not so easily turned away from the path which leads to glory. Did Columbus give up when the Court of Spain turned a deaf ear to his first offers. Would Day and Martin have caved in if in the beginning of their career they found that the public was not sufficiently alive to the importance of having its boots well "shined"? Would Holloway—but why

multiply examples? Whatever they might, could, would, or should have done, my mind was made up to make at least one great effort before I abandoned all hopes of fame. While I was in this frame of mind, I received the agreeable news that my old nurse, Nelly Quinlan, was very sick. Nelly, I regret to say, has very few teeth left, but, strangely enough, they seem to give her as much annoyance as if she had the full thirty-two—perhaps even more annoyance. I went off at once to her cottage, where I found the poor old woman sitting by the fire and swaying to and fro as if in great pain. I asked her how she did; she gave no answer in words, but turned towards the light so that I might see how fearfully swollen her face was at one side. As the other side preserved its usual hollow appearance, her poor face bore a comical resemblance to the moon in its last quarter.

"Are you in great pain, Nelly?" asked I, after a short pause.

"Kilt, Masther Tom, kilt entirely," said she.

The reader has not the pleasure of knowing me, and can, therefore, form but a slight idea of the exquisite satisfaction I derived from the thought that I had it in my power, by so simple, painless, and effectual a remedy to free my kind old nurse from her agony. In my heart of hearts I blessed the *Esculapian Review*.

"Nelly," said I, "I think I know what will cure you."

"I tried everything," said she, "except having 'em out, an' I won't try that; I haven't got so many to spare."

"Oh! for that matter," said I, "you need never again have a tooth drawn; and for all I know yet, my remedy may make teeth grow again to replace those you have lost."

She smiled sadly and shook her head. After a few moments silence, she looked up again.

"A bottle, maybe?" said she.

"No, no," said I.

"Or ginger?"

"Nor ginger either," said I.

"Oil of clothes, I suppose?" Oil of cloves she meant.

"Nothing of the kind," said I; "the fact is that all you have got to do is to exercise your imagination."

"H-h-hwhat?" said she.

"To imagine," said I; "to persuade yourself that the toothache is gone, and while you are about it you may as well imagine that the swelling is gone too; 'tis the same trouble."

"Makin' game o' me, you are, I believe," said my patient, her patience now visibly on the wane.

"Surely, Nelly, you ought to know me better than that," said I. "Really and truly, all you have got to do is to persuade yourself that the pain is gone."

"Oh, then! Oh, then!" groaned Nelly; "did anyone ever hear the likes o' that?"

"I am telling you the truth," said I rather testily, for I really began to feel annoyed at her obstinacy.

"Why then, Masther Tom," said she, "'tis a beautiful day outside, I'm tould, and wouldn't you go somewhere else an' look for fun for yourself an' not be heart scaldin' the poor old woman that's sufferin' enough already, dear knows."

"But really, Nelly, hundreds have been cured by the power of the imagination."

"Out of my sight," she shouted, springing up from the chair; "out of my sight, I say!"

"Why, you stupid old woman," I cried, for I was now fairly roused; "I'll show it to you in the *Esculapian Review*."

Nelly, with an energy derived from anger and toothache combined, made a dash towards the fireplace, and I was startled by a flash—not a flash of lightning nor the angry flash of her eye (that was startling enough). It was the flash of a red-hot poker in fearful proximity to my nose.

The reader may, perhaps, think that I stayed to reason with her, and gently to induce her to take a calmer and more philosophic view of the situation, but I have no recollection whatever of having done so. My present impression is that I made myself scarce with a rapidity bordering on the marvellous. And now the reader will not, I think, be surprised to hear that I am somewhat crestfallen and a trifle less ready to believe in the theory of the Esculapian.

On one point my mind is quite made up. If I ever try this remedy again—I do not believe that I shall—but *if* I ever do, I shall certainly follow Jack Mason's example, and never attempt to cure any but those who are not sick.

C.

In the Domain.

An Old Boy's Reverie.

It was on one of those glorious mornings that give to this colony its title of "Sunny New South Wales" that I lazily strolled into the Domain through its entrance in Macquarie-street. I had spent a couple of hours conning over the columns of the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the

Daily Telegraph, in the endeavour to keep myself *au courant* with the proceedings of the age; and the record of events, including though it did the proceedings of Parliament, had failed to awaken any mental excitement, and had left me with a crowd of ill-defined thoughts and images passing through my brain. Moreover, having breakfasted three hours before, I was physically just at that stage of digestion when one is least disposed to active exertion and most prone to indulge in day dreaming and rumination. Seeing an unoccupied bench favourably situated for command of the beautiful panorama of Port Jackson, I hastened to appropriate it. Remembering that I possessed a Brobdignagian cigar presented to me by a friend who assured me it was precisely of the quality smoked by our excellent Premier, Sir George Dibbs, and his friend the Prince of Wales, I proceeded to light it, and surrendered myself to a comfortable bask in the sunshine and to a gaze upon the far-famed beauties of "our noble harbour." And surely as one's eyes wander over its magnificent lake-like expanse of water, its picturesque and beautiful landscapes, its varying shore lines and the luxuriant verdure with which its enclosing hills are clad, one may, even with the full recollection of the surpassing beauties of the Cove of Cork, admit and sympathise with the feelings which have designated it "our noble harbour."

As I leisurely inhaled my premier cigar and feasted my eyes upon the picture provided by Nature, I gradually sank into a contemplative mood, and unconsciously reverted to the days when I was a boy—now, alas! some fifty years ago. I had been at Riverview College a short time previously, having been favoured by being present at the distribution of prizes at the end of the collegiate year. Journeying up the picturesque Lane Cove River, I had arrived at the palatial building which crowns its shores, and had pleasurably and admiringly wandered through its varied and extensive domain, its rocky vistas, its tennis courts, its cricket fields, its football and parade grounds, and had appreciatingly inspected its spacious boat shed and noble swimming bath. I had met Father Dalton, under whose tutelage I was at one time an unpromising boy, and had found him surrounded by the same atmosphere of love and respect as had attended him at Clongowes College, Clane, County Kildare, Ireland.

To-day, as I idly lounge upon this bench, that visit recurs to me, and thoughts associated with the time I first met Father Dalton flit before my mental vision. Of Father Dalton himself (now, alas! not as good a man at football

as once I knew him)—what a useful and beneficent career has been his. To how few men is it given to behold so successful a result of their labours. Who on looking at the magnificent equipment of the present College, with its numerous staff of professors, would think it has been in existence but thirteen years. Of its founder it may be truly said, "*Si monumentum quaeris circumspice.*"

Now, as the memories of Clongowes and my old schoolfellows come thickly upon me, as I remember that Tizzy Pallas of old has become Lord Chief Baron Pallas, how Bob Carbery had blossomed into the Rector of Clongowes, and Tom Callaghan into the Governor of Labuan, my thoughts glide into the future possibilities of the hundred and more scions of Young Australia who crowd the avenues of learning at Riverview. To the student of the present day there are so many advantages. For him the past fifty years have lifted the veil from so many forces of nature. The knowledge of the laws of sound, of electricity, the perfection of machinery applied to steam purposes and to labour saving, and the fact that by the general and international diffusion of literature great discoveries soon become common property, give the serious student of to-day inestimable advantages. As I muse over these things, and remember that the students at Riverview are drawn from all the colonies of this great continent, I recognise how important a factor in the future of Australia is the educational force exercised by Riverview; and how I esteem the wise provision that, mindful of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, takes care that physical energies are developed in the exercise of manly games.

In the natural course of events these boys will drift into the professional ranks of Australia, mayhap swell the roll of the statesmen, and will carry with them into the struggles of active life the same principles of personal honour, generous emulation, and fair play which now characterise them in the pursuit of games. Many persons are of opinion that the success of England as contrasted with France in colonising distant lands owes its origin to the attention paid by the former in its schools to physical development and endurance.

I had dreamily been thinking over these things when my attention was arrested by a man who approached from Woolloomooloo, and modestly took his seat upon the end of the bench which I occupied. By the way, what a euphonious sound has this same Woolloomooloo. In these days of super-civilisation and nerve tension, when men are seeking cures for insomnia, has anyone tried the experiment

of the multiplication of Woolloomooloo by Woolloomooloo? Treated as an ordinary sum in figures in mental calculation, its iteration of double o's, double l's, and double u's ought to still the nerves and soothe the conscience of even a bank director. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, and recurring to the late arrival, I am fond of speculating upon the character and fortune of the nomad population which frequents the Domain, and I mentally set him down as an Irishman. He was a thin, wiry, well-built little man, in age somewhere about the fifties, and had the unmistakable physiognomy and the quick restless eyes of the Celt; but I was a little puzzled by a certain "setuppishness" about him, and by the erect carriage of his head and neck. I opened a conversation by a "God save you, neighbour," and sure enough came the response, "God save you kindly, sir." As the conversation progressed I learned his not uneventful history. He was the eldest child of five, left with a widow whose husband had died in Clonakilty from the famine fever which desolated the south of Ireland in 1846, and he gave me a pathetic description of the wanderings of the widow and the five orphans "looking for a bite" amongst the neighbours. His name was Tim Driscoll, and he had grown through cold and hardship and want of food into size sufficient to make him a prey to the Saxon shilling. He had been a soldier for twenty-one years, and had served Her Majesty in Africa and New Zealand. He had a good conduct discharge, which he showed me. To one incident in his campaigns I listened with great interest. His regiment was in New Zealand, and was engaged in dislodging the Maoris from a swamp which they occupied. Tim had been cautioned by his officer not to separate himself from his fellows, but ultimately found himself alone, musket and bayonet in hand, struggling through some wild flax which came nearly breast high. To quote his own words, "I'm thinking, Tim, this is a quare place entirely, and you'd best look out for yourself, when I heard the flax swishing behind me. I looked over my shoulder, and I seed a thief of a Mawri wid a big spear in his hand, aud he going to run me through. Though I was on the stoop I turned and let drive at him with the bayonet full in his chest, and I was that mad *I turned it in him.*"

Tim is now a pensioner after twenty-one years' service, enjoying the munificent stipend of sixpence per day, paid quarterly, and ekes out a precarious living by doing odd jobs of gardening and other servile offices which come within the scope of a handy man. He was on his way to

St. Mary's Cathedral, one of the priests there having promised to procure for him a small job of gardening required at a convent. I gave him my blessing and God-speed, and as I watched his receding figure I could not help thinking how unequally were the rewards of this world distributed. Mamma's darling, who found honour and safety in the rear of the storming column at Tel-el-Kebir, and now has chief command at Aldershot, and the Clonakilty warrior with sixpence a day honorarium, who scratches gardens in the southern hemisphere for seven to eight shillings a week and his tucker. On how many a hill slope and on how many a morass have lain stiff and stark and cold the compatriots of Tim, their English uniforms the only record that they have died to uphold the reputation of British valour and to maintain the supremacy of that flag which floats over an empire upon which the sun never sets.

Tim's presence had recalled to me the saddening memories of the awful famine of '46—of strong men dying at the road sides from sheer want of food—of the groups of starving women and children that thronged the coach stations, making the air echo with the miserable cry, "I'm starving with the hunger!" I thought of an incident that I myself witnessed. I had gone on business to the Skibbereen Union, which was then administered by vice-guardians. As I was about to enter I saw around the outer gate, waiting for admission, some thirty to forty beings scarcely recognisable as human—men, women, and children in the last stage of physical exhaustion, their gaunt faces, wild eyes, and attenuated frames too truly betokening the last pangs of hunger. Of their number was a boy of 16 or 18 years, whose ravenous aspect affrighted me. Just at the moment arrived the bread contractor's van; and the gates having been opened, two paupers with a hand barrow proceeded to carry the bread to the store. Suddenly this poor boy snatched a loaf, and burying his teeth in it fled through the open gates into the workhouse grounds, pursued by the paupers in charge. I watched him as he staggeringly ran, with the bread never released from his mouth, until he suddenly disappeared in a pit or excavation in the yard. I followed with others, and found he had fallen into a large tank filled with a preparation of logwood used for dyeing the women's petticoats. The poor boy was dragged out and his body laid upon the flags of the yard. His mortal troubles were over, but his remains presented an awful spectacle. His face, his hair, his hands, the portions of his body revealed by his wretched rags, were

all dyed blue, as was the loaf from which his mouth had not separated.

As I recall the awful memories of those famine years—the criminal misgovernment that so ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of millions of a brave, honest, and pious people, the forced emigration which, denying their right to live in the land where God had placed them, drove them like mobs of cattle through the streets of the city of Cork, ultimately to be flung upon the shores of America or to strew the bed of the Atlantic with their bones—I marvel much at the patience and endurance which permitted it, and can only account for it by the disposition of the Irish people at all times to bow to the decrees of Divine Providence and accept all trouble as a manifestation of the will of God. Indeed, I have heard it urged that the great exodus of the Irish people was designed by Providence as an element in spreading the light of the Catholic faith in America, and I believe it is true as a matter of fact that nowhere is the Catholic Church acquiring more authority and influence.

But what a sad retrospect is the history of Ireland for the past fifty years. Her population dwindled from over eight millions to less than five. Her cities lonely and deserted. Her harbours denuded of shipping. Her people still struggling for their just rights and liberties. There remains but the indomitable spirit of her people, which, imperishable as their faith, still survives. How joyous is that spirit, and how appreciative of innocent fun and humour. The usual equipment of an Irishman is said to be "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches." It was certainly true of them fifty years ago. Then there were no penny newspapers; indeed, at that time but few of the labouring population could read or write. On the other hand, potatoes were plentiful and whisky and other necessaries of life were cheap, and a spirit of fun and innocent enjoyment prevailed.

As I wander on a Sunday afternoon through the Domain and see the groups assembled around wordy orators discoursing on so many varied subjects—here an agnostic (properly so called) upon his favourite theme, there one who, to use an Australian expression, goes one better and proceeds to the refutation of the truths of the Gospel, anon a gentleman who confines himself to the simple economic questions underlying the relations of capital and labour, and half-a-dozen others who dilate upon every possible subject, from temperance to phrenology—I revert with fondness to the period and the people whose political and literary education was catered for by songs and street

ballads. Advancing civilisation and the spread of education have now in Ireland swept the ballad singers from the boards —or, rather, the streets—but at the period to which I refer they were a noticeable feature in most of the large cities. The songs, which were generally political or amatory, were sold at a half-penny, and were rendered vocally by two singers, who took alternate lines. One of the last that I remember was an elegy on Dan O'Connell, and I can now even at this distance of time picture to my mind the *personel* of the *corps vocaliste*. They were two, facing each other by the side of the footpath; and as they had to keep moving by police regulation, one of the twain had as a necessity to keep (to put it in Irish fashion) advancing backwards. One was a tall, thin, ragged-looking man, with a high alto or falsetto voice, cracked by too free use of whisky; the other short and bluff, with a hoarse basso voice, somewhat like a bull's suffering from a bad cold. Both performers indulged in a habit of expectoration, suggestive to the audience, which was always numerous, that the proffer of a small pint of porter would be a polite attention most acceptable. The refrain of that song still rings in my ears. It was the alto who began,

"Will yez come, will yez come, tu the tumb of Dan O'Connell?"

and the basso who responded,

"Rimimber forty-four, whin he smashed the jury panel."

Another popular favourite was,

"The war, dearest Nancy, is over, and pace is come over from France,
And the Ry'll Cork City Militia back again to head-quarters advance.

But I must stop, for I fear that if I once take to quoting from Irish ballads I shall usurp far more space than the editors of O.A.M. will be willing to allow me.

The Italians have a proverb, "The longest day must come to an end"; and my cigar has gone, if not the way of all flesh, at least to the termination of most fragrant weeds, *gloria mundi fumus*.

JOHN DALEY.

A Terrible Tale of Latin Hexameters and Cold Mutton.

'TWAS Saturday night at no less a place than Riverview. The well earned evening meal, with its accompanying babel of voices, from the ear-splitting shriek of the Third Division "kid" to the harsh sounding note of his more dignified elder, struggling to make himself heard, with its ever-pleasing clatter of well-stocked plates and tea-cups—sweet music to the Riverviewite's ears—was demolished

and digested. (For the sake of clearness be it understood, this explanation was necessary, that in the present instance it was the evening meal that was demolished and digested, not the shrieks and tea-cups.)

One of the chief constituents of this particular meal had been cold mutton. Now cold mutton is all very well in its way, but an excess of cold mutton, like a modicum of work, is decidedly repugnant to the average schoolboy's mental and stomachic composure. Well, the meal was over, and a hundred and odd hardworking youths sat at the well-worn desks in the brilliantly lighted study-hall. One of that hundred was preeminently sleepy and in a preeminently lazy posture. Closely wrapped in a thick, warm overcoat, head gear jammed down over his ears, cheek bones supported on his fists, elbows firmly planted in two excavations in the desk, back propped up against the desk in the rear. Thus was he upheld, and, thus ensconced, he blinked and winked with a far-away look at the tale of Laocoon and the serpent, so graphically related by the late lamented Publius Virgilius Mars. He had struggled with that snake yarn for two whole weeks, and now he knew the Latin by heart, and not only did he know the Latin, but the general drift of the meaning of it all had percolated through his skull and found a resting place within its spacious walls. He had thus toiled to the dizzy heights of his ambition, and now he gazed down with an inane stare upon the book which lay upside down exactly one inch beneath his bobbing nose. Two hours thus he sat. It was the mutton. At last ten o'clock struck, and there was a sudden clatter and stampede for the door. Our friend of the mutton, under the vivifying influence of the bell, at once became superbly alert, and, lifting the lid of his desk, hastily tossed Virgil, Laocoon and his snake beneath its kindly lid; then, plunging his stiffened hands into the mysterious depths of his pockets, with a determined gleam in his drowsy eye, he strode up the stairs and passed through the sacred portals of the model sleeping apartments. He was an enthusiast in loudly coloured pyjamas, as were all the Models (?); and it was not long before he had arrayed himself in a gorgeous, many coloured suit, a masterpiece of the decorator's art. Having satisfactorily adjusted his nocturnal apparel, and having modestly buried himself up to the eyes in his blankets, ere many minutes he was lulled to sleep by the measured, monotonous throb of the dynamo engine outside beneath the dormitory window. All was darkness: all was silence, save when at regular intervals fourteen muffled

grunts simultaneously disturbed the tranquil air, or when some perturbed spirit in its dreams held forth in a semi-incoherent and rambling style on various matters both public and private, chiefly private. Our hero snores and sleeps, and in his sleep he dreams. Beautifully reckless of all rules, he stands upon the College wharf at night, and as he gazes into space a strange, uncanny, coughing sound suddenly breaks the stillness of the air far down towards a rocky cape that juts into the waters of the river. All in an instant, a fierce blaze of fire shoots from behind the cape and sends forth a long brilliant ray quivering in its path over the dusky waves. The coughing noise grows louder and louder, the glaring light grows larger and larger, and glares more wildly and more fiercely. A huge shape now looms through the surrounding gloom; and dense volumes of smoke, bespangled with bright sparks, pour forth, and as suddenly sink into the darkness behind. He stands staring and fascinated before this terrible apparition, and awakes not from his stupor till the huge unknown, belching forth fire and steam, has struggled past the wharf and deposited at his feet an ill-shaped, cumbersome looking basket, which emits an odour like to that which pervades the air when the family butcher calls for orders. Rousing himself at length, he seizes upon the basket, lifts its oily lid, and horror of horrors! it is replete with legs of mutton and mutton chops. As he stands meditating what to do, a magnificent brazen chariot, drawn by a noble war horse, dashes up with rattling wheels. The nimble charioteer leaps down and prepares to heave the basket into his car. "Drop that mutton," the dreamer yells in a frenzied voice. "*O miser, quæ tanta insania,* Hogan? *Sic notus mutton? Equo ne credite,* Hogan, I tell thee, shoot the bloomin' stuff into the river." But the other murmurs a faint "Eh, what?" deposits the basket in his car, and, cracking his whip, bids Farmer, his noble steed, to "get up," and then with a thundering clang he disappears over the hill to the kitchen. Scarce is he gone when there rises up from the water a mighty serpent, its eyes suffused with blood, its deadly sting each moment flashing from its hissing jaws. Straight on it comes, and seizes upon the dreamer, in his dreams. It wraps its slimy coils about his rigid limbs; twice round his gasping throat it folds its winding body, and then, drawing him towards the dark river, tightens its choking grip. He struggles, but in vain; nearer and nearer is he drawn to the wharf's fatal edge, and as the reptile presses on his bursting throat he reels and falls, falls, falls,————. With a start

he awakes from sleep, and—horror! there *is* a something twined about his throat ——— clammy, soft, and cold ——— ugh!! An icy shiver runs through his quaking limbs, and every wire in the spring mattress beneath him reverberates his shiver. He asks himself whether he really is awake. Yes, surely. Two stars are peeping through the window, the wind sighs through the trees without, the rats, in the box room above, scratch and scramble across the floor, and all around him snore in peace. And the something round his neck? No doubt about it. He feels it press tighter than ever; he feels his face grow hot and swell, and his eyes slowly bursting from their sockets. Something must be done, and that at once. He nerves himself for a mighty effort. Suddenly he thrusts out his arms and madly clutches the reptile, and yells at the top of his lusty voice, "Jack! Jack! Quick! I've got it! Quick, light the gas. J–a–c–k!!!" Simultaneously nine Jacks spring from their beds, and carefully and with the greatest possible precision bump into one another. They didn't light the gas, for there was none to light, but they solemnly execrated one another, tumbled over a chair or two, and then wisely went outside for the lamp. All this time the afflicted one hung on to the reptile about his neck, and groaned in an agony of sheepish fear. At length the light was brought, and the nine Jacks, now joined by three drowsy Jims and two Bills, who had barked their shins, gazed with a savage and sardonic smile at the mutton hero who lay, almost black in the face and with eyes half starting from his head, fiercely grasping with quivering hands the tasselled cords that served to hold up the nether section of his pyjamas, and which in his restless sleep had become coiled around his neck. Then as they hear the prefect wearily emerging from his troubled couch, they quench the light and quietly creep again to bed and snore a vigorous artificial snore. But one remained awake, and solemnly and earnestly called the shades of Publius Virgilius Mars and of Laocoon to witness, that nevermore would he with two plates of cold mutton satisfy the Saturday evening cravings of his hungry inner-man. A solemn fact. Moral—*Mutton ne credite.*

MORGAN EVANS.

Riverview.

[By F.M., in the "Star."]

We said we should take a trip to Riverview, and on Saturday last the perfect day for such a trip seemed to have arrived. A day that was Neapolitan in its brightness and warmth; just breeze enough to make the waters laugh and fill the innumerable white sails which scudded from bay to bay.

With work ended for the week, luncheon over, and such opportunity ahead, one naturally felt that life was not void of compensation, and that there was no greater calumny on creation than the Scotch poet's assertion, "Man was made to mourn." Rather to one's lips came the expression of the old Horatian sentiment which our own poet knew so well:—

> Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
> So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio"
> There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
> There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
> Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the poet's hopeless woe,
> Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
> "Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
> Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
> Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

Ever something in that strain occurs when, in tolerably mature years, one proposes to visit the cloisters and halls of the school life. "Frater Ave atque Vale."—Ah, yes, but that may pass. We would rather think now of tenderly enfolding shores and

> The innumerable laughter of the sea.

'Tis always more pleasant to be rowed out than steamed out, however, and in this particular instance the steaming is not half so nice as it might be. The approach to the boats is unpleasant. The accommodations in all sorts about that part of Darling Harbour do need reforming altogether. The approaches to the boats are obscure, dirty, dangerous. An exceedingly narrow jetty, without any side rail. A plank which cannot be called a gangway, and running at so steep an incline as to make timid folks shiver. Then the boats, they are surely queer, little cock-a-hoop things. Lots of sound and fury, and tolerable pace about them, but very, very little in the way of luxury, and not much of comfort. For instance, we get up in the "nose of her," for the day is warm and the breeze very grateful, and my friend, careful either of complexion or comfort, expands

his umbrella. "But you musn't do that, sir," says the steersman, "you baulk my view." Powers of modern invention, cannot a bridge up aloft be devised for the steersman, or else an awning be stretched over the whole deck space. For mark now what happened five minutes later. Down went the umbrella, and, one would think with actual malice prepense, the fireman began to prick up the fire, a column of black smoke was belched out, and a shower of smuts thick as hailstones fell over us. Happily we were not accompanied by silks or laces, or surely there would have been imprecations.

Let us move on however, and indulge in another growl about the boats by-and-bye. Once out of old Darling Harbour the land and the water become very pleasant. The spring has been genial as warm, and the native bush and the gardens ashore look their best. The bananas spread their feather-edged, palm-like leaves, the glorious bougainvillea blazes out on many a stone wall. Intense heat has not yet robbed the hills of that atmosphere which lends to their somewhat monotonous contour such softness and grace. Every patch of untimbered foreshore is carpeted with brightest green. The sky overhead is blue, plentifully flecked with silvery and dove-tinted clouds, the sea below is blue, intense deep blue, with white caps on dancing waves and white wings scudding free on yacht and lugger and dingy. Aye, true it is! Your Sirmio, your Desenzano, your Ischia, with the immemorial waters lapping their shores, were never more beautiful than this, and wise and happy folks were they who chose to cross the water and establish here their homes.



APPROACH TO COLLEGE FROM WHARF.

From point to point we run dropping a picnic party here, picking up another there, stopping it seems a dozen times on our little journey, and at length coming to a wharf which is not plastered over with advertisements, and which bears the name of Riverview. And here to meet us comes genial Father Gartlan, associated with this college since its foundation. He will take us round about, and round about we go. Along a very pleasant waterside walk first, not made without much labour and expenditure of money and thought. For solid rock is cut right through here, and Khyber Pass-like channels are made, and long flights of steps hewn out. Yet withal much care has been taken to preserve the natural beauty. The graceful native creepers are all untouched, or if in any way interfered with always with a view to increase of beauty. Here they have been taught to twine about a little rustic bower, there to



THE JUNIORS' BOATSHED.

overarch a seat on a convenient view-point. And still the ferns flourish and the flannel-flowers nod to the breeze, and the Christmas-tree puts on its summer raiment of pink and white, and heaths and innumerable little orchids peer up through grass and scrub growth, intermingled with gladioli, arum, foxglove, and other old world flowers planted in every patch of good soil.

We come to the boathouse by the water-walk, and what provision is here for the grand old college sport! Here is a shed or a house which suggests the accommodation provided at Eton or on the Isis. Here are eight-oars and four-oars, club skiffs and dingies, a fleet of boats indeed, and all housed and looked after in the very best style. Attached are dressing rooms, lavatories, baths, and all on

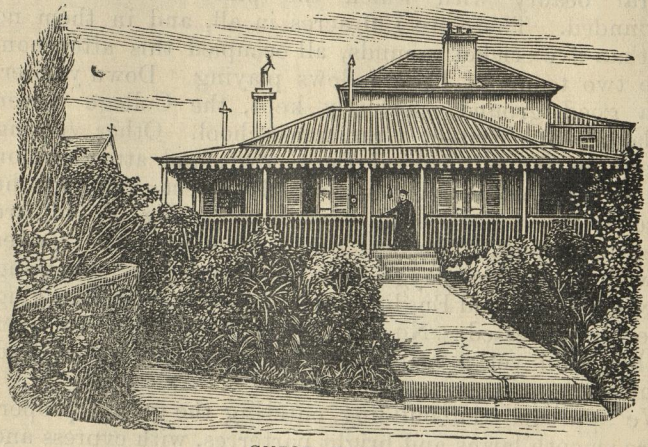
the same scale. Evidently the Jesuit Fathers desire that their boys should enjoy good water play—and water play of another sort is provided a little further on, where the best swimming bath in our harbour waters is seen. It is 200ft. by 100ft., and on the outer side has, even at low water, a depth of 14ft. There is a shallow side for the little boys, though they very quickly get out of that; and, it should be mentioned here, there is also a well-provided junior boatshed. Over the boathouse runs the wise and pious legend, "Deo favente, naviges vel vimine." "God favouring, you may navigate safely on a reed."

From boats and bath we climb the hill once more and look with much astonishment on the ample spaces around, on the marvellous provision made for play, on the perfect, natural beauty with which the place is on all sides surrounded. There are 120 acres in all, and in them no less than five cricket grounds, all occupied this afternoon. Here two teams of little fellows playing. Down yonder, on a good ground, perfectly kept, the College eleven is playing the Sydney Grammar School. Other visiting elevens on the hill behind the timber, and attendant on each ground a solemn black-robed prefect keeping the peace of the school. For boys here, young or old, are never left alone. Nor are the various forms or classes allowed even in the playgrounds to intermingle. Anything approaching the old English public school system of fagging is sternly repressed. No boy is allowed to tyrannise over another, and yet a manly habit is well developed and maintained.

We approach the building, entering the garden proper, where smooth lawns and bright parterres, with cypress and pine and plane and palm take the place of grey rock and native bush. We front the long façade of the completed portion of the college, but before investigating there halt for a little spell at the cottage, now the guest-house, once occupied by the original proprietor of the grounds. The guest-house is well provided; the guest is not permitted to depart without that little of something French or something Scotch, which does so much to enliven conversation and heighten appreciation of all things fair and good. And then we cross over to the college halls, the schoolrooms, refectory, dormitory—very spacious, lofty, well appointed, absolutely clean, are all these. The refectory, indeed, is far more perfect and artistic in its appointments than is usual, even in very high-class schools. The napery is snowy white, and every table is dressed with pot plants and flowers. A lift communicates with the kitchen, and the

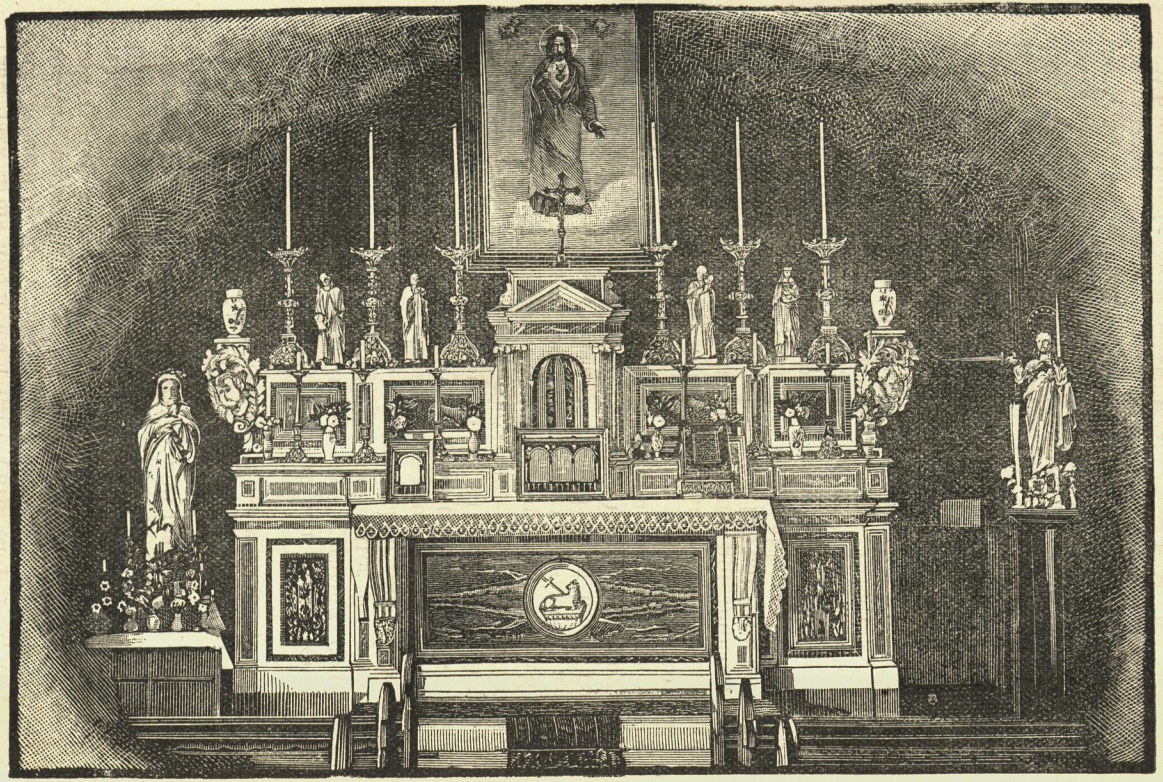
service is complete and prompt. School dormitories are much alike all the world over. Ventilation is the main thing to be studied, and here in that way it seems impossible to suggest any improvements. One is somewhat surprised as pleased, however, at the liberal provision made for indoor sport. A concert-hall, with stage and all necessary stage fittings, billiard rooms, a half dozen of them, libraries for masters and senior and junior pupils. Truly, school life here cannot be barren of resource; nor can Satan find much opportunity of that idle time wherein he is alleged to work mischief.

So, following still our cicerone, we mount to the roof, and from an ample promenade overlook the college grounds and all their surroundings.



GUEST HOUSE.

Aye, indeed, there was wisdom and fore-sight no less than enterprise in the choice of this site. On this breezy afternoon its beauty is of a healthy, vivacious sort. It is an ideal day for play on sea and on shore, and it seems well that the halls below should be empty and silent and all the playgrounds merry with hearty young life. We overlook all the waters of Lane Cove from this height. We can see a dozen little bays and inlets with wooded heights or picturesque gardens surrounding artistic homes. We can see the broader harbour waters farther down, with a glint of some of the roof-lines of the city, tipped with pinnacle and spire. We can trace the course of the cove waters winding away through the hills to meet that rivulet which makes its way by a strange succession of Devil's Punchbowls from the uplands to the cove head. The



ALTAR IN COLLEGE CHAPEL.

loveliest light of afternoon is over all just now, and we would love to linger on till evening fell, till the trees laid their dark arms about each little close and field, and the hills seemed to more and more closely enfold the waters, and the breeze died down, and every white sail was furled, and rising stars were reflected in still water. And, ah! what a glory would the moonlight reveal as later on it rose, tide-like, overflowing every valley, clothing every hill, silvering each ripple on the water, and making every dew-bespangled roof-line glance and gleam. It is indeed a place of very perfect beauty, whose infinitely varied phases can only be thoroughly understood by those who are privileged to make it their home.

We descend, we investigate kitchen and storeroom, engine-shed and dynamo house, refrigerating chamber, and farm and kitchen garden—each after its sort perfection. The infirmary is visited—then only occupied by one very simple case of cold—the armory and the chapel. Very strange it is how nearly all good teachers of all sorts are in accord as to the requirements of boyhood. Arnold, of Rugby, and Jex Blake, who rules in the Old School to-day, George Macarthur, who lifted the Old King's School of Parramatta out of penury, as well as the Jesuit Fathers who govern here—all trust much to the college chapel and the playground. You must play, say they all to every boy, and also you must have every opportunity of worship. Whatever his creed, no boy should be left unfamiliar with the beauty and sanctity of worship. Service in the schoolroom does not impress like worship in the chapel. And who, if his life has been honourable and good, and if his mind is reasonable and free from prejudice, does not remember, and with thankfulness, the pure and natural piety inculcated by those early religious ministrations? The chief triumph of St. Ignatius' Chapel at Riverview is the marble altar presented by the late Mr. J. Hughes, K.S.G. This is indeed, if only artistically considered, an exquisite work. It is wrought out in all varieties of Italian marbles, many of them of exceedingly rare and beautiful tints, and all so harmoniously arranged as to present a scheme of colour wherein is not one note of discord. Chapel, we know, is not a voluntary matter where the Jesuit Fathers rule. Every boy has his daily duties there, and through their performance religion grows into his daily life.

When play is over, work begins, and work, according to his capacity, is expected from every boy. It would probably go pretty hard with the determined shirker of work. It needs must do so wherever thoroughness is

the order of the day, but there seems to be here so many aids to study, and such ample provision for the enjoyment of leisure hours, that life should be as pleasant as profitable.

After teens passed at Riverview a boy should indeed be well equipped for life. His education must be sound and broad, and may be as elaborate as his parents or guardians desire. In addition to the rudiments, classics the French language, the higher mathematics, drill, calisthenics, swimming and all outdoor games must be learned, and if desirous the pupil may go on under special and competent masters to acquire a thorough knowledge of all the accomplishments of life.

As teachers we cannot doubt the Jesuit Fathers excel. Implicit, unquestioning obedience is the first principle of their order, and the first duty of their lives. A similar obedience they require from their pupils—hence discipline is absolutely perfect. Their own training has been long and severe, the novitiate continuing through full fourteen years, wherein, if any weak spots develop, and if counsel and correction are unavailing, rejection is sure. They are entirely free from all worldly cares. They have given themselves to their order, and their order provides for them well and handsomely, as it should. They draw no salaries, and thus the cost of education under them is necessarily cheaper than in any institution run on commercial lines. Though professedly out of the world, they are generally very much in the world whenever business is to be done, as the purchase of this property and its development show. Something less than £8,000 purchased Riverview, and its present value is not less than £50,000. A gross sum of £40,000 has been expended on buildings and general improvements, and, says the very reverend rector, "as through history we have had several sharp lessons, everything here is safeguarded by mortgage." One cannot well conceive, of course, that anything like confiscation of the property of anybody should occur in Australia; but a mob temporarily in power might be as effective as a Henry Tudor exercising his sole and arbitrary power. No money made or earned here, however, goes out of the colony. The desire of the Fathers is to develop the institution. The noble building we see now is but a fragment of the general plan, whose completion will cost £100,000. When complete it will shine amongst the noblest buildings along our harbour heights, and, let us freely say, while controlled as at present, will exercise a benign influence in developing an intellectual and well-disciplined manhood.

And now, as we say farewell, comes an invitation which will be very gladly accepted. "Come up and see us," says the rector, "in our vacation. The boys will be all away then, the grounds all open, and we can enjoy a long day and a pleasant evening without any trespass on duty." We certainly shall accept that invitation. We shall look forward to a day of real rest and true enjoyment.

> No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey spite,
> No madness of ambition, avarice none,
> No larger feast than under palm or pine,
> With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
> Only such cups as leave us quite warm,
> Affirming each his own philosophy.

Such days are still possible in this too-commercial world, and will be accessible to all who seek them, while men like the Jesuit Fathers surrender themselves absolutely to duty.

Baptism of St. Augustin, A.D. 387.

'Tis midnight. In the sacred aisle
Of Milan's old cathedral pile
The faithful kneel in prayer;
The busy scenes of human life—
Its weary cares, its toils and strife,
Are all forgotten there:
For Easter Eve, with glorious light,
Illumines that mysterious night
(More radiant than the day);
And solemn chant and joyous song—
Which more to Heav'n than to earth belong—
Have borne all thoughts away.

The new-made fire to Paschal light
Has lent its flame, so softly bright,
While fragrant incense waves:
The slow procession moves as wont
Towards the regenerating font,
Which purifies and saves.
And there with noble, saintly mien
Stands Ambrose, in the twofold sheen
Of earth's and Heaven's rays:
He whom a mighty prince proclaimed,
"The only Bishop truly named
Beyond all human praise."

Whence comes that more than wonted light
Which sparkles in his eye to-night
And makes his heart beat fast?
Why trembles he, as thro' his band
O'er white-robed catechumen band
The saving waters pass'd?
Oh! in that group his heart seeks one—
His eye is fixed on him alone
In proud and happy gaze;
For to that sacred Font his hand
Has led that soul from far-off land
And error's darksome maze.

"Believest thou, O child of earth
Those truths of peerless, priceless worth
God to His Church hath taught?"
"Yes, I believe!" is the reply—
While angel choirs waft to the sky
That Credo, music fraught.
"Dost thou renounce the demon's snares,
The world's vain pomps, the flesh's cares,
To live for God alone?"
"Renuntio!" again is heard,
While angels echo back the word
In sweet melodious tone.

The sainted mother's countless tears
O'er wanderings of many years
Are all repaid to-night.
That mind, the sport of doctrines wild—
That heart, by passion's reign defiled—
Are bathed in purest light.
Yet never sighed the panting deer
For streams of water, pure and clear,
To slake its burning thirst—
As yearned Augustin after Truth
Thro' manhood, boyhood, early youth—
His last years and his first.

To-night the longed-for goal is gained,
His soul, by sin and error chained,
Now bursts the fatal bond—
Entones the song of victory
(Like Hebrew having passed the sea)
From higher, holier ground.
Then genius mighty, deep and grand,
That master mind 'neath Ambrose' hand
Becomes a little child.
O, noblest trophy of God's grace
Thy life-long tears the years efface
Which follies had beguiled.

'Tis midnight, and the sacred aisle
Of Milan's old cathedral pile
Re-echoes to the voice
Of Ambrose and Augustin in
The grand and solemn choral hymn,
Which bids all hearts rejoice.
On on, from age to age, is heard
That glad "Te Deum," grateful word,
O'er every land and sea;
The Church will make these notes sublime
Her own until the stream of time
Flows in Eternity.

Augustin! Hear our heart's deep sigh—
More eloquent than words the cry
We send up to thy throne.
Alas! like thee too late we knew
That ancient Beauty, ever new,
Whose Charms thy soul have won
Obtain for us a fount of tears
To cleanse the guilt of bygone years,
And weep it all away.
Then guide us thro' this weary night
Until we reach the cloudless light
Of Heav'n's eternal day.

"M.J.G."

A Riverviewer in Rome.

MARCH 3rd is the anniversary of the coronation of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.; on that day a Solemn High Mass is sung for the occasion in the Sixtine Chapel, at which the Pope assists.

Between the Sixtine Chapel and the Pope's apartments there are two large halls, through which His Holiness passes in order to reach the Sixtine Chapel, and on March 3, 1892, I was one of the several hundreds assembled to see His Holiness pass; he was carried aloft on the "Sedia gestatoria;" we could all see him plainly; he was dressed in a white cape, and also wore the tiara. Cries of "Vive le Pape, Roi" and "Viva il Papa, Re" resounded on all sides, accompanied by a waving of handkerchiefs, hats, &c. I had a good view of His Holiness until he disappeared in the Sixtine Chapel, which was packed and crammed. Such was my first view of the successor of St. Peter. "Entre parenthèses," as they say in French, when there is question of seeing His Holiness; ladies must dress in black, with only a black veil on their head; the gentlemen must go in evening dress; the clergy, however, go in their own uniform, *i.e.*, the soutane; young girls dress, I think, in white. It was nearly a year afterwards that I saw the Pope again. Dr. Logue had just come to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat, one Wednesday afternoon; I believe it was in January. I went with some other students from the college to the Vatican; we found ourselves in what is called the "Sala del Trono." His Holiness walked in from his room and took possession of his throne, Cardinal Rampolla and the younger Cardinal, Vannutelli, being present in front.

There were eight new Cardinals, amongst them being Dr. Logue and Dr. Vaughan. Each of the new Cardinals was called up in turn and received from the hands of the Pope himself the Cardinal's biretta and cape. I could see Leo's hand tremble as he placed the red biretta on the head of each Cardinal. His hand does shake whenever he has to lift it, one can easily notice it when he gives his blessing.* An address in Latin was read by the Cardinals, and His Holiness replied also in Latin; he has a fine clear voice,

*The following extract from a newspaper just to hand, referring to this trembling, may be of interest to our correspondent, as well as to the general reader:—"One of the most striking peculiarities of Pope Leo XIII. is the convulsive tremor of his hands which one sees on meeting him. This is not a result of age, as is generally supposed, but the consequence of typhoid fever, from which he suffered at Perugia some twenty-five years ago."

speaks distinctly, and slowly, and with great expression, and uses such nice Latin.

Next day I went to what is called a "public consistory." The ceremony of the eve was rather private, but this day great pomp and grandeur were displayed. The Pope's soldiers turned out in their best form; then there were the Ambassadors from different countries, then Cardinals, Archbishops, &c. I saw there that day about 24 Cardinals, besides the eight new ones. The Pope's choir sang some pieces of music very appropriate for the occasion. His Holiness was carried into the hall of the consistory on the "Sedia gestatoria;" he wore a red cape and a mitre. I saw him mount his throne, and then I witnessed the ceremony of conferring the red hat and receiving the new Cardinals as members of the Sacred College. After the "public consistory," the new Cardinals are full blown, so to speak.

On February 19th, 51 years ago, Leo XIII. was consecrated Bishop in a small church built on the spot where St. Lawrence was martyred, and now situated in a street called "Panisperna"—hence the name of the church, "San Lorenzo in via Panisperna." This church was newly painted and decorated for the Pope's episcopal golden jubilee, which day was celebrated in St. Peter's, the Pope himself saying the Mass. Many hours before the time fixed for Mass, all the streets leading to St. Peter's were crowded with trams, 'buses, cabs, &c. The Irish pilgrims marched in procession from the piazza into the Church, but the crowd was so great that it was a long time before they could reach the place reserved for them; I was with them in what is called "le bras du Concile," *i.e.*, the part of St. Peter's where the Vatican Council was held; I was in a straight line with the Pope saying Mass, but on his left. It must be remarked, however, that the main altar is situated under the dome, and when Mass is said there the celebrant faces the entrance of the church, and thus has the majority of the congregation before him during Mass. St. Peter's, although an immense building, contained hardly standing room that day. You can imagine what a number of people were present when it is also remembered that there were no seats that day, except for the Cardinals and other high dignitaries, who were all near the altar.

His Holiness entered from the bottom of the Basilica; he was accompanied by some of his "noble guards" and carried on the "Sedia gestatoria." Just before I caught sight of His Holiness, I could hear a murmur from the bottom of the church; then came cries of "*Vive le Pape, Roi;*" "*Viva il Papa, Re,*" accompanied by waving of

handkerchiefs, hats, &c. People seemed almost frantic with delight at seeing the Pope; I never saw such enthusiasm—not even at Lourdes.

During the Mass, however, everybody calmed down, and the silence was broken only by the sounds of sweet music rendered by the Papal choir, assisted by several hundreds of little boys up in the dome, the Papal choir being down below. Towards the elevation a dead silence ensued, when it was suddenly broken by the sweetest music I ever heard; it was hard to say where it came from, but the music was that of the celebrated silver trumpets of the dome of St. Peter's; it came from the dome. After Mass, while the Pope was being carried back to the Vatican, the noise began again. It was a grand sight to see people from all nations of the globe uniting together in the cry of "Vive le Pape, Roi."

A few days before leaving the eternal city, Dr. Kirby brought me to see His Holiness in order to receive his blessing on my future ministry. I need not tell you who Dr. Kirby is; he is well known, not only in Rome, but all over the world. One evening he took me with him to the Vatican. You should see how everybody at the Vatican begins to smile and look pleasant when Dr. Kirby appears; he is a great favourite with everybody there, especially with Leo XIII. Dr. Kirby had an audience first, leaving me outside in the "Sala del Trono." After some time His Holiness sent for me. As I entered the room Dr. Kirby met me, and we both began the usual genuflections, as it is the etiquette to make three genuflections, but the Pope dispensed me from the other two, and I went up and knelt down beside him, Dr. Kirby standing behind. Nobody else was in the room; Leo XIII. was sitting at his study table, and after I had kissed his ring he spoke to me in French. "So you are going to Brisbane?" "Yes, Holy Father." "Were you born there," &c. He then gave me good advice and asked me a number of questions. We were talking and laughing together like two old friends. Leo XIII., pointing to Dr. Kirby, said, "Monsignor Kirby ought to be in Heaven long ago," and then had a laugh at him. His Holiness began a regular panegyric on Dr. Kirby, telling me how good he had been and what he had done for the Church, especially with regard to the numbers of priests he had sent all over the world. Finally, he represented Dr. Kirby appearing before God, who applies these words to him: "Euge, serve bone et fidelis, quia super pauca fuisti fidelis supra multa te constituam." Then the Pope finished by telling me I must be as good as Dr. Kirby, and I would receive my reward also.

I had a number, of crosses, medals, beads, &c., with me and the Pope blessed them; finally, when I had nothing more to say, I kissed the Pope's ring and retired. One must retire backwards, because it is against etiquette to turn your back to the Pope when leaving a room; and as I left the Pope gave a look and sighed, as much as to say, "You are fortunate, you are free to go about where you like, but I must remain a prisoner." That was the last time I saw Leo XIII., but I had an audience with him before that. The Bishop of Killaloe brought me over one day, and I was with Prior Glynn, O.S.A., and several others (six in all) at an audience. Cardinal Moran obtained an audience for the Australians; there were twenty of us, and we were received by Leo XIII. just after that granted to the Hungarian pilgrims. I was present also at the audience given to the Irish pilgrims, and received on that occasion a jubilee medal from a Monsignor who was next to His Holiness.

H. FITZGERALD.

English, as She is Pronounced.

Dear Fred,—I gottcher letternam gladjer settlin down at last to work in real earnest attcher exam. I'm half dead—in fact, I might say deadn buried, workin at mine. I betche whatche like, yavn gottcher booxn penzn mapsn things in such order as I have. Who de ye thinkle getthe meddle for Latin compisishin thissheer? I'm rather afraid o' the Greekn Latn; owhever, I may get Hinglish. At all events, I'm goin to try for Hinglishn Caterchism. I take corfee every night to keep awake untle I've done all my business. Mickle Burtn's goin in for the lor. Things are goin on here just a shoeshoewell. Last Chewsday night an unusually heavy jew fell on the ground. Next day the weather was orful ot. No more at present from

Yours truly,

MARK WALTN. (Melbourn).

Dog Yarns.

—Canes Cano.

As I was sitting at the Lime-street Wharf one evening, waiting for the ferry steamer to bear me to the classic region of Riverview, my attention was drawn to a dog, who, squatted at a short distance, was regarding me intently. Now, I am fond of dogs—indeed, on one or two occasions on which I was an unperceived (and, of course, unwilling) hearer of a pretty warm discussion at home on my general misconduct, I felt quite ashamed when my mother stoutly defended me against my father, who maintained that I "was going to the dogs." As a rule, when my mother takes my part, she is in the right, but on this particular instance I must acknowledge that my father's charge against me was literally true. I regard—and will ever regard—the saying of "he is gone to the dogs" as conveying an utterly unjust implication. The dog has been described as the friend of man, and I have known canines whose virtues and attributes were superior to some human beings I have met. It was clear that this particular specimen possessed the order of caution, for, though evidently desirous of making my acquaintance, he posted himself so as to prevent the possibility of a kick. He was not much of a dog, possibly a pariah, and it would puzzle an ethnologist to determine to what breed he belonged. Gracefully squatted upon that portion of his body in immediate proximity to his tail, his beady eyes blinking in the sunshine, his tongue ever and anon describing an orbit round his mouth and lips, as if in Barmecidal enjoyment of stolen chops his general expression seemed to convey: "I know I'm not a nice dog to look at, but when you come to know me you will find I'm not at all a bad fellow." As I looked at him, I thought of the nigger who had been presented with a dog having a strain of the mastiff in him, and who proudly described his possession as "haf nasty haf noder dog." I remembered a nondescript dog given to myself and brothers and the long hours of consultation before we decided to "cut his ears and make a terrier of him." But who that is fond of dogs has not found or heard of instances of their forethought and sagacity which lift their so-called instinct almost to the domain of reason? Take, for instance, the story of Joe Goss's dog:—

"Joe Goss was arraigned at the Criminal Court in London on a charge of murder, committed in a brawl at a public-house, was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to penal servitude. He was defended by a young Dublin barrister, who took great interest in the case, all Goss's

antecedents having been brave and manly. He visited Goss in prison and was implored by him to take and care for a 'ratting' terrier, then in charge of a friend. Reluctantly he consented, and the dog was brought to his chambers in Burlington-street and soon became a favourite by his intelligence. Some months after, a friend who was studying at Oxford came to town and camped with the barrister. The late arrival knew a dog when he saw him and soon learned his history. Strolling through the Haymarket on a Monday afternoon, accompanied by the dog, the friends noticed at the door of a sporting public-house a poster and handbills announcing a great ratting match for the following Saturday, a sweepstakes of five sovereigns, all entries to close at 6 p.m. Stopping to read, the Oxford man plucked one of the handbills, and as he did so noticed the dog, who, with ears erect, body rigid, expressive eye, and head upturned sideways in the manner peculiar to dogs, plainly expressed, 'Tis here I come in!' 'You ought to give this fellow a chance,' said he, and his friend replied, 'No, I am not at all a sporting man,' casting the handbill on the street. The Oxford man moved onwards, but he noticed the dog ran for it, as if to worry it. That evening the friends separated, to meet again on the following Friday at the barrister's chambers. On his return on that day he enquired how his friend had passed the interval. The barrister replied: 'A most curious thing has happened; every night since you left I have had a sovereign stolen from me; I cannot account for it; the door is always locked, and the dog is an awfully good watch.' 'Where do you keep your money?' 'In the pocket of my pantaloons, hanging over the back of that chair.' 'Well, all right; leave everything as usual; I'll collar the robber, who likely has a pass-key.' At night, when all had retired to rest for some hours and all was darkness, save for the glimmer of a night light in the barrister's room, the Oxford man determined on keeping awake, and, as a consequence, was nearly asleep. He had thrown himself on a couch in the outer room, placed so as to command a view of his friend's room, including the chair which held the pantaloons. He saw the dog, who slept in a corner of the bedroom gently raise his head; his glittering eyes, in which the rays of the night light were reflected, roved cautiously about. He saw him, with careful and noiseless steps approach the pantaloons and dip his muzzle into the right hand pocket, from which it soon emerged. He saw him regain his corner and, after some smoothing of his bed, throw himself on his side to enjoy the sleep of the just. Next morning the Oxford man kept his knowledge to

himself, but, seizing an opportunity, searched the corner and found beneath the carpet five sovereigns and a handbill. He finally told his friend, and they agreed to remain at home and keep the dog in view. During the forenoon and hours following, the little animal was as artful and as entertaining as ever, but as the clocks chimed four and five o'clock he became restless and uneasy, and as again the half hour chimed his excitement became very noticeable. Just then the outer door of the chambers was pushed in by a party of friends who had made an appointment for the Saturday night, and in the excitement of meeting them the dog was for some moments lost sight of, but a rapid scurry across the floor was heard as he vanished through the door and down the stairs. In a moment the Oxford man sprang to the corner, calling upon his friends to follow, and, hatless as he was, he rushed down the stairs, up Burlington-street, across Piccadilly, dodging hansom cabs and 'buses as best he might, and was rewarded by coming close to the dog as he made for a side entrance to the 'pub' in the Haymarket. Following quickly, he saw him enter a long room and jump upon a table, at which three men were seated. Then, glancing at the clock, which registered 5.55, he calmly dropped from his mouth a small paper parcel, which had the ring of gold, and which, when opened. displayed five sovereigns and a hand-bill. 'Wot's this for,' exclaimed one of the men, but another shouted, ''Tis Joe Goss's dog, and, by gum, he's come to back himself.' There was a difficulty about nomination, but the Oxford man settled that, and, being a knowing fellow, proceeded to borrow from his friends who had arrived every sixpence they could lend him. He backed the dog at all the odds he could get, and made a handsome thing over it. The sequel is soon told. There were six competitors, and Joe Goss's dog was last in and No. 6. As a witness of five preceding trials, he displayed great calmness—in fact, an utter absence of excitement. When his own turn came, he appeared to count his rats as they were turned into the pit. On the word being given, he sprang upon them, broke the world's record for killing five and twenty rats, and pooled the entire stakes. His fame as a sporting dog was somewhat sullied by the fact that he stole the money to back himself."

Now, assuming these facts to be true, consider what qualities this dog displayed—consciousness of power and determination to give the world the benefit of the talent with which Nature had endowed him, tenacity of purpose, knowledge of the world in his method of abstraction of the money as the sudden draft of five sovereigns might have

awakened even the carelessness of his master and led to the discovery of his hoard. As regards his moral obliquity, might he not have thought that the end justified the means. In the history of humanity, do we not sometimes read of the spread of civilisation and advancement of commerce effected by Maxim guns and extirpation of native races. In the records of the daily newspaper, are there not instances of human beings devoting to sporting purposes moneys other than their own.

It is but just to the canine character that records are extant of forethought displayed by dogs upon whose character there rests no moral stain whatever, as witness Babelle :—

" Babelle was a poodle, and was the sole companion and servant of an aged curè, who, on the miserable stipend allowed by the French Government, dwelt about two miles from Besançon, and led a pious, useful, and unobtrusive life. One day, whilst preparing his humble dinner in the only stewpan he possessed, its bottom fell out. Calling the dog to him, he showed her the wreck, and, giving her two francs, motioned her to go to town to get it repaired, a command which was at once obeyed. The dog re-appeared in a couple of hours with the renovated stew pan, and the curè proceeded with the preparation of his repast, when lo ! at a critical moment the bottom of the stewpan again gave way, destroying the food and extinguishing the fire. Unable to repress his indignation, the curè thus addressed the dog : ' Wretched ingrate, behold what your carelessness has led to ; I can no longer place confidence in you or entrust you with commissions.' The dog howled piteously, and by every movement expressed penitence. But it was necessary that repairs should be made, and again with two francs the dog was despatched to town. Entering Besançon, she paused at the door of the brazier who had made the repair, and gave vent to her indignation in a series of short, sharp barks ; then, going to a neighbouring street, called upon another brazier and superintended the second repair with care and anxiety. Returning home with best speed, she suddenly paused when about half way and made a detour of about half a mile to a stream which ran through the neighbouring fields. Here, seizing the handle of the stewpan in her mouth, Babelle immersed its bowl and by a great effort lifted it from the water and held it horizontally to see if it leaked. Finally, by a super-canine effort, still holding the handle in her mouth, she slewed the bowl around so as to brush dry the bottom with her tail. The ordeal was satisfactory, Babelle returned home, the dinner was prepared, and that evening, after consumption of the

remains, Babelle retired to rest with the consciousness of having fulfilled her duty as a good and faithful servant."

I could multiply instances of what may be called reasoning qualities in dogs, but it is unnecessary. Do we not all remember the first welcome to Ulysses after his wanderings came from a dog? Who does not recollect the story of the dog in "Scott's Ivanhoe," who discovered the caitiff that stole the banner of Cœur de Lion? What about the dog of Monturgis and the gallant Gelert, sacrificed for having preserved his master's children? It was but the other day I read of an Irish dog, an exile, whose achievement, like to those of his many human fellow emigrants, has been recognised in the country of his adoption and has shed honour and lustre upon his native land:—

"Dermot was an Irish red setter, who with his master, Denis Swiney, emigrated to America, and, after many wanderings, settled in Illinois, where the latter got charge of a roadside railway station. It was a lonely, desolate place, where there was little to do save some signalling and attention to points. No one dwelt within miles, and the exiles had each other for company. On a very hot broiling day, about noon, Swiney proceeded to cross the line to adjust some points and, smitten by sunstroke, fell heavily and unconscious across the track, upon which the express was nearly due. His dog endeavoured to arouse him, but fruitlessly; then tried to drag him off the track, but without success; then, gazing round for the red flag danger signal, he saw it lying upon a shelf far beyond the reach of his highest bound. The sun, now almost vertical, warned Dermot that the express was nearly due. Suddenly remembering that his master wore a red flannel shirt, he rushed at the prostrate form, and with active teeth soon was displayed the crimson hue of Swiney's inner garment. Seizing it with his teeth, he tore off a large fragment, with which he sped madly up the line direct in the track of the coming express. Just beyond the station was a sharp curve leading into a deep cutting about two miles long, which as the dog reached was entered by the express at the other end. As the dog became visible with crimson shirt waving beside and around him, he attracted the attention of the driver, who called, 'Hallo, hallo! what's this?' His fireman, an Irishman, shouted, 'That's Dinny Swiney's dog; pull up, pull up!' The express was stopped, Swiney was rescued, and the engine and its freight saved from being derailed and possibly wrecked. It is satisfactory to learn that from that date forward the Railway Company allowed Swiney a dollar a week for maintenance of his dog."

But of dogs, enough, though I myself have seen some notabilities. I once saw a dog in Boulogne-sur-Mer, whose master, a retired Zouave, would back for a franc at a game of dominoes against any comer who would like to contest. I will never forget the supernatural gravity of that dog. Lord Chancellor Thurlow never looked wiser. In this colony I have seen a remarkable dog. He was attached to a celebrated seat of learning and bore upon his body "hieroglyphics," which I first thought were Chinese or some other unfamiliar language. Then I bethought me that in the wonderful improvements in modern education in the keys and short cuts to learning, this dog might be a peripatetic system of Mnemonics. I learned subsequently that the marks which puzzled me were the brands of ownership, and I am thankful to say I possessed virtue enough to have had no thought of stealing that dog.

TOBIAS.

A Dream of Plum Pudding.

THERE is, perhaps, no class of natural phenomena so thickly wrapped in the mists of the unknown as that called by quiet, unassuming people—dreams. As far as I am concerned—for, being an unassuming person, I tremble not to avow it—I know little or nothing about dreams; and though I have presumed to write this little essay upon them, I should feel very hard set if called upon to define a dream before a critical audience. But I console myself with the thought that I know just as much about them as my next door neighbour, and have as much right to give forth my impressions upon these matters as Mr. Noear, who is constantly holding forth upon the sublimities of Mozart, though I know for a fact that for a whole week I have well nigh been driven mad by his unsuccessful attempts to run the gamut on the Jews' harp (Nature's dulcimer, he calls it), until at length I was forced to make him run the gauntlet.

What a wondrous land is the land of Dream! A new world spun out of the potentialities of our imaginations; a world in which the too subjective philosophy of Kant and Fichte may indeed have some reality; a world where all is the Ego of the sleeper, the modes and phases, the harmonies and the discords of his imagination.

The philosophy of dreams is yet to be written, but before it is written it must be discovered, or perhaps invented. I would advise some Riverview genius (we have so many they lack occupation) to try his hand, or, rather, his brain, at



PORTION OF DINING HALL.

this invention ; and by way of encouragement, I should like to remind him that in these days of ephemeral theories an active mind and an architectonic imagination is an admirable substitute for the more laborious and less assertive philosophic thought. I should *not* be greatly surprised if a close study of the fourth dimension (the only new thing under the sun, I believe, if it has an objective value at all, of which I am doubtful) helped much to solve the riddle of dreams, with a good deal of ingenuity, at least, if not with too much TRUENESS.

I do not intend to write the "Philosophy of Dreams" just at present, nor answer the suggestive question, What precise part dreams play in the economy of human nature ? as the editors might object. The "Philosophy of Dreams" would have to be a most voluminous work, numbering many folio tomes, containing a whole system of the pyschological principles of dreams, their nature and their import, a careful and severe criticism of the wide field of imposture, superstition, and spiritualism, and a rigid analysis of history, ancient and modern. There must, I think, be but a slight difference in the majority of cases between the image seen in dream and the spook. Is there any real difference ? is a question the writer of the "Philosophy of Dreams" should be prepared to answer. All these interesting and important questions I shall leave to my readers as riddles to solve, or, rather, to amuse themselves with, until such time as the philosopher of dreams appears with magic wand to command the mists of the unknown to rise and reveal that mysterious and curious country, the Land of Dreams.

I only purpose narrating one of my own curious experiences in this wonderful land of fancy and imagination, for, notwithstanding Shakespeare's censures on the babblers of dreams, I venture to describe one which I had on a certain Xmas night, as I believe it will give some amusement to a few of the juvenile readers of our ALMA MATER.

It was Xmas night, 18—. We had celebrated the festive day in a style true to the noblest ideals of the glorious past, when our forefathers eat (or are thought to have eaten) tons of roast beef, scores of turkeys, and hundred-weights of plum duff, all at a single sitting. Our ancestors, of course, had nothing else to do, and gluttony was NO vice in those days, since it was *fashionable*. Well, I had done my duty nobly and in a most self-sacrificing manner to all the good things, especially to the plum duff, which was, to say the least, rich in suet, and this does not suit everyone.

Wearied with the exertions of a day trying even to the healthiest, I lay me down upon a couch in the hopes of finding relief (not precisely) for my over-taxed brain. I suddenly found myself the close prisoner of monsters resembling men in contour, but very different in detail. Their heads might, in truth, puzzle the phrenological specialist, for they were quite plum-pudding shaped; they were completely bald, save for a little tuft of yellow flame that graced the crown of each, and utterly innocent of bumps, save where at intervals an almond ventured to show its undiminished (by boiling) head; their eyes were mere clusters of currants and their noses concatenations of raisins; their mouths were alike in unshapeliness, and alike they sought to conceal their deformity, one with a slice of citron peel, another with a piece of orange peel, while a third tried the effect of a layer of lemon peel, and so on. Curiously enough, notwithstanding the tempting nature of their heads, I felt no inclination to go for them—but then, one may have *satis superque* even of a very good thing. The arms and legs of these strange beings were remarkably like rolley-polley jam rolls, and in lieu of every-day commonplace boots they wore pudding bowls; this gave them the appearance of walking on inverted mushrooms. These curious monsters, so repulsive in form, yet so attractive in matter, suddenly overpower me and lay me out flat upon the ground in contiguity to a huge mountain of the slime from which their bodies were evidently fashioned—of plum pudding matter, I mean. I am held to the ground by an invisible power, while these plum-pudding-headed, currantine-eyed, raisinic-nosed rascals have the audacity to heap on top of me a regular mountain of plum duff stuff. This colossal pile rises higher and higher (curiously I can see through it, but nothing is curious in a dream), and at length becomes a mountain of the first magnitude. At length a full-grown Cotopaxi stands upon my breast, for this mountain instantly shows its volcanic nature, for adown its sides a stream of liquid all aflame begins to flow, and in an agony of suspense I await the moment when I am to be buried alive in a sea of burning brandy, for such I perceive this liquid to be; and while I gaze upon the gradually approaching sea of fire, utterly unable to move beneath the mass that pins me to the ground, I observe that the cruel monsters, who have been the agents of my coming destruction, are engaged in a death dance, tripping it lightly on their pudding bowls and pausing from time to time to squint at me through their currant eyes (I wished I could have made them currentuous with tears) and to rub their raisinic noses with very fiendish glee. This proves too

much for human nature, even when fortified with a Xmas dinner, I awake and find that after all I have only, like so many others, been the victim of that horror of horrors, a nightmare.

[The Editors of O.A.M. cannot (though they are eloquent) adequately express the relief and gratification they felt on receiving this second article on "Dreams." They look upon it in admiration, as a kind of safety valve from infinite worry, for they felt that in publishing "Latin Hexameters and Cold Mutton," without dessert, they were exposing their already attenuated bodies to a regular deluge of vexatious questionings, as to the respective merits of cold mutton and plum-duff, as promoters of nightmares. They now, without a qualm, leave the public to decide this vexed question for themselves, at the same time suggesting that plum-duff seems to "take the cake," for we verily believe that nothing else will enable a man to erect, at will, a volcano, in full swing, upon his bosom.]

A Lady's Impressions of Riverview Regatta.

[By a Correspondent of the *Evening News*.]

What a lovely ideal day, the bright sun is shining, the soft winds are blowing, and it makes you feel real glad that you are alive. We are off to the regatta—to Riverview, to "the Annual Regatta of the St. Ignatius' Rowing Club." We go on board the 1.45 steamer to avoid the crush which is expected on the 2 p.m. How lovely the water looks, running up in little laughing ripples and splashes, and glistening in the bright light? The river—is it right to say the river? perhaps it is the bay. But though not quite I am nearly a stranger you know, and so may be excused these little and feminine discrepancies. The river is full of boats. A gentle thrill of expectation seems to pervade things in general; a sort of indication that something is on the tapis, but it is of the mildest. I look for people rushing about and tumbling over each other in wild excitement, but I look for it in vain. You Australians take your pleasure calmly, with a regular inborn *Vere de Vere* sort of composure—at least the boating ones do. As we wait a large steamer glides past, on her way out. It is the "South Australia," bound for all Queensland ports, and then presently there is a grunt and a groan and a sssh—sssh from our own noble barque, and off we go puffing and panting in the wake of the big one. What a delightful highway is the harbour! We pass through scenes that look like painted panoramas, on every side green and lovely hills that fade and fade in the distance lent by the soft and fleecy atmosphere, and in every bend fresh beauty seems born; but this is an old tale to you Sydney folk. At last we arrive at the boathouse, Riverview, and it is looking very gay indeed; everything that is not painted blue is painted white, and there is bunting galore—lots of flags,



RIVERVIEW, FROM LANE COVE BRIDGE.

and lots of boys rushing about. Thank goodness there is some excitement at last. Boys— big boys — little boys — boys everywhere, and as we come up to the wharf, though we are of no importance or significance whatever, the boys are hanging and swarming on everything like flies—and they are decorated flies, too, with the dear old Oxford and Cambridge colours—every little chappie wearing his badge with a proud, conscious, and gay debonair air. As we glide up they shout, and we shout, and everybody shouts —I don't mean what you mean by *shouts*. We go on shore, and are met by a good Father who answers all our inquiries with a courteous solicitude that induces a feeling of satisfaction with yourself and the world in general. Already what a lot of people, up and down the steep steps, like ants on their own particular hill, or a well-managed stage scene where the people run off one side, only to return on the other — regular bogie men. Every little corner is full of green ferns of every size and shape, huge semi-tropical ones, and then dear little graceful fronds like those one goes on an expedition up the steep and dim and damp and dusky lanes of Devonshire to find. At the entrance to the pass there is written a legend, announcing that "Quong Tart's tea room" is not far off. That gives facility to one's feet, and is a direct inducement to still struggle up steps that grow steeper and steeper as you ascend. At last we reach the plateau, and find a summer house, in which is a seat to accommodate six, but which four people fill, and hold with a sublime selfishness that fills you with a wild and wicked desire to cast them forth over the railings and into the sea. All around the air is filled with the pleasant hum of conversation—the fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers, the cousins and the aunts of the competitors are here and having a talk with the College Fathers about the chances of their own particular boys. The meeting is a cosmopolitan one, and strange languages are being spoken in the low-trained voice of the educated gentlemen — French, German, Italian; but over them all hangs the soft shadow of the Celtic accent. It is all so delightful and interesting, and the scene from the elevation is lovely. But suddenly there comes a murmur of sound that seems to run along the face of the waters; everybody turns and looks one way, and in the distance are seen two little struggling specks. Presently, as they come nearer and nearer, the cries and shouts grow louder and louder. The people clap their hands, the boys nearly fall off their various points of vantage, and amid great excitement the first race is over, and light blue is declared the winner. After this I descend, for a huge black monster,

alive with people, is approaching the landing place. I struggle down the steps, which is a more difficult performance than struggling up. We are told that the downward path is easy — *Facilis descensus Averni* — but in this particular case it is exactly the opposite. The wharf is a mass of people—people coming up, people going down, people getting off the boat, and people getting on the boat, people (fat ones) standing on the gangway asking questions of people, who in reply desire them to pass on in language more parliamentary than polite — it takes at least 20 minutes to unload the boat. Why do they not have two gangways, one for entrance, one for exit? The people push you about, they walk up your back, they tread on your toes; but of course these little things will occur in the best regulated boat race. At last, with a breathless body and a dishevelled temper, we arrive on board the boat that is to follow the race. Everybody has arrived by this time, and the water is covered with boats of every description—the Government boat, the local millionaire's boat, the big family boat, the boat that looks like Noah's Ark, the boat that looks like a bedroom candlestick (with the candle partly burnt out and throwing up a wispy sort of smoke), the boat that looks like a tub, the boat that is a tub. There are boats pulled by ladies, and boats pulled by men, and boats pulled by boys, and boats full of babies, babies of every size and degree, babies busy sucking their own thumbs, and babies busy sucking other people's thumbs, babies crying, and babies guggling and giggling, low-spirited babies of a pessimistic turn, and laughing babies with an optimistic tendency. At last we are off to the starting place of the event of the day, "the Riverview Challenge Eights for Seniors"—and an uncommon nice-looking lot of seniors they are—and in the eyes of one who has looked on the competing crews of Oxford and Cambridge for more years than it is prudent for a lady to remember, the sight of these big, brown, brawny boys is a very good sight indeed. They look fit to row for your life. They are a long time getting into position, and the starter is of a wily and a wary nature, and is not to be hurried. He is rather aggravating, too, for when they are all ready and the blades, held by strong and eager hands, lie lightly on the water ready for the first rush, he moves the flag in a suggestive manner and there is a flash and a dash and a splash—and a false start—and then the whole business has to be gone over again. All the crews look splendid, but to me the light blues have it. Perhaps a sneaking kindness for Sydney prompts me, but in my mind I plunge on the Cambridge colour. At last they are off, and we dive and

plunge, and wobble, and snort, and groan, and follow them to the best of our ability, which, I understand, is very good indeed. But I find that by following the race I do everything but see it; but I can hear the cries of the people: "Go it Sydney!" "Well done light blue!" "Well pulled North Shore, but they are too heavy!" "Sydney! Why, two lengths ahead!" "Wait till they get to the bend!" "Look out, the dark blues are creeping up!" "Pull Sydney, pull!" The people rush about from one side of the boat to the other to try to see the sight, but the battle is to the strong, and the ladies have to sit out. At last there is a tremendous shout, "By jove, the dark blues have it," and, after a splendid and exciting race, North Shore is declared the winner, and I return to my hotel in a bedraggled and demoralised mental condition, for did I not plunge on the light blue—in my mind.

The Irish Pilgrims in Rome.

In the early part of the month of February, we the students of the Irish College were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement on hearing that a band of Irish pilgrims had left their native land and were on their way to the eternal city to visit the Holy Father and give him a pledge of their loyalty and devotion. That pilgrims should arrive in Rome at that time from any part of the world was not in itself a remarkable event, for we were just about to enter on the celebration of the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee, and pilgrims were, in fact, assembling in Rome from all parts of Europe to attend the Jubilee Mass. But that a band of Irish pilgrims, some 500 in number, should be coming to Rome to do homage to the Supreme Pontiff was enough to make the life-blood surge wildly through our veins, for such an undertaking was a thing unheard of for some centuries. Of course, from the moment we heard the news study was practically at an end. "The pilgrims" was the cry and the pilgrimage the universal and inexhaustible topic, in presence of which all other subjects were of no significance. 'Twas on the eve of Ash Wednesday that the trains with their precious burden arrived in Rome. I was not present myself at the station, but I believe a wild Irish cheer greeted the pilgrims' ears as the trains steamed slowly into the terminus, a cheer that must have put the fear of God into the hearts of the renegade Italians who heard it. Next morning the pilgrims assisted

at the distribution of the ashes in St. Agatha's, the church attached to our college. Never before had the venerable pile held such numbers of sturdy, honest Christians, and never before did I experience such lively feelings of devotion to the Pope as on that morning when, after the ashes had been distributed, the pilgrims, men, women, and priests burst forth into that grand old English hymn, "God bless our Pope." There was such a ring of sincerity and heartfelt devotion about it that one was moved irresistibly. For the next week the pilgrims traversed the streets of Rome, visiting the shrines and relics of the saints and martyrs. We, of course, were their guides, and, did I not fear to weary you by the length of my letter, I would be tempted to tell you some of their many acts of piety and devotion. Even yet, when thinking of them, I blush at my own indifference and want of fervour. The 19th of February was the day appointed for the Jubilee Mass, and to this the pilgrims looked forward in eager expectation. Never shone sun so brightly on such happy mortals as were that morning assembled in the Piazza before the Basilica, awaiting with pious impatience until the ponderous gates which barred the entrance should open to admit them. At length they are inside and proceed slowly up the centre of the temple to the high altar, at the left side of which they take their stand, yours truly among their number. As I looked around from the vantage place which I occupied on the pedestal of a column, a sea of waving faces met my gaze. Austrians, Hungarians, Greeks, French, Italians, Irish, Scotch, and English were there assembled to salute their spiritual sovereign. The papers of the day declared the number of pilgrims that morning gathered in the Basilica to be over 80,000, while 20,000 were unable to obtain standing place inside the crowded Piazza of the Vatican. Around us on every side were to be seen the banners of the different nationalities, swaying proudly to and fro, and seemingly instinct with life. Before me in one of the tribunes sat the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, all wearing their full uniform and forming a picturesque and imposing sight. The Pope was to arrive at 9.30, and punctually to the minute he entered the Basilica borne aloft on the Sedia Gestatoria. We could not see him then, but a low murmur in the distance, gradually increasing in strength and volume, approaching nearer and nearer, louder and louder, until at length it burst with deafening shock on our ears, announced his arrival. Again and again, like a big wave rushing on the sea shore, the *eviva* commenced, increased in volume, rushed forward, rose and broke, fell and

subsided, until at length the Pope reached the high altar, and, descending from his portable throne, began to vest, when suddenly every sound ceased, a solemn stillness filled the air, and the people seemed absorbed in attentive prayer. Amidst such prayerful silence, the aged Pontiff proceeded with the Mass as far as the Offertory, when at the word *Oremus* a wave of music swept through the temple and a hundred voices filled the air with harmony, now soft and sweet, now earnest and supplicating, as if beseeching the Omnipotent to regard his servants with favorable eye. The Pope is now at the Sanctus, and as the last echoes of the music are dying away, other voices steal through the Basilica as it were angels singing—

> "And to our rapt ears
> Celestial music came, and strains—unknown
> To mortal sense amid the throng of life—
> Hushed all the lower tones and noise of earth
> With heavenly harmonies; as it were the anthems
> Of the blest."

And when the Pope had reached the Elevation and the children's hymn (for such it was) had ceased, yet other sounds were heard, which bound the listeners fast—

> "Some half-remembered echoes, faint, yet sweet
> Were borne again on lute or pipe, and linked
> The world with Heaven, and fainter and more faint
> Stole downward from the skies, and then were lost
> Within the Heavens."

They were the silver trumpets played by the most celebrated artists in Rome. At length the Mass is finished, the "Te Deum" is sung, and the Pope, seated again in the Sedia Gestatoria, proceeds to the front of the "Confession of St. Peter," where he gives his blessing to the pilgrims, and in blessing them blesses the city of Rome and the whole world. He departs as he entered, saluted by universal acclamations of joy, and the pilgrims defile out of the Basilica in processional order, reciting the Rosary and chanting sacred hymns.

S. Burke.

En Route to Coolgardie.

We arrived in Adelaide about mid-day on Thursday, having experienced no worse effect from a very nasty sea trip than the loss of two of our horses. This was in all reason bad enough, though our trouble was considerably lessened by the fact that we had been lucky enough to insure them. While some of the party went to buy other chargers, W—— and I stopped on board the steamer, as we expected some friends. On their arrival, we went up to town and spent a very pleasant musical evening at the Grand Coffee Palace (Billiet). Returning next morning to the steamer, I had breakfast, after which I waited on Gibbs Bright's agent *re* the insurance money (£40). I found him (Mr. B.) an agreeable man; and, after a delay of an hour, I received the money, and went to make a few final purchases before going on board. The steamer being busy loading, we amused ourselves by paying a visit to a "Johnny All Sorts" shop. A marvellous establishment it was—indeed, a real Old Curiosity Shop, in which everything could be bought from a new silk hat to a glass of milk. The proprietor was almost as great a curiosity as his shop, and very amusing in a quiet, dry way. When tea time arrived, W—— and I prided ourselves on possessing a kit which would compare favorably with any in the ship; but, alas! pride goes before a fall. We had a cup of tea and some bread and butter at the railway station, and then W——, by way of amusement, suggested having a tooth drawn. The idea met with approval on all sides, so away we hurried to a chemist's shop. During the time this interesting operation was proceeding, E—— thought he would like a file (for his nails); and, to our surprise, the chemist had a file, not, however, a nail file, but a common one—a much more appropriate article, I fancy, for Coolgardie. W——'s little game was successful and pleasant, and resulted in further agreeable and entertaining operations on the following day. The chemist thoughtfully put in a small piece of cotton to keep the cold out, which W—— thoughtlessly went to sleep without removing. In the morning, on awakening, he had the gratification of finding that the gum had grown over the cotton, and it had to be broken open to take the cotton out. I am digressing. To return to that precious kit, which we prided ourselves on. We did return to it and the ship. On getting on board, as we wanted to make some alterations in our belongings, we went to our bags, and to our disgust, horror, and dismay, we found someone had been before us and had lightened our swags by one

coat, one prospecting glass, three compasses, one revolver, one belt—beautified by the usual leather pocket cases—and probably a few odds and ends which, in our hurry, we did not miss. W——'s eyes shone, and in an undertone he gave forth some mutterings which, probably, had I heard, I should have recognised as prayers for the conversion of our visitors. I will not tell my thoughts, and still less will I venture to put on record the wishes I spoke. A minute in silence, and then with an "Ah! well, it can't be helped now!" we shut up our swags.

Amongst the articles we missed from the parcel were our oilskin suits. "Few and short were the prayers we said." But we hurried, regardless of everything, to Johnny All Sorts, and, with ill concealed annoyance, bought second-hand suits to replace them. We strolled back down to the ship, our thoughts on anything and everything except haste. "Hurry up, or you must wait for the next boat!" greeted us; and, to our surprise, we found the boat about to start. Our tempers had been pretty well tried, and yet another annoyance awaited us. Our stores, our luggage and our horses were all on board, but they would not take our dray. Fancy our feelings, if you can. Everything but one thing, and that an absolute necessity to carry out our plans—and provisions. Several other parties were treated similarly; and of course, this was some consolation. We started at length in the *Ellen Nicoll* (where I now try to write), and slowly wended our way in showery weather down to the Semaphore. Here the much abused agent left us; and, with the words of warning and condolence of those who knew, dontcher-know, ringing in our ears, as to the possibility of *our* getting to Esperance, and the probability of our horses landing safely, with such a miserable little boat, we sadly smoked our pipes and prepared for the worst. In W——'s opinion, this was a wetting from rain and sea, so we donned our newly purchased hand me down oils.

Well, time went by, and bed-time came. At least, thought W——, we shall have our warm blankets now; and to our parcel, with sorrow in our hearts, we went. Tearing out our blankets, we found something enclosed in brown paper, which was sticking closely to it. Upon examination, what think you it was, but our oils that had been pressed as flat as a pancake by superincumbent (that's a good word) luggage on the *Fitzroy*. At last we turned in, and slept the sleep of the just, or, at least, of the greatly wearied. We rose early next morning and found our floating home going slowly, smoothly and surely on her way.

I forgot the principal incident of our voyage so far, which is, that on collecting tickets they found a stowaway. He was in the steerage, quietly and calmly lying down under a mattress, upon which one of the steerage passengers was sleeping, or pretending to. They are taking him on, working his passage.

From the look of the water and the sky, I was afraid of a repetition of the rough tossing we had on the *Fitzroy*. Here I may remark that our later captain—Butcher by name—was very agreeable throughout the trip. I thought I noticed he showed a little partiality to me, on hearing that I was an old Jesuit boy, and I was confirmed in the idea when I learned from him that his two sons were being educated at a Jesuit college. On awaking on Saturday morning, the wind was quiet and the sea in a mild state, with nothing worse than long rollers. We passed the day fairly comfortably, taking an occasional glance at the fast receding coast. The passengers were a very mixed lot, including bank managers, squatters, barristers, doctors, farmers, &c., &c. They all seemed to have made up their minds to sink then and there their past condition of life, and to mingle one with another on equal terms. On Sunday there was no service on board, but, shocking to relate, some played at cards.

Monday brought no change in the weather. About breakfast time, we noticed steaming towards Adelaide one of the P. & O. Jubilee boats, which we guessed to be the *Victoria*. The birds following us were not very numerous, but a few of the graceful small sea-birds named Mother Carey's Chickens were disporting around us. To pass a little time, along with Doctor B——, I got up a sweep. We obtained 48 shillings. 1st prize, 30s.; 2nd and 3rd, 9s. each. Every subscriber had a quarter of an hour's time allotted to him, and he who had the quarter in which the anchor dropped took 1st prize. Those who had the quarter before and the quarter after took respectively the second and third prizes.

Yesterday morning we sighted the South East Islands, which are 75 miles from Termination Island, and ninety miles from Esperance Bay. A keen watch was kept, as this part of the voyage is rather dangerous in consequence of the numerous small islands and surfs. I believe the bay has not been surveyed or sounded properly for very many years. Just as we got partly under the shelter of one of the islands, a strong north-westerly breeze sprang up, bringing along with it a high, lumpy and angry sea. We were very fortunate in escaping this. We arrived safely at Esperance and dropped anchor at 12.7, thus the

12 o'clock ticket-holder won the 1st prize in our lottery, my ticket, 11.45, won the 2nd, and the 12.15 won the 3rd prize. The excitement connected with the visit of the Customs' officer soon arose. A friend of E——'s, a Mr. R——, who has lately started a store here, was helping the Customs' officer, and he assisted us considerably. They are very strict, charging duty on everything—shirts, socks, picks, &c., &c. Nothing seems too trivial—indeed, they exceed the law, if one can believe the guide books, for there it is laid down that implements required for one's own use are duty free. Every difficulty seems to be thrown in the way of immigrants. Evidently the authorities go on the principle—"Make hay while the sun shines."

It was rather rough to land our horses. A few of our stores were landed on the open beach, and then we had to do the rest ourselves. It takes a good strong horse to pull a waggon without a load, the sand is so deep and loose; and they tell us we shall have this for 70 miles inland. Fancy everything chucked upon the beach, without any shelter from wind or dust or rain. W—— and two others, on this account, went ashore first to put up a tent, and in it four of us slept that night. There is an hotel, three stores, and a sprinkling of tents here, also a blacks' camp half a mile away. To-day we landed the horses. They will have a rest, while we await our dray. Last night, a few of us (about 15) went to the hotel to drink the health of the mate, the most humorous and amusing Scotchman I ever met. The delicate question of payment was adjusted satisfactorily in this wise: Each contributed a shilling; a number was then written down by a disinterested person, and, starting at one, the party counted in rotation until someone named the selected number. This favoured child of fortune pockets the money and parts for the drinks. This is a very common arrangement, and, I believe, is familiarly known as "selling a horse"; but in this highly moral land it is against the majesty of the law: and, as the policeman saw money on the table, he informed us we were doing an illegal act. His interference nearly caused a row; but, reflecting that any disorder might have turned out unfortunate for the hotelkeeper, as the bobby would be sure to prove him in the wrong hereafter, we drew up and signed a paper acquitting the landlord of all blame.

Now, dear Alma Mater, good-bye for the present. Remember I am only "en route for Coolgardie," so you must not be disappointed that this letter has not announced the despatch, under a strong escort, of the nugget of gold which I promised your famous Rowing Club.

M. F.

Faithful Friends and Generous Critics.

From time to time we receive kind letters from former inmates of Riverview, but we do not think we received in any other year so many of these proofs of warm sympathy as in 1893. From all manner of places, and sometimes, we must confess, from quite unexpected quarters, have letters reached us—one and all showing the deepest affection for the old school, and the most lively interest in its welfare. We shall quote from a few of these very welcome and encouraging communications.

From a distant part of N.S.W. comes the following :—"I wish you to know that I am one of those who do not believe that the old ties of friendship and dependence which should exist between the College professor and the pupil should end with one's academical career. Though that boyish wilfulness, which drove me headlong into many a "scrape," often got me into grave difficulties at St. Ignatius', I always loved my old school and respected its masters with a deep reverence. I watch the prosperity of our old Riverview and feel an interest in all that ever touched her dear old soul."

From Queensland we read :—"I must acknowledge the receipt of your paper, O.A.M., which I have read with great pleasure, and, I must add, pride. It is now six years since I left Riverview, and I do not think there is another ex-student who has watched its progress with so much interest as your humble servant."

A N.S.W. old boy says : "I received O.A.M., and am pleased to see it increasing in size every issue. I think I read every word of the journal cover, advertisements, and all."

From Jersey :—"Many thanks for the interesting items concerning the College games, etc. You do not know how one *hungers* here for news from Riverview.

From Lord Howe Island :—"Altho' you have not seen or heard from me for some years, I still follow the old school through the papers : your rowing, cricket, football, shooting, etc., all interest me."

Some of our esteemed correspondents are not above giving us a friendly hint. Thus, whereas one Queenslander writes and says, "To speak frankly, I do not think your present number of Alma Mater is the very best you have yet published;" another says he does not think it quite up to a former number (he probably refers to the year in which he was editor) ; and a third, a N.S.W. man, solemnly warns us against what he conceives to be a great danger. Here are his words :—"You may imagine how

delighted I was on arriving home last Monday night to find O.A.M. amongst my letters and papers. Needless to say it was the chosen parcel in the whole mail; other newspapers and correspondence, particularly bills, were contemptuously thrown aside. Having torn the wrapper off, I devoured the contents; the year's doings at the College being very interesting. I am afraid, however, that although the tone of OUR ALMA MATER is improved, it is fast developing into an advertising medium. Please don't let it be crowded with these horrid ads.—they are on the increase. It is true this is an age of advertising, but surely there are newspapers enough in the colony in which people can advise their fellow-countrymen and visitors where to go if they wish to furnish a house, or buy cheap prints or patent rat-traps, etc. I was almost afraid to read the short account of the controversy between the Prefect of Studies and the University professor to the end, lest it might wind up in something like this: The real reason why the examiner of the Junior History papers shows partiality is that he gets an occasional twinge from a sprained ankle, which he unfortunately injured in descending the steps at the main entrance, and obstinately refuses to use St. Jacob's Oil, though recommended to do so by all the University professors and a host of friends, and though in his heart he knows it will do him good."

From Adelaide comes the plaintive cry:—"I did not get the O.A.M. yet, but expect it any minute. As we are leaving at noon to-day, and it is already 10.20, if I do not get it, you'll have a toothache, for I'll pray that you get one. If you only knew how anxiously I am looking forward to the MATER, I am sure you would send it along by special steamer."

But, beyond doubt, one of the most enthusiastic and warm-hearted of our old comrades hails at present from a school in England. Nothing affecting the College escapes his notice. Here are some quotations from his letters: "The memory of my latter days at the dear old school, and of her masters, will not soon pass from my mind; my heart is still in Riverview. The ALMA MATER is as well known now at this school as it is at St. Ignatius', and I do not tell a lie when I say that many of our fellows look forward to your next number as eagerly as I do, and that says more than three phonographs. You well know I am still an ardent Riverviewer and a friend of her friends. I have heard many nice things said about the ALMA MATER, but, on my word, nothing scored higher than 'the sportsman-like and plucky way in which the Editors allowed an indignant lover of the blue and white to state his case to

all.' These, or words to the same effect, were spoken by one of the best known gentlemen in England; and everyone is of opinion that by publishing that letter of indignant lover the ALMA MATER hangs its hat one peg higher than the ordinary milk and sugar school journal. Good old ALMA MATER!" This loyal soul gets into a sad state on the non-appearance of the annual in the early part of this year; and, fearing lest it may be intended not to publish it, he writes: "About the ALMA MATER! Ye gods, it doth amaze me! Are we, lovers of the blue and white, no more to hold it high above our heads, and cry, 'This *is* a school journal.' Look here! don't rest till you have it in print again as gay and as welcome as in years gone by." A great many other letters we received, all couched in a similar strain. We are deeply grateful to our old comrades; and, on our part, we undertake to jealously guard the good name and do all in our power to increase the fame of OUR ALMA MATER.

And now for our critics. We here of course only refer to such criticisms as come to us through private channels; so far as the public press criticisms are concerned—and indeed they are numerous and exceedingly good-natured—they will be found in the usual place at the end of the Annual. Ought we be ashamed to say that we experienced intense satisfaction in finding on our table the following criticisms on our school annual from two very prominent journalists in Melbourne? Perhaps this satisfaction sprang from pride; even so, pride in one's school is more, we fancy, a virtue than a vice. One of our critics writes:—"I think honestly that the *A.M.* is a model for all school periodicals. The articles are well written, varied, and interesting. If I were a Riverview boy, I am sure I should be quite proud of the *Alma Mater* and of the College." Our other kind friend says:—"I have just got *Alma Mater* through your kindness. I have been so interested in its students as to have read it through in one sitting, That is saying much, for it is packed and overpacked with solid, sensible matter. But I am very much given to reading the thoughts of boys as they give expression to them themselves, and trying to fill the outline of their character from what is revealed. Your *Alma Mater* quite unconsciously affords splendid scope for this. Will you guess the boy in all your school I most take to on these grounds? You can't, of course. It is D. J. Corrigan. Reading that young fellow's 'Thoughts on Leaving School' I should say he had a great loving heart along with a level head; and when I notice how his name crops out in other parts I am confirmed. As I lay down

Our Alma Mater I think a few minutes over the magnificent work it reveals, and my heart flies out to you. I grasp you by the hand, and full of thankfulness that such things can be in this great sad, sobbing world, I murmur in your ear, God bless you. I rejoice in your splendid success. No man can see the limit of the future of Riverview. O, what a great living tree is this fruitful Church of God." Surely these are generous words; and, coming as they do from one who is an acknowledged master in the noble art of journalism, in praise of our youngsters, who, after all, we fear, are only playing at journalists, we may well exclaim with Cicero:

"Laeti sumus laudari a te laudato viro."

The Tower of London.

[By a Riverviewer Abroad.]

Armed with a special order from the Minister for War, a little party of shipmates—all "Australians abroad"—wended their way merrily towards that most historic structure, the Tower of London. As we descended Tower Hill, the hoary walls of the ancient pile rose before us amidst the surrounding mass of more modern buildings. Dark shadows of the past enshroud its mouldering walls and serve to show with greater force the justice, liberty, and refinement of nowadays.

At last the Middle Tower (or entrance) is reached, and as we enter, an old, grey bearded man—a warder—dressed in the livery of the Yeomen of the Guard, approaches us, and, with a welcoming smile, enquires if we are not "the party as 'olds the war orfice order." The look of satisfaction on the old fellow's wrinkled face, when he received the answer, "Yes," told us that his worthy services as guide would be on the good old system of dropping the dollar in the proverbial slot. We followed him as he walked slowly away to what he called the most creepy and interesting parts of the buildings. "Now, sirs!" said he most coolly, as he stopped before an old rectangular building, "that is the famous Bloody Tower, and in yon room the little princes met their cruel death." We stopped and looked for some while at the dusty old glass windows and iron framings, all red with rust; and as we passed along in silence the thoughts of those grim days filled us with an awful fear.

A little distance on the right brings us to the Traitors' Gate. This is a large square structure built over the moat, the outer line of which is protected by two circular towers.

The grim passage underneath, by which State prisoners entered the Tower, is guarded by two once strong gates. But no water now flows by; the old, patched-up gates lie partly open, and a great, thick chain hangs from a broken spike, slowly swinging to and fro at the bidding of the wind.

Satisfied with the Traitors' Gate, we moved along at the same creeping pace towards the White Tower, passing on our way the three unimportant and lesser towers—the Cradle, Well, and the Develin. The White Tower is a massive quadrangular structure occupying the most central part of the Inner Ward. It is embattled, and has watch towers at each angle, and consists of three lofty stories, besides the large prison vaults in the basement floor. But let us enter! The first floor is divided into three unequal apartments, and it is into the smallest of these that our old guide ushers us, and announces, "The Queen Elizabeth Armoury." On the north side of this room is a door communicating with a cell some ten feet long and eight feet wide, cut in the thickness of the wall and receiving no light but from the entrance. Tradition states this was the prison cell of Sir Walter Raleigh, and that here he wrote his famous "History of the World." On the wall near the entrance are inscriptions scraped by Rudsen, Fawe, and Culpepper—all three implicated in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion in 1553; while, guarded by a moveable wooden case, are the letters "W R" scratched roughly on the yellow stone.

A winding stair leads us to the Chapel of St. John. It is a "starching piece of work," an out-and-out Australian would say, having twelve massive pillars, which admit the light from the western windows to the nave. 'Twas between the last two of these pillars on the western side that Lady Jane Grey is supposed to have seen the shadow of an axe some few days before she met her fate.

From this artistic apartment we are led into the even more artistic Council Chamber. "This is the largest room on the upper floor, sirs," said the old guide, "an' here it was, as Protector, Richard, the Dook o' Gloster, ordered Lord 'Astins at once to lose 'es head." After this long oration, we deemed it unnecessary to seek further into the history of this room, but, after kindly inquiring if our old friend had recovered wind enough to proceed further, we passed along to the rooms devoted to arms and armoury. After a critical enquiry into the subject of ancient armoury and instruments of torture, we descended the stairs only to enter the vaults—to exchange light for darkness. "Most people call this the Bloody Vault," remarked the yeoman,

as he shut the great sliding doors after us, "because this is the dungeon where they racked 'em by the score, and it's only such as yous, sirs, as obtains a War Office order as enters here." The fact that this was not a public sight made us hold a deeper interest in it; and, after a few slight tumbles, and now and then a gentle knock by something hard and solid, we arrived on the ground not a bit better or wiser men.

Now that we were some time in the dark, our sight began to be more useful and we saw, though indistinctly, the great frowning walls on either side. At length the most courageous of our number gently cleared his throat, and, in a low, trembling voice (lest he might wake the dead ones) inquired where we were. "Well, sir, now as you'd like to know," responded the old one; "I should say, judgin' from where yer voice comes, yer standin' just where the rack was last worked." Great Scott! here was a pleasant situation. A longing for home, friends and relations, prompted us to enquire for a match. "No, sirs; no matches or any kind of lights here," growled the guide. "Them's our orders, sirs, and we can't break 'em." Well, we didn't want to break the orders—nor yet our necks—so we scraped and scratched along as best we could, now and then uttering quotations from such authors as Cicero, Henry Parkes, and Cæsar; just, of course, in accordance with the injuries we received by colliding with stone walls, old cases, and buckets.

At length somewhere or other we heard a key being thrust into a door and then suddenly turned; and a ray of light came streaming through an open door, and our old friend stood, keys in hand, smiling at our confusion. The cell he had just opened goes under the not too fascinating name of "Little Hell," or the "Little Ease," because of its being too small to allow its occupant to sit or lie down. Guy Fawkes occupied this cell for four weeks, while the guest of the Crown, in recognition of the great services he rendered in trying to elevate to a higher position a few noble lords whom he intended to puff up to the best of his abilities. But since "Guido's" day, things with the "Little Ease" have altered, and someone has kindly removed the wall opposite the door, so that now it acts as a kind of grand entrance to the "Second Blackhole of Calcutta." The cell which possesses this semi-dramatical name is by no means dark. It is well lighted by a large window on the northern side, hence the "ray of light" when the "Little Hell" was opened; but it gains its name from the fact that six hundred poor Jews were here impriso ned for tampering with the coin of the realm. But

Guy's cell was once more shut, and we were left in darkness once again to scramble, tumble, and scrape our way back as best we could. Once more we found ourselves upon those rickety stairs, back came the sliding door, and we were launched into daylight.

The Bowyer Tower next to be inspected by our devouring eyes was formerly the residence of the master provider of the king's *bows*. (The king's parental relation evidently supplied him with the famous "*bow*-wow" one so often hears sung of in the streets of London and, I suppose, Sydney.) But to return! In a gloomy room in this tower, George, Duke of Clarence, is said to have been drowned in a butt of wine, while attempting a long distance dive. History says that he was not long under ere he drove his head through the bung-hole and choked. *Butt*, let me remark, it is too late to *whine*, gentle reader, so we'll pass on. Yes, original pun—see it?

From the Bowyer Tower let us pass along to what is known as the Regalia, where of course the Crown jewels are kept in safety. In the centre of the Regalia is a large glass case—or rather house—protected by barbed wire and policemen. It contains, among "one hundred and one things too numerous to mention," crowns, half crowns (at least, portions of ancient crowns), diadems, staffs, and orbs. Upon the crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which is here exhibited, the eye first falls. The cap of purple velvet is enclosed in hoops of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, all of which are decked with diamonds. In the centre of the crown is the "inestimable sapphire" worn, it is said, by the Black Prince. The imperial orb is of gold! A further description is not needed, for who has not seen at the top of King-street the statue of Her Most Gracious Majesty holding in her out-stretched hand a something much resembling the large sized bun one often sees in the baker's window having a tin projecting, like a tombstone from a grave, and bearing the classical inscription—"a penny each."

But now! Let us pass along to the Chapel of St. Peter. It is a plain, lonely, little structure devoid of ornament and grandeur, but it contains that which awakens thoughts of deep and solemn interest in the sympathetic breast. Here once lay the remains of the revered and beloved Sir Thomas More, the blessed martyr. Here the ill-fated queens Howard and Boleyn have mouldered into dust. Aye! here some thirty of England's proudest sons have found a resting-place—their last on earth!

"Well, sirs, we must off! Nothing more of interest is to be seen, and I'm quite sure you have enjoyed yourselves,

so let's steer back the same way we entered." So saying, the old chap scuttled off, eager, no doubt, to speculate in a "pint of bitter," when he received his well-earned reward. But we were in no such hurry. We gave a farewell glance around at all the towers ere we slowly started for home. As we pass once more under the frowning arches of the Bloody Tower, dread thoughts of the lone, chill lodgings of the little princes return, while the gloomy arches of the Traitors' Gate call forth a passing sigh.

Again we walk along the great courtyard of the Outer Ward, where, some few hours before, our old friend met us with his welcome smile. And after we have said good-bye, and justly rewarded this keen old fellow, we depart, vowing ere we leave for sunny New South Wales to re-visit the London Tower—and our guide.

JNO. CURRAN.

Class Competition (Pencil Case Prizes) 1893.

THIS year the house was much exercised on the above subject, and the keenest interest was each term made manifest as the time drew near for the term exams. Disqualification then loomed big upon the horizon. The Prefect of Studies had drawn up such regulations as allowed every fellow—of no matter what class, even a mere "elementarian"—to compete for the three prizes with as good a chance as every other rival. Of course the "survival of the fittest" was throughout an active agent, and did great damage, and each term saw old names disappear from the chosen band. The higher classes were rather jealous of the "easy" conditions offered to the smaller fry, who on their side feared with great trembling the trained intellects and steady nerves of the old veterans. In the final test exam., twenty survivors were seen straining towards the goal. That Greek, English, and Science do not appear on Result List is due to the fact that the subjects of examination were determined by lot.

The results appended were in some way most surprising as well as eminently satisfactory, inasmuch as though unforeseen disasters fell to the lot of one or two of the favourites, yet those who won, really merited distinction after a long, severe, and unusually brilliant fight.

The competition next year promises to be peculiarly interesting. Rumour says that some of the juniors will press the seniors even closer than last year. The new iii Grammar is also to be feared. The following List of Results was published soon after the examination.

Results.

The names of those only are here published who on the total have obtained Pass Marks :—

The Marks in Each Column are Percentage Marks.

Order of Merit.	Names.	Class.	X'n. Doctrine.	Latin.	French.	Arithmetic.	Algebra.	Euclid.	Total.
1st	Bertie McEvoy	Sub-Senior ...	74	67	58	70	85	81	72.5
2nd	Ambrose Power	Junior	77	84	92	58	30	60	66.83
3rd	Richard Loneragan ...	Sub-Senior ...	58	65	72	90	23	78	64.3
4	Patrick Dalton	Rudiments ...	54	85	46	70	—	–	63.75
5	Harold Curtis	ii Grammar ...	37	64	77	59	80	58	62.5
6	Michael Fitzpatrick ...	do.	60	70	55	77	63	47	62
7	Louis Loneragan ...	Rudiments ...	55	71	82	12	—	—	55
8	James Ryan...	ii Grammar ..	61	70	37	74	8	48	54.6
9	George Dow...	Sub-Senior ...	43	75	64	A	40	90	52.6
10	Archibald McKillop ...	Rudiments ...	29	77	56	45	—	—	51.75
11	Albert Walker	do.	39	74	61	30	—	—	51
12	Michael Condon	ii Grammar ...	66	45	55	89	13	30	49.6
13	John Brown	do.	32	40	77	57	32	57	49.16
14	Ambrose Walker ..	do.	46	55	51	70	28	44	49
15	James Burke	do.	47	65	47	48	44	41	48.6
16	Evelyn Cox	Rudiments ...	31	63	40	56	—	—	47.5
17	Gerald Lalor	iii Grammar...	38	41	77	57	20	—	46.6
18	Ewen Cameron	Sub-Senior ...	38	70	73	24	3	30	40.

A.—Absent from Examination.

In accordance with these results the following awards have been made :—

First Prize (the Gold Pencil Case) to Bertie McEvoy, Sub-Senior Class.

Second Prize (the Silver Pencil Case) to Ambrose Power, Junior Class.

Third Prize (in Books) to Richard Loneragan, Sub-Senior Class.

Obituary.

Roger Moloney.—A few months ago we heard, with sorrow, that one of last year's pupils (Master Roger Moloney), of Kangaloon, was carried off by consumption. He was a gentle pious boy, and a great favourite with both community and boys. His death was like his life—very holy, and was a source of hope and consolation to his afflicted parents.—R.I.P.

Edward Page.—We have to add another name to the "death roll," and death from the same dire cause—consumption. In the early "eighties," Mr. Edward Page was a student in Riverview with his brother and two cousins. Since then he lived with his uncle—Mr. O'Rouke—a railway contractor. Mr. Page was always considered a very steady young man, a good man of business, and a practical Catholic. We were painfully surprised to hear of his early death, but consoled to hear that he was well prepared to meet his end—R.I.P.

Wardens and Examinees' Picnic.

[By "One of Three Boys in a Tub."]

Do not imagine, gentle reader, from the *nom de plume* of the writer of this essay that he is a philosopher, bent upon giving forth to the world certain pet philosophic theories concerning picnics as viewed from the hygienic standpoint, for if you think so you are somewhat mistaken. The writer of this little article, like every other sensible person, thinks that the number of philosophic bores in the world at the present day is quite sufficient, without the infinitesimal increment he could afford.

No, gentle reader; the writer is no Diogenes (with or without his lantern), and the tub referred to is not the cynic tub, neither is it, as some may straightway infer, that most rotund of all domestic articles, the washing tub. It is, after all, but a boat that had objections to go.

It was our fortune, or rather misfortune, to get into such a "tub" on the morning of Sunday, the 19th November, the day of our long-expected and much-desired wardens and examinees' picnic. This picnic, owing to the habitual dumps of Jupiter Pluvius on such occasions, had been deferred from early in the week. After a week of almost incessant downpour, Sunday dawned bright and beautiful, and it was evident that even Jupiter Pluvius had made up his mind to make that Sunday, at least, a day of rest.

I shall pass over in silence the wondrous and mysterious preparations of the preceding days in those lower chambers, whence from time to time arise such savoury odours, and all the events of the early morn previous to our setting out; and in doing so, gentle reader, I consider myself prudent, for what pen, save that of Mrs. Beeton, can do justice to the ingredients of puff pastry or predict with mathematical accuracy the precise moment for "basting the capons." And what pen, wielded by the hand of man, can do justice to the light-hearted and ringing laughter of the schoolboy on such occasions.

At last we (for now I become part of a party) are on the Second Division pontoon, where we (I mean the "three boys") hear the minister, Father Gartlan, as he points in our direction, tell the prefect, "Well, they might go in *that* boat." "*Boat*," said I (aside), "that's no boat, that's a *tub*;" whereupon I am voted leader of the triumvirate.

Now commence our mishaps. Stroke, in his anxiety to secure a lighter skiff, performed several grotesque gyrations, which bid fair to outdo in gracefulness and complexity of curvature those of Mr. Pickwick on the ice. The last, but by no means the least, of these figures placed our ambitious Stroke reclining on Neptune's bosom. Unheard of woe! The pristine purity of his flannels was tarnished. He has hardly recovered from the shock when down goes Bow. "What a fall was there my countrymen!" He emerges from Neptune's embrace a wetter, if not a wiser, man.

Despite all these contretemps, we finally get our tub underweigh, but not before Cox has placed in the stern a case adumbrating pineapples, bananas, and oranges. We proceed slowly, and by no means surely, but by Herculean exertions we succeeded in keeping ahead of the flotilla for a time, when Bow suddenly discovers that he cannot scull with those "beastly" oars; they somehow slip out of the rowlocks, and he somehow slips off his seat. By the time all is right again, the first boat has passed us; this is the order of the day, till all the boats have passed us, and we are left alone in our glory—a tub.

Now Cox, who is rather sanguine and of an active habit of mind, begins to entertain hopes of reaching the rendezvous sometime before sunset, and, having the courage of his convictions, tells us so. In the middle of his encouraging oration Bow suddenly collapses, and, alas! poor Cox has to abandon declamation and take to rowing. With a fresh man at the oar, things look brighter for a moment—"sed fallacem hominum spem." Stroke soon acknowledges himself done and says we must trust to events or to a tow.

We are now abreast of Goatley's, and, being far from the maddening crowd, songs are indulged in. The selection, if not precisely classical, is, at least, varied, varying with the changings of our minds. At one time, cheered up by the glorious sunshine and the beauties of Nature that surrounded us, we feel the young blood of youth aglow in our veins, and lustily we sing "Rule Britannia" or "Ye Gallants of England," and think ourselves heroes every inch; but the next moment Cox, who has been speculating again, makes some remarks about being late for the roast fowl and ham, despondency enters into us and we feebly chirp "We shan't be there till morning, when all the grub is gone." At another time, imagining ourselves soi-disant nautical men, we bellow with stentorian voices (all seamen have such voices) "Larboard Watch" and "The Midshipmite."

Once again Cox emerges from the realms of thought (poor chap, he can't help getting into them) with a rather practical suggestion that we might, at least, inspect the contents of that box in the stern, so suspicious of containing pineapples, oranges, &c. We all vote Cox less of a bore (for speculative fellows, when their speculations do not result in pineapples or something tangible like them, are awful bores) and at once proceed to hold an enquiry. But, alas! things are not what they seem; pineapples, oranges, bananas, all are metamorphosed into plates, knives, glasses, mustard-pots, and pepper-casters—all very desirable in their way, but not precisely the things that a schoolboy loves to eat.

Mirabile dictu, while engaged in singing and in box-breaking we made wonderful progress; we have reached the Chicago mills, that lordly pile which towers so majestically above the silent waters of the Lane Cove (I wish it had another name, more poetic, you know, &c.). This revives our hopes, and with the cry "Excelsior!" we bend to our oars and the "tub" actually moves.

O, wondrous consummation! At last we reach the picnic grounds an hour behind the rest; so you see, kind reader, it was the dread forebodings about lunch that made the time go so heavily and wearily. We are just in time for the swim, which was taken as a kind of tonic before lunch, not that it was at all required, and after a refreshing bath we help to get ready luncheon. This we do with a zeal only equalled by the manner in which, immediately afterwards, we assisted in clearing the cloth of the good things with which it was laden "Tub" exercise gives a marvellous appetite.

Lunch over, we spend our time in various ways. The athletic go for a long walk through the bush; the imaginative, reclining beneath the wild cherry-trees, listen to the warble of the birds, and drink in the richness and beauty of Nature; those who love the wild gifts of Nature, seek for ferns and wild flowers, while the younger members of the party indulge in frolic and fun.

Some hours were thus most enjoyably passed, when all the party again gather round the impromptu tables for afternoon tea. This was enjoyed by all, despite the anxiety caused by the discovery in close proximity of a bulldog ant stronghold. The habits of these wonderful insects were investigated and discussed for a time.

Our prefect now dismays us by the information that it is time to leave for home. At 4.30 p.m. we leave reluctantly the "dear" old picnic ground, the scene of many a happy expedition, which some of us were then leaving never to see again. But I shall pass over these sadder reflections.

Our bows are turned homewards, and we swiftly glide with the receding tide down the Lane Cove, our voices keeping time with our oars. Aided by the outflowing tide, we soon reach the boat-shed, slightly tired by our exertions, but delighted with ourselves and our outing, which was unanimously voted a decided success.

With three cheers for all who had lent their aid to make the picnic the decided success it was, we ascend the winding avenue to the College, where our comrades are ready to greet us home.

T. Sexton.

The Editors' Table.

From Edwards, Dunlop & Co., Clarence-street, through the courtesy of Mr. Kettlewell, we have received a handsome present of books, and we give our candid opinion of them.

Charlie to the Rescue. *By R. M. Ballantyne.*—This is a tale of adventure, quite in the style with which Mr. Ballantyne has made most of us so familiar. The hero commences his career by the rescue of a kitten from drowning in an English brook, and continues on his journey through life to act as an extremely muscular good fairy to all with whom he comes in contact, shielding or relieving them from every variety of danger and inconvenience between a tooth-ache and a tempest, including Indians, highwaymen, and drunken cowboys. The moral tone of the book is excellent, and, as in all Mr. Ballantyne's works, virtue in the long run triumphs over vice, and the lesson that honesty is the best policy is practically enforced. We must, however, take exception to the very unromantic name of the heroine, Miss May Leather, and, while thinking that readers of all ages will agree with us in protesting against such an appellation, we can but wonder that Mr. Ballantyne, who must have known how large a number of his readers would be schoolboys, could choose a word which carries with it to the ears of our fraternity such mournful associations, and which is so far from likely to enlist our

sympathies on behalf of its bearer. The book is got up in excellent style by Messrs. Jas. Nisbet & Co., of London, and is very suitable for school libraries or prize distributions.

THE HEIRESS OF COURTLEROY. *By Anne Beale.*—This is a very good story, well told, and though not possessed of any very thrilling incidents cannot fail to interest the reader. Its moral tone is excellent, and if its authoress practises what she preaches, for she does do a little mild preaching now and again, she must be a good pious Protestant, with an inclination to belief in a portion at any rate of the consoling Catholic doctrine of the communion of saints.

FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW. *By George Macdonald.*—This story is "unreal," too much spun out; few boys will care to read it through.

PICTURES OF IRELAND. *By Richard Lovett, M.A.*—The pictures are really good, so is the letterpress. The book is well got up, but—like all books brought out by the "Religious Tract Society"—is unreliable where it treats of Catholic history or Catholic doctrine.

PATIENCE WINS, *by Manville Fenn,* is a very good "object lesson for masters and men on capital and labour."

THE MISSING MERCHANTMAN. *By Harry Collingwood.*—A good story, full of adventure; well suited for boys' library.

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS. *By Baroness Von Suttner.*—A vivid picture of the miseries of war, horrid war.

CRUISE IN CLOUD LAND. *By Henry Frith.*—This story is well told, interesting, especially the latter half, which relates, not to "cloud land," but to terra firma.

ROYAL NATURAL HISTORY.—We have received from Messrs. R. A. Thompson and Co., Publishers, of Pitt-street, the first part of the Royal Natural History, which so far as we can judge from one number, without a preface, is intended to fill a want in the shape of a cheap, but comprehensive and thorough work on zoology. The editor very wisely abstains from assuming, on the part of the reader, any knowledge of the science, and therefore begins his work by a clear and concise explanation of the various terms, order, genus, and others, which in most works of this kind sorely puzzle the mind of the student. The remainder of the number is devoted to the consideration of the Order Primates, which, as everybody probably does not know, includes the various species of apes, monkeys, and lemurs. The description of their characteristics, the many anecdotes related, and the comparison of their bodily structure with that of man, together with a slight but interesting reference to the theory of evolution, make up a very readable number. Among other interesting facts mentioned, we find that the differences between some of the higher apes and man are, from a purely anatomical point of view, of far less importance than those by which the former are distinguished from the lower monkeys. The numerous illustrations by which the work is enriched are artistically grouped and well executed. Of their veracity and trueness to life we cannot speak, not being the fortunate possessors of a menagerie of monkeys. Besides the illustrations in black and white there are two coloured plates, which are well executed, except in that of the lions, the yellow predominates too strongly; the same may be said of the olive in that of the monkeys. The work is to be issued in monthly parts, at the small price of one shilling per number, and if the remaining numbers are up to the standard of the first, we may safely predict that the excellence and cheapness of the publication will make it a success. It is edited by Richard Lydekker, and published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

FROM the Central Press Agency Co., thanks to the kindness of Mr. Horrocks, we have received a most acceptable gift of magazines, including a complete file of Scribner's Magazine for the year, also copies of the Fortnightly, Art Journal, Quarterly Review, The Forum, The Westminster, The A1 Reciter. Scribner's Magazine, the price of which is only 1s., is from an artistic point of view a wonderful production; the pictures, and it is crowded with them, being superb. The letterpress is also of a very high-class character, as may be readily surmised from the fact that amongst the contributors we find Bret. Harte, R. L. Stevenson, F. H. Burnett, W. Besant, W. H. Russell, H. James, and a host of other well-known writers.



SENIOR STUDENTS' LIBRARY.

Mr. Horrocks has also forwarded to us a copy of his Handy Guide to the Blue Mountains and Jenolan Caves, a very complete and exceedingly useful work for those who desire to profit mentally as well as physically by their visit to these most delightful parts of N.S.W.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL, received from Messrs. Finn Bros., of George-street, is an excellent publication, full of valuable information and interesting reading matter. Its price (1/3) brings it within the range of every household, even in these hard times. The frontispiece is a very fine reproduction of the miraculous picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" in the church of St. Alphonsus at Rome.

EXCHANGES.—We have received during the year copies of the Newingtonian, King's School Magazine, Sydneian, Melburnian, Our Annals (Kew, Melbourne), St. Peter's School Magazine (Adelaide), The Stoneyhurst Magazine, and from America—The Fordham Monthly, The Highlander, Boston Colleges, Stylus, Georgetown College Journal, &c. We must heartily congratulate our American confreres upon the grand get up of their school periodicals. They have certainly carried school journalism to a pitch of perfection which, whilst it challenges our admiration, leaves us small ground for hoping that we shall be able to attain to it for many years.

The Debating Club.

ON the 10th of April a meeting of the members of the Senior Division was held *re* the reorganisation of the Debating Club. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. P. Keating, S.J., who expressed great pleasure at seeing such a large attendance. The following officers were proposed and unanimously elected:—Messrs. T. Sexton, Premier, and F. Du Boisé, Leader of the Opposition and Secretary. Several questions were suggested for discussion, but the motion proposed by the rev. chairman —that the subject of the next debate be, "Whether the present Government of N. S. Wales are justified in their scheme of retrenchment"—was carried.

MAY 1ST.—All who were present at the first debate of the year agree that it was the most stormy and exciting discussion they had heard within the walls of Riverview. Keen interest was kept up throughout. When the rev. chairman had said a few words of introduction, the Premier (Mr. Sexton) opened the debate with a very eloquent and well delivered speech. Mr. Du Boisé (Leader of the Opposition), who spoke next, warned his audience not to be carried away by the elaborate speeches of the Government in favor of retrenchment of any description. He stated that the Opposition were also advocating retrenchment, but they objected to the present scheme. Mr. J. McEvoy, Minister for Education, followed with an exceedingly poetical speech. Similes and quotations followed one another in quick succession. The next orator assumed a completely different style. Mr. D'Apice, who despised his predecessor's poetical bombs, went in for

solid facts and argument. His speech was highly emphatic and animated. He caused some laughter by threatening to call any member of the Government to order who *dared* again to wander from the question by harping on the *necessity* of retrenchment. Mr. Meagher, who supported the Premier, then rose, and he and Mr. D'Apice fought it out (verbally) in a highly exciting manner, much to the merriment of the audience. When, at length, the storm subsided, the learned Mr. Kelly was able to treat his audience to an oration bristling with arguments in favour of the Opposition. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the Chairman then moved: "That this House do now adjourn."

Tuesday, May 2nd.—The debate was resumed to-night. The Minister for Works' (Mr. Haydon) speech was by far the best of the evening. He refuted several of the arguments the Opposition had brought forward on the preceding evening, and he justly merited the applause with which he was greeted. Other supporters of the Government were Mr. O'Brien (Minister for Justice) and Mr. B. McEvoy (Colonial Secretary), both of whom acquitted themselves well; while Messrs. Rourke and Donnelly spoke for the Opposition. It was found necessary to continue the discussion on Wednesday night, when Mr. J. Corrigan opened the proceedings by delivering an excellent speech. It is evident this gentleman takes after his brother, the ex-Premier, Mr. D. J. Corrigan from an oratorical point of view. On the cross benches were Messrs. H. Manning, P. Clifford, G. Clifford, W. Rogers, W. Fallon, and W. Titheradge, all of whom expressed their opinions on the matter in a very creditable manner. When all the members had spoken, Mr. H. G. Broinowski, who is not a member, threw considerable light on the subject. The rev. chairman concluded with a few remarks, and, when the division was called, it was found that the Government had a majority of three votes.

On the 14th of May a meeting was held to select a subject for discussion. The Home Rule question was decided on, but when the Opposition saw that they would have to speak against Home Rule, all the Irish members flatly refused to have anything to do with the matter. Messrs. Du Boisé and D'Apice were the only two left to oppose the whole House. These two gentlemen, fearing for their personal safety, thought it highly desirable to have the question changed. Accordingly a second meeting was called, and the question finally settled was: "Whether Federation of the Australian Colonies on an Imperial basis is desirable."

On Wednesday, May 31st, the second debate of the year was held. The Government maintained that Imperial Federation was desirable. The Opposition, on the other hand, were strongly in favor of Republicanism. Owing to the small number of speakers, interest in the debate was not kept up so well as in the preceding debate. Messrs. Sexton (Premier) and Haydon (Minister for Works) spoke well on the subject, and were ably supported by Messrs. Fallon (Col. Sec.) and B. McEvoy (Minister for Mines). Mr. Du Boisé (Leader of the Opposition) was staunchly supported by Mr. D'Apice, who delivered, with his usual firmness, an exceedingly vigorous oration. Mr. Titheradge (Cross-benches) contributed largely to the amusement of the audience by the original manner in which he expressed himself, and by the flashes of wit which gleamed forth here and there during the course of his speech. When the votes were taken, it was found that the Opposition had an overwhelming majority. Father Keating thereupon made a few concluding remarks, and, a vote of thanks being returned to him, the debate came to an end.

On the 27th of September the members met to select a question. That finally adopted was one proposed by the rev. chairman, Fr. Keating, and seconded by Mr. J. McEvoy: "Which is the better form of Government, Monarchical or Republican?" The date fixed for the third debate of the year was Friday, October 13th.

Friday, Oct. 13th.—The debate which began to-night rivalled the first of the year in its success. The rev. chairman, in one of those neat little speeches which come so naturally to him, regretted that there were not more speakers. He presumed that it was shyness that prevented some of the members from coming forward. After pointing out that there was nothing to be afraid of in expressing one's views, he hoped that the gentlemen who were going to speak would keep up the good reputation of the Club. He was not destined to be disappointed, for some of the speeches delivered were very creditable. The Premier, Mr. Du Boisé, had formed a Ministry consisting of Messrs. D'Apice (Colonial Secretary), O'Brien (Minister for Justice), and Rourke (Minister for Education). These gentlemen urged some very strong arguments against the abuse and expense of monarchy. Mr. D'Apice, who has adopted a decidedly vigorous style of delivery, was quite as emphatic as usual. Mr. O'Brien, who resorted to statistics, clearly showed that a regal household is an exceedingly expensive one. Mr. Sexton (leader of the Opposition) ably supported his cause, and Mr. Haydon (Member for

Hornsby), also a monarchist, made a very long but interesting speech. He caused peals of laughter by ridiculing what the Prime Minister had said about kings "regaling themselves on high-price wines and epicurean dishes." He drew a ludicrous picture of Her Majesty the Queen squatting down to a repast of "Bologna sausage, boiled tripe, and a raw onion, washed down by a pint of delicious cool ale." Mr. Rourke and Mr. J. Corrigan (Opposition) delivered good speeches for their respective sides. Mr. J. McEvoy, for the Opposition, in a high state of excitement, insisted that monarchy was the only road to prosperity. Boiling over with rage at the mere thought of republicanism, this loyal youth gave vent to his feelings in a manner which materially aided the victory of his side. Messrs. Du Boisé and Sexton then made short resumés of the arguments of their own sides, refuted those of their opponents, and each called upon the audience to give them their suffrages. The Opposition received the greater number of votes, a majority of 13 being in favour of monarchy. Fr. Keating brought the proceedings to a close by congratulating the members on the success of their debate.

Cabinet Meeting.—The usual Cabinet meeting prior to holding a debate was convened on the 18th of October to settle a question and to decide upon a date for the last debate of the year. Mr. Du Boisé proposed, and Mr. J. McEvoy seconded, that the question whether capital punishment should or should not be abolished be put to the House. This question was subsequently carried, and accordingly on the 20th Nov. the members of the Club met to discuss the question. Many of the chairs around the table were vacant, there being only Messrs. Sexton (Premier), Haydon, Manning, and J. McEvoy to represent the Government, while Mr. Du Boisé (Leader of the Opposition) had only Mr. D'Apice to support him. Great interest was taken in the way the different members spoke, for this being the last debate of the year the manner in which gentlemen acquitted themselves would materially affect their chance of winning the gold medal. The Prime Minister, who opened the debate, spoke decidedly well in favor of capital punishment. He showed that the safety of society naturally requires the removal of criminals. On his resuming his seat Mr. Du Boisé made known his views on the matter, and was followed by the member for Hornsby, Mr. Haydon, who delivered a speech laden with sound arguments, couched in highly amusing terms. The next speaker was Mr. D'Apice, who called upon the humane feelings of his audience and who denounced his adversaries as "blood-thirsty and inhuman." Mr. Manning and Mr. McEvoy

both spoke well on the Government side, and both evoked laughter from their audience at their witty attacks on the Opposition. On the votes being taken the Government had a large majority. Mr. Du Boisé then proposed a vote of thanks to the rev. chairman for presiding at all the debates of the year, and for sacrificing so much of his valuable time to the welfare of the Debating Club. The rev. gentleman replied in a few appropriate words, and said he was sincerely glad to see the progress the members had made during the year. Parliament was then prorogued till April, 1894. It was proposed by the rev. chairman at the last Cabinet meeting of the Club that the members should hold "Reading Evenings" during the course of the next year, for the Christmas examinations were too near to allow of any such thing till there should be more time. Not only were the great authors to be read at these meetings, but essays and poems by the members themselves were to be given forth by the composers. There is every reason to believe that the "Reading Evenings" will prove a success, and considering the importance of being able to read in public the proposition of the Rev. Fr. Keating was a happy one.

1894.

A MEETING was held on Tuesday night, April 3rd, to enrol members and to elect officers. The officers elected were Mr. McEvoy and Mr. Kelly, to lead the two parties, and Mr. Kelly hon. secretary. After the rev. chairman had addressed a few words to the audience, it was decided to postpone selection of a subject for discussion and settling the time for first debate until more members should be elected.

A meeting of the members was held on Thursday, April 5th, to propose question and settle the day for the debate. The number of members was very encouraging, upwards of twenty having joined. Several questions were suggested, but that proposed by Mr. Kelly, and seconded by Mr. Meagher, was carried, viz., "Which is the more beneficial —Protection or Freetrade?" This question was accordingly adopted for the first debate, and the date was fixed for the following Tuesday fortnight, April 24. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the rev. chairman.

The first debate was begun on Wednesday, April 25th, and continued on Thursday, Friday, and Sunday nights. After a very exciting debate the Government won with a large majority.

The rev. chairman then proposed that the members of the club should have a night to be devoted to reading a

paper on some subject and giving recitations. The proposal being unanimously agreed to, Mr. Kelly was called upon to contribute the first paper, and Messrs. Meagher and Fallon to give readings. The meeting broke up with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Shakesperian Evening.

The first of our series of readings took place on Friday night, May 25th. Mr. Manning opened with a fine song, for which he was loudly applauded. Mr. Meagher then gave a very fine rendering of the "Lifeboat," which was very well received; and after Rev. Mr. Hasset had given his opinion of it, Mr. Kelly read his paper on "Napoleon and Hannibal." Several gentlemen ably criticised the writer's style, &c., in such a manner as to conclusively show the audience and the writer himself, that although it wasn't bad for a beginner, there was considerable room for improvement. Mr. Fallon concluded the entertainment with an admirable rendering of "The Golden Legend." A vote of thanks was accorded to the rev. chairman, the members of the club being unanimous in their gratitude to him for his happy proposal.

The rev. chairman called a meeting of the members on May 3rd, to propose the date and question for next debate. Proposed by Mr. Kelly and seconded by Mr. Corrigan, that the question for next debate be "Whether the Chinese should or should not be excluded from Australia." Carried. The date of the debate was fixed for June 4th.

Our second debate was held on June 4th and 5th, the question being "Whether the Chinese should or should not be excluded from Australia." The Government spoke in favour of the exclusion, and won the day by a large majority. The speeches on both sides were excellent.

E. KELLY,
Hon. Sec.

Second Division Debating Club.

FIRST TERM, APRIL 21, 1893.

Question: "Has civilised man, by being transplanted to Victoria, gained in religion or in individual character?"

Mr. R. Henerie opened the debate, in his usual bold style. He said he thought that civilised man by being transplanted to Victoria, did not gain either in religion or individual character. His chief arguments were that Ireland being the most Catholic country in the world, Irishmen would on that account lose in religion; and, with

regard to courage, he said that Victoria could not boast of such brave men as Nelson, Ney, or Sarsfield.

Mr. A. Power spoke next, and held the opposite opinion. His arguments were that civilised man would gain physically, because Victoria is one of the healthiest places in the world, and that he would gain educationally, because of the many advantages and enticements presented by the Melbourne University.

Mr. J. D'Apice maintained that civilised man had and would be benefited by such a transplantation. His chief argument was that in Victoria neither religion nor antecedents bar the way to position and honour.

Mr. J. Bourke agreed with the opinions expressed by the two preceding gentlemen. He pointed out the courage and perseverance shown by Victorians in the founding of their colony.

Mr. M. O'Farrell, in his usual bright and humorous way, held that civilised man lost in religion, but gained in individual character. He pointed out how man's character would necessarily be developed and strengthened by the up-hill struggle against competition with the men of every nation, that one has to cope with in Victoria.

Messrs. J. Dunne, M. McMahon, and A. Walker also spoke. This concluded the first night.

On the second night Mr. F. McDonald opened the proceedings. He held that immigration to Australia was beneficial to civilised men, since thereby he benefited morally and physically.

Mr. F. Makinson held the contrary opinion. He said the Victorians, as a rule, were more rich than virtuous, and that the poor have no means of educating their children.

Several other hon. gentlemen having spoken, including Messrs. H. Perkins and J. Slattery; the debate stood adjourned.

Mr. C. Power opened the third night, with a very able speech. His opinion, which was vigorously set forth and well sustained with argument, was that civilised man has profited in personal character, but has lost as regards his religion, by transplantation to Victoria. He said that in Victoria the poor have every means of educating themselves at little or no expense, and that all positions of emolument and power are opened to all "who can but open the oyster."

Mr. A. Deery came next. He differed from the previous gentleman, and showed he had very good reasons for doing so.

Mr. P. Power made an able speech in support of his opinion, which was that man has, on the whole, gained by coming to Victoria.

Mr. M. Coen having spoken, the debate was adjourned.

The last night of this discussion was opened by Mr. J. Toohey, who received a grand reception. He spoke in glowing terms of the liberty man enjoys in free Victoria, and asked how could man possibly exist under such favouring influences and not be benefited.

Messrs. G. Austin and H. Murray having spoken, Mr. A. Goold (hon. sec.) arose amidst loud applause. He wound up an exceedingly interesting and well argued debate in a worthy manner.

The question was then put to the vote, and those who held the affirmative won by the small majority of 8 votes.

Several members of the Community honoured the debate, each night, by their presence.

The second debate of the year began Nov. 7th. The question was: "As far as our political independence is concerned, is the geographical position and shape of Australia an advantage, or the contrary?"

This debate continued for four nights, during which some excellent speeches were made on both sides of the question. The speakers, for the most part, were those who spoke on the former occasion.

1894.

President: Rev. E. Downing.

Committee:

Rupert Henerie	Francis McDonald
Harold Perkins	Michael O'Farrell
Arthur Deery	James Ryan
Cyril Power	John Dunne.

INAUGURAL MEETING.

On Sunday evening, the 18th March, 1894, the Second Division Debating Club held its inaugural meeting for the year, in accordance with the more ancient customs of the Club. Most of the Community were present, Rev. Father Rector, however, was unavoidably absent. The meeting took place in the First Division Library, which was tastefully arranged for the occasion. It was held during the time usually given to evening study, by the kind permission of the Prefect of Studies.

Proceedings opened with music: the contributors being all Second Division boys. Master S. Fraser first played a piano solo in a very artistic and finished manner. Master

F. Loneragan followed, playing a violin obligato with taste and true expression, accompanied on the piano by our genial music professor, Mr. Robinson. Master H. Hensleigh recited "The Voice and the Pen," with considerable taste. The President then briefly addressed the young folk present. He warmly invited all to join the Club, and thereby take advantage of the many opportunities which it afforded for intellectual development and general culture. He next dwelt upon the necessity of keeping the rules, if the Club was to achieve its end efficiently.

Then came the "*pièce de résistance*" of the evening. This was a series of speeches on Eloquence—its utility, its beauty, its grandeur, and its power—delivered by the several members of the Committee. Mr. R. Henerie was the first to speak. He treated of the nature of Eloquence, and showed how it is distinguished from mere verbosity. He proved in a convincing manner that Eloquence was one of the chief factors in the civilization of the world. He told all present that they could not possibly become eloquent unless they became members of the Second Division Debating Club.

Mr. H. Perkins followed, and made a good speech. He quoted Cæsar's famous speech, "Ego Quirites," to prove the antiquity of Eloquence and the power it has ever exerted over all men, even rebellious soldiers. He traced the course of Eloquence back to the remotest times—even to the days of Adam, and asked was it not by Eloquence Eve was tempted to eat the forbidden fruit.

Mr. A. Deery spoke about the advantages an eloquent man has in a democratic country like Australia, since in a true democracy the eloquent alone will rule. He advocated women's rights, and warned gentlemen present that they must indeed be truly eloquent if they hope to contend, on equal footing, with a woman's tongue.

Mr. C. Power spoke of the great power of Eloquence over human action, and urged upon his hearers the necessity of joining the Debating Club if they hoped, hereafter, to hold prominent positions in the government of their respective colonies.

Mr. P. Power spoke of Eloquence as viewed from the classical standpoint. His speech was one of the best of the evening, and he finished it by saying that he thought it would be highly unbecoming in the pupils of this pre-eminently classical institution to look upon the art of speaking eloquently in other light than did our great classical models.

Mr. F. McDonald spoke of the commercial importance of eloquent speaking. Instancing the case of an auctioneer, he said that the veneer laid on by the skilful tongue often made old furniture more valuable, in the eyes of purchasers, than many gallons of the best oak varnish.

Mr. O'Farrell spoke next. He played the role of cynic with considerable ability, picking holes in and carping at the arguments advanced by the preceding speakers.

Mr. J. Ryan made a really good speech, eloquently written, and gracefully delivered. He instanced Gladstone as a great living example of the power of Eloquence, and spoke of the eloquent sons of Erin, who had done so much for their country by educating English popular thought.

Mr. J. Dunne made a happy speech on Eloquence, as viewed through humorous glasses. He thus wound up, in a pleasant manner, the speeches of the Committee.

Next came the election of a Secretary for the ensuing year. Mr. P. Power was proposed by Mr. R. Henerie, seconded by Mr. A. Deery, and unanimously elected Secretary. Mr. P. Power at once stood up and, in a neat little speech, thanked the Committee for the favor thus conferred. In the course of his speech, he proposed a vote of thanks to the retiring President, Rev. R. Little.

Rev. Mr. Little responded appropriately.

The Very Rev. Fr. Keating, in the place of the Rev. Rector, now thanked the Second Division Debating Society for the pleasant evening they had afforded, and said that the high standard of eloquence displayed that evening was a sure pledge of a most successful year's debating.

We were now treated to more music; and, just as all thought proceedings concluded, Rev. Fr. Dalton, the corner-stone of Riverview, rose (he loves to give people surprises) and, when the loud cheering with which he was greeted had ceased, made a grand speech. We fear to "paint the lily," etc.

A vote of thanks to the members of the Community who had kindly attended having been proposed by Mr. President and carried by acclamation, the proceedings terminated.

P. Power,
Hon. Sec.

Social.

COMMITTEE: T. SEXTON, J. HAYDON, B. FITZGERALD, J. O'BRIEN, H. MANNING, W. FALLON.

THANKS to the assistance of our many friends, including our reverend President, the social committee at the close of this term may look back on two very successful seasons. Encouraged by the success of our predecessors of other years, we introduced the minstrel show with a slight modification. It was quite up to high "water-melon" mark. The Dramatic Company again made its appearance on the stage, and achieved a great success. It has been decided that their performances shall for the future be more frequent. During the last year and a-half several performers made their first appearance, and their efforts revealed the great talent that had hitherto been latent in our midst. Our thanks are also due to the choir, who, with Fr. Power as conductor, rendered several charming items; and, lastly, to D. Prendergast, for the obliging and self-sacrificing way in which he worked behind the scenes.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 1.

PART I.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.—The first concert of the season was held this evening. Proceedings were opened by a chorus, "See our Oars with feathered Spray," by the members of the choir. Mr. Rogers then sang "I'll Conquer or Die" in his best style. Quadrilles (Osborne), was the next item, contributed by the orchestra. Mr. Robinson's "The Minstrel Boy" was excellently given. A flute solo, "Angels' Serenade," was contributed by a visitor, Mr. W. Gilhooly. The first part was brought to a close by a chorus, "Funiculi Funicula," from the choir.

PART II.

Then followed a song and chorus, "Mill May." Two visitors, Mr. Easy and Mr. Minahan, then gave respectively a violincello and a cornet solo. An intermezza, "Forget me Not," by the orchestra was encored. The choir then gave "Juanita" with spirit. Piano duet "Pas Redouble" (Mr. Robinson and P. Meagher) brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 2.

CONJURING EXHIBITION.

MAY 21ST.—This evening a novel entertainment was given—the first of its kind we have seen at Riverview.

Mr. Meikleman, a Sydney gentleman, in response to an invitation, very kindly consented to give an exhibition of his conjuring powers. When the curtain rose the stage had assumed the appearance of an Oriental chamber. Mr. Meikleman first described the various methods employed by different nations in shuffling, from that of the Parisian gambler down to the Heathen Chinee's method. Afterwards he transformed the large cards into ladies' cards, then into cards suitable for infants. Some tricks were now performed on an innocent kid glove, which the magician transferred into an egg, causing it to disappear, and found it again very comfortably reposing under the Rector's beard. More elaborate tricks were now exhibited, some of which required the assistance of the junior students, such as the disappearance of oranges. Mr. Meikleman caused these things to disappear most mysteriously and reappear as mysteriously when least expected, to the utter bewilderment of Harry Murray and Harry Moore.

The piano filled up the intervals sweetly, one of our professors of music thus uniting with our wizard to furnish a pleasing combination of "sweetness and light."

ENTERTAINMENT No. 3.

MAGIC LANTERN ENTERTAINMENT.

JUNE 9TH (Feast of the Sacred Heart).—This evening Father Keating exhibited a series of views entitled "A Journey through Ireland." They represented the various scenes seen by a traveller on a voyage from Liverpool to Dublin, thence through the length and breadth of Ireland. Each view was graphically described by the reverend lecturer. When Father Keating had exhibited the beauties of Ireland, he showed some views of Rome and its surroundings, which were followed by two very humorous sketches—"Black and White" (a tar and whitewash tragedy) and "The Bear Hunt," both of which caused much laughter. During the evening the choir rendered several part songs and choruses. Mr. Broinowski worked the lights and slides in a most efficient manner, and thus contributed the essentials of the evening's enjoyment.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 4.

ST. ALOYSIUS' NIGHT (21st June) was selected for the next concert, which, being a happy mixture of grave and gay, was a success. The distinguished guests of the evening, including the Bishop of Maitland (Dr. Murray) and Monsignor

O'Brien, President of John's (as our "Uni" friends love to call it), seemed delighted.

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Zampa" ... ... Mr. Robinson and M. McGrath
Chorus—"Funiculi Funicula" ... ... Choir
Chorus—"Three Chaffers" ... ... Minstrel Company
Recitation—"Marguerite of France" ... ... T. Sexton
Trio—"Angels' Call"... ... Mr. Robinson, J. Haydon, B. FitzGerald
Quartet—"Empty Cradle"
H. Newton, J. Haydon, B. FitzGerald, J. Slattery
Comic Song—"Keep on de Middle of de Road" ... ... Pompey
Chorus—"Mill May" ... ... Choir
Recitation—"Bernardo del Carpio" ... ... W. Fallon
Song—"The Scout" ... ... W. Rogers
Comic Song— ... ... Sambo
Song—"Oh, dem Golden Slippers"... ... ... Moses
Quartet—"Come where my Love lies Dreaming"
J. Haydon, H. Newton, B. FitzGerald, J. Slattery

BONES { W. McDonald—Cæsar / J. O'Brien—Pompey } J. McEvoy—Sambo / P. Meagher—Moses } TAMBOS

INTERLOCUTOR—T. Sexton.

The opening chorus, "Funiculi Funicula," was well rendered by the choir; after it was ended the curtain arose and revealed the Riverview Mohawks, who were greeted with a round of applause.

At the end the right rev. guests made speeches, and said all sorts of nice things about Riverview, and Father Dalton responded in his usual happy style.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 5.

St. Ignatius' Day (31st July).—This evening a short entertainment was given, as, owing to the holiday occurring so soon after the Midwinter vacation, a more elaborate programme could not be prepared. One of our music professors and M. McGrath gave as an opening piece a duet from "Zampa." A selection from Mozart's "Magic Flute" was given on the violin by B. FitzGerald and J. Haydon. B. FitzGerald sang "Sunshine and Rain," and had to sing an encore. J. Haydon made his first appearance as a soloist in the "King's Champion," and received an enthusiastic reception. Father O'Dempsey very kindly consented to sing "The Kerry Dance," in which he was so successful that he had to return and sing as an encore "The Minstrel Boy." Mr. Robinson played a number of Irish and Scotch airs. J. McEvoy gave a humorous recitation in his own characteristic style. As usual the evening ended agreeably with a short speech from Father Rector, inviting the audience to show their appreciation by acclamation, which was readily given with great clapping of hands.

ENTERTAINMENT NO. 6.

FEAST OF ST. STANILAUS, NOVEMBER 13.

MUSIC PROGRAMME DURING INTERVALS:

1. Valse—"Célébre" ... ... F. Loneragan, H. Savage, A. Walker, [J. Slattery, A. Deery
2. "The Gondoliers" ... ... Mr. Robinson and H. Manning
3. Duet—"What Are the Wild Waves" F. Rourke and H. Manning
4. Song—"Queen of My Heart" ... ... H. Manning
5. Song—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" ... ... J. Haydon

DRAMATIC CAST:

(FARCE: "FISH OUT OF WATER.")

Sam Savory	P. Meagher
Sir George Courtly	J. O'Brien
Charles Gayfair	T. Sexton
Steward Gofast	J. M'Evoy
Signor Plush	W. M'Donald
Miss Courtly (a young lady turned 40)	W. Fallon

This evening the Riverview Dramatic Company made its re-appearance on the boards of the Microcosm after a long retirement. The farce, "Fish Out of Water," judging from its reception and the desire expressed for its repetition, was a great success. We may say without exaggeration or flattery that it was an excellent display of drawing-room comedy, and great thanks are due to our reverend "coach" and to Mr. Kavanagh for the pains they took in preparing it. P. Meagher (the "fish out of water") caused roars of laughter whenever he appeared. T. Sexton, with his *cigarettes* and "bai-joves" made an excellent dude. J. O'Brien (Sir George) and J. M'Evoy (steward) also were very successful. The feminine part, which was allotted to W. Fallon, was very well played, and Jemima Jane, both by her "get-up" and sentimentality, caused great laughter—"really too-too, you know." The musical items were equally well received.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 7.

NOVEMBER 17, 1893.

As a fitting conclusion of our sports day, it was decided that a concert should be held in the evening. T. Hurley performed the first item on the piano, "Qui Vive," in an artistic manner. H. Manning's song, "The Midshipmite," was very well received. Duet, "Larboard Watch," by F. Rourke and B. FitzGerald, was excellently rendered. Mr. Robinson had to respond to an encore to his "Norwegian Bridal Procession," and gave in response a selection of Irish melodies. B. FitzGerald and J. Haydon had each to respond to an encore which could not be

denied for their songs "Les Rameaux" and "The Gallants of England." A song, "Comrades," by Mr. Robinson brought the concert to a close. After the concert the prizes won during the day were presented by Father Keating, who congratulated the prize winners on their success.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 8.

March 17, 1894.

Our second season opened auspiciously, and the festivities in honour of St. Patrick were not allowed to slip by without a concert and a play in the evening. Conspicuous among the kind friends that lent their musical talents to grace the occasion were—Fr. O'Dempsey (from St. Aloysius'), Mr. Robinson ("Old Ireland, You're My Darling"), Mr. Wilmott ('cello), Mr. Moon (piano solo and a fine song—"Trusty as Steel"), Fred. Rourke, H. Manning, H. Cullinane, and the members of the College choir under the mild, yet masterly, baton of Fr. Power. The play was the comedietta, so well known by the laughter- loving crowd, under the name of "Supper for Two," or "Highway Robbery in a Hotel." The blustering of the budding soldier trying to force a duel upon the comfortable, middle-aged attorney, in order to get cheap the reputation of a fire-eater, was well brought out. The dismay and horror of the attorney nearly brought down the house, as he gradually got entangled in a "blood-thirsty" duel; and, finally, the terror of the young schemer who had been making money out of the cowardice of both, was almost superlatively funny—especially when he sat on the middle chair, and, instead of putting the third pistol to his head, looked down into the barrel, and, in a quavering voice asked, "Will it 'urt?"

J. O'Brien played Horatio, the young officer; P. Meagher, Attorney Quilldriver; and W. Fallon, the double character of Waiter Joseph and old Colonel Smoothbore.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 9.

Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 1, 1894.

This concert was the best of the year, and perhaps it was the most appreciated through the hearing, for the first time in the College, of Mr. Skinner's Graphophone. It was opened by a piece by violins and pianos, etc., and was very well supplemented by songs by Miss Smith and Mr. Smith, H. Manning, Slattery, Dalton, and Craven—the monotony of which was relieved by pianoforte solos by Messrs. Robinson and Cullinane. After these were over,

the curtain rose, and Mr. Skinner and his Graphophone took possession of the stage. The instrument, with its songs, band pieces, cornet solos, etc., proved a source of great and varied amusement for the remainder of the evening. The concert was ended by a speech by Father Ryan, in which he warmly thanked Mr. Skinner for his very entertaining exhibition.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 10.

JUNE 21, 1894. (ST. ALOYSIUS' DAY).

Dramatic Club: P. Meagher, W. McDonald, H. Manning, W. Fallon, E. Fitzpatrick, and J. O'Brien will perform.

Our readers will perhaps be surprised to see now that we end up our report of social events by describing an entertainment which has not yet been given in public. We have had a private view, however, and can positively assure all the boys that the musical treat destined to delight them and our visitors from the neighbourhood will be first-rate. Those well-known Sydney artists, Messrs. Moon, Strauss, Pechotsch, Smith, and our College choir will unite to charm us all. Moreover, our Dramatic Club will set the house in roars with "Little Araminta" (15 stone) and her own "John Antony Tittums" in the "Steeplechase." A live horse will take an important part in the play.

General Notes.

THE marked success of our annual prize distribution has caused the name of our beloved College to be familiar in many distant parts of the globe. The London *Tablet* devotes more than two columns to the account of our celebration, and in this it is followed by a New York publication, whilst a Dublin weekly not only gives a report of the speech day, but adds a sub-leader, from which we extract the following:—

"THE WORK OF THE JESUIT FATHERS IN AUSTRALIA, a glimpse of which is afforded by the abbreviated report which appears in our third page of the proceedings at St. Ignatius' College, Sydney—when, on the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes at that great educational institution, his Excellency the Governor of the Colony, Sir R. Duff, was present and addressed some words of wise advice to the students—is undoubtedly of a kind to arouse feelings of pride and admiration in the breast of every friend of the

Society of Jesus. Further light is, however, cast on the results achieved by the Fathers of the Society by a handsome publication which has just reached us, containing a description, illustrated by well produced engravings of the college just referred to. It is interesting to know that besides pursuing the ordinary curriculum of such institutions, the students of St. Ignatius' are afforded every opportunity of perfecting themselves as citizen soldiers, the Government of the colony having, in 1885, authorised the formation of a Cadet Volunteer Corps amongst the pupils. Not only do the Government arm and accoutre the corps, but they also provide a full supply of ball cartridge, and have granted a commission in the Australian military service to one of the Fathers, who holds the rank of captain and is responsible for the drill, discipline, and efficiency of the young soldiers. In the college grounds an excellent rifle range has been provided, and it may be taken for granted that, should the liberty or independence of Sydney ever be threatened, the boys of St. Ignatius' will do justice to the lessons of patriotism and soldierly virtue which they are receiving within its walls."

Since our last issue the following students have been admitted to the sodality of the B.V.M. :—F. DuBoisé, J. Haydon, G. Dow, E. Kelly, J. O'Brien, J. O'Donnell, F. Rourke, J. Cassin, M. McGrath, W. McDonald, F. D'Arcy, T. Condon, P. Clifford, A. Clifford, P. Meagher, J. Toohey, B. McEvoy, J. D'Apice. The officers elected this year in the sodality were :—Prefect, Geo. Dow; 1st Assistant, J. O'Brien; 2nd Assistant, F. Rourke; Sec., M. McGrath. We may state that the position of Prefect of the sodality is the most honourable, and also the most responsible to which the students can elevate one of their companions.

When the boys of Riverview assembled, in full muster, for the first time after the mid-summer vacation, last January, there was nothing more noticeable, apart from the fact that many quondam pigmies had become relative giants (time does do wonders at certain periods), than the number of new faces. For a time it seemed as if the freshmen would outnumber the men-of-standing, and those awful personages, the authorities, trembled for the fate of "The Riverview Traditions," but all fear on this head was dispelled when the old "uns" rolled up in great force and almost to a man.

A FEW, however, of our notabilities disappeared, especially after the matriculation examination, and *Our Alma Mater* is far too deeply indebted to them for past services to permit them to depart "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

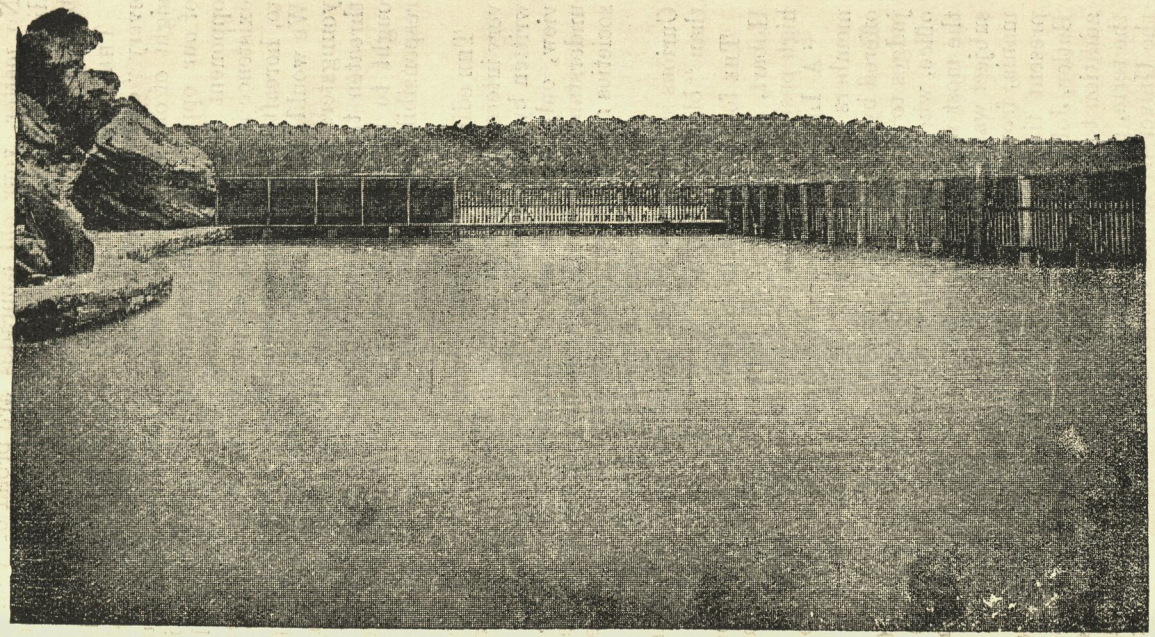
FOREMOST among those deserving of this recognition on the part of the editors of *O.A.M.* is Ferdinand DuBoisé. He was an earnest and practical friend of every movement calculated to advance the interests of Riverview, or to cheer and brighten the lives of his schoolmates. Early last year he was chosen, by the vote of his schoolfellows, to fill one of the editorial chairs of *O.A.M.* The school certainly owes him a good deal for the self-sacrificing and painstaking way in which he discharged his duties in this capacity. A very large part of his recreation time was cheerfully devoted to compiling documents for our school annual.

WE also miss kind-hearted, genial Tim Sexton from our midst. His burly form was in frequent and effective evidence whenever a hard-working, energetic man was required to—as our cousins across the water say—run a show.

JOE HAYDON is another of the literary and most helpful mates who have left. Of an extremely gentle and reserved disposition Joe had a wonderful fund of energy in carrying out anything that he took in hand, and his comrades made a good choice when they voted him one of the editors of *O.A.M.*

WE, the editors of *O.A.M.*, wish these three old colleagues in office, and all others who have left St. Ignatius' this year to fight the battle of life, every success and a long life to enjoy it. We also wish to remind them that the columns of *O.A.M.* are always at their disposal, especially, as long as these days of famine last when the chief duty of editors is to go, from door to door, hat in hand, begging pabulum for the public. Charming occupation.

ANOTHER whom we miss, and who has not left us without doing honour to Riverview, is John McEvoy. Jack was a real good fellow, in fact a regular "brick," and went out of his way not a little to please all. He won several distinctions at his Matric. examination, and immediately after it obtained in St. John's examinations first place for all the three scholarships offered for competition. It was rather



COLLEGE BATHS.

hard luck that the course he chose to follow at the University disqualified him from holding any of these scholarships. No matter, your old comrades are proud of your unique distinction, and trust, Jack, it is only the forerunner of a brilliant career. ———

THE departure of "Iggy" O'Donnell was a severe blow to every "description of game." On the football field the sight of our Hercules was enough to fill the most dauntless of our opponents with reasonable fear, especially if this opponent had any weak spots. He still lives a glorious existence in the mouths of our youngsters, who ambition to, hereafter, distinguish themselves on the field of sport. We would also, in all kindness, advise "mammas" if these youngsters prove troublesome during their holidays, to threaten them with the "Shade of Iggy." The effect ought to be appalling—we hold ourselves free from all responsibility as to the results.

THE editors, during the course of the year, received a very interesting pamphlet, "Some Thoughts on Education," written by Harry Keating, who ceased *to shine* at Riverview, only to shine more brilliantly in Tasmania. We understand he belongs to an immense number of debating societies and Shakesperian clubs, and is making indelible

"Footprints in the sands of time."

Curious sand this, in which brains make a deeper impress than "bluchers" even. ———

THE following paragraph from the leading daily paper of Hobart, *The Mercury*, of Sept. 9th, 1893, will show the high position to which H. Keating is attaining:—

"A LEGAL CONTEST.—The prize in the contest between members of the Articled Clerks Association, for a prize offered by the Attorney-General, has been awarded by the judges to Mr. J. H. Keating, of Messrs. Lewis and Grant's office, whose composition is adjudged to be, on the whole, the most worthy of those sent in for the competition. The subject was, "The Law relating to Real Property in Tasmania, from the earliest settlement of the colony to the present time," and the committee were Messrs. Charles Butler, John McIntyre, and A. I. Clark. Mr. Keating, in addition to being a law student, in the ordinary sense of the term, going in for his final in July next, is studying at the University for his LL.B. degree, and his work in this matter is spoken very highly of, the taste for original research, which the Attorney-General said he desired to promote amongst the law students, having evidently been cultivated by him in no ordinary degree."

TALKING of debating societies and Shakesperian clubs we cannot allow to pass unnoticed a new departure in these matters made lately by the Senior Division Debating Club, that is, the institution of Shakesperian evenings, in addition to the ordinary debates. The first evening was a most successful one, and forebodes well for the success and popularity of these re-unions. As a full account will, we are certain, be found elsewhere, we feel that the less said here the better.

WE do not desire to enter into other persons' business, but as editors of *O.A.M.* we consider ourselves (we may be wrong) the custodians of the traditions of Riverview, and as such, we rejoice over the severity with which certain infringements of these traditions, which occurred in some of our debates of last year, in the shape of personalities, were suppressed. The Riverview standard cannot be too high, and let the rash youth who dares to lower it be taught a lesson.

THE Second Division Debating Society had an inaugural evening, that was simply, we are led to believe, without parallel in the history of the world. The evening opened with a flood of music, and closed with a flood of eloquence.

OWING to the exertions of our Professor of Chemistry and Physiology, &c., the college laboratory has kept pace with the progress of the other departments, and bids fair to become a thing of considerable dimensions in course of time. A short time ago a mineral museum was opened in the laboratory, and it has now a good collection of specimens, thanks to the kindness of the Hon. T. M. Slattery, one of Riverview's best friends.

IN connection with science and scientific success we have a piece of hard luck to bewail. The "facile princeps" of our chemistry class, one who was supposed to have a good chance of this medal in the Junior, was laid up with a heavy cold a few days before the examinations. Alas! for our hopes, but better luck next time, Michael, old boy!

WE cannot, however, complain of our Junior results this year, Dow came out with seven A's and the English medal, while B. McEvoy came next with six A's and one B, and "proxime accessit" in English and Greek, and Cameron pressed well up on his two comrades. Anyone wishing to see our other successes has but to glance at the Prefect of Studies' report.

Our annual retreat took place as usual in 1893 and '94, during the last three days of the Holy Week. The exercises were conducted in the former instance by Fr. Hughes, S.J., and in the latter by Father McEnroe, S.J. It would scarcely be seemly in us to speak of the fruits of these retreats; but, of a surety, if we did not profit by the instructions it was not from want of zeal and eloquence on the part of the preachers.

The Senior Boys' Library is gradually increasing its potentialities for supplying inexhaustible stores of reading to that voracious monster (where anything, save lessons, is concerned), the school boy. So great, they say, has been the wear and tear sustained by certain well-known gentlemen of the Thackeray-Dickens-Scott type, from constant usage that they have become quite filamentous (we mean of course the pages of their works, not the men themselves, who are long ago beyond the reach of book-worms).

The Second and Third Division Libraries have also been increased considerably during the year. Indeed the latter may date its inception from A.D. 1893.

Talking of divisions reminds us, if indeed we needed reminding, that the Third Division, or the Division for Lilliputians, was an object of observation and jealousy to the other divisions. Firstly, they had a lottery, in which there was by far a greater number of blanks than prizes, but that was no harm, for it replenished the game-purse of the division and caused infinite fun and amusement.

Secondly, this lottery-fund had to be disposed of and that piece of business was quickly done. How, you ask? Why! primo, a set of "table billiards" was bought; but it had only an ephemeral life, for the life of the toy is more precarious than that of the child. Secundo. Fishing tackle of the "first water" (we are not sure that this is the right way to speak about fishing tackle, but it does very well for this *particular tackle*, most of which did not survive its first acquaintance with Neptune) was procured, and for a while the little chaps all went a-fishing with a zest and regularity that would lead one to suppose that their dinner depended mainly on the catch. Fortunately it did not.

Tertio, fishing soon got "stale," and the next thing that excited attention and jealousy was a procession of the whole division partly on stilts and partly on roller skates. Stilts and skates had their day and went out of fashion like

everything else under the sun, and riding came in. A veritable horse, on four legs with a tail, was hired from a neighbouring farm, and one after another, sometimes two at a time, the division took to careering around their football ground on the back of this noble steed, purchased at the "bankrupting" cost of half-a-crown an hour.

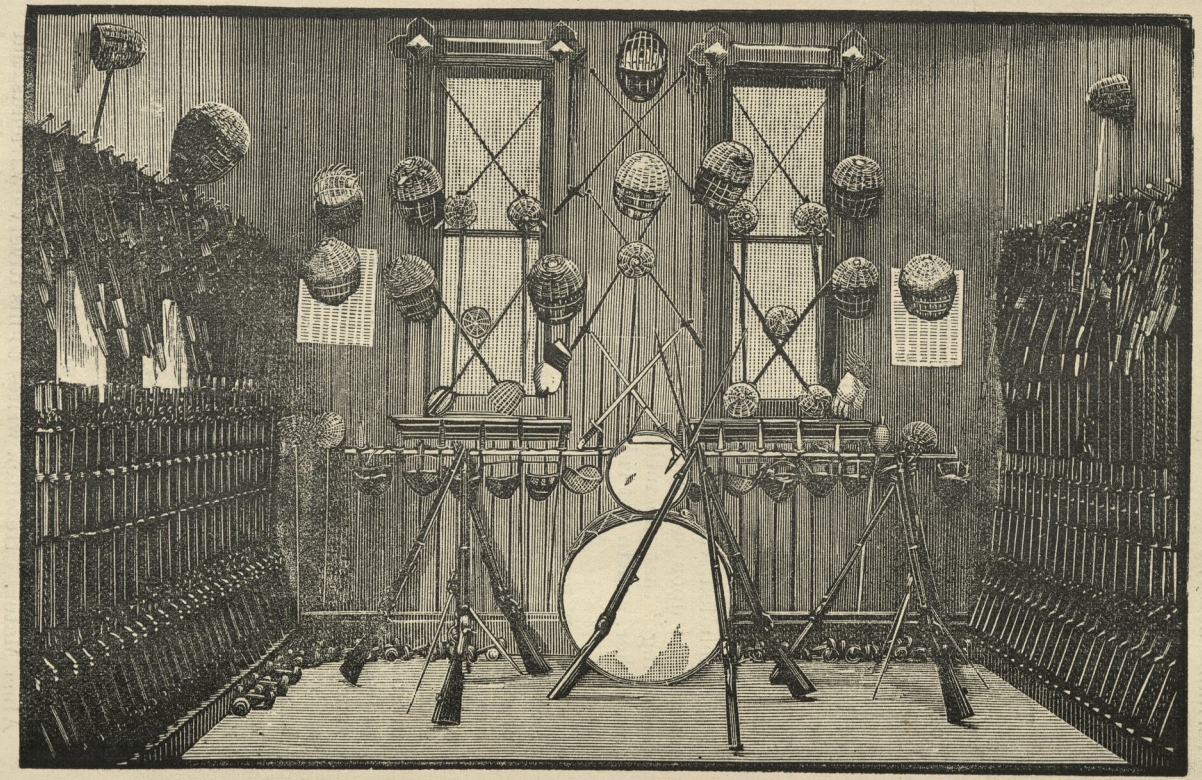
THE Third Division have now a first-rate concrete pitch, a new cricket ground (called the Garden of Eden), a good library, and the best play-room (for its size) in the house, together with high times and jolly good fun.

INTENSE excitement was caused during the latter months of 1893 by the rumour that a private launch was shortly to become the property of the college. Several ambitious youths actually thought the millennium had come, and that, in future, a private launch would await upon them to convey them to Sydney to do the "Block" every evening. Poor deluded youths! this deceitful little wretch of a steamboat upon her trial trip set up such "a howling and a bellowing" that the authorities were only too glad to get out of her, and to get rid of her.

IT is now many years since the editors of *O.A.M.* were forced to take notice of the wondrous productions of the prodigious brain of the college house steward. At one time it was an ice-machine that attracted our attention, at another a dynamo, which by merely turning a handle flooded the college with oceans of light. Invention begets invention, and the latest evolution of this mighty brain is a railway with a gradient of 50 in 1. It is said, we cannot vouch for the truth, that this wondrous brain has invented, all by itself, a new kind of wheel armed with pot-hooks, hangers, and tenter-hooks, and that the projected tram will, literally, crawl hand over hand up this gradient. Go it, Riverview.

THE tram is intended for luggage *only*, but we should not be surprised if it was used by visitors also, provided they suffer sufficiently from "corns and bunions."

WE are glad to think that, in spite of all the gay attractions of London life, Jack Curran has not forgotten his Alma Mater. He often writes to his Riverview friends and gives amusing accounts of his experiences in the House of Commons and elsewhere. All we desiderate is that Jack may soon be an M.P. himself.



ARMOURY.

"WHY was our regatta postponed?" was a question in everybody's mouth a few weeks ago, but few were able to satisfy the inquirers. From latest information received at *O.A.M's.* editors' office we glean that the reason was that as our open events invariably attracted entries from the best oarsmen in the colony, it was impossible to carry out the full programme in May, the month in which the inter-colonial race is held.

The postponement of the Regatta was a bitter disappointment to our untiring coach, Mr. Goodyear. He saw his way clear to win back the championship on the water which he had enabled us to secure, and which, certainly without any fault of his, had slipped through our fingers. Never had our oarsmen a fairer chance, but alas, it was not to be.

VISITORS during the year were loud in their praises of the garden and no wonder! Such tastefully laid out beds, such a profusion of rich and beautiful flowers must necessarily attract all artistic and aesthetic persons. The garden during the year showed all the signs of careful and skilful care.

IT was not only the flower garden that was a thing of beauty and taste, but the vegetable garden also was perfection, in its own sweet way. From the superabundance of fresh vegetables that graced our dinner tables, some were of opinion that one of our chemical geniuses had discovered the secret of making vegetables.

WE must not forget to thank Lieutenant F. Broinowski for his kind attention and assistance to our shooting team on the occasion of firing for the Schools' Challenge Shield. Sergeant-Major Boor, who coached our team, was unavoidably absent on a different part of the field. Lieutenant Broinowski came up most opportunely and gave our men some valuable hints, thus helping us to score our victory.

"OUR ALMA MATER" last year was highly honoured and greatly pleased by hearing that one of her old alumni, Mr. Harvey Brown, had finished his course of Law studies in Trinity College, Dublin, with great êclat. Last August he returned to Sydney with his degree of LL.B., the first of the Riverview boys to win that distinction. Mr. Brown now wears and adorns the barrister's wig in the Sydney Courts.

We cannot help congratulating "Our Eleven" upon the magnificent turf pitch they had laid down for them this year. It ought to contribute much towards making Riverview cricketers famous in the future.

The 24th Oct. last was a proud day for Riverview, when she saw one of her pupils, Fr. Henry FitzGerald (Brisbane), celebrating Holy Mass at the marble altar, before which as a boy he had knelt so often. Fr. FitzGerald, by special request, spent a few days with his old Riverview friends before starting for his mission in Bundaberg. He was the first of the Riverview boys to be ordained priest—the first to "ascend the mountain of the Lord and to stand in His holy place."

Our boatshed is now complete, and we fancy will compare favourably with any club shed in the colonies. The new dressing-room and lavatory have been furnished with lockers and all necessary fittings.

The Rowing Club officials for the year, 1894, are:—Captain, E. Cameron; hon. sec., J. O'Brien; Committee, G. Dow, J. O'Donnell, J. Fitzpatrick, P. Meagher, J. Corrigan, J. Mooney. Let us devoutly hope that before the end of the year they will be given an opportunity of justifying their election, and manfully lay hold of it.

We had a visit from the Melbourne University eight and their famous coach, Mr. Geo. Upward. Also from the Queensland intercolonial eight, who took a row in our eight oar.

Mr. Upward, who takes a keen interest in our club, intends if at all possible to be present at our regatta in October.

No doubt the captain (James Fitzpatrick) had a big say in the vast improvement in our football team. "Jim" is himself such a hard and unselfish worker all must needs see that he is spending himself for the school and not for his own glorification. We have now plenty of hard workers on the field, and no ceaseless chatterers, a proof of the truth of the old Roman's dictum, "Omnes aequo animo parent digni ubi imperant."

Rumour says that there is a chance of a swimming carnival being held next summer in our baths, which are about the largest in Sydney.

King's School has gone in for rowing. It was a pleasure to our club to lend a pair-oar to start work with, now they have got a boat of their own, so that we may hope to see them at our regatta soon, perhaps even next October.

We have to thank Revs. Frs. Collins and Moynagh, Messrs. G. R. Whiting, M. Dalton, and A. F. Crombie for donations towards *O.A.M.* fund.

The feast of St. Aloysius (21st June) was as usual "a red letter day" in the college. It was kept as a first-class festival. All the pupils received Holy Communion, and in the evening there was solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The feast was duly kept in the refectory also, where ample justice was done to the choice viands prepared for the occasion. At night an excellent concert was provided, which was highly appreciated by all who had the privilege of being present. Early in the forenoon the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of the youngest students, making them "strong and perfect Christians." Now-a-days Holy Mother Church requires her children to be not only fervent Christians but also "good *soldiers* of Christ." In this respect *Our Alma Mater* hopes and prays that all her sons will always "do their duty."

Jack Fagan, whose fleetness of foot secured for our college the running championship in 1886, and with it the handsome centre-piece which decorates our dining hall, paid us a visit in May (1894). He came to Sydney to recruit his health, shattered, as he told us, by overwork. When we saw him he looked quite himself, a few rattling football matches having afforded him the rest he so badly required.

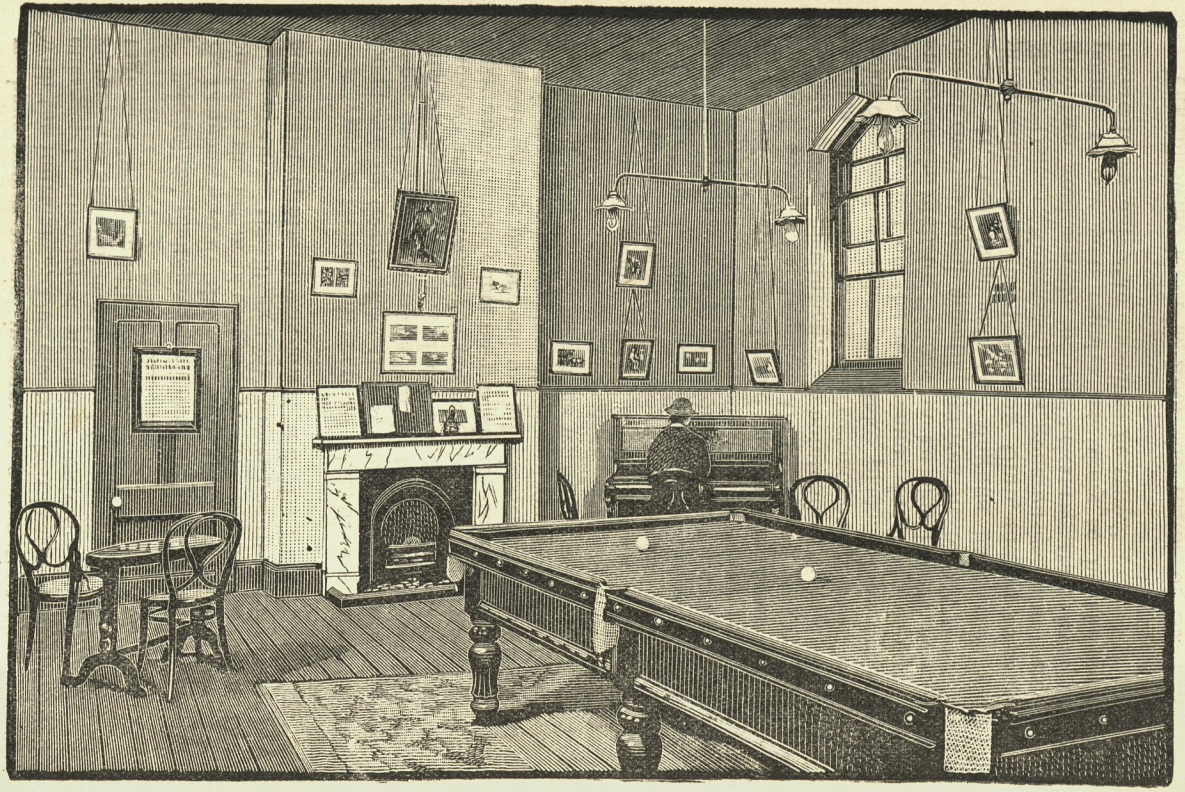
It was a great satisfaction to us to have three old Riverviewites with us for a few days in the person of Messrs. Thynne, Beirne, and Davidson on their return from representing the northern colony in the intercolonial eight-oar race in Melbourne. These gentlemen figured before in the illustrations of *O.A.M.*, but we have no hesitation in again introducing them, as all three have taken considerable pains to induce the down of manhood to appear upon their lips. Whether the change is for the better or worse let the public judge for themselves.

A QUEENSLAND Government *Gazette*, issued early in 1894, announced the appointment of our old comrade, John F. Jennings, to the Commission of the Peace for that colony. He is the first Riverview J.P., and we heartily congratulate him.

OUR ALMA MATER being intended as a perpetual record of all matters concerning the college, it is our endeavour to omit from its pages nothing of moment that has been written about it during the period covered by each issue. We are not, however, with the best possible will, always able to compass our desire. This year, for example, a summary of the history of Riverview appeared in the *T. and C. Journal* from the pen of a gentleman, an ex-Anglican minister, we believe, in the colony of Queensland, but we are forced through want of space to hold it over.

J. H. D'ARCY and E. Thynne are students of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, and the place thoroughly agrees with them and they with it. The former is rapidly acquiring a reputation for himself as an expert in all matters regarding stock, and the latter is, under the healthy influence of the plough, developing into quite a muscular specimen of a farmer. D'Arcy is one of the swift and sturdy men of the college first fifteen, whilst Thynne was selected to captain the second team.

OURS is not the only St. Ignatius College that can boast of governors, ministers of the Crown, and bishops at its entertainments, as is proved by the following from the *Malta Standard* anent the annual athletic sports of St. Ignatius' College, St. Julian's Valley, Malta :—"Crowds of people early thronged the college grounds—a striking testimony, if testimony were needed—of the esteem in which the Jesuit Fathers are held and of the popularity of this annual gathering of the students. On no previous occasion do we remember having seen so numerous and so representative an assembly of the island's élite as that which yesterday responded to the invitation of the Rev. Father Hornyold. Among the distinguished company in the centre of the ground were H. E. General Lyon Freemantle, C.B., Sir Adrian and Lady Dingli, Archbishop O'Callaghan, Lady Strickland, Baroness and Miss D'Amico, Sir Joseph and Lady Carbone, Sir S. Naudi, General Gatt, Capt. Laprimaudaye, &c. The heads of the Government departments, and most of the members of the Executive and Legislative Councils were present."



SENIOR STUDENTS' PLAY ROOM.

In addition to the telephone which places us in connection with the residents of Sydney and its neighbourhood, we have now a special instrument connecting the college with the infirmary. Our electric bell system has also been enlarged to an almost alarming extent, so that silvery sounds are simultaneously heard in the main building, cottage and brick building.

The school photographer's mantle has fallen on Messrs. H. Lenehan and J. Slattery, who apply themselves assiduously to the art of photography. We fancy that one of the best pictures that Jack took was a group composed of his father, sister, Mr. Hoyle, M.P., and Mr. Purcell.

A very flattering allusion to *O.A.M.* appeared in the London *Star* to the effect that if there was any other school paper of the same merit as *O.A.M.* the writer never had the luck to come across it. Jack Curran—of course it is to Jack we are indebted for posting to us the paper, which most unfortunately has been mislaid—tells us that the *Star* is a half-penny paper read by all classes to such a degree that it is a common saying, "praise from the *Star* man is a fist full of gold." So may it be with us.

The annual report of the Rowing Club for 1893 has elicited compliments from the Sydney and Melbourne press. "Trident" in the *Mail* speaks of it as "showing perhaps better work than any year before," and winds up his criticism by pronouncing it "certainly a splendid report, unequalled for stability. In the Melbourne *Leader*, "Outrigger" says, "St. Ignatius College club is a very prosperous rowing institution. It is intended to hold the next regatta in October when the second competition for the gold cup senior eights will take place. This and other events provided on the programme for open competition amongst the clubs of Sydney make the Riverview regatta one of the principal aquatic fixtures in N.S.W."

Mr. H. Oxenham and Dr. Magnus have very kindly promised trophies to our Rowing Club, and an ex-student, Mr. J. Dalton (Newcastle), has generously volunteered to give two gold medals for our next regatta. Everything points to our next regatta as likely to be the best on record if we only "to ourselves be true."

The following letter is from the rector of St. Francis Xavier's Jesuit College, Bombay:—"The other day I read in the *Month* a review on *Our Alma Mater*, a school annual, edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview. I

shall feel highly obliged to you if you will be so kind as to send me a copy. We, Fathers of the German Province, assisted by one of the English Province, have to keep up a high school with about 1200 boys and a college depot with 186 students. The teaching is all done in English. Thanks be to God, we have always been able to keep our own ground for the last 23 years in spite of the many Oxford and Cambridge men that are employed in the Government schools and colleges. Moreover, we have gained so high a reputation that the better native families, Hindoos, Parsees, and Mahommedans, send their sons to our schools. We have here in Bombay at half-an-hour's distance from St. Xavier's a European boarding school, St. Mary's College. It counts about 220 boarders and some 350 day scholars. Then there is a high school in Poona, the residence of the Government during the Bombay rainy season; again, another high school at Kurrachee, at a three days' sea journey from Bombay. Our missions among the natives, too, are prospering, if we only had more men. Last year we lost within two months two of our most valuable fathers, and I am afraid one or the other will leave India for heaven before the end of this year. Thus Our Lord allows us always a full share of His Cross, but adds to it so much consolation that we may not break down disheartened."

Our old mate, Joe Healy, the demon bowler of the cricket field in 1892 and 1893, has laid aside the bat and ball and entered on a new field of glory. He has entered Loyola, the Jesuit novitiate, only a few miles away. Though we may not all be privileged with a call to follow his example, we must confess he "has chosen the better part."

No fiercer, fairer, or more friendly football game was ever played by St. Ignatius' than the one they played at Parramatta on June 16th against King's School. Our team won, the scores being 6 to 5, the two touches on our side were got by J. Fitzpatrick (capt.) and H. Manning. The terrific cheering in the dining hall when the result—telephoned from Parramatta—was announced, showed how thoroughly the entire school rejoiced in and identified themselves with their comrades' victory. Jim Fitz. and his trusty men have by this success in no small degree contributed to the high spirits in which we commence our holidays. Great praise is also due to the third team and their captain, Steve Donnelly, who on the same day at Riverview beat the King's School third by 14 to 3. The play of the little fellows against boys far bigger than themselves was worth going a long way to see.

Public and University Examination Record, 1893.

MATRICULATION.

Michael A. Casey	James E. Henerie
John M. Curtin	Gregan McMahon
Edward Dalton	James M. Roe
Joseph P. Healy	Robert C. Smythe

Gregan McMahon obtained First Place in First Class Honours in Latin, and Honours also in Greek and in French in the Second Class. He won, too, the Open Scholarship for Classics at St. John's College in the University.

Michael A. Casey obtained Honours in the Second Class in French, and obtained a Scholarship in Classics at St. John's College in the University.

SENIOR EXAMINATION.

Ferdinand DuBoise	John J. McEvoy
Joseph M. Haydon	Timothy Sexton.

All the Candidates sent up for this Examination passed. Three of the four obtained a pass in nine subjects, the other obtaining a Pass in seven.

Two of them (J. M. Haydon and J. J. McEvoy) obtained, on the results of this Examination, Matriculation Passes qualifying them for entrance at the University to the Faculty of Arts, Medicine and Science, and to the Department of Engineering.

JUNIOR EXAMINATION.

Ewen E. Cameron	Richard J. Loneragan
George C. Dow	William F. McDonald
Patrick W. Fallon	Bertie P. McEvoy
Arthur Goold	Frederick Rourke.

All the Candidates sent up for this Examination passed. George C. Dow obtained the rare distinction of a Pass with seven "A's," winning also the First Place in English amongst all the 1893 Junior Candidates.

Bertie P. McEvoy obtained a Pass with six "A's" and a "B," obtained the University Medal for English, and was "Prox. Access." for the University Medal for Greek.

Four of our Pupils (George C. Dow, Bertie P. McEvoy, Ewen Cameron, and Richard Loneragan) obtained Matriculation Passes.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

FIRST YEAR EXAMINATION.

G. McMahon
G. B. Gray
M. A. Casey
L. Kelly

J. J. D'Apice.

SECOND YEAR EXAMINATION.

W. F. J. Burfitt, obtaining the Barker Scholarship No. 1 of £50 for Mathematics

J. A. Cullinane.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

FIRST YEAR EXAMINATION.

J. Roe, obtaining First Class Honours in Physics

T. J. Coen, obtaining Second Class Honours in Physics.

R. Hardman.

SECOND YEAR EXAMINATION.

J. T. Farrelly.

1894.

MATRICULATION.

J. McEvoy
W. D'Apice
T. Hurley
B. McBride.

J. McEvoy obtained First Place in Mathematical Honours in Second Class and Honours also in Latin and French.

In St. John's Scholarship Examinations, J. McEvoy obtained First Place for all three Scholarships.

FACULTY OF LAW.

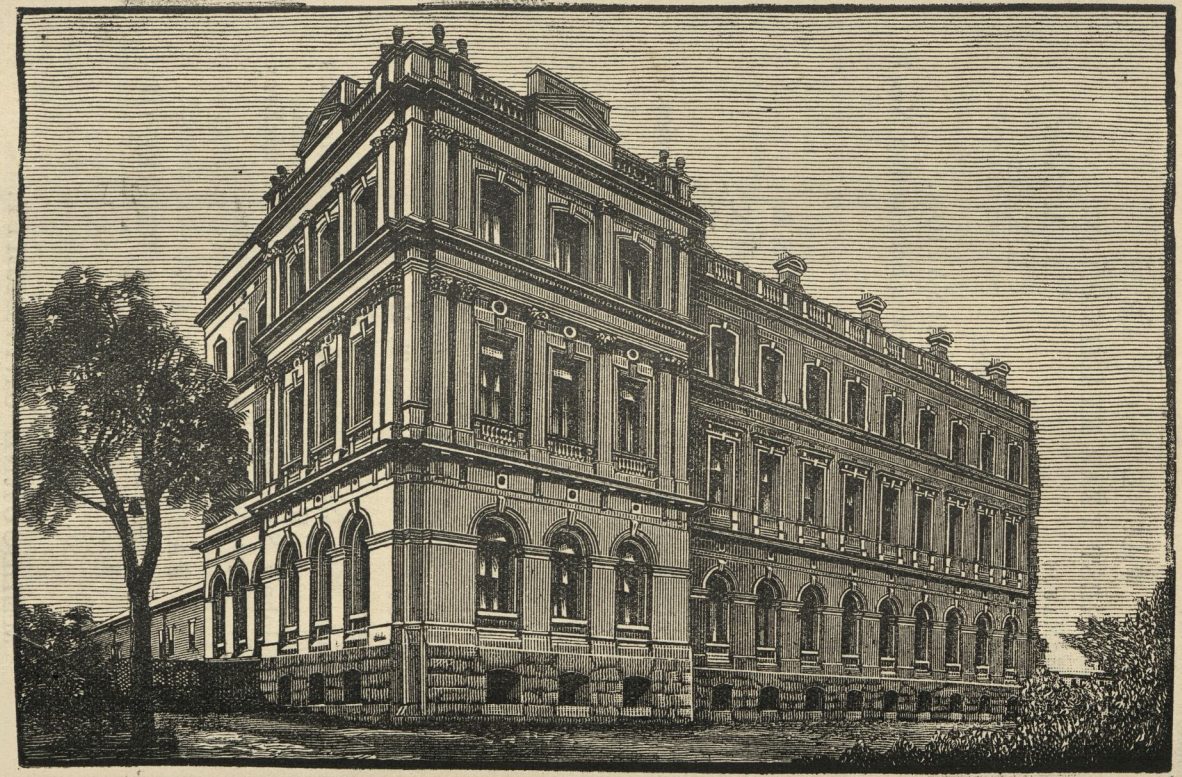
FIFTH YEAR EXAMINATION FOR DEGREE OF LL.B. (FIRST CLASS).

G. E. Flannery, B.A.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.

B.A. DEGREE.

A. J. Thynne.



COMPLETED PORTION OF COLLEGE

SPEECH DAY.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.

(From the Sydney Papers.)

ON Tuesday the Jesuit Fathers of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, held the "break-up" for the Christmas holidays. There was a brilliant gathering, including his Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Duff, and Lady Duff, and the Premier and three of the Ministry. The lovely day invited a large attendance and long before 3 o'clock it was perfectly clear that at least a couple of hundred people would have to enjoy the students' entertainment as best they could in the open air. Crowded is a word weak in expressiveness to describe the state of the college theatre when the bell rang for the overture. His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by Lady Duff and Mr. Arthur Galton, private secretary, was received on landing from his launch at the boat-shed by the Very Rev. P. Keating, Superior of the Jesuits, and the Very Rev. John Ryan, S.J., Rector of St. Ignatius' College. His Excellency, after exchanging greetings with his Lordship, the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary Bishop of Sydney, was introduced to the Bishops of Maitland, Bathurst, and Grafton. The Vice-regal party and the prelates were then escorted to the theatre.

It was a brilliant audience. Sir Robert and Lady Duff had the places of honour, and to the right and left were Bishop Higgins, Bishop Murray (Maitland), Bishop Byrne (Bathurst), and Bishop Doyle (Grafton). The other "front benches" included the Hon. Sir George Dibbs, Premier; Hon. Thomas Slattery, K.C.S.G., Minister for Mines and Agriculture; the Hon. R. E. O'Connor Minister for Justice, the Hon. Henry Copeland, Minister for Lands, the Hon. Sir Patrick Jennings, M.L.C., Mr. W. P. Manning, M.P., Mayor of Sydney, the Very Rev. P. Keating, S.J., the Very Rev. John Ryan, S.J., (Rector), the Very Rev. J. Murphy, S.J., (Prefect of Studies), the Rev. Thomas Gartlan, S.J., the Very Rev. Dean Slattery, the Very Rev. Z. Muraire (Acting Superior of the Marists), Colonel Bell (U. S. Consul), M. D'Aunet (French Consul), Colonel Roberts (Under-Secretary for Colonial Defences), Mr. D. Donnelly, M.P., Mr. B. M'Bride, Mayor of Hunter's Hill, the Hon. L. F. Heydon, M.L.C.; the Hon. Thomas Dalton, M.L.C.;

Mr. John Meagher (Bathurst), Mr. M'Dougall (Editor Bathurst TIMES), Mr. Phil. Sheridan, Canon Hey-Sharp (Warden of St. Paul's Church of England College, Sydney University), Mr. R. Prendergast, Mr. H. Oxenham, Mr. F. M'Donald, the Very Rev. Fr. Nulty, S.J. (Rector of St. Aloysius' College), the Very Rev. Vincent Grogan (Superior of the Passionists), Mr. Laidley Mort, Mr. C. A. Benbow, and Mr. B. J. O'Connor.

The Rector read the following address to his Excellency, which had been handsomely illuminated:—"To His Excellency Sir Robert Duff,—Your Excellency,—On this the occasion of your first visit to Riverview, we, the masters and students, unite in offering you a hearty welcome. We loyally welcome you as the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and we also tender you a warm greeting as one who during his short sojourn on our shores has shown such a keen desire to identify himself with everything calculated to promote the intellectual and material progress of the people over whom he has been called upon to preside. The honour of your visit and the pleasure it affords us are still further enhanced by the fact that you are accompanied by her Ladyship, whose kindly ways and warm-hearted charity have rendered her name revered and beloved through the length and breadth of the land. It is our highest ambition and aim to train up our students so that they may become good, generous, large-minded, and cultured men, men whose great pride and object in life will be to protect and advance the interests of their country and the well-being of their countrymen. By your coming amongst us to-day to crown the labours of a year of strenuous and, we think we may add, fruitful endeavour, your Excellency has furnished a strong incentive to us all, masters and pupils alike. The masters by your kindness and manifest sympathy in their work will be encouraged in their efforts to form manly and enlightened citizens, and the students who receive from your hands the rewards of their months of toil will find in that distinction a fresh inducement to carry into higher spheres the energy and perseverance which have secured for them their scholastic triumph. Once again, your Excellency and your Ladyship, we bid you welcome, and ask you to accept our very grateful thanks for the high honour you have conferred on our college by your presence here to-day. Signed on behalf of masters and pupils, JOHN RYAN, S.J., Rector." (Applause).

His Excellency, who on accepting the address was greeted with prolonged cheers, made the following reply:—To the Very Reverend the Rector, the masters, and the students

of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview. Father Rector and gentlemen,—It gives me much pleasure to come among you to-day and to show my appreciation of your generous labours in the cause of education. These labours, I am sure, need no encouragement from me, and I can only hope that now as always they will obtain as excellent a result as they deserve. I congratulate those to whom I am about to present the rewards of their industry and good conduct; and I trust their merits here will be an earnest of their success and usefulness when they leave these walls for a larger sphere of action. I accept your cordial welcome to myself as the representative of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, towards whose Throne and person I am rejoiced to hear your expressions of genuine and constant loyalty. I must not conclude without thanking you for your very kind mention of Lady Duff, who is always pleased to co-operate in every work of charity, and therefore to help those who, like yourselves, are promoting the truest and highest welfare of the community. (Applause).

The students' entertainment was pronounced on all sides the best ever given at Riverview—a leading feature being the playing of the orchestra under Herr Raimund Pechotsch. All the orchestral selections were bright in character and excellently performed. B. Fitzgerald sang Faure's "Les Rameaux" (with violin obligato by Herr Pechotsch), and W. M'Donald recited Gavan Duffy's "The Irish Chiefs" with great spirit. The real strong point of the entertainment was the dramatic display. In the Falstaff scenes from Shakespeare's Henry IV. with the following distribution of characters:—Falstaff, P. Meagher; Prince Hal, G. Dow; Poins, J. M'Evoy; Gadshill, J. O'Brien; Bardolph, T. Sexton; Francis, A. O'Connor; Travellers, P. Condon, W. Fraser—young Meagher, who is a son of Mr. Meagher, of Bathurst, distinguished himself by his really clever acting. As an amateur effort we have had nothing better than Mr. Meagher's Falstaff in Sydney. G. Dow and J. M'Evoy were also capital. In the scenes from Shakespeare's Richard the cast was—King Richard, W. Fallon; Henry, Duke of Hereford (afterwards King Henry IV.), A. Power; Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, F. M'Donald; Edmund, Duke of York, A. Goold; Earl Percy of Northumberland, A. Makinson; Duke of Aumerle, P. Lenehan; Bishop of Carlisle, H. Newton; the Abbot of Westminster, D. Prendergast; Lord Marshal, J. Slattery; First Herald, P. Power; Second Herald, C. Power.

On the conclusion of the performance Father Murphy arose to deliver his annual report.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PREFECT OF STUDIES.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES, REVEREND FATHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the pleasure of being able to present upon this occasion a favourable Report of the Studies of the College and of the School-work of the year. The application to study has been excellent, and the spirit of work in the house generally such that in spite of unfavorable conditions that have told, it is said, this year upon the work of many schools in the Colony, it is my pleasing task to be able to report that not only has there been no falling off in the quality of the work of this year as compared with other years, but, as shown both in the College Examinations and in the Public Examinations of the University, the standard of proficiency attained this year in our classes indicates a marked advance.

All the Candidates sent up by the College for the University Matriculation and for the Senior and Junior Public Examinations have passed, except two.

In Matriculation, Gregan McMahon obtained the first place in the First-Class Latin Honours, and obtained also Honours in Greek and French in the Second Class; Michael A. Casey obtained Honours in the Second Class in French, and in the Third Class in Latin; and James M. Roe obtained Mathematical Honours in the Second Class.

In the Competitive Examinations, held at St. John's College within the University, Scholarships were, again this year, won by three of our Pupils—Gregan McMahon, James M. Roe, and Michael A. Casey.

In the Senior Public Examination all our Candidates passed. Two of the four—Joseph Haydon and John McEvoy—obtained Matriculation Passes, and thus qualified also upon this Examination for entrance at the University to the Faculties of Medicine and Science and to the Department of Engineering. Three of our four Senior Candidates passed in nine out of the ten subjects of Examination.

In the Junior Public Examinations also all the Candidates presented by Riverview have been successful.

Four of our pupils, George C. Dow, Bertie McEvoy, Richard Loneragan, and Ewen Cameron, obtained Matriculation Passes. George C. Dow has won the rare distinction of an "A" or First Class Pass in all the seven subjects of Examination, and obtains besides First Place of all the 1646 candidates in English. Bertie P. McEvoy obtains a Pass with six "A's" and one "B," obtains the University Medal for English, and is *Prox. Access.* for

the University Medal in Greek. The quality of the Passes of our Junior School, taken as a whole, is also of a high standard, the number of "A's" or First Class Passes obtained by our pupils bearing to the number of "B's," or Second Class Passes obtained by them, the ratio of 27 to 21.

For some time past it has been our practice to take advantage of this occasion to point out not only what have been our results in the University Examinations, but also our views upon certain particulars in which we believe those Examinations could be rendered more efficient for the ends they aim at.

In our last Annual Report, we drew attention to three points, in which, we thought, those Examinations could be improved. Upon two of these points the University authorities have since issued regulations that we gratefully recognise as going some way to meet the desired end. The third point—the question of withdrawing the present restriction of the number of subjects that may be presented in the Junior Examination—is still under the consideration of the Board. It may be well, therefore, briefly to refer again to it on this occasion, merely to add to the reasons already given for that withdrawal another, arising it seems out of the conditions of the system of Examination. As these Examinations are, unfortunately, a system common to Secondary and Primary Schools, it is important, whilst maintaining a standard suitable to the requirements of the Higher Schools and Colleges, not at the same time to make the Examinations too difficult or of a character too high or unsuitable for the Primary and Public Schools.

Now it seems a mistake to regard the present restriction of the number of subjects that may be presented on the Junior Examinations as merely a restriction. Practically, it is *prescribing* seven subjects. For although, as in previous Reports we have endeavoured to show, seven subjects are too few for Schools and Colleges such as Riverview, yet for the majority of the Schools competing in these Examinations seven subjects are too many. But, as long as any definite number of subjects is specified—even as optional—there will be a tendency to aim at securing Passes in all the seven. This, in the greater number of instances, leads to young children being presented in more subjects than they can study with true educational benefit to themselves. This danger and this present drawback to the system of Examination the University authorities would, we are of opinion, do much to obviate, by withdrawing the present restriction of the number of subjects presented. They would thus benefit

the Higher and the Lower Schools and Colleges alike. The former would no longer be compelled—by the educational requirements of the class of boys attending those Schools—to teach subjects that they are precluded—by the present regulations—from presenting for Examination. The latter would be no longer tempted, for examinational purposes, to add to their teaching subjects that the educational interests of their pupils would exclude. It is true that from the removal of the present restriction, some persons anticipate just the opposite effect. They fear that it would allow schools and pupils to present more subjects than could be thoroughly studied, and it would thus encourage superficiality in the work. Such, indeed, might, in many cases, be its disastrous effect if carried out without such a check as that suggested in our Report for 1891. If, however, as there suggested, no marks obtained in any subject in which "Honour" Marks (60 or 70 per cent.) were not obtained would be taken account of for deciding Prizes, Places, or any other Distinctions, then the danger of candidates taking up more subjects than they could properly prepare would be checked, and, at the same time, candidates would no longer be discouraged, as at present, from the study of subjects of which they are capable. The result would be, we believe, that, as we stated in that Report, a candidate would thus be encouraged "to take up as many subjects—and only as many—as he could master in a degree so far surpassing superficiality as to secure not only Pass but Honour Marks."

Under the present regulations, we are sometimes subjected to the anomaly of being compelled to send up for examination in certain subjects only the worst and worst-prepared pupils of the class. For whilst obliged by the educational interests of the pupils to teach those subjects to the whole class, yet it is only those can present themselves for examination, who, for want of ability to present Greek or Algebra, are enabled to substitute for these the subject or subjects of that class.

In conclusion, I desire therefore, to urge most earnestly upon the consideration of the University authorities the desirability of removing the present restriction of the number of subjects that may be presented in the Junior Examination. Neither should this opportunity be omitted of expressing an equally earnest desire that the concession made this year to the Seniors, of publishing in order of Merit, in future the First Class or "A" Passes will soon be extended to the Juniors also. By acceding to these two suggestions, and by a more generous award of *Proxime Accessits*—giving four or five *Proximes* in each subject—

they would do much, in our opinion, to enhance the value of these Examinations both for the schools and for the public. Whilst not rendering them less efficient and useful for the schools of lower standard, they would thus enable the University Public Examinations to offer full scope to the Higher Schools and Colleges for submitting to the test of external and University Examination their entire teaching and curriculum of studies.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

Immediately after the reading of the report, at the invitation of the Rector, His Excellency arose amidst deafening cheers and spoke as follows :—

I thank you very much for this very cordial welcome. I join Lady Duff's thanks with my own, and I assure you it has been a great pleasure to both of us to come here and witness these interesting proceedings. When you come to reflect that this college is only 12 or 13 years old, it must be admitted that the progress it has made is marvellous. It appears to me that the advancement in these short years reflects the greatest credit on the managers and the teachers who so nobly devote their lives to the cause of education. (Applause.) The youth who comes here may truly say, "My lines have fallen in pleasant places." (Applause.) He will find a college with the most beautiful natural surroundings. He will have the means of obtaining a sound education in any branch of literature and science. He has cricket and other manly games for his amusement. He may join the cadet corps and learn to be a soldier. He has an unrivalled scope of waters for boating. If his ambition be the Woolsack, he can acquire eloquence at the debating society. There he can also learn the oratorical art of condensing one's thoughts and the expression of them, which, Sir George Dibbs and the Ms.P. I see around me can tell you, is so essential for a member of the Legislature, and, those of you who read the Parliamentary debates, both here and at home, will observe, is so much practised. (Laughter.) Looking at the position all round, when I contrast it with that of many students who pass much of their time in smoky towns, I must repeat, in the words of the Psalmist, "Your lines have fallen in pleasant places," and I am glad to see that you seem to have taken advantage of them, because the report of the Prefect, showing your success at the recent examinations, is far more eloquent than any laudations can possibly be. Now, I have been asked to say a word to the students before they separate for the Christmas vacation. I congratulate

them on the work they have accomplished. I hope all those who have gained prizes will regard them as an encouragement for greater efforts next half. You will put your books aside, for some days at least, but I am sure you will take to some of them before you have been long away from this seat of learning. You will realise the truth of the words put into the mouth of Prince Henry, in that play which we have seen so well produced, "If all the year was playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work," and realising that, you will not, I am sure, allow your sport to become tedious. (Applause.) The man who truly enjoys his holiday will find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." That is the true spirit in which to enjoy your holiday. (Applause.) When you return to pursue your studies you will do so with renewed energy and with a determination to uphold the character of St. Ignatius' College. (Cheers.) Remember always that the future belongs to you. The present generation must soon pass away, and in every calling we must have men of the rising generation to take their places. If Australia is to go forward, as she has hitherto done, it must be largely due to the conduct of the generation who are now entering manhood. I am sure this reflection must impress you with a sense of your responsibility, and make you work with a desire to become good citizens of the land of your birth and a credit to this great institution. (Loud cheers.)

PRIZE LIST.

The following students were then called up to receive from His Excellency their well-earned prizes :—

Bertie M'Evoy—Special Christian Doctrine.
Bertie M'Evoy—1st Prize Special Class Competition.
Ambrose Power—2nd Prize ,,
Richard Loneragan—3rd Prize ,,
George Dow—Riverview Gold Medal, Special Excellence in Public Examinations.

IN MATRICULATION CLASS.

John M'Evoy—First in Class, Christian Doctrine, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geometrical Conics.
Ferdinand DuBoisé—Latin, French, Special Essay, Irish History, Debate Special Prize.
Joseph Haydon—Trigonometry, Gold Medal for Debate, Singing Excellence.
Timothy Sexton—Ob insigne meritum.

IN SENIOR CLASS.

Joseph O'Brien—First in Class, French, English, Arithmetic, Geometry.
Patrick Meagher—Ob insigne meritum, Declamation and Reading.
Francis D'Arcy—Drawing (Improvement).

IN SUB-SENIOR CLASS.

Bertie M'Evoy—First in Class, Greek, Latin, Algebra, Special Classics.
William Fallon—Christian Doctrine.
Richard Loneragan—English, Arithmetic.
Frederick Rourke—Geometry.
George Dow—French, English Essay, Australian History, Drawing (Silver Medal presented by Professor Broinowski), Special Prize for First Place in English in Junior Public Examinations.
Michael M'Grath—*Ob insigne meritum*, Piano (Improvement), Mechanical Drawing.

IN MATRICULATION CLASS—DIVISION II.

Bernard M'Bride—First in Class, Christian Doctrine, Latin, Geometry.
William D'Apice—*Ob insigne meritum.*
William M'Donald—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Thomas Hurley—Piano (Improvement).

IN JUNIOR CLASS.

Ambrose Power—First in Class, French, Algebra, Euclid, Declamation and Reading.
Francis Makinson—Christian Doctrine, English Essay.
Harold Perkins—Greek, Latin, Arithmetic, Euclid.
John D'Apice—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Michael Coen—English.
Cyril Power—*Ob insigne meritum*, Piano (Improvement).
Henry Manning—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Rupert Henerie—English History.
Arthur Deery—Writing (Excellence), Violin (Improvement).
Edward Thynne—Drawing (Excellence).
Charles M'Bride—Algebra.

IN SECOND GRAMMAR.

Harold Curtis—First in Class, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.
James Ryan—Catechism, Latin, Debate (Improvement).
Michael Fitzpatrick—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Michael Condon—French, Junior Arithmetic.
Walter Fraser—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Percy Clifford—History and Geography, Writing (Improvement).
Arthur Makinson—English Essay.
Francis Walker—Chemistry.
Michael O'Farrell—Debate (Excellence), Special English Composition.
Paul Lenehan—Weekly Examinations, Greek.
Hilton Goold—Writing (Excellence).
Ambrose Walker—Piano (Excellence).
Philip Latham—Bookkeeping.

IN THIRD GRAMMAR.

George Curtis—First in Class, Greek, French, English, Weekly Examinations.
Harold Lenehan—*Ob insigne meritum.*
George Brown—Latin.
George Croaker—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Francis Loneragan—French, Violin (Excellence).
Patrick O'Donnell—Euclid.
Richard O'Connor—English Narrative.
Kevin Lalor—Geography.
John Slattery—Singing (Improvement).
John Loughnan—Writing (Improvement).

RUDIMENTS.

George Alpen—First in Class.
Patrick Dalton—Catechism, Latin, English, Piano (Excellence).
Edward Burns—*Ob insigne meritum.*
Septimus Isaacs—Arithmetic, Algebra, Writing (Excellence).
Rupert Colley—Geography.
Stanley Fraser—French History.
Humphrey Oxenham—English Narrative.
Harold Newton—Declamation and Reading, Writing (Improvement).
Arthur O'Connor—Drawing (Improvement).

ELEMENTS.

Jacques Perraud—First in Class, Arithmetic (R).
Richard Craven—Catechism, Geography.
Claude Harte—Memory Lessons, Spelling.
Darcy Prendergast—Grammar, Reading, Arithmetic.

PRIZES IN GAMES AND ATHLETIC SPORTS.

J. Corrigan and Desmond Prendergast—Football and Cricket Medals.
Gerald Lalor, Joseph Clonan, Charles O'Brien, Harry Moore—Rowing Prizes.

When the ceremony of handing over the prizes was finished,

His Lordship Dr. Higgins said that the very pleasing duty devolved upon him of thanking His Excellency and Lady Duff for favouring the authorities of the college with their presence that day. (Applause.) The presence of His Excellency was an evidence of his enlightened sympathy with the work of education carried on in that college. (Applause.) Their proceedings were brightened by the presence of Lady Duff, and he (Dr. Higgins) believed he was correct in saying that few in her high station were more fitted for the duties and responsibilities, or more successful in winning not only the respect and esteem, but the affection of the people. (Cheers.) In every work undertaken by her, Lady Duff was thoroughly in earnest, and there was no appeal of charity or pity that did not touch her kind womanly heart. (Applause.)

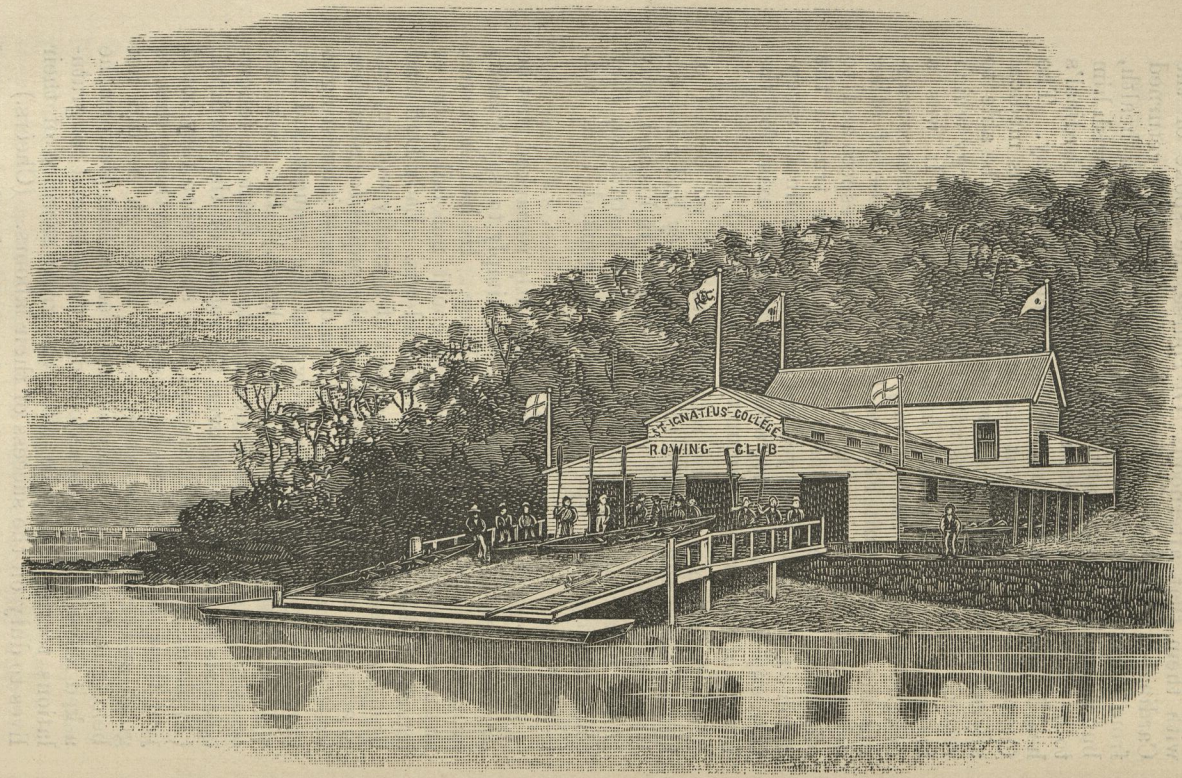
His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, in seconding the vote of thanks to the Governor and Lady Duff, said it was not always that their Roman Catholic proceedings were honoured by the presence of the Governor and his wife on occasions of this kind. He (Dr. Murray) regarded this gathering, with its happy incidents, as ominous for the future, and as a proof of the progress Catholic education had made in their midst. (Applause.) There was a time when Catholic education was not patronised by their Governor or their Government, but now they had at one of their school celebrations not only the Governor, but the head of the Government. (Applause.) He need not say how pleased he was to see these dis-

tinguished visitors at Riverview. (Applause.) But there was one face missing, and he felt that he must refer to the absence of that one, who would have been delighted to be with them that afternoon. Of course, he spoke of the Cardinal-Archbishop. (Cheers.) His Eminence returned from Europe, thanks be to God, in a fair state of health, but was not so strong and vigorous as they could wish him to be; and it was on account of the state of the Cardinal's health that he could not be with them that day. The Cardinal was carrying out the instructions of his medical adviser in order that in a few months he might be able to resume his onerous duties with the zeal and energy which had always characterised him. (Applause.) It was a delightful thing to see not only Roman Catholics encouraging the good Jesuit Fathers, but to find those of other denominations coming there to show their respect and to offer their congratulations. (Applause.) He trusted the union so well displayed yesterday at the Cardinal's reception, and again that day, would continue to exist for the benefit of the whole community. (Applause.)

His Excellency briefly returned thanks on behalf of himself and Lady Duff for the reception they had received. He assured them that if it should ever be in his and Lady Duff's power in any way to assist that institution, they could always rely upon them and command their aid. (Cheers.)

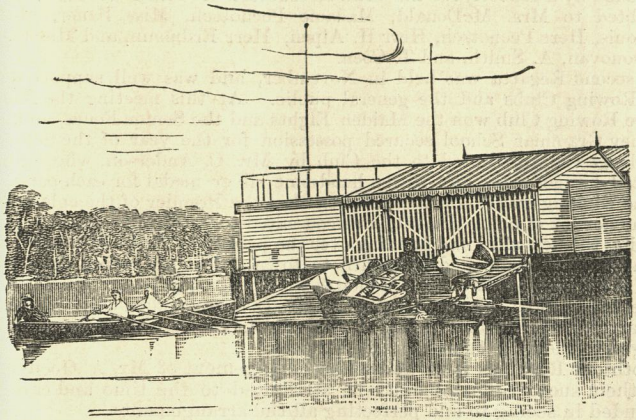
Sir George Dibbs (Premier) pleasantly remarked that he did not rise to make a speech, but simply to say "hear, hear" and "ditto" to His Excellency. He had, however, an announcement to make which could not fail to be of interest to his young friends the studeuts. Lady Duff had been good enough to play the part of a kindly woman, and to advocate and plead on behalf of the pupils for a further week's holiday. (Cheers.) It would be most interesting to those young gentlemen to know that the request had met with a hearty consent. (Loud cheers.) He took the occasion to say that he joined his Roman Catholic fellow-colonists in the rejoicing over the return of the Cardinal. (Applause.) They had reached that time when they could join their Roman Catholic friends in everything that is good and right—(applause) — and although he did not belong to the faith so ably represented on that platform, he asked leave to say that he joined in these annual congratulations to the men, who offer the great sacrifice of their lives to duty on the success of their labours. (Cheers.)

The proceeding closed with cheers for the Governor and Lady Duff, the Premier, the Bishops, and the Rector.



SENIORS' BOATSHED.—From Photo by H. Lenehan & Co.

GAMES.



THE JUNIORS' BOATSHED.

ROWING CLUB.

SEASON 1893.

President: Rev. Thos. Gartlan, S.J.

Captains: I. O'Donnell, P. J. Latham.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Ferdinand DuBoise.

Committee:

P. J. Latham, J. O'Brien, P. A. Clifford, E. Cameron, B. McBride, J. Mooney.

We have much pleasure in stating that the Club has made steady progress during the past year. In 1892 large improvements were made in the junior boys' boat shed, and during last year the seniors' shed was enlarged to such an extent that its accommodation for boats was practically doubled. Moreover, an additional building, 50 x 16 ft., was added to it, containing dressing rooms, lavatory, and bath room. This building is situated on the high ground behind the shed, and is connected with the main house by a staircase. A room for the caretaker was put up outside the boat shed, and an open shed has been erected in which repairs to boats can be more conveniently effected.

Though a considerable sum of money was absorbed by these substantial and necessary improvements, the continued generous support of our members and friends enables us to close the year with a small credit balance.

The Annual Regatta was held on May 27th, and was a great success, the number of entries being well up to those of former years, whilst the number of visitors was largely in excess of that present at any previous meeting. The great race of the day—the Senior Eights for the Hundred Guinea Gold Challenge Cup—was won by the North Shore Rowing Club; the Challenge Sculls was won by J. Beadman, of the M.R.C.; whilst the Balmain Rowing Club carried off the Silver Challenge Cup and four gold medals, the munificent gifts of Messrs. Lucas Bros.

The distribution of Regatta Prizes took place on June 22nd, and our Club was highly honoured by Sir George Dibbs, who, with the Minister for Mines (the Hon. T. M. Slattery), attended and very kindly consented to hand over the prizes. The ceremony of distribution was, as usual, preceded by a concert, for the brilliant success of which we are greatly indebted to Mrs. McDonald, Madame Pechotsch, Miss Bauer, Mons. Deslouis, Herr Pechotsch, Herr H. Alpen, Herr Erdmann, and Messrs. J. T. Donovan, A. Smith, and T. Coen.

A second Regatta was held in November, and was well supported by the Rowing Clubs and the general public. At this meeting the North Shore Rowing Club won the Maiden Eights and the Senior Fours, and the Sydney Grammar School secured possession for the year of the Schools' Challenge Cup, presented to the Club by Mr. C. Anderson, who supplemented his generous gift with a handsome silver medal for each oarsman in the winning crew. On this occasion also, the Premier of the colony did us the honour of being present, and consented to perform the ceremony of opening the new shed and handing over the prizes. This he was unable to do, as he was compelled to return to town before the racing was over; and, in his absence, Mr. Q. L. Deloitte kindly discharged these functions.

Messrs. C. Bros, V. B. McDermott, Q. L. Deloitte, and K. Giltinan, acted as starter, umpires, and judge, at our race meetings, and we are greatly obliged to them for their valuable services.

Both our Regattas were under the management of Mr. A. Goodyear, and their success must mainly be attributed to the time and care he expended in seeing to and perfecting all the arrangements.

We have again to express our grateful appreciation of the unvarying courtesy with which the press has treated us during the past twelve months. Our hearty thanks are also due to the Rowing Clubs of Sydney, who one and all exhibited towards us the greatest goodwill, and seconded in many ways our efforts in the interests of rowing.

The generous support which we received from the many friends of our Club was never more marked than in 1893; and to this generosity we are indebted for the gratifying character of our financial statement. That this hearty readiness to help us is not abating is evidenced by the fact that already several gentlemen have promised valuable trophies for our forthcoming Regatta.

Thanks.

The President and Committee of the Rowing Club are desirous of conveying their very grateful thanks to the following gentlemen for their generous donations:—Messrs. Lucas Bros., silver challenge cup and four gold medals; Mr. C. Anderson, schools' challenge cup and four silver medals; Sir W. P. Manning, two gold medals; E. Butcher, Esq., two gold medals; E. Moore, Esq., two silver medals; Messrs. Batson & Co., six silver medals; Messrs. Leigh & Co., Elliott Bros., Feldheim, Gotthelf & Co., Turner & Henderson, Gardiner & Co., Farmer & Co., Sands & McDougall, Mr. John Sands, trophies; J. Fitzpatrick, Esq, £3 3s; The Hon. J. Toohey, K.C.S.G., £2 2s; P. J. Hurley, Esq. (Bathurst), £2; The Hon. R. E. O'Connor, £1 1s; Jas. Dalton, Esq. (Orange), £1 1s; B. Lodge, Esq., £2 2s; J. Clifford, Esq. (Wellington), £2 2s; J. N. Hart, Esq., £1 1s; V. Power, Esq. (Brisbane), £2 2s; J. McGrath, Esq., £1; M. O'Brien, Esq (Wollongong), £1; E. C. Batt, Esq., £1 1s; Messrs. Stanley & Co., £1; Messrs. Ariell & Co., 10s 6d; Messrs. Finn Bros., £1 1s; Messrs. Butler & McKye, £2 2s: The Fresh Food & Ice Co., £2 2s; P. T. Fallon, Esq, £1 1s; C. Mason, Esq., £1 1s; R. J. Latham, Esq. (Charters Towers, Q.), £2 2s; B. Byrnes, Esq, £2 2s; T. Craven, Esq., £2 2s; H. Makinson, Esq., £1 1s.

N.B.—The above list is exclusive of subscriptions to the Senior Eights' Challenge Cup. Up to date, the sum of sixty pounds has been paid to the manufacturer of the Cup, and we trust that the residents of the river districts and others interested in aquatics, who have not yet subscribed, will do so as soon as possible, so as to enable us to close the account, when we propose publishing a full list of subscribers.

Dr. ROWING CLUB FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1893. Cr.

To Balance from 1892	£20	17	10	By Improvements and Additions to Shed ...	£150	13	0
„ Subscriptions—Active and Hon. Members ...	150	0	0	„ New Oars and Sculls	19	5	0
„ Donations—Cash	55	0	0	„ Sundry Repairs to Boats	9	5	0
„ „ —Trophies	28	0	0	„ Caretaker, &c.	44	0	0
„ Sale of Programmes	8	18	0	„ Insurance	2	13	3
„ Gross Return from Steamers	78	8	6	„ Subscription to N.S.W. Rowing Association ...	5	1	0
				„ Rent of Wharf	1	0	0
				„ Hire of Steamers	35	11	6
				„ Printing, Stationery and Postage	34	6	6
				„ Trophies	33	1	0
				„ Balance	6	8	1
	£341	4	4		£341	4	4

LIABILITIES.

(Nil.)

ASSETS.

Seniors' Premises	£460	0	0
Boats and Oars	290	0	0
Juniors' Premises	60	0	0
Boats and Oars	70	0	0
Trophies	150	0	0
Subscriptions in Arrears	5	5	0
Cash in Hand	6	8	1
	£1041	13	1

JOSEPH O'BRIEN, Hon. Sec. & Treasurer, March, 1894.



OUR REPRESENTATIVES IN THE QUEENSLAND EIGHT, 1894.

B. J. Beirne. (Stroke).

A. J. Thynne. (No. 4).

J. R. Davidson. (Bow).

The Riverview Senior Eights' Gold Challenge Cup.

From the TOWN AND COUNTRY JOURNAL, May, 1893.

A YEAR ago the Committee of St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club announced their intention of procuring a gold challenge cup to be rowed for annually at the club's regatta in connection with the senior eight's race, open to all the amateur clubs of Australia. They proposed to invite the residents of the Lane Cove River districts and others interested in rowing to subscribe. This has been done with such encouraging results that, though not quite half the money required—100gs.—has been subscribed as yet, the committee decided to order the trophy. One tender was received from an English firm; but the college authorities, considering it would be more in accordance with the wishes of subscribers, gave the work to a local goldsmith. The cup, the work in connection with which took about three months, has just been completed, and has been on view at the college for the last few days. Apart from its intrinsic value—it weighs 29oz.—this trophy is one of the finest, if not the finest, specimen of anything of the kind yet manufactured in the country. The general *ensemble* is of a composite character; the façon is classic, whilst the ornamentation belongs more to the Renaissance period. A remarkable feature in the ornamentation is the presence of representations of characteristically Australian species of fauna and flora. Thus the handles, which are of Renaissance style of scroll, emit at the top the upper portions of the body of the kangaroo, whilst the garlands and wreaths (symbolical of victory) are made of leaves and flowers of the waratah. On the front elliptical panel are engraved two eight-oar boats with the crews in full swing. A figure of an oarsman holding the college flag surmounts the lid, and forms an appropriate finish to the whole. In addition to the possession of the cup for one year, the winning club will receive a handsomely-designed certificate, and each member of the crew, including the coxswain, a medal of burnished gold surrounded by a wreath of laurels in relief, and having in the centre the oars and flag crossed. The East Senior Club won the senior eight-oar race last year, and is, therefore, the present holder of the cup. All the leading clubs have crews in training for the race on May 29, and the contest for the big prize is sure to be a keen and exciting one.

Old Riverviewers in the Intercolonial Boat Race.

WE give a brief summary of the aquatic career of our three repesentatives in the Queensland intercolonial eight:—

B. J. BEIRNE (stroke of the Queensland crew), captain of the College club in 1889, and rowed bow in the famous race in which St. Ignatius beat Geelong Grammar School on the Lane Cove River on Oct. 6th of that year. In the 1891 intercolonial eight-oar race in Melbourne he rowed bow; in 1892 he stroked the winning senior fours in Brisbane, rowed No. 2 in intercolonial crew, and No. 4 in winning boat for Queensland champion eights.

A. J. THYNNE (No. 4 in Queensland intercolonial crew) was captain of the College club immediately before B. Beirne, and rowed No. 2 in race against Geelong. In 1892 he stroked the winning boat in the Melbourne University intercollegiate race, Trinity against Ormond, and occupied a similar position in the race arts students against others. In 1894 he was No. 6 in winning boat in the race for maiden eights in Brisbane.

J. R. DAVIDSON (bow in Queensland intercolonial crew) was captain of College Cricket Club in 1891, and in that year rowed in the College crew against N. S. Grammar School. In 1894 he stroked the winning boat in the race for maiden eights in Brisbane.

Annual Regatta.

SATURDAY, MAY 27th, 1893.

THE Eighth Annual Regatta of the St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club was held on the Lane Cove River on Saturday, and proved of the most successful and enjoyable character in every respect. Even the weather appeared as if made on purpose for the occasion, and could not have been improved upon in any respect. The sun was warm enough for a summer day, and there being little or no wind the water had consequently scarce a ripple on it. The beauties of the scenery of the river, enhanced by the tasteful waterside residences and grounds, appeared to the best advantage. Animation was not lacking in the scene, the whole of the course being crowded by boats and steamers of almost every description, and all fully loaded with most interested spectators of the various races.

The college grounds were the centre of attraction for a considerable number of visitors, who strolled about admiring the perfect results of years of patient care and attention. The promenade roof of the College presented a solid mass of human beings when viewed from the river, and it was estimated that several hundred people at a time must have witnessed the spirited contests among the competing crews from that lofty and commanding position. The visitors to the grounds and college during the afternoon could not have numbered less than 2000, while many more would have to be taken into account on the various steamers and along the shores of the course before the number of the spectators of the regatta could be gauged. The steamers Birkenhead, Lobelia and other vessels conveyed the visitors to the college wharf, while the Birkenhead followed the races. The umpire's boat was the steamer Gladys.

Among those present were:—Hon. T. M. Slattery, Minister for Mines and Agriculture; Hon. John Kidd, Postmaster-General; Hon. R. E. O'Connor, Minister for Justice; and Sir Patrick Jennings, M.L.C. Mr. S. Hordern's steam yacht Bronzewing, with the owner, the Hon. R. H. D. White, M.L.C., and party, remained snugly at anchor in Tambourine Bay, from which a good view of the races was obtained.

The management of the regatta was successfully carried out by the officers of the club and a most energetic committee. The great bulk of the actual work was, however, performed by the Rev. T. Gartlan, president of the college rowing club, who was always on hand just when the services of a guiding spirit were required to overcome some slight difficulty.

Officials — Open Races: — Starter, C. Bros. Esq.; Umpire, V. B. Macdermott, Esq.; Judge, K. Giltinan, Esq. College Races:—Starter, I. G. Levy, Esq.; Umpire, Rev. J. Hassett; Judge, D. Kent, Esq.; Timekeeper, J. N. Oatley, Esq.

Regarding the regatta, the programme contained sufficient events to have proved ample for the anniversary fête, while the entries far surpassed those received on any occasion in Sydney for years past, and go to show the popularity in which the regatta is held by all oarsmen, whether associated or non-associated, as the distinction has latterly been made between those who belong to the Rowing Association and those—or rather the clubs of which they are members—who do not. There were eight races, including three open events, and five challenge races. The open events were the Challenge Sculls, with four starters; Riverview Senior Challenge Eights, with five starters; and the Lucas Maiden Challenge Fours, with nine starters. Although the greatest prominence on the score of following the races was accorded to the open events, the club races were not by any means neglected, and the spirited contests of the boys were watched with as much eagerness and elicited more genuine enthusiasm than would have been the case in a championship contest. The little fellows strained every nerve, and the losers, when they gained breath after their exertions, were as hearty in their cheers for the winners as the thousands of deeply interested spectators. In the College Fours, the senior club race of the day, Messrs. J FitzPatrick (No. 3) and J. O'Brien

(stroke), who were in the winning boat, were so exhausted by their severe struggle over the whole course that it was not deemed advisable to permit them to take part in the Lucas Challenge Fours, in which FitzPatrick was bow and O'Brien stroke. However, they decided to make a start, and at any rate carry the colours to the starting-post. A brave attempt for a place was made, but the effort proved too much for the weakened powers of the two of the crew who had already put forth their utmost exertions, and so an early retirement was wisely made from the contest.

The Challenge Sculls brought out three of the Mercs. and one of the L.R.C. members, the latter (J. Abberton) finishing last. The veteran M'Rae had exceptionally hard luck. Although hard pressed by Chandler, he rounded Longnose with a lead of a length from the latter, and looked very much like winning providing he could keep the pace up. This he was not given an opportunity of proving as a rowing boat ran into his boat, precipitating him into the water, and narrowly escaped smashing up the boat. A yell of indignation greeted the occupants of the boat, and more particularly the steersman, who is a well-known rowing man and a member of Sydney's premier club. This sudden ending to McRae's participation in the race was all the more unfortunate as the trophy would have become his property if he had won. J. Beadman rowed a plucky race, and succeeded in winning by a length from Chandler. The time was 6min. 3sec. for the mile, and 12min. 8sec. for the course of one mile six furlongs.

The race of the day, and one which created as much general interest as the intercolonial contest, was the Riverview Senior Challenge Eights. Five clubs were represented, viz., Sydney, Mercantile, East Sydney, Glebe and North Shore. Anticipation as to which would prove the winner was exceptionally keen, the majority having a decided leaning to East Sydney, on account of several of the intercolonial crew being included in it. Sydney had a strong body of supporters, and the general opinion was that the first and second place would go to them, with North Shore close up. The Mercs. were out of it from the start, and so do not need any further reference. Sydney led shortly after the start, with North Shore drawing out well on the inside, and East Sydney and Glebe close up to the light blues, scarcely a length separating the four boats. The excitement became intense as the eights rounded Longnose, owing to the closeness of the boats. Sydney got round with an advantage of half a length from North Shore, and it was apparent that the struggle for premier position would rest between them. On the other hand there was a great struggle between East Sydney and Glebe, the latter eventually going into third position and maintaining it. The mile was negotiated by Sydney in 5min. 9sec., and still led North Shore by a length. Passing the college the contest was of the fiercest character, both crews putting in every ounce of weight and literally making the boats fly. The North Shore crew proved the best stayers, and, amid cheers and the greatest excitement, they headed the light blues, and won a splendidly-contested race by a length and a half. Time for course of one mile six furlongs, 9min. 27sec.

The Maiden Challenge Fours brought out nine representatives, and as all started it was somewhat of a relief to the average spectator when they singled out so that they could be individualised by their colours. All the clubs in Sydney or suburbs sent a crew, with the exception of Parramatta, and even they would have had their colours on the river had there been a four in training. Balmain got away quickly and crossed Woodford Bay, still with a lead, with Sydney next and University close on the heels of the latter. The order at the Longueville wharf was Balmain, University and Mercs., the latter having taken third place owing to a foul between Sydney and East Sydney, by which they lost four lengths and all chances of the race. New life seemed to be infused into the Mercs., who speedily passed University and challenging Balmain, narrowing the gap from two lengths to almost even terms, and eventually obtaining a slight lead. Mercs., however, had shot their bolt, and had to be content with third position. Balmain finished a lead of half a length from University, the latter finishing a length ahead of the Mercs. As already explained, the College crew retired.

In connection with the Riverview Senior Challenge Eights, the handsome and valuable competitive gold cup is elsewhere described. This, of course, will remain the property of the winning club until next regatta. The College Club have, however, arranged to provide fitting mementos of the race, both for the winning club and for the members of the crew. The latter will be presented with handsome gold medals, while the club will be given an artistic certificate as an interesting and permanent record of the event. The certificate, measuring about 12in. x 14in., specially designed for framing, is a work of art. The centre space is devoted to the names of the winning and competing crews. On one side there is the figure of a stalwart young oarsman, with an oar in his hand. Beside this is a chart of the course. In the lower right corner is the monogram of the club. The top is surmounted by pretty views of the college, the club sheds, and spots of interest in the college grounds. The lower part of the certificate is devoted to a charming view of the course, depicting the race just such as it was rowed on Saturday.—*Star*, May 29th.

Result of the races are as follows :—

COLLEGE FOURS.

Course—From Longueville to judge's boat.

Light Blue.—P. A. Clifford (bow), E. Cameron, J. FitzPatrick, J. O'Brien (stroke) 1

Dark Blue.—E. Thynne (bow), J. O'Donnell, P. Meagher, B. McBride (stroke) 2

COLLEGE PAIRS (under 12).

Course—White pile to College wharf.

Dark Blue.—G. Curtis, H. Kapus (stroke) 1

Light Blue.—A. O'Connor, E. Burns (stroke) 2

CHALLENGE SCULLS.

Course—Gore's Creek to judge's boat.

M.R.C.—J. Beadman 1
M.R.C.—C. Chandler 2
L R.C.—J. Abberton 3
M.R.C.—J. McRae 0

McRae, who appeared like winning easily, was capsized by a pulling boat.

COLLEGE PAIRS (over 12).

Course—First red pile to College wharf.

Dark Blue.—J. Perraud, J. D'Apice (stroke) 1
Red.—J. McDonald, M. O'Farrell (stroke) 2
Light Blue.—A. Walker, P. Power (stroke) 0

RIVERVIEW SENIOR CHALLENGE EIGHTS.

Course—Gore's Creek to judge's boat.

North Shore R.C.—R. Johnson, T. Cooper, C. McMurdo, J. Laing, A. Ramsay, H. Waters, A. Berckelman, F. Moor (str.), J. Johnson (cox.) 1

Sydney R.C.—A. Lamb, E. A. Pearson, A. B. Cadell, A. H. Aldworth, W. C. Metcalfe, J. E. Kennedy, H. Y. Braddon, R. S. Rankin (str.), Keddie (cox.) 2

Glebe R.C.—L. K. Pettit, L. Graham, F. C. Williams, E. C. Kraegen, W. H. Astridge, R. Parkinson, L. J. O'Rourke, T. G. Mahony (str.), G. Wells (cox.) 3

East Sydney R.C.—W. E. Jacobs, J. A. Smith, C. M. Moesch, J. A. Reid, H. B. McCormick, C. B. Keenan, G. G. Higgs, W. J. Goulding (str.), L. Quist (cox.) 4

Mercantile R.C.—S. J. Daley, W. F. Schulstad, P. Basche, A. Maloney, G. G. M'Gill, W. S. Moore, A. C. Hollingworth, N. J. McDonald (str.), J. Blackman (cox) 0

A splendidly contested race. Won by two lengths.

COLLEGE SENIOR PAIRS.

Dark Blue.—P. O'Donnell, W. McDonald (stroke) 1

Light Blue.—W. Rogers, J. McEvoy (stroke) 2

TREBLE SCULLS, JUNIOR PUPILS.

Dark Blue.—H. Perkins, M. Coen, W. Hale (stroke) 1

Light Blue.—E. Power, F. McDonald, A. Deery (stroke) ... 2

LUCAS' CHALLENGE SCULLS.

Course—Gore's Creek to judge's boat.

Balmain R.C.—E. Spooner, G. Davidson, A. Orton, A. Grieves (stroke), W. Smith (cox.) 1

University R.C.—A. F. Pain, A. L. Vivers, F. Piddington, M. Chubb (stroke), R. Swift (cox.) 2

Mercantile R.C.—V. Wheatley, W. Goodman, W. Brown, J. J. Daley (stroke), F. Lane (cox.) 3

Other starters: Sydney R.C., East Sydney R.C., North Shore R.C., Glebe R.C., Leichhardt R.C., St. Ignatius R.C.

This was a splendidly contested race from start to finish, and was won by only half a length from the University, the latter finishing half a dozen lengths ahead of the Mercs. The Leichhardt crew retired. The College crew also retired, owing to two of the members being exhausted through a close contest in which they took part and proved winners in the College Fours race.

Distribution of Regatta Prizes.

Freeman's Journal, July 1.

Between 500 and 600 visitors attended St. Ignatius', Riverview, on the occasion of the presentation of the prizes won at the recent very successful College Regatta. Among others present in the entertainment hall were Sir George Dibbs, Premier; the Hon. T. M. Slattery, Minister for Mines; the Hon. Thomas Dalton, M.L.C.; Mr. Daniel O'Connor, ex-Postmaster-General; General Kapus, U.S. Consul; Messrs. J. T. M'Mahon, M. Casey (Orange), P. J. Holdsworth; the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rector of St. John's College; Very Rev. P. Keating, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits; Very Rev. John Ryan, S.J., Rector of St. Ignatius'; Very Rev. J. Dalton, S.J., ex-Rector; and Rev. Thomas Gartlan, S.J., President of the College Rowing Club.

The Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J., in requesting Sir George Dibbs to present the prizes, intimated that it was with pleasure he was able to announce that, despite the bad times, the last regatta had been a particularly successful one. The Riverview Gold Challenge Cup which had been competed for by the eight-oar crews at the regatta was on view before them, and, apart from its value, he commended it as a specimen of local workmanship. (Applause.) He thanked Sir George Dibbs for doing them the honour of attending that afternoon's gathering, and was glad that Sir George, who had been doing so much for the commercial life of the country, could find time to show by his attendance his appreciation of healthy amusement. (Applause.) The College Rowing Club desired to express its gratitude to the rowing clubs of the city and suburbs for cordial assistance, and to the press of the colony the members also wished to acknowledge their deep indebtedness.

The Premier, who was received with hearty applause, could assure Father Gartlan he had come there as a spectator, and not as a speech-maker; but being there, he would perform the little task asked of him with pleasure. He was not going to make a speech, long or short, for he was sick and tired of speeches. (Laughter.) A few words about rowing might not, however, be out of place. (Hear, hear.) To look at him, he might appear out of condition—(laughter)—but it was not so long ago that he had finally retired from boat-racing. He felt tempted to go back on that occasion to the days he thought not a little of himself as a rower. Many years ago he rowed when a boy at the National Regatta in the harbour. He contested several races in his time, but he must add that he had never won a gold cup. (Laughter.) He had a distinct recollection of rowing several hard contests, and he was now quite satisfied with his record as a good second. (Laughter and applause.) It was something after all to be a respectable second, and he said this chiefly by way of encouragement to the boys who failed to win the first places at the last regatta. (Applause.) There was one little incident he must tell them as illustrating how even an old rower retains his strength and skill. Some twenty years ago at a dinner party, of which he was a member, a young gentleman from China, who was reputed to be a leading member of the Shanghai Rowing Club, criticised very freely the eight-oar crew then training for a race in Sydney, He (Sir George) did not relish his countrymen being spoken of in terms of disrespect, and he promptly challenged the critic to a personal contest. (Laughter). It was agreed that they should row that very day, with dinner for 14 depending on the result. (Laughter.) It must have been a fierce contest, and all he (Sir George) knew was that he got in at the finish half a length ahead. (Applause.) He was tempted to dip into these recollections by the sight of the young oarsmen around him—(applause)—and he might add that a visit to Riverview always puts one in good humour, for they always appeared so happy—in fact, it appeared to him that they were always "breaking up" or something of that sort. (Laughter.) If it were possible for him to turn himself into a boy again he would certainly like to start life afresh at St. Ignatius'. (Applause.) The College had asserted itself as a grand intellectual training ground—(hear, hear)—but to him it was not less attractive as a place in which strong, healthy men were built up. (Applause.) He was an advocate of the blending of intellectual and physical development—(applause)—and in the near future they could depend upon it the College that carried off the eight-oar race would also win the day in the achievements of scholarship. (Applause.) It was in his desire to encourage manly sports that he would express the opinion that the boys who carried off the honours on the water would be the prize-winners at the University. (Hear, hear.) But he had quite forgotten that he was not to make a speech. (Laughter.) Would they just allow him to say as a closing word that he wished success to St. Ignatius', and to all the other scholastic institutions of the colony whose aim was to turn out boys strong and healthy in mind and body. (Applause.)

Sir George Dibbs then presented the prizes. Mr. T. E. Creswell was present to accept, on behalf of the North Shore Rowing Club, the Riverview Gold Challenge Cup and nine gold medals for senior eights. The cup, valued at 100 guineas, remains the property of St. Ignatius' College for annual competition, the winning crew eaeh year having the guardianship. The recipients of the silver challenge cup and gold medals for the Lucas Challenge Fours were Messrs. E. Spooner, G. Davidson, A. Orton, and A. Grieves, of the Balmain Rowing Club (cox. W. Smith). The Weir Challenge Trophy and gold medals were handed over to Mr. J. Beadman, and the remainder of the prizes were also presented.

The prize-giving was preceded by an excellent concert, in which Mr. C. Robinson, Mus. Bac., Mr. A. Smith, Herr Pechotsch, and M. Deslouis, of the College musical teaching staff, assisted. The concert performers included Mrs. W. A. M'Donald, Mme. Pechotsch, Miss F. Bauer, Herr Erdmann, Master Pechotsch, Master Coen, and Mr. J. T. Donovan. Mrs. M'Donald and Madame Pechotsch carried off the singing honours of the afternoon, both ladies being in best voice. Herr Hugo Alpen was of great assistance in playing the accompaniments.



RIVERVIEW SENIOR EIGHTS GOLD CHALLENGE CUP.

Semi-Annual Regatta.

Australian Star and *S. M. Herald*, November 6, 1893.

The success of the semi-annual regatta of the St. Ignatius' College Rowing Club on Saturday afternoon at Riverview, Lane Cove, was unquestioned. To the pleasant trip up the river and the excitement of the racing, there was the additional attraction of the delightful stroll through the beautifully laid out and shady College grounds, the latter privilege being partaken of by a large percentage of the visitors, while the College itself came in for a large share of attention. Many of the "old boys" re-visited the scenes of their collegiate days, and pointed out to their friends with pride the palatial building which had taken the place of the snug cottage—the original college—just visible amid a network of shrubbery, flowering creepers, and a wealth of roses. The Very Rev. Father Dalton, the founder of the Jesuit Order in New South Wales, and also the founder of Riverview, had a warm welcome from his erstwhile pupils, and the happy, cordial greeting on both sides showed the esteem and friendship which survived the lapse of years.

The steam launch "Nea" followed the racing, having on board some of the officials of the regatta—Father Gartlan, Mr. Q. L. Deloitte (the umpire of the open races), and Mr. J. N. Oatley (the timekeeper). On the steamer "Premier," which anchored at the mouth of Tambourine Bay, were the Premier, Sir George Dibbs, and there was also a party on board the "Isis," the steam yacht of Mr. J. R. Fairfax, commodore of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. The college grounds were filled with onlookers, and the wharf and shed were crowded.

Regarding the racing, there were seven events on the programme, four of which were open contests, and of these the All Schools' Race created the most interest, the Sydney Grammar School boys and their friends having the steamer "Admiral" specially to themselves. The North Shore Rowing Club carried off the double, viz., the Maiden Eights and the Senior Fours, while the Mercs. and University each secured a second place. The college races comprised: College Pairs, College Junior Pairs and Treble Sculls, the various contests creating as much excitement among the elders as the open races, while, as for the college boys, their enthusiasm was refreshing to witness.

In the open races, the Senior Sculls only induced W. Lambert and C. Chandler to start. Lambert had almost a row over, his victory was so easily secured. G. W. Whatmore did not show up, while J. M'Rae came to the starting post, but remained there when the starter's flag went down, and then he pulled leisurely home.

The All Schools Race, it was anticipated, would prove a great struggle between the College crew and the Sydney Grammar School representatives, and great interest was evinced in the result. Unfortunately Mr. O'Brien, the stroke of the College four, was compelled to retire on Thursday last owing to illness, and at the last moment Mr. E. Cameron, although untried and only partially trained, was elected to the vacancy rather than see the race fall through. Cameron did all in his power, and the crew pulled a gallant race from start to finish, but they were further handicapped by the slide of No. 2 becoming unshipped, and the unfortunate oarsman had to do the best he could on a fixed seat. Under such circumstances, the Grammar School had a somewhat easy task in scoring a win, thus giving them three victories against the College's two.

The Maiden Eights brought out three crews, viz., North Shore, University, and Glebe, the finish being in that order. North Shore started off with a spirited dash and established a lead after the first dozen strokes, and nearing the College wharf they had fully five lengths to spare from University. The latter then spurted in a plucky manner and gained rapidly on North Shore, who, however, won by three lengths after a splendid finish between the two crews. The Glebe crew was outpaced.

The final event on the programme saw four boats at the post, comprising North Shore, Mercantile, East Sydney, and Balmain. A great race ensued to Longueville Wharf between North Shore and the Mercs., the

latter leading by about half a length, while a close struggle proceeded between East Sydney and Balmain, the blue and white going into third place, but were not able to get near the leaders. The North Shore crew proved too strong for the Mercs., and won comfortably by two lengths.

The College races were well contested, and provoked a great amount of interest among the boys. Besides the officers already mentioned, the following did duty:—Open Races: Starter, Mr. C. Bros; judge, Mr. K. Giltinan. Club Races: Starter, Mr. I. G. Levy; umpire, the Rev. T. Hassett; judge, Mr. D. Kent.

Appended are the results:—

OPEN RACES.

SENIOR SCULLS, about 1¾ mile. Course: Gore's Creek to judge's boat.

W. Lambert, 10st. 12lb., L.R.C. 1
C. Chandler, 9st. 6lb., M.R.C. 2

Lambert went ahead in the first hundred yards and soon established a long lead, winning as he liked.

ALL SCHOOLS RACE, for Anderson Challenge Cup and Medals.

Course: Gore's Creek to College Wharf.

Sydney Grammar School—H. J. Smail, 9st. 4lb.; E. W. Fairfax, 10st. 2lb.; J. F. White, 10st. 12lb.; L. A. Callaghan (stroke), 9st. 2lb.; R. C. Teece (cox) 1

St. Ignatius' College—B. M'Bride, 9st. 12lb.; J. Fitzpatrick, 10st. 7lb.; P. Latham, 12st. 11lb.; E. Cameron (stroke), 9st. 10lb.; A. O'Brien (cox) 2

After a lot of delay at the start the crews were sent away, St. Ignatius being the first to strike the water. The College got a lead of nearly a length in the first 200 yards, but Callaghan, pulling his men together, set them a strong, fast stroke, so that by the time Northwood was reached the School had taken the lead. The School kept the lead all the way home, the gap between the boats increasing at every stroke. At the Longueville Wharf there were six lengths between the boats, and thereafter Callaghan eased down considerably. St. Ignatius College, which laboured under the heavy disadvantage of having an untrained man in the boat and one man off his slide, held resolutely on, but could in no way lessen the distance between the boats, and the School won by eight lengths in the time of 11 minutes 36 seconds.

MAIDEN EIGHTS. Course: Same as Senior Sculls.

North Shore R.C.—E. Younger, 9st. 6lb.; J. Dawson, 9st. 12lb.; J. Wilkinson, 11st. 3lb.; W. J. Norris, 11st. 5lb.; S. Raff, 10st. 6lb.; G. Moor, 11st. 6lb.; S. Wallace, 11st. 6lb.; N. Jones (stroke), 10st. 3lb.; R. Fitzhardinge (cox) 1

University R.C.—A. F. Pain, 9st. 8lb.; R. Hickson, 9st. 11lb.; S. D. MacMaster, 10st. 2lb.; G. A. Vivers, 11st 4lb.; F. L. Piddington, 12st.; J. L. Williams, 10st. 10lb.; C. T. Russell, 10st. 10lb.; M. C. Chubb (stroke), 9st. 12lb.; — Ford (cox) 2

Glebe R.C.—J. T. Sheehan, 10st.; L. J. Richardson, 10st. 3lb.; F. MacMullen, 10st. 6lb.; H. M'Donald, 10st. 4lb.; W. H. Astridge, 11st. 12lb.; H. Williams, 11st. 2lb.; H. Kellett, 10st. 4lb.; W. H. Roper (stroke), 10st.; G. Wells (cox) 3

University was the fastest away, with North Shore second, while Glebe was very slow in starting. In less than a furlong, however, North Shore had overhauled University and was leading, with the Glebe close up third. With good solid work, Jones took his crew still further ahead, and Glebe was pushing University hard for second place. Along the Longueville shore North Shore kept rather far out, but, although in this way getting the force of the wind, the boat had a lead of four lengths from University,

and a length more from Glebe. Making a wide turn at the Longueville Wharf, North Shore lost considerably; and when the boats were on the straight course for home, it was seen that University was within a length and a-half of the leader. Jones again went away from his rivals, and, handling his crew in great style, passed the winning post with a lead of four lengths from University, which was the same distance ahead of the Glebe. Time, 11 minutes 9½ seconds.

SENIOR FOURS Course: Same as Senior Sculls.

North Shore R.C. A. Berckelman, 10st 8lb.; C. H. M'Murdo, 11st. 5lb.; H. Waters, 12st. 7lb.; F. Moor (stroke), 10st. 8lb.; F. Bowden (cox) 1

Mercantile R.C.—A. C. Hollingworth, 10st. 7lb.; F. A. Stayner, 12st.; W. C. M'Donald, 12st. 12lb.; G. G. M'Gill (stroke), 12st.; F. Lane (cox) 2

East Sydney R.C.—R. Parkinson, 10st. 8lb.; A. S. Greenwood, 11st.; J. A. Reid, 12st. 4lb.; G. G. Higgs (stroke), 12st.; S. Hellings (cox) 3

Balmain R.C.—E. Spooner, 10st.; A. B. Patterson, 11st.; A. Orton, 11st. 6lb.; J. Degotardi (stroke), 11st. 4lb.; W. Smith (cox) ... 4

The crews were sent away to a good start, North Shore having the best of it, if anything. In getting the second stroke through North Shore met with a mishap. The brass plate of M'Murdo's slide gave way, and for the remainder of the journey he had to exercise the greatest caution to keep his seat. However, after they had gone a hundred yards the order was North Shore, Mercantile, Balmain, and East Sydney, and there was not a clear length between the first and last boats. At Northwood Mercantile had drawn up level with North Shore, and the East Sydney and Balmain, a quarter of a length behind, were also on terms. In the next quarter-mile the dash of Moor told, and he brought his boat out from Mercantile, which, with dogged resistance, held all the way in the wake of the leader. The pace had now told on East Sydney and Glebe, both of these boats falling about three lengths behind. They, however, were making a good race for second place. At the Longueville Wharf there was just a length between North Shore and Mercantile, the former being ahead. The pace was warm all the way home. The dark blues succeeded in passing the post two clear lengths from Mercantile, while East Sydney, four lengths away, was third, and Balmain last. Mercantile rowed a plucky race, but the stroke was rather sluggish. Time, 11 minutes 5 seconds.

COLLEGE RACES.

JUNIOR PAIRS. Course: First red post to College Wharf.

G. Lalor, J. Clonan (stroke), A. O'Brien (cox) 1
A. Donnelly, J. M'Donald (stroke), C. O'Brien (cox) 2
H. Hensleigh, P. Lenehan (stroke), D. Prendergast (cox) 3

JUNIOR PAIRS—Under 10 years.

First Heat.

P. Dalton, H. Oxenham (stroke) 1
P. O'Brien, A. Walker (stroke) 2

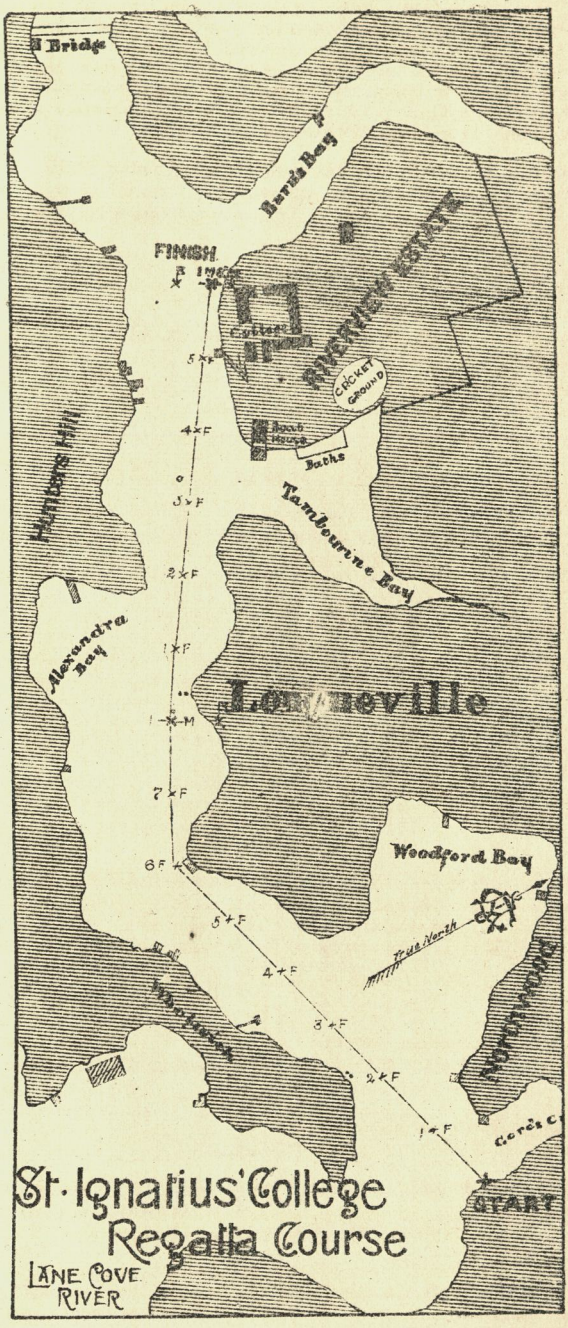
Second Heat.

C. O'Brien, H. Moore (stroke) 1
P. Dalton, H. Oxenham (stroke) 2

TREBLE SCULLS. Course: Second red post to College Wharf.

P. Power, A. Deery, R. Henerie (stroke), A. Walker (cox) 1
H. Perkins, A. Makinson, W. Hale (stroke), C. Hart (cox) 2

At the conclusion of the racing the prizes were presented to the successful competitors. Sir George Dibbs was to have made the presentations, but he had to leave in order to catch a train before the regatta could be


Bridge
Burns Bay
FINISH
RIVERVIEW ESTATE
College St
CRICKET GROUND
Boat House
Baths
Hunters Hill
Tambourine Bay
Alexandra Bay
Woodford Bay
True North
Northwood
Waverton
START
St. Ignatius' College
Regatta Course
LANE COVE RIVER

brought to a conclusion. The Rev. Gartlan, S.J., as president of the club, thanked the outside clubs for so liberally supporting the regatta, and then called upon Mr. Deloitte to present the trophies. The medals for the eights and fours were really valuable trophies, and were of a tasteful design, with the monogram of the College Club neatly worked in the centre. Subsequently Mr. Deloitte formally declared the new shed of the College open.

Altogether the regatta was of the most enjoyable character, and served to show how popular these College events are with all classes of rowing men, and also with the general public.

HANDBALL.

FIRST DIVISION.

Committee :

B. FITZGERALD. J. McEVOY. J. FITZPATRICK.

THE Handball Tournament took place much earlier this year than hitherto, as it was thought advisable to play it out before the hot weather set in. Unfortunately, however, one of the many epidemics experienced at Riverview this half came upon us, and the consequence was that the tournament started with only eleven entries.

There were several very exciting games played, particularly those between A. Manning (5), and P. O'Donnell (10), both of which were won by one point. Tom Hurley, who is undoubtedly the best handballer in the school this year, had, unfortunately, to play his heat when just recovering from recent illness. The heat of the day told heavily on him, and those who gathered to see his play were deprived of this enjoyment.

The final was played between J. McEvoy (4), and B. FitzGerald (5), and after a good game resulted in a win for the former by 3 points. The winner received a Bartlett bat for the prize.

The following are the scores :—

Round I.

W. McDonald.....	7 points	—beat—	J. FitzPatrick.....	2 points	...	By	13
J. D'Apicé	12 ,,	,,	J. Haydon	13 ,,	,,	,,	13
J. McEvoy	4 ,,	,,	T. Sexton	9 ,,	,,	,,	8
T. Hurley	scratch	,,	J. Corrigan	7	(forfeit)		
P. O'Donnell	10 points	,,	H. Manning.....	10 ,,	,,	,,	1
B. FitzGerald	5 ,,	A bye.					

Round II.

W. McDonald.....beat—J. D'Apicé.....By 12 points
J. McEvoy ..... ,, —T. Hurley ..... ,, 12 ,,
B. FitzGerald..... ,, —P. O'Donnell ..... ,, 1 ,,

Round III.

B. FitzGerald.....beat—W. McDonald.....By 8 points
J. McEvoy.....A bye.

FINAL.

J. McEvoy .....beat—B. FitzGerald .....By 3 points.

J. McEVOY.

SECOND DIVISION TOURNAMENT.

Committee :

R. HENERIE, F. DEERY, F. LONERGAN.

As handball is one of our most popular sports, the tournament was hailed with great delight by the members of our division. Some very exciting matches took place, particularly that between F. Deery and A. Goold, the former winning by one point. Rupert Henerie, by proving himself for the second time far superior to any in the division, carried off the handsome gold medal with which, from the great number of entries, we were enabled to present him. The matches were as follows :—

First Round.

First Heat.—A. Goold (4 points) beat J. Ryan (18 points).
Second Heat.—H. Perkins (9 points) beat D. M'Mahon (17 points).
Third Heat.—S. Isaacs (14 points) beat J. Clonan (10 points).
Fourth Heat.—F. M'Donald (9 points) beat J. Slattery (17 points).
Fifth Heat.—R. Henerie (scratch) beat A. Deery (4 points).
Sixth Heat.—A. Donnelly (15 points) beat P. Williams (15 points).
Seventh Heat.—H. Savage (15 points) beat P. Power (14 points).
Eighth Heat.—H. M'Mahon (13 points) beat F. Loneragan (2 points).
Ninth Heat.—M. O'Farrell (10 points) beat F. Makinson (12 points).
Tenth Heat.—B. Norris (14 points) beat W. Hale (8 points).
Eleventh Heat.—M. M'Mahon (8 points) beat G. Alpen (10 points).
Twelfth Heat.—D. Cameron (9 points) beat G. Croaker (18 points).
Thirteenth Heat.—F. Deery (scratch) beat E. Cox (18 points).
Fourteenth Heat.—S. Frazer (15 points) beat J. Perraud (11 points).

Second Round.

First Heat.—A. Goold (4 points) beat M. M'Mahon (8 points).
Second Heat.—F. Deery (scratch) beat D. Cameron (9 points).
Third Heat.—R. Henerie (scratch) beat F. M'Donald (1 points).
Fourth Heat.—H. Savage (15 points) beat H. M'Mahon (13 points).
Fifth Heat.—B. Norris (14 points) beat M. O'Farrell (10 points).
Sixth Heat.—A. Donnelly (15 points) beat S. Isaacs (14 points).
Seventh Heat.—H. Perkins (9 points) beat S. Frazer (15 points).

Third Round.

First Heat.—A. Goold (4 points) beat H. Savage (15 points).
Second Heat.—R. Henerie (scratch) beat B. Norris (14 points).
Third Heat.—A. Donnelly (15 points) beat H. Perkins (2 points).
F. Deery, a bye.

Semi-Final.

F. Deery (scratch) beat A. Goold (4 points).
R. Henerie, a bye.

Final.

R. Henerie (scratch) beat F. Deery (scratch).

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING, 1893.

Committee :

J. O'Brien. P. J. Latham. G. C. Dow.

Judges : Rev. D. Manning, S.J., and Rev. J. Hassett, S.J.

Umpire : Rev. C. O'Connell, S.J.

Starter : Sgt.-Major Boor.

After having to postpone the meeting for several days on account of the inclemency of the weather, we held our Ninth Annual Sports on Friday, Nov. 17th. Much praise is due to the officials for the satisfactory manner in which they carried out their duties. Father Manning and Mr. Hassett had an especially responsible position, as most of the events were contested to a few inches. We were all sorry to see Father O'Connell out of his old place—"tape holder." His absence is to be put down to his failing sight. Our Sergeant made a very good starter. Our "intercolonial" committee deserve much credit for the way they worked. Most of the hard work, such as preparing the ground, was done in rain. This meeting was, without doubt, the most successful ever held at Riverview. The closeness of all the finishes of the handicapped events showed careful attention on the part of the handicapping committee to their duty. Again the Second Division have no cause for grumbling at the handicaps as they usually have. Two of the three big open handicaps fell to the lot of a Second Division boy—H. Perkins.

In the evening the Social Committee entertained us, and at the close of a very enjoyable concert, the Very Rev. P. Keating, S.J., presented the prizes.

Appended is a detailed account of the day's events :—

For the opening event (Second Division Championship), eight claimants toed the mark. From a splendid start, A. Deery was first to show in front, and despite great efforts on the part of J. Toohey and H. Savage, breasted the tape two yards to the good.

Then followed the race of the day (College Championship), for which four started. J. O'Brien, from an excellent start, led all the way, winning by two yards. The winner, who hails from Wollongong (N.S.W.), was the recipient of a very handsome gold medal presented by our Very Rev. Rector, Father Ryan. A. Deery, winner of the Second Division Championship, was presented with a beautiful gold medal, the gift of Mr. John Dynon, Junr.

The Maiden Handicap (100 yds.), was run off in four heats. The first two in each heat qualified to start in the final. First Heat—P. J. O'Donnell (12yds.), 1st; H. Perkins (16yds.), 2nd. Second Heat—T. J. Hurley (12yds.), 1st; W. Fraser (6yds.), 2nd. Third Heat—P. A. Clifford (11yds.), 1st; P. Meagher (8yds.), 2nd. Fourth Heat—C. Byrne (13yds.), 1st; J. P. Cox (11yds.), 2nd.

The next event was Kicking the Football (First Division), which was won by C. Carey by six inches from George C. Dow, the distance being 59yds.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (2nd Division), was won by D. Cameron (4yds.), 1st; R. Henerie (4yds.), 2nd.

High Jump was annexed by George C. Dow, who succeeded in clearing the bar at 4ft. 11in.

The Sack Race was an easy win for little Jack Slattery.

Riverview Handicap (440yds.) H. Perkins (80yds.), taking advantage of his big start made the pace a cracker, and soon had the back mark men in difficulties, winning easily by 10yds. from J. Corrigan (40yds.); J. Slattery (95yds.), 3rd.

There was great excitement amongst the Second Division boys when they saw one of their representatives, for the first time in the annals of Riverview running sports, win the big Open Handicap. The winner received a handsome writing desk, the gift of Feldheim, Gotthelf & Co.

The first event after dinner was the Final of the MAIDEN HANDICAP. P. J. O'Donnell (12yds.), won rather easily from P. Meagher (8yds.), who just beat T. J. Hurley (12yds.), by about four inches.

The UNDER 14 HANDICAP resulted in a good race. A. Walker (7yds.), just beating D. McMahon (3yds.), and G. Curtis (3yds.)

Rain now fell and made the ground very slippery. The next event, the CRICKETERS' HANDICAP (150yds.), was run off in two heats. The back mark men were greatly interfered with owing to the numerous falls. Luckily no one was hurt. First Heat — H. Perkins (25yds.), 1st; J. O'Brien (scr.), 2nd; D. McMahon (23yds.), 3rd. Second Heat—J. Fitzpatrick (11yds.), 1st; P. Meagher (10yds.), 2nd; G. C. Dow (5yds.), 3rd.

The next event, the THIRD DIVISION HANDICAP, attracted much attention, and resulted in one of the closest finishes of the day. C. O'Brien (6yds.), soon took the lead and led to within 20yds. of the tape. J. Payer (scr.), then drew out and won by about 6 inches from C. O'Brien (6yds.); C. Hart (12yds.), a foot away third.

The KICKING THE FOOTBALL (Second Division), resulted in an easy win for D. Cameron.

Next on the programme came the Final of the CRICKETERS' HANDICAP (150yds.) For this there were six starters. The finish was very exciting, G. Dow (5yds.), just beating H. Perkins (25yds.), on the post by a few inches, J. Fitzpatrick (11yds.), was about 5yds. away third. The winner received a splendid Wisden bat.

The SECOND DIVISION HANDICAP next attracted attention. D. McMahon (4yds.), had a tight go with G. Lalor (10yds.), and just got home by about half-a-yard; M. O'Farrell (5yds.), 3rd.

THROWING CRICKET BALL (First Division), J. Fitzpatrick (10yds.), 1st; T. Craven (12yds.), 2nd. Won by 3 inches.

ROWING CLUB HANDICAP (220yds.), attracted a field of twenty-four. As in the heats for the Cricketers' Handicap, numerous falls occurred spoiling the back mark men's chances. After another exciting finish, H. Perkins (36yds.), beat G. C. Dow (7yds.), by about three-quarters of a yard; P. A. Ciifford 6yds. away 3rd. The winner received a handsome inkstand the gift of the Rowing Club Committee.

The SIAMESE RACE was an easy win for T. Sexton and J. P. Clifford (7yds.), J. Corrigan and T. J. Hurley (9yds.), 2nd.

HURDLE RACE (120yds.), resulted in a good race between four. J. O'Brien (6yds. bhd. scr.), just beating G. C. Dow (5yds. bhd. scr.), by about 3 inches; D. McMahon (17yds.), 3rd, 2yds. away. The erratic running of some of the limit men interfered with the chances of the others.

Through the absence of eggs on the Sports' day, the EGG and SPOON RACE had to be postponed. The race was well contested by J. O'Brien and J. Burke, the former passing the post first, but the prize was awarded to J. Burke through J. O'Brien not having fulfilled the conditions of the race.

The CONSOLATION RACE (100yds.), unlike most Consolation Races, afforded a good finish, P. A. Clifford (4yds.), 1st; J. D'Apice, 2nd; J. Fitzpatrick, 3rd.

THANKS.

The Committee beg to return their sincere thanks to the following kind friends for their generous contributions towards the Sports Fund :—

The Very Rev. P. Keating, S.J., £1 1s.

The Very Rev. Rector, J. Ryan, S.J., a gold medal for the College Championship.

The Rowing Club, a handsome trophy for the Rowing Club Handicap, 220yds.

Mr. J. Dynon, Jun., a handsome gold medal for the Second Division Championship.

Feldheim, Gotthelf & Co., a valuable writing desk.

S. Hoffnung a good bat.

GEORGE C. DOW, Hon. Sec.

CRICKET SEASON, 1893.

President—Rev. W. F. McCulloch.

Captain—J. O'Brien. Hon. Secretary—C. Carey.

Committee—

J. O'Brien, C. Carey, J. Haydon, F. D'Arcy, W. McDonald.

The members of our team must be congratulated for the great interest they have taken in their game, and the enthusiastic manner in which they have practised. During the season we have played 17 matches, winning 6, losing 7, whilst 4 were drawn. Three of our defeats may be attributed to the fact that we played on turf this season for the first time, to which we had not become sufficiently accustomed.

Our team was greatly weakened by the departure of J. Healy and Iggy O'Donnell from our midst during the year. With their aid, at the beginning of the year, we defeated Sydney Grammar School and played a draw with Newington College; but towards the end of the season, being deprived of their services with the ball, we had to lower our colours to both these teams, and also to King's School.

As we are henceforward to play "home and home" matches with the other schools, our superiors thought it advisable to have a turf wicket laid out, and this somewhat delayed the commencement of our season. The wicket has reached such a state of perfection that we do not regret the delay.

Our most hearty thanks are due to Mr. Bannerman (our coach) for his deep interest and painstaking care in training our team. We must also thank Mr. A. C. Bannerman, who favoured us with a visit before departing for England.

J. O'BRIEN, Captain.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs.	Most runs in Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
J. Haydon	16	209	70*	2	14.92
W. McDonald	15	147	33	3	12.3
H. Manning	15	159	40	2	12.2
J. O'Brien	14	148	33*	1	11.3
C. Carey	17	164	58	2	10.9
F. D'Arcy	9	82	29	1	10.2
J. Brown	5	48	27	0	9.6
F. Rourke	15	95	41	2	7.3
J. Corrigan	6	25	7	1	5
J. McEvoy	7	21	10*	1	3.5
W. Fraser	7	5	4	1	0.83

*Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	No. Balls.	No. Maiden Overs.	No. Wickets	Average.
J. Corrigan	384	4	16	9.25
I. O'Donnell	525	25	19	9.63
F. D'Arcy	258	3	16	10
W. McDonald	924	21	42	11.45

REMARKS ON THE ELEVEN.

J. Haydon, magnificent bat, smart field, winner of the batting average
W. McDonald, good break bowler and good free bat.
H. Manning, very good bat, good field, and change bowler.
J. O'Brien, captain of the eleven, splendid bat, and very good field.
C. Carey, splendid free bat and reliable field.
F. D'Arcy, good patient bat and change bowler.
J. Brown, good free bat, splendid field, good change bowler with plenty of leg work.
F. Rourke, excellent wicket-keep, good steady bat.
J. Corrigan, fair bat, splendid bowler, winner of the bowling average.
J. McEvoy, magnificent field and good bat.
W. Fraser, very good bowler, sleepy field.
B. McEvoy, scorer.

MATCHES.

Darlinghurst Harriers, Feb. 11th.—The scores were St. Ignatius', 159—O'Donnell 37, Carey 19, Ryan 5, Healy 2, Henerie 9, Dalton 8, Manning 8, O'Brien 33, Rourke 0, Haydon 12, and McDonald 13 runs; sundries 20. Darlinghurst Harriers, 66 for eight wickets.

Dalton Bros, Feb. 25th.—The College totalled 90—O'Donnell 0, Manning 5, Carey 19, Dalton 7, O'Brien 22, Healy 8, Ryan 0, Haydon 16, McDonald 10, Henerie 5, and Rourke 3 runs; sundries 3. Dalton Bros. 77.

Suffield C.C., March 4th.—St. Ignatius', 62—O'Brien 6, Carey 0, Healy 3, O'Donnell 7, Manning 24, Dalton 0, Ryan 7, Haydon 0. McDonald 0, Henerie 0, Rourke (not out) 0; sundries 12. Suffield, for seven wickets, 79.

Technical College, March 17th.—St. Ignatius', for two wickets, 174—Healy 98, O'Donnell 30, Carey (not out) 58, Manning (not out) 40 runs; sundries 18. Technical College, 50.

Newington College, March 18th.—St. Ignatius', 131—O'Donnell 35, Manning 11, Carey 6, Healy 16, O'Brien 14, Prendergast 4, Dalton 1, Ryan 17, Haydon 1, McDonald 15, Rourke (not out) 3; sundries 8. Newington College, 103 for eight wickets.

Sydney Grammar School, March 25th.—St. Ignatius', 107—O'Donnell 95, Manning 5, Healy 4, Carey 8, O'Brien 15, Prendergast 7, Ryan 14, McDonald 4, Haydon 1, Kelly 3, Rourke 0; sundries 23. Grammar School, 95 runs.

Darlinghurst Harriers, April 8th.—St. Ignatius', 80—O'Donnell 20, Manning 0, Carey 7, O'Brien 5, Haydon 2, McDonald 33, Kelly 0, D'Apice 0, Rourke 1, McEvoy 0, O'Donnell (not out) 3; sundries 9. Darlinghurst Harriers, 59 runs for nine wickets.

Concord C.C., April 13th.—St. Ignatius', for four wickets, 78—O'Donnell 19, O'Brien 18, Manning (not out) 11, Carey 0, McDonald 13, Haydon (not out) 6; sundries 11. Concord C.C., 21 runs.

Carlton C.C., Sept. 23rd.—St. Ignatius', 83—Hurley 7, O'Brien 0, Carey 10, O'Donnell 1, Manning 22, McDonald 1, D'Arcy 29, Corrigan 2, O'Donnell (not out) 5, D'Apice 0, Rourke 0; sundries 7. Carlton C.C., for one wicket, 111 runs.

University III. C.C., Sept. 30th.—St. Ignatius', 120—Manning 4, Carey 0, Hurley 0, D'Arcy 10, O'Brien 0, McDonald 4, Haydon (not out) 70, O'Donnell 0, Corrigan 2, D'Apice 0, Rourke 20; sundries 10. University III. C.C., 91 runs.

Claremont C.C., Oct. 7th.—St. Ignatius', 114—D'Arcy 18, O'Donnell 0, Haydon 29, Corrigan 5, Carey 5, McEvoy 0, FitzGerald 8, Rourke 13, Brown 29, Cox 4, Fraser (not out) 0; sundries 7. Claremont C.C., 38 runs.

Money Order Office C.C., Oct. 21st.—St. Ignatius', for three wickets, 76—Haydon 16, Rourke 41, D'Arcy 14, O'Donnell (not out) 0, Carey (not out) 1; sundries 4. Money Order Office C.C., 169 runs.

King's School C.C., Nov. 1st.—St. Ignatius', 131—Manning 10, Rourke 0, Haydon 40, Carey 0, Brown 0, O'Brien 25, McDonald 22, Hurley 10, McEvoy (not out) 10, Fraser 0; sundries 5. King's School C.C., eight wickets for 176 runs.

NEWINGTON C.C., Nov. 11th.—St. Ignatius', 40—Haydon 7, Manning 6, D'Arcy 2, Carey 3, Rourke 0, McDonald 0, Brown 2, McEvoy 1, O'Donnell 6, FitzGerald (not out) 5, Fraser 4; sundries 4. Newington, three wickets for 290 runs.

LARK AND SONS' C.C., Nov. 18th.—St. Ignatius', 43—Manning 0, McEvoy 2, Haydon 0, Carey 1, D'Arcy (not out) 7, McDonald 2, O'Brien 3, O'Donnell 10, FitzGerald 0, Corrigan 3, Fraser 0; sundries 8. Lark and Sons C.C., 68 runs.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL C.C., Nov. 18th.—St. Ignatius', 48—Haydon 7, Carey 3, Manning 1, D'Arcy 2, Rourke 0, O'Brien 0, McDonald (not out) 16, Brown 5, McEvoy 1, Fraser 1, Corrigan 6; sundries 3. Sydney Grammar School C.C., 89 runs. Second innings: St. Ignatius' College 97, Sydney Grammar School 22 (for one wicket).

1894.

DALTON BROS. C.C., Feb. 3rd.—St. Ignatius', 56—Manning 2, O'Donnell 0, D'Arcy 2, Punch 1, O'Brien 1, Brown 2, Kelly 5, McDonald 12, Hurley 6, Dillon 16, Corrigan (not out) 5. Second innings, five wickets for 39—Manning 0, McDonald (not out) 20, Corrigan 3, D'Arcy 3, Hurley 9. Dalton Bros.' C.C. won on the first innings by 28 runs.

UNIVERSITY III. C.C., Feb. 10th.—Lost by 19 runs St. Ignatius' College, 49—O'Brien 0, Hurley 0, McDonald 4, Manning 5, D'Arcy 1, Dillon 7, Brown 8, O'Donnell 0, Kelly 0, Rourke 13, Corrigan (not out) 11. Second innings, 46 for seven wickets—McDonald 1, O'Donnell 0, Manning 7, Corrigan 3, Dillon 1, Hurley (not out) 11, D'Arcy 0, Kelly 3, O'Brien (not out) 7. University III. C.C., 68 runs.

CONCORD C.C., Feb. 17th.—Won by 10 wickets. St. Ignatius' College, no wickets for 97—Manning (not out) 66, O'Brien (not out) 25. Concord C.C., 94 runs.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Feb. 24th.—Lost by 3 runs. St. Ignatius' College, 90—Manning 2, McDonald 12, Hurley 11, D'Arcy 0, Brown 0, Dillon 0, O'Brien 10, Kelly (not out) 17, Corrigan 4, McEvoy 2, Dow 10. Sydney Grammar School, 93 runs.

KING'S SCHOOL C.C., March 3rd.—Lost by 2 wickets and 127 runs. St. Ignatius' College, 47—Manning 7, McDonald 7, Hurley 9, D'Arcy 0, Corrigan (not out) 7, Dow 0. King's School, 174 runs for eight wickets.

DARLINGHURST HARRIERS C.C., March 10th.—A draw. St. Ignatius' College, 1 wicket for 19—McDonald 6, Manning (not out) 3, Kelly (not out) 1. Darlinghurst Harriers, 157 runs.

LARK, SONS, & Co's. C.C., April 7th.—A draw. St. Ignatius' College, 1 wicket for 59—Kelly (not out) 40, D'Arcy 5, Manning (not out) 6. Lark, Sons, and Co., 98 runs.

SECOND ELEVEN, 1893.

Committee—

C. FITZGERALD, G. DOW, J. BROWN, D. PRENDERGAST, T. SEXTON.

THE members of the Second Eleven may congratulate themselves on their splendid performances this season. We have played eleven outside matches, of which two only were lost. The improvement in the batting of the whole eleven is very marked. T. J. Hurley, the winner of the batting average, is to be congratulated on his creditable performances. B. FitzGerald and D. Prendergast are very promising bowlers. Our success is mainly due to the good spirit existing among the members of the team, and the careful attention paid to Mr. C. Bannerman's hints, when we are lucky enough to obtain his services for our eleven.

REMARKS ON THE TEAM.

G. Dow, captain of the eleven, very promising bat, good field.
T. Hurley, splendid bat, winner of average, fair field.
B. FitzGerald, good bat and bowler, fair field.
J. O'Donnell, good bat, hard off hitter, fair field.
W. D'Apice, splendid field, unreliable bat.
E. Loneragan, good bat, fair bowler, weak field.
J. Burke, good bat, fair bowler, good field.
J. FitzPatrick, good bowler and field.
T. Condon, good bat, change bowler, good field.
D. Prendergast, very good bowler, fast and good off break, free bat.
T. Sexton, wicket keep, promising bat.
P. Clifford, scorer.
W. Fallon, umpire.

SECOND ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

	Total Runs	Innings.	Not Out.	Highest Score.	Average.
E. Loneragan ...	43	4	3	20*	43
T. Hurley	166	8	3	48*	33.2
B. FitzGerald ...	118	7	2	43*	23.6
G. Dow	35	2	0	26	17.5
T. Condon	31	2	0	26	15.5
J. O'Donnell ...	52	7	1	30	8.6
J. Burke	14	2	0	12	7.0
D. Prendergast ...	30	5	0	13	6.0
J. FitzPatrick ...	19	4	0	2	4.25
W. D'Apice	7	4	0	3	1.75
T. Sexton	3	3	1	2	1.15

*Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	No. Runs.	No. Wickets.	Average.
D. Prendergast	118	12	9.8
B. FitzGerald	268	19	14.1
T. Hurley	104	6	17.3

FORT STREET TRAINING SCHOOL, Feb. 4th.—St. Ignatius' College, 113—Mr. O'Reilly 25, Henerie 24, Manning 23, Kelly 11. Fort-street Training School, 63 runs.

ASHFIELD CLIFTONS, Feb. 25th.—St. Ignatius' College, 177—Hurley (not out) 48, Mr. O'Reilly 42, O'Donnell 30, FitzGerald (not out) 26. The Ashfield Cliftons did not bat.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL B., March 11th.—St. Ignatius' College, 73—FitzGerald 16, Prendergast 12, Curtin 10, McEvoy 10. Sydney Grammar School, for 8 wickets, 165 runs.

STANMORE CLIFTONS, March 18th.—St. Ignatius' College, 42—Hurley 14. Stanmore Cliftons, 48 runs.

WOOLLAHRA C.C., March 25th.—Woollahra, for 9 wickets, 209 runs. St. Ignatius' College did not bat.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMARS, April 15th—St. Ignatius', for 8 wickets, 110—Corrigan (not out) 30, Hurley 24, Loneragan 16, FitzGerald 15. Church of England Grammars, 95 runs.

KINGSTON C.C., Sept. 16th.—St. Ignatius', for 6 wickets, 129—Hurley 48, Haydon 21, McEvoy 18, Brown 10. Kingston, 178 runs.

GLAMMIS C.C., Sept. 23rd.—St. Ignatius', for 4 wickets, 38—Prendergast 11. Glammis, 190 runs.

ROSAMOND C.C., Nov. 25th.—St. Ignatius', for 4 wickets, 128—FitzGerald 43, Hurley 27, Loneragan 20. Rosamonds, 53 runs.

SYDNEY GRAMMARS B. C.C., Dec. 2nd.—St. Ignatius', 155—Cox 34, Dow 26, Condon 26, Hurley 24, Prendergast 13. Sydney Grammars, for 4 wickets, 46 runs.

GLAMMIS C.C., Feb. 3rd.—Glammis won easily by 9 wickets and 98 runs. Glammis, for 1 wicket, 142. St. Ignatius' College, 44 runs.

ROSEMOUNT C.C., Feb. 10th.—Won by the College team by 42 runs. Rosemount, 62. St. Ignatius' College, 104—Punch (not out) 55, Cox 10.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL C.C., Feb. 25th.—Won by St. Ignatius' College by 6 runs. Sydney Grammar School, 92. St Ignatius' College, 98—Fitzpatrick 29, McGrath 23 runs.

MIDDLE HARBOUR C.C., March 17th.—Drawn in favour of St. Ignatius College, the scores being Middle Harbour, 9 wickets for 56; St. Ignatius' College, 72—Cox 22, Dillon (not out) 11, Corrigan 12.

CRICKET—SECOND DIVISION.

President—REV. C. DELANEY, S.J.

Committee—
A. DEERY, H. PERKINS, T. DILLON, D. CAMERON.

A. TEAM.

THE cricket season of the foregoing year has been very successful, eight matches being played, of which four were won, two drawn, and one lost.

CLAREMONT C.C.—Lost by 12 runs. W. Fallon 18, Perkins 11.

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE.—Won by 35. F. Macdonald 41, T. Dillon 23.

APSLEY C.C.—Won by 10. Dillon 10, also took 8 wickets for 10 runs.

OXFORD CLARENDON C.C.—Won by 139 runs and two wickets. Perkins 79, F. Deery 44.

CLAREMONT C.C.—Won by 14 runs. Perkins 18, Deery and Dillon 14.

ASHFIELD ARDLERS C.C.—Drawn. Riverview declared innings closed with two wickets down for 131 runs. Perkins 64 (not out), Dillon 24. Ardlers, 4 wickets for 59.

APSLEY C.C.—Drawn. Riverview, 94—H. Deery 44, R. Henerie 18. Apsley, 42 for four wickets.

B. TEAM.

The Second Eleven of the Second Division, which ranks as the Fourth Eleven of the College, were very successful, five matches being played, three won, one lost, and one drawn:—

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE.—Won by 40 runs. H. MacMahon 34.

ST. ALOYSIUS' COLLEGE.—Won by 19 runs. H. MacMahon 19.

GLENVIEW C.C.—Lost by 32 runs. E. Burns 12.

CARLTON C.C.—Won by 52 runs. C. Power 52, H. MacMahon 14.

NEUTRAL BAY C.C.—Drawn. P. Power 17 (not out).

FOOTBALL.

President: REV. W. F. MCCULLOCH, S.J. *Hon. Sec.:* C. CAREY.

Committee:

I. O'DONNELL. C. CAREY. | J. O'BRIEN P. MEAGHER.

T. SEXTON.

TEAM.

J. O'Brien, wing half, collars splendidly, very fast, and relieves well.
P. Meagher, fast wing, forward, tackles and dribbles well.
I. O'Donnell, lion of the team; plays centre half, takes his pass well, excellent tackler, magnificent kick.

T. Sexton, a hard working forward, dribbles and collars well. Our best man in the scrum.
C. Carey, good half, tackles and relieves well.
J. FitzPatrick, good dodgy runner, sure tackler, and good kick.
T. Hurley, a splendid quarter, good in stopping rushes, passes and tackles well.
P. Latham, trusty forward, grand man in the line out, feeds his backs well.
J. O'Donnell, good forward, especially in scrums, kicks well.
P. A. Clifford, untiring forward, dribbles well.
B. McEvoy, full back, relieves and collars well.
H. Curtis, an energetic forward, plays well in the open, collars well.
J. Corrigan, forward, follows up well, dribbles well, and feeds fast out of scrum.
J. McEvoy, very good forward, rather lazy at times.
F. Du Boisé, quarter, passes and collars well.
G. Dow, a fast wing forward, good kick. A new man in the team.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

We opened our season this year with very good promise; in fact, we might be well excused for entertaining the hope that this our second year of Rugby would be still more successful than last year. We had players who had a well established reputation besides the experiences of last season; but, unfortunately, circumstances arose during the season which were destined to spoil all our hopes.

It is a remarkable fact that during the whole of the season we were not in a position on a single occasion to place a fully representative team on the field, and this, to a great extent, accounts for our defeats. To this cause may also be attributed the want of interest displayed by certain members of the team in the practice matches, though we do not see how a member of the committee could be excused, even on account of these circumstances, and we take this opportunity of reminding him, as well as other members of the team, that none of us are too good to play in practice matches. With regard to those who did play, however, the thanks of not only the committee, but of the whole team, are due. Many worked most energetically every evening, even knowing they had little chance of a game in the outside matches. To these, all we can say is persevere, nil desperandum, for they are certainly on the way to become excellent footballers.

Another cause of our defeats is that, except on two days a week, the team had no opportunity of playing together. With regard to individual play, the whole team showed that individually at least we had an excellent team; and under more favorable circumstances we might well have hoped to reverse the results of most of our matches, especially our last, in which no less than six of our most prominent players were absent; and for a team such as Newington to have scored only five in the first half speaks well for our abilities as footballers.

Our captain, I. O'Donnell, this year, as last year, proved himself well worthy of his reputation as a footballer. Joe O'Brien, our wing half, has made a great name for himself in Wollongong, where he was selected to play with the South Coast team in their match *v.* Metropolitans.

This year our second team was a great success, and showed a marked improvement in their knowledge of the game. Their passing, during the latter portion of the season, was magnificent, and certain members of the first team might well take a lesson from it. The play of Fallon (capt.), Manning, Haydon, and B. McEvoy, among the backs, and of Dow and P. Clifford among the forwards, was very creditable. T. Sexton and J. O'Brien were, by the votes of the team, awarded the medals presented by the Rector for the best play during the year.

Wallaringa F.C. v. *St. Ignatius'*.

Our football season was opened this year by a match against the Wallaringa F.C. The ground was rather heavy, owing to the rain of two previous days; but, however, the game was not rendered less fast by this

fact. The Wallaringa sent a very strong combination into the field, whereas the College team was considerably handicapped by the absence of the full back, J. O'Brien. The two teams were, however, very evenly matched—the scores being nil at half time. This remained the state of affairs till within ten minutes of time, when a try was obtained for Wallaringa. Scores: Wallaringa, 3 points; St. Ignatius', nil. This score was not altered before time was called, thus leaving Wallaringa victors by three points, after a very fast and well contested game.

FitzPatrick and Meagher, who appeared for the first time on the Riverview football field, gave very great promise. Where all played so well, it would be invidious to single out any players for special mention.

St. Ignatius' v *University C. Team.*

A match was played on Saturday at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, between the University C. and St. Ignatius' College, and resulted in a win for the former by eight points to nil. At half time the scores were University eight points, the College nil. I. O'Donnell, the college's best man had to retire, being disabled. In the second half Harris was looking dangerous when he was nicely brought down by J. O'Donnell. Meagher by good forward play and dribbling brought the ball up near the visitors' 25. The game now became very lively until O'Brien made a splendid run and brought the ball close to the University line. By the good play of the visitors the ball was soon brought back to the college twenty-five, and several attempts at scoring were stopped by Hurley's splendid collaring. All through the game the University's passing was very good; although everyone of them played well, special mention must be made of Terry, Montgomery, Harris, and Holt among the backs, and Johnson and Wassel among the forwards. For the Riverview boys the best play was undoubtedly shown by Fitzpatrick whilst Hurley and O'Brien among the backs, and Sexton, Meagher, and Mr. Goodyear among the forwards, played very well It was most unfortunate for the college that they lost the best man, I. O'Donnell. His play was first class until he was disabled.—*Freeman's Journal*, May 6th, 1893.

St. Ignatius' v *Hunter's Hill.*

A match was played at Riverview on Saturday between St. Ignatius' College and Hunter's Hill, and resulted in a win for the former by 5 points to 3. Kicked off by Gillies (H. H.), the ball was smartly returned along the wing by O'Donnell, and received by Kelly, who effected a neat run into the Riverview 25. From a pass from the scrum Davis took a flying shot at the goal, but the leather falling short was received by O'Brien, who did a pretty run and passed to O'Donnell. Jackson intercepted a Riverview pass, and was nicely collared by Hurley; D'Apice receiving a long pass from Hurley made a dash for the line, but was brought down when almost across by Gillies, who did a nice run along the wing being eventually collared by O'Donnell, who punted out of grounds. From the throw in DuBoisé passed to O'Donnell, who did a splendid run but was collared on the line by Gillies. Meagher did some nice dribbling for Riverview and picking up the ball passed to Rogers, who fell over the line scoring first try for Riverview, which O'Donnell converted into a goal. Half-time was called, scores standing—St. Ignatius' College 5 points, Hunter's Hill nil. The play at the commencement of the next half of the game was somewhat slow until Davis, intercepting a Riverview pass, ran and passed to Caldwell, who doing a very nice run dashed across the line. No goal resulted Scores—College 5, Hunter's Hill 3 points. A deal of scrum work now ensued and Sexton and O'Donnell among the Riverview forwards did some magnificent dribbling. Hurley gave a long pass to Fitzpatrick, who making a brilliant run was brought down on the line by Davis. Time was now called, the scores still standing at St. Ignatius' 5 points, Hunter's Hill 3. For the winners O'Donnell, Fitzpatrick, Sexton, and D'Apice, and for the losers Gillies, Kelly, and Caldwell played best. Mr. Arnold gave entire satisfaction as central umpire.—***Referee*, May 10th, 1893.**

Arfoma v. *St. Ignatius' College B.*

Arfoma second played St. Ignatius' College second at Riverview and defeated them by 15 points to 3. For the former Chattell, Johnson (2), Brownhill, Todhunter and Gillhooly played a splendid forward game, whilst Rogers, Manning and Corrigan strove hard to win. The special feature of the match was the praiseworthy manner in which both teams passed.—*Referee*, May 17th, 1893.

Strathfield B v. *St. Ignatius B.*

The match played at Riverview between Strathfield B's and St. Ignatius' College B's resulted in a win for the Strathfields by 6 points to 5. In the first half the Riverview boys had much the best of the game, the ball being down in the Strath's. 25 all the time. D'Apice scored first try for the College, which Hurley neatly converted into a goal. In the second half the Straths. livened up considerably and succeeded in getting over twice, Bailey and Howell being the scorers. For the winners Howell played a fine game all through, and Ellis, Bailey, and Johnson showed good form. The most notable players for the losers were Hurley, Sexton, D'Apice, Fallon, and Rogers.—*Freeman's Journal*, May 27th, 1893.

The King's School v. *St. Ignatius College.*

Played at Parramatta on June 17th. St. Ignatius kicked off against the wind, and the return being muddled, the first scrums took place in the King's 25, but the forwards soon got to work, and, aided by some wild passing, transferred the ball to the other end, where a free kick was awarded for half side. Lowcock took the kick, but shot just outside. A long kick relieved the College lines, but a clever run by Moore brought it back, and after a scrum in the 25 the same player received a neat pass from Suttor and worked his way through the opposing backs and scored. Lowcock just kicked the goal, the ball glancing from the inside of the post. The kick-off was followed by some well-contested packs in the centre of the ground, the efforts of the College backs to break away being neutralised by the fine tackling of the School. Once O'Donnell got as far as Blaxland, but was unable to pass him. The School now seemed to tire a little, and for a time were pressed, until a dribble from Lowcock delivered them from anxiety. This was followed by a determined rush of the forwards, with Waddy at their head, a force resulting. A nice punt into touch by Blaxland was the next feature of interest, and was immediately followed by a great effort on the part of the College, for whom Fitzpatrick dribbled the ball past all the School backs, but, picking up too soon, was tackled on the goal line. The School forwards made up all the lost ground, and Lowcock made a most brilliant run, finishing up with a clever kick over full-back's head, gaining a try, from which he kicked a second goal. In the loose scrums that followed the kick-off, Brown, Bell, and Waddy showed up prominently for the School, and the ball was well in the College 25 when half-time was called. Immediately after the resumption of the game occured the finest pieces of play in these matches this season. Set going by Altworth on the right wing, the ball travelled safely through at least eight pairs of hands, finally coming out nicely from Waddy to Rouse, who handed on the ball just at the right moment to Moore, and the School captain wound up a most brilliant piece of play by speeding round behind the goal. A third goal resulted. Shortly afterwards another fine passing run took place among the School forwards, Waddy sending a splendid throw-out to Rouse, but the final pass to Moore was not a good one and the ball went into touch. St. Ignatius now tried the dangerous experiment of passing in their own 25, with the result that Moore snapped up a pass and gained his third try. From it Lowcock kicked a fourth goal. The remainder of the game was of an even nature, the College forwards holding the ball more successfully and penning the School within their own lines, where Macphail was conspicuous stopping rushes, and Ryrie punted well into touch. The most noteworthy event in the last ten minutes was a fine run

by Abbott, who handed off his opponents in a most convincing fashion and wound up by a fine pass. No further score ensued, and time was called with the School total standing 20—nil. For the School the forwards all played hard and well, Waddy, Lowcock, and Brown being best where all were good. Of the backs, Moore scored whenever he got the smallest chance, and the others defended in fine style, Ryrie in particular executing at least one masterly tackle. Blaxland kicked well and collared finely —indeed, the collaring right through the team was, at least, twice as good as it had ever been before. For the College, J. O'Donnell ran strongly and kicked magnificently, and was ably backed up by O'Brien and Fitzpatrick. The full-back, too, kicked and collared well.—*Referee*, June 21st, 1893.

Newington College B v. *St Ignatius' College B.*

The above teams met at Riverview on Saturday last. Newington kicked off, and shortly afterwards Dow got across for Riverview. Hurley failed to increase the score. Play was then confined to the Newington 25 until half time was called. McDonald kicked well out of bounds near Newington's line and from the throw in Brown scored for Riverview, Fallon took the kick but no goal resulted. After some splendid displays of passing on both sides Brown by a smart run again crossed the line but the attempt at the goal failed. Jeffreys then got away and was collared by M'Evoy near the Riverview line. The oval was quickly returned and once more Dow scored, Hurley succeeding in putting the ball between the posts. Time was then called, Riverview winning by 14 points to nil. For the winners Dow, Brown, Hurley and Fallon played well, and also Hicks, Jeffreys, Wilson and Baird for the losers.—*Freeman's Journal*, August 12th, 1893.

Newington v *St. Ignatius.*

Newington College played St. Ignatius' College at Riverview, and Newington won by 23 points to nil. Riverview kicked off and Stewart returned well into touch. The Riverview halves brought the ball back by good running and passing, and some heavy scrimmages took place in the Newington territory. Cunningham relieved his side by a good run down the field, passing when stopped to C. Curlewis, who fell over the line. H. Cowlishaw kicked a goal off the try. After the kick off, St. Ignatius' strove very hard to equalise matters but the defence was too good. No further scoring was done in the first half. In the second the game was in favour of the Newington, St. Ignatius' being dangerous on only one occasion, when O'Donnell made a fine drop at the goal, which just went outside the post. The second try was obtained for Newington by Shortland, and Cowlishaw kicked a goal from it. After the kick off Newington forwards dribbled the ball back, and Shortland passed to Greenwell, who ran round the opposing backs and scored. No goal resulted Newington still attacked and very soon Busby scored, Cowlishaw adding the goal. Just before time, St. Ignatius' rushed the ball into Newington 25, and O'Donnell dropped at the goal the ball going dead to the fence. Shortland kicked out and following on got the ball from the Riverview backs and passed out to Baird, who scored the fifth try for the Newington, Cowlishaw kicking the goal from it. Time was now called. Scores: Newington 23 points, St. Ignatius' nil. (In this match no less than six of the St. Ignatius' A team were owing to sickness prevented from playing).—*Sydney Morning Herald*, August 14th, 1893.

1894.

Wallaringa v. *St. Ignatius' College.*

This match was played on April 22, when the former won by 8 to 3. The tries were obtained by Parker and Strachan for Wallaringa, and by O'Donnell for St. Ignatius' College.

Hunter's Hill Juniors v. *St. Ignatius' College B Team.*

St. Ignatius' College B team played and defeated Hunter's Hill Juniors by 3 points to nil on April 29. The only try was obtained by Hale, who played very well all through, as did Brown, Clifford, Manning, and Toohey.

Redfern Parkhurst v. *St. Ignatius' College.*

St. Ignatius' College on May 5th defeated Redfern Parkhurst by 8 points to 6. The game was rather in favour of the college boys throughout, their forwards being too good for their opponents. Monroe, for Parkhurst, ran from his own line and scored first try, Hannibal making a bad attempt for the goal. From the kick off the play became very even until the college forwards, headed by O'Donnell, brought the ball into their opponents' twenty-five, and very nearly scored. In the second half, Fitzpatrick, with a neat run, scored first try for St. Ignatius'. The score when the whistle sounded "no side" left St. Ignatius' victorious by 8 points to 6. For the winners all the forwards played excellently, Meagher, O'Donnell, Cox, McDonald, and Corrigan being especially noticeable; whilst amongst the backs O'Brien, Power, and Fitzpatrick played best, O'Brien's collaring, punting, and running being splendid all through. For Parkhurst best form was shown by Monroe, Macketter, Francis, and Hannibal.

Ardler v. *St. Ignatius' College.*

On May 12 St. Ignatius' College easily defeated Ardler in a football match by 20 points to nil. From the start it was evident that the college boys were too good for their opponents, the forwards doing pretty well as they liked. O'Brien scored first try, Corrigan failing to convert. The college forwards had the ball immediately in their opponents' twenty-five, and after a series of scrums O'Brien dropped a goal from the field. In the second half, after some excellent passing by the college, Meagher scored the next try, the kick for goal again failing. The college forwards doing as they liked in the scrums, rushed the ball into Ardler territory, where O'Donnell secured and scored next try, the kick failing again. The remaining points were scored by Power, who kicked a splendid goal from the field, and Curtis, who obtained a try. The Ardlers never got the ball out of their own territory, until within the last five minutes, when they nearly scored. For St. Ignatius' all played splendidly, particularly the forwards, amongst whom O'Donnell was conspicuous for grand play all through; Meagher and McDonald being also very good. Among the backs best form was shown in particular by O'Brien and also by Fitzpatrick and Power.

Newington College Second v. *St. Ignatius' College Second.*

On May 19 St. Ignatius' College Second defeated Newington Second by 26 points to 0. Two tries were obtained by Browne, and one each by Burke, Byrnes, Punch, and Curtis. Burke potted a goal from the field, and Browne converted two of the tries into goals.

Avondale v. *St. Ignatius' College.*

St. Ignatius' College on May 26th defeated Avondale by 12 to 0. The college forwards from the kick off rushed the ball into Avondale territory, where O'Brien ran in and scored first try. From a difficult angle Davidson just missed the kick for goal. O'Brien again scored, Corrigan failing to convert. From some splendid passing O'Brien did a fine run, and was just collared on the line, but passed to O'Donnell, who scored third try, but failed to convert. In the second half the Avondales played much better, Thane and Flanagan being particularly noticeable. The Riverview boys were playing excellently, O'Brien and Fitzpatrick both nearly scoring; but Roberts, the full back, was too good. From a bad return Clifford rushed

the ball, but lost it on the line; O'Brien, however, was behind him, and scored last try. The whistle shortly after sounded for time. Excellent play was shown for the college by O'Brien and Fitzpatrick, who completely baffled their opponents by their clever dodgy running. Good play was shown by O'Donnell, Meagher, and Curtis. For the Avondales, Thane, Roberts, Flanagan, Dickie, Metcalfe and Brown played well.

Newington College v. *St. Ignatius' College.*

On June 2nd Newington College and St. Ignatius' College met at Riverview, and, after a close game, Newington won, 8 points to 3. Busby kicked off, and Riverview returned out of bounds at half-way. The Riverview forwards came with a great rush, and Newington were confined to their 25 for some time; but at last Cunningham relieved by a good kick. The Newington forwards put in some good work, and kept the ball well over half-way. Harris took the throw-in, and, dashing away, looked like scoring, but the line umpire called him back. A nice piece of passing among the Riverview backs gave Fitzpatrick a chance, and he scored in the corner. No goal resulted. Newington attacked very strongly, and soon had Riverview in difficulties. Cowlishaw picked up from some loose play, and, making a good run, scored for Newington. Cunningham kicked the goal. After half-time the play was chiefly confined to Riverview territory. Cunningham made a good run down the wing, and crossed the line, but he was called back for going out of bounds. The Newington back division still attacked; and Cowlishaw, getting the ball about half way, ran through the Riverview team, and scored second try for Newington. No goal resulted. There was no more scoring during the match.

St. Ignatius' College v. *King's School.*

The above clubs met at Parramatta on Saturday, 16th June, and, after a very exciting game, the former won by 6 to 5. King's School kicked off and O'Brien returned well out of bounds. Long scrums at half way were the order, until Cameron, dribbling well, brought the ball into King's School territory. Ebsworth relieved, but Fitzpatrick, with a good kick, brought it back again. A neat bit of passing by the College backs brought the ball right up to the School line, but the latter's forwards rushed it quickly out of danger by their good dribbling. In the line out, the King's School forwards were much superior to the College, King being particularly noticeable. From some loose play, Power picked up and had a pot for the goal, but missed, and Ryrie forced. Headed by Waugh, the School forwards rushed the ball into the College 25, where it remained for some time, Byrnes and Williams making ineffectual attempts to score. O'Brien relieved out of bounds, and the play was confined to the centre, until Ebsworth took a mark. From a long distance he did a magnificent kick, the ball going just under the bar. At half-time neither side had scored. In the second half, O'Brien made a splendid run and then passed to Fitzpatrick, who dashed over the line, but lost the ball. A free kick to the College brought the ball again into the School 25, where there were some tight scrimmages, until O'Brien made a dash for the line, but was brought down by Byrnes. Ryrie relieved, and play was transferred into College territory, until Fitzpatrick ran finely, but was collared on the line and the School forced. King kicked off, and O'Brien, taking the ball, ran right down to the School line, where he was collared, but passed to Manning, who struggled over and scored. Power missed the goal. The College again attacked, and O'Brien ran well and passed to Fitzpatrick, who dodged splendidly and scored in the corner. McDonald just missed the goal. The School now rallied and transferred the play into College territory. Byrnes made a dashing run for the School, and looked like scoring, but McEvoy brought him down splendidly. Shortly after Dale picked up from some loose play and scored. Ebsworth kicked the goal. For the winners all played well, the most noticeable among the forwards being Meagher, McDonald, O'Donnell, and Cameron. The half-backs, Power and Toohey, played well, and O'Brien and Fitzpatrick put in some

splendid work at three quarters. The King's School forwards played a fine game all through, Waugh and King being always prominent. Suttor and Manchee, as halves, and Byrne and Williams, as three-quarters, played well. Mr. Corr gave every satisfaction as umpire.

King's School II. beat St. Ignatius College II. by 3—0. Jacques obtained the only try.

King's School III. were defeated by St. Ignatius' College III. by 14 to 3.

SECOND DIVISION.

President: Rev. Fr. Tuite, S.J.

Captain: J. Burke. *Secretary:* A Deery.

Committee: A. Deery, J. D'Apice, C. Power, H. Perkins.

Football this year in the Second Division has been as good if not better than last year. The A team of this Division played four matches, two of which were lost and two drawn :—The Clyde F.C., draw; Sydney Grammar School, draw; Hunter's Hill Junior, lost; Ardler F.C., lost.

The following are brief accounts of these four matches :—

Clyde F.C. v. Riverview 3rd.

These two teams met and played a long and exciting game, which ended in a draw in our favour. For the College, J. Burke, A. Deery, W. Hale, and C. Power played well.

Sydney Grammar School 3rd v. Riverview 3rd.

This team journeyed to Riverview and played a draw with the College boys, making their opponents force the ball several times. For the College, C. Power and J. Burke played well for the backs, while W. Hale, M. McMahon, and H. Goold played an excellent game in the forwards.

Hunter's Hill (Juniors) v. Riverview 3rd.

The measles had a lot to do with the loss of this match as several of our best men were down with them, and besides this team was a rather big one compared with ours. The Juniors scored 6 points against us, most of their points were gained only by the heavy rushes that they got on, and our team being lighter than theirs could not resist, and had to let them go every time they got near the line. A. Deery, J. Burke, and J. D'Apice played a good game in the halves, whilst H. Goold, W. Hale, M. McMahon, and A. Goold played a fair game for the forwards.

Ardler F.C. v. Riverview 3rd.

This team was also a heavy team and succeeded in beating us by six points though the measle boys had recovered. C. Power, J. Burke, T. Dillon, J. Toohey, and F. Loneregan played well among the backs, whilst M. McMahon, A. Deery, J. Brown, and J. D'Apice played excellently among the forwards.

Sutherland F.C. v. Riverview 4th.

The B team played this match which resulted in an easy victory for the College. The scores were: College, 15, and Sutherland F.C., 3. M. Fitzpatrick played an excellent game at half.

1894.

Matches Played. 5. Won 4, Lost 1.

The play generally has been better, relatively, than in either of the other teams and shows promise of splendid material for the higher fifteens in a season or two. S. Donnelly has proved himself an excellent captain. The following is a list of matches played and the results :—

St. Aloysius' College II., April 21—Won by 21 to nil.
Victoria F.C., May 12—Lost by 3 to nil.
Melrose F.C., May 26—Won by 7 to nil.
St. Aloysius' College, June 2—Won by 16 to 9.
King's School III., June 16—Won by 14 to 3.

P. Clifford (Wellington, N.S.W.) E. Cameron (Melbourne). G. Dow. (Melbourne). J. Walton (Sydney). Rev. T. Gartlan (Capt.)



T. Sexton (Hobart, Tas.) W. D'Apice (Sydney). H. Manning (Sydney). J. O'Brien (Wollongong). F. DuBoisé (Sydney). W. McDonald (Sydney).

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE CADET TEAM, WINNERS OF N.S.W. RIFLE ASSOCIATION ALL SCHOOLS' SHIELD, OCTOBER, 1893.

Cadet Corps.

(Contributed by Col.-Sergeant O'Brien.)

It cannot be denied that the term under consideration has far outshone the splendour of all preceding years, from a military point of view. Regular drilling has inculcated a manly and vigorous spirit into our corps, which consists of about 124 rank and file, one Colour-Sergeant, two Sergeants and two Corporals. Since the formation of our cadet corps, we have never been able to boast of winning the Schools Challenge Shield, till this year, although teams have been sent to represent the "blue and white" on no less than 7 occasions. Owing to the distance being altered from 500 and 600 to 200 and 300 yards, it was found necessary to send our team into Randwick several times to practise from the latter distance, on account of our not having a 300 yards range. The advantage gained by this practice, coupled with the determination of proving victorious, not only overcame the lead which two of the opposing teams had established over us at the short range, but also obtained for us the Challenge Shield for 1894. Notwithstanding the fact that accidents had deprived us of two of our best shots, Cadets Prendergast and Thynne, we left Riverview fully confident of success, and were cheered on by the kind wishes of "Good luck," expressed by our genial Captain, Father Gartlan. The hearty reception given to the team on its return was a proof of the appreciation of its victory. Father Gartlan favoured the youthful marksmen with a picnic up the beautiful Lane Cove River, and if we may judge from the amount of victuals which disappeared, and the songs boisterously rendered during the return trip, we cannot but consider the picnic an immense success. On the Saturday following our victory over nine opponents, we were presented with the shield and silver medals, by Mrs. Hutton, the wife of Major-General Hutton.

We must take this opportunity of cordially thanking Sergeant-Major Boor for the unceasing care and untiring energy he displayed in coaching our team.

We cannot bring our short report to a conclusion without wishing every success to the future shooting teams of Riverview, and we hope, and sincerely trust, that they will strain every nerve to retain the valuable trophy in the possession of "Our Alma Mater."

The Captain of our corps, Rev. Father Gartlan, was pleased to make the following promotions during the year :—Cadet O'Brien to be Colour-Sergeant ; Cadets D'Apice and DuBoisè to be Sergeants ; Cadets Cameron and Dow to be Corporals.

St. Ignatius' Rifle Team.

From *Town and Country Journal*, November 4th, 1893.

"We give this week an illustration of the St. Ignatius' College Rifle Team, the winners of the Schools' Challenge Shield at the recent Rifle Association Prize Meeting. Last year only four schools competed, but this year, as the contest was open to all schools, there were nine competing teams, and the contest resulted in the boys from St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, coming first, followed by Newington College, St. Joseph's High School, King's School, Fort-street Superior Public School, High School (Ultimo), Auburn Public School, Camdenville Public School, Newtown Public School. The win is very creditable to the St. Ignatius' boys, inasmuch as two of their best shots were unavoidably absent, and their places had to be filled by emergency men. The team received careful training from Sergeant-Major Boor, and material assistance on the field from Lieutenant Broinowski."

TENNIS.

TENNIS at Riverview is certainly not madly exciting. Though we have a very good court and everything we could desire to make the game a success, yet it seems to be becoming less and less popular every year. It is evident that the nobler games of football, cricket, and rowing should have the predominance, but it is not quite just that tennis should be knocked in the head, for the game certainly has many advantages. The fact that the court was unfit for use—being under repair—during a great portion of the season may be brought forward as some excuse, but until the tournament was played the court was scarcely ever occupied.

The most interesting game of the tournament was in the second round when G. Dow and W. D'Apice met. Being the best players of the house, it was thought that the winner of the game would win the final—so it proved. Dow, however, pushed his opponent hard and there were not many points between their scores when D'Apice was pronounced the victor. Appended are the results of the several heats :—

First Round.

George Dow (scratch) beat J. O'Brien (15 and ¼ 15), 6—2. O'Brien retired.
H. Manning (15 ½ 15) beat T. Sexton (¼ 15), 2—6, 6—2, 6—4.
F. DuBoisé (scratch) beat F. Rourke (15), 6—0. Rourke retired.
M. McGrath (15) beat P. Clifford (15), 6—4, 6—2.
P. O'Donnell (15) beat T. Hurley (¾ 15), 6—5. Hurley retired injured.
J. P. Cox (15) beat C. Carey (15), 6—5, 6—2.
W. D'Apice (scratch) beat J. D'Apice (½ 15), 6—2, 6—5.
W. McDonald (¼ 15) beat J. O'Donnell (15 ¼ 15), 6—2.
T. Craven (½ 15) beat B. Fitzgerald (15 ½ 15), 6—5, 6—5.
J. Corrigan, a bye.

Second Round

W. McDonald beat J. Corrigan, 5—6, 6—3, 6—4.
T. Craven beat P. O'Donnell, 3—6, 6—1, 6—1.
H. Manning beat M. McGrath, 4—6, 6—5, 6—5.
F. DuBoisé beat J. P. Cox, 1—6, 6—3, 6—1.
W. D'Apice beat G. Dow, 5—6, 6—5, 6—3.

Third Round.

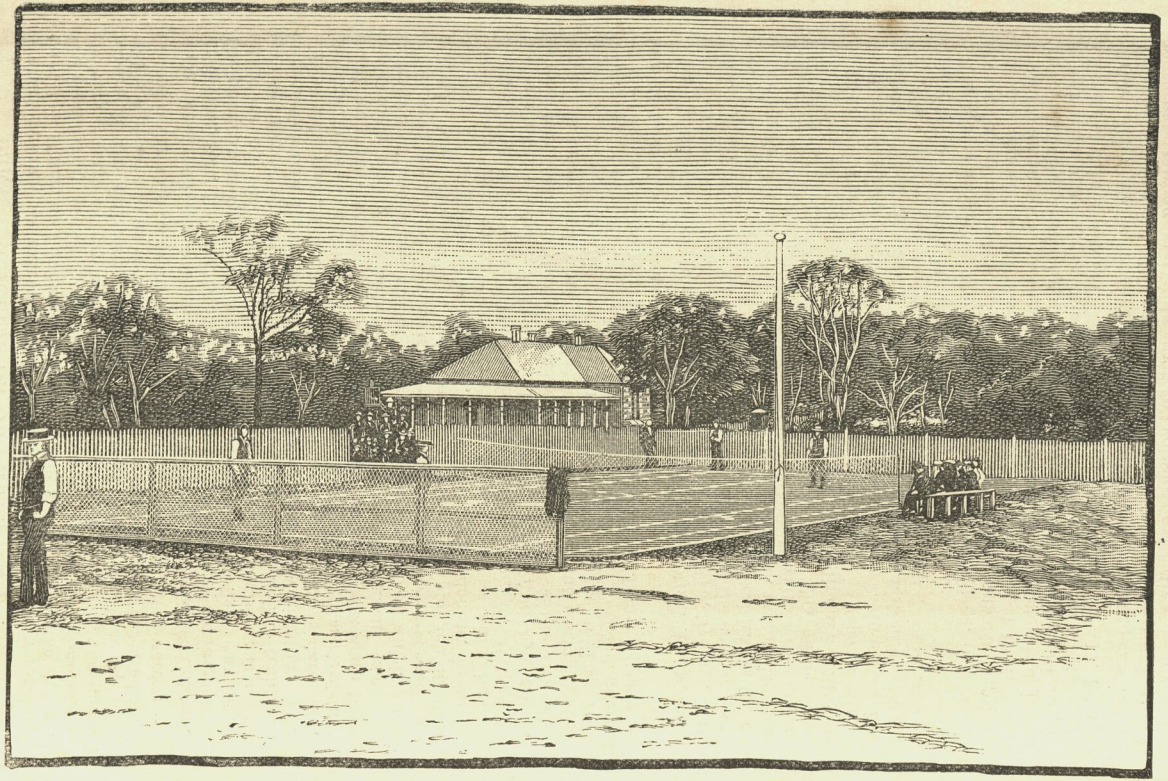
H. Manning beat F. DuBoisé, 6—1, 4—6, 6—3.
W. D'Apice beat T. Craven, 6—2, 6—2.
W. McDonald, a bye.

Fourth Round.

W. D'Apice beat H. Manning, 6 –2, 6—2.

Final.

W. D'Apice beat W. McDonald, 6—1, 6—0.



TENNIS GROUND.—INFIRMARY IN THE BACKGROUND.

Appendix.

PRESS CRITICISMS ON *OUR ALMA MATER.*

THE following are extracts from some of the papers which received *Our Alma Mater*, and forwarded to us the issue in which they did so. We need hardly say that we fully appreciate and are deeply grateful for the very great courtesy with which we have been treated by the newspapers of the different colonies. Unfortunately several newspapers which were sent to us were mislaid, and we must apologise to the editors for not being able to reproduce their kindly and encouraging words :—

Our Alma Mater, the annual of the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, S.J., Sydney, is once more up to all rational requirements. The publication speaks of a prosperous year at the College, having to tell of marked successes both in studies and sport. It contains, as usual, several interesting articles for the ordinary reader, as well as technical information to delight the athlete, the oarsman, and the cricketer. The editors this year, if not less cheery, seem something more sedate, and, perhaps, more sentimental, than they were last year. But, *macte virtute puer!* we note several allusions to friends in Ireland. Has there been any coming and going between the College and the famous castle of Blarney? "The steep hill of letters, on the summit of which they themselves are placed"—that is, the journalists who have reviewed the annual. The subject is a delicate one. We may approach it at a distance by recalling, for example, how Arthur Pendennis, in after years, read with wonder and perplexity sundry reviews which he had written in his newspaper. How he had, even for a moment, attained to the summit there displayed puzzled him exceedingly. And, by the way, an excellent article is that on Thackeray by "C." But on the whole the annual is most creditable to its editors and most interesting to its readers. It still testifies, in every respect, highly to the abilities and disposition of the students of St. Ignatius' College and to the character of the training they are receiving at the hands of the Jesuit Fathers.—*New Zealand Tablet*, January 27, 1893.

This year's issue of the interesting magazine, *Our Alma Mater*, published by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, is to hand. It is, as usual, admirably compiled. Amongst the contents are several sketches by old and young students, including a critical estimate of the works of Thackeray, who, in the writer's opinion, is entitled to a first place amongst the novelists of the world, a well-written essay upon the poems of Tennyson, notes of travel, and so on. The editors and sub-editors of the journal have shown conspicuous literary ability in their work. The usual prize lists of the school and the reports of the excellent athletic clubs attached to the College are included in the contents of the magazine. It is announced that the question of issuing *Our Alma Mater* quarterly, instead of annually, is being considered.—*New Zealand Herald*, January 24th, 1893.

The school annual of the students at St. Ignatius College, Riverview, is now issued under the title *Our Alma Mater*. The volume is of goodly size and contains a full account of all that has happened during the school year, in addition to some well-written articles on general subjects. The book is illustrated by a number of views of the College, and its style is a striking proof of the broadening and wholesome system of education adopted at this instituion.—*Sydney Morning Herald*, January 17, 1893.

Our Alma Mater, a school annual edited by the students of St. Ignatius College, S.J., Riverview (Sydney: Batson & Co., printers). A most entertaining and ably written volume, extending to over one hundred and sixty pages, with numerous illustrations interspersed. It speaks highly for the quality of the literary instruction imparted at the Jesuit College near Sydney and of the *esprit de corps* animating the students.—*The Canterbury Times*, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Our Alma Mater, a school annual edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, S.J., Riverview, New South Wales. This publication would not discredit talent much more matured than that employed on it. The annual is beautified with several well-executed pictorial sketches, the subjects of which relate to the *alma mater* so dear to the students.—*The Advocate*, Melbourne, January 14, 1893.

Our Alma Mater, the school paper of St. Ignatius' College, Sydney, is in some respects the most ambitious of magazines of the kind, though it has the advantage over many of the others, in that it is published but once a year. The volume reviewing the work and play of 1892, a copy of which is to hand, contains some 160 pages and includes numerous portraits of the school celebrities and sketches of the buildings and neighbourhood. Many of the articles, even those written by scholars, are characterised by considerable literary merit; while the record of successes and failures, both in the college and on the sports grounds, the river, and the gymnasium is very complete, and no doubt very interesting to those associated with the institution.—*Barrier Miner*, January 17, 1893.

Our Alma Mater, the school annual edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, S.J., Riverview, is to hand and evidences the advancement made by the contributors during 1892. This production is a College record of the doings, both scholastic and athletic, of the Riverview boys, compiled by them and printed by Messrs. Batson & Co., Sydney. It is in neat book form, containing portraits of the prominent students in the various fields of competition, and excellent views of the college and its attractions on the Lane Cove River. The editors have evidently expended a great amount of care and time in their record of College doings, and are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts. It is proposed to issue the number quarterly, as an incentive to the students to further exercise themselves in their contributions to the press and as affording an opportunity of giving more recent and frequent reports of school proceedings. There are in *Our Alma Mater* evidences of excellences in composition and style which more frequent opportunities would fittingly develop.

Our thanks to the Editors of the St. Ignatius College annual for 1893, which reaches us in book form, entitled *Our Alma Mater*. This volume, covering 160 pages of reading matter, is, of its species one of the most complete that has fallen beneath the shadow of our pen. The editorial with which *Our Alma Mater* begins is as boys would write—hopeful, trustful, and pardonably self-laudatory. Always the same with young men on the threshold of the outside world, and still under the shadow of the outside world—always hopeful; and this is as it should be. The annual is edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, and contains a compendious sketch of their achievements in the public university examinations, cricket, football, rowing and rifle shooting. In all of which departments, it would appear, the students have been eminently successful. The results of domestic contests in swimming, billiards, tennis, and such manly accomplishments are also published. There are several neatly executed plates of the College and surroundings, also photos of the students who have distinguished themselves. The volume also contains several literary productions, and an account of that day of days—speech day. We congratulate our young friends upon the literary taste and arrangement of their annual. As a record of the College work for 1892, it is valuable and useful.—*Yass Courier*, Jan. 17, 1892.

Our Alma Mater.—This is a school magazine issued annually by the students of the Jesuit College, Riverview, Sydney. It is a volume of 161 octavo pages, admirably edited, printed, and illustrated, and would do credit to more experienced conductors. From the interesting notes and sketches we learn that St. Ignatius' maintains its place as the leading college in Sydney. The arrangements for the training and comfort of the students, intellectually and physically, appear to be most

complete. The Australian love of manly sports is amply catered for. Among the adjuncts of the College are swimming baths, rifle range and armoury, boat sheds, cricket and football grounds, tennis court, &c. A billiard room, with a first-class table, is also provided for those pupils who prefer indoor amusements. The reports which are published in *Our Alma Mater* show that the Riverviewers distinguish themselves in all these pursuits. It must not be supposed, however, that the Collegians neglect their studies. The records of the University examinations tell a very different tale. All the students sent up for "Matric." passed, and half of them won scholarships. In the Junior Examination, all the pupils passed also, and one (Edward Kelly) obtained the first place, carrying off three University medals and passing first-class in all the seven subjects—a most brilliant record. *Our Alma Mater* is conducted on thoroughly democratic principles. The editors are elected by the pupils, and both senior and junior divisions are represented. It is most creditable to all concerned in its production.—*Southern Cross*, Adelaide, Jan. 20th, 1893.

The current number of *Our Alma Mater*—a school annual, edited by students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney—has been received. It contains a number of well written articles giving information of an interesting and instructive nature. A review of the successes achieved by scholars in literary and athletic pursuits is also given, and, in addition to these, there are a number of well executed illustrations and portraits, amongst the latter being that of Color-sergeant J. H. D'Arcy (son of Mr. M. D'Arcy, of this town) who is designated as "Our Champion Shot." The students are to be congratulated on their publication, not only for the concise style in which it is produced, but also for the literary excellence which the work displays.—*Gympie Times*, Jan. 21st, 1893.

Our Alma Mater. The list of pupils shows a marked increase; the scholastic work of the establishment has been carried on with vigor, and noticeable improvements have been made in the College grounds. It is noted also that the old pupils gained £350 in scholarships during 1892. The record of competitions in various athletic exercises gives satisfactory evidence that physical has kept pace with mental training. The annual is well printed, neatly illustrated, and contains a variety of interesting articles, being altogether a publication creditable to the students by whom it is edited, and the authorities by whom it is issued. —*Goulburn Herald*, Jan. 18th, 1893.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the annual just issued by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Sydney, which gives in the most readable and interesting form a full and well illustrated description of this high-class educational establishment at which some of our young men of Mackay have received their training. The success of the students in various departments is recorded; and their prowess in the field, as well as in other spheres, is modestly told. The work is one which reflects creditably upon the editors, who are members of the College, and upon the establishment from which it is issued.—*Mackay Standard*, Jan. 18th, 1893.

Our Alma Mater.—The publication is getting larger—the present issue containing 163 pages. Its contents are interesting right through; both culture and amusement receive a fair share. There is evidently plenty of brain work at this Riverview College, with athletics and amusements thrown in; and we all know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."—*Coonamble Times*, Jan, 13th, 1893.

Amongst school publications, *Our Alma Mater* can claim the highest place, both for literary excellence and attractiveness of get-up. Some of the articles are beyond the standard usually attempted by schoolboy contributors, and the subjects taken up are treated with much ability. The record of school work and pastimes is complete, and furnishes a

capital idea of the abundant opportunities open to the pupils of developing cultured minds and sound physical constitutions.—*The Geelong Advertiser*, Jan. 23rd, 1893.

Our Alma Mater.—The annual for 1893, edited by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, is to hand, and fully sustains the excellent standard it has reached in previous years. There can be little doubt as to the powerfully beneficial results of a system of education which can enable the students to reach such a high literary mark. Most subjects are naturally treated from a Roman Catholic standpoint, but in no case is there the slightest indication of bigotry. There is a freedom and freshness about many of the articles, which one might in vain look for in far more pretentious productions than the one now before us. An essay on Thackeray is of special merit; its writer entering thoroughly into the spirit of the great Carthesian. We cannot extend the same meed of praise to the "Essay on Dickens," which though not without merit, is rather boyishly written. Some really excellent verses appear over the signature of P. O'M. As is natural, a large portion of the annual is devoted to the record of sports—and in this the students of Riverview seem to have no stint. They possess rowing, and cricket, football, and tennis clubs, while the mysteries of billiards are not concealed from them. The college also has a cadet corps numbering from 85 to 90 rank and file, one color-serjeant and four serjeants. *Our Alma Mater* extends to 160 pages, in which number there is scarcely an unreadable paragraph. We sincerely wish our young friends all possible success; and hope to see our "little journal" again next year.—*Cootamundra Liberal*, Jan. 28th, 1893.

Our Alma Mater.—The journal is growing rapidly in bulk and excellence, and we should add, in popularity, as evidenced by favorable press criticism and increased circulation. The "Mother," as usual carries the school's record for the year—local school news, a number of well-written articles on popular subjects, while the funny man has not failed to contribute his quota of humour. As heretofore, the pages are profusely illustrated with local sketches, and altogether *Alma Mater* is a most creditable production, a record that must give students the greatest of pleasure in years to come. As a school, the college has more than held its own during the past year, therefore it takes rank with the highest educational seats in N.S.W., a result that teachers and students may well be proud of.—*Wallsend and Plattsburg Sun*, Jan. 14th, 1893.

The students of St. Ignatius' College, Sydney, have set a fine example in publishing *Our Alma Mater*, for other schools to follow. The book contains a number of very creditable articles, besides a report of the doings of the school during the past twelve months. A number of first-class illustrations are also given, and a pleasant hour may be spent in perusing its pages.—*Bendigo Evening News*, Jan. 12th, 1893.

Our Alma Mater is, as usual, well and correctly printed, and has a great variety of contents, which independently of their unquestionable interest to the young men who have the benefit of the care of the Jesuit Fathers, are such as possess a general interest for those who are solicitous about the higher education of Australian youth. Some of the papers again have a literary quality; such, for instance, as the sympathetic paper on Thackeray, modestly signed "C." Altogether, both pupils and teachers at Riverview may be commended upon the summary and proof of their work here laid before the community.—*Sydney Echo*, Jan. 11th, 1893.

The *Alma Mater* contains all sorts of literature. Poetry, travel, wit, and humour are subjects well represented, and it reflects great credit on Messrs. McMahon, Corrigan, and Lynch, the editors. We notice with pleasure that a number are Queenslanders, and they have proved themselves worthy of the college of St. Ignatius' and of the brilliant body of

men who instruct them. Athletic sports and games of all sorts, which are extremely necessary for the physical development of the pupils, are all recorded. The public examinations of the students and their fortunes are eloquently told by the success achieved. We wish *Alma Mater* every success for the coming year, and we may hope that the lives of the youths who are enrolled in its pages will in future years occupy a distinguished position in the history of Australia.—*The Age*, Brisbane, Jan. 21st, 1893.

One of the most popular schools in Australia is St. Ignatius' College at Riverview, Sydney. Among the pupils are boys from almost every metropolis, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and not a few from New Zealand, for though under the control of the Jesuit Fathers, every denomination is represented in the class rooms. Among the students a few months ago were the sons of such Bohemians as Mr. S. Smythe, Mr. George Titheradge, Mr. George Anson (the popular comedian), Miss Fanny Anson, and sundry others well-known to fame in dramatic circles. The surroundings of the college are wonderfully attractive, comprising wood, water and ferny glade. We have to acknowledge a copy of the school journal for the year just closed, a very creditable production.—*Melbourne Evening Standard*, Jan. 12th, 1893.

Our Alma Mater.—While the annual will always have special interest to students past and present, many of the articles will be found interesting to the general reader. For example, we find seven pages on "Thackeray as a Novelist," which will induce many to read the works of this gifted author. The doings of the oarsmen, cricketers, footballers, and other athletes are all chronicled, not forgetting the academic honors gained by students. As an educational institution, St. Ignatius' College seems to have done well last year.—*The Northern Star*, Lismore, Jan. 14th, 1893.

Our Alma Mater is a volume which doubtless will be preserved by many a student as a happy memoir.—*Wollongong Argus*, Jan. 18th, 1893.

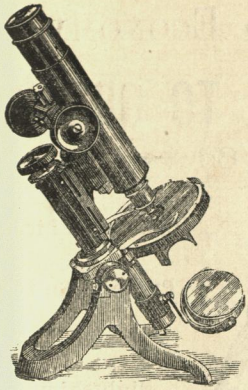
This work, which now reaches 160 pages, contains a full account of the progress made in study and in field sports during the past year, a report of the annual "speech day" proceedings, and a host of well-written essays and sketches on a variety of subjects. The illustrations, as usual, are well executed and convey a capital idea of the surroundings of an important educational institution doing very valuable work —*Albury Banner*, January 13, 1893.

The little volume is highly creditable to the young students, and no doubt will be very interesting to their relatives and other friends.—*Bendigo Independent*, January 12, 1893.

As usual, it is replete with interest and distinguished by that perfection which has won for it a foremost place amongst similar publications.—*Lithgow Mercury*, January 13, 1893.

All that is worth recording for the year 1892 in connection with the College, its inner working, its successful students, its sports and pastimes, is faithfully set down in a chatty and interesting manner. The illustrations and letterpress are, as usual, worthy the publication, and, from the literary ability shown in some of the articles, it was evident that editors, sub-editors, reporters, and contributors are fully alive to the necessity of keeping up the standard excellence for which the annual has always been renowned.—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*, January 14, 1893.

We congratulate the editors once more upon the admirable character of their journal, and express the hope that, should they decide upon a more frequent issue, the quarterly may have even greater success than the annual has achieved. The character of the periodical is a strong indication of the importance and the educational value of the Riverview College.—*Maitland Mercury*, January 12, 1893.



T. F.

WIESENER,

MATHEMATICAL & SCIENTIFIC

INSTRUMENT MAKER,

JEWELLER,

WATCHMAKER & OPTICIAN,

334 GEORGE STREET.

Students!!

Largest Stock of T Squares, Set Squares, Drawing Pens, Bow Pens and Pencils, Spring Bows, Dividers, Half Sets, Complete Sets of Drawing Instruments, Surveyors', Architects', and Engineers' Scales in the Colony.

Medical Students!!

The Sydney University Microscope (as used in Sydney University). Every article required by Students kept in stock.

Call and Inspect before Purchasing Elsewhere.

OPTICAL GOODS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, &c.

IN GREAT VARIETY, AND PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

EASE, ELEGANCE, AND ECONOMY!

WHITE SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER,

7s. 6d. and 9s. 6d.

Shirts Repaired.

New Neckband put on, 1s.

Cuffs, 1s. 6d. per pair.

Collars, 1s. 3d.



Crimean Shirts,

Pyjama Suits.

and

Nightshirts

Made to Order.

VERY BEST VALUE.

C. CORBETT, Practical Cutter,

35 PARK STREET, SYDNEY.

"SEMPER EADEM"

WHICH LITERALLY TRANSLATED MEANS "ALWAYS THE SAME."

THIS IS WHY THE

LION BRAND

Of Confectionery is so Popular. Only the Finest Ingredients used. They are the greatest favourites with the Children.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

JAMES STEDMAN,

145 CLARENCE STREET.

The volume is copiously constructed and contains accounts of everything notable in collegiate existence during the expired year. Every article we have been through is terse and concise, without useless verbiage, and some of them are really excellent specimens of style and research. The illustrations are numerous and well engraved. Speaking of a student from Orange, it says : "On seeing Dick Dalton's acting in the grave digger's scene in 'Hamlet,' Sir George Dibbs said that he had never seen the part better acted on any stage. And Dr. Beattie gave it as his opinion that Dick had not missed a single point. Bravo, Dick ! No wonder that you were asked at Orange to help on the youngsters in preparing their Xmas dramatic entertainment. Dick Dalton, the captain of our football team, had good reason to be proud of his men as they in their turn had to be enthusiastic about their leader. He did his work in thorough style, and all through the season it was apparent that he gave not one single thought to himself or his reputation, but directed all his energy and efforts to increase the fame of his College. In this surely he may be set up as a model of how a captain should act."—*Western Advocate*, Orange, January 11, 1893.

It contains a full record of the scholastic successes of the year, also the performances of the College at cricket, football, rowing, rifle shooting, &c., and a great deal of other information. A nice photograph appears of J. H. D'Arcy, son of Mr. M. D'Arcy, of Gympie, who distinguished himself last year as a champion shot and proved to be a fine all-round athlete, as well as a progressive scholar.—*Maryborough Chronicle*, January 13, 1893.

"Nous avons recu une brochure qui a pour titre *Our Alma Mater* contenant des détails très intéressants sur le Collège Saint Ignatius, dirige par les Rev. Pères Jésuites à Riverview. L'spect extérieur de Riverview est superbe, l'intérieur est somptueux; on y trouve des salles de jeux, des salons de lecture, des cabinets de photographie, les laboratoires de chimi, &c., &c. Quant à l'instruction et à l'éducation que les élèves y recoivent, nous n'étonnerons personne en disant que le Collège St. Ignatius marche à la tête des Collèges Australiens."—*Courier Australien*, Sydney, January 21st, 1893

Our Alma Mater is an excellent little annual issued by the students of St. Ignatius College, S.J., Riverview. The editors are elected annually by the students among themselves; and judging by the literary taste displayed by the three in whose hands the current number has been placed, we should say that the electoral body are eminently fitted to possess the franchise. Some of the original articles display a depth of thought creditable alike to the teaching faculty and the students, while the chronicles of the year's doings at the College must be of great interest to the relatives and friends of the students.—*Otago Witness*, Dunedin, N.Z., January 26, 1893.

It contains upwards of 170 pages of reading matter of miscellanaous, but meritorious character. There are several good illustrations of the college buildings, interior and exterior, and portraits of prominent students.—*Kapunda Herald* (S.A.), Jan. 17th, 1893.

We have to acknowledge receipt of *Our Alma Mater*, a well got up annual issued by the boys of the Riverview College, Sydney. This work, which now reaches to 160 pages, contains a full account of the progress made in study and in field sports during the past year, a report of the annual "Speech Day" proceedings, and a host of well written essays and sketches on a variety of subjects. The illustrations as usual are well executed and convey a capital idea of the surroundings of an important educational institution doing very valuable work.—*Gundagai Times*, Jan. 17th, 1893.

GOWING BROS.

498 & 500 GEORGE STREET.

Mercers, Hatters, Outfitters,

AND

Men's Boys' and Youths' Clothiers.

GOWING BROS. desire to call the attention of Parents and Guardians to the universal success of their **"Austral" Clothing,** being made of the most reliable and fashionable materials, cut by experienced cutters and manufactured in Sydney. The prices are the most economical and the large and varied stock enables customers to have such choice and variety of prices that could not be obtained elsewhere in Sydney.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR BOYS' AND YOUTHS' FOR SCHOOL, COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY,

And every description of outfitting for

Playground, Cricket and Football Field, Boating, &c.

GENT'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is fully equipped with a large and varied stock of **Sac Suits, Walking, Frock, Clerical and Dress Coats, Alpaca and Cashmere Long Coats, Clerical and Chesterfield** all of the **Superior "Austral"** Manufacture.

THE MERCERY DEPARTMENT

Is replete in all classes of Gent's underwear. Our well-known **H.R.H. White Shirts** stand unrivalled for fit, make and material. **Natural Woollen Underclothing** in the best and standard qualities. **Crimean, Ceylon and Serge Shirts** in white and plain colours.

TRAVELLING & SCHOOL REQUISITES

Are kept in stock at every price and to suit every pocket.

A call for inspection will be appreciated, and full Price List will be forwarded upon application

Save Money by Purchasing from a CASH HOUSE.