ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE RIVERVIEW
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BB

A. M. D. G.

"OUR ALMA MATER."

EDITED BY

STUDENTS OF ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, RIVERVIEW, SYDNEY.

VOL. I.—NO. IV.—NEW SERIES. JUNE, 1896. ELEVENTH YEAR.

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OUR ALMA MATER.

(General View of St. Ignatius' College.)

OUR ALMA MATER.

"Oft have we drained 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
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J. SLATTERY,
K. AUSTIN (3rd Div. Notes).

VOL. 1.—No. IV.—NEW SERIES.] JUNE, 1896. [Eleventh Year.

INTROSPECTION AND RETROSPECTION.

[THE EDITORS.]

The ampler proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
—*Shakespeare.*

IF it is true, as undoubtedly it is, that the realisations of our ideals are never as perfect as our ideals themselves, it is still truer that these realisations will still less approximate the perfection of their intellectual archetypes, unless we keep constant watch over our endeavours to realise them. Consequently, it is the duty of editors, as indeed of all persons in responsible posts, to enter seriously into themselves, from time to time, and examine how they discharge the duties proper to their position, else in the words of the poet, "the ample proposition" must necessarily fail in "the promised largeness," and "tortive and errant from its course of growth" must be the result of their labours.

Fortunately for us, the editors of O.A.M. are an ever-varying body, or else we might have a big account to render of opportunities lost, energies misapplied, and resources squandered. As it is, our introspection begins and ends in setting before ourselves from the outset, in the clearest light, the aim and object which the first editors of our School Journal proposed to themselves in its publication, and in seeing that by every means, we further and secure this end. What then was the original design in publishing OUR ALMA MATER? Looking back to the Editorial of the first issue of O. A. M., in December '86, we find this aim and end, set forth thus: "Our design in publishing this, our School Journal, is to record faithfully, and when possible, fully, matters of interest to our fellow-students, and by so doing increase the *esprit-de-corps* among them, and establish a link between those who are actually at College and those who have completed their college course." OUR ALMA MATER then has a twofold end: firstly, by setting before those whom she still fondles in her motherly embrace, the traditions, and the history of the past, to awaken into vigorous activity an *esprit-de-corps* in them, and secondly, by recording present history to show those who have by force of circumstances exchanged their Alma Mater for that Mater Dura—the world, that the traditions established by them are still an influence, and that their spirit is still a living principle shaping the actions of present Riverviewers, and the future destinies of Riverview. These two ends are paramount, and it is by achieving both, that O.A.M. will fulfil its end of uniting with golden links of affection and encouragement the Riverview of the past with the Riverview of to-day.

No one, we think, can accuse past editors of O.A.M. of not publishing "faithfully, and when possible, fully, matters of interest" to their fellow-students, if their fellow-students have any interest in the history of the struggles, the achievements and the victories, intellectual and

physical, of themselves and their comrades. OUR ALMA MATER has certainly fulfilled that portion of her duty; but in order that the link which is to bind old and new Riverview together may be completed, something more is required of the ex-students as a body. They do not keep us sufficiently posted in the up-to-date history of those who once occupied such conspicuous positions in our ranks, and whom Time has swept away into the ever-increasing ranks of the past. No, there is a want felt here.

We go to press in May and November, and the number of items relative to the doings of our distant friends, which we receive just about that time, is small enough.

Again, as we look over the list of our permanent subscribers we find the number of ex-students thereon comparatively small. It is to be expected that every student who has been a loyal wearer of the College colours should take an interest in our doings. Now OUR ALMA MATER will keep him posted in our doings, and has been kept going to a great extent for that purpose, and it is not too much to expect from such a one that he will take the trouble to procure a copy. As business men, we feel compelled to inform him that the proper way to secure a copy of our Magazine is to have his name put down on the list of subscribers.

And now we pause to reflect on what we can do to foster, advance, and achieve the end proposed in establishing O.A.M. We would not, in this connection, be faithful to our trust, if we did not advocate the claims of the re-establishment of the Old Boys' Union, which, for some reason or another fell through, rather prematurely, some years ago. We are of opinion that the present time presents many opportunities for re-establishing this Union on an enduring basis. These opportunities we can ill-afford to abuse, as they may not rise again "in a century." At the present moment we have at the University, and in various professional and commercial offices throughout the city, as grand a lot of staunch, true-hearted ex-students, as anyone could desire to see enrolled as members of our Old Boys' Union.

We trust that this matter will not be allowed to end in these few remarks, but that the Old Boys themselves will take the matter up earnestly and energetically, and that ere long we may see completed the golden links, binding in close bonds of union and fellowship, Riverview Past and Present.

CLASS-CHAMPIONSHIP COMPETITION.

THE Class-Championship Competition promises to fully maintain, this year, its reputation as a keenly contested struggle for those much-envied prizes. The sub-seniors —especially if the lot fall upon Classics—are very formidable antagonists for the little champions of last year. Percy Power, it is reported by the little fellows, is "grand at Greek unseen." In the Junior class, and amongst the new boys in Rudiments, there are not a few who threaten to rob ii. Grammar of the Championship it has now held for two years. To do so, however, will admittedly be no easy task, for their present Champion is only *primus inter pares*, and, should Arithmetic in the June Examinations disable him, the Class boasts of containing more than one who is ready and willing to step into his place as champion.

The beneficial influence of the Competition on the class work of the whole College is shown again this year by the large number who, on the Easter Examination, have qualified for Competition. This year, that number is forty-nine. Considering the number of new boys who joined the Classes in January, and who were hardly to be expected to have fully fallen into the class-work and organisation so early as Easter, this is rightly called a large number. It gives promise that the June Examinations will show that a laudable ambition to have the honour of being a competitor—even though an unsuccessful one—for the Championship has greatly improved the class-work and examination results of the whole College.

THEN AND NOW ON THE LANE COVE RIVER.

DURING the earlier years of Australian settlement, and even to within a comparatively recent date, the Lane Cove River remained the Cinderella of the "beautiful harbour" which, not to admire, is to be guilty of rank heresy. Indeed, until the leading points of the river were made accessible from the metropolis by means of the steam ferry established, in 1868, by the late Mr. Joubert—a name suggestive of more than one famous Napoleonic episode—the Lane Cove district was a veritable *terra incognita* to the great mass of

Sydney residents; certainly, the crowds of city folk who, during holiday time, delighted in boating trips on the stately Parramatta, never dreamed of the world of scenic loveliness to be revealed by a visit to the Lane Cove River. Even at the present time, it often comes as a delightful surprise to many who innocently imagined that the beauty spots of Sydney's famous harbour were all to be found east of Miller's Point, and that there was nothing to surpass the enjoyment of an excursion up Middle Harbour, with its endless panorama of richly foliaged slopes and picturesque bits of silvery lake-like expanse.

Yet the Lane Cove River possesses attractions peculiarly its own. Long before the British flag had become hoisted, amid the firing of cannon, on the shores of Sydney Cove, the abundance of fish in the waters of the stream, and of winged and four-footed game—if the kangaroo may be included as such—in the surrounding district had made this Eden-like portion of the colony the happy hunting ground of the dusky aboriginal, who has left unmistakable traces of his presence in the rude but characteristic carvings to be found on the cliffs at Longueville and the flat rocks at Figtree. Tracings of these relics of a by-gone period were shown some time ago by Mr. Gullick, of Longueville, at a meeting of the Sydney Society of Artists, where they were regarded with much interest. The rudely cut outlines included the figures of fishes, a kangaroo, and a man, illustrating the first glimmerings of artistic instinct in the uncultured human mind, the earliest infancy of the art which in its higher stages of development has given us the marvellously perfect statuary of ancient Greece and Rome. The heights of Riverview, now proudly surmounted by the unfinished, yet stately pile of collegiate buildings, formed a coign of vantage from which the approach of a friendly or hostile tribe could be seen from afar; and more than one of the large open spaces on the upper part of the river were the scene of the Bora, that strange, mystical ceremony, of which the initiated refused to speak, even in the lowest of whispers, and which it was death for their women or children to witness.

But the aboriginal, with his spear and boomerang, has, like the kangaroo and the wallaby, long since disappeared from the neighbourhood of the river, the advance of the white man—in the shape of the free settler and the convict labourer—irresistibly driving him northwards in the direction of the Hawkesbury, and from thence further away into the unexplored bush. The remarkable fertility of the Lane Cove district was ascertained at a very early date by some of the timber-getters who had penetrated into its forest recesses, for the numerous trees of immense size, rivalling in girth and height those of the northern coastal country, and their proximity to the city, constituted a temptation not to be resisted by those skilled in the use of the axe. Those trees, like the local aboriginal tribes, have long since become things of the past, but gigantic stumps are still occasionally met with, one of the most recent being that on the road leading from Northwood wharf to the Longueville road. Its removal occupied several men a couple of days, the roots spreading far into the ground in all directions.

There are still, in the vicinity of Woodford Bay and elsewhere, relics—in the shape of large and yet productive fruit trees—of the fine orchards which at one time contributed no mean share of the Sydney fruit supply. They were cultivated with the assistance of convict labour, and several of the stones in the wall of a building at Longueville, on the shores of Woodford Bay, may be seen yet marked with the broad arrow. At no great distance from here is a beautiful linden tree, said to be the only one in the colony, but from whence it came or by whom it was planted, there is no record; nor from what cause the once flourishing orchards became deserted and neglected. Yet long after the fruit was allowed to fall and decay unheeded, the northern side of the river constituted a leading source of the metropolitan supply of Christmas bush, waratahs, and other native flowers, which were systematically collected and brought in boat-loads to Sydney for sale.

The earlier residents on the river had to be content with a somewhat poor ferry-service, and those who made the trip to Sydney and back in the "Womerah," "Ægeria," or the little, noisy "Rose," the puffing and blowing of which could be heard for more than a mile away, can most heartily appreciate the convenience and comfort afforded by the commodious steamers at present run by Mr. N. Joubert, who succeeded his father in 1881. The wharves at Greenwich, Atlas Works, Woolwich, Northwood, and Riverview were all unknown in the early days of the ferry-service, and their existence emphatically illustrates the rapid

increase of population in the district; as also shown by the establishment of new municipalities, the erection of numerous beautiful river-side villas with large, luxuriant gardens, the formation of new roads, the introduction of gas and water supply, postal and telegraph offices, and all the many adjuncts of advanced civilization, forming a strange and suggestive contrast with the hideous, hopeless savagery of a hundred years ago.

At the present time the Lane Cove River has become one of the favourite pleasure resorts of Sydney holiday-makers of the better class, those desirous of enjoying the pure, fresh atmosphere and sylvan surroundings of one of the loveliest streams in Australia. Almost every water-side dwelling has its bathing place and boat-house, and during the season there are innumerable boating and sailing contests, the pride of place being held by the St. Ignatius' College Regatta, the great river event of the year, to behold which is a treat not to be readily forgotten. There is always a large and well-dressed gathering on the occasion, the members of the fair sex largely predominating, imparting life and animation to the artistically-planned College grounds, with their numerous romantic winding walks; while the surface of the river is studded with pleasure boats of every kind and size. Each event is generally well contested, and when a College boat secures a win there is a tremendous roar of applause from the delighted collegiates lining the banks, showing how enthusiastically they enter into the spirit of the affair. To many of them it is a welcome relief from the monotony and drudgery of the class-room, and enables them to return, refreshed in body and mind, to the studies intended to aid them, in after years, in fighting the battle of life.

There are many other forms of recreation afforded those visiting the river, but among these the line does not occupy the prominence it enjoys elsewhere, although there is an abundance of various kinds of edible fish. The reason is not far to seek. The majority of Antipodean disciples of Izaak Walton invariably select the wrong time and the wrong place for their piscatorial labours. Perhaps the finny tribe are not sorry for this, still, as if to make amends, oysters are plentiful everywhere on the rocky shores, and when a party of holiday-makers disperse themselves among the weed-covered boulders at low water, in search of the delicious bivalve, they afford a picturesque spectacle worthy of the artist's pencil. But what would the vanished aboriginal think, if allowed to revisit the ancient camping ground of his tribe, were he to behold the white man enjoying an article of food from which his sable brother would turn away in profound disgust? The aboriginals of old were certainly not epicures.

JOHN PLUMMER.

BREVIS ET DURUS.

(MAXIM OF PAUL OF THE CROSS.)

A MONK of old this maxim gave,
Brevis et durus.
From many a wile and sin to save—
Brevis et durus.
'Gainst world and flesh and friend so strong,
In fierce affray, he rare went wrong,
Forgetting not his simple song,
Brevis et durus.

Youth's primrose path of dalliance grows,
Brevis et durus.
Our pleasant vices' nectar flows,
Brevis et durus.
Ambrosial night brings mournful morn,
And brightest bud hath sharpest thorn;
Spring's first-born bloom by frost is shorn—
Brevis et durus.

Age, dark, unlovely, lingers on
Brevis et durus:
Alone in grief, life's comrades gone—
Brevis et durus.
O memories sad of vanished years!
Of squandered time; of hopes and fears;
At last the little round appears
Brevis et durus.

To siren's low-voiced love reply
"Brevis et durus."
The beaded, bubbling wine deny—
Brevis et durus;
Pursuit of honour or of gain,
Success or failure—all in vain,
Each master-passion ends in pain—
Brevis et durus.

Alas! shall sorrow never cease?
Brevis et durus.
Can naught the yearning soul release?
Brevis et durus!
One way to peace is open still,
Thy heart is God's. His law fulfil;
Subdue thyself; give up thy will—
J. A. BEATTIE. Brevis et durus.

SPEAKERS AND SPEECH-MAKING.

[CONCLUDED.]

(BY AN OLD MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE DEBATING CLUB.)

IN the previous portion of this paper (contained in the issue of OUR ALMA MATER dated December, 1895), the present writer pointed out that, amongst other qualities necessary for a public speaker, there are three which may be said to be absolutely indispensable, viz: fluency of speech, correct articulation and confidence, and that with these three topics, and these alone, this paper would briefly concern itself. The subject of fluency has already been dealt with, and methods have been suggested for the acquisition and cultivation of that indispensable excellence. It now remains, therefore, to hear briefly of the two remaining qualities: correct articulation and confidence.

And, first, as to the former of these two. Proper articulation is very necessary to the speaker; for, by its means, he may make himself distinctly understood at great distances, without any inordinate exercise of his vocal powers; whilst bad articulation will make the loudest speaker's words unintelligible at comparatively short distances. This is the secret (if it may be so called) the possession of which enables the actor to make his stage whisper heard and understood throughout a vast auditorium. Hamlet, in his advice to the players, does not forget to impress his hearers with the importance of a due regard to this necessity in their speeches. Hence, the speaker should, in justice to himself and his audience, give every syllable its full measure of articulation, slurring none, and pronouncing each full word distinctly and separately from the adjoining ones. The correct orthoepical pronunciation of words and accentuation of syllables should, of course, always be attended to. A practice conducive to correct articulation is reading or speaking a piece below the voice, and in a distinct and audible whisper. By this means, correct and distinct articulation in vocal utterances will be acquired, uncharacterised by any manifestly laboured effort. In short, it promotes correct articulation without interfering with smoothness of utterance. Very often persons find themselves utterly incapable of correctly articulating some particular syllable or letter. This arises, in many cases, from some abnormality in the organs of speech. But the present writer holds a theory that very often, too, it is the unfortunate result of early impressions. And in this connection it is notable, that in the rearing of very young children, those in whose care they are, seem to think it absolutely necessary to teach children a language somewhat different from, and somewhat resembling that which, as adults, those children will afterwards have to speak. This "baby talk" is formed by an ingenious twisting or mangled transformation of the correct pronunciation of almost all our ordinary words and language. Such are the first impressions as to speech that many children get, and the result is that mis-articulations and mis-pronunciations are acquired, of which an individual at later periods can only with difficulty, if at all, divest himself.

With reference to the confidence necessary for the public speaker, it may be said that it is mainly acquired by practice. The first few speeches any person may make in public are almost always accompanied by palpable nervousness and trepidation. But, with practice, this wears off, more or less, and the speaker may eventually find that his nervousness does not altogether disappear, but, after diminution to a certain point, comes within his control, and may be exercised with considerable effect. Indeed, a slight degree of nervousness seems necessary and advantageous to the speaker. It makes him careful in his utterances, whilst, like some telepathic agency, it seems to establish a direct and strong connection between his feelings and those of his hearers. The calm, cold-blooded delivery of the utterly unimpassioned speaker rarely engages the attention and sympathy of his hearers, or impresses them with as much force as does the unconscious warmth of the remarks of a more highly-strung individual. It has even been said that many of the greatest and most practised of the world's orators have never addressed an audience without feelings of acute nervousness. Hence, we may infer that the speech-maker's confidence in his powers should not be absolute, but only in degree. One means necessary to the proper maintenance of the requisite degree of confidence is an honest and warrantable conviction on the part of the speaker of his possession or "thorough grip" of the details of the subjects he intends to present to his hearers. Without this, he cannot have definite and proper ideas, and all the technical knowledge of the art of speaking is unavailing to the individual who has not

ideas to give utterance to. And such ideas are only the result of careful and patient study and investigation of the subject with reference to which they are, or are to be, entertained.

DIFFERENT FELLOWS I HAVE MET AT COLLEGE.

THERE are such varied characters in school-life that I hardly know which to begin with. However, adopting the policy of the small boy when dealing with apples, "I'll take the biggest."

"Fatty" was the biggest boy. His appellation describes in what way his greatness lay. I used to like "Fatty!" He was such a good-natured sort of a chap; you could never get him angry, try how you would.

There was one thing "Fatty" excelled in, and that was stylish running. He never would run in the same manner as ordinary mortals, but, with both hands open and beating the air, his cheeks expanded and his body *well back*, he would gambol along—as one of the small boys not inaptly remarked, "like a young elephant out for a holiday." Now I used to sit next to him at meals, and, as "Fatty" had a very happy knack of passing round his jam and cakes, I never regretted my seat.

And then there was "Gormie."

A splendid specimen of a generous, open-hearted fellow was he, and no mistake.

If ever a hamper arrived for him there were very few fellows who would not have something out of it, unless, perhaps, it was "Gormie" himself.

And in class, if you happened to be having a quiet talk with "Gormie" and were suddenly startled by hearing your name called out for "penals," he would spring up and say: "My fault, sir, I began;" and, perhaps, get himself penalised, too.

And then, of course, "Splodgers." He used to love anything with a spice of risk in it; for instance, when his boat reached the middle of the river, he would suddenly stoop and pull the cork out, crying: "Pull for the shore, we are sinking!" And it would be all the better, in his opinion, if, in the end, they had to swim a couple of yards.

Or if the pear trees in the garden gave evident signs of being scaled during the night, so sure would you see sandy foot-prints leading to "Splodgers'" bed, and a few pear-skins here and there.

Or again, if, about half-an-hour after the lights went out, you heard a bump and a smothered yell down at one end of the dormitory, so surely would you hear a slight movement, about half-a-minute after, as if someone were quietly getting into bed very close to where "Splodgers" slept, and, in a moment, you would hear "Splodgers" snore.

And then "Mac."

"Mac" was our funny boy. And well he upheld his character. One night the play-room was pretty crowded, when, suddenly, loud words arose from one of the tables; chairs were knocked over, and Mac and one who had hitherto been his mate were seen shaping up to one another.

"Come on outside," says Mac, "and we will soon see who is best man." So away they went, and, of course, we all followed. When they reached the usual rendezvous, Mac said: "Perhaps some of you chaps can save a row." "How?" asked all. "By spelling the past tense of 'have,'" says Mac, disappearing through the edge of the crowd!

When we got back, we found Mac watching, with undisguised interest, a fellow who was trying to play billiards with the top of his cue all wet. Needless to say, the poor fellow didn't know 'twas wet—but Mac did.

And then there was the boy with the Big Brother at home.

I should like to have seen that brother, especially in the cricket-field.

You see, the boy that owned this Big Brother wasn't much of a cricketer himself, and could never understand Mac when that character remarked that "the *best* bowlers bowl for the 'run out,'" or "that so-and-so was *cleaned bowled* off his pads," and such like. But that Big Brother, *he* was the cricketer! He was captain of the eleven up his way, and used to make over a century every Saturday. He had a lovely gold watch, too, presented to him by the team. Moreover, *he* used *always* bowl for the "run out!"

And then there was, of course, the "Character"—necessary for the life of the school.

Never before had I seen such a chap as our "Character." Whatever he did, good, bad or indifferent, you could not, for the life of you, help laughing. If at cricket you were coming out from the wicket, with a bad temper and a

"duck's-egg," and met the "Character" going in, you would laugh!

If he was bowled first ball you would roar, and if he hit a "boundary," you would hold your sides and shriek with laughter. And in class, when he was asked a question, he would look up, with a solemn, wonder-struck sort of expression, and immediately a titter would run through the desks, and the master's hand would go up to his mouth. And then the "Character" would look round, as much as to say, "What on earth *is* the matter with you fellows?" And then there would be a roar. And then, perhaps, the "Character" would earn detention, which would complete the merriment.

And, of course, *after* all these, was "the boy that was always late." I solemnly believe that if that boy were going to England, he would get to the Quay just in time to miss the boat.

We'd be going for a picnic somewhere or other, and the steamer would have just left the wharf when, lo! down he'd come to the jetty, and we would have to put back. None of us would express any surprise, however—we were past that.

At cricket, you can guess his score, for, poor fellow, he used always to play at the ball when it had passed his bat! Late again! And if a "catcher" came his way, you would see him stand coolly watching it, and then he would judge it and run for it, and get there—late! Always late!

Aye, all these and many others do I recall; companions in all the ins and outs of this little world which we call Riverview. Genial, true-hearted fellows, always ready to praise a success, or to overlook a failure. Comrades in many a hard-fought football match, antagonists in many a friendly game. How they all come trooping before my mind, now that I have dropped into a thoughtful mood. And when I think that, sooner or later, my hour must come, and that, like a shadow, I shall pass away from these busy scenes and hear the merry voices no more, a feeling of sadness takes possession of me.

But though never again am I to join in their victories, never again am I to hear that old "hurrah," still that they prosper in all they undertake, and that the old Ignatian flag may float proudly over the march of the loyal sons of Riverview, will always be the earnest wish of their old school-fellow.

A. DIGNAM.

THE STORY OF AN OLD PUPIL.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining:
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

IT is now over five-and-twenty years ago since I was sitting, one day, in the Presbytery at Richmond, Victoria, when the hall bell rang, and the servant came in to say that a young man wished to see me. I told her to show him in. Immediately a young man entered. He was, evidently, a new arrival in the colony, about nineteen years of age; plainly, but respectably, dressed. He looked at me with a smile of recognition, and seemed surprised that I did not know him. I was never quick at recognising faces. He said: "Father, don't you remember me?" After a moment's pause, "Are you Denis Francis Mahoney," I asked. "I am," he replied. I shook him warmly by the hand and welcomed him to Australia, though he was one of the last whom I expected to meet so far away from the old land.

He and an elder brother were among the pupils I had left behind me when I was told off for "foreign service." The elder brother was a quiet, steady, studious lad; Denis Francis was just the reverse: he was often in trouble, but warm-hearted, generous and forgiving. The father of these boys (also Denis Francis Mahoney, a solicitor) belonged to one of the most respectable Catholic families in the South of Ireland. He stood very high in his profession, and had a bright, brilliant prospect before him.

However, "Man proposes, but God disposes." After a few years of prosperity and happiness, a virulent fever carried him off, leaving a young widow and two orphan boys to mourn his loss. Had he lived a few years longer he would have left his family richly provided for; as it was, the widow had ample means left for her own and her children's respectable support and their education. When the boys were about ten or eleven years of age she found that they were getting beyond her control, especially the younger, who was her "spoiled pet." About two years before I left home, Mrs. Mahoney brought her two sons and left them at the

college where I was then stationed. We all took a deep interest in the widowed mother and her orphan boys. Father Gartlan, the founder of OUR ALMA MATER, will easily recognise in the new arrival one of his old school-mates in the early sixties. Such, briefly, is the early history of Denis Francis Mahoney.

My heart warmed towards the young fellow; then and there, I determined to do all I could to help him on, and he never gave me cause to regret it. He had a few pounds remaining on his arrival, and he determined to supplement what he had by his own exertions. I should have mentioned that his poor mother had died a few years previously; leaving each of the boys an annuity of a £100 a year, with a prospective increase to £200. The annuity was paid very irregularly, and my young friend determined to support himself independently of it. The elder boy entered a large business house at home, but the younger (intending to follow his father's profession) was articled to his guardian, a leading solicitor and M.P. for his county; but, finding his guardian too strict and too exacting to please him, after two years he broke his indentures and emigrated to Australia.

In accordance with his resolution, Denis Francis at once set to work to find employment, which was not very easy to obtain at that time. In the course of a week he called to see me again. On asking him how he was getting on, he replied, "Only so-so; yesterday I earned a half-crown; I groomed a horse and washed out a bar." "Bravo, Denis!" said I, "a brave heart with God's blessing will surely win," thinking at the time how pained his poor mother would have been could she have foreseen what a hard lot awaited her loved and loving boy. A few days later, however, he found more congenial employment. One of the Borough Councils engaged him to copy out some documents for them, and this gave him great courage.

He called to see me regularly for a time—always cheerful and hopeful; then six weeks passed away and no account of him; I had lost the run of him completely. At length he came again; but, oh! how frightfully changed! We were shocked at his appearance—pale as a ghost—a mere skeleton. "What has happened to you, my boy?" "Well," he replied, "I hardly know. I was picked up one day in the Fitzroy Gardens unconscious, and carried to the Public Hospital, where I have been for the last six weeks till this morning, when I was discharged as cured. I have not been able to learn, up to the present, from what I have been suffering. Perhaps, it was fish-poisoning—I cannot say. And now, Father, I have come to beg (contrary to my intention), not money, but a pair of old boots!" I replied at once, "Come up to my room and fit yourself." When he took off the apology for boots he had on, I saw that his socks were worse than his boots. I supplied him with both. I noticed, also, that he had no vest. I furnished him with one, telling him, in jest, to have it fitted by his tailor. "I am my own tailor," he replied; "I made the coat I am now wearing. Now, Father, may I ask your permission to leave these old boots in the kitchen till I call for them; bad as they are, I had to borrow them." Poor lad! we all felt for him. After having a good, substantial meal, he went on his way to begin his hard life again.

For a few days more he struggled on, during which time we were busy trying to get him some permanent employment. We succeeded, partially at least. In these days, the Suez Canal was not in existence: the European mails, *viâ* Cape of Good Hope, arrived only once a month, and, as Melbourne was then in its prime, the number of letters, newspapers and packages by every mail was so great that the post-office authorities could not carry on the work without taking on extra hands for a week or so. Through the kindness of a friend (a Protestant gentleman), who was an officer in the post-office, I got Denis Francis taken on as an "extra hand." He was employed first as "letter sorter," afterwards as "stamper," and soon after he was appointed "letter carrier," at 27/- per week. Though this was not a very brilliant position for a young gentleman educated as he had been, it was a great God-send, for which he was very grateful.

Oftentimes, when he had "a day off," he came down to see us, and would sometimes stop for dinner. He was a perfect little gentleman, and knew he was most welcome. If any of us happened to be in the city next day, we generally met our young friend in his "letter carrier's" uniform, with his letter bag over his shoulder. He saluted us with a pleasant smile and passed on. After about twelve months, he got further promotion in the same "illustrious" order of letter-carriers. "Illustrious?" Yes—why not? Were they not all men of letters? He was now receiving 40/- per week. With this and his annuity (now coming regularly) Denis Francis was perfectly happy, and free from all anxiety for the future. He became a member

of the Post-office Benefit Society; he had his account in the Savings Bank, and was putting by money every month, thus making provision for the "rainy day," should such a day ever come to him; of which, at this time, there was little appearance. But, alas! the "rainy day" did come, and that most unexpectedly.

Everything went on well for a couple of years when we missed our young friend again, and knew not what had become of him for about five or six weeks. The mystery was then cleared up by a letter I received from him marked *urgent*, giving his address, and begging me to come and see him as soon as I could. I lost no time in complying with his request; on arriving at his lodgings a sad and painful surprise awaited me. I found him apparently far gone in consumption. "Oh, Father," he said, "I fear the beginning of the end has come. I I have just burst a blood vessel." He told me that about six weeks previously he had got an awful wetting on his round delivering letters; though drenched to the skin he did not, or could not, change his clothes in time; the result was a severe cold, and not wishing to give in he struggled on for a few days longer. He then applied for sick leave, but alas! too late; the cold had settled on his lungs, and neither Lodge Doctor nor the best medical men in Melbourne, who were called in, could arrest the progress of the fatal disease. Need I say how sorry I felt for my poor young protégé? The house where he lodged was several miles from our Presbytery, and I arranged that he should come in and have a room near by, where I could see him frequently. Next day he came in and took up his lodgings with a respectable widow lady—a "townie" of his own, who bestowed on him every care and attention. When he had been there for about a fortnight I was called away on urgent business to Tasmania, where I was detained for two or three weeks. On my return I lost no time in calling to see my young patient; but lo! the bird had flown, and his landlady told me with a smile she thought there was a young lady in question, because he had consulted her about an appropriate engagement ring. He had gone back to his old quarters, and the young lady in question was the daughter of his first landlady. Thus the old story repeated,—persons in consumption are the last to realize their own danger.

In a day or so I called to see him and found him lying on his bed worn and weak, but cheerful and in good spirits. He told me why he had left Richmond, and of his intended marriage. Of course he spoke in the highest terms of the young lady, of her goodness, her piety; and added that she was a prominent member of the Sodality of the Children of Mary at St. Francis' Church. "I am sorry," he said, "Emily is not in, as I should like so much to introduce her to you; but I shall do so when you call again, which I hope will be soon." In a few days more I called again, but found Denis Francis much weaker and still in bed. "I must now," said he, "introduce you, as I promised, to my intended." He rang the bell, and Emily came in; a young, respectable, and holy-looking creature, but apparently as far gone in consumption as poor Denis himself. So delicate, indeed, that it would be hard to say which should be the patient and which should be the nurse. After a few minutes' conversation Emily retired. I turned to my friend Denis Francis and said, "Why Emily is as weak as yourself; she seems very far gone in consumption." "Oh yes, Father," he replied, "she is very weak indeed; when she was saying prayers for me last night she fainted off on her knees. I fear neither she nor I can last very long."

It was then about the middle of March. I called to pay my weekly visit a few days after St. Patrick's Day, and found him gradually growing weaker and weaker. His room was very neat and tidy, bearing evident signs of woman's care and attention. I noticed also two new pictures hanging over his bed, the "Ecce Homo" on one side and the "Mater Dolorosa" on the other. Seeing me looking at them he explained: "On St. Patrick's Day I managed to struggle into town. As an Irish Catholic, of course, I love my 'Faith and Fatherland,' and was anxious to see, probably for the last time, the procession and the green flag of the Hibernian Australian Catholic Society, and to listen once more to the well-remembered music of my native land. When returning, I bought these two pictures. They will help me to pray while I'm living, and to fix my thoughts on Jesus and Mary when dying." My poor young friend had, at last, realized that the end was drawing near. He had a short time previously received the last Sacraments with great piety and resignation. A few days later Denis Francis Mahoney closed his young life by a happy death.

The last duty that I performed for my dear protégé was to follow his remains to the Melbourne General Cemetery, with Emily and her

mother for my companions in the mourning coach. Poor Emily! she was deeply affected while the grave.diggers were closing in the remains of her betrothed. She was silent, but the tears were falling fast. I consoled her as best I could. "Have courage, my child; Denis Francis has died a holy death; persevere in the holy life you are leading, a fervent 'Child of Mary.' You'll meet again in Heaven, where friends meet never to part." I bade Emily good-bye. We never met again.

Some days before his death he made his will, leaving a handsome annuity to Emily during her lifetime. Poor Emily, however, did not live long to enjoy the annuity. Before the end of the month the grave was again opened, and, by Denis Francis' instructions, Emily's remains were interred in the same grave with himself. May they rest in peace!

In his will he arranged to have Masses for the dead celebrated; he left money also for an enclosed grave and marble head-stone. His wishes were faithfully carried out; a dwarf wall of cut stone surmounted by a neat iron railing enclosed the grave, together with a head-stone, bearing the following inscription:—

Of your Charity, pray for

Denis Francis Mahony,

SON OF

DENIS FRANCIS MAHONY,

Solicitor, Cork, Ireland.

Died 11th July, 1875,

Aged 22 years.

Also for his betrothed,

Emily Geoghegan,

Of County Wicklow,

Died 10th August, 1875.

R.I.P.

Now, my dear young friend, Denis Francis Mahoney, farewell! I grieve not for you. Why should I? You "fought the Good Fight; you accomplished your course; you preserved the Faith;" and now, I trust, you are enjoying the promised reward. God grant that when the end comes we can truly say the same of all our pupils—*Old* and *New*.

JOSEPH DALTON, S.J.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

FATHER DALTON has recently made some interesting contributions to our nascent museum. The most valuable of these are a collection of silver coins (chiefly English, French, and Spanish), and a small volume of autograph letters.

Amongst these autograph letters are two written by Thomas Francis Meagher, and bearing dates, "Richmond Bridewell, 16th December, 1848," and "Richmond Bridewell, 22nd June, 1849." They are, both of them, to "My dear Keating." Mr. Keating was at that time M.P. for Waterford, and from the post-script of the first of them we learn that it was not finished until 5th January, 1849.

The following extract from the earlier of the two letters of Thomas Francis Meagher, just referred to, is very interesting:—

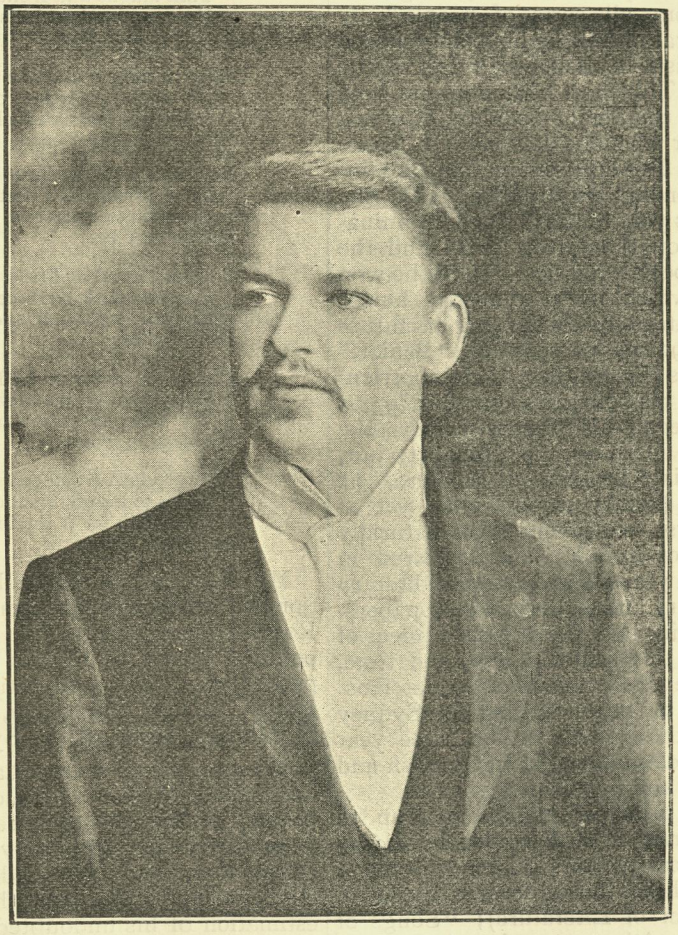
"Well, here I am—as you often and often predicted—under sentence of death! Yet, you'll never see me hanged, though (all jokes apart) I was precious near it. Still, I do not regret what I have done; for I saw (as clearly as you did yourself) that it would come to this. Do you remember my dining with you . . . . a day or two before I was arrested in Waterford? I told you then I had no hopes of success; I quite agreed with you that we were not equal to our ambition; but I told you, at the same time, I felt bound to go on with the 'movement," and see it out. It was not an infatuating hope of success—it was an infatuating idea of *personal honour* that drove me from the shore, and bound me to a split and sinking ship.

"I recollect well that, in answer to this view of the subject, you said: 'I might be justified in risking my own life, but not the lives of others, where success was hopeless.' I assented to this opinion—and, what is more, I acted faithfully in accordance with it. At the foot of the Keeper Mountain, about the 5th of August, I had four hundred men within call, and, though I saw that a good fight, with them, would have, in some measure, redeemed the disgrace of the Ballingarry affair, still I felt I was not justified in shedding the blood of any man where a triumph was impossible. So, you see, I *have* obeyed you, and ruined no one but myself."

OUR POET.

RIVERVIEW—beautiful and classic Riverview—not less than "Caledonia stern and wild" has proved herself, we gladly say, "meet nurse for a poetic child." Nor is it strange. For, though the rugged and weird grandeur of the solemn mountain scene is well calculated to inspire those thoughts that breathe in majestic verse, still we think that Nature, in her softer, but not less exalting moods, as she disports herself at Riverview, is capable of begetting those sympathies "that wake to ecstacy the living lyre." The stately pile that crowns the rocky heights, the classic halls redolent of joy and youth, the turf, the shade, the flowers among which the hoary river "wanders his silver-winding way"—all these are charms of Nature, perfected by Art, that must work with magic power upon the youthful mind developed within the sphere of their action.

At present there is in Sydney, at least, one poetic child whom our ALMA MATER claims as her own, and of whose promise she may well be proud. We refer to Mr. J. E. S. Henerie, who is already known as a poet and *litterateur* throughout Australia, and has also won recognition as such in England and America.



Born in '77, Mr. Henerie entered Riverview in '88, and at the end of that year obtained

second place in his class and prizes for Christian Doctrine and Arithmetic. The proficiency shown in this examination was such that he was allowed to pass over the next class and enter the one higher. Notwithstanding this, he managed to hold his place in the "aggregate" at the end of the year, and to win prizes for Greek and Christian Doctrine. The same year he won also the Special Christian Doctrine prize, competed for by the whole college. Here we may mention, *en passant*, that the "golden opinions won from all sorts of people" by "Jim" Henerie was shown by his being chosen by the votes of his schoolfellows Prefect of the Junior Sodality. This post of honour he held until promoted to the Senior Sodality, of which he was a member when he left us. In '90 he passed the Junior Public Examination, obtaining first-class honours in English. At the termination of this year in the College Examinations he carried off the Greek Prize and the Gold Medal for Special Classics. In '91 he won the Latin Prize, which, by some mishap, he did not obtain, the Fates already envying his future greatness. In '92 he passed his "Senior," obtaining honours in English. He matriculated and finished his collegiate course in '93.

Mr. Henerie began his literary career, like most writers, by learning the alphabet, but, unlike many of his "brothers of the lyre," he began his *public* literary career while yet at College. His first endeavour was naturally made in behalf of O.A.M., and appeared in '92. In the same year he wrote several literary articles for country and suburban newspapers. [We can all imagine how the present Prefect of Studies will read this sentence a second time, and make a note of it for *future* use.—EDS. O.A.M.] In '94 he began writing for Sydney papers, and in the middle of the same year several of his articles appeared in English and Australian papers and magazines.

Mr. Henerie's principal publications up to date are:—A series of articles in the *Boston Courier* on American writers (in recognition of the literary worth of these, he was made an Honorary Bachelor of Literature); "Songs of Siluria" and "The Adventures of an Autograph Hunter" (poetry), in book form, both published by subscription in London; an Edition of Bryant's Poems; a small booklet, "Rhapodies on Rhymes"; a series on American Classics; articles on Australian Poets, in the *York Post*; "The Red Hand," a legend in verse; "Stories in Prose"; articles entitled "Bryant" and "The Charm of Wordsworth"; "Echoes of Parnassus"; and numerous essays and reviews and poems for English, American, and Australian periodicals. Last year he contributed, to the *Cosmos Magazine*, "A City Fern." We reproduce this in order that our readers may judge for themselves the sweetness of the songs he sings:—

A CITY FERN.

Beside no friendly burn
That laughs and frolics as it goes,
Upon no verdant hillside grows
This common fern.

Here in the park, where lean
No tender grasses to caress,
It but suggests a loveliness
That might have been.

For like a soul, set free
From prison bars that closely pressed,
Unfolding to perceive how blest
Its life may be.

So every frond at first
From its dark birth-cell freshly springs,
Buoyant for larger questionings
Of life athirst.

But as the soul that finds
No sympathy, no friendly aid,
Will pine, as baffled and dismayed
By blasting winds.

So every fern-frond fares—
Fades to a dull, a sullen hue,
As though for it the breezes blew
But griefs and cares.

Mr. Henerie has received letters of appreciation and encouragement from Swinburne, Chris. Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Sir Edwin Arnold; and personal letters of thanks and appreciation of particular reviews and articles from Professor Butler, Edin. University, William Watson, E. Mackay, Ibsen, A. V. Symonds, and others.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Henerie does not intend to live and die in the traditional poverty of the poet, for he entered in '94 the employment of McSharry and Co., railway contractors, and "intends to stay in that employment." We trust, however, that public estimation of his undoubted poetic talents and literary merits will shortly force him to abandon the jarring of metals for the music of verse, and transactions relative to the construction of broad gauges and narrow gauges for rambles in the highways and bye-ways of literature.

We end this notice of our old friend and schoolmate by giving another of his lyrics, written, we may add, during a time of despon-

dency, when the young poet was working his way up, with little encouragement and much misgiving, into the "larger air":

"AT EVENSONG."

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at evensong that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old grey tower,
Across the tranquil sea.

Just when the fields are sweet and cold with dew,
Just when the last gold lingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And when the starry jasmine hides the wall,
We two would stand together once again;
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My "tale of loss and gain."

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tear-worn face,
And finding even for a little while
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears,
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

Far better, O my friend, that you unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air,
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen,
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet, ah me!
Faith is so weak, and human love so strong,
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at evensong.

AN EX-RIVERVIEWER IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE following extracts are taken from letters sent by an old and esteemed "River-viewer," an ex-captain of our football and cricket team, "Joby" O'Brien,—at present making or marring his fortune in the Rand—to his friends in New South Wales. These letters, through the kindness of these friends who well know that nothing would give greater pleasure to the fortune-seeking Riverviewer than to help in some way to interest the readers of ALMA MATER, have been handed over to us to be used as we think fit. The matter of these letters, consequently, is not of that formal and consecutive nature which aspirants to literary fame are wont to evolve for press, but we are of opinion, nevertheless, that the facts and incidents related, will prove interesting and instructive to many of our readers, especially as the Transvaal has focussed upon it just at present the concentrated gaze of the civilised world.

EXTRACTS.

"After a journey of twenty-nine days, which includes a stoppage of four days at Melbourne, we arrived at Capetown all safe and sound on Sunday (Palm), 29th March, at 12 o'clock noon. The voyage, on the whole, was a pleasant one, the 'Australasian' being a splendid sea boat. The weather was calm until the night of the 17th March, when, just as you were in the height of your Patrick Day festivities, we were caught in a typhoon, and had a terrible time of it for twenty-four hours. We were hove to for about six hours, everything moveable, and some things which were supposed to be immoveable, including a boat, were washed overboard. I was just beginning to feel noble sentiments, such sentiments as the poet felt when he wrote, 'Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!' when suddenly the good ship rolled too much for me, my sentiments gave way to sensations to which no poet has yet done justice.

"The monotony of the long voyage was broken by concerts, sports and cricket. We played two matches of cricket, the 'saloon *versus* second class,' each side winning one. I made top score each time, and in the second match I made more than all the other saloon passengers.

"There were great numbers of people lined up at the Dock to see the latest arrivals, principally touts and runners for hotels and business houses. Some were English people, a great many were Dutch, and the Kaffirs were legion. We felt we were among foreigners. We went ashore, put our luggage through the Customs with unusual expedition, and soon got suitable lodgings.

"From perusal of the local papers, labour, we discovered, is at a premium even in Capetown. Bricklayers are receiving from 11s. to 15s. per day of 9 hours. Carpenters ditto., and there seems to be a general movement in favour of adopting the eight-hour day. Painters are not required, as painting is an almost unheard-of luxury here, every house and building is simply limewashed outside, and painting within is as rare as genuine oil-paintings elsewhere. Plenty of work for polishers. All unskilled labour is practically done by Kaffirs, who receive up to 4s. per day of 12 hours.

"Enclosed you will find some leaves of the silver-tree. We were out for a picnic to a place called 'Newlands'—a very pretty place—with

some of our old New South Wales acquaintances. We had a real jolly time of it.

"Sporting seems to be at a low ebb here. There has been only one sports' meeting since I arrived—namely, on Easter Monday. I was sorry I did not enter as the 'times' were ridiculously slow. I fancy I could have won a race or two in a canter, if true to my old Riverview form. We are unable to find out anything about the Australian Eleven, so by sending me each week the *Referee*, you will supply a much-felt want.

"Capetown is a fairly healthy place. I feel much better than when I was on the steamer, and so far my health has been excellent; my appetite continues in its usual (weak) state.

"When first you land here, the great number of ugly, raw-boned, coloured people who swarm about you frighten you, but, after a few weeks amongst them, you feel right enough. They are almost useless in the line of using their hands as weapons of defence, and have instantaneous recourse to sticks and stones if you pick a row with them; however, discretion is even here the better part of valour, and the best policy is the 'laissez-faire.'

"Cooking is not up to date, and a few Parisian professors of the gastronomic art would make a rapid fortune.

"Capetown was too quiet for my adventurous spirit. I wanted to see 'life'—to be in the centre of the 'sport,' so I have arrived all safe and sound in Johannesberg. I started from Capetown last Monday night, and arrived here on Thursday, at 12.30 p.m. I could have got many 'billets' in Capetown, but I wanted, like Jameson, to invade the Rand.

"For hundreds of miles along the road I travelled, not a blade of grass is to be seen, but a gray, barren, rocky country, till we came to the Orange Free State, and from there up to Johannesberg it is all flat country, and looks very well. I saw hundreds of deer on the road—they are very wild. I often wished I had old 'Sam' here: it would be jolly fun hunting the deer on him; the only drawback is that no one except Dutch Boers are at present allowed to possess firearms in this country.

"Johannesberg is a very large town. There are some very large buildings, but the majority are mere hovels. There is but little 'metal' on the road and, consequently, the dust is awful; at times, one can hardly see his hand in front of him for dust. It is a terribly dirty place. The scum of the earth seems congregated here. The war scare has quietened things considerably. People think that the English and Boers may fight at any moment. If they do, I think it will end up in England taking the Transvaal. The Kaffirs are in revolt at Buluwayo, about five hundred miles away. Volunteers are being enrolled to go and fight them. I half felt inclined to go; but, then, the Kaffirs arn't worth the trouble.

"Tradesmen do well here. Wages are £6 or £7 per week for carpenters, bricklayers and plasterers. Painters get from £5 to £6 per week. Anybody can be a tradesman here; I intend to be one shortly, if something more in my own line does not turn up soon.

"Meals are dear on account of food and vegetables being very scarce. Potatoes as much as £3 per bag, cabbages 3s. a-piece. No rain has fallen for twelve months, water scarce, and bad. People never drink it if they can help it, it gives you dysentery and other similar luxuries. Many have got fever from it.

"There are hundreds of gold mines around Johannesberg. Gold can be obtained in any part of the country here, but it is impossible to get land from the Dutch. There is a district, about thirty or forty miles from here, which is nothing but one vast goldfield. The gold there is much better than the gold of Johannesberg, but the Government will not allow it to be opened up; when it is opened it will completely surpass Johannesberg. The gold mines employ all black labour. White men "boss" them.

"A month or two ago, £1,000,000 was to be laid out in building 1,500 large buildings, but owing to the war-scare the scheme in greater part was abandoned, and only 15 are in process of erection. When things have settled down this will be a first-rate place. I am not a bit troubled about myself. I shall get on all right.

"As at Capetown, all unskilled labour is done by the Kaffirs, the country swarms with them. They are terribly lazy. The white men treat them like dogs, and sometimes worse. These blacks are continually fighting among themselves, and it is a common thing for seven or eight to be killed. The authorities take no cognizance of these murders, and very little even when a white man is killed.

"The police here are called "zarps," and have the credit of being great cowards. Two Australian law-breakers would be enough for a score of them.

"I went out to where the explosion took place, yesterday, it is a dreadful sight only to

be realised by seeing it. Thousands of houses in ruins, railway lines torn up, and ruins for half-a-mile around you!

"Clothing is as cheap as in Australia.

"Jack starts work next week at the "Summer and Jack" mine at five-pound ten-shillings a week. Not too bad. I shall write again soon."

IMMORTALITY.

(Echo of Victor Hugo.)

A little bird upon a branch—
A branch that breaking seemed—
Sat perched above the raging flood,
Yet sang, the while I dreamed.

I dreamed of perils that beset
My future path in life,
And saw no other end but death
Of all my anxious strife.

"Fear not, though this life end in death;
Fear not!"—the gay bird sings—
"Although the slender branch may break,
Fear not! for we have wings!"

X.Y.Z.

FROM THE STUDY CHAIR.

We are favoured by Messrs. Dunlop and Co., of Sydney, with the following works:—

(1) *History of Greek Classical Literature*: By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. (MacMillan and Co.)—Professor Mahaffy, in his preface to this work, characterises Müller and Donaldson's Greek Literature as "a work of genius on Müller's part, and of vast erudition on Donaldson's." We should be inclined to parody the expression, and characterise Professor Mahaffy's Greek Literature as a work of genius and erudition on the part of the Germans, and of extensive reading and "good digestion" on Mr. Mahaffy's part. This suggests what Mr. Mahaffy seems to have attempted to do in this work for students of Greek Literature, and to have done well. He succeeds in bringing within their reach some of the results of modern German Scholarship relating to the Greek classics. There will, of course, be some to think that such a work is not commendable; they will maintain that it can only be injurious to students in these days of cram and examinations, when there is so great a tendency on the part of many students to get their reading and thinking done for them, and on the part of examiners to test the student's knowledge of the thoughts of others on these subjects, rather than what the student thinks himself. On the other hand, there will be many students to feel that now-a-days progress is impossible if we are always to begin at the beginning, and do over again for ourselves what others have done before us, that in this, as in other matters, we should be the "heirs of all the ages," and that real advance can be made only by starting from where others have left off. These latter students will find not a little assistance from Professor Mahaffy's work. We have been favoured by Messrs. Dunlop and Co., of Sydney, with a copy of the third edition, revised and enlarged. Space does not permit us to go into any detailed criticism. Valuable additional matter is contributed to the work in this edition from Auguste Fick's "Studies of Early Greek Poetry," from Dr. Koch's "Fragments of Greek Comedy," and from the comparatively recent works of Sittl, as well as from many other recent German and French contributions to classical scholarship. It is to be regretted that the Professor has not been induced by critics of the former editions of this work to include Plutarch and Lucian in the category of Greek classical writers. So long as those writers hold the position they at present deservedly hold in our schools and colleges, it is surely a mistake for one whose work aims at being an aid to students of Greek literature, to exclude any important classical Greek author that comes within the range of their study. It is quite true that neither Lucian nor Plutarch is, strictly speaking, included in the Professor's definition of "classical" author, but for the purposes of such a work as his, a more reasonable and useful definition would have included amongst classical Greek authors every work of the Ancient Greeks ordinarily studied by students of Greek classical literature. Again, much of the interest of the ancient classics—much that goes to make them "classics"—is their influence on our own literature and history, and the degree to which they have helped to build up modern history, modern literature, and modern civilisation. Judged by this standard, surely the influence of Lucian on men of modern literature, and, to say nothing of others, Shakspeare's indebtedness to Plutarch, fully entitle both these to find a place in every History of Greek classical literature.

(2) *Last Words of Thomas Carlyle* (Longman's).—These "last words" consist of an early fragment and of journal entries and letters, covering the years 1851-57. It is, therefore, strange to find nothing in the Preface to explain the title, which seems due to their "utterance" later than even the "Reminiscences" of Froude. They are, we are told, "hitherto unpublished," and, we cannot help thinking, rightly so. The journal entries, relative to a visit to Paris in 1851, contain, however, many interesting things, such



as Carlyle's description of the personal appearance of Changarnier, Thiers, Guizot, and other French notabilities, and of the character and conversational powers of Thiers. Yet, of the work as a whole, it may be said that it by no means serves to lessen the impression of Carlyle left by Froude's Reminiscences, or to make him appear more amiable. One rises from the perusal of these "Last Words" with a painful feeling of the utterly desponding sadness of a life without Faith, and without Hope of a better.

(3) *Nichol's Carlyle* (MacMillan's "English Men of Letters").—Thomas Carlyle is certainly not an attractive subject, yet Mr. Nichol manages to write an attractive book. The writer, or compiler, of books of this class labours under one disadvantage which Mr. Nichol seems to have felt. The best things to be said about "Men of Letters" have been said already, and the best passages to quote from their works have been already quoted. The solution of the difficulty would, perhaps, be to bear in mind that such books are written for those who—as we said above—"want their reading and thinking done for them," and in whose case it is not greatly to be feared that anything is "too well known for quotation." Mr. Nichol should have also borne in mind that, writing for such readers, it is regrettable that he did not translate his quotations from Greek and German sources. The efforts made in this work to show that Carlyle had some religion are almost admittedly a failure. "It is impossible," says the writer, "to formulate Carlyle's theology." Nor is he much more successful in the attempt to show any valuable "lessons that Carlyle has taught." He has not failed, however, to observe also the dreariness and unmeaningness of a life that is not to lead to a better one, and we are told that "Carlyle's days went by 'on broken wing'—never brightening, slowly saddening to the close."

(4) *Littledale's Essays on the Idylls of the King* (MacMillan) is a series of interesting lectures delivered "in an Indian College." "Some alterations," we are told in the Preface, "have been made to suit the general public." If these are not considerable, the book affords a pleasing glimpse of the proficiency of "Asiatic students." Even English and American students—for whom, in its present shape, the book is intended—will find not a little assistance from it in their study of the Idylls.

(5) *The Heiress of Courtleroy* (Blackie) is an interesting story, with just that mild admixture of the "goody-goody" element that gives their peculiar "flavour" to many Methodistical books of the kind, and is not so "pronounced" as to be nauseous.

(6) *The Flight of the Shadow*, by George M'Donald (Kegan, Paul and Co.), is a very striking story well told, and well repays reading. Some of the incidents are exaggerated and unreal, as is also the *denouement*. The interest, in the story is well sustained; not a few important lessons are forcibly yet pleasantly impressed upon the reader. There are some very good "descriptions," and in the delineation of the characters of "Martha" and of "My uncle," literary powers considerably above the average are displayed.

—X.Y.Z.

HORACE TO HIS CUP-BEARER.

(BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII.)

WE can hardly preface a collection of the best translations of this Ode of Horace more meetly than by simply stating our purpose, almost in Horace's own words :—

Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, multum sudet, fausteque laboret
Ausus idem.

THE ORIGINAL :

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ ;
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo ; neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem.

PERSICOS ODI.

(By Hartley Coleridge.)

Nay, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,
This studious pomp of Eastern luxury ;
Give me no various garlands—fine
With linden twine,
Nor seek where latest lingering blows
The solitary rose.

Earnest I beg—add not with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
Looks seemliest on thy brow ;
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.

(By John Connington, M.A.)

No Persian cumber, boy, for me ;
I hate your garlands, linden-plaited ;
Leave winter's rose where on the tree
It hangs belated.

Wreathe me plain myrtle ; never think
Plain myrtle either's wear unfitting :
Yours as you wait ; mine as I drink,
In vine-bower sitting.

HORACE TO HIS SERVANT.

(By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.)

Off with Persian gear, I hate it—
Hate the wreaths with lime-bark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground.

Bring me myrtle—nought, but myrtle !
Myrtle, boy, will well combine
Thee attending, me carousing
'Neath the trellised vine.

HORACE.—BOOK I., XXXVIII.

(By M.W.)

I hate, boy, Persia's festal shows,
And crowns that bark of linden binds ;
Seek thou no more the late-blown rose
That hides from wintry winds.

To myrtle add thou nought, I pray :
For brow of thine 'tis truly meet ;
Mine, too, 'twill grace, while I quaff gay,
Stretched in the vine-shade sweet.

Riverview, January, 1896.

(By Sir Theodore Martin.)

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate ;
No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
Nor seek thou to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine
Nought else ! It fits your brows,
Attending me ; it graces mine,
As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

PERSICOS ODI.

(By Philip Francis, D.D.)

I tell thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind :
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine,
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows
While you shall wait, and I carouse.

DIRECTIONS FOR SUPPER.

(By Father Prout.)

Slave ! for my feast in humble grot
Let Persia's pomps be all forgot ;
With twining garlands worry not
Thy weary fingers.
Nor heed in what secluded spot
The last rose lingers,

Let but a modest myrtle-wreath,
In graceful guise, our temples sheathe—
Nor thou, nor I ought else herewith
Can want, I'm thinking,
Cup-bearer thou—and I, beneath
The wine-tree drinking.

HORACE TO HIS CUP-BEARER.

(By Sir Stephen de Vere.)

I hate, my boy, that Persian state—
Those gorgeous crowns with linden bound ;
Search not the haunts where, lingering late,
The hidden rose may yet be found.

A simple myrtle-fillet twine
For me, for both ; it suits us best,
As, shadowed by the matted vine,
I quaff the ruby wine, and rest.

IN THE LIBRARY.

HAVE you read "*A Window in Thrums*"? It has just been put into the library, and it is a grand book. One gets up from reading it "a sadder and a wiser man." Not that it is a sad book. Its humour is delicious, and so delicate; but so, too, is its pathos. If you read it, I promise you many a good laugh, but—I don't mind confessing it—"if you have tears, prepare to shed them," too. A good thing about it is that it helps you to think more of other people without having to think less of yourself, for it makes you think more highly of our common human nature. There's one thing it teaches a fellow: that there is a lot of poetry in "the simple annals of the poor"; there's another—that it's no wonder "God loves the poor." And it's no fanciful picture. Of course, the rough men and women it describes might not be as nice to live with as they are to read of. 'Tis true enough, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." But you can't read the book without feeling that it's "drawn from the life," for all that. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin"; and there are several touches of nature in this book.

One word more before you begin it. Don't be frightened by the dialect: that is to be met with in Walter Scott, and yet—as I hope you know—his novels are delightful.

Here is a glimpse into "*A Window in Thrums*":—

"If I was bidden to put Tammas's gift in a word," said T'nowhead, "I would say 'at he had a wy, that's what I would say."

"Weel, I suppose I have," Tammas admitted; "but wy or no wy, I couldna put a point on my words, if it wasna for my sense o' humour. Lads, humour's what gies the nip to speakin'."

"But what I wonder at," said Hendry, "is yer sayin' the humorous things sae aisy like. Some says ye mak' em up aforehand, but I ken that's no true."

"No only it's no true," said Tammas, "but it couldna be true; them 'at says sic things has na idea o' what humour is. It's a thing 'at spouts oot o' its ain accord. Some o' the maist humorous things I've ever said cam oot, as a body may say, by themsels."

"I suppose that's the case," said T'nowhead, "an' yet it maun be you 'at brings them up."

"There's no doubt aboot its bein' the case," said Tammas, "for I've watched mysel often. There was a vara guid instance occurred sune after I married Easie. The Earl's son met me one day aboot that time, an' he didna ken 'at Chirsty was deid an' I'd married again. 'Well, Haggart,' says he, in his frank way, 'and how is your wife'? 'She's vara weel, sir,' I mak's answer, 'but she's no the ane you mean.'"

"Na, he meant Chirsty," said Hendry.

"Is that a' the story?" asked T'nowhead.

Tammas had been looking at us queerly.

"Ther's no nane o' ye lauchin'," said he; "but I can assure ye, the earl's son gaed east the toon lauchin' like onything."

"But what was it he lauched at?"

"Ou," said Tammas, "a humourist doesna tell whaur the humour comes in."

"No, but when you said that, did ye mean it to be humorous?"

"Am no sayin' I did; but, as I've been tellin' ye, humour spouts oot by itsel."

"Ay, but do ye ken noo what the earl's son gaed away lauchin' at?"

Tammas hesitated.

"I do not exactly see 't," he confessed, "but that's no an oncommon thing. A humourist would often no ken 'at he was ane if it wasna by the wy he maks other fowk lauch. A body canna be expeckit baith to mak' a joke and to see 't. Na, that would be doin' twa fowks' wark."

"Humour has twa sides," Tammas went on to explain, "just like a penny-piece. When I say a humorous thing mysel, I'm dependent on other fowk to tak' note o' the humour o't; bein' mysel ta'en up wi' the makkin' o't. Ay, but there's things I see an' hear 'at maks me lauch, an' that's the other side of humour."

"I never heard it put so plain before," said T'nowhead.

"Ay, and what's mair," added Tammas, "the mere lauchin's no the important side o' humour, even though ye hinna to be telt to lauch. The important side's the other side: the sayin' the humorous things. I'll tell ye what; the humorist's like a man firing at a target: he doesna ken whether he hits or no till them at the target tells 'im."

"SEPTEMBER 16th—the Intermediate Prize List was issued to-day, and gratified the most sanguine. Three gold medals and nineteen exhibitions, besides many composition and book prizes, were won by Clongownians, representing a total value of £1.230."—Extract taken from *The Clongownian*, '95. Well done, Clongowes!

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.—OUR VISITS TO WESTRALIA.

No. III.

[BY AN OLD JESUIT BOY.]

"OH! for fresh fields and pastures new." I must explain the relevancy of this quotation by telling you that a large proportion of the prospecting population of Westralia is of the nomadic restless type, easily caught by news of fresh finds, and ready at a moment's notice to flit to distant, unknown parts, in the hope of finding an Eldorado. It is wonderful how cruel some people are in spreading false rumours of say great alluvial discoveries, discoveries which in many cases are mythical, and yet, upon unsupported rumour, crowds of diggers start off regardless of distance and hardships. Perhaps a few weeks before the alluvial find was noised abroad, a prospector had, just napping quartz near the surface, found shining gold; a day of careful searching and behold the reef is brought to light and at once broken into. A smile beams on the face of the discoverer and he looks supremely happy and content. "Now," he says, "things are right, at last we have got hold of a big show," and so he tells his mate. However, time goes on, and let me me tell you that "developing a show" is but slow work, and takes both time and patience. This is not what our nomadic friend likes. But as I said "Time goes on," and our friend, the prospector, begins to look a bit subdued and more pessimistic as he takes out his quartz. His work is done in fits and starts, spasmodically in fact, *i. e.* more spells to consider matters are taken. However, one day as it approaches noon, and as he is resting on his pick, *thinking* let us say, he heard a limb of a small tree fall to the ground, and soon a figure looms in the distance. Naturally, he does not resume work but waits to see who the new comer is, and soon hears a cheery greeting "A fine day, mate," to which our friend gives a hearty assent. This is soon followed by enquiries as to the value of the reef being worked, and the sudden question "Have you heard of the new find at the Bremner Range?" An eager look takes possession of the face of our friend as he answers "No." There is no need for the visitor to ask would he like to hear more details. So at once he starts to relate the wonderful tales of the rich alluvial gold, and the nuggets found so close to the surface, or between the roots of the trees, and which nuggets have grown bigger and bigger at each new account of them. In fact "*colors*" have grown into nuggets. Thus "busy fancy kindly lends her aid." A friendly mid-day meal is cooked and justice is done to it, after which the relater of the wonderful alluvial finds wends his way. But our friend is upset; no more work on that day. He ponders over all he has heard, and the restless fit comes on him.

> No doubt, this mis-named *blooming* west
> Creates in us a great unrest:
> Fresh finds one hears of—"give them best —
> Oh! don't keep always going west.

A few days, and the much fancied claim is abandoned or sold for a trifle, and our friend is out after horses, which latter—it afterwards turns out—cannot be used, as water is so scarce along the almost unknown country which leads to this mythical Eldorado. However, our hero and a mate, humping "bluey," and carrying their tucker and water-bags, are off with only a compass to guide them through the sandy, ill-watered, salt bush country which, on an ascent all the way, leads to these now famous Ranges.

The weather is hot and the undergrowth very thick and thorny, and all the first day is spent in toiling and tearing through the stoney, barren, desert-like bush. Great care has to be taken of the precious water-bags. The night is cool, and a well-earned sleep soon soothes our travellers. Up at dawn, a fire soon lighted and a billy boiled, they sit at breakfast, and, the day looking bright, their spirits rise, and they hopefully chat over their prospects, and count their "unhatched" nuggets.

A start is soon made, and, as they climb a small hill, the silence of the bush is broken by the sound of voices. Our travellers at once strike off their route and meet a party of men also on their way to the reported discoveries. One of these knows something of the country, and puts them on to water. Thus the days go by, but for two days and nights they have not a drop of water, and the parched state of their tongues and the privations they endure can scarcely be described. Their faces grow wan at the idea of perishing hundreds of miles away in the lone desert. But, happily, this fate is averted by their coming across some water-holes. Fancy their disappointment, upon reaching their destination, to find that the alluvial gold is light and scarce—not payable, in fact,—and the

nuggets not to be found. When the bitter truth becomes known, an indignation meeting is held —for already some hundreds of men are collected, and numbers continue to arrive daily—and could they only lay hands on the man who disseminated the reports which caused the rush, lynching would be his fate. However, the next day a good many start to return to the various fields they had left, and our friend, some months after this occurrence, learns that the claim he had abandoned turns out to be a good one and worth a considerable sum of money.

It is very picturesque to see a train of camels slowly wending their way through the bush, headed by an Afghan with brightly-coloured turban. Horses often have the greatest dread of these animals. I have seen a team of horses prick up their ears, and grow restless and excited, and I could not imagine why. But the carrier said: "Oh, I know what is up; they scent camels." He had to get help to hold the horses' heads, and send a man ahead to get the camels taken off the road;—indeed, they had to go a long way into the bush before the horses could be quieted and induced to go along again.

Some of the native boys are very skilful in handling camels. I knew a boy who was wonderfully intelligent and bright, always laughing, who used to mind a team of six. He liked to be taken notice of, but speak roughly to him and he grew sulky and would do nothing. He was very fond of coming to see us at our camp during his leisure time, for the camels were camped about a quarter-of-a-mile north of our tents. One morning he paid us a visit with the usual grin on his face, but a few minutes afterwards he roared with laughter, and his sides shook again, and for a long time I could not imagine the reason of this. However, by-and-bye, he pointed to a tree, on a low branch of which was suspended a piece of bacon. "Oh, just like whitefellow," he cried; "put him there nice and handy for native dog." I took his hint, and hung it higher up the tree. More anon.—Yours all abroad,

R.A.N.

FROM the *Beaumont Review* we take the following paragraph, as it appears to fit our own case exactly:—"A correspondent suggests a 'bureau of information' regarding Old Boys. We do what we can, with our opportunities, to collect and spread such news which, indeed, is one of the objects of our existence, but, in the nature of things, we must rely on friends outside for our material. It is needless to say how welcome it is."

THE B.V.M. SODALITY.

Director: REV. J. MCINERNEY, S.J.
Prefect: J. E. D'APICE.
Hon. Secretary: F. LONERAGAN.

OWING to the departure of all the office-bearers of this Sodality at Xmas, an election of successors should have taken place, but it was found that there was not a quorum of members. Accordingly, the Spiritual Director appointed the following, *pro tem.*:—Prefect, J. E. D'Apice; Hon. Secretary, F. Loneragan; Assistants, F. Deery and H. Cullinane.

On the 25th of March, five new members were solemnly received, after Mass, by the Rev. F. A. Sturzo, S.J., Master of Novices at Loyola, N.S.W., assisted by the Rev. Director. The names of those admitted to the Sodality are: F. Deery, J. Punch, J. O'Sullivan, F. McDonald, and P. Griffin.

On that evening, in honour of the reception, Rev. Fr. McInerney gave a lecture on "Italy: Ancient and Modern." The lecture, which was principally concerned with the architectural triumphs of that country, was instructive and learned. The Rev. Mr. Baker illustrated the lecture with magic-lantern views.

The time for the weekly meeting of the Sodality has been changed from Saturday morning to Tuesday evening, at 7 p.m. At present, the number attending these meetings is twenty-one—*viz.*, seven members and fourteen aspirants. There will, shortly, be an election of members.

JUNIOR SODALITY.

President—REV. E. J. BOYLAN, S.J.

March 13th.

THE following appointments were made:—Prefect, Percy Power; First Assistant, P. Lenehan; Second Assistant, L. Anivitti.

At this date, the Sodality numbers nineteen members and twenty-three candidates.

As a result of an arrangement with the Director of the B.V.M. Sodality, the meetings have been changed from Tuesdays to Fridays.

April 26th.

Fourteen members enrolled. Owing to the promotion of Percy Power and others, a new election of officers took place, with the following

result: Prefect, Paul Lenehan; First Assistant, A. Thynne; Second Assistant, A. Gow. The Sodality now numbers twenty-eight members and fourteen candidates.

Mr. D'Apice then thanked the gentlemen for electing him to this position, and proposed that Mr. Power should be Leader of the Opposition.



First Division Library
(Where the Senior Debate was held, and where the first night of Junior Debate came off.)

SENIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: Rev. E. Boylan, S.J.
Premier: J. E. D'Apice. *Leader of Opposition:* A. Dignam.
Hon. Secretary: P. Power.

First Meeting.

On Monday, 26th of April, a general meeting of the above Club was held in the Debating Hall. The business of the meeting was to elect a Premier, Leader of Opposition, and Hon. Secretary.

On the President, Rev. Mr. Boylan, taking the chair, Mr. Power proposed that Mr. D'Apice be Premier. Mr. Loneragan seconded this motion, which was carried.

Mr. Deery proposed that Mr. Dignam should be Leader of Opposition.

On the votes being taken, the majority were in favour of Mr. Dignam, so he was duly elected Leader of Opposition.

Mr. D'Apice then proposed that Mr. Power be Hon. Secretary. This motion was agreed to.

The next business was to decide the question for the next debate. There were some six or seven questions proposed, but the one favoured by the majority was that proposed by Mr. D'Apice, and seconded by Mr. Punch—namely, "Whether Dr. Jameson's ride into the Transvaal was lawful or not."

On the motion of Mr. D'Apice, seconded by Mr. Dignam, it was decided that the next debate should be commenced on Monday, the 3rd of May.

A vote of thanks to the Chair then closed the evening's proceedings.

FIRST DEBATE, MAY 3RD, 1896.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the previous meeting, the Debating Club held its quarterly debate on Monday, the 3rd of May. Prominent among the supporters of the Government were Messrs. Power, Griffin, Punch, and Austin; while the Opposition was ably supported by eloquent speakers, such as Messrs. Heritage, Curtis, Garvan, Godsall. When the Hon. Sec. had read his report,

The Premier, Mr. D'Apice, opened the debate for the Government by upholding that Dr. Jameson's ride into the Transvaal was unlawful. He spoke at some length, showing several reasons for the illegality of Dr. Jameson's ride. Then followed the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Dignam, who made a very good speech, appealing chiefly to the feelings of his audience. Mr. Power then spoke, in support of the Government, with his usual sound arguments. The next Opposition speaker was Mr. Heritage. (This was Mr. Heritage's second appearance in the Senior Debating Hall). Messrs. Griffin, Curtis, Punch, Breen, and Godsall also spoke very well.

On the third night, Mr. G. Garvan made a sensational speech. His oration was a humorous one, and kept the House in a continual simmer of laughter. His pronouncements were all in good taste, but did not materially strengthen the arguments of his side.

On the final night of the debate, it looked as if the Opposition were going to gain the victory. And this impression was increased after Mr. Dignam, the Leader, had made his final speech. In his summing up, Mr. Dignam confined himself to abusing the speeches of the Government, and sat down amidst applause.

Then the Premier, Mr. D'Apice rose. He had a hard task before him, but he pointed out that Mr. Dignam only abused, and gave no arguments, and gradually gained over the House to his side again, so that when the motion was put to the House, the Government were in the majority, and thus gained the debate by the small majority of six votes.

This was a very successful debate, and it was encouraging to see the number of speakers. There were some very amusing passages-at-arms between the hon. gentlemen of the Government and of the Opposition.

On the final evening, after the Government had carried their motion, Mr. D'Apice proposed a vote of thanks to the President, Rev. Mr. Boylan, for having taken the chair during the debate. Mr. Dignam seconded the motion, and, after a few words from the chair, the house rose.

J. E. D'APICE.

JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB.

President: REV. A. POWER, S.J.

Committee:

JAMES RYAN (Sec.). M. KELLY.
J. LOUGHNAN, A. THYNNE,
L. LONERAGAN, K. AUSTIN,
T. MCKENNA, C. DUFFY.

INAUGURAL MEETING.

ON Thursday evening, May 7th, at 6.30 p.m., the solemn stillness which, at Riverview, usually holds all the air at that studious hour, was suddenly troubled by an unwonted perturbation —a hurrying of many feet—a subdued babel of many voices. The Junior Division Parliamentarians were repairing to their "House" to inaugurate their grave and honourable deliberations. At this preliminary meeting it is not so much the transaction of weighty business or the fathoming deep questions that occupies, as on other occasions, the young debaters. This meeting is epideictic rather; and oratory calls on the other power that can soothe the savage breast, to minister to the pleasure of the audience. All then being duly assembled, Father Rector and the other members of the Community took their places, amidst applause, and proceedings opened with a short concert. A piano solo by Mr. C. Pery, a recitation by Mr. C. Duffy, a violin solo by Mr. A. Gow, and a song by Rev. Mr. Forster, were very well received. Minds being thus soothed, and passions laid to rest, the traditional discussion on Oratory began. "Oratory in relation to Debate" was the subject treated, from various points of view, by the President in his opening address, and the eight members of committee who followed.

The President dwelt on the use and advantages of a debate. These advantages were so

great that they justified him in saying that the J.D.C. was one of the most important institutions in the house (Cheers), for it re-acted on all the other work done, and the standard all round was raised by a good debate.

Immediately after his speech, the President called on the eight Members of Committee. Their eight speeches occupied some thirty minutes, the longest not exceeding five minutes. But a Junior Debater can say a lot of good things (as other people a lot of foolish things) in five minutes. And they maintained their reputation on this occasion.

Mr. Kelly's speech was "Oratory teaching by Examples." Pitt, Burke, Walpole, Stanhope, Gladstone, passed in review. Each gave us a little lesson—each received his meed of praise—and so departed. Mr. Kelly's style is deliberate; he is clear, but does not often appeal to the emotions.

Mr. Ryan is more fiery, but also more hurried. His appeals are frequent and energetic, but they would tell better if, in the intervals, he were calmer and more dispassionate. He dwelt on the many important advantages derived from debate—the power of making a speech when called upon—the training of the reasoning powers, the practice afforded in writing and speaking English.

Mr. Austin has a spirited delivery, and, when at his best, a very taking address. He quoted Cowper with such effect that a Third Divisioner, on his way to tea, was heard declaring that it was the best thing of the evening. This is praise, indeed!

Mr. Loneragan began by asserting that Riverview should be a hot-bed of oratory, and modestly assured us that it rested with the J.D.C. to make it so. He forbade us to call this arrogance, since it was only the simple truth. Great orators from little speakers grow. A person goes through many ungraceful manœuvres learning to swim; so it is, in learning to speak. Mr. Loneragan's voice is clear, his manner quiet, but insinuating.

Mr. C. Duffy called attention to the fact that all the subjects hitherto chosen for debate were historical or political. The advantages of such subjects are many. By merely listening, one learns a lot of history. The subject, at start, may be quite unknown to the debater, but by dint of reading and talking about it his interest is awakened, his knowledge increased, until, finally, he is so carried away by it, that whereas he seems in body at Riverwiew, he is in reality hundreds of miles away busying himself about the welfare of a nation at the other end of the earth. Mr. Duffy speaks with coolness and deliberation, and thinks of what he is saying. He can appreciate his own arguments, and, therefore, makes his hearers appreciate them too.

Mr. Loughnan has a keen voice and incisive manner. Children and fools had better not meddle with him lightly. He told us briefly, and clearly, the story of Demosthenes.

Mr. McKenna did not make a long speech, but he made a good one.

Mr. Thynne roused the enthusiasm of his audience by reminding them of the doughty deeds of some old Riverviewers in the battlefield of oratory, and of one in particular who was making his mark in the British House of Commons. He referred, of course, to Mr. T. B. Curran, M.P., and quoted a complimentary notice of him from the *Windsor Magazine* for February, 1896, where it is stated that Mr. Curran was educated at Riverview College, and won the gold medal for ability as a debater. Mr. J. E. Henerie, too, who was distinguishing himself as a poet and literateur, had been an active and prominent member of the Club during his college course.

A vote of thanks to Father Rector and the Community for their presence and encouragement having been proposed, seconded, and passed unanimously, Father Rector replied, briefly thanking the President and Committee for the very pleasant treat just given, and congratulating the Debate on the success of its inaugural meeting.

First Night.

On Friday evening, after tea, the real business began. With great zest the hon. gentlemen set to work to discuss the following knotty, but by no means unimportant, problem: "If the Venezuelan difficulty leads to a war between England and the United States, should Australian sympathies be altogether with Venezuela and the United States?"

Mr. Kelly began. After a brief, clear description of how America won her independence by revolting, he sketched the position of Venezuela and showed that the difficulty was to find where exactly Venezuela ends, and where British Guiana begins. We were then initiated into the mysteries of the Schomberg line; and to such good purpose, that the youngest and tenderest in the House now talk

about the Schomberg line as if it were part of the Riverview estate. In fact, it is now as conspicuous and well-known an object as the wharf at Longueville. But to proceed. The personal history of Schomberg was told with the necessary sarcasm, and England's claims of territory up to his line duly ridiculed. This was only another example of the insatiable thirst for territory which has ever marked the Englishman. The success of England would mean the annexation of Venezuela. England, too, would have all the responsibility, as it is she who has refused arbitration.

Mr. Ryan was wildly indignant at the bare idea of a word of disloyalty spoken against England. And disloyalty—nay, more, the absence of every redeeming quality, of patriotism, gratitude, prudence, statesman-like foresight, marked, from beginning to end, the speech of the hon. gentleman who had just sat down. Are we not content with the liberty we have? The loss of English protection would induce Russians, Chinese, Japanese—the Lord knows whom—to swoop down and over-run our fair continent. An eloquent appeal concluded a telling speech, which was cheered to the echo by the young Riverviewers.

Mr. V. Power's speech was remarkable for two qualities characteristic of every good maiden speech (and of himself): brevity and suavity.

Mr. Brown, with right good will, struck several dangerous blows at the cause of America.

Mr. Dalton pointed out, amongst other disadvantages, that England would have to go to America to fight—not *vice versâ*. He dilated, too, on the corruption of American Government.

Second Night.

On Saturday, Mr. Craven astonished his most intimate friends and himself by the fervour of his speech for England. She is our mother-country. But hon. gentlemen say that America is much nearer us than England. Therefore, if your enemy lived next door and your father six miles away, you should—according to this reasoning—fight with your enemy against your father! The simplicity and completeness of this argument brought, at once, conviction to his audience, and a storm of applause to himself.

Mr. B. MacMahon delivered a conciliatory little speech on the American side.

Mr. Walker gave us a dainty little oration. It seemed as if his voice were going about on tip-toe, offering us his arguments. He dwelt on the commercial disadvantages to us of any estrangement with England.

Mr. Rynn soon carried us away with him. He has a very direct, forcible and pleasant mode of address. He rang out his arguments on the American side eloquently, and he promises to become one of our best debaters.

Mr. S. Corser's little speech was a pleasant surprise to many.

Third Night.

On Monday, Mr. K. Austin, in no wavering or uncertain tones, boldly asserted the rights of freedom and of America. If Australia sides with America, probably, Canada will do the same, and the bold front presented by these three champions of Christendom will terrify the Britisher into keeping quiet.

Messrs. D. Prendergast, A. McKillop and P. Makinson spoke for England. Loyalty and affection for the old country breathed in all their speeches. America's cause looked withered and haggard, indeed, amidst the splendid tumult of their oratory. On America's side spoke Mr. Du Bois and one of our visitors from the 1st Division Debate, Mr. D'Apice.

Fourth Night.

Tuesday evening's meeting was very lively; feeling was beginning to run high. The plot was thickening. New, and unlooked-for, arguments might be launched forth at any moment and ruin the cause of either side. With no small anxiety then, and with their hearts throbbing expectantly in their bosoms, the young debaters repaired to their hall.

Mr. Loughnan spoke his speech trippingly, in a loud, decisive way.

Mr. Loneragan dwelt with much unction on the liberty-loving qualities of the English. He pointed out what a large number of Mormons, devil-worshippers, and others of an equally undesirable turn of mind inhabit America. He thought, too, the Atlantic was rather an obstacle to the U.S. showing her activity by annexing England, France, Germany, and other European colonies.

Mr. T. McDermott dwelt on the injustice of England's cause.

Mr. J. Burns — an American — fleshed his young teeth by a vigorous and unexpected assault on the preceding speaker. His statement that the fact of his being an American

citizen would not prevent him from supporting the side of justice, was very warmly received.

Mr. M. Peraud was deeply moved at the painful struggles of the Opposition to find arguments, and spoke very well.

At this moment Mr. Slattery rushed into the fray, amidst the plaudits of the expectant and excited audience. He looked terrible things, and laid about him with a will. His style was of the Vandal order. His argument was that he had an unutterable contempt for all the arguments which either had been, or might be, put forward by his adversaries.

For three days after this were nursed, on one side, the fires of a patriotism almost too deep for words (only), and on the other, an undying love of liberty, not to be overawed even by the statement that the British Empire occupies a fifth of the earth's surface.

Fifth Night.

On Friday Mr. J. McKenna expounded the arguments in favor of America, drawn from the harmless and necessary science of geography, proving conclusively that an alliance between us and England is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

Mr. Duffy remarked in reply that America's strength is concentrated on the eastern side—the side removed from us. He dwelt on the blessings of the peace given to the world by the British Empire.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan came as a surprise. As an Irishman, he stood up to say "a thing or two" about England's maternal qualities, especially as manifested towards her eldest daughter—the fair isle that nestles, with averted looks, so close to her western coasts—seeming all the while, to gaze wistfully over the broad Atlantic to the home of freedom in the west.

Mr. T. M'Kenna and Mr. Thynne followed. Mr. R. McKillop asked rapidly and, in a very high key, several caustic questions, tending to prove the wrong-headedness of his opponents.

Last Night.

At the final meeting, on Monday, May 18th, before Rev. Father Rector, Father Murphy and the Community, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ryan summed up on their respective sides. The voting resulted in a majority of seventeen for the English side.

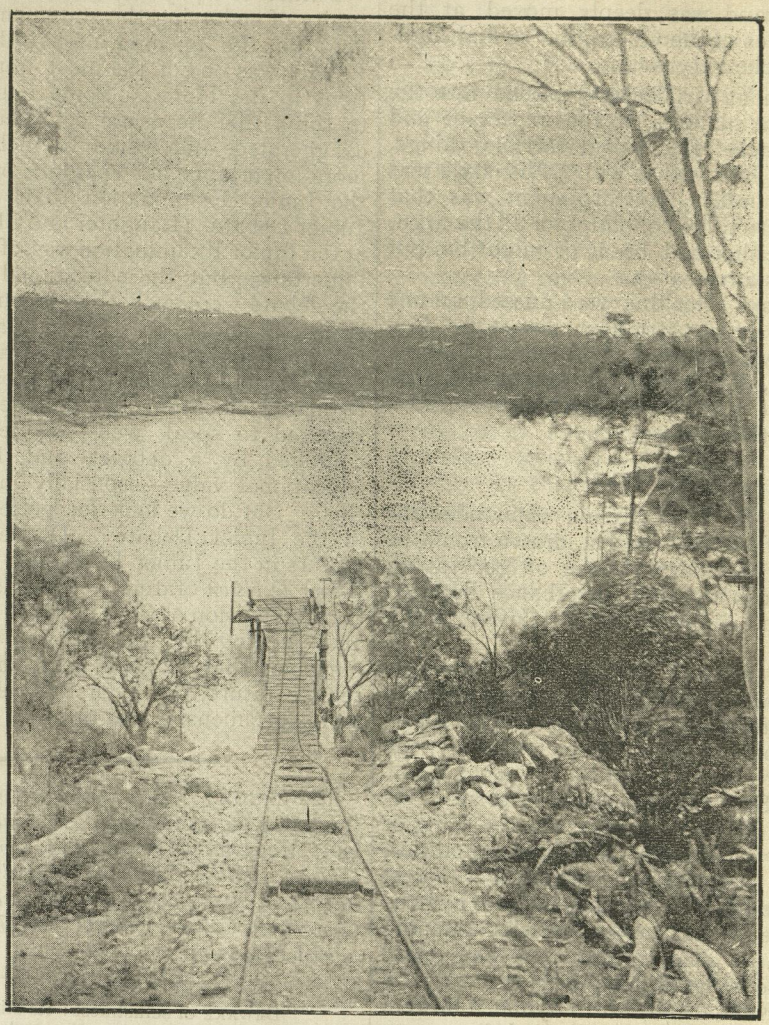
Father Rector congratulated the debate on its success. He had followed it with great interest, and was very well pleased with the way the speeches had been delivered.

Father Murphy was glad to have the opportunity of endorsing the statement of the President on the opening night—that the Junior Debate was one of the most important institutions in the House. Some might be inclined to think that he would consider the statement exaggerated, and would be inclined to set far more importance, for example, on the success of the Junior Examination than on that of the Junior Debate. (Laughter and Cheers). Success at the Junior Examination was, of course, of great importance, but the educational advantages of the debate were such that its success was even still more important. To make a perfect speech requires a perfect education, a trained judgment, wide reading, facility in composition, carefully regulated elocution and gesture—all these are required to speak well—are developed or encouraged by a debate; and, hence, its high educational value—especially in a College like this. But do we look for perfection of speech in the Junior Debate? Do we expect to find orators in the Junior Division? Yes, certainly: *Junior Division* orators. There is a perfection of Junior Division oratory to which we may attain; and, judging by this debate, we may flatter ourselves that we shall hear, not merely in the remote future, but even this very year, one or more specimens of real orators. (Cheers).

Exchanges.—We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges: *Bomond Review*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Newingtonian*, *Clongownian*, *Boston College Stylus*, *Fordham Monthly*, *King's School Magazine*, *Sydneian*, *Coerwell Academy Magazine*. *Georgetown College Journal*, *Torchbearer*, *St. Peter's School Magazine*.

"Beware of selfishness: its sting is death."
—Aubrey de Vere.

"By *esprit de corps*, we understand the great alliance so well known in good schools, which taking its colour from the 'genius loci,' as Newman terms the characteristic spirit of a college, and extending itself to everybody and everything connected with the place, binds together all the boys with a strong though unseen cord, woven from common joys and duties, hopes and fears. This spirit not only unites the students amongst themselves—forming them into one body,—but it attracts the hearty sympathy of this body to the institution in which its members laboured and played. Time, which exercises such a blighting influence on most other alliances, seems only to strengthen this of which we speak."—Extract from Editorial, Our Alma Mater, '90.



OUR RAILWAY RUNNING DOWN TO BURNS'S BAY.

OUR RAILWAY.

THE illustrations are from two photos taken by Mr. Baker, S. J.

The railway was engineered by Brother Doyle, under whose directions the work was carried out. The work was entirely done by the College hands, even to the delicate business of sinking the piles in Burns's Bay. Our engine-man was, of course, conspicuous during the work of construction, but it should also be mentioned that Sergeant Williams, and also our hardworking cricket-ground man Pat, were "up to their necks" in the business.

"EHEU! FUGACES!"

And have they then so swiftly passed away,
The short, bright years!
They tell me I am twenty-one to-day,
Tho' it appears
But yesterday that, as an artless child,
I wandered free,
And plucked the fairy blossoms that grew wild
On every tree!

They tell me I have grown to man's estate,
And wish me joy;
While I, alas, with cruel hand see Fate
My bliss destroy.
Say 'tis a passing dream—a fancy weird—
That mocks my brain;
That I shall be, when it has disappeared,
A child again!

Ah me! 'twere vain, for I have left the shore
Of happy youth—
Have passed the flood and may return no more—
A sadd'ning truth.
Still can I hear the merry voices ring
Across the deep.
Remembrance sweet to my sad heart they bring—
I fain could weep!
Farewell! my boyhood's golden hours, farewell!
Your memory dear
In my fond bosom fresh and pure shall dwell
For many a year.

E'en as the exile to his distant home
Looks fondly back,
And grieves that he was ever forced to roam
On foreign track,
So I, as banished to an alien clime,
Will oft recall
My early years—'twill cheer me many a time
When shadows fall.

Riverview, 1894. C. D.

MY FRIEND, THE HILL.

It isn't every hill you can make friends with; and it isn't every hill you can make friends with in the same way. Some hills object to your treading on them (as do some people's toes), and ever after are sulky and refuse all friendly advances. Other hills, on the contrary, you must walk over a good many times to be at all on familiar terms with them. It was from a distance I made the acquaintance of my friend, a distance of about half-a-mile. From that distance you can enjoy him best. You see he has been very kindly treated by Dame Nature, and may, perhaps, thank his good luck for having such fast friends as he has. For in the first place, his back is to the east. Now, everyone can see what an advantage it is for any hill to start life with its back to the east. Other less favoured hills, who have the east on their right or left hand, look very miserable for the first half of the day—smiling, as it were, with one cheek only. But my friend starts the day in a different manner. He gets restless when he hears the curtains stirring and about to be drawn; and then, lo! after a few turns he leaps out of bed in one bound. European hills don't get up in this brisk style, they loiter, I am sorry to say, and give a bad example to their fellow-beings in the human order.

My friend has profited by his night's rest. See the glow of youth and health on his brow! For he is still young, though he is old too. Old in the records of the rolling waves, and the trees that are born and die; young in his intercourse with men. That intercourse alas! is telling on him. In fifty years the fresh, young face may be hardened and furrowed—he may be then but another rising billow in the sea of stone that is surging gradually forwards.

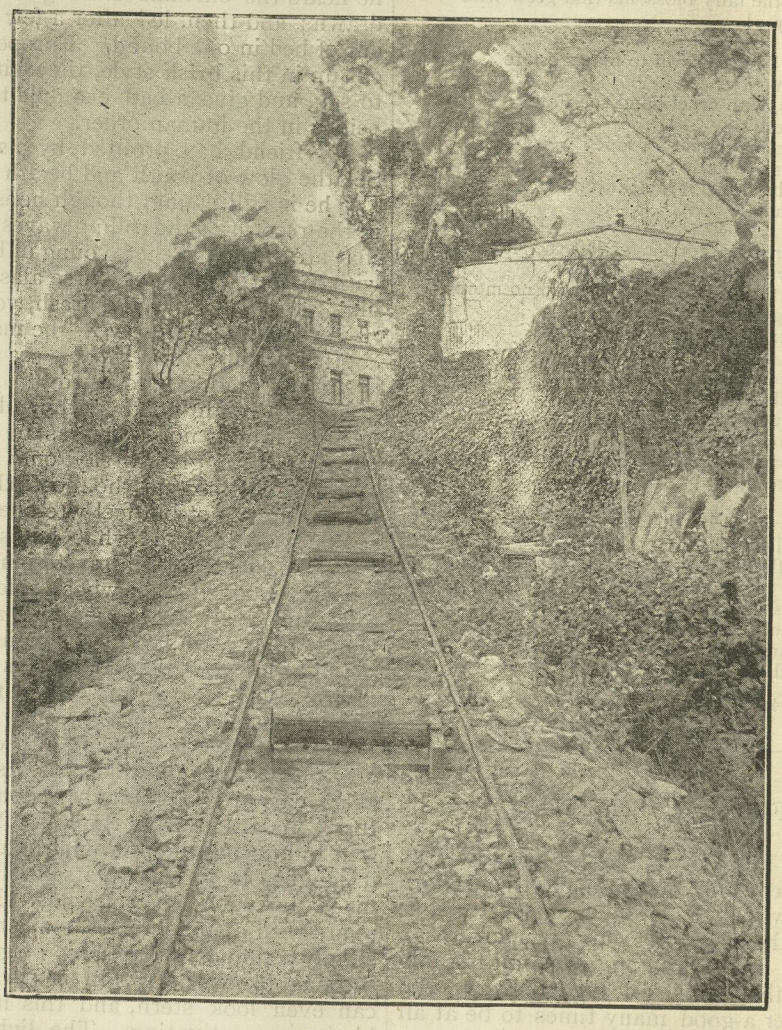
What a bright good morning he gives you! That is, if he is not sullen, as he is sometimes, not often, I am glad to say, only when the day, too, is sullen, so that the most cheerful hill in the world cannot but feel wretched.

You want to know what he is like? Have you ever gazed, with a mysterious yearning, on a deeply-wooded glen, whose sides are covered thick and close, tier on tier, with a luxuriance of young trees; the top clear against the sky, and the light above it luminous as is the light nowhere else? Now, my hill is the front face view of one side of such a glen.

But the dawn is growing into day. The sun now peeps over, and takes his first smiling look at us, who are watching so intently. Then he turns his attention to the hill. You should see that hill during the morning hours. It dances, it laughs, it so enjoys itself. That is what made us such good friends. He is always ready with a smile. But, mark me well, it isn't simply a simper, a babbling of green fields and running brooks; my hill is dark-browed, and can even look stern, and this it is that makes his joy so captivating. The light he bathes in is marvellous to behold; it is white and bright, and intense. But he is not sun-burnt—he is fresh and glorious as ever.

Then, in the midday blaze of the sun, he lies down to rest; he blinks and doses; no more dancing then; and towards evening he is still and quiet. He seems brooding over the joys of his

morning life. The sunbeams flash him a warm good night, and, for a moment, he is wakeful again, smiling a last farewell to his old companion who is sinking behind the blue mountains. At last he wraps around him his mantle of darkness, and slumbers peacefully, watched over by the tiny stars that from a neighbouring height, tell where Riverview stands in the gloom.



OUR RAILWAY—THE UP-GRADE.
(Approaching the Engine-house, and the back of the College.)

THE KEATING PRIZE.

JAMES RYAN, the winner of the Keating Prize for 1895, was, we are sure, an object of envy to many, whilst the very handsome reward of his labours was "on show" last February in one of the College Museum glass cases. The prize, which consisted of Green's *History of England*, in 4 vols., illustrated, was handsomely bound

in calf, each volume bearing on the outside the monogram of the Society of Jesus, surrouuded by the words, "The Keating Prize, Riverview College," stamped in accordance with the beautiful design of an ex-Riverview artist, Mr. A. Polin. Competitors for the Keating Prize of 1896 will be interested and glad to hear that the work selected for this year's award is Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, also in 4 vols., and that it is about to be put at once into the London bookbinders' hands. It may, therefore, be expected "on show" early next September.

This is not an altogether inappropriate place to call the attention of past Riverviewers to the fact that the subscription list for this annual prize is still open. We have excellent authority for stating that the Secretary, Thomas F. Kelly, care of Allen Allen and Hemsley, Equitable Buildings, would be glad to add to that list of those who are desirous of keeping up the "Old Boys'" Prize, the names of those who have recently become "Old Boys." The Prize not only serves to perpetuate the memory of one so dear to many old Riverviewers as Fr. Keating, but is also another bond to link "the Past" with the Present at Riverview.

SOCIAL.

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares which infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

President: Mr. E. Boylan, S.J.
Committee: J. D'Apice, F. Loneragan, G. Garvan.
Hon. Sec.: J. D'Apice.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 1.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 17TH MARCH.

The Annual Concert on St. Patrick's Day is noted for being a *good* one. There have been a few exceptions to this rule, notably the concert of last year, where, presumably, the discharge of the great functions of the day interfered with the attendance of some of the performers. This year's concert, however, fully maintained the traditional reputation. The College talent was assisted by several artists from Sydney. The programme included the names of Messrs. R. G. Moon, H. F. Lewis, J. L. Wintle, W. Gilhooley, Master Turner, and Mr. Lawrence Campbell. These, together with G. Garvan, our local "comique," and the College orchestra, completed the "grande troupe." The most striking figure of the orchestra, with apologies to the director, Mr. Lewis, was "Dick" O'Connor and his clarionet. Whether it was due to the presence of Dick and his clarionet, or to the energetic efforts of Mr. Lewis, we venture not to say, but we do say, that this orchestra surpassed all previous efforts of the College orchestra.

Proceedings opened with a flourish of trumpets—excuse us—we mean an overture (Rêve, Bronstet) of that lively kind which delights the martial breasts of the youthful heroes of sport. Mr. Moon gave us, with his usual taste, "The Beacon," which was greatly appreciated and applauded. Mr. Wintle rendered "Eternal Rest" so effectively as to get himself encored. Frank Loneragan, our leading violinist, executed his solo tastefully. Mr. Lawrence Campbell recited the scene between Marullus and the rabble, from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. The adaption of gesture, voice, and manner to the different characters was faultless. Encored to the echo, called for, and clapped for, till the roof well-night started from the joists, he gave "The House that Jack built," after which came "the deluge." Mr. Gilhooley's flute solo, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," was very well received. It produced on one the effect of a glad spring morning—it made you feel happier. Master Turner, a gifted boy musician, rendered on the violin De Beriot's "Seventh Air," one felt somewhere in the seventh heaven during it, or at all events in the clouds. The playing, for one so young, was quite wonderful, but it was just about five times too long. Mr. Wintle again favoured us with a song. Mr. Campbell, who was now the acknowledged "lion" of the troupe, gave us "The Showman." "The Showman," curiously, was in nowise injured or mangled in coming from this "lion," still, somehow, the "lion" managed to show his power, and strength. An encore was demanded more vociferously than ever, and in response we heard what some thought the most finished of the recitations, "What is a Caterpillar?" a question put to the benevolent old Bishop by one of the children at the confirmation, and which his Lordship, after many heroic attempts, failed to answer. Next, a squad of Second Divisioners went through, in a laughable manner, "the complete manual of *bogus* drill," under the command of Sergeant Slattery (late of "the Mounted Foot"). Mr. Moon gave us "Thy Foe," and

was applauded unsparingly. G. Garvan wound up by giving us, as only he can, a topical song, "Some of our Celebrities," composed for the occasion. This he accompanied by several wild, effective, original, and eminently Garvanesque dances.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 2—FAREWELL TO THE "MATRICS."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH.

This entertainment, of an impromptu character, took place in the First Division Library, and the audience, for the most part, consisted of members of that division. Its object was to give a fitting send-off to the successful matriculators, and, in particular, to Harry Manning, our popular Captain, who was of the number. Mr. Downing, First Prefect, presided.

J. E. D'Apice, as spokesman of the division, briefly explained the *raison d'etre* of the gathering. He summed up the many reasons why we should hold our departing friends in high esteem, and honour them as we were honouring them. He concluded by wishing them every success in after-life. Harry Cullinane gave several charming selections on the piano. Tom Dillon, Gerald Garvan, and Doff. Austin each sang a comic song *sui generis*. Jim Fitzpatrick and A. Dignam gave recitations, grave and gay.

Mr. Downing, who, on rising, was heartily applauded, said that it gave him great pleasure to preside at such a gathering, and thus join with the boys in wishing "God-speed" to their old captain and comrades; that he was glad of this opportunity of expressing the high esteem that he and all the Community had for Harry Manning, as an honourable, high-spirited boy. Concluding, he said he felt assured that that spirit of *esprit de corps* which Manning had done so much to foster and sustain, would continue to live in our midst. Mr. Downing then called for three cheers for those who were leaving. This request having been responded to *con amore*, Harry Manning, on behalf of the departees, in an eloquent speech, thanked both Prefect and schoolmates for sending them off in so kind a manner. He expressed his sorrow for leaving the College, where he had spent so many happy days.

Occasion was taken of this opportunity to present to H. Manning and W. Fraser the gold medals for cricketing, given by the Prefect and Division.

A vote of thanks to the President brought to an end the Farewell Concert.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 3—IN HONOUR OF THE NEW SODALISTS.

28TH MARCH.

This evening we had a grand "phosoramic chorographic" entertainment, embellished with music and songs. Father McInerney, Director of the B.V.M. Sodality, described, in an interesting manner, various scenes and sights of Italy, which Mr. Baker, S.J., succeeded in throwing, from his new powerful lantern, upon the great white sheet. Father McInerney's geographical knowledge seemed prodigious, and he dealt with distances as if he had measured every inch of them himself, or as Mr. Goschen used to deal with his estimates in his Budget speech.

Cecil Pery, a new boy of the Second Division, played the overture with credit. Then followed a recitation by Jim Fitzpatrick, in which he fully sustained his high reputation as a reciter. This was Jim's last appearance as a student on the board of the microcosm, and, needless, to say, he was vociferously cheered as he made his exit. Tom McKenna, a small but, apparently, an up-to-date youth of the Third Division, gave a song adapted by himself (bless the mark !), in which he all but too graphically described the wonderful "demasticating" powers of another youthful hero of the same division.

Rev. Father Rector having appropriately thanked, in the name of all, our kind entertainers, we separated to dream of fair Italy and its architectural wonders.

ENTERTAINMENT No. 4—HUMOROUS AND DRAMATIC RECITAL.

MONDAY, 13TH APRIL.

It was Monday, as the novel says—an ordinary, humdrum Monday. The hour-hand of the big hall-clock was slowly approaching the fashionable hour of seven p.m. It was all but the last half-hour of study-time, and then—tea, talk and laughter. Just think of it! The last shuffle of feet, the last re-arrangement of books, and the final change of elbows had taken place, and all of us had just settled ourselves down to the last half-hour. The clock chimed seven. A moment's stillness, and, lo! loud and startling on the evening air, rings out the bell that is wont to ring at seven-thirty. Despite the solemnity of the place, there is a hum of voices through the study-hall, and question follows question *sotto voce*. "What's the matter?" "What's up, I wonder?" "What's the time?" These and a hundred other ques-

tions were asked, but, as nobody volunteered an answer, all move towards the refectory. There the mystery was cleared up by an announcement from Father Minister to the effect that there would be an entertainment, after tea, in the Microcosm.

After tea, we discovered that the task of entertaining us devolved upon Dr. Beattie. Dr. Beattie, an old pupil of the Jesuits, and an amateur elocutionist of exceptional talent, had come up to Riverview, during the afternoon, to visit some of the Community whom he had known as a boy at Clongowes. On a suggestion from the Rector, he had consented, though quite unprepared, to give us a dramatic recital.

Mr. Boylan, S.J., proved equal to the emergency, and, in a short time, had the hall and musical off-settings all arranged.

The overture was played by Stan. Fraser, who made his *debut* on this occasion. He played with a confidence and finish little expected from a *debutant*. But then, we hear that he and Paddy Dalton have been chosen to uphold the fair fame of Riverview in the lists of the London College of Musicians next term.

Dr. Beattie's first recital was the dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, from Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*. This was enthusiastically encored. In response, he gave "Horatio Sparkins," from "Sketches by Boz." His impersonation of the character was perfection itself, and caused infinite fun to his audience. Dr. Beattie "brought down the house" by his mimicry of Miss Teresa Malverton, "a very small girl, rather fat, with vermillion cheeks, good-humoured, and still disengaged, who, despite these attractions, had flirted in vain for ten years"; and of the dignified and lordly "Horatio Sparkin, Esq.," who from description bore a strong resemblance to the Honorable Augustus Fitz-Edward Fitz-John Fitz-Osborne, but who, on being unexpectedly confronted at the soft-goods warehouse of Messrs. Jones, Spruggins and Smith, of Tottenham-Court Road, was suddenly converted into Mr. Samuel Smith, the "cheap-shop" assistant, and whose dignified effacement on this unexpected recognition could only be equalled by that of a dog which, on attempting to wag his tail, finds that someone has affixed a kettle thereto. Dr. Beattie's "*Tom*, don't be an ass," was particularly good.

Paddy Dalton then played, in his clever way, some pretty selections on the piano.

Dr. Beattie gave us next Shiel's reply to Lord Lyndhurst with great pathos. For encore, he gave another recital from the "Sketches by Boz," entitled "Sentiment." Like its predecessor, it produced convulsions of laughter. Mr. Forster, S.J., having played, in sprightly style, a *mélange* from various composers, Dr. Beattie concluded his recitations by giving, with truly great feeling, "The Bridge of Sighs."

After a few words from the Rector, from Father Murphy (who knew Dr. Beattie at Clongowes), and from Father McInerney, Dr. Beattie gave a touching reply, in which he told of the many great kindnesses he had received at the hands of his old friends in the Society.

One and all were unanimous in voting Dr. Beattie "a jolly, good fellow."

NO. 5, REGATTA CONCERT.

MARCH 28TH.

(The following account is taken from the "Catholic Press.")

THE prizes won at the Annual Regatta of St Ignatius' College Rowing Club, held on March 28, were distributed last Friday evening. The special steamer engaged to convey visitors to the College was largely patronised. The custom of presenting the prizes in the afternoon has hitherto prevailed, but this year an important innovation was introduced, and we are glad to say with the most satisfactory results to all concerned. The success of these gatherings must necessarily, to a large extent, depend upon the weather, and it was, therefore, very fortunate that the meteorological conditions last Friday were so propitious. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and on that account the river trips to and from the College was thoroughly enjoyed.

On arrival, the visitors, who received a hearty welcome from the Rev. Father J. Ryan, Rector, and Father T. Gartlan, the President of the club, were conducted to the College hall, where a first-class concert was given. Amongst those present were the Rev. Father Carroll, S.J., the Very Rev. Father Muraire, Sir George Dibbs, Misses Mabel and Annie Dibbs, Messrs. John Dibbs, T. M. Slattery, G. C. K. Waldron, J. D. Cronin, R. W. Lenehan, T. Kelly, C. C. Marshall, P. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. John Armstrong, Dr. Maffry, the Misses Bennett (2), and Mrs. Punch. The orchestra, which was ably led by Mr. Lewis,

opened the proceedings with an overture "Bourrée" (dedicated to the "Old Boys" by Mr. C. Reginald Toms). Mr. J. Donovan followed with the song "Here Upon My Vessel's Deck." Mrs. K. McDonald sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and subsequently was heard to advantage in "For All Eternity." Miss Edward Deane, the well-known vocalist, gave a sympathetic rendering of "Caro Nome" (Verdi), and "To Sevilla" (Desseau). Her fine vocal powers were much appreciated, and, in response to recalls, she sang the evergreen "Molly Bawn." "Le Gondolier," "Meditation" (Gounod), and finale, "Rêve Après le Ball," were performed by the College orchestra most efficiently, evidently the result of careful tuition. Mr. Laurence Campbell was down for two recitations, but on each occasion an encore was vociferously demanded. "Rubenstein's Playing" and "Jacob Strauss" met with well-merited applause, and, by special request, he gave "The House that Jack Built," an item evidently dear to the hearts of the College boys. Mr. Massey and Mr. Reginald Toms acted as accompanists during the evening.

The Rev. Father Gartlan delivered a characteristically humorous speech. He prefaced his remarks by assuring the visitors that the special boat would not go without them, and, having thus put everyone at ease, gave a brief account of the recent regatta, which, he was glad to say, had been referred to as a great social event. He, himself, could bear testimony to its success from a financial standpoint. He thanked the ladies and gentlemen who had assisted at the concert, and also Sir George Dibbs for presiding.

Sir George Dibbs expressed his pleasure at being present on the occasion. One reason he had for going to the College regularly was to cut down sectarianism. He admired all the goodness and the noble work which was being accomplished by the College, and he wished to show that sectarianism had no grounds amongst colonists and loyal subjects. (Applause.) The College students possessed great advantages from the high education and culture which was exhibited by the professors. Continuing, Sir George said there could be no healthy mind without a healthy body, and he was glad that ample provision had been made in that direction by the professors of the College. In conclusion, on behalf of the visitors, he thanked those who had so kindly given their services.

The following prizes were then presented:—College pairs, under 12, C. Duffy and W. McDermott; College pairs, over 12, G. Gilhooley and P. Lenehan; treble sculls, C. Newton, H. Douglas, and J. Heritage; College fours (prize presented by Messrs. Plunkett and E. O'Sullivan), H. Cullinane, G. Garvan, T. Dillon, and E. D'Apice; maiden fours, Glebe Rowing Club.

At conclusion of the proceedings light refreshments were served in the refectory, and at about 10.30 the special steamer left the College for town.

CONCLUDING ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE HALF-YEAR (FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.)

JUNE 12TH.

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles"—
(And also Mr. Foley.)

Come! and let us have anon
(With 'pologies to Milton John),
"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides"—
(At mirth-producing Foley.)

This concert—though hallowed by annual tradition—had a narrow escape. But for the timely agitation of Jack D'Apice it would not have come off. As it was, it *did* come off—and came off well, and formed a jolly ending to an eventful day.

In the morning the great sham battle took place, elsewhere described.

In the afternoon, there was a football match, which has rarely been equalled for fun. The spectators, however, had the largest share of the fun. You see, it had been raining "cats and dogs" all the week; it had poured that morning and all the previous day and night. Two days before, the ground had been bad enough—but, now! with torrents of additional rain, it had reached a degree of woe unequalled by the "submerged tenth." Round the sides the ground was a quagmire, while the patch in the middle—carefully prepared with the famous Bulli soil—was like one great sheet of train-oil. To make matters livelier, scarcely any of the visitors had 'bars' on their boots. The spectators had a merry time of it. Gerald Garvan, in attempting to bring off a stylish run down the field, unexpectedly assumed the sitting posture on the Bulli soil, and, in that triumphant attitude, slid along almost to the end of the pitch.

Several of the visitors, in trying to accomplish elegant kicks, varied the monotony of standing erect by leaving the impression of their backs and elbows on the sweet surface of the football reserve. Every moment presented new and charming phases of the game. The manly joys of Rugby were enhanced by the hilarious mirth of a harliquinade ; and the dodgy turns and the headlong runs were blended with the startling developments of a skating rink. As the dusk came on the contestants settled themselves down to a good wash, and among those who had witnessed the struggle, the laughter had not yet died away.

Meanwhile, the President of the Social, accompanied by Harry Cullinane, was pushing his way through the gathering dusk and drizzling rain, along the crowded thoroughfare of Oxford-street. Harry's mind was at rest, for he felt that his performance at his examinations that day had been satisfactory, but our Social President felt that he had one duty still to accomplish, and that was, to secure the use of a telephone, to ring up Riverview, and to let them know that the bill for the evening's amusement had been filled up ; that after an unusual amount of walking, and running, and tramming, backwards and forwards, beginning at 10 a.m. and going on, at intervals, till 3 p.m., the mercurial Mr. Foley had been found at last, and secured for the evening. With this end in view, the two way-farers turned into the establishment of Dixon, the undertaker, and were about to avail themselves of the kindness of the proprietor, when—of all men in the world—who should pass out from the shadow of a pile of coffins but Foley himself! "Good evening, Mr. Foley; so you have been getting your measure taken?" "No, thanks; just sending a message through the telephone."

Business transacted, the two Riverviewers were joined by the comedian. But it was getting late—it was necessary to make haste or to lose the boat. A tram was coming along down the hill. All three lined up with the resolve to spring on as it sped on its way. With a great puff and a snort from the motor, the ponderous conveyance flew by, picking up one of the party and leaving Harry and the comic-actor behind, in the middle of the road, looking after the departing monster! However, they soon recovered their presence of mind. Laying themselves out to it, they started off in pursuit down Oxford-street, hoping to overtake it at the next stopping place. And so they did. Away they bolted down the street—the "observed of all observers"—and, just as the tram was starting off again, and before the police could interfere, they leaped in, took their seats, mopped their foreheads, recovered their breath, and before one minute had elapsed, the triumphant Mr. Foley was beaming behind the cloud that rose from both ends of a fragrant cigarette.

Tea, 7 p.m. At 7.25 we are on our way to the theatre, and at 7.30 sharp the performance commences. The entertainment is a thoroughly enjoyable one—the whole house bubbling over with laughter all through. The items are numerous, and come on in rapid succession. A sprightly overture is rendered by Mr. Foster, S.J. Then Mr. Foley, having introduced himself to the audience, sits down to the piano and sings "Irish, English, and Scotch," taking off the accent that is supposed to be peculiar to each. The laughter has scarcely begun to subside, when the same performer enters, from the far end of the stage, done up as "Grandfather Snowytop." Old Snowytop entertains us in a piping key, with common-place philosophy, which is frequently interrupted by "lumbago!" now in one leg, now in another, now in both, ending up by getting mixed, and not knowing in which. A very comic piece is then done.—the singing of "Let me like a Soldier Fall," by a very nervous tenor. Tom Breen now steps forward, and sitting down to the piano plays us a piece characterised by brilliancy and dash, for which he receives hearty applause. Foley then comes forward again, and gives us a piece which makes us laugh till our sides ache, and the tears roll down our cheeks. It is a stanza or two of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," recited first by a very self-conscious English swell, then by an Irishman, presumably of the peasant class, then by a Scotchman, with a thick brogue, and, lastly, by a German, with a still thicker one. This is followed by another most amusing sketch. An Irish schoolmaster (of a type, however, only to be found *outside* of Ireland) gives a lecture on elocution to his pupils, and to show how the thing is done, gives a specimen. Then two boys are called out to go and do likewise—a bashful boy and an impudent boy. This done, a timely rest is given to our laughing muscles. Gerald Garvan comes forward, and is well applauded for his recitation of the "Chieftain's Death." After this, Mr. Foley gives us some Irish pieces, the "Irish Doctor," and "Judy Connor's Wedding" (song). The only thing "Irish" about the pieces, however,

is the capital brogue with which they are adorned, for the peculiar phases of character displayed in them might, with just as much (or as little) propriety, be applied to English, Russian, Australian, or Chinese nationalties. Of quite a different style is the song "An Irishman's Toast," and the audience shows its appreciation by its loud applause. Mr. Foster, S.J., who has been doing good service, by accompanying the songs on the piano, now gives Mr. Foley a moment's rest by letting us hear, on his violin, a tune, *à la* bagpipes, in which he reproduces, to the life, the drone of that historic instrument. Then comes the last phase of the programme, which, owing to encores, has to be extended from a contemplated ten or twelve minutes to more than twenty minutes, a ventriloquistic medley, introducing all kinds of pranks on the part of the speaking figures, and varied with solos, duets, and trios. And while the figures speak or sing, with every word distinct, not a move can be detected on the lips of the entertainer. With a parting cheer for Mr. Foley, our pleasant gathering breaks up.

And so the day is done, ay, done—
Good night! Good night!
Those pleasant hours, are past and gone—
Hush! Good night!
Slow the dark hours onward creep,
Every eye is closed in sleep;
Angel forms their virgil keep—
Good night! Good night!

GENERAL NOTES.

It was not long after the re-opening o Schools, last January, until we sorely felt the absence of our four Seniors, E. Kelly, B. McEvoy, G. Dow, and M. McGrath. In sooth, we then realised that we had not appreciated them sufficiently while they were with us. We were, however, in part consoled in our grief by the firm conviction that they, as students, had done their duty by Riverview, and would do still more, as men of the world, to uphold the honour and fair fame of their Alma Mater. We, the Editors of O.A.M., feel that we but echo the deep-felt wishes of all their old schoolmates when we wish them happiness and success in the world.

We congratulate our late schoolmates (Henry Manning, Walter Frazer, Frank McDonald, and Michael Fitzpatrick) on having successfully passed their "Matric" Examination last March. We wish them God-speed, and similar, if not greater, success in all their endeavours.

We also offer our felicitations to M. McGrath and M. O'Farrell for similar success. They were both "venerable" and successful pupils of Riverview. M. O'Farrell, having won the University Gold Medal for Latin in the Junior Public Examination, '95. and M. McGrath having passed creditably his Senior in November, '95.

We heartily congratulate our old schoolmate, T. B. Curran, M.P., on his marked success as a Parliamentary debater in the historic hall of the British House of Commons. The following notice of him appeared, with his portrait, in the *Windsor Magazine* for February, '96:—"Another young M.P. is Mr. Thomas B. Curran, who was elected last year as Nationalist Member for North Donegal. He is not new to Parliamentary life, for he sat for Kilkenny, from 1892 to 1895. The youngest member of the Irish Party, he was born October 14th, 1870, so he is now twenty-five years of age. The son of Mr. Thomas Curran, M.P., who represents South Sligo, he was born in Sydney, where his father was a merchant. He received his education at St. Ignatius' College, Sydney, taking the gold medal for his ability as a debater. Afterwards, he studied at Sydney University; subsequently, coming to England and entering as a law student at the Middle Temple. Mr. Curran is likely to sustain the prestige of his historic name in the new Session of Parliament." We trust the prophecy made in the last sentence of this extract may be fulfilled, and that the noble cause of Ireland's freedom may find an eloquent and powerful advocate in Mr. T. B. Curran.

Our Annual Retreat took place, as usual, during the last three solemn days of Holy Week. The exercises, conducted by the Rev. J. Hearn, S.J., our new minister, were impressive and solid. The older, and, consequently, the more important, portion of the students were most edifying throughout a time that must necessarily be trying to gay, frivolous and hearty youth. Their earnestness and self-restraint throughout showed clearly that they took to heart the great truths proposed for consideration.

Our Holy Week ceremonies were carried out this year with unwonted pomp and splendour.

The Rev. C. Delaney, our old Master and Prefect, came from the city College to act as Master of Ceremonies and superviser of all arrangements. The Altar of Repose was tasteful and artistic.

We cannot allow this issue of O.A.M. to go to press without one word in praise of Rev. Father Gartlan, S.J., our late minister, who, after many years of successful labour in the interests of Our Alma Mater, slipped away so quietly from our midst last February. He did not even give us the opportunity of giving him one long and hearty farewell cheer. He was the founder and mainstay of our Rowing Club, the Editor-in-chief of O.A.M., and had a large share in every movement or improvement that tended to advance Riverview. He was deservedly popular, and his loss has been keenly felt. The only thing that consoles us is that he is not far away, and that we occasionally see him, and, we are glad to say, generally in good company, as when the other day he brought His Excellency the Admiral to inspect the College. Furthermore, he has not yet completely severed his connection with us for he continues to be President of our Rowing Club.

Our Regatta would never have been the undoubted success that it was—the, "without question of challenge, social aquatic event of the year"—as one of the Sydney papers said, only that Father Gartlan, who is so well known and so popular in aquatic circles, lent his active support.

At the recent election of candidates for the Junior Sodality the following students were elected:—A. O'Brien, R. Craven, T. McKenna, J. McKenna, R. Makinson, G. Duffy, C. Duffy, A. Fallon, Danl. O'Sullivan, A. Du Boisé, B. MacMahon, C. Loneragan, J. Cutbush, J. Loughnan. They were received by the Rector, on the morning of the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

If "coming events cast their shadows before," as the poet sings, the results of the Easter-term Examinations show clearly that there will be a hard and a bitter struggle between the "favourites" for the Class Championship Gold Medal, and for the Keating Prize, in next November. We warn Dalton, in a friendly kind of way, that he will have to look sharp or he will not repeat his last year's performance. Young Kelly, who, up to the present, has been seriously handicapped by the uneven start he got in the classical subjects, has at last cut down the odds, and will *start*, and run neck-and-neck with the other favourites. Then, to say nothing of the favourites of the higher class, of whom we fear to speak, there is Mark Perraud, who came second last year, to be reckoned with. His late performances show that he is not going "off colour" in the slightest, as he managed to get three "full merits" at the Easter Examinations. And then there is Griffin, the champion of '94, and who came 4th last year. My word! it will be a fight worthy of an intellectual Achilles, and he who wins will undoubtedly be *a champion*.

We had a flying visit from the Rev. T. Kenny, S.J., Superior of the Australian Mission, a few weeks ago. He had just returned from visits to New Zealand and Victoria, and was on his way to the Northern Territory. We trust his mission among the aboriginals may be blessed by many good results.

The garden, still tended and cared by the Rev. F. Tuite, upholds the reputation of past years. It would seem as if it heard the praises passed upon it on Regatta Day, for it seemed to be showing itself off, in an unwonted fashion, to our many visitors on that day. A few grass plots are in course of development just now, and they promise to bring in a pleasing change in the attractions of the "parterre."

The grounds around about our boatshed are still growing more beautiful day by day. Of late Art appears to vie with Nature in adding beauty to beauty. The latest additions are in shape of graceful Grecian vases, mounted upon appropriate pedestals.

Patient readers, be it for your consolation known, that the long projected tramway, from the projected (now projecting into the river) wharf to the Engine House, via the Ice Machine, is at last an accomplished construction. The College Engineer, whose ingenuity can be compared only to that of Daedalus, has proved himself equal to the occasion. We have not as yet personally experienced the sensations of a ride in this tram, but, from hearsay, we believe they are such as a French poet would describe as strictly "comme il faut." They

say that, now that the intellect of the engineer is at rest, over this undertaking, he has begun to turn his attention to devising a plan for the construction of a flying machine—a luxury of wheelwork—which, like some mighty bird of prey, will swoop down from its eyrie, the Engine House, upon each passing steamer, and by an instinct uniquely its own, will fasten its metallic talons in the garments of all passengers for Riverview, and bearing them away into the higher atmosphere of Riverview, will set them down beside the College Reception House, but little disconcerted by their experience. Edison, Rontgen, and others, including the gentlemen who didn't succeed (except at turning a penny) at Chowder Bay last Xmas twelvemonth, will have to look sharp or take a second place in the world of discovery.

We are glad to notice the revival of the Second Division Debating Club, after a silence of one year; and more especially as it has revived in a way that shows that the new life will be stronger and mere energetic than the old—that the traditions of the past will not only be upheld but surpassed. The inaugural meeting on Thursday, May 7th, was a brilliant affair. We congratulate our young friends of the Second Division on paying more attention than hitherto to the delivery of their speeches, *as speeches*, for it is delivery, says Goethe, that makes (or mars) the orator's success.

The other day, in the course of our promiscuous reading, we came across an interesting article on "Popular Fallacies." We are of opinion that an equally interesting and far more comical chapter, if not treatise, might be written on the "Popular Delusions of the ordinary Riverviewer; whence they come, and whither they tend?" There is always a number of these propagandists of Popular Delusions, who with clock-work regularity make their appearance a month or two before the commencement of each successive season of football and cricket, not to speak to those specially created by the approach of each of the great occasions when we meet other schools in any sort of competition. This coterie of prophets of ill-omen is generally recruited from that percentage (a small one, we are glad to note,) of chicken-hearted, spirit-lacking mortals, which is always to be found in any ordinary assembly of men. Its members are sometimes disappointed aspirants to represent the house in the Eleven or Fifteen—sometimes successful ones. Their delusions always take pessimistic tendencies. The burden of their teaching is that we are all on the downward trend. Hearing them pass censure on the degenerating size of the individuals who compose the different divisions, we would be led to imagine that everyone of themselves was, at least, a six-footer.

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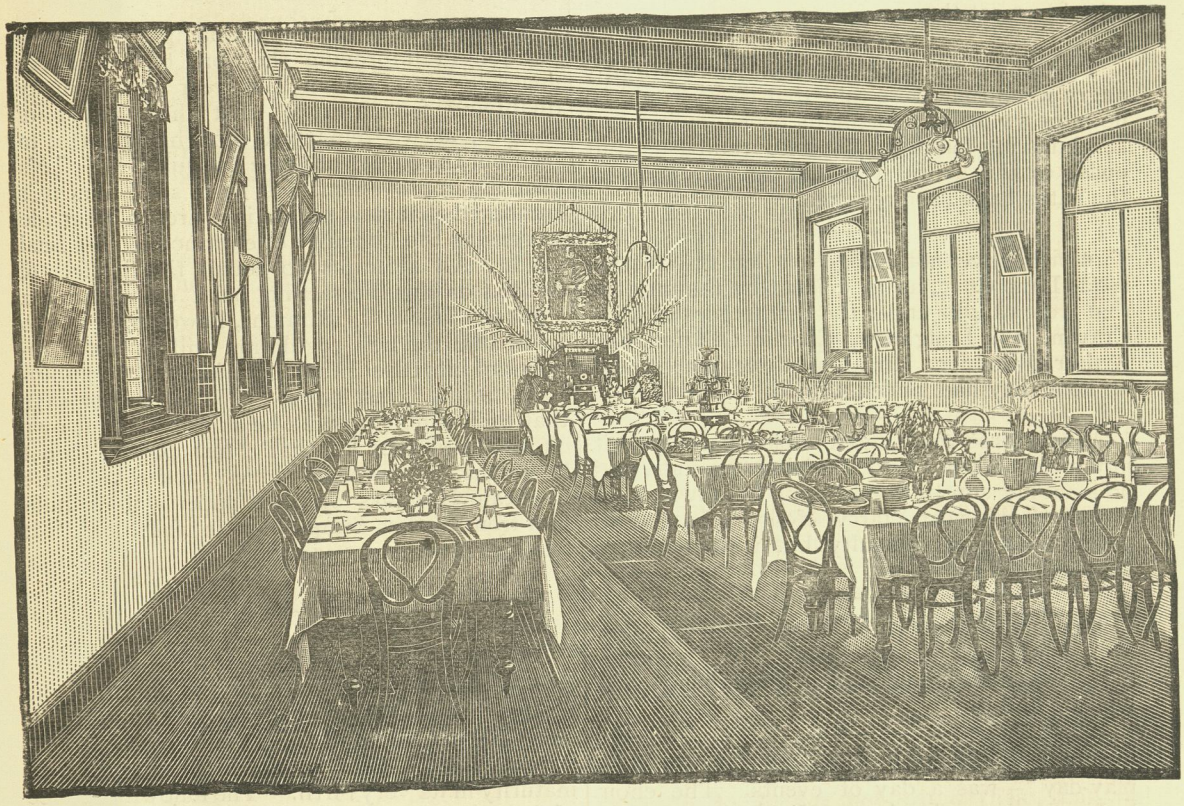
Last cricketing season was, as the record elsewhere published shows, a most successful one; still, before the weight of evidence—the accumulation of facts and figures, exterminated these pests, they went about, with long-drawn-out faces and doleful cadences, telling of the awful defeats that Riverview was destined to sustain on the cricketing green during the approaching season. Alas, for them! their prophecies were unverified, and, consequently, we trusted that their occupation was gone. But in this we were deceived, for, though they are like the blood-sucking mosquito in many respects, they have one point of difference: they can live in cold weather.

Accordingly, as the football season approached, these prophets of ill-omen again appeared; their lugubrious whine was heard once more. The next football team of St. Ignatius' F.C. was, according to them, to be walked over, trampled upon, pulverised and annihilated by all their opponents. Of late, however, we observed a certain amount of bashful reserve on the part of these gentlemen which we didn't credit them with, since, in our first match, we beat a strong team of ex-students by 21-0, and they retired completely into private life. Since that event, we have played up well in all our matches, and have shown improvement on last year, rather than the reverse, so that we trust that these "croaks," when next they appear in public, will have re-constructed their creed, and that private reflection on the falseness and worthlessness of such prophecies will have changed them from cowards to men.

> "Cowards die many times before their death:
> The valiant never taste of death but once."

If we are to be defeated, let us be prepared to take our beating like men; and if there is any bitterness in bring beaten—which there ought not to be—then, at all events, let us taste the bitterness but once.

We congratulate our old schoolmate, B. J. Beirne, on his recent examination triumphs. We read in the papers lately that he had been appointed Associate to the Honorable Mr. Justice Power, of Queensland, father of our popular schoolmates, Percy and Virgil, of the First and Third Divisions respectively. Shortly after matriculating at Riverview, Bernard passed his prelim. law exam. in Brisbane, and entered the office of Chambers, Bruce, and McNab, solicitors. Two and a-half years afterwards he passed the "Intermediate," and after that he went in for exams. in "Equity," "Common Law," and "Real Property," conducted under the auspices of the Queensland University Extension, all of which he successfully passed. In February, this year, he had the satisfaction of getting over his "final," securing third place, with an average of 72 per cent. Shortly before his "final," he received his present appointment as Associate to the Honorable Mr. Justice Power, and is now located at Rockhampton. Bernard has also won for himself a reputation as a great oarsman. He was captain of the College Club in '89, and rowed bow in the famous race in which we beat Geelong Grammar School. 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 the Intercolonial crew, and No. 4 for Queensland Champion Eights. In 1894 he stroked the Queensland Eight. Bernard has always maintained the most cordial relations with his old school.



SHOWING PORTION OF DINING HALL.

We also have to congratulate our old schoolmate, Harry Keating, another light of the law. In December last he succeeded in passing the "Second Year of Laws Exam." in the Tasmanian University, leaving but one more exam. to pass (the final) before obtaining the degree of L.L.B.

A "small boy" (very) wants to know whether, when the Gallants of England "were up for" the King, he was allowed down to the wharf to meet them.

The boys, naturally enough, were slightly angry when they were told that there would be no more swim for a fortnight or so, owing to a shark having found its way into the baths, but owing to the skilful work of Fr. Tuite's men, the baths have been repaired.

The fish have not altogether left the picturesque Lane Cove, as is evident by the number that were caught under the deft fingers of Dick Craven, Jack Loughnan, Charlie O'Brien, and Arthur O'Connor. In about three-quarters of an hour they had landed 48 fish.

About three years ago a cricket-ball was hit into a tree in the Third Division Grounds, and no stones or storms would bring it down, so in March of this year Harry Moore managed to get it, under great difficulty, but it was useless for playing with.

The money received in "Our Confectionery Shop" has been increased since Mr. Downing, S.J., introduced lemonade, gingerbeer, and biscuits into it.

Tuesday, the 16th June—the "Admiral's play-day"—was a day of events. The choir had a pic-nic up the river. Nineteen boys went on the voyage, and they had great jollification. A mixed Second and Third Division Paper Chase was indulged in by a party who did not go on the picnic. A good run was made to Gore's Creek. First the hares, then the hounds, were chased by a mad bull—a novel kind of hunt. In future, instead of sending *hounds* after the hares, we intend to send *bull-dogs*, in order to be on the safe side. After dinner we played one of the most exciting football matches ever played at Riverview. At the end of the first half the game stood 12 to 0 in favour of the visitors—a team from the University. At the end of the second half it was 13 to 12 in favour of us. But the most remarkable incident of all has yet to be related. When our thirteen competitors for academic glories sat down to their Greek exam. at the University, what was their astonishment to find that the paper was all "Greek" to them. They were examined in *next year's matter.*

The success of the Class Championship Competition in improving the work of the classes generally, was shown last year by so many qualifying for entrance, that the Prefect of Studies, as we remarked, thought it better to read out the names of those not qualified. This year the improvement has been such that it is rumoured that new regulations are to be made increasing the difficulty of entrance for the final exam. All attempts to sound the Prefect of Studies on this interesting point only elicits a "nobody knows." Rumour, however, seems to know that the new regulation will be the introduction into the Final of a kind of "compulsory" initial "test paper." Rumour even says that each candidate will be allowed, at his own choice, to present for that "test paper" what he judges his strongest subject, and that failure to obtain Honours on that paper will exclude him from further competition in the Final. It looks as if rumour were nobody.

The Clongownian.—The first number of *Th Clongownian*, henceforth to be the organ of the famous Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, Kildare, Ireland, to hand. As the *Beaumont Review* says: "Like Athene, it seems to have reached maturity in its very birth." The following notice of Our Alma Mater appears in it:—"Speaking of Australia recalls the brilliant success of the famous College — St. Ignatius', Riverview, Sydney—the home of many an old Clongownian. At the recent Junior Examination at Sydney University, the nearest approach, as far as competition is concerned, to our Intermediate, of the fourteen boys sent up all passed; one secured the University Medal for Greek, and another the Medal for Latin. Ninety-eight subjects were presented in all, and passes were obtained in no less than ninety."

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

THE following notes, enriched with illustrations, which we regret we cannot publish, have been sent in by Ken. Austin, of the Third Division. Ken. won the prize last Christmas in Rudiments for English Narrative. We may also remark that Ken. is a nephew of the Poet Laureate.

THE choir really distinguished themselves on the opening of the Junior Debating Club. Their rendering "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground" in chorus was perfect. So low and musical, as everyone remarked, a "so near and yet so far" kind of a chorus. Evidently the members were suffering from bashfulness. A low bee-like kind of buzz being all that could be heard.

ON the eve of Charlie Valat's departure for France, the Third Division gave him a farewell concert. On Monday evening, the 23rd March, we all go over to the concert hall in which it is to be held. After a short wait proceedings commenced by a pianoforte solo, given by C. Loneragan. Of the other items, the chief were an imitation of the bagpipes, on the violin, by Mr. Foster, and a piece of ventriloquism by J. McKenna, who is evidently an old hand at the game. We had also songs, piano solos, and a hornpipe.

THEN Mr. Foster presented Charlie with a prize for class work. Charlie thanked him in a speech which he had composed himself, saying how very sorry he was to leave the College and its inmates, both masters and boys. Some speeches followed, after which the concert was declared over. It was the first of its kind in the Third Division, but the boys are sure it won't be the last.

"YES," young Virgil Power remarked, as he picked himself up after falling for the seventh time that day, "I'm in the wars and no mistake. When I get one sore better, another worse one comes." His face presents a truly woeful appearance, and he, himself, covered from head to foot with dust, laughs and runs on.

THE Third Division representatives who spoke in the Second Division debate acquitted themselves, for the most part, well. A. Walker's speech being an exceptionally fine one. B. McMahon also spoke well, and Virgil Power created quite a sensation, so far as laughing goes, by his splendid arguments and witticisms. Jerome Burns surprised everyone by sticking up for England against America, his country.

THE PAPER CHASE.

"WOULD you care for a paper chase?" The question was answered with shout of applause from the boys of the Second Division. In some ten minutes coats and hats were off, guernseys on, hares had been elected, laundry bags had been got somewhere, and the contents of all the waste paper baskets, as well as twenty old copies of the *Herald* converted into scent. "Now, give the hares a fair start." All the hounds go to the play-ground. "Is the ten minutes up yet, sir?" "No, you have to wait eight and-a-half yet." At last the start is given. A shout proclaims that the trail has been found, and off we go! The Prefect, who hasn't had a run for years, joins in with the hounds, and off we go! A hard run we had, right through the bush, down a great ravine, and up the other side; not to speak of a barbed wire fence, which the mischievous hares made us wriggle through. The hares ran well, and were nearly in the region of North Shore, when, all uninvited, a bull joined in the chase. Some sceptics at home hold that it was a cow. But they were not there, and had not to run into the water as the hares did, nor make for the nearest fence as we, hounds, had to do. However, the bull, like Father O'Flynn, made hares of us all. The hares proper had to turn their course home, and we followed, but Alf. O'Brien, Joe Payer and Hugh McHugh were too quick, we did not catch them, but we closely pursued them to the playground fence. The inhabitants of the country evidently thought, when they saw the Prefect running after the hounds, that a boy had run away from the College, or at least that the boys he had brought out to walk had given him the slip; for someone asked him what he was looking for, and when he said that he was only playing at "hunting," he was requested to play outside the paddock. Much more could be told of the Chase than our space permits us to tell. We only give the outlines.



GAMES.

ROWING CLUB.

President : Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J.
Hon. Sec. and Treas. : Rev. E. Downing, S.J.
Captain : J. G. Fitzpatrick.
Committee : P. O'Sullivan, J. Fitzsimmons, T. Dillon, J. E. D'Apice, T. Breen.

Looking backward over the annual reports of the Club since its commencement, we find them, one and all, records of success. This year has been no exception to its beneficent predecessors.

Notwithstanding all this we must, curiously enough, begin this report with lamentations for the departure, early this year, of our founder and time-honored President, the Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J. He has been, as we have said, associated with the Club from the start, as its founder and guardian, has anxiously watched over its growth and development, and has presided over it when it boasted proportions and achievements that are not likely to be surpassed in the future. He has left it in such a position as ought to ensure it a long life and a successful one. This thought alone must have consoled, if he needed consolation, Father Gartlan, when obedience called him to fields of nobler labor—to the care of souls in North Sydney. We also had some balm to soothe our grief, for he did not, nor has he yet, severed his connection with our club. He is still near us, is still our President, has still the interests of our club at heart, and he helped us materially to make our Regatta the success that it was pronounced to have been by several Sydney papers.

During the last term the hand of improvement has been very busy in the boatshed and in the grounds around about it. The hand of Art, that perfects Nature, has effected much. The floating pontoon was so thoroughly renovated, that beardless metaphysicians have disputed long and wisely (as all metaphysicians do, especially the "long") whether it has retained a continuous intrinsic existence. If the amount of expense incurred thereby in any way tends to make the answer an affirmative one, we are ready to end the dispute by a very emphatic affirmative. The shed has been covered from flagstaff to basement with a new oilskin jacket of real, solid paint. The floating stock has been repaired, repainted or revarnished as required, and furnished with new and improved propellers, we mean oars of a superior material and cut. Yet, notwithstanding the cost of these improvements, we have still a small balance to our credit at our bankers.

As a full description of our Regatta, taken for the most part from Sydney papers, will be found appended, we shall content ourselves by saying that it was worthy of, though not equal to, its predecessor.

ANNUAL REGATTA.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH.

(Compiled, for the most part, from Sydney papers.)

"Expectata dies aderat, nonamque serenâ
Auroram Phaëthontis equi jam luce vehebant -
Famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae.
Excierat: laeto complerant litora cœtu,
Visuri Æneadas, pars et certare parati."—VIRGIL.

THE Eleventh Annual Regatta of the St. Ignatius' Rowing Club was held on the waters of the classic Lane Cove on Saturday, and despite the diminished interest that was only to be expected on account of the postponement of the Lane Cove Challenge Eights, still, in all other respects, the regatta was up to the quality of its predecessors, and, as far as the open races were concerned, far beyond. Seldom have two such close races been witnessed in one afternoon as those of Saturday—the Senior Sculls and Maiden Fours. Both were resolutely fought out from start to finish.

Fine weather characterised the proceedings on Saturday, and picturesque Lane Cove was never more charmingly attractive, while the beautiful College grounds elicited the warmest admiration. The College grounds are not laid out with that perfect mathematical precision which but "cribs and confines" Nature, and therein lay the great charm to the city visitors. Nature, lavish in her gifts, had been merely assisted by her sister—Art. Paths ranged from the waterside, terrace above terrace in gay theatric pride, with by-tracks through rocky, ivy-clad defiles to the level of the College plateau And there artistic gardening was to be seen in perfection, while the quaint old cottage—the original college—was embowered in a wreath of roses and pretty climbers in full bloom.

The College grounds were occupied by a large concourse of people, and were gay and gaudy, with pretty summer-attired ladies and hosts of merry escorts. Numbers of the "old boys" climbed up the College steps to pay their respects to the founder of the College, Father Dalton, and received a warm welcome from the veteran. Dear to the hearts of the ladies was the sight of the marquee — the afternoon tea-room — which was well patronised, and Quong Tart's special, strong, superfine regatta "tea and cake" extolled by the fair connoisseurs.

The arrangements were perfect, and this was due to the skilful direction of the Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J., the Commodore of the day. The other officials deserving honourable mention were Rev. E. Downing, S.J. (Hon. Sec. and Treas.), P. O'Sullivan, and J. Fitzsimmons (ex-students), J. G. Fitzpatrick (Captain), T. Dillon, J. D'Apice, and T. Breen (Committee).

The College races were of a most interesting character, and the winners, in each event, received hearty applause, not only from the spectators but also from their comrades, whom they had defeated. The following account is taken from the *Sydney Morning Herald*:—

The steamer Birkenhead followed the events, and she was well patronised. Among those who were present were Mr. F. B. Freehill, the Hon. D, O'Connor, M.L.C., and Colonel Waddell. The Rev. T. Gartlan, S.J., President of the Club, was on the umpire's boat. The officials were:—Open races—Starter, Mr. K. Giltinan; Judge, Mr. J. A. Brodie; Umpire, Mr. E. M. Dietrich; timekeeper; Mr. J. N. Oatley. Club races—Starter, Mr. I. G. Levy; Umpire, Rev. J. Hartnett, S.J.; Judge, Mr. D. Kent. Appended are the results of the races. Open races:—

ALL SCHOOLS' RACE (prize, Anderson Challenge Cup and Medals; present holders, Sydney Grammar School). Course: Gore's Creek to College Wharf.—St. Ignatius' College; T. Breen, 9st 12lb; J. E. D'Apice, 10st 2lb; T. Dillon, 11st 4lb; J. G. Fitzpatrick (stroke), 10st 10lb; A. O'Brien (cox.) This event was merely a row over, only the one crew starting.

SENIOR SCULLS, for the Weir Challenge Trophy (former holder, H. Waters) and Butcher Gold Medal. Course: Gore's Creek to judge's boat, 1 mile 6 furlongs. —J. L. Bannister, 12st 10lb, N.S.R,C., 1; H. Waters, 12st 6lb, N.S.R.C., 2. Other starters: J. J. Daley, 9st 10lb, M.R.C.; W. J. Goulding, 10st 4lb, E.S.R.C.; W. Lambert, 12st 12lb, L.R.C. The men were started in an excellent line, and Bannister, after the first 50 yards had been traversed, placed the stem of his rigger in front of the others, and Goulding, in a light skiff, quickly fell a length to the rear. The other men were determined not to allow Bannister to have it all his own way, and Daley, hanging to him on the inside, and Walters and Lambert on the outside, kept him moving. After passing Woodford Bay, where Bannister had a slight lead, while the other three were about on terms, with Goulding remaining in the rear, they all made straight for the northern shore to get the full benefit of the flood tide. Lambert spurted and drew ahead. The lead, however, was his only for a few yards, and he quickly had to give place to Waters, who was in turn passed by Bannister. All this time Daley, though rowing hard, was rowing well within himself, and now, seeing that they were near the turn at the Longueville Wharf, he put power on. The others noticed his tactics and followed them, but it was rather late, and it looked a certainty that Daley would make the turn first, with a clear length to the good. Bannister, however, crowded him, and forced him against the piles of the wharf, thus causing him to lose three strokes in getting clear. By that time Bannister had regained his lead, and when they started on the straightway for home he was two lengths to the good. The disadvantage disheartened Daley, and although he kept on rowing, there was not the life in his stroke that was formerly noticeable. Along to the mile post both Waters and Lambert disputed with Bannister for first position, but they were at no time quite successful, and Bannister first passed the post, with a lead of a length from Waters and Daley, with Lambert a length off, and Goulding three lengths further astern, in the time of 5 minutes 59 seconds. Lambert made another effort to get up, but it was his last, and proving unsuccessful, he retired from the contest. A hundred yards further Daley desisted from what was a useless chase, quite rowed out, leaving Bannister and Waters to finish alone. The former was never troubled all the way home, and he won by almost three lengths. Time, 11 minutes 5 seconds.

MAIDEN FOURS. Course: Gore's Creek to judge's boat. —Glebe R.C.: W. J. Middleton, 10st. 10lb.; J. W. Scott, 10st. 10lb.; W. Nicholson, 11st.; D. J. Richardson, 10st. 4lb.; J. Read (cox.), 1. Enterprise R.C.; A. Davies, 9st. 6lb.; A. E. Reed, 12st.; K. D. Nixon, 11st.; A. H. Martin (stroke), 10st. 12lb.; W. Morley (cox.), 2. Balmain R.C.: P. J. Kelly, 9st. 6lb.; J. Fitzsimons, 9st. 12lb.; S. Thornton, 11st. 2lb.; E. Yeend (stroke), 10st. 4lb.; W. Smith (cox.), 3. Mercantile R.C.: C. C.

Charlton, 9st.; J. Black, 9st. 10lb.; C. O. Basche, 10st. 4lb.; J. Parsons (stroke), 9st. —(cox), 0. Sydney R.C.: R. Blaxland, 10st. 9lb.; C. A. Smith, 11st. 9lb.; E. A. Renard, 12st.; T. M. Kemmis (stroke), 11st.; S. Helling. (cox.), 0. The crews gave a lot of trouble at the start, Mercantile especially being to blame. At last, they were sent away together. Glebe picked up the stroke quickest, and, in the first thirty yards, had a lead of a few feet from Sydney, Enterprise and Balmain, while Mercantile, which was very slow in getting away, was almost a length astern. The pace was extremely warm for maidens, and Sydney soon showed its dislike for it by dropping to the rear, and keeping company with Mercantile. Crossing Woodford Bay, Glebe still held a slight lead, which would, on three occasions, have been taken from it by the Enterprise had it not been for the erratic steering of the latter's boy. Balmain was only a quarter of a length further astern, and, though rowing rather jerkily, was making good headway. Along the Longueville shore, Enterprise, followed by Balmain, by dint of a spurt, seemed to catch Glebe napping, and assumed the lead, the maroon dropping back to third place. But it was only a flash in the pan. Glebe responded to a call of the stroke, and, gaining inch by inch, led before the wharf was reached. Balmain, which had the inside, raced to hold the advantage at the turn, and when the wharf was made shot to the front a clear length ahead of Glebe, with Enterprise, pulling sluggishly, third. The pride of place, however, oould not be held by Balmain, which, when called on to maintain it, could not respond, and once again Glebe assumed the first position, with Enterprise second. Passing the mile post, Enterprise had drawn almost level with the Glebe boat, while, only half a length further astern was the Balmain crew. But the pace was too warm for yellow and black, and, dropping a length to the rear, it allowed its rival from the same suburb and Glebe to fight it out. For the next furlong both crews rowed bitterly, and it seemed as if not a length would separate them at the judge's boat, but the erratic steering of the Enterprise boy cost the crew all chance of the race. Near the College wharf he ran the boat into a guide post, and, before the men could recover their stroke, Glebe was two lengths away, a lead which was maintained all the way home. Balmain finished a good third. Time, 10 minutes 28 seconds.

College Pairs (under 12 years). Course: White Pile to College wharf.—C. Duffy, W. M'Dermott, 1; H. Moore, T. M'Kenna, 2; S. Rourke, W. Ricketts, 3.

College Pairs (over 12 years). Course: Red Pile to College wharf.—G. Gilhooley, P. Lenehan (stroke), 1; S. Corser, A. Makinson (stroke), 2; A. Gow, P. Power (stroke), 3.

Treble Sculls (junior pupils). Course: Red Pile to College wharf.—C. Newton, H. Douglas, J. Heritage (stroke), 1; J. Slattery, J. Manning, R. O'Connor (stroke), 2. Won by half a length.

College Fours (senior pupils). Course: One Mile Flag to College wharf.—H. Cullinane, 9st. 5lb.; G. Garvan, 10st. 6lb.; T. Dillon, 11st. 4lb.; J. E. D'Apice (stroke), 10st. 2lb.; C. O'Brien (cox.), 1. F. Loneragen, 10st. 5lb.; J. O'Sullivan, 11st. 4lb.; T. Breen, 9st. 12lb.; J. G. Fitzpatrick (stroke), 10st. 10lb.; A. O'Brien (cox.), 2. Fitzpatrick became excited, and could never get his crew rowing properly, and D'Apice won by three lengths.

Gratitude.

"Gratitude is the angels' song," but we cannot, just at present, allow them to monopolise it, for we must express our gratitude to those who, both by their untiring labours in our behalf, and their liberal pecuniary assistance, helped us to make our Reggatta a success. That it was a success no one can doubt, for the *Star* thus speaks of it: "The St. Ignatius College Rowing Club Regatta has become, without question of challenge, the social acquatic event of the year, and so is looked forward to each season for months beforehand. The Regatta on Saturday was a success in every respect."

In this context, we must first of all tend our sincere thanks to one or two ex-students, Plunkett 'O'Sullivan, and T. Fitzsimmons, who, through love of their Alma Mater, and desire of her honour, worked so hard in the interests of our club.

Next, we thank the officials who kindly consented to officiate at our Regatta, and last, but not least, we thank the following gentlemen for their generosity in asssisting the Regatta Prize Fund;—

Gardiner and Co., ...	£1 1 0
J. E. Chinnery, Esq.	1 1 0
Messrs. Butler and McKye	3 3 0
John Hunter, Esq.	1 1 0
Gowing Bros.	1 1 0
Biddell Bros.	1 1 0
Messrs. Potts and Paul	1 1 0
Messrs. O'Sullivan Bros. ..	2 Gold Medals
Messrs. Finn Bros	3 Silver do.
Messrs. Dynon Bros	2 do. do.
Butcher and Co.	Gold do.
E. H. Moore, Esq.	2 Silver Medals

FOOTBALL.

President: Rev. E. Downing, S.J.
Captain: T. Dillon.
Committee: T. Dillon, F. Punch, T. Breen.
Hon. Sec.: P. Power.

"'Fitzy' has gone, and with him football!" Such was the croak of a few faint-hearted creatures (not boys) towards the end of last cricket season. Boys ought to be the embodiment of hopefulness, manliness, and dash, and these anomalies ought to be exterminated, at least, by public censure, if not by more effective measures. True, "Fitzy" is a loss, and a great loss. The bravest and pluckiest of us often felt we should like to have his brawny muscle to fall back on, when some comparative giant bore down upon us, at full speed, shaking the ground, as Homer would say, with his massive weight.

Notwithstanding, however, "Fitzy's" departure, and the wail of the faint-hearted few, no sooner was the "leather" afield than we all, to a man, even including the "few"—for shame is of "strong prevailment in unhardened youth"—tackled, with a will, the king of games.

There was one particularly praiseworthy feature in this season's practice, so far; it was the total absence of friction between the *team* and the *rest*. Last year it was our painful duty to complain in the columns of O.A.M. of those who would not assist at the practice matches. This year we have no such complaint to make; no one, practically, absenting himself therefrom, except for legitimate reasons.

All the boys of the First Division, and the members of the team especially, are to be congratulated on the docility and spirit they displayed in co-operating with the captain (Dillon) to make the team a success.

Up to date we have only played one Schools' Match this half-season, that played against King's School, on the Parramatta Oval. In this match, we readily admit, we were easily beaten by the superior form of our opponents. Their exposition of the game was an object lesson in the true science of football. We missed, very much throughout this game, our old, trusty captain of last year, as his exceptional powers would have gone far to counterbalance the King's School champion—Manchee, who was such a source of strength to his side, and of danger to ours, throughout the match.

We have, however, nothing to grumble at. We played our best, and fought a hard, uphill game, showing improved form in the second half. Let us say, "better luck next time."

St. Ignatius' College v. Ex-Students.

We opened our season by a match against fifteen of the Ex-Students, containing the stars of last year's team. But one was wanting. Fitzpatrick was not there.

The College kicked off. The ball was smartly returned by H. Manning. A series of scrummages then ensued, the Ex-Students having the advantage. Following up a punt of J. O'Sullivan's, Flanagan, the College wing forward, did a good run, and scored a try. Breen made a good, though unsuccessful, attempt for the goal. More scrummaging, until D'Apice, smartly picking up in the loose, made a good run, and scored second try for the College. Breen failed to bring off the goal. After the kick-off, the College quickly worked the ball back to the Ex-Student's line. Fraser carried it across, but the touch was disallowed. Soon after Breen secured and, after a good run, passed to D'Apice, but McEvoy, for Ex-Students, neatly saved by collaring D'Apice close to the line. Some very good passing, on the part of the College, ensued, and F. Punch got over. The touch was again disallowed. Half-time was now called. After the kick-off, the Ex-Students, with a smart rush, brought the ball down into the College 25, but Breen relieved with a long punt. Fraser, who possesses pace and knows how to use it, following up smartly, secured the try. Breen successfully negotiated the goal. Almost immediately after the kick-out, Flanagan got the ball and secured another try. Breen again kicked the goal. Flanagan soon after added another try, but this time the kick failed. The whistle now sounded no-side, leaving the College victorious by 19--0. McEvoy, Manning, Fallon, and McGrath played well for the losers, while Flanagan, F. Punch, Breen, Fraser, and D'Apice did excellent work for their side.

St. Ignatius' College v. The Manly Federals, 25th April.

This match resulted in a win for the Manly Federals, by 19--12. Our team showed great pluck and determination in making so good a stand against such weighty opponents. Our team passed splendidly, F. Punch excelling in that department of the game. Breen proved invincible as a collarer. Dillon (Captain) played a sound game.

St. Ignatius' College v. Toxteths, 2nd May.

Resulted in a win for the College by 12--3. Our team, to a man, played well, and earned the praise of their antagonists, for their passing; G. Austin and F. Punch were conspicuous for their precision and judgment in this department. D'Apice played well, securing a try. Flanagan scored twice, thanks to his powers of fending. Fraser played a very good game right through, and it was mainly through his play that Dillon secured his try, Fraser running right up to the line, and passing accurately at the critical moment.

St. Ignatius' College v. The Royals (9th May.)

Result, the College victorious by 28-6. Again the team played an open and scientific game. Dillon surpassed himself, obtaining five tries. F. Punch, by his clever passing on the line-out, contributed in a great measure to the victory. Flanagan and Garvan also scored. Fraser was the victim of ill-luck. The small score of our opponents must be attributed, in great part, to Breen, who, as usual, was "impenetrable."

Among the forwards, Griffin, Perraud, Deery and Garvan showed best form for the College, but their comrades played well as a whole.

St. Ignatius' College v. The King's School (16th May.)

This match, played on the Parramatta Oval, resulted in a win for King's School by 17-3. The great knowledge of the game and its scientific exposition displayed by our opponents proved too much for us. J. Punch in the forwards was a host in himself for the College. G. Austin, our plucky little half, also played a good game, though opposed to the King's School's "King" Manchee. We see, from the King's School report of the match, that "it was a very even game." While acknowledging the chivalrous feeling which prompted its insertion, we feel that we cannot lay the flattering unction to our soul. At no time were we allowed an easy time of it, and we had to battle right royally to keep the King's School's score from increasing. We think, however, our team deserved praise for the plucky uphill battle they fought in the second half of the game. In the second half the School scored only once. Many of the King's School fellows showed fine form, Manchee, Body, and Futter being especially conspicuous. D'Apice secured the try for the College.

St. Ignatius' College v. Newington College (23rd May.)

This match had to be cried off, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the state of the ground, much to the disappointment of both sides, especially the Newingtonians, who had journeyed to Riverview.

St. Ignatius' College v. a Team from the University (June 16th.)

This match proved a most exciting one. The visitors included some very good players; among others, McClean and Corfe, of University 1st Fifteen. Some of the ex-students also rolled up. After some give and take play, Anderson (University) picked up, and, steadying himself, secured a beautiful pot at goal from a difficult angle—4-0. University attacked strong, and Corfe, securing possession, burst over. Sinclair added the necessary points, 9-0. The Uni's now made a grand rush, which ended up by another touch from Corfe. The additional points were not added—12-0. In the second half, the College attacked hard, and, after a swift and clever run, Fraser got over. Breen added the points, 5-12, Again Fraser

got away with the ball, and at the right moment passed to F. Punch, who burst over. Breen was again successful with the kick—10-12. Excitement now ran high. From a mulled pass, Jim Punch secured and got over—13-12. Very exciting play then followed, but the score remained unaltered, leaving us, when the whistle sounded-victors by one point.

SECOND DIVISION.

J. Payer, the Captain, and A. Gow, and A. O'Brien, the Committeemen, proved themselves energetic and capable footballers, though they might have done a little more in the way of out-matches. Next term we expect to see something more in that department. In the four weekly practice-matches, a great deal of good play has been shown, accurate passing and open play being aimed at. The following have received special mention in the report submitted by the captain and committee: B. Croser, energetic player, loves the game; the sort of man we want. W. Miller, also an enthusiastic player, is coming on grandly, J. Rynn began the season with great promise, but fell off at the end, apparently from not being in earnest, and from not playing the passing game with the rest. A. O'Brien runs, tackles, and kicks well. Dan. O'Sullivan, strong forward, does plenty of hard work.

J. Payer is the most formidable player in the team, and will, no doubt, be going up next term. Of other players of the Second Division, the most noteworthy is F. Gow, who promises to do brilliant work later on.

There are a few "muffs" in the Second Division who don't play football. We do not include among these anybody who is debarred, by some serious ailment, from joining in this vigorous game. But we allude to those spiritless duffers who, through sheer cowardice, look for every excuse for sneaking out of the game, because they get jolted about, and get their toes walked on. What a contrast, to look first at these creatures, wrapt in their top-coats, muffled up to the eyes, loafing about the pavilion, or trying to make up a game of----marbles! and then to look at the pluckier boys out in the field, clad in their close-fitting guernseys, and in their light footballing shoes and pants, flushed with the manly and vigorous exercise!

CRICKET.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

President: Rev. E. Downing, S.J.
Captain: H. E. Manning.
Hon. Secretary: A Dignam
Committee: H. E. Manning, T. H. Dillon, F. S. Punch.

Despite the unfavorable prognostications of many wouldf be prophets, the cricket season, '95-'96, has been one of which Riverviewers may justly be proud. The series of successes gained over school teams, especially in the last half of the season, are victories certainly not surpassed in our past. During the last term of '95, we defeated Sydney Grammar School, King's School, and North Sydney Church of England Grammar School, and met defeat only at the hands of Newington College. For the Xmas-Easter term the record of our school matches was marred by no defeat. In this term we reversed the defeat we suffered at the hands of Newington last half. Unfortunately, owing to the antagonism of the elements (we don't cast reflections on Mr. Kent's small boys), we were unable to meet the Sydney Grammar School this term.

Thus, during the cricket season, '95-'96, of the seven inter-Schools matches which we played, we won six; and in three instances, we won by over an innings.

Our success must be, in great part, attributed to the incessant and thorough practice at every available moment, for which the team has been noted. We assure all future elevens, without the slightest fear of injuring our editorial reputation for omniscience, that practice, hard, earnest practice, in season and out of season, is the golden key to success. The record of the season just concluded is a proof, if one be required.

All praise is due to our Captain, H. E. Manning, for the skilful way in which he managed his team. tempering his businees-like manner in the field with his gentlemanly instincts, and thus winning the cheerful and entire obedience of his men. In this wise, no doubt, he largely contributed to the happy results.

After our energetic and untiring Captain, the man who most helped us to win our victories was our "demon" left-arm bowler, W. Fraser.

The gold medals presented by the Prefect and First Division, to Manning and Fraser, on the occasion of their departure in March, after successfully matriculating, were, we think, appropriate recognition of the esteem all felt for these two members of our cricket team.

The departure, in March, of three such men as Manning (our Captain and champion bat), Fraser (our crack bowler), and McDonald (who had the happy quality of scoring when required), needless to say, materially weakened our Eleven. The promise, however, given by the latest additions to the team speaks well for next season's team. T. H. Dillon succeeded Manning as Captain, and F. Deery was chosen Committeeman in Dillon's place.

St. Ignatius' College v. Hunter's Hill Borough, February 8th. This being our first match after the vacation, we naturally felt a little out of form. Nevertheless, we managed to win by 100 runs. The principal scores for the College were, J. Punch, 27; W. Fraser, 24; F. Punch, 22; Dillon, 15. Bowling analysis: Fraser, 8 wickets for 12 runs; Dignam, 2 for 12.

St. Ignatius' College v. Sydney Grammar School, February 15th. We were to have played Sydney Grammar School on this day. The day, however was dark and threatening, and many an anxious peep did the small boys (and some big ones too) steal out of the half-opened doors and windows of class-rooms to see if the "Grammars were up." At last the whisper went round, "they're up," but when eleven o'clock came, much to our disappointment, it was decided not to play, and although the "Grammars" kindly consented to stay for dinner, the weather continued bad, so, of course, the match was not played.

St. Ignatius' College v. The King's School, February 22nd. This match was played at Riverview. The King's went to the wickets first, and succeeded in making a total of 64. Manchee (11) was top scorer. We thought we had fielded remarkably well, but when King's took

the field, we must admit, they taught us a little in that department of the game. The following are the scores:—

KINGS' SCHOOL.—*1st Innings.*

Jacques, b Manning	3
Manchee, b Fraser	11
Gee, lbw, Manning	2
Futter, st Dillon, b Dignam	4
Body, lbw, Fraser	8
Barton, b Fraser	0
Docker, hit wkt, Fraser	2
Riley, hit wkt, Dignam	0
Verge, b Dignam	2
Wills-Allen, b. Dignam	10
Body; not out	2
Extras	20
Total	64

2nd Innings.

Jacques, c McLaughlin, b Fraser	32
Manchee, b Manning	13
Gee, lbw, Fraser	1
Futter, lbw, McLaughlin	15
Body, b Fraser	0
Barton, c and b Fraser	2
Docker, b McLaughlin	12
Riley, b McLaughlin	0
Verge, b Manning	1
Wills-Allen, not out	5
Body, b McLaughlin	0
Extras	8
Total	89

Bowling analysis, 1st innings: Fraser, 4 wkts 19 runs; Dignam, 4 wkts 12 runs; Manning, 2 wkts 13 runs. 2nd innings: Fraser, 4 wkts 37 runs; Manning, 2 wkts 24 runs; McLaughlin, 4 wkts 8 runs.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.—*1st Innings.*

Dillon, b Wills-Allen	0
McDonald, c Jacques, b Wills-Allen	1
Manning, lbw, Manchee	1
Deery, not out	43
Punch, c Verge, b Wills-Allen	4
Breen, c Body, b Wills-Allen	4
Fraser, b Body	11
Norris, b Body	1
Loneragan, b Body	4
McLaughlin, b Body	9
Dignam, c Jacques, b Manchee	27
Extras	6
Total	111

2nd Innings.

Dillon, not out	27
Deery, not out	12
Extras	6
Total	45

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. North Sydney Grammar, School, February 29th. We met this school on February 29th, at Riverview, and defeated them by an innings and 63 runs. Fraser was at his best, taking 16 wickets at the small cost of 57 runs.

NORTH SHORE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1st Innings.

Armstrong, c Manning, b Fraser	0
Hopkins, b Fraser	0
Allen, b Fraser	0
White, b Fraser	18
Holdsworth, b Dignam	9
Perves, b Frazer	9
Sullivan c Manning, b Fraser	0
Dent, b McLaughlin	3
Rundle, b Fraser	0
Bland, not out	9
Levick, b Fraser	1
Extras	6
Total	55

2nd Innings.

Armstrong, b Fraser	13
Hopkins, b McLaughlin	5
Allen, b Fraser	1
White, not out	28
Holdsworth, b Fraser	0
Perves, b Fraser	0
Sullivan, b Fraser	2
Dent, st Dillon, b Manning	4
Rundle, b Fraser	0
Bland, b Fraser	2
Levick, c Fraser	2
Extras	7
Total	64

Bowling analysis, 1st innings: Fraser, 8 wkts 34 runs. 2nd innings: Fraser, 8 wkts 23 runs.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.

1st Innings.

Dillon, hit wkt, b White	16
Punch, F., c and b White	8
Deery, b Holdsworth	51
Manning, c Hopkins, b Dent	10
Punch, J., c Purves, b White	10
Fraser, c Purves, b Amstrong	7
McDonald, c Armstrong, b White	51
McLaughlin, c Allen, b Dent	14
Dignam, c Dent, b White	1
Breen, run out	3
Norris, not out	0
Extras	11
Total	182

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE v. Newington College, March 7th. This being our last school match we looked forward to it with no little anxiety, more especially as readers of O.A.M. will, doubtlessly, remember that this was the only school-team that defeated us before Xmas. The eventful day arrived, and so did the Newingtonians. They won the toss, and our anxiety deepened when we saw the splendid batting of their first three or four men, and that Fraser was somewhat "off colour" in his bowling. However, Manning, our captain, seemed determined that his last school match should be a victory, and rattled them down in fine style, securing 5 wickets for 23 runs.

NEWINGTON COLLEGE,—*1st Innings.*

Campbell, run out	7
Dansey, bManning	3
Robson, c and b Fraser	7
Maiden, c McLaughlin, b Manning	9
Bowman, b Manning	0
Caldwell, b Manning	4
Hicks, not out	18
Hardy, b Manning	0
Hunt, run out	4
Channon, lbw, Fraser	4
Calder, b Dignam	15
Extras	8
Total	79

2nd Innings.

Campbell, b Dignam	13
Robson, ht wkt, b Manning	0
Maiden, b Fraser	11
Caldwell, b Dignam	0
Hicks, b Fraser	8
Hardy, not out	13
Extras	7
Total	52

Bowling analysis, 1st innings: Manning, 5 wkts, 23 runs; Fraser, 2 wkts, 30 runs. 2nd innings: Fraser, 2 wkts, 17 runs; Dignam, 2 wkts, 15 runs.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE.—*1st Innings.*

Dillon, c. Bowman, b Channon	7
F. Punch, c Maiden, b Robson	39
Deery, b Campbell	8
Manning, c and b Channon	4
McDonald, b Campbell	33
Punch, J., c Maiden, b Robson	7
Fraser, c Channon, b Robson	27
McLaughlin, c Hardie, b Robson	0
Norris, c Robson, b Channon	7
Breen, not out	4
Dignam, c Campbell, b Robson	5
Extras	12
Total	153

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE *v.* Stanmore Institute, March 14th. The Institute won the toss, and made a total of 76. Perraud, our new bowler, did very well, securing 4 wickets for 9 runs; Dignam 3 for 21. We then went in, but, as there was no Manning or McDonald to make a score, and as the "tyros" were very nervous, we were dismissed for the small total of 53. (T. Breen, 11; F. Punch, 7.)

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* Double Bay, March 21st. We won this match by 24 runs; the scores being: Double Bay, 71; St. Ignatius' College, 95. Norris, 20; Loneragan, 35. Fraser secured 7 wickets for 28 runs; Dignam, 3 for 32.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* East Sydney, April 1st, Won by 2 runs. East Sydney, 52; St. Ignatius' College, 54. F. Punch, 11; Loneragan, 11. Dignam secured, in 1st innings, 7 wickets for 23 runs; in 2nd innings, 7 wickets for 16 runs.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* Nondescripts, April 11th. Lost by 19 runs. Nondescripts, 76; St. Ignatius' College, 57. Dignam, 13, and Loneragan, 10. Dillon, 4 wickets for 9 runs. In the 2nd innings, St. Ignatius' College scored 87 for 4 wickets. F. Punch, 21; Dignam, 20, not out.

ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE *v.* Manly Electorate, April 17th. Manly, 213; St. Ignatius' College, 29. McLaughlin for College, secured 4 wickets for 52. The small score of St. Ignatius' College must partly be attributed to the fact, that as Manly occupied the wickets until very late in the afternoon, St. Ignatius had to bat in the dark; and, hence, the melancholy nature of their performance.

SECOND DIVISION.

The Second Division Cricket was a great success, mainly owing to the excellent tuition of our Prefect, Mr. McCormack, who played with us every evening. We played four out-matches. Of these we lost one by a few runs, and of the three others, one was drawn much in our favour, while the other two, which were also drawn, were anybody's game. We played the second eleven four times, twice on turf and twice on concrete. Of these matches we won two and lost two. In the bowling, J. Payer and C. Pery bowled well; good form with the bat was shown by J. Manning, A. O'Brien, J. Ryan, A. Gow, J. Payer, and C. Pery.

GEORGE BROWN, Capt.

TENNIS CLUB.

President: REV. MR. DOWNING, S.J.
Committee: T. H; DILLON, J. E. D'APICE.
Hon. Secretary; J. E. D'APICE.

As our court had lately been done up, we saw no reason why we should not challenge a few clubs to a game with us. Accordingly, in answer to our challenge, the Sydney Grammar School 2nd team came up on the 18th March. The College was represented by Dillon, D'Apice, Deery, and Dignam, Sydney Grammar School being represented by Teece, Griffiths, McBurney, and Huntley. The Grammar School won the serve, and for awhile the games were pretty even, but, in the end, Dillon and D'Apice won their first set by six games to three. The second set they had to struggle hard for, but, eventually, came off victorious by eight games to six.

Deery and Dignam then opposed Huntley and Griffiths, but, after a good struggle, the latter pair won by seven games to five, and six games to three. This made the sets equal, so Deery and Dignam again took the court, but this time against Teece and Griffiths, whom they defeated by four games to three. Then D'Apice and Dillon again resumed play against McBurney and Huntley, but, after a very fast game, were beaten.

The sets were again equal, but in counting up the points the Grammar School led by three games. The following are the scores:—

St. Ignatius' College.	*Sydney Grammar School,*
D'Apice and Dillon *v.*	Teece and Griffiths .. 6-3, 8-6
D'Apice and Dillon *v.*	McBurney and Huntley 4-6
Deery and Dignam *v.*	McBurney and Huntley 5-7, 3-6
Deery and Dignam *v.*	Teece and Griffiths .. 4-3

Sydney Grammar School, 3 sets, 33 games.
St. Ignatius' College 3 ,, 30 ,,

On the 27th of May, we played the return match with Sydney Grammar School, when the result was far from what would be expected from the closeness of the last match. This clearly shows that we cannot expect to play matches without practice.

The Sydney Grammar School had the same team as in the previous match. In the home team, Fraser played in Dillon's place, otherwise the team was the same as in the previous match. The following are the scores:—

Teece and Griffiths	*v.* D'Apice and Deery	6-7, 6-5
McBurney and Huntley	*v.* Dignam and Fraser	5-6. 6-1
McBurney and Huntley	*v.* D'Apice and Deery	6-4, 6-5
Teece and Griffiths	*v.* Dignam and Fraser	3-3

Sydney Grammar School, 5 sets, 35 games.
St. Ignatius' College 1 ,, 28 ,,

It will be seen from the above scores, that, though the Sydney Grammar School had five sets to our one, yet the games were more even than this might seem to indicate. On the whole days' play, they only lead by seven games. Our team was without the services of Dillon, who was fagging for his examination. May "Sammy" be as successful in his examination as on the court.

As we mentioned before, the court has been done up since Xmas. Six raquets have been re-strung and re-paired. We also have got a new net and four new raquets. There has been what might be called a rush on tennis this term, especially in the First Division. This is a very good sign, and since the fellows are taking to it so well, there is no reason why we should not have a good team next term. All that is wanted is a little more hard practice on the part of those who are likely to get into the team, and a little more knowledge of the game. We must not be satisfied with serving the ball and returning it, but we must learn to "place" better. The want of "placing" was very evident in our last match, If these few things are attended to, we should have a good team, as we have the stuff.

J. E. D'APICE, *Hon. Secretary.*

CADET CORPS.

President: Rev. E. DOWNING, S.J.
Drill Instructor, &c.: Senior Sergeant WILLIAMS.

HALF-YEARLY REPORT.

IT would seem, from matters chronicled in our daily papers and periodicals, that the importance of this section of College training grows apace with the times. From these sources of universal information, we learn that many of the great public men of this colony, influenced by a multitude of recent events, have been strenuously exerting themselves to make "Our Defences" as efficient and as impregnable as possible. The recent formation, under distinguished patronage, of three separate rifle corps, by the English, Scotch, and Irish residents of N.S.W., clearly proves that a want is felt in the number of men we have got at our disposal to oppose aggression. Great public men do not move in important matters without weighty reasons, nor has one to go far to find the reasons actuating the recent movement.

Leaving out of consideration the powers of Europe and America, we find, as recent events have shown, that a new era of military progress and activity has dawned in the "East." The Japanese have proved themselves, by their victories, on land and sea, over the Chinese, a power to be reckoned with for the future. Furthermore, we hear that Li Hung Chang, on returning home from Russia, where he represented the Chinese Emperor at the Czar's coronation, is bringing with him a number of German officers to re-organise the army of that empire. We feel justified in saying that the nation that produced the ever-victorious army of Chinese Gordon, will, under proper military administration and management, show itself to be made of very different fighting material from what we are inclined to think, because of the reverses it has recently sustained. Consequently we agree with Mr. R. Teece when he said, the other evening, while presiding at a meeting held in the Town Hall to arrange for the formation of a corps to be called the "St. George's Rifles," "the time had now passed when we could feel ourselves safe from attack."

At the same meeting, Mr. McMillan, M.L.A., said that for the purposes of defence, every person should be a citizen-soldier. That it was impossible to remain blind to the dangers that menaced us as a young people. He thought that he voiced the sentiments of those present, when he said, that if this country were ever attacked, the colonists did not want to rely solely upon the Empire for support. *He "hoped that, some day every boy would start as cadet while at school."* We endorse these opinions of Mr. McMillan's, and call the attention of our young friends to them, so that they may begin, at once, to see that those exercises in military drill, which they are, so often, wont to look upon as mere "waste of time," may eventually turn out of great utility. We trust the boys of Riverview, with the many grand opportunities afforded them, will so use them as to be hereafter citizen-soldiers, ready, *and able*, to strike a good blow against aggression.

We would suggest that the N.S.W. Government, which has already done so much to encourage the soldier-citizen, furnish each of the great schools, say for a few months each year, with models of the latest improvements in modern gunnery, so that the boys, as far as possible, may become familiar with their mechanism and uses.

FENCING CLASS.

IN our Fencing (Single-stick) Class most of its members are doing well, and bid fair to turn out good swordsmen. C, G. Duffy, A. Makinson, and J. D'Apice are the most advanced. The many advantages of knowing well how to use the sword or stick are now being recognised by most of the students. As an exercise for imparting strength to the legs, arms, and shoulders, as well as rapidity and precision of movement and quickness of eye, fencing has few equals.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

As regards rifle shooting, the Senior Division has not yet done much this year, but some of our juniors are coming well to the front, and bid fair to wrest the laurels from their elders. In this respect, the most advanced are, D. Prendergast, A. O'Connor, A. O'Brien, and Bob McKillop. Though young in years and small of stature, they make rather tall scores at the short range (averaging from 25 to 29 points out of a possible 35. They are now commencing practice at the 500 yards, and, so far, have

acquitted themselves well. In the Senior Division, we have a few very promising shots among the new boys. Flanagan, Miller and Godsell are shooting well, ranging up to 31 points out of 35. F. Loneragan, one of our veterans in other matters, is coming out this season at the ranges, and, from the few trials he has had, we expect great things from him. With this outlook, we hope to put a creditable team in the field for the Schools' Shield Competition this year, despite the fact that six of our best shots of last year have left us. To accomplish this, we shall have to work hard and constant if we are to maintain the position we won last year, and keep that shield for another year. No doubt, our Newington friends will not let us have a walk over.

The Acting-Commanding Officer has been pleased to make the following promotions :—

SENIOR DIVISION.

J. D'Apice to be Colour-Sergeant.
F. Deery ,, Sergeant.
T. Dillon ,, ,,
J. O'Sullivan ,, ,,

JUNIOR DIVISION.

Corporals: A. O'Brien, A. Gow, M. Perraud, and A. O'Connor.

MILITARY DRILL.

We are glad to be able to report that in this department life and energy still reigns, notwithstanding the losses we have sustained since the commencement of the year. In the first place, our genial commanding officer, Captain T. Gartlan, S.J., has been removed from us. Most, also, of our non-commissioned officers, and several other of the oldest members of the corps, have left the College, including Colour-Sergt. Dow, Sergts. H. Manning, P. Clifford, M. McGrath, Cadets F. Condon, F. McDonald, P. Hurley, P. Blake. However, "time heals most wounds," so the soreness of these losses are beginning to wear off. Our new non-commissioned officers are picking up their duties well Since the beginning of the year the drill hour has been changed to Monday, Thursday, and Saturday morning. A considerable portion of this half-year has been devoted to marching and to physical drill. This has been deemed necessary on account of the number of new boys who were totally unacquainted with any military movements. Now that this want has, in a measure, been supplied, we are making a move onward with the attack and defence formations, so that soon we hope to be able to carry out a small scheme of operations against the invader when he makes his appearance. At present there is a vague rumour that shortly a descent may be made upon us by combined forces from some quarter of the globe, with the object of capturing us in our citadel. We promise the enemy a warm reception.

At last the long-projected and long-desired gymnasium is happily begun, and has already taken definite form and shape, It will be a great "boon" to our Fifteen. We may, however, just here ask our First Divisioners "what use they have made of the excellent implements already at their disposal?"

THE SIEGE OF RIVERVIEW.

Desperate and Determined Attack on the Lines of Defence.

Obstinate Resistance.

Important Manœuvre through the Kitchen.

Unexpected Appearance of D'Apice's Column after the Battle.

In spite of the heavy rains on the Thursday night of June 11th, the enemy carried out their plan of attack about 11 o'clock on the following day. The 2nd Regiment, with some raw recruits from the 3rd, determined to make a bold resistance, and took up their positions at the most likely places of attack. They were under the chief command of Inspector Williams and Corporals A. O'Connor, A. O'Brien, and A. Gow. An occasional shot from the scouts of either party gave the defending force warning of the approaching danger.

It was soon found, as had been surmised, that the enemy, under the Acting-Commanding officer Rev. E. Downing, S.J., with Colour-Sergeant D'Apice and Sergeant Deery, of the First's Rifles, were not attacking in a body. Colour-Sergeant D'Apice had pre-arranged with a renegade to attack by sea, on the western frontier. His men pulled hard and kept close to the shore to avoid detection. They were, however, discovered by Corporal O'Brien, stationed at the western end of the College Buildings. His vigilance, however, would have been more praiseworthy had not the remnants of the 3rd Regiment, posted as "Highlanders," on the ramparts of the main building given the alarm, D'Apice, notwithstanding, succeeded, without the loss of a man, in landing his men higher up, under cover of the cliffs. They eventually made their way, with silent and careful steps, to the culinary department of the College, which was considered (by them) a capital position.

Sergeant Deery's men were seen in about a dozen groups (one man to a group) in the hill country, round about a farm house, to the north of the College Reserve. Here they succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of some game fowl and a few dogs in the farm yard. Some of Deery's detatchment stole around to a point on the eastern side of the grounds, best described as approximate to where the College swine are housed. They then made their way across the Second Division Cricket Ground, and were manfully resisted by Corporal Gow's men. But being unwilling to believe they were shot, they forced the Colonel's men to retire towards the fruit garden, whilst the Deery detachment ran along, under cover of a picket fence to join the survivors—a rather uncommon mode of picket service.

Several field pieces were discharged at the commencement of hostilities, under Acting-Commander Downing's orders, just to let the defenders know what they might expect. No one, however (except those who fired them),

thought the pieces any larger than rifles, owing, no doubt, to the distance. They had the effect, nevertheless, of notifying to the defenders the whereabouts of their foe. The heavy guns of the protecting force, the main body of which was under the command of Corporal O'Connor, were far more destructive. These guns worked excellently, and wrought considerable havoc.

Instructor Williams was now seen directing his men at several points in turn with great presence of mind. He had a presentiment that some of the recruits under him were not sufficiently versed in the use of the "Martini." And, as a matter of fact, this presentiment, as well as his very strict military disciplinarianism, caused him to "dub" one of his men on the spot for a careless use of his weapon. This took place in the very heat of the struggle.

The extraordinary agility for retreat displayed by two privates, R. O'Brien and A. Walker, in O'Connor s division, did not escape the notice of the Highlanders (on the roof), and deserves a special word of praise.

One very remarkable feature was the absence of Acting-Commander Downing, so far, during the fray. He had charge, as we have seen, of the main body of the First's Rifles. and, in his anxiety to reserve his men for the final onslaught, he took up a very advantageous position (for himself) in the precincts of the College Infirmary. And whilst his self-sacrifice in allowing Deery's men the honour of the victory (when they would get it) was admirable, that he emerged from his hiding place after the besieged had expended their ammunition, was still more to be admired. It is thought, however, that he was not aware of the reduced state of the beleaguered.

At this juncture, the defenders hoisted a flag for cessation of hostilities, The signal was soon given to the various detachments, and the truce was agreed to and duly signed. A few, however, of the scouts and fugitives, who were not aware af the truce, still kept up the fire, much to the discomfort of both parties. No injury, however, was sustained.

True to the death, D'Apice's men, not knowing (it is said) of the agreement between the parties, suddenly emerged from their concealment, performed a marvellous flank movement through the kitchen, and appeared full in the centre of the College quadrangle, and, in spite of the remonstrances and explanations of some civilians, anxious to prevent further bloodshed, blazed away at both parties, now congratulating each other on the heroic attack and defence. Word was quickly sent them, and they, too, were glad of the cessation; the more so, as they felt they had become rather plumper targets than they were before the terror-stricken cook had gratified their imperious demands.

After giving three salutes in honour of Her Majesty the Queen, and piling their arms in one place, they retired for refreshments.

Rev. P. Baker acted as Military Chaplain to the defenders, and might be seen going from one detachment to another, fearless of all peril and ready to bring comfort to any that might require it. The Acting-Commander at the Infirmary performed this office for "The Rifles."

To Correspondents;—Owing to pressure of space, a few items which were sent in for the "General Notes" were crowded out; among others, some contributions by J, Slattery, and a few verses by Ken. Austin.

SPORTING NOTES.

The N. S. W. Rowing Association decided not to consider the claims as a Colonial representative in the Intercolonial Eight Oars Race of any oarsman who should row at our Regatta. The reason for this was, we understand, the fear lest the men should become "stale."

We think that Father Gartlan scored a victory, when in his speech at the Regatta Concert he was able to say that on the very day of our Regatta there was held in Melbourne a great Eight Oars Race, upon the form shown in which the crew was selected which beat our representatives.

On the day following our Regatta the following challenge appeared in the *Sunday Times*—

MR. DALEY TO MR. BANNISTER.

Mr. J. J. Daley, being dissatisfied with his defeat by Mr, J. Bannister in the Single Sculls at St. Ignatius' Regatta, a gentleman is prepared to back him to row Mr. Bannister over the same course, and under the same conditions, next Saturday for a substantial trophy and a side-wager ftom £10 to £100. A deposit has been lodged on behalf of Mr. Daley.

We do not think the contest ever "materialised," as we believe it was decided to allow matters to stand over for a short time, when an opportunity was afforded Mr. J. Bannister of proving his superiority.

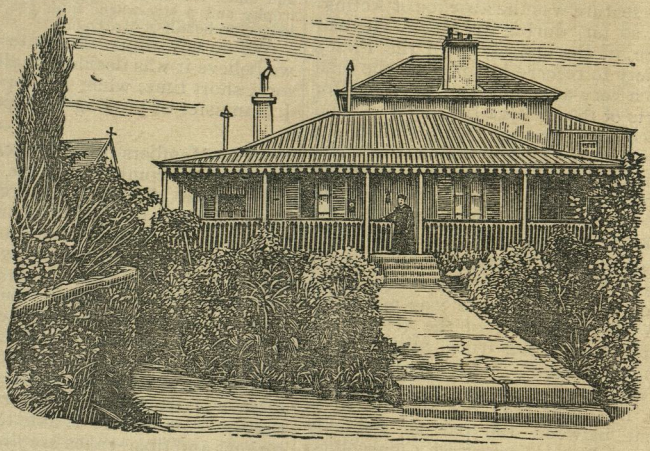
"The Members of the Prince Alfred Yatch Club entertained their commodore, Mr. Sam Hordern and rear-commodore, Mr. W. H. Murrell, at a dinner on Friday night. Father Gartlan, of course, was there. It takes his Reverence to infuse some humour into these aquatic festivals. The yatchsman, as a rule, is not noted for his flashes of wit when at table. Not that he is a dull individual by any means, but he prefers to leave the joke-making to someone else when the turkeys and tipsy-cakes are flying around. The genial and droll gentleman from Riverview is as necessary at a yatching dinner in Sydney now as is the Hon. R. H. D. White." This extract is from the *Sunday Times*. We are glad to see that *our* commodore is able to hold his own even when turkeys and tipsy-cakes are *flying* around.

The improvements and enlargement of the First-Division cricket ground still goes on apace with the century. Operations have already begun during the off-season, for we can hear from time to time the boom of the blasting, and the thud of the hammer, music so sweet to the enthusiastic cricketers.

We are likely to have a fair successor to W. Fraser, our great bowler, in Willie McLaughlin, who took four wickets for eight runs in our match against King's School. Not bad for a tyro.

F. Deery's batting was one of the features of the cricket season just concluded. He gives great promise. His 43 in the King's match, and 51 in the North Sydney Grammar School match were faultless contributions. We trust that next season he may fulfil the promises he gives.

We make the followng suggeston to the Sports' Committee. Why not abolish that senseless "long kick" competition, nnd substitute for it a "between posts" competition.



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