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N.S., VOL. I.,

No. 1.

THE

# Adelaide University



## REVIEW.

Published under the authority of the University Union.

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# The Adelaide University Review.

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N.S., Vol. I.

ADELAIDE: AUGUST, 1897.

No. 1.

## EDITORIAL.

We are at our wits' end. The duty of writing this editorial has devolved upon us, and, like a grim spectre, has haunted us for weeks. We knew long ago that it had to be written, but it has been put off and put off until it can be put off no longer. We have asked several friends how we ought to start, but have been unable to get any very satisfactory replies. Some shrugged their shoulders and merely laughed. Others "were glad they hadn't got to do it," and so on. One brilliant intellect suggested we should begin with the startling and distinctly original phrase "We are a Phoenix!" At first this seemed a splendid commencement, but the editor, on maturer thoughts, came to the conclusion that the common or garden student, and the "man in the street," would not be able to see whether the "we" referred to the paper or was used as the editorial pronoun; and as even his worst enemies have never likened him to that fabulous bird, the editor saw no reason for giving an opportunity to any maliciously inclined person to make fun at his expense. Further, the analogy is not complete. Certainly this paper rises as it were from the ashes of the former one, but the Phoenix, according to Herodotus, only appeared once in five hundred years at the least, and this periodical is intended to appear more often than that—though perhaps we, and possibly not only we but some of our readers, wish that the analogy was more perfect.

Then it was suggested that we should draw attention to the omen of its future glory and its longevity, which was given by the fact that it had its birth in the Diamond Jubilee Year. This again seemed hardly fitting, as it would necessitate a somewhat lengthy article and frequent mention of the "Record Reign," which we have reason to believe—we say it with all due reverence and

loyalty—is a phrase which is becoming somewhat hackneyed and wearisome.

Friends failing to come to our assistance, as is frequently the case when we come to borrow and not to lend, we were thrown back upon our own unaided efforts, and below will be seen the results of many sleepless nights and pensive chewing of penholders.

In this article we do not aim at literary greatness or even correctness. It may evoke criticism; it certainly does not invite it. It is not even meant to be amusing; it is merely to show how great reverence we possess for that inexorable duty, at whose shrine we may fairly lay claim to be martyrs.

Finally, with regard to the periodical itself, we beg to state that it is meant to be entertaining as well as instructive—a fact which our readers may need to have pointed out to them.

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For some years past the Medical Students' Society has been in the habit of publishing, several times a year, a journal which, in addition to purely medical subjects, contained a review of the various sports which are indulged in at the 'Varsity, and to these were added items of general interest to the students. At the conclusion of the last year, however, the students in medicine of the fourth and fifth years found it necessary to leave the colony in order to complete their studies elsewhere. Why they had to do so is now past history and, as far abler pens than ours have dealt with the question, we shall refrain, as far as possible, from all mention of it. Owing to the departure of so many literary lights, the remaining members of the Society were forced into the conclusion that they could not carry on the periodical in the same magnificent and polished style as previously, and, therefore, like wise and lazy men, they determined to drop it completely. For some little time it seemed



as if our 'Varsity was to be without a representative in the world of magazines, but at length "when they had exposed their bantling, others took it up and reared it," in other words, the committee of the University Union came to the rescue, and passed a resolution that they would take the responsibility and renown of publishing a paper on lines somewhat similar to the former, and in these pages is seen the result of their first efforts.

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In the present number we publish notes and news from "our exiles" in other lands and shall always be glad to receive any information of their doings and successes. We have received a long letter from Melbourne, whither the majority went, and are glad to know that our old fellow students are upholding the honor of the Adelaide 'Varsity across the border. Smith, Douglas, Evans, and Hains were all awarded scholarships at Ormond College, and from the Melbourne letter it can be gathered how they are enjoying themselves, and how well they are acquitting themselves in athletics. Douglas was picked to represent Victoria in the lacrosse match with South Australia, and Magarey, we believe, was asked to play for the New South Wales team, but could not get away.

Not only in the other colonies, but in England also, the ex-students are holding their own both in athletics and studies. Dr. Newland has obtained a seat in the London Hospital four, and both he and Dr. Bonnin have, as a matter of course, passed the first M.R.C.S. exam.

In athletics we have very little to record, and that little is not of the very brightest. The only Inter-University contest in which we take part, the boarace, took place on May 22nd. Sydney was really the only one in it, but we have the consolation of having had a grand tussle with Melbourne for last place—and we won it. However, next year, in our own waters, we hope to be able to turn the tables.

The Cricket Club did very well for its first season, and next year we hope that it will be stronger, and be able to play more matches with stronger teams.

The Tennis Club at the beginning of last term held a tournament, in which many splendid sets were played, and which proved most successful. The premiership of the S.A. Lawn Tennis Association was won last season by the 'Varsity "A" Team, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to those who did so well in the matches.

This year's Lacrosse Team has been considerably weakened by the loss of the medical students, and, as a natural consequence, has not done as well as usual. However, the season isn't done yet. We are only able to play two teams this year instead of three as last, but, perhaps, will do better next season.

The students now at the 'Varsity are in full enjoyment of the Union Room, in which many a pleasant lunch hour is spent, and on Saturday nights a few kindred spirits meet and spend the evening in a thoroughly enjoyable and genial manner. Those of us older students, who are getting on towards the "sere and yellow leaf," regret exceedingly that the room was not ~~up~~ years ago, and think of the time when the slate-paved cellar was our *sanctum sanctorum*. And yet there are some undergraduates who do not yet belong to the Union!

We cannot help drawing attention to the fact that the library is being properly catalogued, and will, we are told, for the future be really looked after! We are afraid if old students ever have occasion to refer to the hoarded treasures of learning contained in it they will be considerably astonished to find two volumes of a book next each other, and a Greek lexicon in any other place than among works on natural science, while physics' books and treatises on medicine and law will no longer repose on the ornamental tables in the classics' room.

Professor Salmund has come from New Zealand to be our Law Professor, and we tender him our heartiest welcome, and hope his residence in this city in connection with his work at the 'Varsity will be most profitable and enjoyable.

During the long vacation Professor Bensley journeyed to Europe, and came back to work with "his health and happiness ensured," as the address

with which his students presented him on his return set forth. We offer him our warmest congratulations.

Dr. Stirling, too, has come back from a trip to the "old country," and, after a narrow escape from quarantine has resumed his customary work.

With reference to the Union Room, we may say that Professor Bragg, to whom the Union is most deeply indebted for the energy and unflagging zeal with which he has worked for it, has written an article setting forth its many advantages, which can be read below.

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### THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY UNION.

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The Editor asks me to write something about the advantages of becoming a member of the University Union. We all know that good wine needs no bush, and it is equally certain that our Union does not need advertisement, for it exists and flourishes. Time is on its side, and, as years go by, undergraduates will more and more recognise its benefits, until at last membership of the University will become synonymous with membership of the Union. Therefore, though I comply with the Editor's request, it must not be thought that I am harassed by anxiety for the Union's future, but that I am actuated by goodwill and gentle pity for those who have not yet joined our body.

At all times and in all Universities the students have banded themselves together in some common Society. Evidently there is in student life a natural and irresistible tendency in that direction. I do not remember, I must say, to have read about the Societies that existed in the Universities of the Middle Ages, but I am sure the students met then to discuss interesting questions, the merits of the last new lecturer, or the miserable way in which the one fire in the College, that in the dining hall, was fed with fuel. But to come to less ancient times, the Unions of Oxford and Cambridge have always played a famous part. They are social bodies, bringing together the great mass of University men, graduates and undergraduates. Furthermore, they hold debates, which often rise to a high order of argument and eloquence; and many a great British statesman has learnt to speak in their halls. They are housed in fine buildings, with well-furnished libraries, writing rooms, and so forth. In America, too, the Clubs of graduates and undergraduates are

large and flourishing institutions. In a quaint fashion, they name themselves by Greek initials, as for example, Phi, Beta, Kappa, whose meaning is a secret, jealously guarded. The American students have another notable custom, and a very touching one, of keeping up through life their friendship with "classmates," the students of their own particular year. Year by year they will take care to meet, at dinner usually, till the heads grow white and the numbers dwindle away. Some of Wendell Holmes' sweetest poems and sayings refer to the doings and gatherings of "The Boys" of his year.

Again, there are the famous student societies of Germany; and I might extend my list further if it were necessary.

Our own Union will be the centre of undergraduate life, a common meeting place. Students who lead isolated lives, even though the object of their isolation be hard work, do not get the full benefit from their University career. Men whose undergraduate days are past, recognise the good they gained from free fellowship with men of their own age and pursuits—the mutual education, the rubbing off of angles, the broadening of mind, the formation of friendships. In this University we miss many advantages possessed by Universities in richer or older countries. We have no residential Colleges, and therefore nothing of the general fusing which is the result of residence in a common building. All the more important, therefore, is the duty our Union is called upon to fulfil.

We must at first progress slowly. So far, we have housed ourselves in a room which is comfortable, and, we flatter ourselves, already not unpleasing to the eye. Many a happy gathering, we hope, will take place in it in years to come. Much remains to be done, of course. Not only do we hope to add to our building, and improve its contents, but also to bring our members together in various ways to their own mutual pleasure and advantage.

In our consideration of the good offices the Union can fulfil, we should not lose sight of one that has reference not merely to undergraduates, but the general body of members of our University. We should use our influence to keep up the interest and affection that graduates bear to their Alma Mater. It only needs that they should be brought in touch with her now and again. Our magazine should help to this end. And there is also another means we might use, which, so far as I know, has not yet been discussed. The Union could institute an annual gathering of some sort, a dinner perhaps, or a concert. Probably it

would be well to hold it in the evening of Commemoration Day. There can be little doubt that such a gathering would be most popular and successful; and there can be no doubt of the many benefits that would arise from it. For we wish to knit together in every way we can the members of our University, past and present. From union comes strength, and we wish our University to become a power in the land, a body free from all politics, all class feeling, extending throughout the country its influence in the cause of true education and right thinking. In this good cause our Union can help by the mutual improvement of its members, by the nursing of the spirit of unity and of loyalty to their Alma Mater. Carrying this with them wherever they go, its members will spread the influence of the University and show the advantages of her teaching.

Though the material comfort of the undergraduates members, gained by the building recently erected, has been a great part of the aim of the founders of the Union, yet they have also had before them this higher ideal, and they look with satisfaction and hope on the good beginning the Union has made.

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### MEMS. FROM MELBOURNE.

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When the little band of Adelaide oarsmen who were in Melbourne last year were doing the rounds of the city which they had conquered, they little thought that some of their fellows would soon gaze upon the same scenes (or *some* of the same) through different eyes and with such different emotions. Nor did they think, when admiring the University and its Colleges, that in the space of one brief but exciting year they would be taking an active part in Melbourne University life. But fortune's wheel is a wily instrument at the best of times, working according to no known law, physical or otherwise, and here it is in Melbourne, with the brake hard down, and some score of meds. clinging to the spokes, trying to steady their dizzied senses. And this at first was no easy matter, as may be inferred from the following, written by one when at his bluest:—

You may talk of the beauties of Melbourne,  
 When you're there on a holiday spree,  
 But it isn't all theatres and banquets,  
 When you're stationed for good there, like me;  
 But it's grafting from morning till midnight.  
 With a blooming great towel round your head,  
 And passing your time between stewing  
 And wishing that Kingston was dead.

Oh! it's graft, graft, graft, harder than stroke in the eight;

And it's graft, graft, graft, keeping the work up to date;  
 Thus, the exiles forlorn, with their watches in pawn,  
 Pass on—to the wretched exams.

But despondency such as this didn't last long, and its departure was hastened, among other things, by the cheering presence of Prof. Watson, who did a great deal indeed to lessen the difficulties of the position; and, during his recent visit here with Prof. Krause, he had the pleasure of seeing the exiles all well and moderately happy.

Since our arrival here no effort has been spared by the authorities to make our way smooth, and their action in coming to the rescue of the unfortunate fifth years is worthy of the highest praise.

Socially, our reception has been of the heartiest on all sides, and the sympathy with us universal and sincere. Everyone here wishes to know all about the Hospital fracas, and the most frequent question is, "Why don't you kick them out?" which of course shows how little they know of it.

The only performances worth recording up to the present have been athletic. In rowing, Douglas and Smith (at 4 and bow of Ormond) contributed towards the dead heat of the Ormond-Trinity eight-oar race of '97. The excitement over this race every year is simply vast, and the universal interest for weeks before it goes somewhat to repay the exertions of the galley slaves who encompass the result. In lacrosse the Adelaide men have taken no mean part. Thus, for the "shop" A team, Douglas (the crack 'Varsity forward, *vide* the *Argus*) and Evans are full of goals, and Wilson and Russell back make a warm pair, and are a constant source of annoyance to the forwards of the other teams. Chapple and Randell have each played once for A, and both did remarkably well. At present the team shares top position with the M.C.C., whom they defeated a week ago (8 to 5); and since the M.C.C. is the hardest nut to crack, the outlook is encouraging, because we should have no difficulty in turning the tables on Essendon, who by some means beat us 3 to 2, though we had their goal besieged continually. For the B Team Johnson, Randell, and Hains are doing valiant service.

In football we have a sole representative in Douglas, who is playing forward for Ormond in the approaching match with Trinity College.

In tennis, Chapple makes one of Queen's first double, and Miss Goode was one of the four Trinity girls who made the Ormond girls' four bite the dust recently.

These notes would be incomplete if they did not include some mention of college life, which, for many of us, has made the absence from home nearly bearable. To give a full account of its

many phases would take too long ; but it suffices to say that provision exists for every possible inclination, be it for work or for recreation. Thus billiards, bathing, tennis, gymnastics, football, all the periodicals, a good technical library are some of the advantages about which too much cannot be said.

All the affiliated colleges contain representatives from Adelaide. In Queen's Chapple and Cooper are quite at home, while in Ormond Douglas, Hains, Evans, and Smith are getting along swimmingly. Nairn and Auricht (who, by the way, is quite well again) are in residence at Trinity, and the three ladies have found refuge in that charming little dove-cot—the Trinity College Hostel.

It is rumoured that one of the fifth-years, whose moustache is the despair of the rest, is thinking seriously—and in no general way either—of matrimony. But, then, rumour is such a funny little chap, that you never know when to believe him.

“ET NOVA ET VETERA.”

Ormond College, June, 1897.

### OUR LONDON LETTER.

Some few months ago we wrote to Dr. H. S. Newland asking him to let us have any news about old friends in England whom he happened to meet or hear about, and just as we were going to press we received the following letter, which we reproduce almost in full:—

“I am now going to try to fulfil my promise to you and give you some account of the doings of South Australians, connected with the grand old University of Adelaide, on this side of the water. As regards old arrivals, Jack Gunson is a gentleman at large, and occasionally puts in an appearance at the Hospital. Bill has another small exam. to pass, and then the whole family go out to South Australia at the end of the year. Bill has some more dinners to eat at the Inner Temple, but will come home to do that at some future date, at least he hopes so. Cudmore is House Surgeon at St. Mark's Hospital for diseases of the rectum, and he hopes to outrival Dr. Hill as a specialist in the orifices, when he returns to South Australia. Cuddy intends having a shot at the first Fellowship at the end of the year. Bert Heseltine is at Bart's Hospital. He is at present staying in some suburb of London, whither he has gone to avoid the seductions of the fair charmers of London, and to do some work. George Fisher, well-known to all as one of the best yarn-

spinners the University has yet produced, called on me last week. He has not changed much in appearance, still looking as if he worked 48 hours out of the 24. His manner of articulation is distinctly Teutonic. From his own account he has been distinguishing himself on the continent, and has wiped the eye of the leaders in medical science there. Von Bergmann I think it was he instructed in the art of pulling teeth as it is done by the medical students in Adelaide. George tells me he can scrape the windpipe from top to bottom. He is returning to S.A. in the “Culgoa” immediately. He says that in all his travels he has met no better man on diseases of the eye than Dr. Symons. That is high praise for Adelaide. Professor Pennefather is staying at Windsor. He is an enthusiastic devotee of the bicycle. Campbell has been down to see him, and was shown the sights of the place. Astonishing to relate the Queen treated Campbell with scant courtesy in not inviting him to stay with her.

And now as regards more recent arrivals. Our respected Chancellor is having a right royal time. He was chairman at the S.A. dinner held about a month ago. The Lord Chancellor, the late Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and Lord James of Hereford spoke, so that Campbell and I, who were present, heard some good oratory. The Chief had the degree of LL.D. honoris causa conferred on him at Cambridge a few days ago. Campbell went up to Cambridge with him. He met Alf. Chapple and had a game of tennis. Campbell tells me that Chapple has improved immensely at the game. While there Campbell had a rather amusing experience. He was walking across a quadrangle in one of the colleges when he was accosted by a don or proctor. “Put out your pipe, sir,” said the one in authority. “I'm not an undergraduate,” replied ex-Adelaidean. “Put out your pipe, sir, or I'll fine you half-a-crown.” Campbell, fearing insolvency, meekly complied, and peace reigned again. Your dear and valued friend Kingston has been honored by the University of Oxford. He has had, or is going to have, the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred on him. Of Hornabrook I have not seen much. He dined with Campbell and me one night. Since then he has been dead to the world. I believe he is in London somewhere. Anyhow he does not favor us with information as regards his movements, and, what is more, we don't seem to miss it. Jack Sangster arrived about a fortnight ago and went straight to Leeds. He is going up for the M.R.C.S. in about a fortnight's time. Jim Bonnin plods along in his usual steady fashion. He has not put his foot through any boat yet, but

has done two characteristic things. He has had German measles and has had his pocket picked, losing thereby his watch. Campbell, as you know, never does take life seriously, and at present seems to be having a very good time. He is extremely fortunate to be living with a nice fellow like me. He has been approached on the subject of lacrosse by the captain of one of the best clubs about London. As a cricketer he has been doing fairly well, but has not yet set the Thames on fire. In his first match he got 6 wickets for 10 runs and made 30 odd. Then got 5 for 30 and compiled about 30. Then he got into form and made two ducks and got slated. Yesterday he made seventy-nine, carrying his bat right through the innings. He did not get any wickets. Yesterday week against Guy's II. our second made 120 for 6 wickets. I did not bat. Guy's got 50 for 2 wickets. I got 1 wicket for 12. Yesterday I batted in my usual correct and graceful style for six runs. I secured 2 wickets for 20, and had four chances missed off my bowling. The Hospital made 120; the other side made 140 for 6 wickets.

Campbell went to St. Paul's Cathedral this afternoon. It was a thanksgiving service, and the judges attended. The chief had the compliment paid him of being placed behind the Lord Chancellor in the procession up the aisle. Bishop Harmer, of Adelaide, preached the sermon. Of course you have heard that Bonnin and I have passed in medicine for the M.R.C.S. And now I suppose you would like a little information as regards rowing matters.

The race for the inter-Hospital Challenge Cup was rowed on the 10th of June, and resulted in the victory of St. George's Hospital, London being second, and Middlesex third. Had it not been for an accident we should have walked in on our noses. At the third stroke, we were then a-quarter length a-head, two's stretcher broke right in half. For the rest of the way, one and three-quarter miles, we were therefore practically rowing with three men. To prevent bow side pulling stroke round the rudder had to be kept on the whole way. Under the circumstances I think we did very well to get within one and a-half lengths of St. George's. Two was the heaviest and strongest man in our boat, he was also the worst oar. St. George's crew included two of the men who rowed for Caius at Henley last year, when they won the Steward's Cup, and the man who rowed three had done a good deal of rowing at Cambridge. Bow in our boat rowed for Christ Church, Oxford; two for Clare, Cambridge; and stroke for Keble, Oxford. In the race between the second crews, London, which included Bonnin, won by twelve lengths.

I was very delighted to meet Steve Fairbairn at Putney. He wanted to know if all the Adelaide crew were over here. He told me he wished he could have coached us last year for the inter-colonial race, as he thinks we could have beaten N.S.W. and Victoria. He coached Jesus for the May races at Cambridge, but he told me he did not think much of them. This week I have been in the thick of the Jubilee Celebrations. I had a grand view of the Royal Procession. Kingston was there in all his glory and I gave him a special cheer for the 'Varsity.

The illuminations in the evening were simply superb. The Australian troops looked splendid in the procession, and were enthusiastically received by the crowd.

I was sorry to hear that Byrne broke down in Melbourne, but hope that you have pulled off the race after all.

And now I think I have told you all the news. With kind regards to all the fellows

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

H. S. NEWLAND.

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## THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

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On Wednesday afternoon, May 12, the crew which was to represent the Adelaide 'Varsity in the annual boatrace with the sister Universities of Sydney and Melbourne, left by the express amid the cheers and well-wishes of a large crowd of undergrads and friends. Before we left the station Byrne (bow), was far from well, and on our arrival in Melbourne he was so ill as to necessitate our going on to Sydney without him. We were met in Melbourne by almost all the "exiles," and right glad were we to see them looking so cheery and well. Douglas, our last year's two, had made the requisite arrangements for the loan of an eight, and we were soon afloat on the "yellow Yarra," with Smith rowing bow as a substitute for Byrne. To those who had rowed the previous year it was like old times to hear the smothered ejaculations of the "Wondonga" as the boat rolled down on bow-side. Douglas was most enthusiastic, running along the bank and encouraging us, and as we were disappearing round a corner, those of us who did not keep "eyes in the boat" caught a glimpse of his smile among the topmost branches of a tree up which he had swarmed. In the afternoon we went up to Ormond College and saw how our old comrades were dragging through the weary months till next Christmas.

We left by the afternoon express, leaving Byrne

behind, and arrived in Sydney the following morning. At Redfern Station we were met by several Sydney rowers and our old fellow-students, Magarey and Blackburn. We were hurried off through what seemed a perfect maze of steam trams, streets, rattling omnibuses, and all the other thousand whirring and confusing sounds of a great city, until, by what seemed to most of us a miracle, we arrived at the wharf, where the steamer was berthed on which our racing eight had been brought over. After almost infinite trouble and bother we got her aboard a small launch, and steamed with her down to Ryde, where we were to stay until the day of the race. That first sight of Sydney harbour was like a dream to most of us, its beauty far surpassing anything which any one might have fancied it to be. However, this is not an article about Sydney Harbour, so we shall not further dilate upon its many wonders.

On arriving at Ryde we berthed our boat in a shed near a wharf, which is used by Stanbury, the great sculling man, whose beautiful and delicate sculling boats were the cause of much admiration and envy, particularly to our stroke who, "weather permitting," would almost certainly win any sculling race he started in.

The township of Ryde we found, on closer examination, to consist of two hotels, a bank, a rather pretty English church, several chapels, some dozen or more stores, a police station, waterworks, perhaps a hundred scattered dwellings, an almost unlimited supply of the fair sex, a Salvation Army, and a barber's shop.

We found very comfortable quarters at one hotel, and the Melbourne crew at the other.

We experienced great difficulty in getting a dip in the morning, as our bathing-hole consisted of a circular space, enclosed by stones (to keep out the sharks), about twelve feet in diameter, and situated close to the shore, so that on several occasions we had the bad luck to strike "low water," and consequently a dry bathing-hole.

Our daily routine of work was the same as we have followed on other occasions, and consisted mainly in keeping regular hours, and eating nothing but plain, wholesome, food. We rowed twice a day, and found it at first very fatiguing, as the climate seemed much more enervating than our own.

Our coach had stroked the crew which rowed in Sydney in '91, and on that occasion, by his general winning manners and handsome appearance, had made himself so agreeable to a certain family living in the neighborhood, that they were delighted to see him again, and welcomed

us also for his sake. It was while on a visit to these that some of us met the Parliamentary representative of that district, and he also was so taken with our general good looks and behaviour that for two afternoons he provided a Government launch for Messrs. Bayly and Halcomb; from this they coaxed us. I had almost forgotten to state that our bow so far recovered in Melbourne that he was able to come on after us the next day, though for several days he was not *Al*.

We were all disappointed with the Parramatta River. We expected to find smooth water and a straight course; whereas we got rougher water on it than we have ever rowed in on the Port River, and those who have rowed on all three courses agreed that after all they liked the Port course the best. One day in particular it was so rough that we were the only crew which ventured out, and we had an awfully rough time. Waves kept breaking over us, and when we remembered how the place was noted for sharks, we felt rather uneasy. When we came in again an old fellow on the wharf made the remark "You're a plucky lot of beggars!"—only he didn't say beggars.

The papers every day were extremely lavish in their praise of the Melbourne crew, and also were complimentary to Sydney, and every other day or so would venture the remark that a crew from Adelaide was also taking part in the contest. We ourselves thought that we could beat Melbourne, and even, in moments of wildest enthusiasm, dreams of holding our own with Sydney danced before our heated imagination.

The day of the race dawned—I think that is the correct way of commencing to describe a tragedy, if we add "dark and cheerless"—somewhat gloomy, with a slight head wind, which we hoped would continue and even freshen, as with our long body swing, which had won the race for us in the previous year, we hoped we would outlast our opponents. Of the race itself little of interest to us can be said. There was no long-drawn-out struggle in which each boat in turn took the lead amid intense and almost breathless excitement of the spectators, with hope and fear alternating, &c., &c., but from the very first Sydney jumped away in the lead, and were never worried by either of the other crews. The only real struggle of the day was that between Melbourne and Adelaide for second place, and a tight struggle it was, now one being in the lead, now the other, but eventually Melbourne gained second honours and Adelaide third. The scene at the finish was very lively; steamers whistling, crews and people cheering, made an awful hubbub, during which we somewhat



laboriously and not at all cheerfully made our way back to Ryde. All the way back people would ask who had won, and we had to make the most cheerful replies we could under the circumstances, or none at all.

In the evening the Sydney University Rowing Club entertained us at a banquet, at which we all enjoyed ourselves immensely; the speeches by Judge Backhouse, the Hon. E. Barton, Q.C., M.L.C., and Mr. Wise, B.A., being a great treat. On the following Monday Judge Backhouse entertained us at a picnic round the Harbour, and this was undoubtedly the most pleasant day we spent on our trip, as the scenery was delightful and the lunch superb. In the evening we were the guests of the Sydney crew at the Theatre Royal, and had a most pleasant evening, bow's good looks again proving irresistible.

Next day we got our boat aboard the steamer which was to bring her back to Adelaide, and then all went their several ways, as our last duty as a combined crew had been performed.

On Tuesday evening the Sydney University Sports' Union gave a ball in our honour in the Paddington Town Hall, which proved a great success. During the next few days the crew came back to Adelaide by twos and threes, and soon Sydneyites mourned the loss of the checked hat band which had puzzled and, in some cases, amused them greatly.

Though we did not do what we set out to do, we nevertheless contrived to derive a fairly large amount of pleasure out of the trip, and our thanks are due to several persons in Ryde for entertaining us before the race, and to the members of the Sydney crew for giving us a tip-top time afterwards. Messrs. Bayly and F. Halcomb were untiring in their efforts to get us up to the requisite standard of excellence, and we were all sorry that through some unfortunate misunderstanding neither they nor the coach of the Sydney crew could get on the launches to get a view of the race.

The following list of previous races, with their results, may be found interesting and useful for reference :—

Year.	Winners.	Rowed at.	Losers.
1888	Melbourne	Melbourne	Sydney and Adelaide
1889	Adelaide	Adelaide	Melbourne
1890	Sydney	Melbourne	Melbourne
1891	Sydney	Sydney	Melbourne and Adelaide
1892	Melbourne	Adelaide	Sydney and Adelaide
1893	Melbourne	Melbourne	Sydney and Adelaide
1894	Sydney	Sydney	Melbourne
1895	Sydney	Adelaide	Melbourne and Adelaide
1896	Adelaide	Melbourne	Sydney and Melbourne
1897	Sydney	Sydney	Melbourne and Adelaide

## MIRABILE DICTU.

The following extraordinary adventure in Eastern seas has never before been related for the benefit of the world at large. The account here given is one taken from the diary and letters of the adventurer, one Henry De Vincent, the son of the owner of the craft. The young man's education had been the best possible, and after completing his studies at an Oxford College, he made the voyage at his father's request, partly for the sake of enquiring into the state of trade in the Far East, and partly for pursuing a scientific study of which he was exceedingly fond. The narrative is as follows :—“ We left Plymouth at the beginning of March, 1803, and made a fair and quick voyage round the Cape. We then made our way towards the northern coast of New Guinea, with the intention of trading amongst the islands, prior to proceeding to Canton. The good ship ‘Hesione’ in which we sailed was almost new, and so far the voyage had been without mishap. It was on the afternoon of the 23rd of May that an accident occurred in which I was the only sufferer. The vessel was almost becalmed, and the captain, together with myself and several others, were standing on the poop watching some flying-fish making frantic endeavors to escape from some monster foe. I was standing on the rail with my knee against the spanker boom. I had on my head a large hat tied under my chin, and round my waist was a belt given me by my father, which fastened at the side by means of a ring which passed through a slit in the other end of the belt, and when turned athwart the slit was convenient for hanging a knife and keys to. A suit of flannel suitable to intense heat was all I wore. The knife, that generally hung to the ring in my belt, I had, unfortunately, sent to be sharpened. The captain was just warning me not to be careless, and to think where I was standing, when a puff of wind moved the boom, and my feet instantly becoming entangled, I lost my balance and took a header into the sea. Being a stout swimmer, there was no immediate cause for alarm, as far as I could see, but of course the dangerous nature of the monsters of those seas was not unknown to me. An exceptionally large lifebuoy was at once thrown from the vessel, and with little difficulty I reached it. The fact that this buoy was of large dimensions proved subsequently to be of great service to me. I immediately got through it, and with my arms over the sides and my legs beneath in the water, quietly waited for the boat which was being lowered. A moment or two elapsed, and I became conscious of a tremendous blow on my back and

side. Stunned by the blow and partly paralysed by fear, I was conscious of suddenly being taken under water and being hurried along at a tremendous rate. The water roared in my ears; I took in quantities, and just as all my senses were leaving me my head rose above the surface again, but I was being still carried along at an inconceivable rate of speed. After a moment or two I collected my scattered senses, my hat was forced over the back of my head—a fact which subsequently saved me from a stroke of the sun—and to my horror I discovered that I was by some means fastened to an enormous fish, and almost a mile from my ship, and in half an hour I was carried out of her sight. I gave myself up for lost. The belt my father had given me was the cause of my disaster. An enormous swordfish, either rushing at me or in pursuit of more lawful prey, had forced his elongated nose through the ring of it with such violence that his sword was a fixture, and in a few moments the part had swelled, and effectually prevented my getting off, even if the great fish had suddenly gone very swiftly backwards. Being without my knife, too, made it impossible for me to cut myself adrift. I saw that I was a helpless captive, and a dreadful death appeared to stare me in the face. When my senses more clearly came back to me, and my power of thought returned, I began to wonder how it was that the fish did not force me under the water, but was content to make his way along so near the surface. As far as I could see, it was the size of the buoy, and the fact that it was at such a distance from the centre of gravity of the fish, that made it exceedingly difficult for the monster to go below. Only once after the first occasion of doing so, did I find myself beneath the surface of the ocean, and then only for a few seconds. Danger, then, from immediate drowning I saw there was none, but my position was no less extraordinary and perilous. The sun set in a sea of glass, and still my huge captor kept steadily on, and apparently in one direction, never slackening speed, and never turning either to the right or to the left. Night had come down, and my ship was left far behind in the darkness. The water that I had taken in sickened me, and I was the victim of a burning thirst. All night long I watched if perchance a friendly light might appear. A red star on the horizon made me shout with delirious joy, for I thought it was an approaching vessel. The shouting made my captor career along at a rate that almost took away my senses, besides causing me intolerable pain. Whither I was being carried I knew not; but just at dawn a sharp thunderstorm broke over

me. Taking off my hat, and catching some of the large drops before the storm had passed over, I had succeeded in obtaining a refreshing drink. This considerably revived me, but I had been in the water several hours, and was now feeling cold, although the temperature of those seas was not very low.

“Just at dawn, and still travelling, as I judged Northwards, sometimes at a furious pace, and sometimes slower—for my huge captor seemed to grow weary after his arduous exertions—a new horror awaited me. I observed about twenty yards to my right the dorsal fin of a huge shark, and just behind two more. These creatures seemed to have observed me, and the huge monster in front deliberately came at me, and turned on his back to seize me. I thought my hour had come, and in my agony I shrieked with terror and despair, at the same time making a vigorous splash. The swordfish, which I now regarded as my friend, whom I must trust for my safety, again rushed on, and saved me from the greedy brute. At once began a race for life such as I never want to experience again. Maddened at being deprived of his prey, the huge monster again had at me, but my captor was travelling onward at so furious a rate that he failed to touch me. To my dismay, another huge brute appeared on my left, and these, together with two more just behind, gave chase, determined on tearing me limb from limb. In an agony of fear, I cheered on the friendly swordfish. I even remember patting his nose, and telling him not to give in. Fits of despair, and fits of delirious excitement came over me, as the five brutes tore through the water. The sun was up, but there were some ominous clouds in the sky. The sea was a sea of glass, but it was perceptibly growing colder. I knew I was going Northwards. How long this race kept on I cannot pretend to say. It seemed to last for hours. As my thirst increased again, and my weakness grew greater, I can remember making derisive observations to my pursuers, anon shrieking with terror, and appealing to the swordfish to save me. I have even a faint recollection of taking off my hat, and giving three broken and delirious cheers, when my pursuers once fell a little further behind. This only served to quicken the speed of all the five, and nearly ended in my destruction. Still we raced through the water, and on more than one other occasion during those dreadful hours the savage eyes and gaping jaws of the fearful brutes were in terrible proximity to my limbs, but on each occasion a shriek of terror seemed to scare my huge captor into an increase of speed that saved me.

"But now the waters were rising, and as the sea increased I lost sight of my pursuers, and was soon a raving madman, being borne along the surface of the seething ocean. Once, and only once, I remember being on the crest of an enormous wave, with a gulf of waters on either side, and the huge sea monster still pressing steadily on. I was frantically clutching the lifebuoy that had saved me, and my arms seems to have stiffened over it. I once more had a lucid interval, but all was calm. In my frenzy I tried to shout, but my tongue had swollen from thirst, but I knew that I had passed through the raging flood of a typhoon, and was now in the placid calm of the centre of the storm. Darkness came down upon my senses, and I knew no more.

What happened subsequently I can relate in a few words. When I became conscious I was in bed in the captain's cabin of the good ship 'Antigone.' This vessel belonged to my father, and was leaving Canton on her voyage home. In the China sea a boat had been lowered to pick me up, for my captor, the sword-fish, had been exhausted by his long and swift journey, and fell an easy prey to an harpoon. They had cut off his sword, which I kept as a trophy. The huge brute had measured fifteen feet nine inches in length, and I was sorry that I could not see in calm moments the great fish that had been so nearly the cause of my death, and that had so valiantly saved me."

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### SMALL-TALK.

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A discussion has recently taken place in one of our chief daily papers entitled "Women and Hard Times." It chiefly consisted of vilification on one side or the other—of men in general by women, or of women in general by men. It was noteworthy, however, that the sterner sex bore their "wrongs" in a much meeker spirit than did their better halves—perhaps the triumph of women in female suffrage has quenched all manly spirit in their breasts. Surely there is some chivalrous woman, some lady cavalier, who will protect us from our detractors as we erstwhile, in the days of Arthur, did protect them! Arise, Sir Una, and protect thy knight!

Perhaps it may be of interest to review what various writers have said regarding women. But, I, reader, am too much of an admirer of the sex not to, first, disburden my mind. Notice, then, that the hard things said denote a humorous writer,

and take them "*cum grano salis*": that the nice sayings show a sensible author, one who "tells the truth and shames the—," really though I am wasting time and must give my quotations. First is a humorous writer, I am tempted to call him an untruthful writer, but humor has its privileges—to wit Congreve of the eighteenth century. In "Love for Love" we find:—

*Valentine*.—I've found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

*Tattle*.—Oh! pr'ythee, what's that.

*Valentine*.—Why, to keep a secret.

*Tattle*.—O Lord!

*Valentine*.—O, exceedingly good to keep a secret, for, tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

Mr. Congreve must have been a bad, God-forsaken man, for again:—

"But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;  
Like balm the trickling nonsense healed my wound,  
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound."

What a panacea must that "trickling nonsense" have been—like Dr. Something's Colored Pills.

We all know Ben Jonson's famous lines:—

"Follow a shadow, it still flies you,  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;  
So court a mistress, she denies you,  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say are not women truly then  
Styled but the shadows of us men?"

Or again Wither's:—

"Shall I wasting in despair  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May;  
If she be not so to me  
What care I how fair she be?"

Scott's lines, "O woman in our hours of ease," are too well-known to need quotation.

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It has always been a matter of interest as to whether homing pigeons reach their destinations by means of the faculties of sight or of instinct. Not long ago, a pigeon is reported to have traversed the 1,000 miles or so between New Zealand and Victoria in three days. Instinct alone must be appealed to in this case, since the use of sight in such a long sea-sail is impossible. Bearing on this subject, a few weeks ago a relative discovered a pigeon sitting on his roof. The bird allowed itself to be captured, when a disc with W.A., 1895 (? Western Australia), was found upon it. Whether the label was a hoax or whether the bird had really flown from the Golden West, it is impossible to say. If the latter, however, it is

noteworthy, that one bird took three days to perform a flight that it took the other two years to accomplish—perhaps the latter was more exposed to the “broad way and wide path that leadeth to destruction,” as regards giddy ladies of the other sex than was his sea-borne friend.

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Talking of pigeons reminds me of cuckoos. Many people are unaware that we in South Australia possess at least four species of these. Yet we do! And some of the species are not uncommon. A quiet looking, slaty-colored bird (without black on its head) may at this time of year, be occasionally seen perching on the fences or low branches. It is about the size of a dove and lays its pinkish egg in the nest of our larger honey-eaters. Another, much smaller cuckoo, with a beautifully iridescent plumage and canary-like note, may also be found at Adelaide. This bird lays its thickly dotted egg in the covered-in nest of the tom tit, where the reddish spots contrast strongly with the pure flesh-white of the rightful occupants. But, as the interior of this little nest must be darkish, such a difference does not matter, whereas in the case of the larger cuckoo, who lays in an open cup-shaped nest, it would be a tale-bearer; and so the eggs laid are barely distinguishable from those of the host. The reason why our cuckoos are so overlooked must be because their note is not like that of the old-world bird. In fact, the inhabitant of Australia to which such a note can be ascribed is—of all things—an owl.

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### YE TENNYS CLUB.

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In the doughty band of “remiges” we have representatives of the first who appeared in the series of University games. They are survivals from the Palaeozoic or Primary Age. But it is only in the next development that there is anything really worthy of record. This is represented by the Tennis Club. Much as this undoubtedly deserves the title of Primary, the necessity of analogy compels it to be christened Secondary. However, being fully conscious that all must acknowledge their superior merits, and recognising the truth of the words of the poet “A rose by any other name, &c.,” the members submit to the title with grace. As in the case of other notable institutions, it is fitting that there should be something to prevent a complete analogy even with Tateological progress. This is furnished and the club is distinguished by the fact that its numerical

strength was far greater in its early days than in more modern times.

At the present day, in spite of the survival of the fittest, the inhabitants of the Tertiary strata of Canada have sought to displace from their heritage the rightful heirs of the once glacier-traversed regions of the Austral shores. These enemies are of fierce nature, and their mode of warfare different from the systems of old. They fight not on the smooth, albiet somewhat cracked, courts of our fathers, nor hurl their thunderbolts above, or more often into, the barrier dividing the contestants. Their field is the open, plain and their action strange beyond measure. They carry their thunderbolts in slings as long as it is possible to escape their enemies, and when further advance is barred, they hurl their missiles, not at their foes but beyond them, in fact, a kind of David and Jonathan game. One warrior on either side is the hero; and as he stands before the barrier defending his possessions, he is the sole target of the opposing host. The van of the attack fiercely cast their bolts towards him, but avoid his comrades, while the latter would fain receive them, and will even check a wild stampede with their bodies to attain their end.

Further trials, too, await the faithful band. Into its domain the representatives of the Willow Strata have sought to gain admittance. These enemies are of barbaric origin and of mixed descent; they comprise not merely those whose qualifications entitle them to a position on the recognised scale (undergraduates), but others as well who have reached but the first rung of the ladder of fame, and have not emerged from the obscurity which surrounds it (mere matriculators). These too wage war in curious manner. Their only weapon, a leather sphere, is pitched at the stronghold of the enemy by the most skilful of the attack, and the besieged depute their giants, one by one, with a bole of the mighty willow to defend their position, while the enemy gather round and seek the smitten sphere to cast it again and again till victory is theirs.

Such are the intruders who would seek to encroach on the club's preserves. But not only is there danger without; there are others within who, in spite of the saying that “the leopard cannot change his spots,” would desert the ranks and join the company of the ashen cross or the wielders of the willow. These should remember that as “There is one God and Mahomet is His prophet,” so “There is one Game and Baker is its exponent.” In the end the best must triumph, and being more than satisfied as to which is the best game, let us call to mind some who stand out head and shoulders



above the rank and file of players, and some who do not.

Those who can go back in mind for an æon or two will remember the tall form before which the enemy used to bow down and lick the very court to avoid a "smash." Sometimes he was seen on the courts, but often behind the high wire netting watching the pigmies at play. They will also recollect that the giant pepper trees that now cast their shadows on the ground were at that time rather stunted. It has since been suspected that the succulent leaves that should have been at the top went to appease the hunger of the great giant. After his departure he was named Giraffearium Arrbissonum—Giraffe, because of the missing leaves, and Fear, because they were afraid to do it before. Then there is the type of those who do not stand head and shoulders above their fellows. When the enemy saw the little David, but his name begins with "T" and not "D," and knew that the Eiffel monster had departed, they advanced to expected victory with a shout, but he *drew* a stone from his pouch and slew their proud leader, and they advanced no more. Alas, that one so young should associate with such as the willow wielders and other foes of the racquet. But he will doubtless return to the true fold. Last of all, and we must come to a full stop, even as do all such as run against him, not excepting the private custodians of the law in the main thoroughfares, stands the form whose whirling stroke, like to the revolution of a windmill, fills with fear any within even the longest range. His name—a name to conjure with, but conjure not with him, it is dangerous—is Megatherium Humorayrium. Of true nobility he bears the characters of his forbears who have been distinguished in the ages of the dim past, at least so says the sterling custodian of the museum as he looks at a model of greatness before him. Long may he continue to be a tower of strength to the Court.

Leaving biography, and to conclude, mention must be made of a fact which, while evidencing the antiquity of tennis, will explain one of the mysteries of science. Some may remember that the cavernous excavations for the foundations of that massive pile, where oft there are sounds of revelry at night, called the Hall of Union, were begun on the spot where was once an ancient tennis court. The mystery of science is to explain the existence of a period when fields of flowing ice were where now waves the golden corn, and when water was more at a discount than at present. Here beneath their very eyes is the explanation. That Tennis Court was laid down in the Glacial Period.

Scratchings have undoubtedly been traced upon it for long distances. We would hardly dare to accuse our worthy ancestors of playing with nails in their boots. Now unless we in this degenerate age impute an intelligence to the people of old lower than our own, there must have been a reason why the court was built east and west instead of north and south. For who so foolish as he that buildeth a court so that the sun shineth in the eyes of one half of the players, unless it be that he can always make his opponents play on the sunny side. There is an only and an obvious reason, and that shews that the axis of rotation of the earth has changed, and so greatly changed that what was then east is now north, and what was then west is now south.

"Q.E.D."

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## TENNIS NEWS.

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### ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

The Tennis Club's Annual Tournament, which was held this year at the beginning of April, proved an unqualified success. The Committee introduced an improvement by securing two of the grass courts on the Jubilee Oval, on which the tournament of the S.A.L.T.A. had been previously held. This proved a great boon to the players, since it facilitated the arrangement of matches, and gave a taste of the quality of good grass courts to many who had previously played only on asphalt.

The entries for this year were most satisfactory, numbering 71 in all, compared with 52 last year. The play, which was, perhaps, not quite up to last year's standard, was distinguished by the closeness of some of the matches, especially in the singles.

To turn to results, and the performances of individual players:—In the Senior Singles P. M. Newland was the successful competitor. He was placed scratch on the handicap list, and owes his success to sheer determination. His policy of running up to the net on almost every occasion is, perhaps, somewhat risky, but is very telling if successful. The Junior Singles were won by W. Harris after a number of close matches, in nearly all of which it was necessary to play the full three sets.

In the Handicap Doubles the two successful players were P. M. Newland and E. C. Padman. A word of praise must, however, be given to Moncrieff and Grey, the runners-up, for the plucky manner in which they contested all their matches,

Moncrieff especially working like a Trojan, and making some almost impossible returns.

Another innovation of this year was a Champion Double, for which four doubles entered. The winners were C. D. Halcomb and T. M. Drew. Their first match was against G. W. Halcomb and Dr. Mainwaring, and was won by three sets straight. The last set was spoilt by being played while it was almost dark, but it is not likely that the result was in any way affected. Meanwhile Ingleby and Brown had played and defeated Ayers and Newland, and so had to play Halcomb and Drew for the Championship. Owing to the numerous engagements of the competitors it was a long time before the match could be arranged, and the popular interest in tennis had almost died out (as it always does after the completion of the tournament) so that there were not many spectators to witness the final, which was played on a Saturday morning, and resulted in a win for Halcomb and Drew.

On the whole the tournament proved most enjoyable for all concerned, but a word of complaint may be uttered by the committee, because of the slowness of some of the players in arranging their matches. It may be difficult sometimes to arrange an hour to suit four people, but surely some small personal inconvenience (even, perhaps, the missing of a lecture) could be endured in order to avoid keeping a number of others waiting. It is certainly most annoying, both to the committee and to other players, when a double have not played their first match, while some of the others are in the last round. If, however, future tournaments go with such swing and enthusiasm as were noticeable during most of the last, there will be little cause for serious complaint.

#### ASSOCIATION MATCHES.

The association matches were played during the last four months of last year, and resulted in a distinct triumph for the University. It was decided, not without some doubt, to run two teams, an experiment which, though fully justifiable, and distinctly enterprising, was, from the point of view of winning matches, not entirely satisfactory. September, October, and November are, owing to their close proximity to the annual examinations, very awkward months for undergraduates, and considerable difficulty was sometimes experienced in getting men to play at all, especially for the B team. The A team, however, was most successful, securing top position, and not losing a single match. In the Semaphore Club they found formidable rivals, having to play off with them for the Championship. The match, which took place at the Semaphore,

excited a considerable amount of interest, and resulted in a win for the University by nine sets to four.

The B team was not so successful, securing bottom position and not winning a single match. This result is not, however, so disappointing as it looks, for some of the matches were well contested, and practice thus afforded to more players. In fact the B team experiment is one which might be well continued if possible, even though the team must for some time be content with a back seat. The result of the matches is as follows:—

Club.	Matches Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn
University ... ..	9	5	0	4
Semaphore ... ..	9	4	3	2
Parkside ... ..	8	4	3	1
Glen Osmond... ..	8	3	3	2
University B... ..	8	0	6	2

#### CRICKET NOTES.

BY "PAD."

The Adelaide University Cricket Club has completed its first season, and although the whole cricketing strength of the Varsity has never been on the field at once, yet with the material available we can congratulate ourselves on the success which has attended our efforts.

We have labored under several disadvantages, and, as far as we can see, we shall have to labor under them as long as the club is in existence. In the first place we have no grounds of our own on which to play our matches, and consequently have some difficulty—which we ought not to have did the right *esprit-de-corps* pervade the students—in getting players to journey to outlying cricket grounds. Another difficulty we have to contend with is that several of our very best cricketers are members of the leading clubs of the colony, and, of course, prefer to play with them on the oval to upholding the honor of their Alma Mater on the somewhat indifferent pitches provided outside.

At the beginning of the season we had hopes that during the next season we would be represented in Association cricket, and the institution of Electorate cricket increased these hopes, but the narrow-mindedness and obstinacy of certain individuals who persisted in seeing that with our choice from, at the very utmost, three hundred persons would give us untold advantages over other district clubs, who have, at the very lowest computation, several thousands from which to pick

their teams, stood in our way, and we shall have to be content to go on in the same way as before, if we go on at all, and we are sure it is the opinion of every one connected with the 'Varsity that we ought to be represented in some way in this branch of athletics.

Our summer vacation naturally militates in no small degree against our having a really representative team, but we would urge upon the students their duty of playing for their own club rather than for any other. And if they can in any way manage to spare a few Saturday afternoons for this purpose to do so without fail.

Not having grounds of our own it is impossible to get combined practices, and most of our members have had to join teams practising on the oval in order to get into the necessary form and condition.

During the season we have played ten matches, won four, lost one, and five were drawn. P. Newland (Captain), has been our most successful batsman, and Dr. Evans our most successful and consistent bowler. Owing to the medical students of the fourth and fifth years having to go to the sister 'Varsities of Melbourne and Sydney we have lost several of our regular players, including F. W. Magarey and Douglas.

In conclusion we may say that we see no reason why we should not have a really strong team next season, as the majority of our students come from the two larger colleges, where the principles of the game are well drilled into anyone who shows any inclination to become a player, and good coaching in the earlier stages in this, as well as in other branches of sport, count for a great deal.

The following table shows the results of the matches played, and the batting and bowling averages obtained by the players.

#### BATTING.

Batsmen.	No. of In'gs	Times not out.	Highest score.	Total runs.	Average.
Newland, P. M.	8	1	104*	328	46.8
Magarey, F.	6	1	38	120	24
Magarey, W. A.	5	0	60	106	21.2
Evans, H.	2	0	28	40	20
Marryat, E. N.	7	0	43	133	17
Douglas, F. J.	4	1	30	44	14.6
Ward, H. T.	7	2	26*	67	13.4
Padman, E. C.	8	1	20*	76	10.8
Newland, C.	4	1	16*	32	10.6
Evans, Dr.	9	1	25	85	10.6
Magarey, Dr. C.	3	0	20*	23	7.6
Way, I.	5	0	10	25	5
Newland, H. S.	2	0	5	9	4.5

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING.

Bowler.	Overs.	M'dns.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Evans, Dr.	72	24	129	20	6.5
Newland, H. S.	22	3	51	6	8.5
Padman, E. C.	91	7	271	24	11.2
Magarey, F.	29	7	55	4	13.7
Marryat, E. N.	17	1	64	1	64

#### NOTES FROM HADES.

It must necessarily be with mixed feelings that we sit down to write these few notes from the above address, for in spite of the flourishing condition of that realm termed "down below," all of us must feel that without the fourth and fifth year men we medicals may well be compared to a ship that has lost her helm, being deprived as we have been of our chief means of guidance and support. However, it is an "ill wind which blows no one good," for since the school started in Adelaide the dissecting-room has never accommodated so many students at the same time, and John—who by-the-way, except that he has charge of left-off bodies and not the departed souls of the same—reminds us greatly of Virgil's graphic description of that ancient ferryman Charon, has been kept quite busy. This increase in the number of students is largely due to the fact that under the new regulations all third-year men are compelled to do six months dissection in addition to that done in the first two years, and this extra work, together with the surgical anatomy lectures taken in the same year, ought to place every third-year man in possession of that great benefit, namely, a thorough knowledge of anatomical relations, with which a man may some day aspire to surgical fame, but without which he will be constantly in difficulties. It is with great pleasure that we see so large a number of men beginning the course this year, and we venture to hope that before they reach their fourth year the school may again be placed on as firm a footing as formerly, and that the University may once more be able to confer degrees on her own medical under-graduates, and not be obliged to send them elsewhere to complete their studies.

This year there have been few excitements to mar the serenity of the dissecting-room. The elections for the Upper House did not furnish us with the same fun as did those of the Lower House last year, although the results of the former must be gratifying to all of us. Then, again,

there have been no reports of Hospital Boards and Select Committee meetings in the papers to take our thoughts from work as last year, when many a good hour must have been lost in listening to and reading those never-ending paragraphs. We have also been deprived of the excitement—to say nothing of the great benefit—of attending the greatly increased work of the *post mortem* room, where, under Professor Watson's able guidance we were able to learn so much, especially in the way of knowing *what not to do*.

According to the new regulations of the medical course clinical work is not compulsory in the third year, but despite this fact the third-year men have availed themselves of the opportunities for work at the Children's Hospital, and they cannot speak too highly of the kindness shown them by the Honorary Staff and all those connected with the institution. The cases met with are, of course, neither so numerous and so varied as those in general hospitals, but some experience of those diseases to which children are especially liable to ought to be of great help in their future work. During the last month the third-year men paid a visit to the Home for Incurables with Professor Watson, seeing numerous interesting cases and spending a most instructive morning.

Our collection of photographs has had three welcome additions, namely, the medical graduates of last year [alas no M.B. graduates in 1897], the House Surgeons of the Adelaide — 1896, "The medical brats," as Labor P.M.'s (I mean M.P.'s) would delight to call them, and an excellent photograph of our friends, "The Exiles," in Sydney and Melbourne, who are finishing their studies in a more genial atmosphere, far from the excitement of Hospital Inquisitions and Select Committee meetings. It is with great interest that we hear of their doings, and with greater interest shall we look for their successes in the forthcoming examinations. During the course of dissection, the usual number of peculiar anatomical relations have been met with, as well as numerous pathological specimens, including a subject of peculiar interest, as it illustrated in a remarkable way every feature of the famous Llyod hernia case which occurred in this city last year. We can only regret that a certain "contemplative philosopher" could not have seen the great omentum (which, by the way, did come from the large bowel in this case) herniated in the crural ring; we venture to fear that he would have suffered from a "severe angioneurotic œdema," as he exclaimed in the words of his chief (who has *na* peer)—great is truth, and shall prevail.

## ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN UNION.

It will be remembered that in June of last year during Mr. J. R. Mott's second visit, he spoke of the advisability of securing a Travelling Secretary, and in fact solicited help to attain that end at an influential gathering at Government House.

The Executive Committee of the Australasian Student Christian Union, therefore, on Mr. Mott's suggestion, approached Mr. W. H. Sallmon, who for four years has acted as General Secretary to the Christian Association of Yale University, with a view to obtaining his services.

Mr. Sallmon has accepted the position as Travelling Secretary of the Australasian Student Christian Union, and has already arrived in Sydney, where the central office of the Union is.

The Executive, expecting him early in the year, arranged two tours of the Universities during the twelve months, but owing to his inability to come before July, the Executive sent Mr. F. V. Pratt, M.A., of Sydney, in his place for the first tour.

His visit to Adelaide extended from July 2-15, during which he gave much assistance to the University Christian Union and the Christian Unions at Hardwicke, Prince Alfred, and Way Colleges.

At the beginning of the year the Christian Union published and circulated a University Students' Handbook, which was much appreciated, not only by freshmen, but by all the undergrads.

Our ranks were somewhat thinned by the exodus to Melbourne, but others have joined us to take their places.

The weekly meetings have been well sustained, both in interest and attendance; the meetings, when Rev. J. Southey, of the China Island Mission, Dr. Jos. C. Verco, and Mr. F. V. Pratt were with us, being especially helpful. Dr. Verco's paper on "Miracles" was a really masterly production.

The fortnightly Bible-class under Professor Rennie's guidance has a fair attendance, and owes much to his careful study and preparation.

The women students hold a weekly class for Bible study, which has proved interesting to them all.

The Student Volunteer Band lost one member and gained two, so the number stands at seven, and at their fortnightly gatherings five are usually present.



This necessarily brief summary will suffice to show the work being done by the Union.

The following is the speech delivered by the Public Orator at the University of Cambridge on the occasion of the conferring the honorary degree of LL.D. on the Chancellor of the Adelaide University :—

“Salutamus deinceps Universitatis Adelaidensis Cancellarium, virum Australiae in provincia Australi non modo iudicis summi munere plus quam viginti annos functum et provinciae toti administrandae plus quam decies praepositum, sed etiam nuper Australasiae e tota primum omnium iudicis nomine Reginae ipsius concilio privato honorifice adscriptum. Iuvat quattuor et quadraginta annos a viro insigni Australiae dedicatos recordari; iuvat iudicis tanti auxilio colonias nostras longinquas non iuris quidem nodis sed concordiae vinculis indies artioribus cum Britannia ipsa conuinctas contemplari

‘Felices ter et amplius  
quos irrupta tenet copula.’

Duco ad vos coloniae remotissimae sed eiusdem nobis coniunctissimae iudicem, virum admodum honorabilem, SAMUELEM IACOBUM WAY.”

### THE HELIOTROPE.\*

This song I sing of a modest flower,  
That passeth its life from hour to hour,  
Its beauty hid from the vulgar stare,  
Its fragrance wafted on the air.  
Oh! what other perfumes of flow'rets can cope  
With that of my peerless heliotrope?

The rose it is sweet but too showy for me,  
And prickles to stab it conceals secretly;  
The daisy, too, is a low-born serf  
With its roots gripped deep in the grimy turf.  
So let the rose rise and the daisy grope,  
I still before all love my heliotrope.

The heliotrope is too modest by far  
To show to the world what its beauties are;  
It hideth its flowers 'midst its dark green leaves  
So that none but its lover its beauty perceives.  
Thus no other flower with mine can cope,  
Can rival my rivalless heliotrope.

You fear not, fair flower, to raise your face  
When timely the season and fitting the place;  
Undaunted you gaze on the fierce-flaring sun,  
While it through high-heaven its fixed course doth run.  
Thou canst not, Sun, for a moment hope  
To rival the lovely heliotrope.

But though 'tis the golden sun you view,  
A more beautiful sight I see in you;  
For the dazzling glare of the glowing sun  
May be to hide dark deeds he has done.  
What innocence, then, with thine can cope?  
Come! tell me, my modest heliotrope. —NON SIBI.

\* The word heliotrope (long e) comes from the Greek, and means “turning to the sun,” which the plant is supposed to do.