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— THE —
Grasmian,

The Magazine of
The High School, Dublin.



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Photo by]

[Chancellor & Sons

HARRY CLAUDE BLAKE, ESQ.,
Athlone Pursuivant at Arms.

(See pages 53 and 64).

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO THE

Parents and Pupils of the High School.

MR. McGEE has the pleasure to announce that The Governors of the Erasmus Smith Schools have appointed him Bookseller to the High School.

MR. McGEE has entered into special arrangements with the Governors to supply all the Books required by the Pupils at exceptionally low prices for

"CASH PAYMENTS."

A large supply of the various books are kept in stock, so avoiding the possibility of disappointment or delay, with the additional advantage of getting the books at lowest possible prices.

WILLIAM McGEE,
College, School, Law, and Medical Bookseller,
18 NASSAU STREET, DUBLIN.

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1902.

CONTENTS—

	PAGE		PAGE
SCHOOL NOTES	51	T. E. STEPHENS AS CAPTAIN KETTLE	62
NOTES ON OLD BOYS	53	BALLADE OF CHIVALRY	64
COLLEGE NOTES	57	AT CHRISTMASTIDE	65
FOOTBALL	58	EXPERIENCE OF A TROOPER IN THE	
CYCLING NOTES	61	IMPERIAL YEOMANRY	65
ATHLETIC SPORTS — ACCOUNTS FOR		TO SUBSCRIBERS & NON-SUBSCRIBERS	68
1902	61	RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS ...	68
		NOTICES	69



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THE ERASMIAN.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1902.

School Notes.

The greatest event of the autumn half-year is always the departure of most of the Upper VI. to the Classic Halls of Trinity College. This October some half-dozen or so of our number have entered themselves on its books.

At the Junior Exhibition Examination, we were once more fortunate enough to secure first place, John Purser heading the list with a grand total of 672 marks out of a thousand. He is deservedly to be congratulated on his brilliant success. Our other candidates, we are sorry to say, hardly did themselves justice.

This is the fourth time in the last five years that the school has obtained the first place in this examination. A. Spiro was first in 1898; N. B. White in 1899, and H. G. Hillas in 1900. Last year W. W. Powell, who was as good as any of these, was only third.

It should be remembered, that when the High School Exhibitioner obtains

the first place, the amount of the Exhibition is increased from £30 to £40 per annum.

Since announcing the results of the Intermediate Examinations in September, the Intermediate Board have changed their minds and come to the conclusion that the Pass standard was too high. They are therefore issuing a new Pass list, reducing the standard for pass from 40 to 30 per cent. on the Pass papers, and from 30 to 22½ per cent. on the Honour papers.

They have also announced that the Preparatory Grade French Course shall consist only of the first nine chapters of Erckmann Chatrian's *Madame Thérèse* instead of the whole of the book.

At the Royal College of Science in Stephen's Green, a large number of competitors were examined in September for the newly-founded Science and Technological Scholarships, which entitle each holder to a guinea a week

and exemption from fees during the three years of the Associate course. Nine Scholarships were awarded, and C. H. Alexander stood at the head of the list. We wish him every success in his career.

The Football Club has not been so successful this year as it deserves. As a matter of fact, it has not been so unsuccessful for many years. It does not appear, however, that this is due to lack of ability in the team, but rather to misapplication of energy, and if only the fifteen will take kindly to heart the advice given them by our football correspondent, we shall have a very different tale to tell in our next number.

Our readers will be interested in hearing that Mr. W. R. Little is to be married at the end of December, when he intends leaving the school and devoting himself to farming. We are sure they will all congratulate him, and wish him happiness.

The Erasmian Committee has inevitably undergone some changes this term. G. A. Joynt has resigned the Chairmanship, and Mr. Cooney has been elected in his place. G. A. Joynt has been one of the main stays of the Erasmian from the beginning, and his retirement from the Chairmanship is due, not to decrease of interest, but to pressure of engagements. We

have also lost a valuable officer in F. M'Connell, who resigned the post of Treasurer on entering College. An efficient successor has been found in H. W. White. The Secretary is still H. G. Cooke.

We publish elsewhere the Balance Sheet of the Sports held in September, showing a small sum in hand.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN HOME SUMS.

A teacher in an American school recently received the following letter:—

"Sir—Will you in future give my son easier somes to do at nites? This is what he's brought hoam two or three nites back. If fore gallins of bere will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many half-pint bottles will nine gallins of bere fill?"

Well, we tried and could not make nothing of it, and my boy cried and laughed, and sed he didn't dare to go back in the morning without doing it. So I had to go and buy a nine gallin keg of bere which I could ill afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles. We filled them, and my boy put the number down for an answer. I don't know wheter he is right or not, as we spilt some while doing it.

P.S.—Please let the next som be in water as I am not able to buy more bere."

Notes on Old Boys.

We are publishing in the present number a portrait of Harry C. Blake, the Athlone Pursuivant at Arms, in the dress he wore at the Coronation, and at the State Entry of the new Lord Lieutenant. The photograph is by Chancellor of Sackville Street, and was published in the October number of the "Lady of the House," the Editor of which has kindly consented to its re-production in the "Erasmian," Blake being one of our distinguished Old Boys. He was at the School about 1883. T. P. Stuart has specially written some verses to accompany the portrait. (See page 64).

Blake has been very prominent of late in public ceremonials, riding ahead of his chief, Sir A. Vicars, Ulster King of Arms. The most recent occasion, of course, was the entry of Earl Dudley into Dublin; but Athlone's most picturesque appearance was a couple of years ago, when he rode up to the splendid (scenic) tower and entrance gate at Baggot Street Bridge, and after a bugle blast (which *he* did not blow), demanded entrance for Her Majesty the Queen "to her City of Dublin." Upon which the Lord Mayor commanded the warders to raise the portcullis and throw wide the gates. The whole medieval spectacle was splendid, and would have delighted the good Sir Walter. Ulster King of Arms has done

much to revive the ancient glories of his office, for which much thanks.

A correspondent writes:—

"We well remember the first time we saw the subject of our illustration in his heraldic get up, and very wise he looked too, though the brilliant colouring and elaborate gold embroidery gave him something the appearance of a glorified Court Card or the Grand Panjandrum himself, to our unaccustomed eyes. It was at the investiture, or swearing-in, of Lord Cadogan as Lord Lieutenant many years ago, when we made one of the half-dozen or so privileged spectators in the Privy Council Chamber of Dublin Castle, which, by the way, is no bigger than a good sized classroom. We were so much dazzled by the brilliance of Ulster and his Satellite that we nearly missed a funny little incident that was occurring a few yards away. The Lord Chancellor (Lord Ashbourne), who was administering the oath of office to the Viceroy, who stood facing him, wound up the ceremony by placing a gold chain round his Excellency's neck; Lord Cadogan bent his head to facilitate the operation, but, try as he would, the Chancellor could not get the spring clasp of the chain to fasten behind. All this took some time, and "the situation was becoming somewhat strained," as the diplomatists say, when an official skirmished up from behind and literally clinched matters, and then we all breathed again. Blake was fond

of hockey at school, and has not forgotten the game as he turns out regularly for Donnybrook. His elder brother was also in the School at the same time, and both were very popular.

We notice that J. D. Wallis made his début in the polo field last season in the Park, and did very well. Though practically new to polo Wallis is, of course, a finished horseman like all his family, and has won several of the annual Point to Points of the Ward Union Hunt. Jack Wallis was well known in the football field, won many swimming races, and was, we believe, Amateur Middle Weight Champion at the fisticuff art. Harry Wallis was nearly as good all round, and Arthur Wallis was an International many times over. We do not think the school has produced a better trio of brothers in the athletic line. There are two elder brothers, who were not at the school, both athletes, the eldest getting his green cap.

Bertie R. W. Doran, of 57 Lansdowne Road, fourth son of the late Joseph C. Doran, Solicitor, was, on November 20th, admitted by the Lord Chancellor a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland. Mr. Doran served his apprenticeship to his brother, Edward Fitzgerald Doran, of the firm of J. H. Doran & Son, of 5 St. Andrew Street, and intends practising with them.

"Silk and Steel" is the title of the new novel by H. A. Hinkson that appears in the autumn list of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Hinkson has won a very good place in the temple of fame as a novelist. "Fan Fitzgerald" and "O'Grady of Trinity," however, are the only ones we can call to mind at present. Short stories of his can often be seen in the *Sphere* and similar journals. They generally have a historical plot, and are well illustrated.

He also edited a "Book of Dublin Verses," by members of T.C.D., in which poems by Professor Dowden and Mr. Lecky, as well as by our own Head Master, appear. Hinkson, when in the school, used to wield an abnormally thick hockey stick round his head when playing, in a way that would keep a modern umpire's whistle going like a fog syren. Strange to say, he never killed any one, not even himself. He lives in London, and is married to Katherine Tynan, our greatest living woman-writer of English verse—unless, perhaps, Mrs. Meynell be greater.

We have to congratulate J. A. O. Fitzpatrick most heartily on his success in getting into the Indian Civil Service. He will go out next October to the North Western Provinces. On top of this success he obtained a gold medal, second senior moderatorship, and a moderatorship prize of £40 in classics in Trinity.

N. H. Prenter, who was successful in getting into the Indian Civil last year, called to say good-bye to us before sailing in October. We must congratulate him on his marriage.

Besides Fitzpatrick, we had two other successes in the classical moderatorships, A. Spiro being third senior moderator, and F. V. Gordon being the first junior moderator, so that the school won three out of the first four places at this examination.

A. Spiro was also first junior moderator in ethics and logics, and won the Brooke Prize for classics, with £5 added, only just missing the Classical Studentship.

C. C. M. Stronge was first senior moderator in Modern Languages, and has been awarded a prize of £35.

We notice every Saturday an enormous number of old Boys playing for the First XV's of nearly all the principal Dublin Football Clubs. H. Thrift has been playing regularly three-quarter for Trinity, L. M. Bayly for Lansdowne, and C. H. L. Farran for the Wanderers. Two years ago all three were playing for the school.

On the Lansdowne team, three of the three-quarters are old Boys, G. P. Doran, B. R. Doran and L. M. Bayly; and

amongst the forwards are R. S. Swan, J. J. Warren and W. B. A. Moore. H. J. Knox is playing forward on the Trinity First, and J. B. Saunderson is still playing three-quarter for the London Irish.

C. H. L. Farran travelled with the Wanderers to England to play Birkenhead Park on November 22nd, and Richmond on November 24th.

We hope some of the above will represent the school on the International team.

We observe also some familiar names among the players of Hockey. D. Dunlop is again playing for Dublin University. S. S. Weir is captain of the Idlers' First Eleven, and G. W. Hartford and F. M'Connell are also members of the Club. Cecil Darley is playing for the Three Rock Rovers First XI., and E. A. Rooney and G. V. Lovell for the Corinthians' First XI.

We would also call attention to two articles by T. P. Stuart, published in the October and November numbers of the "Empire Review," on "Humours of the Irish Law Courts in the Nineteenth Century." We hope all our readers will make haste to read them. They are most interesting and entertaining.

The Bishop of Oxford has appointed the Rev. Samuel A. Cox, M.A., T.C.D., to the Rectory of St. Peter's, Walling-

ford, and Mr. Cox has also been elected by the Guardians Chaplain of Wallingford Union. Mr. Cox has frequently contributed articles on Irish subjects to the *Weekly Irish Times*. He was from 1895 to 1898 Rector of Newchapel and Rathronan, Co. Tipperary, and since that time has been working in London. The Church of St. Peter's, Wallingford, is of interest, because it was built by Sir William Blackstone, the famous lawyer and author of the *Commentaries*. Blackstone is buried in a vault under the church, and his tombstone, a mural slab, is in the south wall of the building. The new Rector is desirous of building a chancel and vestry to the church. Plans for this purpose were prepared when the last Rector died. The building possesses an uncommon spire of open stone-work in perpendicular shafts, and as the church stands beside Wallingford Bridge, over the Thames, the spire is a conspicuous landmark in the surrounding country. S. A. Cox was the High School Exhibitioner in 1884, and one time Secretary of the College Historical.

[We intend publishing in our next number a very interesting article on our High School Exhibitioners, and what they are doing in the world.]

The Very Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., Dean of St. Ann's, Belfast, was on Monday, November 17th, installed a Canon of our National Cathedral, St.

Patrick's, as Prebendary of Castleknock, in the room of the late Rev. Dr. Sadlier. The Canons of St. Patrick's are chosen from the whole of Ireland, and one of the most recent elections was that of the Rev. H. V. White, the father of the Treasurer of the "Erasmian."

Dr. D'Arcy was also one of the speakers at the opening night of the College Philosophical Society on November 20th. The subject was—Problems in Social Economics. The Secretary of the Phil. this year is G. A. Joynt and C. H. Darley received that evening a silver medal for oratory.

Mr. Chatterton, the Bursar of the school, is also the resident agent to Lord Powerscourt at Enniskerry, and one of the assistants in his office there is an old boy whom many will remember, George Montserrat.

Talking of Enniskerry, the genial owner of the hotel there, Mr. Frank Buckley, is also an old boy, and was at the school twenty-two years ago. He is always very pleased to see members of the school whether on cycling or other expeditions.

The Rev. F. R. M. Hitchcock, B.D., who was the High Exhibitioner two years later than S. A. Cox, has contributed an article to the current number of *Hermtahena*, the learned miscellany of

T.C.D. He also writes a good deal on Irish antiquarian subjects for the *Weekly Irish Times* and the *Dublin Penny Journal*.

Henry A. Drennan has been admitted a Solicitor of the High Court of Justice. He was actively identified for some time with the Solicitors' Apprentices' Debating Society, and was unanimously elected auditor for last year. During his membership he obtained, amongst other distinctions, the Society's first certificate for oratory, and was awarded the special prize for composition, presented by the President of the Incorporated Law Society. Mr. Drennan, who is third son of the Assistant Registrar of Deeds, served his apprenticeship with Mr. William Smyth, Solicitor, Lower Gardiner Street, and intends practising at 98 Capel Street, Dublin.

We shall publish in an early number a novel article on Cycling by J. S. Sheil, which should be extremely useful to all athletes.

W. H. C. Chambré has written us a homely account of some of his experiences in South Africa. Many boys, past and present, will remember him as full-back in the school fifteen of '98 (when we beat Blackrock), and '99. The article, is, too, a sort of farewell to Ireland, as, in the spring, he is going out to Canada to join his brother there farming.

Adam Paterson has this year been elected President of the Dublin Harriers Club.

W. R. Armstrong is President of the Irish Cycling Association.

College Notes.

The results of the manifold Michaelmas Examinations should be encouraging and pleasing to all High School Boys, past and present. A. Spiro made a great fight for Classical Studentship, and obtained the substantial solace of the Brooke Prize enlarged by £5, while J. A. O. Fitzpatrick, fresh from his "Indian Civil" triumphs, earned fresh laurels by taking Second Classical Moderatorship. C. C. M. Stronge has also distinguished himself by first place at Modern Literature Mods., while other Mods. won by old "Erasmians" will be found elsewhere.

The one fly in the ointment is the absence of an Erasmian name from the Senior Exhibition list. For the fourth time in five years the High School has obtained the first place at the Junior and School Exhibition exam., the happy recipient this year being John Purser. The successes of Powell, Stephenson and Thrift at the Junior Freshman Honours promise well for their future College career.

The Opening Meeting of the Historical this year was of unusual brilliance, the Duke of Connaught being present, and we are likely to have an interesting and eventful Session. Though the High School is worthily represented among the officers by C. H. Darley and R. G. L. Leonard, we should like to see more O.H.S. men among the younger members and also in the Neophytes. The last remark we do not make for the first time, but we strongly feel that men lose a great deal by neglecting the debating Societies. *Dulce est desipere in loco*—we mean no disparagement of Neophyte intelligence.

In fact the activity of the latter Society is assuming alarming proportions, and the officers of the older Societies should begin to meditate free pipes and tea once a month in the Front Hall.

The Opening Meeting of the "Phil." was exceptionally good this year. Rarely at an Opening Meeting have the address of the President and the four speeches maintained so high a level as this year. Those who were there agreed that the interest was kept up till the very end. We would commend the "Phil." to the attention of every H.S. boy entering College, and assure him a hearty welcome from an old school-fellow in the Secretary. Out of the large number of names proposed

at the Opening Meeting, we noticed those of F. E. A. Campbell, H. W. Stephenson, J. C. Stodart, F. M'Connell, and J. Purser.

The world of sport has been quiet lately. The Boat Club has commenced its term's work in its usual energetic manner. The Football Club has played several matches, and returned triumphant from its tour in Belfast. Thrift has played extremely well on the first so far this term, and should obtain his colours this season. In the Bicycle Club we notice that G. A. Joynt has been elected Captain.

The present number sees the close of the present College Correspondents' term of service.

Football.

We started the season very badly, and although the team has considerably improved, the results are not by any means satisfactory. We expected to have a very weak team, but it is by no means so weak as one would have thought. Our forwards are the best lot we have had for several years, and since the beginning of the season, they have come on wonderfully. They must, however, learn to get the ball in the scrums, as they seldom make any effort to do so. Another point in which they are deficient is in following up; the only

forwards who follow up every time are Duggan and Small. We hope the other six are not lazy, but they should remember that a man is more likely to be flurried when eight forwards are charging down on him than when only two are coming. Our halves are also satisfactory; Richardson is improving, while Smartt is quite brilliant. The three-quarters are sometimes terribly weak in tackling. Except Hegarty, they do not go for the man low, but try to take him by the neck or ears. They have now been playing football for several years, and by this time ought to be able to tackle properly. We regret to say, that this remark also applies sometimes to the halves and full-back, and we can only put down the fault to the game known as "dropping goals," which is carried on at the Square almost every evening. This should be played either in football clothes or else not at all. It does not teach anyone how to drop a goal, and the time might be spent more beneficially in practising placing goals. We would impress on the whole team the necessity for training throughout the Christmas holidays. So far eleven matches have been played, of which three were won and eight lost. The team has scored 85 points, and has had 113 points registered against it. F. Smartt has scored 10 tries, Purser, 4; Ogden, 3; Hegarty, Richardson, Duggan and Burrows, 1; Smartt and Purser have each kicked 3 goals, while Appleyard has dropped one.

The season opened with a match against

MOUNTJOY SCHOOL,

who won by two tries to nil. For High School, F. Smartt, Ogden, Duncan and Burrows were best, but the whole team showed a want of training.

H. S. v CIVIL SERVICE 2ND.

Our opponents turned up with only ten men, and we could only find four footballers in the Square besides the team. This shows the support accorded to the Football Club by the boys, and certainly does not redound to the credit of the school. We won the match very easily, but it scarcely deserves to figure in the list of wins.

H. S. v WESLEY COLLEGE.

We were defeated in this match by 4 goals and two tries to nil, the whole team playing wretchedly.

H. S. v ARAVON SCHOOL.

We lost this match by two goals and three tries to one goal and one try. F. Smartt played very well, doing all our scoring, and in addition, Smyth, Ogden, and Duncan did well. A draw would have been a much more correct representation of the match.

H. S. v ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE.

In this match we were defeated by three goals and two tries to nil. Hegarty played extremely well, and, but for him the score would have been far greater.

H. S. v ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

We won this match by one goal and two tries to nil. F. Smartt again did all our scoring, and in addition, Duggan, Duncan and C. Smartt played well.

H. S. v PALMERSTOWN II.

We lost this match by a try to nil. Duncan, Gore, F. Smartt and Ogden were the best of our side; Ogden's kicking being even better than usual. Our opponents' team was mainly composed of old H. S. boys, and we would like to know why most of them never played football while at school.

H. S. v ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

St. Andrew's won by one goal and three tries to nil, but we had more of the play than would appear from the score. F. Smartt played brilliantly, while S. K. Fitzpatrick who played as a substitute tackled splendidly, and for his size is very plucky. Of the forwards, Smyth, Gore and Burrows were best.

H. S. v BLACKROCK COLLEGE.

Our forwards played splendidly in this match, the whole eight working hard from start to finish. Our backs, however, were out-classed, and we lost the match by two goals and one try to one goal—(F. Smartt off his own try.)

H. S. v CORRIG SCHOOL.

We won this match by a dropped goal (Appleyard) and two tries (Ogden and Burrows) to nil. Smyth was the best forward on the field, but we would

recommend him to go into all the scrums. It is time enough to come out of them when the ball is out or when he has it at his toes.

H. S v LANSDOWNE III.

We were assisted by a couple of old boys in this match, but although we had quite as much play as our opponents, we lost by a goal and two tries to a goal—(F. Smartt off his own try). Ogden, Bradford and C. Smartt were the best of our backs, and of the forwards, Duncan, G. C. Duggan and Burrows were the pick.

In conclusion, we would like to give the team a few hints. First to the backs: learn to tackle low; if anyone can't—or is afraid to—take a man by the legs, let him take him by the waist, but not higher. The whole team must learn to kick with the left foot; this is most important, and can easily be acquired with practice. The forwards have the material for the best school eight in Dublin. They are all clever in the loose, but should put more energy into the scrums, and should learn to work collectively. We wish the backs would take lessons from the tackling of the forwards, especially of Gore and M'Connell, who, with Smyth, are new to Rugby Football, but these three are the most consistent workers in the team. It is significant, that these three, with Burrows and Hegarty, are the only members of the team who do not play "dropping goals."

Cycling Notes.

Now that the winter has practically set in, most "bicycles hang by the wall," but this would not be the case if the many pleasant rides round Dublin were better known. How many have seen Powerscourt Waterfall save in summer, when there is very little water in the streams? Last year we saw the Waterfall after prolonged rain, and it is not to be wondered that many people think its grandeur overestimated, since they see it only in summer; this year, early in February, we saw it entirely frozen up, great blocks of ice occasionally breaking off, and crashing down over the ledges of rock.

Although the rides this season were few and badly attended, we covered 400 miles in six runs; our last ride was on Thursday, September 25th, to Drogheda, *via* Slane and Monasterboice; leaving town by Glasnevin and Finglas, we took the Ashbourne road as far as Kilmoon, where we halted for half-an-hour to lunch on blackberries; following the straight road to Slane, we crossed the Boyne and turned down the valley as far as the Obelisk; one of the party, overcome by lunch, went straight to Drogheda, and trained home, the others, turning northwards up King William's Glen, visited Mellifont Abbey and Monasterboice (which is in a fearfully neglected state), reaching Drogheda about five o'clock.

Leaving Drogheda at 6.30 in wintry darkness, Dublin was reached in three hours after a rather exciting ride; the total day's run was 84 miles, the longest this season.

On Thursday, October 23, a few members visited Powerscourt Demesne, and made a record in punctures, receiving no less than eight; tea was obtained at Powerscourt Arms in Enniskerry, a very comfortable hotel owned by Mr. Buckley, an old High School boy; no other rides have been arranged lately, since the advent of football.

The Downshire Arms in Blessington, which many of our readers know, has quite recently changed hands; I hope cyclists will always find it as pleasant and comfortable under the new management, as two members of the Club found it a few days ago.

Hearty congratulations to our Vice-captain, John Purser, on getting first place in the Junior Exhibitions; may he have much success throughout his college career.

Annual Athletic Sports, 1902.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1901	...	0	0	5
Subs. from Present Boys	...	5	0	6

Subscriptions from Old Boys	0	17	6
Sub. from the Rt. Hon. the Vice-Chancellor ...	5	0	0
Sub. from the Very Rev. Dean Greene ...	1	0	0
Sub. from Mr. Wm. Williams	2	0	0
Sub. from the Governors of the High School ...	5	0	0
Entries of Present Boys ...	6	8	0
Entries of Old Boys ...	0	6	0
Sale of Tickets ...	7	17	6
Money taken at the Gate ...	1	1	0
Sale of Programmes (Nett) ...	1	2	0
Advertisements in Programme	2	17	6
	£38	10	5

EXPENSES.

Prizes ...	18	15	3
Band ...	2	13	8
Royal Dublin Society, for the Ground ...	5	0	0
Turnstile Man ...	0	10	0
Groundman ...	0	5	0
Waiting-room Attendant ...	0	2	6
Gas ...	0	3	6
School Sergeant ...	0	5	0
Police ...	0	10	8
Printing Account (R. T. White)	5	13	0
Miss Gardiner ...	1	2	0
Davy & Co. ...	1	12	1
Hire of Sacks ...	0	6	0
Pins and Wool ...	0	2	4
Cutting Track in Belgrave Sq.	0	3	6
Cars and Trams ...	0	3	2
Stamps and Stationery ...	0	4	6
Balance in Hand ...	0	18	3
	£38	10	5

T. E. Stephens as Captain Kettle.

"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold."

T. E. Stephens, "looking gay and nice," having run across to London from Moscow on business has just paid a flying visit to Dublin of a couple of days' duration. Everyone who remembers T. E. S.'s sturdy form, and dry ready humour, will understand his objection to be "put upon," especially by a dilapidated Turk.

Hearken, therefore, while I relate how our hero played Captain Kettle a year or two ago, and earned the gratitude of the passengers of a Black Sea tramp.* Stephens had been on business to Constantinople, the "jewel of the Bosphorus," and was returning through the Black Sea to Odessa, or some other Russian port. As it was long past the steamer's hour for starting, T. E. S. enquired the reason, and was told that the Custom House Officials were detaining the boat as the passport of one of the lady passengers was irregular, and as the delinquent refused to go ashore, the senior official had been sent for to decide the case. T. E. S. finding on this officer's arrival that the lady spoke neither Russian, Turkish or French, gallantly joined in as interpreter and as *amicus curiae*. The lady had locked her cabin door and emphatically refused to budge, no, not for the Sultan himself.

T. E. S., however, opened up communication through a port-hole. In the end, the officers demanded that the captain should break in the cabin door, that they might take the delinquent ashore. This the captain refused to do, telling them to do it themselves at their peril. The officials, however, would not go this length, but contented themselves by playing a waiting game for some hours, much to the disgust of our hero who was anxious to be off. He had just finished translating the latest remarks of the fair prisoner, which were something to the effect that in all her troubles she had never met such a lot of stupid, over-fed and incompetent officials, (the strength of the remarks lost nothing in T. E. S.'s translation, as he was beginning to enjoy rubbing it into the over-bearing and pompous Turks), when another couple of officials in different uniforms arrived to join the half-dozen or so already on the spot. This was too much for our hero's patience. "Look here, Colonel," he said to the chief officer, with gloomy sarcasm, "why don't you send for the Fire Brigade and complete the show?"

Irritated by the suppressed laughter of the spectators and muttering something like, "Insolent Englander," the frowning Turk immediately demanded to see his, the inter-meddler's, passport. This was confidently produced, but to our hero's surprise, the officer, after a minute scrutiny, declared that it was

not perfectly *en règle* either. The alleged defect proved to be of the most trifling nature, but the angry Turk now stated that neither the lady nor the Englishman would be allowed to proceed. Here was a nice to-do and Stephens with business engagements to keep! However, our hero had not been abroad for years for nothing. "Colonel—I mean General," he said, with a bow, "if you will be so polite at to step as far as my cabin, I think I can give you some evidence of my papers being in order." As the cabin door closed behind them T. E. S. said, "I must go by this steamer. How would two roubles strike you?" The officer blandly replied, that it would strike him in a very favourable spot, and rattled his keys in his pocket thoughtfully. On issuing from the cabin what the spectators heard the officer saying was, "Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory, Excellency, perfectly. There have been mistakes on both sides. Bismillah! It is doubtless the will of Allah. *Bon voyage*, Excellency."

And as T. E. S. watched the shore (and incidentally the greasy Moslems) recede, he mentally resolved not to be *quite* so funny with Custom Officials in future—at least when he had engagements to keep.

TAY PAY.

* Note.—"A tramp" in the language of the sea is a trading steamer, as distinguished from a "wind-jammer" or trading vessel.

Ballade of Chivalry.

" . . . we . . . who with reverted eyes
Turn back our longing from the modern air
To the dim gold of long-*evanished* skies."—PAYNE.

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" Ah me!
That in this gross material age
No longer doth the pageantry
Of Man-at-Arms, Herald and Page,
Delight the sight of youth or sage,
Quicken the pulse of maid or man.
The science gay hath fled the stage—
All vanished like the good Queen Anne.

In Castle yard, all cap-a-pie,
Bold knights no longer tilt, or rage
In mortal combat three to three,
Or fling, or lift, the deadly gage.
(A gentler warfare now doth wage—
Bright glance sent home with wafted fan)
Gone are the days of villanage—
All vanished like the good Queen Anne.

Sir Esquire, say where may they be
Who found the Bedford Tower a cage,
O'Neill and his wild Irishry?
(Whose capture was but the presage
Of ruin to their heritage).
Where's Silken Thomas and his clan?
—Chronos doth all their wrongs assuage—
All vanished like the good Queen Anne.

Envoi.

Athlone, thy tabard doth engage
Our minds with spear and partisan,
Though knights and all their appanage
Have vanished like the good Queen Anne.

T. P. S.

At Christmastide.

(RONDEAU).

At Christmastide the trees are bare,
And searching is the frosty air.

"The owl with his feathers is a-cold."

The field mice burrow deep in mould,
The robin only well doth fare.

And yet, though Nature in despair
Her trappings gay doth peel and pare,
The human boy he waxeth bold
At Christmastide.

On slippery slide he steps with care,
And straightway seeth starshine fair.
Bells in his ears seem loudly tolled.
Screams of delight, and yells of
"sold"—

These are the meed of those who dare,
At Christmastide.
"NEVER AGAIN."

Experiences of a Trooper in the Imperial Yeoman- ry in South Africa.

I sailed from Liverpool for South Africa, March 25th, 1901, on board the troopship Bavarian. The journey out was not very interesting as everything became rather monotonous after the first two or three days. We touched at Las Palmas on the way out, but as we arrived there at 10 o'clock at night and sailed again at 2 a.m., we had not much

chance of judging what the place was like. We had two deaths from pneumonia a few days before we reached Cape Town on the 15th April; here we heard with relief that the war was still going on, though I am sure before six months had gone we would all have exchanged with gladness our home on the veldt for a berth in the Bavarian. We left Cape Town for Elandsfontein, the headquarters of the Imperial Yeomanry.

The troop trains in which we were sent up country, were composed of two carriages for officers, and several coal trucks in which the men had to make themselves as comfortable as coal dust and other things would permit. On our way up country we passed two trains which had been blown up by the Boers. After remaining in Elandsfontein about ten days, we were sent to join different columns, and I had the good luck to be sent to join Colonel Thorneycroft (though I only remained with his column about a month), who was then at Vet River in the Orange River Colony.

The day after I joined the column we moved off in the direction of Brandfort. We did not meet with any Boers for the first few days, but we picked up several families of Boer women and children on our way. These families had been left behind in the farms by the men.

Most of the farms we came across were well stocked with pigs, hens,

turkeys, etc., and these gave us lots of fun, as well as a change of food.

It was very amusing to see several men running after a pig, with fixed bayonets, while others would run after the fowl with long whips or anything that came handy.

We did not wait very long before we fell in with some Boers. I was along with some Yeomanry on the advance guard one day, when we were approaching some kopjes which extended right across our front and on one of the flanks. When we were within about 1,000 yards of the nearest ridge the Boers opened fire. We were ordered to halt, when the guns were brought forward and got into action in a very short time. The Boers kept up a fairly heavy fire for about a quarter of an hour, when they suddenly stopped. Shortly after the firing ceased, the Yeomanry with some of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, were ordered to charge the kopjes. After our charge (in which no one was wounded, because the Boers had ceased firing), we found nothing except one horse, which was too much worn out to get away. We saw about 500 Boers with about 20 waggons, miles away in the distance. Of course we discovered, when too late, that only a few Boers had remained behind firing at the column, to give the waggons a chance of getting away. This was the end of our scrap (fight), and it was a very bloodless one, but in many of them we were not so lucky. Some months later,

I was with a party of men composed of Mounted Infantry and Yeomanry. We were sent out to surprise a Commando of Boers between 500 and 600 strong, who were led by Commandant George Brand. We left camp at 10 p.m., but owing to some ammunition mules getting lost in the dark we did not arrive at the place agreed upon till 8 o'clock in the morning. The position we took up was a very strong one. It was a smooth piece of ground about 500 by 300 yards, enclosed on three sides by a ridge from 30 to 40 feet high, and on the fourth side there was a small kopje. After we had attended to the horses, most of the men obtained some wood from the nearest farm house and prepared their breakfast. I, however, was not so lucky, as it was my duty to go with some of my men to place an outpost on a ridge about 2,000 yards from camp. I had just come back and thrown myself down to get some sleep when I was aroused by shots. Most of the men who were now fast asleep, started up immediately.

We found that we were surrounded on three sides by a large number of Boers who had succeeded in rushing both the Mounted Infantry outposts. They came at us in a gallop, firing from their horses as they rode. Our horses which were grazing close by, being frightened by the firing, stampeded, and seeing this, the Boers detached a party of men and succeeded in capturing most of them, only a few getting away. My

horse, which was one of the fortunate few that escaped, galloped into camp, a distance of about 22 miles, and its arrival there about 4 o'clock p.m., let the column know that something had gone wrong with the surprise party, and at once relief was despatched. In the meantime, though called on to surrender, we held out till dusk, when we were relieved by a number of men with two guns. We lost one officer and two men shot dead, and several men badly wounded.

Our relief turned upon a very small thing, for if my horse had not escaped and found its way to camp, there is very little doubt that we should have been obliged to surrender, as we were surrounded by Boers and outnumbered by five to one.

Although relieved, we had to stay on guard all night, and having had no sleep during the previous night, we found it rather trying. The next morning we started back for camp on foot, but were obliged to sit down every mile or so, as we were all thoroughly worn out, having had no sleep and little or no food.

A few weeks after this the column moved north (on the first drive after De Wet), to Vet Kop, a place about 28 miles from Winberg, Orange State. Vet Kop is a large kopje near the Corunna Berg Mountains, and is a very strong position for a small number of men, as about ten feet from the top all around the sides are perpendicular. The only way to the top of this kopje

is through a round hole in one side about three-quarters of the way up, which is just large enough to let a man pass through. The Basutos held this kopje against the Boers for six years. At Vet Kop I left the column as I had enteric, and this ended my chance of seeing any more fighting.

For about three weeks I was in a half unconscious state in hospital at Winberg, but afterwards I was able to read a little. When I went in I weighed about ten stone, but when I got out of bed I was only 7st. 8lbs.

As to enteric, I may say, that in the opinion of many, the flies were responsible for more cases than the foul drinking water. Dead horses were everywhere, and from the putrefying carcasses the flies were constantly settling on the men's food.

In Winberg hospital I remained five weeks and a few days, and then was sent to Bloemfontein before going down country on my way home. The day before I was to leave Bloemfontein I got appendicitis, which sent me to bed again for nine weeks. During the time I had appendicitis, I got jaundice. At the end of nine weeks I was sent again to Winberg, and after a few days sailed from Cape Town on board the troopship Oratava, and arrived home in May last.

Though I liked my stay in South Africa fairly well, I would not care to have it over again, as I think one experience of the kind is quite enough for one lifetime.

W. H. CHAMBRE.

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