MICHAELHOUSE COLLEGE

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S. Michael's Chronicle.

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CONTENTS.

S. Michael's Day.

Our first Michaelmas festivities in our new buildings have been a decided success. On Friday evening the sky was remarkably threatening, and fears were entertained that rain would mar the proceedings as on some previous occasions. When Saturday turned out a fine day, our next source of alarm was that the Old Fellows' match would not last out till our visitors arrived on Monday. So far, however, was this from being the case that the match was only just decided in time for the prize distribution. The only thing to be desired was that the wind had been a little less boisterous in the early part of that day.

Our visitors were considerably more numerous than on any previous prize-giving. The opportunity afforded for a pleasant day in the country, of going over our new buildings, added to the interest taken in the school, accounted for the number of invitations accepted. Between a hundred and a hundred and fifty guests sat down to lunch in the School Hall.

We subjoin an account of the proceedings taken from the "Natal Witness":—

The past week-end at Michaelhouse (Balgowan) has been an important one in the annals of the College, for the annual festival was then very successfully celebrated, beginning on Saturday and being consummated on Monday with prize-giving, and a very happy social function, to which the parents of the boys, and numerous other friends, were cordially invited. The Bishop arrived on Saturday evening, and was welcomed by volleys fired by the cadets from the Tower. In the gateway his Lordship was received by a guard of honour, and he there met the members of the staff, several of whom he had met before. An adjournment was then made to the hall, where the Rector (Canon Todd) presented the Bishop with an address of welcome from the masters and boys. During the day the old boys were living over their old schooldays again by meeting the present boys at cricket, and this encounter, keenly contested, and closely watched by the spectators, was not completed until the Monday. On Saturday evening a school concert was given, the programme being arranged by Miss Griffiths, L.R.A.M. (who has just arrived to take up the musical instruction) and Mr. Evans. The following was the programme, which proved a most acceptable one:—

Part I.—Chorus, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" (composed by Mr. H. R. Evans); Duet in Canon for two violins, "Cheltonia," Matterson i. and Millar ii.; piano solo, "Valse Brilliante," Miss Griffiths; violin solo, "Berceuse," Pearce ii.; song, "The Battle of the Baltic" (by Mr. H. R. Evans), Mr. Evans; piano duet, "Dodo," Matterson i. and Moor ii.; violin solo, "Cantabile et Bolero," Miss Owen; Club Display.

Part II.—Trio, three violins, "Moments Musicalles," Pearce ii., Millar ii., Matterson i.; song, "Military" (words adapted by Mr. Durand), Mr. Evans; recitation, "Tennyson's Revenge," Mr. Durand; piano solo, "Tarantelle," Miss Griffiths; violin solo, "Sauterelle," Miss Owen; piano duet, "Spanisch," Miss Griffiths and Pearce i.; part song, "Good Night, Beloved," "God Save the King."

On Sunday morning the Bishop preached in the School Chapel upon the text, "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

The Cricket Match.

The match—Past v. Present—was begun on Saturday, and was completed on Monday afternoon. The Present won a most popular victory. Scores and analysis:—

PRESENT.—1st Innings.

H. Moor, b Bissett	3
C. B. Smith, c Harvey, b Bissett	1
G. E. Tatham, c C. Baylis, b Bissett	5
C. F. Moor, c E. Baylis, b Bissett	24
R. W. B. Gibson, b Forder	8
R. K. Anderson, c Cooper, b Bissett	16
G. Harvey, b Bissett	5
G. Ross, b Bissett	0
M. H. Brown, b Forder	2
M. H. Forder, c White, b Bissett	6
A. L. Johnson, not out	0
Extras	10
Total	80

PRESENT.—2nd Innings.

H. Moor, b Button	46
C. L. Smith, b Barnes	17
G. E. Tatham, b Button	3
C. F. Moor, b Forder	10
R. W. B. Gibson, l.b.w., b Barnes	1
R. K. Anderson, b Forder	17
G. Harvey, c and b Bissett	4
G. D. Ross, b Forder	5
M. H. Brown, b Forder	1
M. H. Forder, not out...	7
A. L. Johnson, not out	7
Extras	19
Total (nine wickets*)	137

* Innings declared.

PAST.—1st Innings.

C. F. Forder, c Gibson, b C. Moor	34
N. Harvey, b C. Moor	6
J. J. Bissett, b H. Moor	22
F. Barnes, b H. Moor	0
C. Baylis, c Anderson, b H. Moor	5
C. E. R. Button, b C. Moor	5
E. L. Baylis, b C. Moor	10
C. Cooper, b H. Moor	7
N. White, c and b H. Moor	6
B. Flack, not out	4
Extras	3
Total	102

PAST.—2nd Innings.

C. F. Forder, c H. Moor, b C. Moor	4
J. J. Bissett, c Brown, b C. Moor	3
N. Harvey, b C. Moor	7
C. Baylis, run out	3
C. E. R. Button, c Smith, b C. Moor	32
F. G. Barnes, b Tatham	40
E. L. Baylis, b Tatham	0
C. Cooper, b Tatham	5
N. White, b Tatham	0
B. Flack, not out	7
Extras	6
Total	107

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

PAST.—1st Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
C. F. Moor...	29	6	42	4
G. R. Ross	4	9	0	0
H. Moor	21.3	5	37	5
M. H. Brown	3	0	8	0

PAST.—2nd Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
C. F. Moor	21	6	44	4
H. Moor	14	3	25	0
H. Brown	4	0	14	0
G. Ross	3	0	11	0
G. Tatham	4.2	1	7	4

PRESENT.—1st Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
C. F. Forder	21	5	29	2
J. J. Bissett	20.2	6	27	8
C. Button	7	1	11	0
F. Barnes	6	3	5	0

PRESENT.—2nd Innings.

	O.	M.	R.	W.
N. Harvey	5	2	14	0
J. J. Bissett	15	2	35	1
C. F. Forder	13.3	2	42	4
C. E. R. Button	13	4	24	2
F. G. Barnes	6	3	6	2

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

After the cricket match, an adjournment was made to the hall, which was filled to overflowing. Amongst those present were the Bishop, Canon Todd, Mrs. Edward Greene, Mrs. Fred. Tatham, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Turner, Mr. and Mrs. James Egner, Rev. W. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. A. Osborne, Canon Burgess, Mr. J. Lister, Rev. W. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, the Lady Warden of St. Anne's, and Miss Moore, and many others. The Rector presided, and he was supported by the Bishop. On the platform were also members of the Staff.

In opening the proceedings the Rector said he regretted that their arrangements unfortunately precluded several of their friends from staying until late in the afternoon, but he had thought it better in the interests of the cricket match, and for the sake of the spectators, that as much time as possible should be allowed for that contest, so that it might—as it had been—be brought to a definite conclusion; and he felt they had been rewarded by the very exciting finish they had just witnessed. He might very warmly congratulate the team of present boys on their victory. (Cheers.) They were delighted to see the old boys there; indeed, they would have been very pleased if the old boys had won, but as a matter of fact they were more pleased that they (the old boys) did not win. (Loud cheers from the winners.) They would now proceed to the business of the afternoon, and he should first read a report he had written showing, as far as possible, the work of the past year.

RECTOR'S REPORT.

The Rector then read his report as follows:—

My Lord Bishop, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—

The year which has elapsed since last Michaelmas will probably be regarded by the future historian of the school as the most important in its history. We have undergone two vital changes—change of place and change of constitution. We met last year in Maritzburg, and the school was then my private venture. We now meet in our permanent home, at Balgowan, and we are under a Board of Governors. These great changes were effected during the holidays last summer. We left the old school in Loop Street for the last time in December, and we met here in February.

I am glad to think that no serious breach of continuity occurred. In a sense, of course, this is a new school, but in a truer light we see in it only the more developed form of the old. The "migration," as we call it, was shared in by so many that when we met here we felt we were taking up the old life amidst new surroundings, and I am sure that the old boys who are with us to-day have the same feeling of ownership in our present buildings that we have ourselves. The four and a half years in Maritzburg were an integral part of the school's life, and will never, I trust, be forgotten by succeeding generations.

The change from a private to a public constitution is perhaps of greater importance with a view to the future than to the present. A private school cannot hope to have an unbroken prospect before it. It must change hands from time to time, and in the change serious loss of unity may occur. Under a governing body, the substitution of one head-master for another, however important it may be, cannot radically affect the spirit of the school.

I am glad to report that we opened with our full number. In fact, we were more than full, for while the buildings at present cannot accommodate more than 70, we found ourselves faced by 77 arrivals, and had to ask those good friends of Michaelhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, to place a room at our disposal as a temporary dormitory. We have had to postpone the entry of a number of boys who are anxious to come to us, and I feel quite confident that we could safely enlarge the buildings without any fear that they would not be occupied. Nothing could help the life of the school at the present moment more than an enlargement, as our numbers are still too small for a Public School. Unfortunately, funds are wanting. The Governors of the school have subscribed most liberally, but a

large sum has had to be raised on mortgage. We are much in want of a few more generous donors, who will help us to carry out the great scheme we have in mind in Michaelhouse.

Our work has gone on fairly steadily in spite of the unavoidable dislocation. The Oxford Local papers were lost in the Tantallon Castle, so that the only examination for which we entered since last Michaelmas was the Cape Matriculation in December, when four of our boys passed, one being in the second class. Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Evans joined the staff in February, and we have just welcomed Miss Griffiths, who has come out from Home to undertake the instruction in music.

The athletic side of our work has been a success—indeed, our cricket season was in some ways the feature of the year, as for 16 consecutive matches we were not defeated. Three bats were offered by generous friends—two by Mr. Simons, and one by Mr. Matterson. These have been awarded to Forder ma., Moor ma., and Smith. Our football team earned the kindly commendation of Mr. Lister, who has presented a prize for the boy who plays Rugby football in the most scientific and gentlemanly fashion. He has also most generously presented the "Michaels" for the 1st Fifteen caps. I have awarded the Lister Prize to Moor ma.

In conclusion, I must thank the staff and the boys also for their support during a trying time. If it were not invidious to single out names, I might say that the heaviest burden of the removal fell on Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Hannah. But we must thank also the prefects, and especially Moor ma., for the excellent way in which they kept the school in order during the first half, and thus saved me from many of the small worries which at times appear so large.

The old adage says, "Well begun is half done." I think we may say that, allowing the inevitable margin for human frailty, we have at least not begun altogether badly, and that we may hope that the school of the great Archangel will take new root and flourish well in its new surroundings.

The Rector then asked the Bishop to kindly present the prizes.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

His Lordship, who was very heartily received, said he felt in rather a difficult position in addressing them that afternoon, because he was there not only as a guest, but also in the capacity of a Governor. He felt inclined to undertake the position of guest because it enabled him, not only on his own behalf, but also on that of the numerous other guests, to thank the Rector for such an extremely pleasant day—(applause)—and for the great hospitality with which he had entertained them.

(Applause.) He also wanted to take this opportunity—in his own name and theirs—to congratulate the Rector very heartily upon the partial realisation of a hope he had had long before him—that was the hope of forming in Natal, not for Natal only, but for South Africa, a school to which parents could send their children rather than have to send them to England, and in doing so feel that they would obtain a liberal education on the lines of the best Church of England schools at Home. (Applause.) And when they compared—as many of them probably had that day compared—the small beginnings of Michaelhouse at Loop Street, for which they would always have an affection; when, he said, they compared those small beginnings with what they had seen that day; when they compared the number of boys six years ago with the number gathered together at present, and took also into consideration the numbers who were waiting—pressing, as it were, to come into the College—when again they compared the old buildings in Loop Street with the present splendid pile of buildings, which were not even yet complete, but still which showed what they would eventually be in their completeness; then, remembering these things, he thought they would most heartily congratulate the Rector on what had been accomplished. And then, too (the Rector had referred to it in his report), they must congratulate him and the whole of his staff on the very successful way they had carried out the migration from town to country. It must have been a very difficult and anxious work. He earnestly congratulated them on what they had been able to do. Of course, all that had been done had not been done except at great expenditure, and a large amount of the money with which these buildings had been built was borrowed money; and he might remind them that the payment of interest on that money was a very heavy burden upon the ordinary income of the college. They—the friends of the College—must therefore do all they possibly could to remove that debt as quickly as possible; and he could not imagine a more delightful thing for anyone who had made his money in the Colony to do than to help in this work, which was a work not only for Balgowan and Michaelhouse, and for the boys of the present time, but a work for the Colony, and even for the whole of South Africa. And whilst on this subject, might he remind them that there were other works which lay before the Governors and Rector?—there was the enlargement of the school. Everything was arranged so healthily, but still they even now wanted more room. There was, too, another vacant space waiting for a building—and in this particular site many of them were deeply interested; he meant the erection of a

chapel. It only wanted some liberal donors to come forward and make this splendid contribution to the welfare of the college. The chapel, with its services, was an essential part of the life of the school. Dealing with the Rector's report, the Bishop said it had interested them very much indeed. He himself had asked the Rector about the progress of the college, and he was thankful to say that he (the Rector) was satisfied with the progress made intellectually, and satisfied with the distinctions gained by the college. This was all the more gratifying when they bore in mind the difficulties through which they had passed during the late year. Before giving the prizes, he should like to say a few words to the boys. He hoped they would make the very fullest use of the splendid advantages provided for them at Michaelhouse. There were advantages out in the playing ground—the cricket field, the football field, the gymnasium. There was not merely the pleasure from the games themselves, but there was the splendid opportunity of learning discipline, learning to receive orders from boys only a little older than themselves, but learning to obey those orders because the givers of those orders had been placed in a responsible position above them. Then there was the chance of learning good temper—getting out for a cypher at cricket was a real test, for instance—and one learnt, too, to subordinate one's interests for the interests of the whole side. There was a grand opportunity for the boys to learn these things. Then there was the work in the study, where they learned; where they did not have their heads "crammed" with information only to forget it, but where they learned to learn for themselves after they had left school. There was also that great advantage they had in their chapel services, which were so carefully arranged by their Rector in order that those services might be reverent and impressive, and leave a mark behind them in their lives and characters when they went forth from that college into life. Let them use these opportunities to the very best of their power. Such opportunities passed very quickly, and they never recurred; and they would want all they could get, all they could learn, in the play-ground, class-room, and chapel, if they were to take their places, as they ought to take their places, in the world, and do good work for God and good service for their fellow men. (Applause.) He congratulated those who had won prizes; he hoped those who had not done so would find encouragement and inspiration in the others' successes, so that next year he might possibly have the pleasure of handing prizes to those who had missed them on this occasion. (Applause.)

The Rector said he should like to thank the Bishop very

heartily for the kind words he had spoken. They felt they were encouraged by his Lordship's support, and it would be their most careful endeavour continually to deserve his support and that of others who were interested in the subject of Church education in Natal. (Applause.)

The Bishop then presented the prizes to the successful boys as follows:—

PRIZE LIST.

Upper School.—Bishop's Prize for Divinity, Moor ma. Governor's Prize for Clasics, Gibson ma., Sisson. Rector's Prize for Mathematics, Forder ma.

Upper School. —Classics, Form V., Tatham ma. Form IV. (Classical), Matterson ma. Divinity, Form IV., Armstrong. Natural Science, Form IV. (Modern), Moor mi., Waters. Class IV., Mathematics, Owen. Class IV., Arithmetic, Acutt. Upper Division, French, Matterson ma.

Lower School.—Form III. (Upper), Latin, Brunshill ma., 1st; Brown, 2nd. Form III. (Upper) Divinity, Roach ma. Form III. (Lower), Latin, Roach mi., 1st; Wallbridge, 2nd. Form III. (Lower), Divinity, Roach mi. Form II., Latin and Divinity, Sparks mi, 1st; Robinson, 2nd. Class III., Mathematics, Brown, 1st; Harvey mi, 2nd. Class III., French. Pearce mi. Class III., English, Ross mi., 1st; Boast, 2nd. Class II., Mathematics, Wallbridge, 1st; Mackenzie, 2nd. Class II., Arithmetic, Abraham ma. Class II., English, Mackenzie, 1st; Sparks ma, 2nd. Class I., Arithmetic and English, Wills.

Shorthand.—Sisson, Johnson mi., Mackenzie. Special, Gunther, Jaffray ma.

English Essay (presented by Mr. R. Durand).—Lepper.

Cricket.—Batting, Smith; Bowling, Moor ma. (Presented by Mr. C. Simons.)

All Round Play.—C. Forder. (Presented by Mr. C. A. Matterson.)

At the conclusion of the prize distribution, the Rector said he thanked the company very heartily for their attendance —some had come from Durban, some from Newcastle—and he thought it showed that what they did at Michaelhouse was not a matter of indifference to the staff, and it also showed that they (the visitors) were keenly interested. On behalf of the staff and the masters he very warmly thanked the visitors for their presence, and especially were they grateful to his Lordship for his kindness in coming, and for his services. They at Michaelhouse felt that while they had all this force of opinion behind them, encouraging them to do their work, they felt strengthened to go on for the coming year and try as hard as

possible to do, he would not say better work, but at least to do their best—which after all was more important. (Applause.)

The head boy then called for cheers for the visitors, and young Natal's cheers were worth hearing.

The whole festival was a complete success. The weather was entirely favourable, the arrangements were all systematic, and all enjoyed themselves. This could not be wondered at, bearing in mind the kindness and hospitality of the Rector, assisted as he was so unselfishly by his staff.

Reminiscences of Batavia.

" All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
" Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

In the bright blue Eastern seas, dotted with island spots of golden sand and greenery, away from the main lines of British commerce, away from the bustle and roar of British traffic, lies Batavia, the capital of warm, lazy, lovely, and altogether delightful Java.

To me, with the recollections of London in November, the cheerless Bay, the squalid magnificence of Naples, the filth of Port Said, and the intolerable heat and glare of Aden fresh in my memory, the place seemed a very Lotos-land of delight. The ship by which I was sailing to Torres Straits dropped anchor off Tan Jon Priok, the port of Batavia, during the night, and the rising sun disclosed a sight lovelier far than any I had hitherto witnessed. Palms and acacias crowded the shore right down to high water mark; strangely rigged fishing boats lazed about the bay, or put off to the ship laden with piles of bananas, pineapples, mangoes, and strange fruits. The scent of the balmy, off-shore breeze suggested flowers and ripe fruit and sensuous idleness—in short the tropics, not as one usually finds them, but as the untravelled Englishman imagines them, the tropics of one's Northern dreams.

On the Batavia-Tan Jon Priok railway there are four classes by which one can travel. Travellers by the 4th class, mostly, of course, Coolies, ride on the tops of the carriages. For the sake of the view, some ship-companions of mine and I patronised the 4th class, and were rewarded by ten miles of lovely scenery between the port and the capital.

The line runs along an alluvial flat, between a broad canal and a dense green jungle. At intervals we caught glimpses of little wooden huts, built on piles in shallow lagoons, in which

swam happy families of ducks, and naked brown amphibious children. An hour's run brought us to Batavia.

Imagine a town of giant dolls' houses built in Burmese and Japanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad, clean streets, and thousands of living, grown-up dolls masquerading in Oriental fancy-dress; the picture-books of one's childhood animated. That is Batavia. And what strikes one most is that the masqueraders do not look a bit self-conscious in spite of their fantastic dress.

The streets are paraded listlessly by gangs of blue-garbed convicts, who pick up cigar-ends, bits of paper and fruit peel. The cleanliness of the streets is astonishing.

A man once in Batavia threw a piece of banana peel on the ground and, looking back a moment afterwards, was reproached by the sight of that wretched piece of peel, the only blot on the immaculate cleanness of the street. For a while his dignity fought with his sense of decency. Then he returned, picked up the offending peel, and—feeling very foolish—carried it until he saw a convenient opportunity for disposing of it.

Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia. Blue-gowned Japanese, wearing white pith helmets, shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes, and the billy-cock hats of Hamstead Heath, their pigtails interwoven with blue silk; lean, tawny Malays, Hindoos, Javanese and effeminate-looking Cingalese jostle each other on the side-walks.

It is impossible for a casual observer to distinguish the sex of a Cingalee, as the men have delicate, refined features, are clean shaven, fasten their long hair behind their heads woman fashion, and wear skirts that sweep the ground.

The dress of the Javanese women merit a detailed description, as the Batavian Dutch ladies have adopted the native dress for morning wear. A long strip of native cloth, called a sarong, is wound round and round the body beneath the armpits, and reaches almost to the ankles, an abbreviated Eton jacket, called a kopria, covers the shoulders, and out of doors dainty slippers are worn on stockingless feet and a paper parasol is carried.

The Batavian Dutch do not make their toilettes, unless they go out of doors, until the afternoon, so that one may see men in pyjamas and woman in the native dress described above, lolling on verandahs or sitting down to meals. The custom is a lazy, but considering the climate, a sensible one. After lunch, or rijst-tafel, as it is called, everyone retires for a siesta, after which they array themselves in conventional evening dress.

Rijst-tafel is served at about 11.30 a.m. A long string of waiters offer contributions of a dozen varieties of meats and vegetables, such as fried eggs, curry, bacon, plaintain, etc. This is all mixed with rice, in a soup-plate, and over all, if you are not forewarned, you pour a nauseous gravy of cocoanut oil. If you do so, you probably send away your plate untasted, and sorrowfully turn your attention to boiled potatoes and dessert.

Even more terrible to the uncultivated palate is the "delicious durian, with its intolerable odour," a variety of the jack-fruit.

Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," says that this peculiar fruit has a distinct taste, amongst other incongruous flavours of sherry, cream cheese, and onion sauce. The flesh resembles that of the custard apple in colour and consistency. In size it is sometimes eighteen inches in diameter. Wallace adds that the fruit is the most delicious of all fruits, but admits that the smell is oppressive. Oppressive is a mild word with which to describe an odour of rotting vegetation, so powerful that it will render uninhabitable any room into which the fruit brought. It is served in bowls, covered with wine, which serves in a great measure to deaden the smell.

A more harmless Javanese fruit is the pommelo, a variety of shaddock. It is exactly like an orange in shape, but many times larger. The Dutch eat it with Worcester sauce. It might, if my memory serves me, be eaten with cream, mustard, vinegar, cheese, or anything else that would give it a flavour.

After rijst-tafel the white population of Batavia go to bed.

Business houses open at sunrise and close before midday. European shops do not open till sunset. The evening is devoted to exercise and social intercourse.

The passing tourist will probably forego his afternoon siesta for the sake of being cheated by the Chinese pedlars, who crowd round the hotel verandahs and from whom he may buy Manchester cottons at fabulous prices, under the pleasing impression that he is procuring specimens of native cloth, and Malay knives stamped with Sheffield trade marks. Goods can generally be bought for one-tenth the price asked by the vendor.

At four o'clock coffee is served. There are two sorts of coffee in the world, Batavian coffee and the other kind. Although the former has a repulsive looking greenish oil floating on its surface, it is superior to other kinds of coffee as Scotch salmon is to the tinned article of commerce.

If Batavia is charming by day, it is fairyland by night.

The broad avenues are lit with electric light, till midnight the lights of innumerable gharris flash up and down, and men and women in evening dress stroll under the trees.

Assuredly no one who ever landed in Batavia would ever come away again, were it not for one dreadful drawback—the impossibility of getting a decent bath. From the outside the bathroom is a little storehouse daintily set amidst palm trees, in the middle of a courtyard. Inside it is a chilly, slimy dungeon, the floor a quarter of an inch deep in dirty water. In the centre of a room stands a long-necked jar of water, about four feet high, half-full of water. One is evidently intended to dip a sponge in it, but anything more satisfying is impossible. After fruitless attempts to get into the jar one usually upsets it, bruisingn one's shins, and spilling all the water.

Oh! Queen of the East Indies, land of light and colour without glare, warmth without heat, sensuous indolence and luxurious fruit, if ever I hear that you possess a decent bathroom I will fly to you at once, and never, never, never leave you again.

R. A. DURAND.

With the I.L.H. in the Transvaal.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

20 Miles from Klerksdorp, April 27th.

I suppose you have seen full accounts in the papers as to how we knocked spots out of De la Rey's people. Consequently I will say nothing more of the affair than that the Bushmen and New Zealanders seem to have got all the "kudos," whereas we got by far the biggest haul in prisoners and cattle, etc. However, the authorities seem to have come to the conclusion that we did do something, as they have conferred the D.S.O. on one of our fellows for this piece of business, in honour of which we are having a "smoker" this evening.

Since the above event, I have been attached temporarily to "C" Squadron, my own squadron, "D," being still at Ventersdorp. I feel quite glad to be "on the trek" again, after the monotony of garrison duty. We have had some sort of a brush with the Boers every day for the last week. Three days ago our squadron was ordered to rush a kopje. We managed to get within 300 yards of the Boers, but found they were in much greater force than ourselves. We gallantly bolted

for all we were worth under a pretty hot fire; luckily, only one man was killed and two wounded. We have evidently "skotched" De la Rey, "not killed him." What remains of his commando and that of Smuts and Potgieter are still in the vicinity. Yesterday we had a chase after a Boer convoy, which, however, had too much start, and got clear off. My last letter was very nearly captured by the Boers. The convoy I sent it by was attacked by 700 of the enemy, and had to keep up a running fight all the way into Klerksdorp, and was only saved from capture by our fellows' plucky behaviour We expect to go into Johannesburg to re-fit in a week or so's time. after which I may run down on a few weeks' leave.

Klerksdorp, July 21st.

I have a somewhat larger budget of news than usual. To start at the beginning, I had some difficulty in getting back to my regiment from Durban, as the Commandant there would not give me a pass to Johannesburg till he had wired to our depot there. It appears it is a favourite dodge with refugees to dress themselves up as officers for the purpose of getting back to the Rand. Ultimately, I managed to fall in with two other of our men, and we all got up together.

On rejoining the regiment at Potchefstroom, we had rather a busy time of it in drilling recruits. I am glad to see our prestige is sufficiently good to still secure us a decent lot of men. Three hours' mounted drill every morning soon knocked these into shape. We found the English inhabitants of Potchefstroom very hospitable; we were invited to several dances.

Subsequently we moved on to Klerksdorp, and about the 24th of last month started on what is called "an agricultural trek," somewhat on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, i.e., we were only supposed to loot farm houses and destroy crops, and not look for Boers. We managed, however, to run up against some of the latter two or three times. We went as far as Zeerust, and then round by Mafeking, and back to Klerksdorp. The I.L.H. lost but few men on this trek, one officer killed, four men wounded, and four taken prisoners—the latter had their horses shot under them and could not get away. The officer killed was poor N——, whom you have often heard me speak of. He and I were troopers together in "E" squadron. He was shot through the stomach, and died of his wound four days afterwards. We buried him at Zeerust. It seems difficult to realise that he is dead; he was so full of life and spirits. His people will miss him terribly, as they were in constant communication with him when alive.

My squadron, "D," ran into 400 Boers, under De la Rey,

about three days ago. We had just camped for the night, when one of our outposts was seen racing for camp, followed by about fifteen Boers. " D " squadron, having just come into camp, was sent after them. They split up into twos and threes and made a bolt for it. We divided into three parties and raced after them. I went after three or four Boers I saw in front of me. I managed to get within a hundred yards of them, and fired several shots at the beggars with my revolver, but missed, as it is almost impossible to hit anything when going at full gallop. We went on for another 100 yards, when we suddenly found ourselves almost on the top of about fifty Boers. Some of them fired at us; luckily, nobody was hit. By this time I had only three men with me. These I dismounted. We fired as fast as we could, and kept the Boers off. They saw that they would be certain to lose some of their number if they rushed us, and the Boers are not the sort of gentry to do this if they can avoid it. Luckily for us they noticed my captain, with about thirty men, about half a mile on my right, who had evidently not located them. They left us and crossed over to wait for him. They allowed him to get within 200 yards, and then let him have a terrific fire. All our men dismounted at once and started shooting for all they were worth. Had they tried to retire, half of them would have been killed. As it was, only one man was hit, in three places, and six horses killed. The Boers retired after being " pom-pomed " a little. While this was going on, Webb, another officer of " D " squadron, who was on my left, charged eighteen Boers with his troop of sixteen. The Boers dismounted, and kept firing at him till he got within 400 yards. Then seeing that he was determined to come on, all, except two, whose horses had bolted, mounted and fled for their lives. These two kept firing at Webb and three men (the others being left some distance behind) as they rode towards them, and managed to hit one man and three horses. Webb got up to them alone and shot them both down with his revolver. Directly afterwards the tables were turned. About thirty Boers put in an appearance and dashed straight at Webb, who had to bolt with the rest of his men, leaving the wounded and three dismounted men behind. He has been recommended for the V.C. by the O.C. of the column. The whole thing was a well laid trap on the part of the Boers, and might have turned out very badly for us. We were lucky in getting off as we did.

Three of us had a good day's shooting when on trek. We bagged ten brace of guinea fowl, six of partridge, and four of koran between us. We have had splendid coursing, too, on the march. Poor N—— had a pair of splendid greyhounds, which,

by the bye, he has left me; they used to kill two or three hares a day. We had two fine runs after jackals with them; we got one, the other escaped down a hole. I bought a fairish pointer off a Boer woman for half-a-crown.

The other two squadrons are joining us to-morrow, so we shall be all together again for the first time since last October. We start, as far as I can gather, on the 26th, for Taungs, in Bechuanaland, and thence on to Kimberley. We are only going to do about five miles a day, burning all houses, and destroying every living thing en route. One of the outposts brought in a Boer prisoner yesterday. The man gave himself up, and stated that the Boers were very short of ammunition, and had to pay for everything they got. If this is the case, they must indeed be "sportsmen."

Taungs, August 9th.

We reached this place last night, after a long and tiring march of fourteen days. We had a fairly quiet time on the trek, there being very little fighting. "B" squadron, however, lost an officer killed and two men wounded. They were surprised and nearly cut off by 200 Boers. We have now had forty officers killed and wounded in the 1st I.L.H. We had some splendid coursing with the greyhounds, bagging ten hares and one buck. We had also fair shooting. Yesterday, for instance, I got four hares and four brace of partridges. I lost my pointer unfortunately, or should have got more.

We pased this place fifteen months ago with the Mafeking Relief Column; it seems more like fifteen years. We go on trek again to-morrow. They don't give us much rest, do they? We shall have to do the first eighteen miles without water.

Klerksdorp, August 23rd.

We arrived here this morning from Taungs, trekking first to Christiana, on the Vaal, and then up the river to Klerksdorp. We had no fighting at all, but got a tremendous haul of sheep and cattle. Williams' column, which was working close to us, did much better, taking the whole of Potgieter's convoy and about fifty prisoners. The scenery up the Vaal is very pretty. If we had no sport with the Boers, we had plenty of a safer kind. My greyhounds got ten hares and three buck. I had splendid gallops after the latter. They ran about two miles before the dogs got them. They are faster than the greyhounds, but the latter wear them down if the country is open. Unfortunately I lost one dog yesterday. He chased a buck, and never came back again. This is a pity, as of course one dog is of no use in coursing. Hares give as good sport as at home, being often turned three of four times before they are

caught. They often get away altogether here by going to ground. I saw a magnificent sight in the Free State, near the Vaal, about forty miles from here. About five thousand blesbuck, about the size of donkeys, passed us. They were split up into herds of five hundred, more or less. I got within fifty yards of one large herd. They all raced past me in single file. I never saw such a splendid sight in my life. I could have shot numbers of them. Unfortunately, firing was not allowed for that day, as we were after some Boers, whom, by the way, we did not manage to overhaul. I managed, however, to get one buck, who had a broken leg, and could not run very fast. Our mess is going to have one of his legs for dinner to-night, with roast turkey—it is needless to say where the latter came from. We shot three ostriches on the trek, and got some fine feathers from them. We entrain for Harrismith to-morrow, via Ladysmith, I believe, so I shan't be far from Balgowan; it seems almost like going home again. Kitchener has issued another proclamation which, if carried into effect, is supposed to be going to bring the war to a close in a month. I hope it may do so, but have my doubts.

Five Miles from Bethlehem, O.R.C.,

September 10th.

We reached Bethlehem yesterday. I wrote to you from Harrismith, but accidentally put my letter in the English mail bag, so I am afraid it will take a sea voyage before you get it. I am afraid I cannot do much to supply deficiencies at the present moment, as the post closes in five minutes.

You will see by the above address that your title for my correspondence is rather a misnomer at present. We took four days to reach Harrismith from Klerksdorp. It was a very tiring journey, and to make matters worse it rained nearly the whole way. We came down in a guard's van, and so managed to keep dry, but the men, who were in open trucks, had a pretty miserable time. I believe there was a great run on covered carriages for conveying Boer prisoners—whose health the authorities seem to think requires greater care than that of the I.L.H.—down to Natal. We were in Harrismith exactly a week. We have been brigaded with the 2nd I.L.H., under Dartnell. The column is about 1,500 strong. There are several old acquaintances in the second regiment. Amongst others, Forder, who was in the Mafeking Relief Column with me; in the Diamond Field's Horse, if I recollect aright. Tom D——, who lives somewhere between you and Mooi River, holds a captain's commission in the same regiment. Campaigning seems to agree with him; he has grown very much stouter,

being almost as broad as long. We are supposed to be after De Wet and Steyn, so ought to get a little fighting. In fact, we had a brush with the enemy yesterday, losing one man killed and one wohnded.

Bethlehem, September 20th.

We are still making this place our headquaraers. We have just returned from a ten days' trek to a place called Brand Water Basin, close to the Basutoland border and the Drakensberg. We had a miserable time of it. It blew great guns and rained nearly the whole time. We had no tents or shelter of any kind, and as the mountains around are well covered with snow, you can imagine how cold it was. We got immense quantities of cattle, sheep, and mealies (the latter hidden away in caves in the mountains) but only two "tame" prisoners, as our fellows call those who surrender voluntarily. Sport of another kind was little better. I did not take my greyhound with me, as she had cut her feet to pieces in chasing a hare over rocks. I got another dog yesterday from a Kafir kraal, not much to look at, but I think pretty fast. Yesterday ten of us went out shooting to a "pan" about four miles off. We only got five geese and twelve duck between us, although the place was alive with them. The pan was very large, and the birds kept in the middle of it out of range. We are off on trek again to-morrow.

A Trip to British Guiana.

(Continued.)

A VISIT TO A SUGAR ESTATE.

As British Guiana, with the exception perhaps of Mauritius, is the chief sugar producing country in British possessions, no description of the colony would be complete without an account of its sugar estates. These are situated in a narrow fringe running along the coast and for some ten or twelve miles up each of the three large rivers. A line of railway runs along the East Coast for about twenty miles to a place called Mahaica, the only engineering difficulty encountered in the construction of which was the bridging of the numerous estates' canals. This has been done very simply, by placing across a couple of huge beams of "green heart," some two feet square, on which the rails run. Steamers run both ways to Capoey on the Essequibo, and to Berbice in the opposite direction, and from thence there are post carts almost to the borders

of the colony, the only drawback to which consists in the chance of being tightly wedged in between a couple of stout and aromatic negresses. Several of the largest estates, too, are in the immediate neighbourhood of Georgetown. Consequently a visit to a sugar plantation presents no special difficulties. If a trip to one of the more distant estates is contemplated and the visitor does not mind roughing it, a voyage in the estate's punt or sloop is perhaps the most convenient way of getting to one's destination. Nothing further is needed in the way of provisions than a "baby" of Hollands. The negro captain, in exchange for the lion's share of this for himself and crew, is only too willing to share his provisions of salt pork and plantains with his passengers. The only drawback to a voyage in a punt, which is simply a rectangular flat-bottomed barge with one large sail, is the fact that it has no bulwarks. Consequently, if a night is passed on board, the sleeper must either risk rolling into the sea or share a stuffy little cabin with the crew. The sleeping accommodation on the sloops is of a rather more ambitious character, consisting of curious little hutches, supposed to be lashed to the deck, exactly resembling a large dog kennel with a sliding door. I say "supposed to be lashed," for the writer has a lively recollection when taking a siesta in one of these, of suddenly finding himself floating astern. His ark, which had been carelessly fastened, had slipped with a roll of the vessel through a nopening in the bulwarks, which had been equally carelessly left open. Luckily the thing had fallen top upmost and the inmate had shot the door in its groove, so that he was hauled up again before his novel craft had taken in much water.

Let us suppose the visitor landed from one of these craft about five in the afternoon at the mouth of the "navigation" canal. The sea face of the estate is protected by a bank of clay faced with granite blocks thrown loosely in front. As the sea is never rough off the coast of Guiana, and, as before mentioned, the water shoals very gradually and so renders big rollers impossible, this is quite enough protection from the waves. These blocks of stone are brought from the quarries of the penal settlement of Masseruni, some sixty miles up the Essequibo, at the mouth of an affluent of the same name, there being no stone at all on the coast mud flats. Consequently, in some cases it has to be brought by sea over a hundred miles. A walk of a mile or so through a portion of the estate covered with low scrub, where the soil, having been at some time or other invaded by the sea, is so impregnated with salt as to be unfit for cultivation, brings one to the high road. This, which runs parallel to the coast or river, in the total absence of stone,

is metalled with burnt clay. A little beyond this is generally situated the manager's house, the mill buildings and overseers' quarters being on the landward side, and the "negro yard" hard by. This title, which comes down from the old slave days, is applied to what we should call elsewhere the coolie lines, as well as to the buildings occupied by negroes working on the estate. At this time of the day the hands are already beginning to come in from "aback," the negro portion of them looking even worse scarecrows than our town Kafirs as to dress. We are sure of a hearty welcome from the manager of the estate, even if we have not brought a letter of introduction from the Georgetown agent. The fact that hotels are unknown outside Georgetown and Berbie speaks volumes for the hospitaliy of Demerara managers. In fact, the members of a commission, sent out by the English Government some few years ago to investigate the supposed ill-treatment of the indentured Indian on estates, and who were, from the nature of their task, debarred from accepting this hospitality, were forced to put up at the country police stations. While sitting on the verandah talking to the manager before dinner, we became conscious of a peculiar swishing sound. This is presently followed by the appearance of a small coolie boy bearing a tray on which are several small glasses filled with a pink frothy liquor, which is none other than the celebrated Demerara "swizzle." This is a compound of spirit, sugar, pounded ice, and angostura bitters, swished into a froth by rubbing a small pronged stick, one end of which is dipped in the liquid backwards and forwards between the palms of the hands. After sunset we meet the overseers of the estate at dinner. These are generally young Englishmen or Scotchmen, and often old public school men. The creole-born youth are generally considered too unenergetic for this sort of life. A West Indian dinner or breakfast is quite a revelation to those who have only been in parts of the world where the inhabitants feed but do not eat. We are introduced to several characteristic Demerara dishes. The meal probably begins with "foo-foo soup," with which, instead of bread, boiled green plantains, pounded into a paste, is served. We also make acquaintance with the inimitable "crab-back." This is nothing more or less than the flesh of land crabs, which when alive are much more repulsive looking creatures than those in Natal, picked out, mixed with bread crumbs and spices, and baked in the shell of the back. What strikes the visitor most is the fact that no bread is seen on the table at dinner or breakfast, pieces of roasted plantain or cassava taking its place. There is an absence, too, of joints at a West Indian table. In fact, nobody but a lunatic or a recently arrived

Englishman, which in matters gastronomic means much the same thing, would care to sit down to a great reeking joint of roast beef with the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade.

We turn in early, as we have arranged with one of the overseers to go "aback" with him soon after sunrise on the morrow. At daylight on the following morning all the overseers assemble again at the manager's house to receive instructions for the day while early coffee is being drunk. During this time the hands are having breakfast. The next operation is to go round the "negro yard" to see that all indentured or free Indians and negroes residing on the estate have turned out to work or have a valid excuse for not doing so. We next inspect the estate hospital, which, as there are nearly a thousand hands employed on the estate, is necessarily a fairly large building, built of wood, as are all the hands' quarters, and roofed with "shingles." We are amused at the method which the old negro dispenser adopts to eject indentured patients whom he suspects to be malingering. All free hands who neglect to turn out, except for illness, are promptly ejected from the estate. The method of paying indentured coolies is very different from that in vogue in Natal. For the first month or two till he is supposed to be acclimatised, the Indian is rationed by the estate. At the end of this period he is given piece work, which must not be paid for at a less rate than a half guelder (1s. 4d.) for seven hours' work. In fact, at the more laborious kinds of work he can earn considerably more. He then has to find himself in tools and food out of his wages, except when ill, when, as in Natal, he is fed and doctored at the estate's charge.

We find our guide, who happens to be the "task gang" overseer, waiting for us on the "middle walk" of the estate. As he has charge of various gangs of negroes and coolies who do not reside on the estate, but come in from the neighbouring villages, generally under the leadership of a ganger of their own, locally known as their "driver," he has nothing to do with turning out the resident estate hands. The term "driver," another relic of the old slave days, when it was no misnomer, is also applied to the sirdar or head man of the various estate gangs. The estate hands proper are generally divided into the "shovel gang," consisting of all the stronger coolies and negroes on the estate who do all the more laborious work, such as draining, digging between the cane rows ("forking banks"), etc.; the weeding gang consisting of women and weakly men; and lastly the creole gang, consisting of the coolie and negro children on the estate who do light work, such as applying guano, collecting cane tops for plants. etc. The "task gang,"

which is under the charge of our friend, may be engaged in all or either of these employments, but in most cases chiefly in cane cutting, which is a work of which the West Indian negro is particularly fond.

A Demerara estate is laid out in the shape of a narrow parallelogram, the narrow ends facing the sea in front, and the swampy savannah at the back. The portion between the mill buildings and the sea has been already described. The residential part of the estate is always to the seaward of the mill, rum still, and mule pens; the reason being that the wind on the British Guiana is invariably from the N.E., the fag end of the N.E. trade winds. Consequently the inhabitants, white and coloured, in this way avoid the collective effluvia from the lees trench, guano store, etc. On the rare occasion that the land wind, so regular in the islands, does blow, generally just before sunrise, every one is glad to close doors and windows to keep out the amalgamated stenches before alluded to. It may also be mentioned that hurricanes are unknown in this part of the West Indies.

Down the middle of the estate runs the "middle walk," a raised bank of clay, very slippery in wet weather, flanked on either side by the navigation canals. At a distance of every hundred yards run cross canals to within a few yards of and at a higher level than the drainage canals at the side. Between each of these side canals are the cane fields, generally of about ten acres each. These are crossed at the distance of every ten yards by trenches which run from within ten yards of the main navigation canals to the drainage canals at the sides. These are again intersected by smaller open drains running parallel with the main navigation canals and four yards apart. The cane, which is planted in rows six feet apart and running from cross canal to cross canal, is thus divided into beds four yards by ten. All these drains are open, there being not sufficient fall to allow of pipe drainage; in fact, the surplus water can only be carried off naturally at low water, and in some cases drainage pumps have to be used, which, for the benefit of those who have never seen them, we may state resemble nothing so much as a water wheel driven backwards, lifting the water in its "buckets" and throwing it over the dam. In some of these fields the process of drain digging is in full swing. Some of the shovel men are magnificent specimens. The shovel, which has a long handle, unlike our draining tools, is driven into the stiff clayey soil entirely from the shoulder without using the feet. Consequently this sort of work tends to develop the muscles of the upper part of the body. In the next field a gang of negroes are cane cutting.

This work, as indeed most work on the estate, is paid for by the "opening," a cane "opening" being two rows. The cane is thrown on to the bank of the side canals with the left hand as cut down from the two beds nearest it, but has to be bundled and carried from the inner beds. As the cutter has to step over three or four drains every time, this is very trying work with the thermometer between 80 and 90 degrees in the shade. It is then loaded on to punts, which are simply elliptical iron frames screwed on to a flat wooden bottom and towed out by the coolies to the main navigation canals. Here a small negro boy is waiting with a mule to take the cane to the mill. One mule can tow four or five punts at once, each holding five tons of cane. It is amusing to watch these urchins riding the animal bareback, who, if an ordinarily vicious brute, seems to go the entire journey on his fore feet. The cane cutters have set fire to the field to facilitate cutting. There is no fear of the fire spreading, as each field is virtually divided off from the rest. There is even less of the juice souring, as the dead cane is crushed almost at once. Owing to the peculiarity of the climate—there being two rainy seasons, one of four months, when the sun crosses the line to the north, and another of two as he crosses it to the south—cane cutting and planting go on nearly all the year, except about August during the long dry season. It is somewhat surprising to find that in a country like Demerara, with only too much water, cane suffers occasionally from drought. This apparent anomaly is, however, easily explained. Cane is not a swamp plant, and the depth of permanently drained soil is seldom over a foot. When, therefore, the soil has become dry to that extent, the plant of necessity shrivels up, its roots not being able to live in the swampy soil below. A field of cane in Demerara is a much prettier sight than in Natal, as the plant, when mature, in every case "arrows," that is, develops a mauve-coloured seed plume at top. This happens about a year after planting, with "ratoons," and slightly later with plant cane. It has then to be cut at once, as otherwise the centre becomes pithy and sapless. In an adjoining field we notice a gang planting. This operation is performed in a totally different manner to that in vogue in Natal. The field is forked up in rows about a foot wide to about the same depth at the distance of six feet apart. Cane tops which have been removed when the cane is cut for crushing are inserted at an angle of about thirty degrees with the surface in pairs about two feet apart, the growing end uppermost. We notice that these cane tops preserve their vitality for a much longer time than in Natal after cutting, which is probably owing to the greater moisture of the air. In an adjoin-

ing field a gang is busy trimming the cane stumps where the crop has recently been cut, and filling up gaps. In this last purpose old cane "stools" from abandoned fields are often used in preference to tops as being of quicker growth. The only species of cane grown in Demerara is that known in this colony as green Natal. There is no sign of its deteriorating as here, though no particular care seems taken in selecting plants. The reason for this is that a high system of cultivation is maintained. In fact, so poor is the soil that a Natal manager would probably find himself unable to grow cane at all. The original soil must, when first drained, have been immensely rich, as in such cases it is covered with a mass of decayed vegetable matter locally known as "pegass." But on most estates this has long since been worked up into cane, and only the clayey sub-soil remains. Cultivation is only rendered possible by a liberal application of manure; ashes and cattle manure being used in fields near the mill and guano in those at a greater distance. We notice a portion of the "creole gang" applying the latter. This is done by making a hole close to each cane stool with a spud-like instrument, and placing therein a handful of the manure. This is done twice during the cane's growth. We may as well here disabuse our reader's mind as to the meaning he probably attaches to the word "creole." A creole is simply any person, white or black, born in the West Indies. In fact, one often hears animals born in the colony described as "creole." Hence, the children working on the estates, being presumably of colonial birth, are known as the "creole gang." We notice that weeding is done in a somewhat peculiar manner. It is entirely performed with the "cutlass" or cane knife, the soil being so stiff as to make the use of the ordinary weeding hoe out of the question. All that can be done is to cut the weeds down as they spring up. They and the cane trash, or dead leaves, are collected in alternate rows ("trash banks"), where they are eventually forked in or buried in trenches, the dead weeds being then transferred to the other "bank" or space between the rows, and the process repeated. Each "opening" consists of a "clean bank" and a "trash bank." Our overseer has occasion to visit a field of big cane which is receiving a final trashing or removal of dead leaves preparatory to cutting. A minute inspection of such work is particularly necesary, as the gang is very apt to scamp a good deal of it otherwise. The old negro driver offers to take us across in his "corial," or dug-out canoe. On entering this extremely cranky skiff, it promptly upsets and deposits us in some four feet of muddy water. The old negro on clambering out considerately assumes that his small son is responsible

for the mishap, and clouts him there and then, though we have not much doubt in our own minds as to who is to blame. He seems more concerned at the temporary loss of his umbrella, embedded in the mud at the bottom, than at the wetting. On entering the field we are at once saluted with a chorus of "good mornings" from the women at work, uttered with the express purpose of getting us to respond in like fashion on pain of being told to our faces that "white people hab no manners." Most of the coloured ladies have their arms protected by old stockings and their legs encased in trousers to protect them from the "cane itch," the irritation from which frequently produces bad sores. They are highly indignant when our overseer threatens to dock some of the contract price for work unfinished or badly done, and after failing to bribe him by offers of eggs, bananas, and other small presents, threaten to "cut him up" with their cutlasses on some future occasion. We decline to be ferried back in the same way as we were to have crossed. The boy has absconded, and we do not wish to tax the negro driver's politeness or ingenuity in wrongly accounting for a probable second upset. A very stalwart negress whose work has been passed and who is consequently in good humour, offers to wade across with us, catching each of us up in either arm with as much ease as if we were babies, and depositing us safely on the other side. One peculiarity of the negro is that if anything the difference in strength is rather in favour of the female. In fact, in the frequent rows between a negro pair, the man almost invariably has the worst of it. On mounting, we have a lively dispute with our mule, who evidently belongs to a man who is not accustomed to ride it beyond this point. Our mount evidently does not see why he should proceed further on this occasion. However, a vigorous application of whip and spur, accompanied by an equally vigorous application of a punt pole in the rear from a coolie, persuades him to think better of it. Shortly after he stumbles badly on his nose and nearly brings us into violent collision with a cocoa-nut palm. The "sure-footed mule" is a fallacy, at least as far as the specimens in Demerara are concerned. Our friend informs us that he is so accustomed to his animal coming down on his knees that he rarely leaves his saddle even when this happens, and sits firm till the brute scrambles up again. A greater portion of the "middle" and "side walks" of an estate are planted with cocoa-nut palms, each nut being planted with a bucket full of salt. In fact, the cocoa-nut does best on the very edge of salt water. My contretemps suggests to our guide that a drink of cocoa-nut milk or "cocoa-nut water," as it is locally called, would be appreciated. A negro offers to make the ascent of the nearest

palm. As the trunk is too large to swarm up, he borrows a handkerchief, which he ties loosely over both insteps, encircles the trunk with both arms and ascends by a series of jumps, holding his body away from the stem and pressing the soles of his feet tightly against it. After flinging down half a dozen nuts, he descends in much the same fashion. Holding a nut in his left hand, he deftly cuts off the top, leaving a small hole from which we drink the milk. When we have quenched our thirst, he takes one or two of the emptied nuts, and again holding them in his left hand, splits the greenish-brown outer covering and shell with a blow of his cutlass so that we can scoop out and eat the jelly-like young nut. Green cocoa-nuts are almost the only tropical product, the realisation of which comes up to one's expectations. The "water" is best from a nut in which the white substance is just beginning to get hard, that from younger specimens is rather too sap-like in flavour. We notice that the side of our mules and our own clothes to leeward are one black mass of mosquitos, luckily not all feeding. People in Natal who complain of the few mosquitos in Durban and elsewhere have no conception as to what these insects are like in a real mosquito country. They are, of course, worse in some districts of Demerara than in others and at certain seasons. They are generally more troublesome after a light rain. It is everywhere impossible to sleep without mosquito curtains, except in the upper rooms of the few double or three storied houses in the colony, the mosquito, like malarial fever, being unable to mount a few score of feet from the ground. On some estates a smouldering fire is lit to the windward of the manager's room during the dinner hour, so that the smoke may pass through and keep these pests down. The only time comparatively free from mosquitos is sunrise, but then the diminutive "sand fly," which is even worse, takes its place. The chigoe or "jigger" is, it may be mentioned, indigenous to this part of the world, where, however, it seems to be much less common than in some parts of Africa to which it has been introduced. On our way back we noticed a coolie up to his middle in a canal cutting "para grass" for his cow. He has perforce to light a fire on the bank to protect himself from mosquitoes. Cattle do remarkably well in British Guiana. disease being practically unknown. This is a refutation to the arguments of those who urge that our colony is really too hot for cattle. Indeed, as everyone knows, Venezuela, which has much the same climate as Demerara, is one of the finest cattle countries in the world. On some estates cattle are used instead of mules for punt hauling, being led by a ring passed through the nose, not by the horns as in Natal.

As we jog homewards, our guide tells us that he does not expect to get any sleep until six o'clock on Sunday morning, this being Friday forenoon. He expects to be till midnight making up his books. Book-keeping is made about as complicated a process for a Demerara overseer as such a simple task can be. His "report" or daily list of expenditure on each item of work is made out in dollars and cents. His pay list which, of course, has to balance with this, is kept in "bits" (fourpenny) and "half bits," and actual payment is made in English silver and copper money mixed with guelders (2s. 8d.) and half guelders, which are easily mistaken for florins and shillings. As many overseers have to pay away some $800 a week in small sums, varying from 10s. to 2s. in our money there is thus plenty of room for mistakes, which have to be made up out of the overseers' by no means princely salary.

At twelve o'clock our friend will have to go on night duty at the mill till sunrise on Saturday, when he will have to turn out as if he had had a good night's sleep. Saturday, too, is a particularly arduous day with the task gang overseer, as he has to go carefully over the work of all his gangs to stop payment for unfinished or scamped work. This often takes him through some ten miles of tall cane. Of course, like the rest, he has a mule to take him back, but from the nature of things cannot ride over the fields. Saturday afternoon is spent in paying the various gangs. This is not over till sunset. Each individual member of the gang has to be paid separately, the negro drivers being too dishonest to be trusted with the lump sum their gang has earned. The local Portuguese storekeeper presents his "good fors" or orders on him for supplies, which the overseer has given to various hand-to-mouthmembers of his gangs, to be cashed. Young coloured ladies on some of their wages being docked for various omissions, make audible and by no means flattering comments on the overseer's shortcomings in the matter of personal appearance, manners, and education. A plausible individual of the other sex states with the utmost appearance of truth that he has been commissioned by a friend to receive the latter's wages. A few minutes afterwards the friend appears in person and protests that he has authorised no one to take his pay. Luckily he runs across the other man who is trying to quietly edge away, and who, on being taxed, swears he has received nothing. The real wage earner, however, prefers to believe the entry in the overseer's books. A free fight ensues, during which the latter carefully grasps his money sacks and waits till it has subsided. About six o'clock this pandemonium is at an end, and our friend hurries off to the mill to resume the balance of his night

duties, feeling about the head as if he had indulged in a prolonged pillow fight. Here he remains often till daylight on Sunday morning. The actual "grinding," as it is termed in Demerara, leaves off as soon as the last of the cane is passed through the rollers, but it is some time before the last vacuum pan of sugar has been "struck," and Saturday night's work is particularly arduous as the rollers, juice gutters, etc., have to be carefully scrubbed down with cocoa-nut husk and limed, and our overseer will probably hear further from the manager if the discolouration of the limed surface on Sunday betrays any acidity. It is quite possible that the back dam will burst on Sunday, it generally selects that day for the purpose, in which case the unfortunate overseer will have to assist in turning out the hands to stop the breach. The task gang overseer has a comparatively easy time of it on Mondays and Tuesdays, as the free negro is keeping "shoemaker's holiday" on those days, and only appears on the scene to arrange for the work of the rest of the week, during which he tries to condense six days' work into four. All the overseers, the deputy manager or head overseer included, have to take their share in night work. On ordinary occasions this is from twelve to twelve midnight, but on Sundays it is customary for the man who has Saturday's watch to see everything cleaned up. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that the manager, who is exempt, only has fever and ague about half as often as his assistants. No smoking is allowed for fear of fire during night watches, and the only way of keeping awake, in the case of a sleepy-headed overseer, is to drink green tea, or failing that to sit for a minute or two with one's feet in the canal, cold feet being the best antidote to sleep. A manager of a Demerara sugar estate is generally well paid, rarely getting less than £600 a year and a house; and there are various ways of increasing this income by a few hundreds more. Woe betide the green junior overseer who puts down the estate hands who have been working in the manager's rice fields as having been thus employed and not as "weeding side walks," "cleaning trenches," etc., as his imagination suggests. Few managers save anything, however. They live well and keep open house. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die" seems to be the motto of the colony. An overseer's life is perhaps the hardest out of penal servitude; not that he has hard manual labour, but that he has literally no time to call his own.

To return to ourselves. We are glad to find breakfast waiting us on our return. This is simply a repetition of yesterday's dinner on an improved scale. As at the latter meal, no tea or coffee appears, its place being supplied by iced claret

or beer, a cup of coffee being sometimes handed round afterwards. Ice is cheap in Demerara, being brought from the States in ice ships as the preservative of various Yankee notions in the way of food brought at the same time. We are introduced to what we imagine to be a species of white bait. On expressing our approval, we are informed that we have been eating a large kind of white grub, fried in butter, with which the cabbage palm is infested. Our old friend crab-back is again to the fore. It may be mentioned that land crabs, owing to their fondness for burrowing holes in the dams, are one of the pests of a Demerara estate. An old superannuated negro is generally employed solely in digging them out and stopping their holes. A delicious jelly-like little fish also figures, locally known as "harsas." Fish is so plentiful in British Guiana that fishing affords no sport. Even the estate trenches swarm with them, and a negro with one or two throws of a cast-net can secure enough for a day's consumption. Unlike most fish procured from muddy waters, they are all of excellent flavour. An old Natal friend, mealie meal, appears on the board, but made thick, mixed with chopped okroes, and boiled in a shape. It is generally eaten with salt fish. We have various preparations of cassava, infinitely more toothsome than our potatoe cakes. At the head of the table are a brace of "kori-kori" (the beautiful red flamingo which, when alive, flying in flocks mixed with the white crane produces such a charming effect). These are faced at the other end of the table by a pair of Muscovy ducks which are indigenous to British Guiana. The crowning dish of the entertainment is the pepper pot. This is brought in its native earthen pipkin and placed on a high stool at the manager's elbow and helped with a wooden spoon. Everyone is helped to a spoonful to be eaten as a sort of condiment with other food. "Pepper pot" which is a universal dish all over the West Indies, is made by stewing any kind of meat, pork in preference, with "casireep." This is the juice of the bitter cassava boiled down to the consistency of treacle. It has the peculiar property of preserving any meat boiled in it indefinitely, as long as no metal is brought in contact with it. Fat cooked in it seems to turn to a sort of jelly and losses all its "liverish" qualities. In a climate where salting is impossible, "casireep" is a great boon. All that is necessary is to daily add a little more "casireep" and meat and boil up afresh. The colour of the "pepper pot" is a rich dark brown. Its taste is indescribable, but I have never met any one who did not like it. As we have heard that a species of red monkey and also that of the "labba," a kind of cane rat, are fresuent ingredients of the pepper pot, we, though

strong believers in the truth of the proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," still indulge therein, "asking no questions for conscience sake." After such a meal, it being now eleven o'clock, a rest indoors for an hour during the heat of the day is almost imperative. During this time the hands have their dinner. In the afternoon we decide to inspect the mill. As we cross the yard we notice a huge pan of treacle and water; this is kept specially for the estate mules to drink, having a good effect in improving their coat and condition generally, Coolies are wading in the trenches picking up canes which have dropped from the punts and of which the juice is more or less sour. These will be crushed at the end of the week, and the juice added to the "wash" set up for rum distilling. This "wash" is composed of skimmings off the batteries, washings of gutters, and sugar refuse generally, mixed with water. In fact, a bottle of the stuff rum is made from would, if handed round at a temperance meeting, very forcibly back up the addresses. Demerara rum is of much inferior quality to Jamaica, not because the ingredients are worse, but because in the latter island the cold water from the Blue Mountains employed in setting up the "wash," enables the fermentation previous to distilling to take place at a much lower temperature. No water is procurable in Demerara at a lower temperature than 80 degrees.

It is difficult to describe the process of sugar manufacture to people who are not acquainted therewith, while one's description seems inadequate to those who are. The cane is unloaded from the punts on to carriers, on which it travels till caught by the rollers, which express the juice and leave the dry pulp or megass. Perhaps we ought to say here that the carriage of cane by canal is not such a cheap means of conveyance as it might seem. True, only some dozen mules are required on an estate turning out some 15 tons of sugar a day or more. Still the cost of the up-keep of these canals is a serious item, and large estates worked with tramways, as in Trinidad, are less costly. The megass falls on to another carrier, which takes it to a large open shed, where it heats dry. From these it is carried by women and children in large hemispherical baskets to the battery or "copper wall," as it is called in Demerara. By the bye, baskets of smaller dimensions are used universally in place of wheelbarrows for unloading coal, moving clay, etc. The mill buildings, as in Natal, are simply a huge iron shed resting on brick work, with an arrangement of the roof to allow of the escape of steam. The juice on issuing from between the rollers is subjected to a blast of sulphur-impregnated air from an apparatus known as a "sulphur box." It is then

pumped into large box-shaped vessels (the clarifiers), where it is heated to a temperature just below boiling, and its impurities precipitated with lime. Here also the amount of saccharine matter is tested with the polariscope. Thence it goes to the copper walls, a row of hemispherical pans heated with megass. It is ladled from the pan immediately over the opening of the flue to that furthest therefrom. When boiled to a sufficient density, it is pumped into the vacuum pan, a huge dome-like reservoir. Here it is boiled in vacuo, boiling taking place at a temperature in which you can bear your hand. The object of this is to produce granulation and yet not spoil by excessive heat the colour of the sugar. Here a certain amount of sulphuric acid is added, which gives to Demerara sugar its peculiar straw-like colour so much admired in the English market. The admixture of sulphur, however, renders the molasses almost uneatable. Even the "sling," as the juice from the last pan in the copper wall is here called, and which was once considered a delicacy for fruit preserving, is now no longer of use for such purposes. The sulphur, however, does not impart a disagreeable flavour to the rum, nor does it affect the taste of the sugar except when new. When the sugar is sufficiently granulated, which is tested by introducing a long hollow copper rod and examining its contents when withdrawn, the pan is "struck," that is, its contents are emptied into coolers. Thence it is ladled into the "centrifugals," open drums with sides of imparted to these cause the contents to fly to the sides. The fine wire netting revolving in a frame. The rotatory motion molasses escapes through the wires and is subsequently re-boiled to make an inferior sugar, while the sugar adheres thereto and is afterwards scraped off and carried in small trollies to the sugar house. A peculiar feature of a Demerara mill is that not more than two or three centrifugals are found to be needed in the largest mill, while in a Natal mill of a quarter the size some six or seven are thought requisite. Probably the higher rate of speed at which these machines are driven in the former colony may account for this. The sugar is packed in hogsheads, not pockets as in Natal. Cocoa-nuts are used to fill up the spaces between each in the ship's hold. It is a curious fact, as instancing the exclusive nature of the sugar industry where it has once taken a hold, that though there is a large local demand for cocoa-nut oil, none is manufactured in the colony. Nay, though the cultivated districts are one large clay bed, all bricks required for the setting of machinery are imported from England. Cocoa-nuts are the only things grown on the estates besides the sugar cane. The century-old mangoes sometimes found aback are relics of the old Dutch occupation. When

communication with the Home Country was by sailing vessel only and more precarious, colonists often made up their minds to spend a lifetime even in tropical countries, and made their surroundings more comfortable accordingly. The sugar hogsheads are returned filled with coal for consumption in the mills mixed with wood cut on the unreclaimed portions of the estates. The mill during the day time is in charge of the "mill overseer." At night he is relieved by the several field overseers in turn. Though he thus has much shorter hours, his post is one of considerable responsibility, as anyone in charge of a Demerara mill cannot with impunity, as in Natal, allow a boiler explosion to blow half-a-dozen or so of his fellow creatures into bits. Such a piece of carelessness on his part would result in a somewhat lengthy sojourn at the penal settlement at Masseruni. The coloured sugar boilers, too, are extremely obstinate, and though insisting on being supplied with the latest scientific appliances, will never use them unless watched, but prefer to go by rule of thumb. A favourite method of avenging oneself on a too exacting overseer is to accidentally upset a little sulphuric acid on him from the vacuum pan loft.

Leaving early next morning, we return to Georgetown by post cart and steamer.

Natal in 2000 A.D.—or Earlier.

When I look into the future of Natal I see a dreary prospect and a rotten state. The Constitution is much the same, the system of Government is the same, but who is that who, in the new Parliament buildings, rises to propose a bill for the removal of the duty on imported rice? It is Ismael Mahomed. His grandfather kept a fruit store near the Willow Bridge. Ismael having delivered an eloquent speech, sits down. Another speaker rises, Isaac Ramsammy, who has a measure to introduce "For the better encouragement of the production of curry stuffs in the Colony."

Again a change has taken place in another direction. Our Governor is now chosen from the Colony and is a Natal-born colonist, but who would have thought in 1900 that the representative of the King in days to come would be Sir Richard Nulliah? His ancestor amassed a fortune over fifty years ago and his name is now a bye-word for wealth.

Let us turn to the schools. Among the various foreign languages taught is English. This seems strange at first thought, but remember that to the masters and scholars it

comes natural to express their thoughts in Tamil, and a law has been passed which forbids the detestable English language being spoken in the homes.

"But where," do you ask, "are the descendants of the old English population?" There crossing the road is an Englishman, an old grey-headed man. He is a clerk in a large Indian firm. He cannot hope to rise higher for he belongs to an inferior race. Let us speak to him and ask him why he is what he is; why so great a change has taken place. What does he reply? "Ah! the folly of our ancestors! Had they only thought! This is the state to which we have come through their folly and selfishness! No real attempt was made to make the Indian who was originally brought here as an indentured labourer go back to India at the expiry of his indentures, or to exclude him from the franchise. No laws were passed here as in more public spirited Australia ta prevent him becoming a freeholder. As his low standard of living enabled him to offer a high price for land, white owners hastened to cut up their estates into small blocks and sell to him, remarking, when remonstrated with, 'It is good enough for our time.' No Corporation refused to grant him a store licence. Soon he owned all the land and conducted all the business in the Colony. Early in the century the Dutch Republics who had previously done their best to keep the Indian down were permanently subdued, and we English had previously smoothed the way for him by conquering all the warlike native tribes in South Africa. Hence things are as you see."

"But cannot this be remedied?" we ask again. "I fear not," he replies; "it is too late. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and we must suffer."

J.J.L.-S.

The Shade of Anchises.

Anchises, deep within a verdant dale
By Lethe's stream, upon the spirits pale
Once more to breathe the upper air,
Did look; and as he looked did in his mind
Presage the destined heroes of his kind;
And in his mind Anchises turns their fate,
Their fortunes, and the mighty deeds, to be
Performed by these his future progeny.
But soon, awakened from his thoughts, he starts,
And turning, looks to where dark Lethe parts

The silent meads, with velvet moss o'er-grown;
And he all on a sudden, sees alone
Advancing, softly thence, his son whom he
For years had longed to speak to and to see.
He stretches forth, all eager, both his hands,
And there, awaiting Æneas, he stands.
The tears of joy bedew his aged cheeks
And thus, with trembling voice, the old man speaks:
"Art come at last to see they sire, my son?
Has thy tried filial love the vict'ry won
O'er many arduous paths, and dangers great?
Am I allowed by Gods and kindly Fate
Upon thy dear, and well-known face to gaze
My child, and to thy eyes mine eyes to raise,
All wet with tears, and once again, to hear
The sound of thy sweet voice, to me so dear?
'Twas thus I wished, and prayed for while I stood
All sad, and thoughtful in the shady wood.
Nor does my prayer to Zeus, unanswered, go—
But thee, my son, now in these shades below,
From many lands and seas returned to me,
I welcome with my heart, right joyfully.
What dangers thee, I feared, might overtake
Before thou reached at length the Stygian lake!
And trembled lest the tribes on Afric's shore
Perchance should do thee harm, or further more,
Should take thy life!" To which his son replies:
"My father, often have the haunting eyes
Of they sad image, urged me on. until
I reached these gloomy groves, which pale shades fill.
My fleet doth in Tyrrhenian harbour stand.
And now my father, give to me thy hand
In sweet embrace, nor draw it thence." And so
Did tears of joy Æneas' cheeks o'er-flow
And thrice he strove his eager arms to cast
About the old man's neck, but thro' him passed
His trembling hands, nor aught but air did clutch.
And thrice the empty phantom 'scaped his touch
As though 'twere only idle, mocking wind
Or fleeting dream that dwells not in the mind.

J. J. L. SISSON.

The Royal Visit.

(From a Cadet's Point of View.)

Towards noon on Monday, August 12th, cadets of the Michaelhouse corps, resident in the City at the time, might have been seen straggling up in twos and threes to the Railway Station. By twelve, all had assembled, with the exception of those whose homes were up the line; the train bearing these, as also the Hilton troop, arrived an hour later. Our troop was now complete, and after the roll had been called, and we had received our carbines from the instructor, we, together with the Hilton cadets, were marched down to the encampment in the Show Ground. Four tents were set apart for Michaelhouse cadets, who numbered sixty in all, several sleeping out of camp. The usual bustle of settling down followed, but we were not allowed much rest, and soon after dinner fell in for a rehearsal of the coming performances.

From the first we were deprived of our instructor, who was given a divisional command, of which there were two, comprising the cadets on either side of the line of route respectively; this, however, did not inconvenience us very much, as we all knew our work, and everything went smoothly. We were somewhat disgusted at first at being placed very far back in the parade of cadets, but were afterwards consoled with the reflection that we were evidently not intended to be placed in "order of merit," as, firstly, we used to vary our position every day, and as, secondly, on some occasions there were schools in front of us with boys of ten or even less in the corps, who manifestly did not know their right hands from their left. The afternoon was very dusty, and we went through the rehearsal of the first parade in honour of the Royal Visit—that to take place on Tuesday night when their Royal Highnesses would arrive—marching to the Station and lining up on both sides of the road. We got back to camp in time for tea, and most of us were glad to hear "Lights Out." The more energetic and pleasure loving managed to procure passes, and hied them to the theatre, where the "Prisoner of Zenda" was being staged.

Early on the following morning, we fell in preparatory to a second rehearsal. Twelve of our cadets were chosen for the Guard of Honour, consisting of 100 Natal Cadets. This troop of a hundred proceeded to the Town Hall, while the remainder lined the upper end of Church Street. In the afternoon there was a rehearsal of the parade to take place in the Park on Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the distribution of medals. Both in the morning and afternoon the drizzling rain threatened to spoil the approaching festivities, and at five

o'clock, as we marched towards Government House and fell into our places, which, thanks to the previous rehearsal, we did without difficulty, the only thing in the way of uniform that was conspicuous about us was uniformity in the wearing of great coats. After a wait of quite an hour and a half, the guns from Fort Napier told us of the approach of the Royal train, the 62nd Battery of Artillery firing a salute of twenty-one guns. Every sixth cadet had been given a torch, which they were to light at a given signal, just as the train arrived. On being lighted, nearly all of them went out, being damp with the rain. About fifteen minutes later, the Royal party passed us on their way to Government House, their arrival being met by a few feeble cheers. First came the retinue, the naval officers, etc., then we saw the horses of the Royal party, with an escort of Volunteers and guard of Borough Police. One of the retinue, in a rather conspicuous cocked hat, was at first mistaken by some of the younger of our corps for His Royal Highness, who, however, when he did appear, was unmistakable enough. After the procession had passed, we were marched through the muddy pools of Church Street and the heavy drizzle back to the Show Ground, glad enough that the ceremony was over as far as we were concerned, and hoping for a finer day on the morrow.

Shortly before midnight, the clouds broke, and when daylight came the sun dispersed the gloomy looks and weather. The decorations looked gay once more. The Guard of Honour was paraded soon after breakfast, and marched to the Town Hall, followed by the remainder, who lined the streets. Michaelhouse put in a particularly good appearance, two of the members of our corps sporting the war ribbon. We had an excellent view of the Royal procession. The platforms were a mass of hats and umbrellas, while the pavements were thronged. After a tedious wait of over an hour and a half, loud cheering from the vast crowd assembled, announced the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. Some of us were within two feet of the subsequent proceedings, and noted everything. On the Royal carriage driving up to the portico, His Royal Highness was introduced to various members of the Legislature, the Mayor and Mayoress, etc. He was then presented with a golden key, with which he opened the door of the Town Hall. The party then entered the Hall, where the opening ceremony took place. The new organ played the National Anthem, and then to us without all was silent as the Duke delivered his speech. Presently the party issued forth again, and the Duchess uncovered the Volunteer Memorial. Before re-entering his carriage, H.R.H. asked one of the cadets, who

was wearing the war ribbon, where he had seen service, and was told.

In the afternoon we were marched down to the Park, where there was a general parade and inspection of Volunteers and Cadets by H.R.H. The Zululand and Natal native chiefs then gave a war dance and presented an address. This otherwise fine performance—many of the chiefs looked magnificent in complete native dress—was spoilt by a ridiculous attempt on the part of one or two white officials in charge to act as "masters of the ceremonies," clad in evening dress. All that was required of these was to take their position by the Duke and interpret his reply to the Kafirs. A native chief has quite enough self-possession and natural good breeding to enable him to perform his part in a ceremony of this kind. The proceedings would have then been at once more impressive and characteristic. When the Duke, with Lord Kitchener on his left, had presented some twenty D.S.O.'s and fifteen V.C.'s to various officers and men who had won them, the Royal party returned to Government House a second time, amidst the feeblest of cheers. In the evening we witnessed the display of fireworks in the Park, which display was very creditable to the town. Next morning we were marched to the Station to witness the departure of H.R.H. and suite, and at 3.15 entrained for Balgowan in a special rain, and after a somewhat tedious journey, arrived safely at Michaelhouse thoroughly satisfied with ourselves, and most of us glad to discard our uniforms aand leave off being soldiers to become schoolboys once more.

A few general remarks about the festivities as regards what more immediately concerned the cadets, may not be out of place. In the first place, with regard to the feeble performance in that respect, both at the Station and in the Park, cadets ought to be taught how to cheer lustily. Perhaps, however, the British awe of a "Royal pussonage" was too much for them on this occasion. The most disagreeable part of the performance was the standing about for hours whilst lining the streets, etc. The weather, with the exception of Tuesday, was splendid, though the sun was unpleasantly hot at times, and most members of our corps fully endorsed the remarks in the last "Chronicle" re cadets' head-gear. Unlike those in former encampments, the numerous parades consisted of long marches up and down town, with a wait of an hour or two in the middle. Still there was no necessity to stay in camp between the parades, and as several hours elapsed between them, the amount of time spent off duty was considerable, especially in the case of those who slept out of camp. These individuals had in several ways the best of it, there being no

scarcity of amusement in the evening, with a theatrical performance every night, and a "Crystal Palace" display of fireworks in the Park on the last evening of the Royal visit. As the sleepers out were not tied down by having to turn in early, they could enjoy these to the full. In the matter of cleanliness, the Showground left much to be desired, but it must be recollected, in explanation, that it has been used as a recruiting depot for two years.

School O.M. and General Notes.

Staff.—Miss St. Brodie left us shortly before Michaelmas. Her successor in charge of the musical instruction of the school is Miss Griffiths, L.R.A.M. Miss Owen still teaches the violin. We understand that a dancing class will be opened by the latter during the coming quarter.

Prefects.—Moor ma. (senior), Gibson, Tatham, Sisson.

New Boys.—Janion, Tatham mi., Turner, O'Riley, Robertson.

Valete.—Forder ma., Form V.A., Class VI., Prefect, 1st XI., 1st XV., Sergeant, Cadet Corps; Stranack, Form III.A., Class III., 2nd XI., 2nd XV.; Nelson, Form III.A., Class III.; Tryon, Form II., Class II.; Sinclair (Michaelmas), Form II., Class I.; Armstrong, Form IV. Modern, Class IV., 2nd XI., 1st XV.

Owing to our limited accommodation, the number of new boys is strictly limited to that of those leaving. Under present circumstances it is perfectly possible that a candidate for admission, by the time there is a vacancy, will be past the age for admission (15).

Swimming.—The season has just started, and Hutchinson's pool bids fair to be as popular as ever.

Cadet Corps.—Sergt. Molay is as popular as ever as drill instructor. The school is still without a range. We believe that a site in every way suitable has been chosen. There is, however, some difficulty in erecting butts. We hope, eventually, both with regard to the saving of time and money, Cadets will be able to shoot on a range of their own and not be compelled to use the Nottingham Road range. A notice of our Cadets' doings during the Royal Visit will be found elsewhere. The following are "non-coms.":—Sergeant ma., Gibson, ma.; Sergeants, Moor ma., Simons ma., Ross ma.; Corporals, Moor mi., Jaffray ma., Johnson ma.

Gymnasium. — Our late gymnastic instructor, Sergt. Priddle, 13th Hussars, has been ordered with his regiment to

Capetown. His successor is Corpl. Cronin, Royal Dragoon Guards. Corpl. Cronin was second in the boxing contest at the Royal Islington Tournament. Classes have to be taken in the Playroom or Quadrangle; what is to be ultimately our Gymnasium being at present used as the Dining Hall.

Literary Society.—A Lecture has been given by Mr. Durand on "Livingstone's Travels."

Debates.—Debates having been held (1) "On the comparative merits of Cricket or Rugby Football as an athletic game," the majority of votes were in favour of cricket, possibly because Rugby football was a new game to the large contingent of new boys who had not yet had time to properly master the rules and take on to it. Speakers in favour of cricket, Mr. Hannah, Tatham; for Rugby, Mr. Durand, Sisson, Rev. E. H. Holden.

(2) "Do natural advantages or the character of its people conduce most to a country's progress." This was a very close debate, the votes being equal, and the chairman giving his casting vote in favour of "character of inhabitants." Speakers in favour of "natural advantages," Mr. Durand, Gibson; in favour of "character," Sisson, Lepper.

(3) "On the comparative advantages of Durban and Maritzburg as places of residence." This was the most lively debate of the quarter, in fact, too lively, the chairman being several times appealed to to stop irregularities in debate. Ultimately, the voting was immensely in favour of the Port, which secured 25 votes as against 13 for Maritzburg. One of the supporters of Durban, in replying to a Maritzburgian who said that the citizens of Durban deserved no credit for its natural beauties as they did not make them, brought down the house by remarking that neither did the Maritzburg people deserve credit for the fragrant Umsindusi, except perhaps for its fragrance. Speakers in favour of Durban, Smith, Johnson, Brown, Pearce, Jaffray, Armstrong; in favour of Maritzburg, Sisson, Gibson.

Musical Society.—Two concerts were given under Miss St. Brodie's auspices, one during the June quarter, the second, which was substantially a rehearsal of the Michaelmas concert, at the beginning of this. As the Michaelmas concert is elsewhere described, we will content ourselves with remarking that Mr. Evans' song was one of the features of the evening. The words have been, in collaboration with Mr. Durand, almost re-written. "Sunning Hill's" composition was evidently appreciated at Michaelhouse, judging from the hearty way in which the school joined in the chorus, and we should fancy that the song is likely to have a considerable vogue at the

front. A very enjoyable musical entertainment was given by Miss Griffiths and Mr. Evans on the Friday after Michaelmas.

Library.—Sisson is still librarian. Book shelves have been set up in the Reading Room and Library, so that the librarian's duties are now considerably lightened.

We are pleased to note that H. A. Findlay has passed "Mods" and "Responsions."

The memorial tablet to the late Harold Green has been unveiled in the School Chapel, an impressive service being conducted by the Rector on the occasion.

Several wagon loads of sand have been laid on the practice pitch. A new pitch, intended for use in matches, has been laid down parallel to the old in the first game ground. Our cricket prospects will be treated of in another column.

We see no reason why paper-chases and cross-country runs should not be made compulsory. As it is only the energetic take part in them, all the slacksters in the school congregating in the screens to jeer at the start and mud-bedraggled return. Periodic paper-chases for the whole school, during at least the football season, and not just at odd times as at present, will not be time thrown away, even from the point of view of the most ardent Rugby player, in the improved wind and condition resulting therefrom. In connection with cross-country runs, the record for the run to the "Beacon Hill" and back is 90 minutes (Ross ma.); Simons ma. holds the record for the run to the hill at the back of the school.

The new Tennis Court will, if we can persuade a neighbour's donkey to desist from using it as a sleeping and rolling ground, be ready for play in a week or so. In fact, the courts are already pegged out ready for marking, and we only await a good rain to amalgamate the surface material, and a subsequent rolling to complete it. This will be a great boon to masters and friends, and those boys whose medical advisers forbid Rugby in the football season. A temporary court was marked on the first game oval last half, but owing to the softness of the surface, a really fast game could never be enjoyed thereon.

A running track has been levelled round the oval in the S.W. corner of the grounds, but awaits hardening. The oval, which is ultimately to be reserved for matches, has been ploughed and harrowed, ready for grass sowing. Labour only is wanting for this and the hardening of the track. Indeed, several minor improvements in the grounds, such as filling up unsightly dongas, hardening the approach to the screens, and such like had to be carried out by members of the school.

We believe a pond, with trees planted round it, is to be

dug on the lower side of the new tennis court; the present water furrow being diverted so that the water can run in and out thereby.

We are glad to learn that a dance is to be given by the school at the end of the term.

We are pleased to find that Michaelhusians can cheer heartily, judging from the welcome given to his Lordship the Bishop at Michaelmas, and so were possibly not responsible for the feeble efforts in that direction made by the Cadets as a whole during the Royal Visit. We, however, noted that only about three of the prize winners knew how to bow. Indeed, several recipients of prizes omitted this ceremony altogether. Probably, when Miss Owen's dancing class is started, this deficiency will be rectified.

Our Natural History Column.

[Contributors must in future be careful not to send notes on animals, descriptions of which have already appeared in the "Chronicle." We have received several interesting articles which have been crowded out for want of space, and which may appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

THE NATAL MONKEY.

We purpose in the following article to describe the species known by the Kafirs as "inkau," the "'simango" being comparatively rare and only found in certain localities. Everyone is so well acquainted with the appearance of the Natal monkey that a description of its appearance would be superfluous. Its favourite haunt is the dense coast bush, as its food, consisting of berries and roots, is there more plentiful. Possibly the N.G.R. officials have taken the trouble to surround all the telegraph posts on the coast lines of railway with wire to put a stop to any gymnastics on the wires on the monkeys' part. Natal monkeys are generally gregarious, and go about in droves of some twenty or thirty members under the leadership of a large male. As with all gregarious animals this individual is in time deposed by a younger and more vigorous rival, and when so deposed he becomes solitary and loses the usual timidity of his species. It is this solitary animal that is generally treed by dogs. When brought down wounded he will often fasten his teeth in a dog's throat and inflict a nasty bite. Monkeys are by no means averse to mealies, cane and sweet potatoes. When engaged in thefts of the above they

will often travel some distance from their haunts. I myself have shot them in a cane field quite a mile from any bush. When surprised they run at a sort of jumping canter, with their tails ertended, which, as everyone knows, are not prehensile as with South American monkeys, but only used as a rudder. They are extremely cunning, and you rarely catch more than one or two in the same trap, however carefully covered. They also, like most wild animals, know what a gun is, often popping up their heads quite coolly to investigate anyone who disturbs them who has not a weapon. When pursued they hide themselves in the thick top branches of trees, pulling the leaves all round them. Occasionally, however, they forget to hide their tails. The old males are credited with throttling young and inexperienced members of the herd to stop their betrayal of their hiding place by injudicious cacklings. One requires to be a good shot to hit a monkey on the leap. When wounded they cry like a human being. The female has one young one at a time, which at first clings closely to the mother's fur in her travels. It will be noticed that the human baby is very fond of clutching hold of everything within reach. Like the baboon the monkey is curiously human in its bearing. I once came across a space in the bush carefully cleared of sticks and leaves, in which several monkeys were chattering and gesticulating. Evidently some monkey council was being held. On another occasion, while going to sit in the bush for a buck I surprised a pair sitting side by side on a log in what resembled affectionate conversation. I shot one. Whether they were two cronies of the same sex, or it was a case of some young monkey spark, making himself agreeable to one of the opposite sex I was unable to discover. The one shot was a male.

B.P.

THE BLACK IMAMBA.

Kafirs profess to describe several varieties of the Imamba, but there are at most only two, the black and the green, and there is a very plausible theory that the black and the green imamba are one and the same snake. This is borne out by the fact that you seldom find a green specimen over, or a black under, seven feet in length. I myself have killed large green imambas with a decidedly blackish shade in their skins. This can easily be explained. When young the reptile is a tree snake and its colour, that of leaves, is meant for its protection. When older it generally prefers the neighbourhood of rocks. Everyone knows of the periodical change of skin it makes. And it is quite feasible, and a thing often found in nature, that

the reptile is enabled to adapt itself to its surroundings. The black imamba generally affects, as has been stated, rocky places, either in the bush or on krantzes, probably in the latter case living on the young of rock rabbits. A pair will often inhabit a hole for some considerable time. A friend of mine when shooting rock rabbits on a narrow ledge of a krantz nearly lost his head and tumbled some hundreds of feet to the bottom when suddenly confronted by a huge imamba. On one occasion the writer managed to kill a specimen, eleven feet long, with a stick. This snake and its mate were seen to go into a hole in a steep bank by the side of a cane field. We promptly got the Kafirs to dig them out. After we had dug to some depth one of the pair, to avoid being sliced in two by a stroke of the hoe, suddenly attempted to come out, and seeing several people in front, tried to crawl upwards over the top of the bank, while doing which he was despatched by a single blow. It would of course be madness to attempt to kill one of these snakes with anything but a shot gun, except where an extremely easy blow is obtainable with a stick as on this occasion. The other snake likewise attempted a rush, but wisely withdrew, when it had got about two feet of its body out, and, the hole being deep, was stopped up therein to die of starvation. The Kafirs at once pounced on the dead specimen and extracted its internal fat as valuable "'muti." The black imamba is the largest venomous snake known. Eleven feet is the usual length, though specimens of fifteen feet have been killed. They are very fond of taking up their abode on the wall-plates of country houses, especially on the coast, probably in search of rats. A friend of the writer was on one occasion standing on a ladder getting down some odds and ends he had stowed for safety in that position. A Kafir was in the next room pushing the articles over to him, the calico ceiling being unnailed. Suddenly my friend felt a rap on a hard felt hat he was wearing. Thinking that the Kafir was taking liberties with him and poking at him over the top of the wall with a stick he called out to him to desist. The boy denied having touched him, and my fritnd then noticed the head of an imamba which must have struck at him. The snake was promptly despatched. Another acquaintance of mine was on one occasion hustled by a lady friend into her bedroom, which she had hurriedly vacated in a fright, on finding a huge imamba on the floor, which must have come down from the top of the wall. The lady, who apparently had formed that high standard for valour in our sex which some women do, stigmatised my friend as a cowardly fellow because he came back for a gun to despatch the reptile, and did not there and then

outdo Hercules by trying to strangle it with his bare hands. All the wondrous stories of people on horseback being chased by imambas are apocryphal, and generally emanate from people who are returning from the village canteen and probably see snakes everywhere. This much, however, is true that the imamba will not get out of the way of anyone when making for its hole or when following its mate in the pairing season. I myself have had an imamba pass between my legs on the former of these occasions. Needless to say, I did a record high jump. Nor do they chase erect on their tails. When going through long grass they hold their heads several feet in the air with a curious swaying motion. Did they wantonly attack man they would be the most dangerous reptile in creation, as their comparative slender girth enables them to move with lightning speed. On ordinary occasions, like all snakes, they do all they can to avoid you. When walking along a narrow bush path a large imamba who was crossing came within ten feet without seeing me, but on doing so deliberately turned back.

THE PUFF ADDER.

This snake is the very anthithesis of the imamba in shape and habits, but is nearly as venomous. It has the largest poison fangs of any Natal snake and quite a perceptible drop of poison can be expressed from the fangs of a recently killed specimen. The poison is not so immediately fatal as that of the black imamba, death ensuing, when no remedies are at hand, in from 12 to 24 hours, whereas the imamba poison is supposed to produce death within half-an-hour. The favourite remedy of the Kafirs is the gall of the snake itself. We cannot say whether this is effectual, but they certainly possess one very certain antidote for the bite of this and other snakes in either the leaves, bark or buds of the knob-thorn, pounded up and taken in quantities of about half a teaspoonful mixed with water. As is generally known "eau de luce" (strong spirits of ammonia) or alcohol is the remedy employed by whites. The effect of the latter is partly to produce indifference to the danger, many people otherwise dying of pure funk. I have seen a coolie who was bitten by an imamba, and who recovered, being treated in time, in such a state of fright that he shook as if he had ague. The chief characteristic of the puff-adder is its disproportionate thickness. It is sometimes as much as 9 inches round, or as thick as a fair sized imamba, though rarely over four feet in length, tapering very abruptly, towards the tail, and resembles a gigantic sausage. The head is remarkably flat and broad. It probably derives its name from the

fact that it puffs out its neck when irritated. It is marked with black, brown and red mottled on the upper part of the body. The under part is yellowish white and black. The puff-adder's food chiefly consists of rats and frogs. They generally strike backwards, consequently one is in less danger in front of them. They are particularly dangerous owing to their sluggish habits, as they do not move quickly out of the way, and are frequently trodden on. A Kafir I was walking with on one occasion put his foot on one of these reptiles, which struck him in the heel. He shook off the snake and took no notice of the occurrence, remarking that it was not a bad place. No blood was drawn and the man seemed to suffer no ill effects. Probably the fangs did not penetrate beyond the skin which on a Kafir's foot is very thick. This explains why pigs often tackle snakes with impunity, there being little blood in the outer covering of fat in these animals to carry the poison into the circulation. A favourite method of cauterising for snake bite in Natal is to make a transverse incision with the bite in the centre, apply gunpowder, and ignite it.

W.A.J.

THE IGUANA.

This reptile is very common in Natal, and sometimes grows to a large size. I have shot a specimen six feet four in length. The skin is very tough, so much so that a charge of No. 8 will not kill a large iguana. They live on such insects as are found by river banks, but are particularly fond of the eggs of poultry, and are particularly obnoxious to such water birds as ducks and geese, making havoc among the young ducks and goslings (as indeed they sometimes do among chickens far away from water). They even attack and maul full-sized geese. They are particularly strong in the tail. A dog is nowhere if the reptile manages to get fair use of this member, unless he has previously managed to seize the reptile by the middle. They are so strong that it is almost impossible to drag a largish iguana out of its hole, which is generally in the bank of a stream, without pulling it in two. It has very large and strong claws, both on the fore and hind feet, with which he picks up his living of frogs, crabs, etc., and also excavates his burrow. The iguana is particularly fond of honey, and seems to be impervious to bee stings. The jaws do not seem very strong, at least having put my foot on a large specimen on overtaking him, he turned and seized my leg just above the ankle in his mouth, without hurting me in the least. Our Indians enjoy the flesh very much, and a Kafir has always a ready sale for an iguana he has killed to these people. The Natal

iguana is very different from the edible iguana of the West Indies and South America, which is more slender, of a bright green, hooded and arboreal in its habits. Our iguana is a very clumsy reptile on land and can easily be run down and killed with a stick. They are fond of basking on rocks and stones near water, where, though easily seen, they can quickly escape into the stream. When excited they protrude their forked tongue like a snake. The Kafirs have a curious superstition that if an iguana comes into a hut where one of them is asleep he will immediately put his tongue into the sleeper's eye and send him mad. From the nature of things this statement would be somewhat difficult to disprove.

O.G., R.P.

Football.

PRESENT v. PAST.—Whit Monday, 1901.

The Past started with the wind, with the result that the ball was continually in our "25," kicking out of touch being a very easy matter for them. The play, as usual, was monopolised by the forwards, the Past trying to play a loose game, while the Present kept the ball in the scrum as far as possible. Smith got away in the second half, and, after a lucky run, scored the first try of the game for the Present; it was not converted. The game now appeared to be decided, but just on time. Barnes scored for the Past, the result of a fine rush, he failed to convert his try, leaving the game indecisive. Scores, 3—3. Button at three-quarter, and Gordon ma. at half, played well for the Past, while Anderson saved the school by some sound collaring.

"THE" GAME.—June 1st, 1901.

The College kicked off, and Anderson bungled the return, but managed to kick into touch. From the throw-out, however, the ball was passed smartly out to the College three-quarters, who at once passed across the field, and McKenzie, with a magnificent run down the field, scored the first try for the College, which Langley converted. After the kick-off, there was a series of "scrums," and then McKenzie nearly got in again, as the result of good passing by the College three-quarters, but the referee stopped him for a forward throw just before he reached the Michaelhouse line. The College continued to press their opponents, and after came some hard play on both sides, Anderson scored the second try for the College, but being right

out on the touch line, the kick proved too difficult. The ball, however, managed to elude its pursuer, and rolled down into the river, and a fresh one had to be procured so that the game could proceed. After Michaelhouse kicked out, Gibson, by some good dribbling, gained a lot of ground for the Balgowan team, who made the most of it, and very nearly managed to score, keeping the ball in the College territory for some time, till the three-quarters relieved by good passing and worked the ball back again, Langley attempting to drop a goal, but falling short of the mark. In a minute, half-time was given, and the teams had a well-earned breathing space.

The College re-started the game, and Michaelhouse showed good dribbling, which brought the ball into their opponents' "25" till the three-quarters relieved, but were shortly pulled up by the referee for passing forward again. After a series of "scrums," in which neither side gained much, some excellent passing between Burchell and Anderson down the touch line brought the Michaelhouse lines into danger, but Moor relieved by a good punt. After a series of kicks back and forward, Langley got possession of the ball, and by a capital run got right up to the Michaelhouse line, where he was tackled and passed to McKenzie, who just managed to score, but Anderson failed to convert the try. Shortly afterwards, Langley again nearly got in, but Michaelhouse just saved, and by a series of "scrums," in which they showed splendid play, they worked the ball right back to the College ground. However, another good bit of passing between Langley and Anderson resulted in the latter scoring right between the posts, and in such a position it was impossible to fail to score the further points.

Michaelhouse kicked off, and pressed hard, but Holgate, the College back, returned by a good kick into touch, and the ball travelled back again. Langley made a good attempt at a drop goal from nearly half-way, but it did not come off, and after kicking out, Gibson made a good run for Michaelhouse, but was stopped before he got beyond the College "25." Again the College, by their good passing, threatened the Michaelhouse lines, but their back relieved, and the forwards, getting hold of the ball, carried it well into the College territory, and kept pressing them hard till the referee gave "no side," leaving the College victorious by 2 goals and 2 tries to nil. Teams:—

Maritzburg College.—Holgate; G. C. Anderson, Burchell, Langley, and McKenzie; Arbuckle and Stalker; Wakefield, Parker, Langley, Rutherford, Hulley, Stevens, McBride, and King.

Michaelhouse.—Anderson; Smith, Moor, ma., Forder, and Mackenzie; Tatham and Moor mi.; Gibson, Armstrong, Osborne, Symons, Johnstone, Brown, and Ross.

Referee.—Mr. Henderson.

WESTON COLLEGE.—June 8th, 1901.

Michaelhouse lost the toss, and played against the wind, in spite of which, however, the ball stayed well in our opponents' "25." The forwards were very fairly matched as regards weight and wind, but their lack of experience against other teams told on them.

After a series of scrimmages, the ball got out, and Smith on the right got in. The kick out from "25" gave them a lot of ground, having the wind behind it and being badly mulled in our back line. It, however, soon returned, the result of some hard "scrum" work, and Ross got in. The last try was scored by Gibson in the second half. Place kicking in the high wind was desultory, and the score remained 9—nil in our favour.

MARITZBURG COLLEGE.—June 22nd, 1901.

This, the return match, was played on our own ground Michaelhouse kicked off, and the College returning smartly, were dangerously near our line. We were soon on their line, where a bit of exciting play took place, our forwards, however, finding they could not get in, gave the three-quarters a try, and Smith put the ball down very near the touch line. The kick failed, and half time sounded soon after. The second half was a forward game throughout, and we nearly scored several times; it was, perhaps, a mistake on the part of the College to neglect their three-quarters, considering their quality. Result: Michaelhouse, 1 try (3 points); College, nil.

Cricket Prospects.

Any effort to forecast the future generally ends in disaster; but if we may be at all guided by last season's form and by what little has been seen this, we should have a brilliantly successful season. Certainly our bowling has suffered greatly in the loss of C. Forder, but this should be more than compensated for by the all-round improvement noticeable in the team consequent on a year's growth. In the two Moors, Tatham, Smith, Gibson, and Anderson we have six really good bats, all of whom should be dependable on for runs. Of these, Moor

mi. and Tatham are perhaps the best, both playing in very nice style and scoring runs at a good pace. Smith is perhaps more to be depended on than either, but he is always either inclined to play too slow a game or to hit too recklessly. If he could play a freer game and still keep the ball down, he would probably be the most dangerous bat in the team. Moor ma. seems to be doing better this year, and it is to be hoped that his falling off last year was only temporary. Gibson plays in almost the best style of any one making splendid use of his great reach, but always seems to get out just when he looks well set. Perhaps the most striking feature of the season, so far, has been the enormous improvement in Anderson's batting. Last season, playing in a very cramped style, he only just succeeded in getting his colours in the last match. This year he seems to have entirely altered his style and plays as correct and free cricket as one might wish to see. We confidently expect to see him high up in the averages of the season. Of the others, good things may be expected of Harvey mi., while Brown, though still not pretty to watch, has greatly improved this year, getting well over the ball. Johnson ma., Ross ma., and Forder should all come on well before the end of the season. In bowling, our prospects are not so good. In Moor ma. we have one really good bowler, but there is very little to back him up. His brother is perhaps the best, but he bowls a lot of very loose balls. Brown, Ross, and Forder all get wickets at times and may improve, while Tatham, as a slow bowler breaking both ways, should be very useful as a change. The fielding on the whole should be above the average, though we fear there may be one or two weak spots. Gibson seems to have improved considerably in wicket keeping, taking the balls very neatly on the off side, though still rather weak on the leg. Lastly, we are still fortunate in having in Moor ma. our last year's captain. Playing the game thoroughly keenly himself, both by precept and example, he gives the team a good lead.

We should also like to congratulate the team on the excellent start they have made to the season by beating the Old Boys, after starting the game on the second day in such an unfavourable position. Moor mi.'s second innings was perhaps the best thing in the match, but Anderson's batting and Moor ma.'s all-round play, and Tatham's bowling at the finish contributed to no small extent to the result. We are also very glad to see signs of decided improvement in keenness in second and third games. This is more especially noticeable in third game, all or nearly all the members of which seem anxious to play the game at every available moment. It is only thus that they can hope to get up into the 1st XI., and we take it that

this improvement that has taken place in keenness in the lower games this season is a clear sign that when it comes to their turn to uphold the honour of the school at cricket, they do not intend that it should in any way fall from the high position which it now holds in the cricket of the Colony.

Our Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges since our last issue :—

"Carthusian" (2), "Rossallian" (2), "Cantuarian," "Elizabethian," "Lartonian" (Oundle), "Reptonian," "Peterite," "Sherburnian," "Blundellian," "Salopian," "St. Andrew's College Magazine" (Grahamstown) 3, "Sedbergian," "Wykehamist," "Epsomian," "Bathonian," "Christ's College Register" (Christ Church, New Zealand), "Townsville Grammar School Magazine" (Queenstown), "The Blue," "Gigglewickian," "Salopian" (2), "Pietermaritzburg College Magazine," "Durban High School Magazine," "Deustonian" (2), "Dovorian" (2).

The Durban High School Magazine, we are glad to see, maintains its high standard. We agree with what the editor remarks as to the disallowance by the authorities of the prefect system in the school. A school without prefects is like a regiment without "non-coms.," and as good "non-coms." go far to make a regiment what it is, so good prefects go a long way in determining the tone of a school. A prefect of the right sort must of necessity be more in touch with the rank and file of the school that the best master can possibly be, and has quite as much influence for the general good. Besides, the institution of prefects accustoms a boy by degrees to exercise authority; and, consequently, one who has this training at school is not at a loss when he is placed in a similar position in after life. It teaches, too, the smaller boy respect for one of greater experience and force of character than himself. Very few public school men, we should fancy, become anarchists. The consideration that the above remarks do not appeal to those who derive their ideas of what a public school should be from the constitution of an English Board School might account to our contemporary for the refusal he complains of. With such people the masters are simply "teachers," and the school merely a knowledge shop. We should have thought that a question of this kind might have been left to the Head to settle. We note that the "Durban High" has received a very

flattering notice in the "Captain." We are sorry to see that the school has lost several of its old boys in the present war. We believe that one of the deceased—Barret—though we may be in error, was at one time at Michaelhouse.

We sympathise with the editor of the "Reptonian" in his complaint as to the liberties taken by the local Press with school names, also in the persistency with which the Reptonians are "mastered" therein. Our Natal Press are now somewhat better in the last respect. Still we have a lively recollection of having to score out about a dozen of "masters" in taking over a report from a local paper of some school function a year or two ago. We should have thought Punch's fancy sketch of "Master" Collins making his phenomenal score would have cured most reporters. Parents are now the principal offenders. Space fails us to more than acknowledge receipt of our other Colonial and Home contemporaries. We, however, cull the following from the "Carthusian," which, in our humble opinion, is "princeps," if not "facile princeps," among English Public School Magazines. Not that the extract is above the average in point of merit, but it is a ver yreadable little article such as Michaelhusians might, but do not as often as they should, contribute to the "Chronicle":—

IMPOSITIONS.

On this subject we hope to discourse at slightly greater length than the small lad, who, when asked to write an essay on the advantages of impositions, wrote in large letters across a sheet of paper "None," and first received a caning and then full marks. We believe, though we have no personal experience, that Impositions, alias Impos, alias Impots (the derivations of these words is doubtful, but they may refer to the manner in which masters Impose upon their pupils, or to the Inkpots used by the pupils when writing, but we advise you to consult Professor Van Balderdash's able article on "English Words and their Unintelligibility," page 3,182—3,300, Vol. LXVIII., of the American Journal of Philology) are set out as punishments for disobedience or insubordination, and usually take the form of "lines" or "copies." "Lines" are a particularly brutal form of punishment, and the infliction of them brings the average small boy's appreciation of Horace down to an even lower level than before. It is quite curious to notice how boys select Horace when writing lines, though masters generally have a predilection for Virgil. We have heard it stated, but do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement (for surely such depravity cannot exist) that some boys keep stock lines to dole out to importunāte masters, while others set

fags to do their lines and then show them up to masters as their own!

"Copies" are a milder form of punishment, intended to improve the handwriting, but then there are some people whose handwriting cannot be improved.

To turn from the oppressed to the oppressors, we find that there are several types of taskmasters. There is the "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer" who expresses an unpardonable curiosity when your lines do not appear at the appointed time, and has an unpleasant trick of doubling the number originally set. Others set the imposition in an apologetic way, as if they regretted giving you so much trouble. Fifty lines generally form their limit, but there is no necessity to do any of them. A third type, viz. the fussy master, seldom sets less than two hundred lines at a time, but never troubles you again about them. Before other masters he usually expatiates on "the discipline maintained in my form," though you yourself see very little of it.

At present, impositions, though irksome, seem a necessary evil, and will, we fear, continue to be necessary until, two thousand years or so from now, the perfect schoolboy, who will never need punishment, is evolved.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The "Chronicle" will be published at present twice a year, in October and May. All contributions, whether in prose or verse, if written legibly, will receive the Editor's most careful consideration. The subscription at present to "St. Michael's Chronicle" is 2s. per annum, by post 2s. 3d. Copies to be obtained of the Editor or Publisher.