

After the quarter-way kick the College again pressed. Trinity was given a free kick, but by the efforts of Counsell, Campbell and Bricker and some by-play the distance was soon recovered. Then another free kick was given to Trinity but Burnside got in a run which nearly made up the lost space. From the scrimmage the ball was passed to Bricker who kicked a touch in goal, making the score 9-1. After the Trinity quarter-way kick Denison made a short run which was followed by a scrimmage, from which Bricker kicked another touch in goal. Score 10-1. A few minutes later, when play was on the Trinity quarter, the whistle blew and U. C. C. had won by a score of 10 points to 1.

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### Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,—Cannot something be done towards getting the electric light turned on in the boys' rooms a little earlier before dinner? On a foggy afternoon (and most of the afternoons of this part of the year are either foggy or rainy) it is impossible to read or study from five o'clock till half-past for want of light. This is bound to be bad either for the boys' working habits or for their eyes, as it is not very inviting out of doors at that time of day and they must do something. It is indeed the most inviting time for extra study, for this very reason that there is nothing else to do, and therefore we think it ought to be possible to avail oneself of it. Yours,

*Lux Vobiscum.*

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### Stories.

#### SOME OF SERGEANT'S EXPERIENCES.

After his appointment, in Dundalk, to H Company of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Royal Scots, a regiment 2,000 strong, Sergeant was given an army pass to Mullingar, where the regiment was stationed. However, having indulged too freely on the way he was robbed of his ticket, and only reached Mullingar after much difficulty. Here the enrolling officer called him *Haljpenny* instead of Ha'penny (his proper name) and it stuck to him. He spent three months in the recruit class and when given his place he began all the gymnasium work he could. A year later

the 1st Battalion was ordered to Dublin. Here he engaged in a sham battle between his battalion and the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, 1,000 strong. The two battalions mobbed each other every chance they could get, and Sergeant greatly enjoyed himself in these rows. He was perfectly satisfied with regimental life. In the troubles with Russia, in the seventies, his regiment was ordered to the Dardanelles, and accordingly they set out for Queenstown where they embarked on H. M. Troopship *Alabar*. Everything had been settled by the time they got there, however, so they were sent to Malta. After nine months in Malta they were ordered to the East Indies and from there, seven months later, to Gibraltar. From Gibraltar the regiment was sent to the Cape, where it saw some slight service in the Zulu war. After the war they went back to India again and after a short stay they were sent to Egypt to take part in the Egyptian troubles. Here they found three other regiments under Sir Garnet Wolseley. Had the Egyptians known they only numbered four regiments they probably would have been annihilated. Reinforcements soon came and when they numbered some 14,000 men they set out from Alexandria for Tel-El-Kebir. In Alexandria many of the European residents had been massacred and their bodies were lying about the streets in all stages of decomposition caused by the great heat. However, when they reached the neighbourhood of the fort, after a forced march of from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on a hot night, there was very little *esprit de corps* left in them. When they approached the Arabs opened fire with their cannon, and the horrible noise which only a cannon ball can make and which resembles thunder in a way, combined with their *weariness* and dispiritedness, wrought great confusion in the ranks. The officers tried to steady them, showing them that the cannon were trained too high and were firing over their heads. Historical accounts say that the buglers sounded the "charge," but this the Sergeant denies. He says that 18th Regiment broke away and that all the rest followed them. Anyway the walls were taken by a wild charge. The defenders were chased out and then the artillery and cavalry attacked them on the flank and completely routed them. The men seemed to have gone crazy, for the 300 buglers sounded "Cease fire." at intervals, for twenty minutes