

THE LAST CRICKET MATCH.

"What's in a name?"

That name, that reputation for good cricket which we hear so much about, and which we are supposed to do so little to sustain, has now been vindicated.

That "disgraceful and humiliating" defeat at Hamilton, for which the first eleven were so much blamed, has been partially atoned for, and we can add one to the long list of victories which the College has gained in past years. The only disappointment of the first eleven is after the victory, that they cannot play Hellmuth a return match, and fully wipe out the disgrace sustained in the former match; but they must bide their time, and perhaps the struggle may still come off after the holidays. Well to return to the Port Hope match. It was a great success in every way, as arrangements for the pleasure of the boys were so well contrived that not a spot appeared to mar the enjoyment of the day. This was owing altogether to the great courtesy of our rivals, who took so much pains towards the success of the day, that many regrets were expressed when it was understood that no return match could be played this season, as nothing would have delighted our boys more than to have been able to make some return for the many kindnesses which they experienced at the hands of the masters and boys of the Trinity College School, Port Hope.

This match closes the first half of the cricket season of 1872, a short one, productive of but one victory and of but one defeat. Let us hope that after the holidays cricket may be re-established on a firmer basis than ever, that the club may receive much support, and that an eleven may be sent out which will do honour to the name of the College and to the names of the cricketers who have preceded.

CRICKET.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

On Saturday, June 16th, the match that had been unavoidably postponed from May 14th, was played between the Clubs of the above Schools, at Port Hope.

Our Eleven left Toronto by an early train, and arrived at Port Hope about nine o'clock. At the station we were met by a deputation of the Committee of their Club, who had a conveyance in readiness to take us to the St. Lawrence Hotel, where we all partook of breakfast. We were then driven up to the ground, and on our arrival were greeted with hearty cheers, and immediately after were shown to a tent, provided expressly for our convenience.

About 11 o'clock the wickets were pitched, and the toss being won by Trinity College, we went in, McKeown and Proctor to the bat.

The first wickets soon fell under the telling bowling of Campbell and Coxworthy. The former, especially, bowled well, almost every ball being on the wicket.

Appearances were much against us at first, for there were few fine hits made, except by Wood, who carried his bat for 14.

Cronyn was unfortunately run out, before he had a chance of making anything. The other wickets fell rapidly, and when the last man was out the score was only 50.

After a very short rest, Trinity went in, Mr. Bethune and Coxworthy to the bat, to the bowling of Cronyn and Biggar. Biggar bowled swift under arm, and there were few runs made off his balls.

Rogers was caught out by Atkinson shortly after he went in, and luckily before he had well started to make a score. Campbell, who carried his bat, had only opportunity to make 5.

After the first innings, the two Clubs sat down to an excellent lunch in the College dining-room, and, we imagine, did full justice to it.

On our return to the ground, the Band of the 46th Battalion, which had been engaged for the occasion, made its appearance, and the seats were thronged with spectators, who seemed to take lively interest in the game.

About 3 o'clock U. O. College went to the bat again, in the same order as before.

The score on our side, which was also the score of the day, was made by Proctor, caught out by Meredith for 28.

Cronyn this time played in his usual style, and succeeded in making 27, and Spragge 18. These ran the score up, and when the last wicket fell, it had reached 107.

When Trinity went in the second time, they had 128 to tie, and fears were entertained at one time that they were going to do it; for this time, Mr. Bethune and Rogers getting in together, made a stand, and the latter seemed determined never to get out, and his wicket fell only when he had made 27.

The score was increasing so rapidly, however, that our Captain thought it advisable to change the bowlers, and Brown was put on with round arm. The change had its effect, and in the first over afterwards Mr. Bethune's wicket fell.

The fielding on both sides was very good, and the back stopping was particularly admired. On the field some fine catches were made, especially by Atkinson, who, during the first innings, caught out Rogers.

We give the score in full:

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.		UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.	
First Innings.		First Innings.	
Mr. Bethune, b. Cronyn	0	McKeown, b. Campbell	0
Coxworthy, b. Cronyn	2	Proctor, b. Campbell	28
Rogers, c. Atkinson, b. Cronyn	1	Richardson, b. Coxworthy	8
Meredith, c. Spragge, b. Cronyn	2	Spragge, b. Coxworthy	4
Barker, b. Cronyn	0	Cronyn, run out	0
Irving, b. Biggar	0	Wood, not out	14
Perry, b. Cronyn	1	Atkinson, b. Coxworthy	0
McBrien, run out	0	Biggar, c. Mr. Bethune, b. Campbell	0
Smart, b. Biggar	0	Cope, b. Campbell	2
Campbell, not out	5	Brown, b. Campbell	0
Hall, b. Cronyn	4	Moffatt, b. Campbell	0
Byes	4	Byes	3
Leg byes	2	Leg byes	3
Wides	4	Wides	0
Total	29	Total	50
Second Innings.		Second Innings.	
Campbell, run out	0	McKeown, b. Coxworthy	9
Hall, run out	1	Proctor, c. Meredith, b. Corwy	28
McBrien, b. Biggar	1	Richardson, run out	0
Rogers, l. Cronyn	27	Spragge, b. Coxworthy	13
Coxworthy, c. Atkinson, b. Cronyn	3	Cronyn, b. Smart	27
Mr. Bethune, b. Brown	8	Wood, c. Perry, b. Coxworthy	0
Meredith, b. Cronyn	2	Atkinson, b. Smart	0
Barker, c. Atkinson, b. Brown	9	Biggar, b. Smart	3
Smart, b. Brown	0	Cope, b. Smart	1
Irving, c. Cope, b. Brown	1	Brown, run out	4
Perry, not out	0	Moffatt, run out	0
Byes	8	Byes	11
Wides	5	Leg byes	2
Leg byes	3	Wides	9
Total	68	Total	107
	29		50
Grand total	97	Grand total	157

Mr. G. Hall, of Port Hope, and Mr. O. Morrison, of Toronto, acted as Umpires, and G. D. Perry and E. Scatcherd as Scorers.

After the match, and the usual cheering, &c., we once more sat down together to dinner, and after waiting many weary hours for the train, left for Toronto.

We can only say here, that during the whole of our stay there, the kindest of attention was paid to us by all; and we regret very much that, on account of the affliction in Mr. Cockburn's family, we cannot have a return match before vacation. We would be only too glad to have the pleasure of entertaining them here, and would do what we could to repay their kindness.

The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom: "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill as well as insult you."

THE CAMP.

"Multos castra juvant."—HORACE.

In speaking about the camp—the Niagara camp—which has sucked in, and now contains, so many brave and worthy defenders of our country, we were almost tempted to begin by the words "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," but as we always wish to be free from the imputation of giving our readers anything stale, we refrained.

'Tis a glorious thing to see the blue sky overhead and the green grass below, and to see the many-hued uniforms of the various companies between, whom we can respectfully admire at a distance. But what a thought it is, how the chest swells out when we recall to our minds that some of the gallant men who compose these companies have actually been our "sequales et sodales." To what a height are they now lifted, and how do we sink down by comparison into mere worms. They have burst the ugly shell of the caterpillar and have gone forth, bright butterflies with their uniforms of many hues. But are they the same beings, who were wont to crack a joke and be familiar with us who are left? We question it; we question if aught remains of the part when it merges into the butterfly. But let us speak of the great devotion of these gallant fellows to their country; let us tell how some of them—some that our readers know—left everything—home, friends, books, examinations everything, and went off to do what for their country? To die? We think not. To fight? No. What then? Why to camp out, which is the most devoted thing of all that have been named, and where the many privations, and especially the want of "grub and blanket," justly stir up the ire of these manly defenders. But there is one thing that makes up to these youths for the great privations, and that is that they can be called by the name of soldier. "Full private Snooks" has a most imposing sound beside plain "Snooks."

If any one of these brave fellows has a literary turn he may thoughtfully con Shakespeare's lines as he scrapes his chin, and try to imagine himself the ideal soldier of whom the bard speaks.

"Full of strange oaths and bearded like a pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;  
Seeking the bubble, reputation,  
Even at the cannon's mouth."

Then the ladies—bless their hearts—are traditionally fond of red coats, and even of green ones when donned by soldiers; and how sweet and pleasant it is to be gazed on by the fair sex, who wave lily-white handkerchiefs to spur the soldiers on to victory. Then, of course, how jolly it is to gather around the "wolf-scaring faggot" at night, when the day is through, and tell stories of martial adventures, to sing songs—in short, to have a good time if you are allowed, which is extremely doubtful. And then there's the parade and the drill, and the feeling that you are a martyr for your country. And last, but not least, there's the return home covered with glory, and welcomed by shouts, and then the humiliating doffing of the red coat for the more peaceable black one.

So indeed, the honours of the soldier's life are many and varied, and many are the causes which call him on "where glory waits him."

The following is a specimen of a diary kept by one of the Queen's Own Rifles in camp.

"Tuesday.—Got up; drilled; washed; drilled; thought I saw some girls; paraded; eat dinner; drilled; went for a walk; drilled; went to bed."

No monotony, no sameness, always an interval between two drills.

GAMALIEL.

A man with a scolding wife, being asked what his occupation was, replied, that he kept a hot-house.