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Football.**FOURTH MATCH OF THE SEASON.****BRISBANE CLUB V. WOOGAROO ASYLUM.****FOURTH MATCH OF THE SEASON.****BRISBANE CLUB V. WOOGAROO ASYLUM.**

IN accordance with a challenge issued by the Woogaroo players, eighteen "braves" of the Brisbane Football Club donned their war paint, left Brisbane per rail at 12.5 on Saturday last, and arrived at Woogaroo at 1.15 p.m. Their names were Menzies (captain), Joe Bourne, John Bourne, Macalister, Coutts, Brennan, M'Intosh, Foster, O'Doherty, Devoy, Norris, P. Roberts, Miles, Bryant, Scott, Bowman, Hobbs, and Caston; on the whole, a very fair team indeed.

The first item on the programme was an excellent spread provided at short notice at Host Drysdale's, which was paid every attention to, and a move was then made to the scene of action, a paddock adjoining the Asylum, where play commenced at half-past 2, after arranging the rules and appointing umpires; Mr. Sheehan acting as such for Brisbane, and Mr. Jack for Woogaroo. One rule provided that the ball should not be handled nor carried, and this condition gave a great advantage to the "bedlam" folks, as the active little Brisbane fellows thereby lost half the benefit of their "lissomeness," while the superior weight of the Woogaroo nuggets was "bound to cipher up in a musa." So thought the spectators, but the result proved the contrary, for the first goal was kicked for the club by the veteran Joe Bourne, thanks to the skill of the Brisbane battalion. In this the first bout, the Brisbane side had the choice of ends, and the ball was kicked off at starting by Dr. Webb, who acted as captain for Woogaroo.

No time was lost in saddling-up for the next heat, and at it, fast and furious, went all hands. Several players were denuded of their upper garments with a workmanlike rapidity worthy of the occasion. In one of the tussles a hapless "Metropolitan" got his finger broken; but such trifles were not allowed to interrupt "the 'armony of the hevening," any more than a cropper in the ditch stops a fox hunt; and now it was, in round No. 2, that weight began to tell, and the visitors found they had some heavy uphill hauling to do, and in spite of all their gallant efforts, a Woogaroo patient sent the ball in the way it should go, between the uprights, which, after an appeal to the umpire, was allowed. Ten minutes' rest, smoke oh, and a drink, came next, and Brisbane went in "lemons" to collar, if possible, the odd trick. Our friend Jack Macalister—a Rupert amongst the Roundheads—

formed himself into a committee for the pur-

pose of carrying out the conveyance of the ball betwixt the Woogaroo standards, and he worked so energetically, that the motion was ultimately carried, not exactly *nem. con.* perhaps, but certainly *volens volens*. (Pray excuse our classical style!) There was some roughish play in this bout, and some unequivocal compliments given and taken; and now all hands adjourned to partake of some refreshment, hospitably provided by Dr. Webb.

As it was now getting late in the winter afternoon, "time" was called, and

The row that for a space began to fail,
Now doubly, trebly, thundering, swelled the gale.

The local team kicked off the ball, for a fourth issue. The battle raged, the warriors were prostrated in all directions. Macalister kicked a goal (disallowed by the umpire). "Never mind, pick up the pieces, at it again," and on they went, and the fray grew as furious as if this were the deciding event; which it was not, for it had been agreed before starting that the first two out of three events should win the match, and these had been scored by Brisbane. This fourth bout for "love" was the hottest of the series, and weight again told its tale, and one of the Warders kicked a goal for Woogaroo. An attempt was then made to dance the fifth figure of the quadrille, but before it had been long on hand the bell sounded for the Brisbane boys to go home; and so, after a very jolly afternoon, and the interchange of hearty farewells and expressed hopes as to their next merry meeting—to take place, if possible, this season—the visitors proceeded per train homewards, and the latter being, as a matter of course, behind time by about an hour, they did not reach the city terminus till 7.30 p.m.

The game was witnessed by a large number of the patients and many visitors, all of whom seemed to be highly delighted with the sport. It is to be regretted that circumstances prevent a home and home match, and that the Asylum people cannot come to Brisbane to play before the metropolitan audience; but ill-natured people, who decry football, say that it makes no difference, seeing that all who play the game are either in Woogaroo, or ought to be there if they got their deserts. We reserve judgment on this "pint."

PHOTO.