The Sydneyan.

No. VI.

A MAGAZINE EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

OCTOBER, 1877.

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Sydney:
PUBLISHED BY J. J. MOORE, GEORGE STREET.

1877.
SCHOOL CALENDAR.
4TH QUARTER, 1877.

Nov. 5. Mon. ... Public Examinations at the University begin.
9. Fri. ... Whole Holiday.
30. Fri. ... Monthly Half-Holiday.
Dec. 10. Mon. ... Latin compositions shown up.
11. Tues. ... Modern History Examination.
12. Wed. ... Classical and Mathematical Examinations begin.
20. Thur. ... Match v. Melbourne.
21. Fri. ... Prize day. Summer Holidays begin.

NOTICE.—The Editors intend, if possible, to bring out the next Sydney on the prize day.
OUR LAST CAMP.

Our cadet corps has just returned from their sixth encampment, which was as enjoyable and successful in every way as its predecessors.

On Thursday, Sept. 20th, the members of both companies, to the number of ninety, with a few choice "old fellows," paraded at the school in heavy marching order, and proceeded to Bowenfels by the morning train—Montagu going with the corps as special reporter. Everyone enjoyed the grand scenery of the two zig-zags, the vale of Clwydd, Hartley and Lithgow valleys, with other striking pictures which were seen during the journey over the mountains. The beautiful sight of snow-covered fences, trees, and fields, was equally novel and interesting to most of the corps.

As a great deal of rain had fallen in the valley before we reached Bowenfels, and our camping ground was very wet and dirty, the captain took the company to Gray's Assembly room, where we camped for the first night.

In the evening the cadets gave the Bowenfellers an impromptu concert, which was apparently much enjoyed by the large audience present. Captain Weigall presided.

Among the singers, Q.M.S. Baylis distinguished himself with "Tim Flaherty" (which literally "brought down the house") and several other comic songs, which were well sung; Sergeant-major Pope, ex-Sergeants Bowman and McIntyre, Corporal Street, ex-cadet Lander, and Cadets Hilliard, Clapin, Street, Welman, Jones, and Long, all sang with feeling and good taste. Lieutenant Anderson introduced the G. S. Cadet song, and Mr. Lentzner favoured us with "Die Wacht am Rhein," and some good violin solos. Cadets Moffitt and Anderson gave some recitations in a very creditable manner.

On Friday morning the company marched down to a paddock, on one side of which was a fresh-water creek, close to the Bowenfels station, which was kindly lent by Mr. Andrew Brown, and in an hour the rifles had
pitched and entrenched ten tents, in the form of an oval. Shortly afterwards two flag-poles were erected, and two fine British ensigns were hoisted thereon.

The cadets were then told off to their respective tents under the following officers:

- **Carbines**: No. 1, Corporal Poolman.
- No. 2, Corporal Cowper.
- **Rifles**: No. 1, Corporal McIntyre.
- No. 2, Corporal Burrows.
- No. 3, Corporal Street.
- No. 4, Corporal Barker.

Another tent was occupied by Sergeant-major Pope, Colour-sergeant Bowman, Sergeants Wilkinson, Neill, and Pollock, with ex-Sergeants Bowman, McIntyre, Wilkinson, and Lucas. The officers occupied another tent, and the other two were devoted to the guard and the stores.

After a trench had been dug for a fire-place, the cook and his orderlies were set to work, and a very good dinner of meat, bread, and vegetables, was served out. After dinner each tent was well supplied with straw, and a blanket and water-proof sheet were issued to every cadet. The cadets were then permitted to go out of camp and amuse themselves as best they could. At tea-time there was a grand display of luxuries, such as potted fish and meat, jam and cake, in addition to the camp rations. At six o'clock, a guard of twelve was mounted, and four sentries posted round the camp.

When the tin-plates and goblets had been washed, some made the tents comfortable for the night, while others went foraging for wood, and soon made a large camp-fire, round which all hands assembled, and joined in the choruses of jolly songs well rendered by our best singers.

Q.M.S. Baylis became famous with “Tim Flaherty,” “See where she goes,” and many others. Lander’s speciality was “It’s all the same to Sam”; Welman became a favorite with the lady visitors through “Please give me a penny,” and might have got twopence at any moment. Clapin made himself illustrious with his account of the “Creation,” while Sergeant-major Pope, Sergeant Neill, Corporal Street, Cadets Jones, Long, and Hilliard, with old McIntyre and Dick Bowman caused great amusement with their respective songs of “The Flower-girl,” “The Menagerie,” “That’s where you make the mistake,” “So early in the morning,” “Doctor Quack,” “So awfully clever,” “Paddy’s ould leather breeches,” and “Lather ’em, shave ’em.”
At ten o'clock every night buglers Bryant and Marshall blew the "Retreat" and "Lights out," after which all retired to their straw, and the sentries were left alone to watch the gradual formation of ice and frost, and to speculate on the philosophical causes of such a wonderful difference of temperature between Sydney and Bowenfels.

At five o'clock every morning the "Reveille" sounded, and every one turned out to tidy up tents, bathe in the creek (thermometer at 26°F.) and help the cook. When the officer of the day inspected the tents Corporals Barker and Street gained special praise for the extreme tidiness and soldierly appearance of their tents.

On Saturday, Lieutenant Anderson, with a party of twelve, went up the mountains to see Govett's Leap, the grandeur of which scene afforded great pleasure to the fortunate visitors. The rest of the corps were drilled for a few hours among the beautiful hills and gullies around the camp.

In the evening Lieutenant Anderson, with twenty-four rifles attacked the camp and found the sentries all on the alert. A great many feints were made, but the sentries were always ready, and the carbines soon reinforced them when attacked.

On Sunday, notwithstanding the very wet weather, the Rev. Mr. Mayne came down from Hartley and gave us an appropriate and vigorous address on the duty of protecting our country and friends.

To make us still more able to do this, if needed, Captain Weigall put us through some company and light infantry drill for an hour; after which he expressed himself well pleased with the steadiness and smartness of the manoeuvres, and allowed the cadets to visit the coal-mines, copper and iron-works, and many other beautiful and interesting places in the valley. In the evening hymns and yarns took the place of songs.

On Monday both companies were exercised in skirmishing round the camp; we were well drilled in the various modes of advancing, outflanking, and taking shelter; and finally rallied to form a square to resist cavalry, represented by a number of cows of most mild aspect, who were repulsed, and had to pay tribute the next morning in the shape of several gallons of milk.

In the afternoon our team, assisted by Webb, played the Coorwull cricketers and defeated them; Elphinstone made 29, and Webb also added double figures. The camp was visited by hundreds of visitors, the fair and youthful portion of whom enticed many of the gallant red-coats into playing
kiss-in-the-ring, in which Neill, Bryant, Higgins and Baylis were the supreme favourites, much to the disgust of the non-military element in the ring. Among the other visitors we were glad to welcome Mr. Davis from Sydney.

In the early part of the evening, Captain Weigall, with the carbines and twenty rifles, attacked the camp, which was successfully defended by the senior rifles. Some excitement was caused when the carbines, relying on their numerical superiority, tried to charge past the sentries, and had to be promptly taken prisoners and disarmed. Of course both sides claimed the victory, but at any rate the defenders kindly allowed the traitorous carbines to return to their homes and enjoy the hearty fun which we had on our last evening. Some new musical talent was developed in Cadet McPherson and others, and, as a young lady of the district remarked on leaving, "some of us were not very good-looking, and had not very sweet voices, but we were all very jolly."

On Tuesday morning we packed up our baggage, and struck the tents very smartly. After the company had assembled on parade, the Captain thanked Lieutenant Anderson and Sergeant-major Pope for their assistance in maintaining such excellent discipline, and he complimented the cadets upon the cheerful obedience to orders, the manly endurance of considerable discomfort, the entire absence of grumbling and quarrelling, and the high moral tone which had characterised this camp. He also thanked the "old fellows" for their company, and attributed to their excellent example the freedom from low language and smoking.

Cadet Pratt, who was about to leave the corps, had presented two prizes—one for the non-commissioned officer, the other for the cadet who had most distinguished himself at the camp. These were awarded respectively to Q.M.S. Baylis, and Cadet Clapin, and a special prize was given to Cadet Higgins by the officers. Besides these, Sergeants Bowman, Wilkinson, Neill, and Pollock, with Corporals Barker, and Street, Dick Bowman, "old" McIntyre, Begbie, Lander, and Budd were deserving of very high praise for their exertions to make the camp a great success.

The company was then marched down to Mr. Andrew Brown's, and hearty cheers were given for Mr. Brown, who had kindly lent one of his paddocks, and for Mrs. Brown, who had given us a large supply of milk for our porridge every day, besides about 50 dozen apples.

On bidding farewell to the camping-ground, which had been the scene of so much goodwill and pleasure, cheers were
given for the officers, Sergeant-major Pope, and the non-commissioned officers, the camp, and Mr. McCoy the station-master, who had been very obliging to the corps.

Much fun was caused during the encampment by the different tents resolving themselves into lodges with high-sounding titles, such as the "British Lions" (the sergeants), who were certainly the most popular, and secured most allies; the "Jerusalem Cuckoos," whose only boast was their amazing powers of eating; the "Emus," "Kangaroos," "Royal Jokers," &c. The Grand Masters of the various lodges used to enjoin five minutes silent meditation, which were devoted to vigorous eating, and then called for "The noble Duke of York," or "Poor Cock Robin." At Mount Victoria, on returning home, a small party got out to visit Govett's Gap, and had the pleasure of losing themselves in the bush, and there spending the night; but the rest were brought safely to Sydney in excellent health and spirits, and are now finishing the week pounding Latin and Greek, and remembering with pleasure the last camp-out.

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**THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.**

*(A free translation from the German.)*

There is a light that beams from heaven
Upon the earth below;
And all beneath its grateful power,
It gladdens with its glow:
Nor sun, nor moon, nor host of night,
So clear, so calm, so pure and bright.

To every heart that's clean and pure,
That loves the just and true;
To all who strive the good to know,
And knowing it, to do:
To all who seek to free the soul
From mazy error's dark control.

To every heart that nobly bears
Earth's sorrows, care and strife,
Who leads, amidst unholy scenes,
A high and holy life;
To every heart with anguish riven,
That looks from earth, with hope, to heaven.

In every land that's trodden been,
By foot of human kind;
From frigid zone of ice and snow,
To strength-destroying Ind;
To prudent age and sanguine youth,
That light is free, the light of truth!
It was the fire Prometheus stole,
From Jupiter of old;
And sought to give our suffering race
A better age of gold,
Than that which hails, in idle rhyme,
Have given to an older time.

Where'er it beams, all wandering thoughts
And errors pass away;
Pass like the dews of early morn,
Before the coming day:
Nor time, nor space, nor depth, nor height,
Escape its all-pervading light.

Though for a time it seems obscure,
And clouds of darkness lower,—
Bide thou thy time, its day is near,
Near its triumphing hour:
For spite of all 'twill victor be,
Sublimely bright, sublimely free.

Though sophist-art in error's path
May lead the rusting mind,
And hopes and fears to naked truth
The seeker's eye may blind:
Yet battle bravely, onward press,
And truth at last thy zeal shall bless.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
No. IV.
St. Paul's School—By an Editor.
"Disce doce, aut discede."

Few of our readers have not read, either in school or at home, some of the poems of Milton; and some have probably learned before this that he was educated partly at St. Paul's. This is one reason which has led us thus early to give a short account of this school. Australian readers, who cannot visit the site itself, may acquire an interest in the school when we say that the list of eminent Paulines (as they are called) includes, besides Milton, Samuel Pepys, the writer of the famous Diaries in the reign of Charles II., John, Duke of Marlborough; and one whose influence and fame, though different in kind, is yet powerful in and beyond his own university, the present Greek professor at Oxford, Benjamin Towell.

Another reason why Sydneians should take an interest in St. Paul's is that it is a day-school, situated, like ours, in the heart of the city; and, therefore, many of its regulations, its advantages, and its shortcomings are the same as our own.
These boys who went in lately for the History Examination, and read that most instructive and pleasant of all school histories, "Seebohm’s Protestant Revolution," are already acquainted with the founder of this school. In and about the reign of Henry VII. men of letters and ecclesiastics were much concerned with the "New Learning," as it was then called, which had found its way from Constantinople to Italy, where it first flourished in the private circles of some wealthy citizens of Florence; and thence became disseminated through the Universities of Europe. This new learning made such a change in men's ways of thinking that historians have given it the name of "Renaissance," or, (anglicised) Re-nascence, because it was a new birth of intellect and literature. And now, some readers may ask, what was the "New Learning?" It was the learning Greek. All the west of Europe had been non-Grecian, so to speak, for centuries. The monks and learned men only knew Greek authors by Latin translations; and read, not the Greek Testament, but a Latin translation of it. But at last scholars had access to the real Greek texts; and the splendid array of forgotten poets, philosophers, and historians were before them, like a new world full of the thoughts treasured up by the most highly civilized people that had ever lived. All Europe soon began to revel in the new literature thus brought to light; and poets, historians, and in time philosophers, like these of Greece, wrote down their thoughts. But that was in the age of Elizabeth, and was the fruit and result of the great movement we are considering.

In those days students passed from University to University in a constant interchange. Whether at Pisa, Milan, Heidelberg, Paris, or Oxford, if there was an eminent professor, his fame attracted multitudes of eager pilgrims. In the Italian Universities at that time were the scholars learned in the new learning; and to Italy there accordingly flocked laymen and clergy—at least, such as were not afraid of the adage, "Cave a Grecis, ne haereticus fias;" and among these was a rich clergyman, at that time Prebendary of York—John Colet.

Colet, being an enlightened and liberal man, took much interest in the new learning. On the Continent he had met two Englishmen, William Grocyn, and Thomas Linacre, both ardent lovers of Greek, who returned to spread the new learning at Oxford; and besides these the great friend of his life, Erasmus, who afterwards visited England and was patronised by Henry VIII.

But it was not only as a secular literature that Colet and
his friends valued Greek. They wished to have the Greek Testament read and understood at the universities and schools of England; for they believed that this would be one method of preserving the text unimpaired, and would tend towards their great end of reforming and raising the standard of the clergy of their day. Colet, it must be remembered, was a Roman Catholic clergyman, and, as such, was unmarried, and the sole heir to a large property. He was now Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, and had undergone some persecution for daring to read St. Paul's Epistles to the people. He wanted to turn his wealth to some great public good; and so determined to found an English school, where one of the subjects taught should be Greek.

By the original statutes the School Trustees are the London Mercer's Company, who, with the advice of such learned men as they can get, shall appoint a High Master, ("a man hoole in body, honest, and vertuous, and lerne in good and cleane Laten literature, and also in Greeke, if such may be gotten:" ) a surmaster, and a chaplain. Since then it has been distinguished as a classical school, and from the year 1814 to 1838 the Paulines carried off nearly sixty of the first prizes at the Universities.

Some of the founder's regulations are so quaint that we cannot refrain from quoting them with occasional comments:—

There were to be taught in this school "Children of all Nations and Contres indifferently to the number of One Hundred and Fifty-three"—a number supposed to allude to the number of fish taken by St. Peter (John xxi. 11). On admission each boy paid 4d. to the "poor scholer that swepeth the schole and kepeth the seats cleane." We need hardly remind our readers of the difference of money value in those days, when a sheep cost a shilling and fowls two pence.

In every Forme one principall child shall be placed in the chayre, President of that forme." Here is the original institution of Form Captains, with the remarkable addition that each had a small chair of honour to sit on.

That the Dean had an eye to the decency and tidiness of the school, furniture, and class-rooms, we can see from the following: he would have no tallow drippings, nor sandwich crumbs;—one wonders if he forbad cutting the desks. "In the schools they shall use talough candell in no wise, but all only wax candell at the cost of their frendes. Also I will they bring no meate nor drinke, nor bottel, nor use in the School no breakests, nor drinkings, in the time of learn-
ing in no wise; yf they nede drincke let them be provided in some other place."

"I will that they use no cock fightinge, nor rydinge about of victorye, * * * I will also that they have no Remedyes (i.e., play-days.)

One of the quaintest institutions was that the boys should go every St. Nicholas' day to hear the Child-Bishop, who by a custom of the Roman Catholic Church was chosen from the choristers to officiate until the eve of Innocents' day in the dress of a bishop. Some have expressed surprise that a man of the Dean's good sense and austerity could have sanctioned such puerilities, but after all were not the lads likely to take more interest in a service by one of their own age, and is not the principle admitted in English school chapels where the Sixth-form in white ties and frock coats read the lessons every Sunday? Indeed, if we may be allowed the digression, it would be well if there were more boys' services in this nineteenth century, to deal with the manifest and grievous stumbling blocks of Australian youth, and teach them that reverence which it is the crying sin of this age that we lack.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

They sat assembled on Olympus' crest,
Gods, goddesses, and godlings, with their pages,
Nurses, nymphs, maids of honour, and the rest
Of demi-godly spirits, whom the sages
Say live above the thunder, and are blest
With blissful ignorance of care that wages
War with poor men, and burdening their breath,
Rides them, or rides behind them to the death.

Nectar they drank, celestialest of things,
Such as Hans Breittman drinks at dewy eve;
And victuals had they—of which Homer sings—
Ambrosia he calls it, I believe;
Thus, ever with eternal picnickings,
And appetites eternal, such as we're
No sample of, they live and love together—
With one exception, that's the clerk-o'-th'-weather.

But as he is the subject of my ditty,
His face and worldly circumstances here
Merit description—but, the more's the pity,
My information's limited, I fear.
Whether his office lies within the city,
Or in the east or western hemisphere,
I know not: this, however, I do know,
His standing is of—very long ago.
At first, to ease Jove's over-burthened shoulders,
He undertook the work, Jove being bound
To stop his growing uglier or older—
Wiser than old Tithonus—but he found
Appointment disappointment, for though bolder
Than some are, he forgot to ask for sound
Wits,—so, though long his body counteracted
His dotage, of late years he's gone distracted.

O'er-scolding acts upon us like a fetter,
For be it known that all complaints of weather
And weather prophets form a monthly letter,—
Though spoken viva voce—and together
Reproach the poor clerk for not doing better;
The which I've read, and am debating whether
To bring, sir editors, before your knowledge
Such grumblings as I see from Sydney College.

LETTER I.
Honoured sir, it's disgusting, I can't stand your cheek!
Frost to day, thaw to-morrow, and rain for a week;
Moore Park's a disgrace, an Atlantic of slush,
You can't go ten yards without using a "mush;"
Mine is lost, strayed or stolen—and so I can't stir
Without getting wet through—which is monstrous. Now, sir,
Are the heroes of cricket so far to be slighted
As this implies; hoping you'll see that it's righted,
And make it hold up, like a jolly old fellow,
I beg to remain, yours, dear sir, Black and Yellow.

LETTER II.
My own dearest clerk of the weather, I know
What a kind-hearted creature you are, how you show
Most considerate feelings to all who will go
And tell you their troubles—so I will do so.
It's all with my own darling Johnny, the showers
Which I know you meant well by, to bring out May flowers,
And you couldn't know Johnny was suffring, could you?
Or you wouldn't have wetted his jacket so, would you?
Or his socks, or his trousers, or red mufftees—
And I knew he'd caught cold when I noticed him sneeze—
And the dear darling boy wouldn't wear my galoshes,
For he says that great Smith always teases and "boshes;"
But you'll take it in hand, like a dear, as you are,
And not care for spring flowers. Your servant, Mamma.

A RUN ASHORE AT MALTA.
Five o'clock! and here we are in the harbour of Malta.
Every one is eager to stretch his legs on shore; and as the notice goes up that the steamer will leave again at midnight the dinner table is quickly deserted—for we had dined at half-past four to day. I am a philosopher, and so is my
Insatiable friend; and we come to the conclusion that calmness is best under all circumstances; so we quietly finish the afternoon repast, well knowing that there will be too great a rush for everybody to go on shore at once. Then we go on deck to reconnoitre. Many boats are crowding round the steamer. Much is going on in the way of exclamations.

"Here," says the Insatiable, "here is a boat; let us depart." I looked at him. He had lost his wonted philosophical coolness, and was hurrying down the ladder.

"Now," he remarked—"To the shore, and let us survey. Smoke we!" and he took unto himself a cigar.

Ten minutes row, and we approach the landing place, under the high walls of the town. We give the boatman his fare, and he grumbles, and asks for more. Immediately upon landing we are surrounded by various fellows of uncouth exterior, who in loud tones proclaim their willingness to show us all over the town, and bring us safely down to the landing-place, to boot, for the immense sum of sixpence.

The Insatiable pauses, and says—"Wilt shew us much? we thirst after knowledge."

To cut matters short, I pick a guide, and, taking the Insatiable by the arm, proceed up the uncomfortably steep way which leads into the town, over a drawbridge, and up a street of steps. How they manage to get heavy carts along these ways as they do is a mystery to me. I made the remark to my companion, and he pondered deeply—so deeply indeed, that I could not get another word out of him till we reached the Post Office. Here the guide remained outside, and left us to enter by ourselves. Following what seemed to us the most likely way, we suddenly came upon a room containing a number of gentlemen of various descriptions, who did obeisance unto us. We were proceeding to business when we were stopped by a particularly polite member of them, who, in French, requested us to pardon him, but we were in the wrong apartment. We retired, and found later on that we had invaded the sanctum sanctorum of the building. Having accomplished our duty in respect of letters we proceeded to pleasure.

"Hold!" cried the Insatiable, "let us to the hotel, where we may obtain wherewithal to refresh the inner man. 'Tis but an hour since dinner; yet we may order that which will comfort us before we embark again."

We turned into the Strada Reale, and, having given our orders at a large hotel there situate, set out again. The Insatiable insisted on taking a carriage, much to the delight of the guide, who was evidently nothing loth to have a drive
for a change, and who obtained a cabriolet for us in about half a minute. We started at a very slow trot, and were just making ourselves as happy in the carriage as circumstances would permit when suddenly we came to a stop. Down jumped the guide from the box, and informed us that this was a jewellery shop, and we could buy if we wished. At the same time out rushed the shopman, begging us to step in and look about. One would have thought, from the account of his shop given at the carriage door, that we had nothing to do but to walk in and help ourselves at our fancy and then walk out again. All this time a crowd of urchins and beggars was collecting round us, fighting, scrambling, offering flowers for sale, and asking alms. Our guide was most energetic. He seized one little ruffian by the collar of his coat and swung him off. To another he applied his foot, whilst he entered into a most vociferous argument with a third, to which we put an end by ordering the driver to go on; and the guide, not wishing to abandon us, abandoned his discussion. We had not driven a quarter of a mile when it came on to pour with rain, and our sight-seeing was spoilt. There was nothing for it but to return and discover what the shops were made of.

The Insatiable grew melancholy, and remarked, "Such is life." He wanted a binocular glass, so we went to Muscat's shop in the Strada Reale. We had been told that we were to offer about two-thirds of the amount demanded. Here, however, the shopman appeared to be firm, and would not yield a shilling, so we proceeded to another. We found an extremely good glass, and asked the price. "Fifty shillings," was the reply. We offered forty. It was as good as a play to see the piteous expression of the man's countenance.

"I should be losing by it, Signor," he said; when we very well knew that our offer was at least to his advantage. "Forty shillings," we said; "that is a fair price, and we are ready to give it." On this he came down to forty-five; but we were exulting more or less in our previous success at bargaining, and stuck at forty. The man still refused, so we left the shop and walked up the street. We had not gone ten yards, when the man came running after us.

"Here Signor," he cried, "take it at your own price.

We did so. The very eagerness of the man to make us buy the article, shewed that even at forty shillings he thought he was gaining. Anyhow, the glass turned out an exceedingly good one, and after trying it next morning,
Insatiable mused for quite half-an-hour, over the contest with that illustrious shopman. I fancy trade is very bad at Malta; but the people make up for it by setting nearly double price upon imported things of this kind.

The Insatiable next said he wanted some Maltese jewellery; and I think we visited nearly every shop in the town, where it was to be obtained. The best place is said to be Cortien's, but they would not reduce their prices at all.

The Insatiable grew quite lively in his discussion with the shopman, and waxing warm, nudged me, saying, "We must needs depart, else will this fellow over-persuade me."

At the last shop we went, my companion was very much taken with a filagree silver belt, which he thought would appease the wrath of his wife, at having been left behind; for the Insatiable does possess a wife, notwithstanding his philosophical ideas. The people of the shop asked £5, so the Insatiable, following instructions, offered £3. They at once came down to £4, but my companion was getting triumphant, and would not give in. We left the shop, but as at the optician's, so here, we were pursued, and offered the band for £3 15s. The Insatiable said he would give £3 5s., and finally agreed to "toss" them for £3 5s. or £3 15s. The Insatiable won, and thus pocketed the band pretty cheaply.

Of course we wanted tobacco. There seemed to be nothing but golden-leaf, at five shillings the pound. The cigars we got were not bad; they were at the rate of 24s. the hundred. We went into the Arcade, but, unfortunately, nearly all the shops were shut, except, by the way, the establishment of one wily Maltese, who told us that we might come in and buy what we liked, at whatever price we liked. However, we did not accept his offer. There are several orange trees close by the Arcade; they were in full blossom, and, as there were not too many of them, they smelt very sweetly indeed. The odour of an orange grove is positively sickening in its strength.

The opera-house was open; but our time was limited, and we did not go. It was too dark to visit the Catacombs, which are well worth going to see, according to all accounts; consequently we went to the hotel, and, having comforted ourselves, made for the landing-place, after a very pleasant run in Malta.

The night was splendid. The moon and stars were shining brightly, now; and the lights in the harbour and on the
quay gleaming out over the dark water, with the shadowy walls sharply defined against the sky, made the whole scene most picturesque.

We weighed anchor about midnight, and the Insatiable, silent though he usually is, expressed his regret at not having seen more of the island, as we turned into our respective cabins, and knew that we were on our way to Port Said.

PARODY ON SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a sob was heard, all eyes were dry,
As the corpse to the galley we hurried;
Not a passenger heaved a single sigh,
As the hen went out to be carried.

The cook sat down by the light of day,
The coals with his poker turning;
In the bubbling saucepan the Dorking lay,
With the galley fire brightly burning.

No skewer of steel transfixed his breast,
No useless pudding-bag round him;
But he lay like the yellow sun sinking to rest,
With the curry powder around him.

Short, in truth, was the grace we said,
We spoke not a word of sorrow;
We gazed on the face of the veteran dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

Slowly and sadly we gulped him down;
For ourselves, said the cook "O save ye;"
We carved not a slice, we needed no knife,
As we used a big spoon for his gravy.

MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

I have imagined that the readers of the Sydenian must have had already quite enough of my early school reminiscences; the Editor, however, thinks differently, and, at the risk of overtasking patience, not to say, as a cynical friend suggests, credulity, I proceed to give a brief account of the Classical and Commercial Academy, conducted by Mr. Benjamin Stew, in Irishtown.

It is superfluous to remark that this school was, in some respects, peculiar; but the peculiarities were not exactly of the Tims or Trubb type. The genius of Stew did not rise to the sublime, as did that of Tims, although he had a very
fair share of originality in his composition. In the details of his work he was assisted by three "notables," chosen from amongst the boys. First, the "head prepositor," a meek youth clad in a swallow-tailed coat, whose duty seemed to consist in walking up and down the room all day, and who always turned away in disgust from any unseemly exhibitions of idleness or levity. Second, the "list prepositor," who kept a record of marks, good and bad. I held the responsible office of list prepositor during the greater part of my stay at the school. Third, the "prepositor of order"—I could never discover in what respect this functionary differed from any other pupil, save that he had the privilege of leaving his seat whenever he pleased, and boxing the ears of any other boy, an action which sometimes provoked a resentful feeling, and led to a future breach of the peace. I ought also to mention another personage, who made his appearance about once in three months. He had the appearance of an infuriated ecclesiastic, but what he was I know not—possibly a trustee. On entering, he required the boys to spell some words, and after their inevitable failure to do so, poured forth a torrent of invective on master and pupils, denouncing them respectively as impostor and dunces, and then departed in a towering rage. This is a concise but sufficiently full account of our examination system. Whether or not spelling was judiciously taught by Mr. Stew the reader can judge for himself. A class was called up every morning, and a show of hands was taken as to the spelling of each word; sometimes the "bad or optime" system was adopted, under which the result turned upon the spelling of a single word. Thus the boys stand in front of the master's desk; after a few moments of breathless suspense, he says with great rapidity "p-r-o-m-t, prompt," and at the same moment raises his hand; those who raise their hands at the same time are supposed to signify approval of this spelling, and are immediately noted by the list prepositor for six "spats" on the hand with a flat stick, at twelve o'clock, the others getting six good marks. In my capacity as list prepositor, I always stood on the left of the master, a little behind him. I always escaped the "spat," but the report that I took advantage of this position and watched "how the cat jumped," was simply a malicious invention of those who coveted my office.

There was emulation amongst some of the bigger boys, but of a kind which I think is unusual. The prize contended for was—not a gilt-edged book—not a cup—but the heart and hand of the fair Isabel, only daughter of the
master. In one sense, indeed, she was not fair, her com-
plexion being that of an octoroon. Some said that it varied;
and I remember a fight which nearly ended in bloodshed,
between the prepositor of order and another, because one of
the two (probably a rejected suitor) remarked that the
application of a little soap and water would change some
brunettes into blondes. I must here remind my readers
that I was at this time between ten and eleven; and as
Cupid does not generally waste his shafts on swains so young,
there will, I hope, be no hesitation in accepting my assurance
that I was a disinterested, if somewhat inexperienced,
observer of these juvenile amours.

The excellent training in geography which I had received
under Tims and Trubb qualified me for the discharge of a
most important task in Irishtown. Mr. Stew directed me
one Monday morning to drop my usual work for the week,
and paint on the wall a huge map of Europe, which was to
extend almost from the ceiling to the floor. With the help
of a ladder, a pot of black paint, and a big brush, I success-
fully carried out my contract, and the result was striking.
I have seen Wild's great globe in Leicester Square; but my
work was the more remarkable of the two. I have never
seen anything like it, except a map of the world according
to Herodotus. The rivers were generally an inch in
breadth; and, owing to an abnormal flow of black paint
below Vienna, the eastern Danube seemed to be such a for-
midable barrier against a northern invasion of Turkey, that
no Russian general who had seen my map would ever think
of attempting the passage of the river.

I could write much more about my Irishtown school, but
time and space forbid. A generation has passed since I was
there, and the drolleries I have been attempting to describe
are almost, if not entirely, things of the past. Some ten
years later, however, I happened to be in a village not very
far from Irishtown, when a little incident occurred which
showed that all sense of humour had not then been banished
from school work. I was passing by the National school,
when I was surprised to hear the well-known tune "Here's
a health to all good lasses," sung vociferously by some scores
of children. I stepped inside to ascertain the meaning of all
this bacchanalianism. The children proceeded to sing—

Two lines thus form my right angle,
Two lines thus form my right angle,
Here is parallels, here's triangle,
Here is parallels, here's triangle,
Here's a circle wheeling round.
the words being illustrated by appropriate flexures of the limbs, and the last by a vigorous swinging around of the arms, by means of which, drill instructors are wont to strengthen the muscles of their pupils' shoulders. I then perceived that what arrested my attention was a lesson in geometry.

I hope one day to visit Irishtown again, if only to ascertain whether the ruthless hand of the white washer has effaced my splendid map, and who succeeded after all (if anyone) in winning the hand of the fair Isabel.

AN ANECDOTE.

The Duke of Wellington, when a boy, was like Lord Clive, a bit of a scapegrace, so much so indeed, that several of the neighbouring gentlemen forbade their sons to bring that young Wellesley into their houses. Once, at an evening party, at which young Wellesley and some other young radicals were present, there was a certain Sir Pigott, a stiff old gentleman of the old school, who always wore a kerchief tied in a peculiar fashion round his neck; one of the young gentlemen offered to bet that no one was game to go and untie it. Wellesley accepted the wager, and, walking up to Sir Pigott, gave the kerchief a tug, pulling it right off his neck, remarking at the same time, "I beg pardon Sir Pigott, I was arranging your kerchief," and then walked away to his comrades. Now, the Duke, as is well known, had a very prominent nose, which was bent slightly to one side. Sir Pigott, being excessively annoyed at this trick that had been played upon him, and seeing all the young fellows laughing at the other end of the room, thought that he would have his revenge, so crossing over to Wellesley, he took him by his nasal organ, and giving it a twist, pulled it straight, saying at the same time, "I beg your pardon young man, but I was just arranging your nose." One can imagine on whose side the laugh was, and I think that this is the only instance on record of the Duke of Wellington ever having his nose pulled in public.

KILLED OR MISSING.

Pleasant as was the experience of the last camp, we regret to say that in the fearful carnage of Monday, the corps suffered the loss of all its non-commissioned officers. It is feared they were taken prisoners, or, according to the
The barbarous practice of the enemy, buried alive. The names of the heroes who were thus immolated are as follows: Sergeants Baylis, Bowman, Wilkinson, Neil; Corporals Burrows, McIntyre, Street, Barker; Lance-corporals Hungerford, Thomson, Murray, Higgins, Elphinston. Their cenotaph is raised below; and any of our readers who can discover their whereabouts in the following passage may send copies to the editors with the names underlined.

A sturdy Scotch artist from the seat of war proceeded to Palestine to take sketches of the coast. Some Turkish detectives found Mac. in Tyre (for Tyre it was, tho' MS. on the question differ), standing like a Farnese Hercules, or a royal Guelph in stone, sketching the bay, listless under the lustre eternal of a high eastern sun. In an instant they were round him, with handcuffs and bowstrings; but Mac., of that braw ilk, in so novel a position, a giant of muscle and bone, ill-brooking such intruders, with fist and elbow, managed to clear away to his inn, where, overcome by heat, if not by Turks, he was heard to murmur—"Rays of the sun vertical—cause vertigo—feverish thirst—beats even my hunger for dinner." Then, turning to his dragoon, he shouted—"Hech, mon! hi! g—gin sling, whiskey toddy, brandy smash, lime juice—anything, anything, anything, bar kerosene, to drown my unconquerable thirst."

**FACETIÆ.**

Could a reader of "English Lessons for English People" be said to be indulging in a "Seeley Abbot," (silly 'abit."

At a school where monitors were appointed to keep order, a waggish youngster exclaimed—"I say, Jack, there won't be any noise to-night in dormitory, because so many monitors are about!"—"How do you know?" replied his friend. "Why, if there was going to be any row you'd never see a monitor, that's why!"

What is the difference between the camp at Lithgow and a swindler? One is the school camp, and the other a cool scamp.

Why do a schoolmaster and his pupils always live a cat and dog life? Because the one is of a canine nature and the other of a feline nature.

A few days ago, in doing "Fontaine," I came across Fanfaron, a boaster of "blower of trumpets," and my thoughts naturally turned to the trumpet of Farron—the ice-cream man.
A quail on toast is worth two in the Australian bush.—Tibi.

An Irishman once shot a bird which fell at his feet with a great thump, and he was heard to say—"Faith! what a fool I am, I might have saved the charge, for the fall would have killed him."—Tibi.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

There has been a manifest improvement in this Society, both in the attendance and also in the debates themselves. In the recitations several lower-school boys have made their appearance; but it has been got up, as has been said by Webb, the founder of the Society, not only for the amusement, but for the instruction and benefit of the boys; and for this reason I would like to see more of the lower-school fellows come forward.

Shortly after the end of the midwinter vacation a debate took place, the subject of which was—"Which is most necessary to the world, steamers or locomotives?" The Ministry (Macpherson's) took the side of locomotives; but they had to take a back seat, for they were defeated by a large majority.

Having made these few preliminary observations I will now proceed to business.

August 10.—The Ministry was then formed, consisting of Webb (Premier), Murray, Samuel, I., Lowe and Selman. Recitations, &c: During the evening several songs were very well rendered by Messrs. Raymond and Teece. Mr. Bean also contributed towards the evening's amusement with a recitation, which was remarkably well given. I must not forget Hilliard, who played and sang very nicely.

August 17.—Debate, Sergeant Pope in the chair. Subject: "Which was the greater man, Wellington or Napoleon?" The Government took the part of Napoleon, and the Opposition contented themselves by defending Wellington. After a warm debate, in which the speakers for the Government were Samuel, I., Herbert, Selman and Murray, and for the Opposition, Wilkinson, Elphinstone, McIntyre and Mr. Anderson, the Government were defeated by a large majority. A new Ministry was afterwards formed by Wilkinson, who thereupon took the office of Premier, having for his colleagues R. Macpherson, N. Montagu, J. McIntyre and J. Elphinstone.
August 24.—Recitations, &c. During the evening Mr. Lentzner made his appearance on the platform; and, judging by the applause which greeted him when he retired, he will most likely be a favourite among the boys. Mr. Hammond also gave a song ("The Old Folks at Home"), which was received with infinite pleasure. We had also, on this occasion, a song from Mr. Teece.

August 31.—Meeting postponed, as the Shakespeare class were going to read on that evening with Mr. Weigall.

September 7.—Recitations, &c. During the evening Tait, Mackay, Anderson, and Gill (all lower-school boys), competed for a prize offered for the best reciter under fifteen. It was eventually handed over to Anderson amid great cheering. Mr. Weigall then rose, and stated that he considered Tait had recited equally as well as Anderson, and would therefore, by leave, award him a prize equal in value to that of Anderson. The announcement was received with much cheering from those present. Before the meeting terminated, it was proposed by Mr. Anderson, and duly seconded, that those present should form themselves into a Society, the entrance to which to be one shilling per half-year. Mr. Anderson explained that his reason for moving the resolution was, that there were sundry expenses in connection with the Society; and, of course, it would never do for one or two to pay for the amusement of others. It was suggested by Webb, that although they all seemed to agree with the resolution; still it would be better if their names were taken down, and thus agreeing to join the club. Wilkinson was appointed to take down the names; and a temporary committee, with Wilkinson as secretary, was appointed to draw up a code of rules to be brought forward next meeting for the assent or dissent of the members. I may also mention, in connection with the recitations and songs for the evening, that Mr. Francis's songs and guitar, and Mr. Lentzner's singing afforded much pleasure. Mr. Francis was encored. Tait also played upon the guitar, and gave a couple of songs.

Friday Evening, September 14.—Songs, Recitations, &c. As this was the last Friday evening of the quarter, the Ministry, assisted by Mr. S. Webb, got up a rather more attractive one than usual. The entrance-fee was made one shilling, as it was in aid of the sports' fund. The money, to the amount of £3 14s., taken at the door goes towards paying the expenses of the Melbourne Grammar School Cricket eleven, who are coming up about Christmas to play a return match. The room was tastefully decorated with
flags and banners, and Mrs. Pope kindly lent a carpet for the platform.

Mr. Weigall, by request, took the chair. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies present; and also some old Sydneians.

"The Incomprehensible Frenchman," a quintette, was given by McPherson, as the Frenchman, Webb, the Shopkeeper, T. Robertson, as the Shopboy, Lowe, the Constable, and McCarthy, the Mayor. McPherson created roars of laughter by his part of the Frenchman, which he did to perfection. Webb also did well in his part, which was rather humorous. Another piece, "The Attractive Young Lady," a quartette, was successfully rendered by McCarthy, Lowe, Webb and McPherson. McCarthy was especially good in this piece; it suited him better almost than the other. Messrs. Bean and Skinner, together with Nathan, Street, I., and Johnson, gave two quintettes, which were both very well received. The other noticeable features of the entertainment were—a violin solo, by Mr. Lentzer; a song with guitar accompaniment; and a song, which was encored, by Mr. Raymond.

The entertainment was wound up by passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Weigall, for taking the chair, and for the ladies, for honoring the entertainment with their presence. Three cheers were then given for Mrs. Pope, for her kindness in lending her piano, and for her general assistance. "Auld Lang Syne," was then sung, and the company dispersed.

N. MONTAGU.

FOOTBALL.


Grammar v. King School (1st and 2nd fifteens): Won by King School (both fifteens). The 1st fifteen played a good game, but the 2nd were beaten by long odds.

Grammar v. Toxteth: Won by the Toxteth.

Grammar v. Waratahs: Won by the Grammars. Bowman played splendidly, being almost everywhere. Won by two "toughes."

Grammar v. University: Won by the University. Very bad team. No chance against such a heavy fifteen.

Grammar v. King School (1st and 2nd fifteens): Won by the King School (both fifteens).
Grammar and Lyndhurst v. University: Won by the University. This was a very good match, and the University were kept well to their own goals until half-time.

Grammar v. Lyndhurst: Won by the Lyndhurst club. Petersen and Bowman played well. Selman and Petersen obtained two “touches” each. Won by one goal against five touches.

Grammar v. Newington: Won by Newington. The Grammars played well, but were unable to get any goals. Baylis did good kicks during the match.

CRICKET.

While at camp a match was arranged between the Cadets and the Coorwull Cricket Club (Bowenfels). Accordingly on Monday, 24th September, at about 3.25, the stumps were pitched, and the game commenced, by the Cadets going to the wickets.

The following are the scores:

**GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1st Innings</th>
<th>2nd Innings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Webb, b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baylis, r.o.</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gorrick, run out</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elphinstone, h.o.w.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Bowman, b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>not out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomson, b.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Bowman, b.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Wilkinson, h.o.w.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker, b.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>run out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street, b.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neale, not out</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byes</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td>73</td>
<td><strong>Total, 4 wickets</strong></td>
</tr>
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</table>

**COOERWULL.—1st Innings.**

<p>| | | | |</p>
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<thead>
<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wallis, b. Elphinstone</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canty, c. Neale</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawford, b. Elphinstone</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corderoy, b. Elphinstone</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenwood, b. Bowman</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heppel, c. and b. Bowman</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Canty, st. Webb</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, b. Bowman</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymond, b. Bowman</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McIarana, not out</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomson, b. Webb</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>44</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thus, the match was drawn in our favour, with 27 runs to spare, in the first innings. The batting of Baylis, Elphinstone and Neale, together with the bowling of E. Bowman and Elphinstone, are worthy of notice on our side, and the batting of Wallis and Crawford on the Coorowull side.

**CADET CORPS.**

**ANNUAL PRIZE SHOOTING.**

The carbines fixed on September 11th, and the rifles on September 15th, for thirty-two prizes, varying in value from 10s. up to £2, which were provided by private subscriptions aided by the company funds.

The shooting was very satisfactory, and showed tokens of great improvement, due to the exertions of Sergeant Furnish, who had just finished putting the rifles through their course of musketry. Out of thirty-five cadets Colour-sergeant Bowman, Quarter-master-sergeant Baylis, Corporal Burrows, Lance-corporal Hungerford, Cadets Stacy, Allison, Pratt, Guest and Gorrick won the marksmen’s badge—an honour won by few volunteers this year—and eleven got into the 1st class.

In the carbine company the prize for the highest quarterly average was won by Cadet Smith, and in the rifles by Corporal Burrows.

The other prizes were won as follows:

**CARBINES,—100 YARDS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cadet Desarnaults</th>
<th>Simpson</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bugler Bryant</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Jeanneret (2)</td>
<td>Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bugler Marshall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Ranken (2)</td>
<td>Pratt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal Poolman</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Fallick</td>
<td>Tait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Richardson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chauvel (2)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**RIFLES,—200 YARDS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cadet Pratt</th>
<th>Stacy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lance-corporal Hungerford</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Guest</td>
<td>Colour-sergeant Bowman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CARBINES,—AGGREGATES.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cadet Clapin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stacy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pratt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colour-sergeant Bowman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corporal Burrows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Peterson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarter-master-sergeant Baylis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lance-corporal Murray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elphinstone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Guest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gorrick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lance-corporal Hungerford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIFLES,—500 YARDS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Clapin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stacy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colour-sergeant Bowman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lance-corporal Murray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Neale</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The prize offered to ex-cadets was won by ex-corporal Teece.

The trophies, which consist of gold and silver chains and lockets, cake-baskets, butter-dishes, silver pencils, and knives, will be presented at a full-dress parade on Friday, October 5th, by Mrs. Weigall, on which occasion the prizes won at camp by Quarter-master-sergeant Baylis and cadets Clapin and Higgins will also be presented.

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RIFLE CORPS ACCOUNT.

THIRD QUARTER, 1877.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dr.</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
<th>d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 17th, 1877.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balance from preceding quarter</td>
<td></td>
<td>31</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ammunition sold</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subscribed for camp</td>
<td></td>
<td>21</td>
<td>15</td>
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Audited by

HENRY C. I. ANDERSON, Lieutenant.
REGINALD BOWMAN, Colour-Sergeant.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The boys of the Grammar School will be glad to hear that the sports' committee have addressed a letter to the Trustees in reference to the low state of the sports' funds; and have requested them to change the school-fees from pounds to guineas, and hand over the odd shillings to the committee for the benefit of the sports' club. If this plan is adopted, the club will be in receipt of a sufficient sum per annum to erect a gymnasium, to supply all necessaries of the best material for cricket and football, to form a school library, and to guarantee at least one athletic meeting a year. All the boys ought therefore to hail with delight the prospect of the adoption of this scheme, which will bring the school into that position, as regards athletics, which the institution most noted in Sydney for its success in literary departments ought to hold.—(By order of the Sports' Committee.)

By the July Mail, via San Francisco, three old Sydneians left the colony to pursue their studies in the old country. Mr. E. H. Rennie, once a boy, and subsequently a master at the school, proposes to join the school of mines, and ultimately to graduate in science. From the distinguished position which Mr. Rennie obtained in the Sydney University we have every reason to anticipate that Mr. Rennie will take a good degree at the University of London. Mr. G. B. Allen, B.A., after a brilliant career at our local University, intends to matriculate at the University of Oxford; and Mr. A. O'Reilly, B.A., to read for a medical degree at the London University.

A LETTER has been received from Mr. C. E. Forster, B.A., a former captain of the school. Mr. Forster is hard working at the Polytechnic School of Cardiff, with the intention of becoming a civil engineer.

The eleven of the Melbourne Grammar School will arrive in Sydney towards the middle of December; and the match will be played on the 19th or 20th of that month. A committee has been formed to make arrangements for the reception and entertainment of our visitors.

We notice that Mr. J. Jacobs, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, a former captain of the school, has written an article in the June number of Macmillan's Magazine.

Mr. Carl Lentzner, at the beginning of last quarter, started a voluntary German class; but the attendance was so desultory, owing partly to the claims of music, dancing, and rifle practice, that it has been discontinued. It is much to be regretted that this kind offer was not more worthily responded to.
ENGLISH EXAMINATION PRIZE LIST.

Form VI.—Essay. Murray, 1; Barker, 1.
Form V.—Essay. Macpherson.
Form IV. N. G.—Reid, Herbert.
Form IV. Mod.—Essay. Selman.
Form IV. R. G.—Deane.
Form IV. R. N. G.—Hall, 3.
Form III. A.—Burns, 2.
Form III. B.—Bone, Cowper.
Form III. C.—Perry.
Form II. A.—Crocker, 3.
Form II. B.—Mackay; Hamburger, 2; Leibius.
Form I.—Garran; O'Reilly, 2.

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS ACCOUNT.

Quarter ending September, 1877.

Cr. £ s. d. £ s. d.
Brought forward from last Quarter ... 8 8 6
Sports' Fees ... 23 13 6
Proceeds of Entertainment ... 3 14 0
Lending Guernseys ... 0 2 0

Dr. £ s. d. £ s. d.
July 21 To G. Hurley and Co., (footballs) ... 3 3 0
" " Stamps ... 0 2 0
Aug. 18 " Football bladder ... 0 7 6
" " Mending football cases ... 0 4 6
Sep. 4 " Stamps ... 0 1 0
" " Cricketing material ... 18 0 4
" " 20 " Set of stumps and one ball ... ... 0 19 6
" 21 " Wicket gloves and four sets of bails ... 0 17 6
" 21 " Second-hand bat ... 0 10 6

Balance in hands of Treasurer ... ... £11 12 2

Audited by } E. BEAN,
} R. C. McPHERSON.
CORRESPONDENCE

(To the Editor of the Sydneian.)

Sir,—I have no doubt that some of your readers would like to know of what material our eleven, which obtained such a grand victory at Melbourne, is made; but before criticising the play of the individual members, I shall say a word or two about our play collectively.

Our batting, all round, was all that could be desired; but our fielding, in the second innings especially, was very bad indeed; and if we wish to win next time, we shall have to improve in this branch of the game very much. Some think that as long as you have good batting and bowling you are all right and sure to win, but this is a great mistake, as what is the good of a man bowling well if catchers are missed, and, when the ball is hit, if the field opens his legs and quietly lets the ball go by, you must practice fielding; and another word to the players: when in the field forget everything else but the ball, keep your eye on that and that only; don't stand with your hands in your pockets, don't think because no ball has come to you that no ball is coming and go to sleep; and above all things keep cool, and don't flurry yourself when throwing in the ball, as, if you do, you will throw wide of the man at the wicket, and most likely your opponents will secure one or two runs more than they would have got otherwise.

Then our bowling: well it is hard to express an opinion of this, everyone differs about it, but I think it was very good, all through, and if it had been backed up by good fielding, a very material difference would have been shown on the scoring sheet. I will go through the team in alphabetical order, and put their respective scores after them:—

Allen, our best bat, very good field, and also a good bowler, 145 (not out) and 8, 1 b. w.

Baylis, good bat, and at times a good field, 2, and 4, (not out).

Bowman, fair bat, (too fond of hitting) very good field, and good change bowler, 5, and 0.

Cordeaux, good bat, and poor field on account of laziness, 0, and 7 (not out).

Crane, good bat, very good bowler, and good field, 43, and 3.

Halliday, fair bat, fair field, and good bowler, 20, and did not go in.
Johnson, poor bat, bad field, and good change bowler, 3, and did not go in.
Thomas, middling bat, good field, 13, and did not go in.
Webb, good bat, fair field, 56, and 4.
Wilkinson, fair bat, good field, 14 (run out) and did not go in.
Wright, very fair bat, very good field, 19, and did not go in.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours &c.,

ONE OF THE TEAM.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

Sir,—For some time past I have been wishing to express my views publicly with regard to the game of football as played in Sydney. As I come from another colony where they play a different game I dare say you will think I am only prejudiced. Far from that, hoc compertum habeo, that in Melbourne you can play a nice, quiet game without fear of having your neck broken; but here (I think) you are in danger of being killed. There is no need of my going into a long explanation of the rules in force in Melbourne; but one thing I will mention, that is, there are no scrimmages. Who can deny that football would not be better without scrimmages. I leave it to yourselves. For, of course, if boys like rolling in the dust they are welcome to enjoy it, but it is not my way of enjoying myself. Hoping the committee will think over this matter,

I remain, &c.,

AN ADVOCATE OF THE MELBOURNE FOOTBALL RULES.
Sydney Grammar School, September 6th, 1877.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

Sir,—As the cricketing season is commencing, and it is the intention of our committee to invite the first eleven of the Melbourne Grammar School over here to try conclusions with our knights of the willow, I think it will not be out of place to make a few suggestions as to the course our men should pursue in their preparation for what is, undoubtedly, the match of the season.

When, last Christmas, our team played at Melbourne, they were, taking them all round, remarkable for their good
batting and bad fielding; now this should not be. Good batting is very well; but without it is backed up by, at least, pretty good fielding it very seldom wins a match.

Now from what I can see of our material for this year's match, we will, as last year, be strong in batting, fair in bowling, and, unless we practice fielding and improve very much, bad in this department. Hoping those in charge of the arrangements will give special notice to this branch of the game, I will close with the following suggestions:—

1. The committee select twenty boys to practice.
2. These boys elect from their number two practice captains.
3. Practice captains keep an account of the number of times each boy attends practice.
4. The captains be invested with power to erase the name of any boy from the list if he be absent from three consecutive practices; or if he refuse to do as directed while in the field.
5. The committee make the final selection at least fourteen days prior to the match, to enable the eleven to play a match or two before the day.

I should also suggest that eleven chosen from the twenty should once a fortnight play an afternoon match against, say fifteen or twenty of the school, such eleven and twenty to be chosen by the captains; this would give them the very best possible practice they could get.

Hoping the committee will deem these suggestions worthy of consideration, a good match, and a win for our side,

I remain, &c.,

THIRD MAN UP.

September 8th, 1877.

THE SPORTS' FEE.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

Sir,—The introduction of the sports fee has undoubtedly been most beneficial to the school, as has been proved by the late football season; and I am sorry to see that there are still many boys who don't care about paying it. They seem to agree with the gentleman, who, in a very able speech, stated that if boys paid the fee, they would have too little money left for lollies and other good things in which the schoolboy delights. But it should be remembered that though the enjoyment of half-a-crown's worth of lollies may be
sweet, yet it is very short; whereas if the half-crown is given towards the school, the donor has the satisfaction of feeling that he has made a far better use of his money, than if it had been spent in sweetmeats, or other things deleterious to the teeth and health; for, since by paying his fee, he can take part in all the athletic games and contests of the school, he may, by practising, win a name and fame for himself in the cricket field and on the football ground, so that when he leaves school, he will leave behind him a memory of his achievements, instead of being utterly forgotten, or only remembered as a fellow who never did any thing for the school. If boys would only consider these things a little more, I am sure they would not hesitate a minute between their own selfish pleasures and the means to do good to the school. School should not be regarded merely as a place to which one goes for a certain number of days to learn some lessons; school is a little state of our own, an epitome of that into which we shall enter when we have grown up and left. We have our representatives chosen from among ourselves by ourselves, whom we have appointed to watch over our interests, and to keep the Grammar in its place with regards to the other Sydney schools: but they cannot do this unless we assist them—not only by paying our fees, but by turning out and practising, and endeavouring to make our “eleven” and “fifteen” second to none in Sydney, as with the stuff we’ve got here the Grammar ought to be.

The past football season has shown how different the state of things is at present; the boys, instead of helping the committee, have been perfectly indifferent as to how we got on, and the result is that we have only won one match this season, of course the Grammar School labours under a great disadvantage in having no playground, and Moore Park is rather out of the way for some, but this by no means compensates for the great want of public spirit that pervades the school. Things are not as they ought to be. It is at school that a boy’s character is in a great degree formed, and New South Wales looks to her schools to send forth men who, in time, will replace those who are now in Parliament, and offices of high trust, and who will continue the work that these men will leave to them, of placing New South Wales at the head of the Australian Colonies; and if a boy while at school, is apathetic and indifferent, and does not care whether his school is surpassed by all others, depend upon it that when he goes out into life he will never take any position, but will drop into insignificance, and live a
selfish life, and die unremembered, either by his school or his country. But if instead he identifies himself with his school, and does his best for it by assisting, as far as he can, in any measures which may be undertaken for its good; when he becomes a man he will continue in the same course with respect to his country, and when in Parliament or some high position, he is respected and honoured by all, he will be able to look back with pride to his school days and think—"It was then I began my career."

In conclusion I would ask all the boys of the Grammar School to take more interest in it and assist the committee, not only with their money, but also with their muscles.

I remain, yours, &c.,

CAM. P.