The Sydneian.

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The love of knowledge, and the power of acquiring it are two of the most marked characteristics of man's nature, and the great means of acquiring this knowledge are personal observation and reading. It is of the latter of these that I propose to treat in this short essay.

Years and years ago one of the greatest sages the world has ever produced—I allude to Lord Bacon—said that "reading maketh a full man," and of course the value of that fulness depends on the class of matter which fills; for instance, if a man reads nonsense he will be full of nonsense; if he reads good sensible books he will be full of knowledge. It is thus of great importance that the class of books read should be high. I do not mean that a boy should confine his reading to books of a solid and heavy cast, and never read anything amusing; but I mean that as a rule what a boy reads should be something which will store his mind with knowledge. In these days the tendency of all boys is to spend their time in reading the trashy novels which nurse an insane desire for fiction and excitement, and a loathing and ennui of all solid reading; and which leave a pall on the taste. I suppose that no boy of average common sense would think of supporting himself on such things as confections, &c., nor would a builder build his foundation of light and graceful fret work, just so in reading: solid literature is the meat and bread which go to build up the man, and the firm stone which holds the weight of the house—light literature being the confections which may be indulged in to a certain extent but which should not be considered the support and staple of life.

Reading should be systematic and not desultory. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," nor will the boy who reads without a fixed purpose acquire any considerable knowledge. Let a boy read a book with a definite aim; let him master it thoroughly and that pleasure will be deeper and more lasting than the passing joy at the triumph of the hero of a tale. In the first the conquest is one's own; in the last that of a creature of the author's imagination. Nothing is better for a boy than to take up the study of one subject with the intention of knowing all he can about it; for when he has acquired a sound knowledge of it he will see how all information gleaned from other sources will be valuable to his knowledge of the subject of his choice. For the sciences are not different subjects, but are rather parts of one grand and harmonious whole—Nature.

Since reading is one of the greatest powers in the formation of character it should be judiciously pursued. In some a taste for good reading is natural; in others such a taste can only be acquired by patient perseverance; and to such greater praise is due. It is a notable fact that
many men whose names are known to the world have risen from poverty and comparative oblivion by the assiduous cultivation of this inborn taste. As an instance I may mention the case of Charles Dickens, one who from his very cradle was in straitened circumstances, but who by his extensive reading, and shrewd personal observation rose to the height in the literary world which he now occupies.

After resolving on a course of honest sound reading it remains to be seen what branch of reading should be taken up. This must of course be in a great measure influenced by the individual taste of the reader. The number of branches from which to choose is very large and varied. I shall now proceed to mention some few of these.

The systematic study of history is of the greatest interest and value. To observe the progress of a nation, the individual influence exerted by kings and queens for good or for bad, and the gradual ripening of statesmanship into something deserving the attention of a lifetime, not to mention the interest which must be felt in the fortunes of the men who have adorned or ruled the world, must surely be worth more than a cursory glance. And of all histories of nations I think we may commend English history as that which possesses the deepest and most thrilling interest. Greek or Roman history may be more heroic and in some parts purely superstitious and imaginative; German history perhaps more important as regards the history and position of the Powers to-day existing; French more full of doughty deeds or of sudden changes; but our own English history is that which must "bear the palm alone" for its vigorous manliness, for its protracted, deadly struggles for freedom for all, and for the crowning story of the triumph of the cause of freedom, and for the establishment of the firmest constitution in the world—that which consists of three great classes all taking their part in the government of the land, viz., the Commons, the Middle Class, and the Aristocracy.

Closely connected with the study of English history is that of our old English poets. The historian describes the facts of a reign, its influence on succeeding generations,—and its success as a whole, whilst our great school of English poets finds its greatest triumph in the faithful picture of the feelings and passions of men of history, as shown sometimes even in a single act for as Plutarch says:—"Oftentimes some slight circumstance, a word, or a jest shows a man's character better than battles with the slaughter of tens of thousands, and the greatest arrays of armies and sieges of cities. Now, as painters produce a likeness by a representation of the countenance and of the expression of the eyes, without troubling about the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to look rather into the signs of a man's character, and thus give a portrait of his life, leaving others to describe great events and battles." Thus Froude and Froissart will give us the truest possible narration of events; but it is to Chaucer and Shakespeare that we owe the masterly descriptions of the characters and condition of men. And it is assuredly true that though Shakespeare's scenes are sometimes pitched far from "Merrie England," yet his characters are vivid pourtrayals of his contemporaries.

In my next paper I shall review some more of the different styles of reading which it is advisable to pursue.
THE EDITOR ABROAD.

At the close of last quarter, when his work, both scholastic and literary, was finished, the Editor betook himself to the country. Wisely he agreed with his parents that “a change would do him good”; and the Friday after the School was dismissed, when a suitable outfit had been obtained, with the 20 per cent. discounts then so common, the overworked man of letters started west. He was not alone, but with him started in the train a fellow-pupil. Nothing worthy of remark occurred until the train stopped, as we were informed, at Seven 'Ills, a station not far from Parramatta. The Editor looked around for the Seven 'Ills, but only found two, an excessively overcrowded carriage, and a hot morning. So we passed along over the Nepean and the Blue Mountains, and at 2 p.m. we stopped at Mount Victoria to forage in the refreshment room for what we could find: but, like most of its class in the colony, the prices are exorbitant, and the bill of fare rather bare. Perhaps the proprietor has not yet recovered from the last visit of the Cadets, who generally leave such places as a field visited by grasshoppers. Yet westward, Ho! we went through the Clarence tunnel and down the ever-admired Zigzag to the coal-fields, which by now are resuming the appearance of mining townships. Now began the long descent down a winding valley to Bathurst, and the winding creek, over which the line crosses and re-crosses continually, until the country grows flatter, and is better suited for grazing and agricultural purposes. Late in the afternoon the train reaches Bathurst, where we lose many passengers; and passing by the town, we begin the long and steep ascent to Orange. But the sun is setting, and makes the yellow wheat look still more golden. Some Chinese are seen at work binding and loading up the stooks. As the train puffs and sneezes on account of the hills, the air begins to get cooler; and while the sun is setting, one sees a glimpse of country life. The cows are coming home, and the sunburnt labourer is enjoying his evening meal, while the little ones clap and enjoy the passing puff, puff. Silent and unmoved the daughter of the railway line repairer stands like a statue holding out the coloured flag, and looks as if she were responsible for the whole world of trains. As night draws on, the beautiful change of elevated hills from the noisy city, recalls vividly one’s home and parents, and—but the shrill whistle is a warning that the journey cannot last for ever, and that the ticket must be shewn, fortunately, now, for the last time, to the phantom-like guards: while distant lights, and the lightning flashing behind the noble Canoblas, tell us that we are at Orange.

But, oh! how cool, like a Sydney winter, while it is not half way through the summer. Next morning, taking a stroll through the town, the well-filled shop windows, or rather stores, and departing coaches, together with the sight of the line, would not seem very different from a suburban township. But look behind, out to the west; did one ever see a mountain like the Canoblas? Isolated and majestic, it stands the landmark for miles and miles around, the object of admiration for every beholder. While about Orange, I was fortunate enough to go to the top of this solid height, and the view will be described further on. However, a country township is, of
all places, an uninteresting place to take up one's quarters for any length of time, and I was not long before I went out to a splendid estate some five miles from Orange. This estate was situated for the greater part in a valley, and the head station, as you may call it, was at one end. The paddocks were furrowed with marks of former cultivation, and now were thickly grassed with English rye grass, and it certainly did produce a thick crop, and also green. When I reached the head station I was received by a true English farmer, the first I may say I have seen, for he is of a different stamp to the back country squatter. Here he was putting up a "substantial family residence," with bricks made within one quarter of a mile from home, and the lime not four miles away. There was a splendid dairy where cheese was made, and two fine paddocks of wheat, which I had the pleasure of seeing reaped and stacked in the barn. Above, on the side of the hill was an orchard which nourished families of birds for miles around, and these had consequently, overburdened the cherry-trees just before I arrived. Since station-life was not new to me, and my school reports generally said I was erratic (now I have wandered about the country a little), I was not at all a stranger in some respects, and soon undertook a pleasurable task of uttering wild hoots and yells to a mob of refined and easy-going milkers, most of whom had grown so familiar as to take all imprecations to move onward as rather complimentary; these, together with their calves, which were very slow, and as slow as the shanks of their mothers' legs, made a total of seventy-three. I spent many a study of nature on these sagacious creatures and their wanton offspring.

To be continued.

GERMAN KINDER-GARTER TRAINING.
No. VI.

Let us imagine to ourselves Fröbel, after profoundly studying human nature in general, both in books and life, and minutely observing and studying the nature of children; in possession, too, of a large theoretical knowledge of education, as a means for making the best of that nature; and, at the same time, impressed with a sorrowful conviction, founded partly on his own experience, that most of what is called education is not only unnatural, but anti-natural, as failing to reach the inner being of the child, and even counteraacting and thwarting its spontaneous development, — let us, I say, imagine Fröbel, thus equipped as an observer, taking his place amidst a number of children disporting themselves in the open air without any check upon their movements.

After looking on the pleasant scene awhile, he breaks out into a soliloquy: — "What exuberant life! What immeasurable enjoyment! What unbounded activity! What an evolution of physical forces! What a harmony between the inner and the outer life! What happiness, health, and strength! Let me look a little closer. What are these children doing? The air rings musically with their shouts and joyous laughter. Some are running, jumping, or bounding along, with eyes like the eagle's
bent upon its prey, after the ball which a dexterous hit of the bat has sent flying among them; others are bending down towards the ring filled with marbles, and endeavouring to dislodge them from their position; others are running friendly races with their hoops; other again, with arms laid across each other's shoulders, are quietly walking and talking together upon some matter in which they evidently have a common interest. Their natural fun gushes out from eyes and lips. I hear what they say. It is simply expressed, amusing, generally intelligent, and often even witty. But there is a small group of children yonder. They seem eagerly intent on some object. What is it? I see one of them has taken a fruit from his pocket. He is showing it to his fellows. They look at and admire it. It is new to them. They wish to know more about it—to handle, smell, and taste it. The owner gives it into their hands; they feel and smell, but do not taste it. They give it back to the owner, his right to it being generally admitted. He bites it, the rest looking eagerly on to watch the result. His face shows that he likes the taste; his eyes grow brighter with satisfaction. The rest desire to make his experience their own. He sees their desire, breaks or cuts the fruit in pieces, which he distributes among them. He adds to his own pleasure by sharing in theirs. Suddenly a loud shout from some other part of the ground attracts the attention of the group, which scatters in all directions. Let me now consider. What does all this manifold movement—this exhibition of spontaneous energy—really mean? To me it seems to have a profound meaning.

"It means—"

"(1.) That there is an immense external development and expansion of energy of various kinds—physical, intellectual, and moral. Limbs, senses, lungs, tongues, minds, hearts, are all at work—all co-operating to produce the general effect.

"(2.) That activity—doing—is the common characteristic of this development of force.

"(3.) That spontaneity—absolute freedom from outward control—appears to be both impulse and law to the activity.

"(4.) That the harmonious combination and interaction of spontaneity and activity constitute the happiness which is apparent. The will to do prompts the doing; the doing reacts on the will.

"(5.) That the resulting happiness is independent of the absolute value of the exciting cause. A bit of stick, a stone, an apple, a marble, a hoop a top, as soon as they become objects of interest, call out the activities of the whole being quite as effectually as if they were matters of the greatest intrinsic value. It is the action upon them—the doing something with them—that invests them with interest.

"(6.) That this spontaneous activity generates happiness, because the result is gained by the children's own efforts, without external interference. What they do themselves and for themselves, involving their own personal experience, and therefore exactly measured by their own capabilities, interests them. What another, of trained powers, standing on a different platform of advancement, does for them, is comparatively uninteresting. If such a person, from whatever motive, interferes with their spontaneous
activity, he arrests the movement of their forces, quenches their interest, at least for the moment; and they resent the interference.

"Such, then, appear to be the manifold meanings of the boundless spontaneous activity that I witness. But what name, after all, must I give to the totality of the phenomena exhibited before me. Play, then, is spontaneous activity ending in the satisfaction of the natural desire of the child for pleasure—for happiness. Play is the natural, the appropriate business and occupation of the child left to his own resources. The child that does not play is not a perfect child. He wants something—sense-organ, limb, or generally what we imply by the term health—to make up our ideal of a child. The healthy child plays, plays continually—cannot but play.

"But has this instinct for play no deeper significance? Is it appointed by the Supreme Being merely to fill up time?—merely to form an occasion for fruitless exercise?—merely to end in itself? No! I see now that it is the constituted means for the unfolding of all the child's powers. It is through play that he learns the use of his limbs, of all his bodily organs, and with this use gains health and strength. Through play he comes to know the external world, the physical qualities of the objects which surround him, their motions, action and re-action upon each other, and the relation of these phenomena to himself; a knowledge which forms the basis of that which will be his permanent stock for life. Through play, involving associateship and combined action, he begins to recognise moral relations, to feel that he cannot live for himself alone, that he is a member of a community whose rights he must acknowledge if his own are to be acknowledged. In and through play, moreover, he learns to contrive means for securing his ends; to invent, construct, discover, investigate, to bring by imagination the remote near, and, further, to translate the language of facts into the language of words, to learn the conventionalities of his mother tongue. Play, then, I see, is the means by which the entire being of the child develops and grows into power, and therefore does not end in itself.

"But an agency which effects results like these is an educating agency; and Play, therefore, resolves itself into education; education which is independent of the formal teacher, which the child virtually gains for and by himself. This, then, is the outcome of all that I have observed. The child, through the spontaneous activity of all his natural forces, is really developing and strengthening them for future use; he is working out his own education."

FINIS.

GOVETT'S LEAP.

No doubt most of the readers of the *Sydneian* have been up the Blue Mountains for a trip, and know the many beautiful sights there to be seen which are perhaps unsurpassed by any in the world for grandeur and wildness of scenery. Last September I happened to travel as far as Mount Victoria, having been allowed a week's holidays by our generous headmaster, and I was enabled to visit some of the many charming spots in the neighbourhood. One day, however, I started with a friend, for Govett's
Leap, which is about an hour's drive from Mount Victoria. The road—or I might more appropriately term it track—was rather too rugged to be pleasant; however all difficulties overcome we found ourselves at Govett's Leap, one of the grandest of mountain scenes. The leap is a very steep cliff, many hundred feet in height. To the right is a magnificent waterfall, resembling a falling mass of spray. The volume of water on reaching the ground below is lost to view among the trees and shrubs. On the high ground, to the right may be seen the remains of a small house, on which visitors carve their names or initials—(I noticed many names of Sydneians, both past and present, among the number)—and on which I had the pleasure of cutting mine in many places. Having spent about an hour at this favourite resort we returned to Mount Victoria in time for dinner, having our appetites sharpened by the keen mountain air.

Govett's Leap received its name from its discoverer, a surveyor in the party of Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell. Like many similar places there is a legend attached to it. It is said that Govett was a bushranger in the early days of the colony, and when hard pursued by the police rode down the track without perceiving his danger, and before he could stop his horse—rider and animal were, together hurled headlong over the cliff.

**LANE.**

**AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.**

(REAL PET.)

Last midwinter holidays I made a visit to the Blue Mountains; the time was short, only three days and a-half, but we made the most of it and saw a great deal in the time. It is with an account of my experiences one morning when we visited Govett's leap, that I hope to edify and amuse the readers of the Sydneian; and if they enjoy the account as much as I did the actual experience of it, they will never enjoy anything better. We left Sydney at about nine o'clock one Wednesday morning. It is a necessary thing for a historian to be very exact and particular as to his dates, but as I did not keep a diary at the time, and my memory not being one of the best, I will not answer for the correctness of any particular time I may give, and that useful little word "about" will occur pretty often. So, soon after nine o'clock the engine gave a shrill shriek, provoking the remark from Pater that someone was treading on the engine's foot, and we slowly moved out of the station. Almost immediately after we were plunged into Cimmerian darkness, fearful to behold, and after having been obliged to shut our eyes tightly for fully fifteen seconds, we emerged into open day-light, and soon the tunnel was far behind and we were fairly on our journey.

As I had never been on the line past Parramatta before, I kept my eyes wide open to catch anything of interest, the carriage we were in being well adapted for this. The compartment was at the end next the engine, and all the front and sides were glazed, and as there was no one in the carriage besides Pater and myself, we were able to enjoy it fully. I did not take much notice of the line up to Parramatta. I had seen it before, and, although the villas and gardens are pretty in themselves they become
monotonous after a time. But after passing Parramatta the case was
different. It was all new to me, and worth looking too. For some dis-
tance orange groves containing symmetrical rows of conical little round
trees that looked as if they had just stepped out of a child's Noah's Ark,
and covered with cart loads of bright oranges, alternated with vineyards
and cottages. Then further on some patches of open ground and a few
remains of the original forest appeared, and the vineyards and orangetrees
gradually disappeared, till nothing but bush, swamps, and navvies' tents,
were visible. After several miles of this we arrived at Penrith, where the
train stopped some time. Before this I had always considered that the
Elgin-street station, West Maitland, was the ugliest in the world, but I
think the Penrith station beats it by far; it was too bad to make us gaze
on this ugly old shed for nearly half an hour, and by the time the train
started I had had just enough of it. But we had scarcely left the station
when the beautiful scenery began, filling us with delightful sensations which
completely expelled those of disgust. For several miles our course lay over
the plain, which is as smooth as a billiard table. Through the middle of
this ran a bright white streak; by our extensive geographical knowledge
we had no difficulty in recognising in this the Hawkesbury, whose course
could be traced for a long distance by the sparkling of its waters and the
double row of bright green trees on its banks. In the distance were the
mountains, apparently rising up from the plain as steep as a wall, and it
certainly did seem highly problematical that a train could ever get to the
top of them. I remember noticing a peculiar effect caused by a thick
sharply defined line of blue mist, which being of the same colour as the
sky made it appear as if the tops of the mountains were floating in the air.
Having rushed across the river with a great roar, the train soon arrived at
the foot of the Little Zigzag, and before long we were at the very top of the
ridge and fairly on the mountains. The mountains at last! I had long
wished to see real mountains; there is very picturesque scenery in
the neighbourhood of Sydney, but still they are only hills, and now that I was
at last on the mountains I was by no means disappointed. What constitutes
its great charm is the infinite variety. First we were at the top of a high
bridge with a magnificent view over the valley of the Hawkesbury, Sydney
being only just visible in the distance. Then we traversed the bottom of a
deep gully; now slowly puffing a steep ascent, and soon after rushing down
an incline; one minute the train would turn sharply to the left, making us
all roll over to the right; then it would turn back as sharply, sending us
all over on the left. Now the line would cross country as level as the plain
itself, then the train would suddenly plunge into a deep cutting almost as
dark and uninteresting as a tunnel. And all the time we caught glimpses
of vallies and fantastically shaped mountains as the train whirled past deep
ravines and openings in the hillside. After a couple of hours of this we
reached Blue Mountain, where the train stops for some time. We got out
and stretched our legs, ate oranges bigger than water-melons (more or less,
more in the skins, less when peeled), and amused ourselves in various ways
till the train started again, as it did in due course. From Blue Mountain
to Mount Victoria the scenery, though interesting, was more monotonous,
being varied by only one really grand view, and that was when we reached the end of the Kanimbla Pass. This was the grandest scene I have ever witnessed, being in my opinion better than the Valley of the Grose. The railway passes along the summit of a precipice many hundred feet deep. Below this extends a long valley many miles wide and reaching beyond our sight. Near the railway line the cliffs are perfectly vertical, but in the distance there is a swelling undulation, making it look like a petrified sea.

Mount Victoria was reached about a quarter of an hour after passing the Kanimbla Pass. On getting out here we found our friend Mr. Vertebois had come in the train, so we three marched straightway to the hotel and proceeded to secure our rooms and discuss dinner. I am not sure whether it was the quality of the victuals or the strength of our appetites that was improved by the mountain air: I rather suspect it was both, but certainly I never enjoyed my meals better. After dinner we had a pleasant ramble among the hills in the neighbourhood of Mount Victoria; but I must leave the lesser events to be described some other time, and proceed to the chief one—the visit to Govett's Leap. We started at half-past nine the next morning. As the passenger train started too late in the day, we had to go in the brake-van of a luggage train. This is by no means a first-class conveyance, and I would not advise any one to try it if he can possibly help it. The one we were in was a close, dusty, rickety, suffocating box; and the heat was aggravated by the sight of a large lump of ice which the guard had picked up on the line, and which lay melting on a shelf. In about half-an-hour the train stopped at Blackheath platform; and here we got out and proceeded to the hotel to ask the way. We were told to make for a certain opening in the scrub where we would find a good road leading to the Valley. Well, we made a bee-line for the place indicated, passing to the right of a large pond, which I particularly noticed as being covered with ice an inch thick. We found a track, wide, but not beaten, and we wondered how vehicles could possibly pass over it. However, it was the only one visible, and so we followed it. After about an hour the track began to get less and less, and finally disappeared. Now we were in a nice fix: we could neither find the way back nor the way forward. We had picked up several gentlemen at Blackheath, and one who had been to Govett's Leap before, thought he knew the way, and volunteered to lead us. Under his guidance we marched wearily on through the forest, which was so thick just here that one could not see anything twenty yards away. At length, after a great deal of weary tramping, we came out on the very place we had started from. We could hardly believe our eyes, but there was no mistake about it: there were the platform, hotel, and pond, and an hour wasted. Now the question arose, where was the road? Some said it was further along the line; but after a hard climb up a steep hill, and seeing nothing but thick scrub and forest in the distance, we came to the conclusion that it was not there, and went back to the old place to discuss matters. Meanwhile I amused myself by smashing the ice in the pool, and, while hunting about for a large stone, I came across the very road right close up to the left side of the pool. I quickly communicated my discovery to my companions and we set out. We walked on for about a mile or two through
dense forest, when at last an open space in the distance became visible. In the middle of this stood a delapidated shed, and when we reached this, there burst on our sight one of the grandest scenes man has ever witnessed. The grandeur and magnificence of the Valley is such that is impossible to fully comprehend it for some time. Some idea of the general shape of the Valley may be obtained by imagining Middle Harbour in its wildest and most picturesque part, drained quite dry, and magnified till it is 2000 feet deep and several miles wide. Then, on the ridge of the sloping sides pile up perfectly vertical cliffs to the height of nearly a thousand feet. If you can imagine this you have a faint idea of the most beautiful valley in the world. We could have gazed on such a scene for hours, but railway trains wait for no one in this civilized country, so we had to turn back, and, after a smart run, reached Blackheath just in time to catch the train.

RECREATION GROUND.

A deputation, consisting of Sir Wigram Allen, Messrs. E. Webb, Driver, McCulloch, J. Davies, Terry, Macintosh, Hurley, and other members of Parliament, waited upon the Hon. Minister for Lands to explain to him the disadvantages under which the Grammar School laboured for the want of a playground. They explained that the grounds of the rear of the school were unfit for the purpose, that there was no level plat, and that the extent was altogether. Unsuccessful attempts had been made by the Trustees and others interested in the school to procure a suitable ground, and a request had been made to allow the boys to play cricket on that portion of Hyde Park, immediately in front of the school, but the Trustees could not set apart a space for that purpose. It was suggested to the Minister that a portion of the Outer Domain near the Architect's Departments, where Blondin was permitted some time ago to erect his pavilion, would be a suitable position. The deputation urged the desirability of setting apart a sufficient space there so that the boys, with the help of their friends, might improve the ground and make it suitable for the enjoyment of the healthful and national game. The Minister listened very courteously to the representations, and promised to confer with his colleagues and to communicate his decision to the deputation at an early date. The following is the reply addressed to Sir G. W. Allen:

"Department of Lands, Sydney, 7th April, 1879. Sir,—Referring to the application made by you and the other gentlemen of the deputation who waited on the Minister for Lands for a grant of that portion of the Outer Domain where Monsieur Blondin's marquee was erected, to be used as a Cricket Ground by the boys of the Grammar School, the said land to be vested in Trustees, I am directed by the Minister for Lands to inform you that as the portion of land alluded to is to be enclosed for purposes in connection with the Exhibition, your application cannot at present be complied with. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, W. W. Stephen. The Hon. Sir G. W. Allen, M.P., Speaker of the Legislative Assembly."
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

Sir—Possibly the fervour of my convictions unduly imparted itself to the language of my former letter, for I find "Unica" has formed exaggerated conceptions of my meaning. Thus he states at the very outset that he supposes I should rather see two forms fighting than on friendly terms. I trust my letter did not convey this absurd idea to the general eye. I do not see why the whole school, or for that matter the whole world, should not be on friendly terms; but I do see considerable reason why the whole world, or the whole school, should not be on terms of equal intimacy. Then again "Unica" discourses eloquently upon the sacredness of friendship, no doubt with great truth, but it would be a grievous error to dignify with that sacred name the ordinary intimacy of boys. "Their eternal friendship," says a well-known writer, "is synonymous with sitting together at tea, and going shares in jam." In the rare exceptional cases of true friendship, exceptional license may readily be accorded; though it may be suggested with much force that true friendship can only exist between equals in intellect, and equals in intellect must be in the same form. The analogy which "Unica" draws from a supposed case of two men in business is wholly fallacious; business is not an intellectual pursuit, nor does a decrease of intimacy imply deliberate coldness. Here is a more accurate parallel. Suppose two young men in a lawyer's office, of whom one by superior ability rises gradually to the post of Attorney-General, while the other abides yet in his clerkship: shall the Attorney-General leave his law-making and statesmanship to sympathise with the drudgery of quill-driving? Doubtless he will still remain on friendly terms, but intimate he cannot be; his position forces other ties upon him. "Unica" professes much amusement at what he considers my inconsistency in assuming that the Debating Society and other school institutions would not be interfered with. "Unica" is fond of analogies; I will draw one for him. Does the Imperial Parliament prove a failure, because it contains both Peers of the realm and Irish Home Rulers, with whom their Lordships can hardly be expected to associate on equal terms? Or, better; is the British army useless, because of the emulation and party feeling of the different regiments? Surely "Unica" must admit that, as I have said above, fellows can meet on friendly terms for a common object without losing sight of their class-distinctions. As for the improvement cited by "Unica" in the cricketing standard of the school, it is not to the point at all; it simply amounts to an enunciation of the fact that school cricket was ill-managed under a committee elected by the sixth only. Of course, all will admit that the school should elect their own committee to superintend public affairs; it is no part of my scheme that a section should absorb the functions of the whole in matters on which the whole is competent to judge for itself.

Then, as to the standing of the Sixth in particular; would "Unica" consider it sufficient to say that the guardians of the peace must conduct themselves so as to command respect, if they would preserve order? Some
additional authority must be given them in virtue of their position. It is absurd to tell a fellow that he must mix on equal terms with his inferiors, and yet command respect, though he may be even younger than them. "There is," says Falstaff, "a thing which is known to many as pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile."

I have already too grossly misused your liberality of space; else would I take up my parable against the levelling tendency of democracies and denounce the supposition that intellectual equality is a law of nature. Nature has made all men unequal, and it would be as little an improvement to society to reduce all to one standard, as it would be to scenery to level all the hills with the plain.

Finally, "Unica" appears to doubt the practical working of the arrangement. It is sufficient answer to this that I have the best reasons for knowing that in all the great schools of England the idea which I advocate is most firmly established. I will go further, and say that our non-agreement with them in this respect appears to me one of the principal causes of our intellectual inferiority. The results of the system in England are such as I have endeavoured partially to express; the great heightening of the intellectual standard, and the marked development of patriotism, as manifested in their public undertakings, through the medium of party spirit.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, ARISTOCRAT.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to "Aristocrat's" letter in your February number, does he mean to say that the members of the Upper School are infinitely superior to the members of the Lower, that it would detract from their dignity to hold any intercourse with the latter?

Does he wish Mr. Weigall to make such a decided line of demarcation that the Lower School would not have the slightest access to such as the Football, Cricket, or Rowing Clubs?

Why should the rule of a person being debased by coming in contact with a person of a lower standard always hold good?

Why should not a person of low moral standing be raised and elevated in his principles by some one of higher moral standing? That a bad person debases a good person is the case sometimes, I allow, but not always.

Experience even has also shown cases of a good person improving a bad one. It must be a very bad case, indeed, when a boy would not derive benefit from another better one, especially if he were an older one who had kindly helped him out of some kind of difficulty.

Besides, how could a boy possibly deem it a point of honour, because he is in a higher form, to cast off his old friends. The old friend might be of much better principles than the higher boy. He might have been sent to school later by his parents, and not have had such good opportunities of learning, yet he might be a better worker. Is it not probable that his studious tastes could, in some degree, be grafted into the other?
Thus the evil could be greatly counteracted by the good.

What would England be separated from her Colonies, considering it infra dig. to hold any transactions with them. They harmonize together greatly to the advantage of each other, though one is of a higher standard?

What would be the School if it was divided into two factions always at war with one another, and each faction again split up into minor ones. Suppose a few of the best of Upper School players were to refuse to be in the Eleven because there were some good Lower School fellows in it, thus causing the School to lose the match, and bring dishonour on it. Another thing is that the Grammar School is not an English School. Where boys are sent generally to School at a more suitable age, and, therefore, the old ones, which are, as a rule there, high, are not debarred from Cricket by this lowness; but an Australian, where boys are not always able to be sent to the Grammar School at so young an age, therefore, it would never do to have a line of demarcation, preventing a number of the Lower School from playing.

Thus, I think such institutions as the Cricket, Rowing, and Debating Clubs should be strongly advocated, so as to bring the boys together, admitting the Lower as freely as the Upper School, thereby enabling the boys to make many a true friendship, which may last, be serviceable through after-life, raise and improve their moral principles, and knitting the School into an inseparable fabric, which would promise well for its future prosperity.

To the Editor of the Sydneian.

Sir,—I should like to say a few words in reference to the letter signed by "Aristocrat," which appeared in No. XV. of your paper, and has been the subject of a good deal of dispute. I think, for my own part, that "Aristocrat" expresses his opinions concerning the line of demarcation rather too strongly—for that there should be a line of demarcation I decidedly admit, but only between Upper and Lower School, and not extended so far as to estrange the different forms in the Upper School from each other. For it certainly is demoralizing to see an Upper School boy joining in the games of little cricket, marbles, and top-spinning with the little boys; and if a boy who does so should rise to be a prefect, he would not be able to enforce the respect due to him from those same small boys with whom he had joined in their games; and I think that "Unica" had far better look for the future 1st Eleven from those who go out to practise on Moore Park. "Unica," too, seems to think that all friendships between boys of different forms must be severed. Now this is not necessarily so, for, let those between boys of Upper School continue firm and fast in and out of School, and let those between an Upper and Lower Schoolboy be put aside during school hours and taken up with renewed warmth after school hours. Another reason why "Aristocrat's" letter was so unpopular was on account of the name, which was very ill-chosen. But throughout all this, I hold firm, that no Upper Schoolboy should ever demean himself by allowing a Lower Schoolboy to treat him with undue familiarity. And, in conclusion, I say the line of demarcation between the two Schools cannot be too strongly marked.

I am, yours, &c.,

Z.
ODE TO REDBANK.

Redbank! where I love to roam, far from hall and far from home;
Snakes the bush inhabit far; fish teem the waters, birds the air.
Human voices few it knows; Nature's fruits uncared-for grows.

II.

Oft through the summer's moistening heat, thy thickets wild I love to beat,
Careless whether snake or spell haunts the rocky gorge's dell.
For birds which chat in tangled scrub, whose twit directs my heart's still throb.

III.

Lesser, and still less of me, Redbank, you too soon will see.
When through the busy stir of life I guide my way, o'ertrample strife:
To goals, though far, to fields anew, as thy thick scrubs I've struggled through.

DEBATING SOCIETY,

FRIDAY, April 25.—Mr. Weigall occupied the chair. The subject for debate, which was opened by the Premier (F. R. Barlee) was:—"That theatres exercise a demoralizing effect on the community." The following also spoke on the question:

For:—
A. J. Cormack
T. Trebeck
G. Halliday
D. C. Moore

Against:—
J. Herbert
G. T. Mullins
— Sabine
J. Mullins
T. M. Thomson

The result of the division was:—For the motion, 6; against, 11. The Ministry, therefore, resigned. The Chairman called on J. Mullins, who accepted the task of forming a new Ministry.

FRIDAY, May 2.—On account of the state of the weather there was a small attendance. The chair was taken by J. Mullins. The usual entertainment took place. The new Ministry consists of J. Mullins (Premier) R. Bowman, R. J. Higgins, J. McIntyre, A. Allen.

[We are informed by the Premier (Mullins 1.) that he has formed a Ministry, consisting of Bowman 1., Higgins 1., McIntyre, and Allen 1., and also that he has been guided in his selection by a desire to receive those who will be still remaining at the school after the Matriculation Examination. The responsibility of conducting debates will thus be removed from those who will shortly become ex-students, whilst they are present to assist the removal.—Ed. Sydneian.]
THE ROWING CLUB.

The circular issued by the Committee for subscriptions towards the purchase of a new gig has been liberally responded to, and the sum of £24 3s. has been already handed in to the Treasurer. It is hoped that the balance required will soon be collected, and the Committee be enabled to complete their arrangements for the purchase of the boat.

Two crews are now in active work, the "Osprey" and one of Ireland's gongs being used. Mr. Clarke, the Captain of the Sydney Rowing Club, met the crews by appointment on the 5th instant, gave them some valuable hints, and made the necessary arrangements for the practice in future.

A list of subscriptions received by the Treasurer will be found below—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subscriptions to Rowing Club.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. H. Dangar, Esq. ... £3 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Bean, Esq. ... 2 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Merriman, Esq. ... 2 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir G. W. Allen ... 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mayor of Sydney ... 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hon H. Moore ... 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. G. Ellis, Esq. ... 1 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. F. Macarthy, Esq. ... 1 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Sandeman, Esq. ... 1 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Jeanneret, Esq. ... 1 1 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Alexander ... 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Street, Esq. ... 1 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total, £24 3 0

CRICKET.

S. G. School.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jones, I, b (off pad) Duncan</td>
<td>1 Wardrop, 282, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilkinson, run out</td>
<td>0 McGovney, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairfax, 12, c Brown b McGovney</td>
<td>3 Duncan, 3, hit on wicket, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullins, 2113, b Duncan</td>
<td>7 Bulleen, 11221111, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baylis, 2111211213411, not out</td>
<td>21 Logan, 21, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rygate, 1312, run out</td>
<td>7 Ayres, 1 b w, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, 21, b McGovney</td>
<td>3 Aulten, 13, run out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowman, 0, b Duncan</td>
<td>0 Brown, 1122, b Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKay, 21111214, b Wardrop</td>
<td>13 Cornford, b Jones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farquhar, 4, c Duncan</td>
<td>4 O'Driscoll, 21, run out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neale, 0</td>
<td>0 Small, 1112</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

63

Jones bowled well.

SCHOOL NOTICES.

Promotions.

The following promotions have been made this quarter:

To III. A.—Dixon, Hughes 2, Bowman 2, D'Apice 2, Mackay 3.
To III. B.—Denny, England 1, England 2, Grainger, Heath, Jones 3, Lambton 1, Lambton 2, Wakeford, Delohery, Dezarnauds 2, Macpherson.
To III. C.—Angove 1, Cowper 2, Elliot 2, Little 1, Little 2, McShane.
To II. A.—Campbell 3, Kenna 2.
To II. B.—Ballieu, Bohrsman, Myline 2, Pelletier.
To I. A.—Buchanan 2, Fitzhardinge, Richardson 3, Thomson 6, Tidwell.
MISCELLANEOUS.

It is hoped that the athletics will draw a large number of competitors. For school amusement they excel everything, and the benefit derived from merely taking a daily run surprises yourselves and your parents; you will find that you have an increased appetite, and a healthier mind as well as body. Do not be afraid because who's this is going to run in the race you wish to take up; he can't run in every race, and perhaps some accident may prevent him running at all, in which case you blame yourself for not having entered, and it is far better to run and be beaten, than not to run at all. Another thing, perhaps some remember how they were shut off from every chance of winning because they could not get through the crowd. The only remedy is to get such a number of entries for the race that the committee will have to make heats of the race, and then you can do justice to yourselves. Then there ought to be a grand competition between the upper and lower school, and better still between the individual forms. If A form have a man in a race, and B form has one in the same race too, take care that the whole form does its best to make their man win. About training, take it as a broad rule, especially you smaller boys, that he runs best who keeps his body in a perfect state of health. Don't be afraid to eat a potato or a bit of sugar because it makes you fat; and finally, if you have start in a race, remember that a stern chase is in reality both long, and the man behind often looks with despair on those a-head of him.

It often happens that we have to mention the names of old schoolfellows in connection with feats of prowess, and in the various branches of learning. In future, the letters O.S. will denote that the person after whose name they are written, is an ex-student or Old Sydneian.

Perhaps the greater part of our readers are ignorant of the fact that our magazine is sent to the principal schools in Victoria and England, hence the importance of keeping the standard up to such a point as to receive favorable criticisms from, we may say, the world of schools. Now this is an important fact, and it should be the effort of those whom the school educates, to get up a paper worthy to bear the name of the school which has begun to make, and is still making itself known among lands other than our own. We would ask, therefore, that we receive a share of the talent of the school towards this worthy object, and also that we may be supported in paying the cost of printing it. As to the good the paper does to the school, we may mention that the subject of the association of the different forms, whether it was a desirable thing or not, produced the letters we have already published, and also many others. As regards the circulation, we notice that two schools in Victoria complain of the same lack of support.

When reading the last number of the Geelong Grammar School Quarterly, we noticed a list of subscriptions raised for providing that school with a cricket ground. One list was a total of £881, and in another list we saw further subscriptions from the same persons who had already paid in the first list. Two subscriptions were £100 each, several others for £50 and £25, and from this fact it can be seen that the parents of the boys who go there recognise the fact that they must have proper means for recreation as well as a proper mental culture. "Where there is a will there is a way,"

Sydney:—Printed by F. Cunningham & Co., 186 Pitt-street.
SPORTS’ ACCOUNT.

To fees received for quarter ending 31st March, 1879  £17 12 0
Expenses for quarter  8 11 8
Balance  9 0 4

Audited and found correct—
C. H. Francis.

Reginald Bowman, Hon. Treasurer.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following Magazines:—

Geelong Grammar School Quarterly, No. 9.
Wellingtonian (English), Vol. VI., No. 1.