The Sydneian

No. XXIX.

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1880.
SCHOOL CALENDAR.

Oct. 27.—Sydneian No. XXIX, published.

,, 29.—Monthly half-holiday.

Nov. 1.—University Public Examinations begin.

,, 9.—Whole holiday.

,, 26.—Monthly half-holiday.

,, 29.—Sydneian Box closes.

Dec. 6.—Sydneian No. XXX, published.
SCHOOL POPULARITY.

HENRY KINGSLEY, in one of his novels, tells us of an Australian hero, who was “the tallest of the Hawbucks, and could also spit the farthest,” and who in virtue of these qualifications commanded the universal respect of the neighbourhood, in which he lived. Such a description is of course a caricature, but is it not a true caricature in so far as it simply exaggerates a distinctive feature? In schools especially, English as well as Australian, there is a constant tendency to admire physical size, and a contempt for decorum as the constituents of a manly character. It need hardly be pointed out, that, where the object of this admiration is further endowed with lowness of wit and coarseness of character, such hero-worship must be attended with those disastrous effects, which necessarily attach to the perversion of a noble instinct. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* In fact nothing is more fatal to the tone of a school than a false estimate of the qualities, that entitle a boy to be admired and imitated by his school-fellows.

Experience proves that school popularity is generally won by success in field sports. This admiration for a kind of success, which cannot be achieved without a considerable amount of manliness and self-restraint, is the natural result of that buoyancy of temperament, which seems to be the peculiar inheritance of all British born boys. There is, however, always the danger, that admiration for mere manliness may degenerate into a spirit of spurious independence (which so far from being manly is simply a “relic of barbarism”), an undisguised contempt for all intellectual pursuits, and a noisy and disorderly demeanour.

The end of education has been defined by Dr. Arnold as consisting in the development of—(1), Moral and Religious Principles; (2), Gentlemanly conduct; and (3), Intellectual ability. It may be added, that these distinctive characteristics of education cannot be disjoined; like the fabled Graces, they will be found coexisting in a sweet and loving sisterhood. For though it is of course quite true, that a school-boy can be moral without being a scholar in the technical sense of the term, it is very doubtful whether any one can be a gentleman, who has no respect for intellectual acquirements. The old phrase “a scholar and a gentleman,” contains a popular recognition of the union of these qualifications.

If then we adopt Dr. Arnold’s definition of the true end of education, and as a consequence reserve our admirations for those qualities in our school-fellows, which conduce to this end, we cannot but feel how unworthy are the ordinary standards, by which school-boy excellence is gauged, and how imperfect are the qualifications to which school popularity is accorded. That admiration for our fellows is an elevating principle, no one, we presume, will deny; it is our duty to ourselves and to the school to accord our admiration only to those qualities, which are really worthy of it.
GRAMMAR SCHOOL CADETS ENCAMPMENT,
SEPTEMBER 1880.

Our special war correspondent is suffering from a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic, measles. The following account of the camp of 1880 has, therefore, been written somewhat hurriedly by an amateur substitute.

As the Saturday, on which it had been arranged that the cadets should start for their camp, turned out hopelessly wet, the Captain decided to postpone their departure to Monday. On Monday, however, the weather was all that could be desired, and the company set off in good spirits for the railway station, where they arrived in due time and were accommodated with carriages. As usual, there was much noise at starting, which gradually subsided, much eating at Mount Victoria, much admiration at the zig-zags and much joy when we arrived at Bowenfels—the end of our journey. We were then marched off to the encampment, to reach which, we had to cross the creek which supplied us with water during our sojourn there; the bridge consisted of sundry large stones which had an agreeable habit of tilting over when trodden on, and through their instrumentality, two or three luckless youths were cast into the stream. On our arrival tents were alloted, after which dinner was served out, and after a short time, which we made use of to stroll about, we had tea, and when this had been finished most of the company gathered round the camp fire, where songs were sung until it was time for turning in. The night was cold and frosty, but thanks to the plentiful supply of blankets and straw, we were all quite comfortable. On the following morning we were aroused by the sound of the reveille, and got the tents in order for inspection, which took place at 9.45, after which we fell in for parade, and had two photographs taken by a party who carried his apparatus in a vehicle so closely resembling an ice-cream cart, as to arouse considerable excitement among the cadets. The company then crossed the line and skirmished in Mr. Brown's paddock, exciting considerable interest amongst some horses and cattle, by firing off blank cartridges, after which they returned to the camp in time for dinner. After dinner the cadets dispersed in various directions, some exploring the surrounding hills, whilst others went to Lithgow and visited the coal mines or iron foundry. After tea a small party went with the captain to see the foundry by night, and after a walk through clouds of dust, arrived at a high and unpromising looking fence; a short search however, brought us to a gate through which we gained admittance, and were shown over the whole place by an obliging guide. We first saw the steam hammer at work, hammering large masses of red-hot iron into blocks, and bars being flattened by the rollers, the heat of these large lumps of metal is so great that to look at them is almost like looking at the sun at mid-day. We were then shown the puddling works where the pig iron is melted previous to being put under the steam hammer, but as the pig iron is only run out of the furnace twice a day and we did not happen to be there at the right time, we had to content ourselves with a view of the outside of the blast furnace, from the top of which great flames were rushing, and I may mention that no member of the party expressed any desire to visit the interior of it. On our return we attempted
to slip the guards, dividing into three parties for the purpose, but the vigilance of the sentries was too much for us, and the attempt ended in an ignominious failure. The night was warmer than the previous one, as the wind kept the frost away. During the night there was a hurricane which unroofed several houses in the neighbouring village, and blew away one of the station houses. The way in which our tents stood the fury of the winds, proved how well they had been pitched. Wednesday was spent in much the same manner as Tuesday; we varied the performance of the morning by ferociously charging the cattle with fixed bayonets, but we did not charge them so ferociously as the man at Mount Victoria charged us for (refreshments). That night the Jerusalem cuckoos made their first appearance and proved a great success, making a considerable improvement in the singing, since any cuckoo however bashful, was compelled to chant at the command of the Hoary Patriarch. The cry of "Halt! who goes there?" was heard in the course of the night, followed by "Guard turn out;" the guard accordingly turned out and found that the attacking force consisted of sundry cows, which they proceeded to drive off. On Thursday there was no drill in the morning and in the afternoon a party of thirty picked men set out at two o'clock, under command of Sergeant Hagney, taking with them an exceedingly substantial repast in their haversacks; when they had got out of sight of the camp, they rested while their commander explained his plan of attack; three divisions were to be formed, one (under command of ex-sergeant Thomson) was to skirmish along the north side of the creek, so as to attack the camp from the east, whilst the central division attacked from the south, and ex-sergeant Wilkinson engaged the enemy on the left. Thompson seeing the enemy on his left, attacked them, and Wilkinson making a circuit near Mr. Brown's house met another party, but judged it prudent to retire. The same idea appeared to strike the enemy at the same time, for they also retired, and the two bodies were thus running away from the other. After waiting a little while, Wilkinson again advanced and opened fire on the west side of the camp, but failed to effect an entrance; the attacking force then withdrew, the loss on each side being equal, one man of each having been wounded, and marched some distance down the creek, where they rested until their wounded member (the Hoary Patriarch) returned; they then marched by a considerable circuit to a spot on the creek not far from the railway viaduct, where they ate their evening meal. After time had been allowed for digestive purposes, three squads were again formed. Thomson was sent as before to attack from the east, whilst Sergeant Hagney took Wilkinson's division to make an assault from the south; these parties, however, were only designed to draw the attention of the enemy from the western side, to which ex-sergeant Neill was sent to effect an entrance. Sergeant Hagney's squad advanced to the railway line and waited for the time agreed upon for the attack; Thomson meeting with a picket of the enemy under the command of Captain Bean, engaged it, and in the meantime Neill crept up with his party and entered the camp without opposition; the camp was then, of course, considered taken. It was rather amusing when quietly lying down at some distance from the camp, to hear the guards challenging and firing at such logs,
cows, or larrikins as their excited imaginations mistook for the enemy. On Friday we did not march to our usual skirmishing ground, but performed manoeuvres within the camp, and after dinner there were the usual excursions made to the numerous coal mines, &c., in the neighbourhood. At night, as usual, there were songs around the camp-fire until it was time for turning in. On Saturday morning there was no parade, as it was contemplated to attack the camp again in the afternoon. The younger members of the All Saints’ College Cadets left by the mid-day train, accompanied by Captain Bean, who, before leaving, read an address, thanking the Grammar School Cadets for their invitation to join with them in their camp, and thanking Sergeant Hagney for all he had done to make the camp pleasant and instructive; after cheers on both sides the All Saints’ College Cadets left. After dinner, an attacking party consisting chiefly of the same Cadets who had gone out on the former occasion, set forth from the camp again under the command of Sergeant Hagney. They marched out of sight behind the rise between the camp and the cloth factory, where they were divided into three parties—one under Ex-Sergeant Thomson, to march round by a circuit and attack from the north-west; a second under Ex-Sergeant Wilkinson was to attack from the east, whilst Sergeant Hagney’s party kept the enemy engaged on the south. Sergeant Thomson’s object was to cut off an outlying picket of the enemy who had advanced to the west, and after a long and rapid march through the hills had almost accomplished this, when the picket caught sight of Sergeant Hagney’s division advancing over the railway line, and retired on the camp just before Thomson arrived. There was some smart firing along the creek where Sergeant Hagney was engaged, and an entrance might possibly have been effected by Sergeant Wilkinson if he had come up at that time, since all the defending force had been drawn to the other extremity of the camp, to oppose Sergeant Hagney and Sergeant Thomson. When he arrived, however, there were a few to keep him back, and when they opened fire more came up. The retreat was then sounded, and Sergeant Hagney withdrew his company, which marched a considerable distance up the creek to a place where they rested and fed upon the delicate sandwiches with which they had been provided on starting, said sandwiches consisting of a chop between two pieces of bread and butter mirabilia crassitudine, but which disappeared, nevertheless, with amazing celerity. The Sergeant then explained his plans (as he always did before making an attack), the effect of which was that each fellow knew exactly what he was expected to do and did it to the best of his ability. This time four parties were formed—one under Sergeant Barker to march round and attempt to creep in from the west, as an attack would not be expected from that quarter; a larger party under Sergeant Hagney was to skirmish along the southern side of the creek, while four others under the command of Sergeant Wilkinson kept up as rapid a fire as possible on the east. Sergeant Thomson under cover of this fire was to rush through the waterhole which extended along the northern side of the camp, and effect an entrance. Sergeant Wilkinson’s party kept up a fire so quick as to give the enemy the impression that they constituted the main body of the attacking force, although they had been largely supplied with
cartridges by the members of Sergeant Thomson's division, since they were not likely to require any. Soon almost all their ammunition was fired off, and they were just parting with their last rounds, when the cheers of Sergeant Thomson and his party were heard as they entered the camp. Sergeant Barker arrived late, and the camp was already taken when he came up. Sergeant Hagney when he heard Thomson enter the camp, crossed the creek and joined him. It is only fair to add, that the behaviour of the cadets during the second night's attack was excellent, even the small carbines exhibited coolness and steadiness, such as would not have disgraced old soldiers. After the conquerors had imbibed coffee and partaken of more solid refreshment, the Jerusalem Cuckoos gave a concert around the camp fire to a highly appreciative audience, and afterwards drank Captain Weigall’s health, as it was his wedding day; the Captain thanked them in a short speech and all retired for the night. This night we experienced the first fall of rain, we had had since our arrival. It was at first light but after a while became moderately heavy, and continued through the greater part of the remainder of our stay; we were prevented by it from going to church on Sunday, which was spent for the most part in the tents, a few only venturing to go out; the creek rose slightly and the crossing became almost impassable for those who had prejudices in favour of dry feet. A good bridge consisting of a broad plank, was then discovered a short distance from our former crossing, by which the creek could be crossed without difficulty, however, as the company only had occasion to go across once more, this discovery was not so valuable as it might have been, had it been made sooner. The interior of the tents was kept dry, owing to the affectionate care with which the experienced ones kept the inexperienced from bumping their heads against the canvas. The Captain started by the night train for Sydney, leaving Sergeant Hagney in command. On Monday, as it was still wet, the tents were not struck; the company fell in about eleven, and after Sergeant Liddell had presented Sergeant Hagney with a pair of field-glasses on behalf of the All Saints College cadets, as a token of their gratitude for his services and kindness, and Sergeant Hagney had returned thanks, all moved off to the railway station, leaving behind them the scene of an exceedingly pleasant camp. The Grammar School cadets left by the mid-day train for Sydney, and the All Saints College cadets started by the next train in the opposite direction. It continued to rain all the way to Sydney, and at the Sydney station, we departed in various directions. Great praise is due to Sergeant Hagney for the efforts he made to render the camp successful and pleasant, and he certainly succeeded in his object. Mr. Brown kindly supplied us with milk and allowed us to use his paddocks for skirmishing purposes. Addison mentions a certain young man of the town, who was much surprised at being told that breaking windows was not humour, and some of the Grammar School cadets might be astonished to hear that there is nothing particularly witty in throwing orange peel at navvies along the line, and they would perhaps, be still more surprised to hear that it is not particularly gentlemanly

Q. C. E.
GRAY.

[Disciple of Milton.]

In the following brief Essay, we purpose to institute a comparison between the Poems of Gray and those of Milton, to show that Gray was the poetical pupil of Milton. But before doing so, we will hazard a few remarks on the relative merits of Gray's poems.


His minor poems are:—"The Ode for Music," "The Ode on the Spring," "The Hymn to Adversity," "The Ode to Vicissitude," "A Long Story," "The Hymn to Ignorance," and "Welsh and Norwegian Odes." He also wrote a beautiful sonnet, which displays much feeling and tenderness, on the death of his friend, Richard West.

"The Hymn to Ignorance," is a satire on his own University of Cambridge, whose system of education he always disliked and ridiculed. It is very musical. The "Long Story" is a very humorous and fanciful poem, written on a trifling subject. "The Ode on the Spring," "The Ode to Vicissitude," and "The Hymn to Adversity" exhibit the genius of Gray in its softer graces; but in "The Progress of Poesy," and in that wild descriptive Ode, entitled "The Bard," the poet rises to a strength and dignity little inferior to Milton. Both display great descriptive powers and great splendour of language; both are somewhat obscure, especially "The Progress of Poesy," which is less impassioned and more magnificent; longer and more abrupt than "The Bard." These Odes have never become popular, though they have certainly taken a permanent place in English Literature. Their artificiality is too manifest.

The "Ode for Music" was written for the installation ceremony of the Duke of Grafton, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. It is a most beautiful, though irregular production. Each of the founders of the Colleges passes in succession before us.

The third stanza, which is supposed to be sung by Milton, is written in the metre which he (Milton) fixed upon for his Christmas hymn:—

"It was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;" &c.

The Ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." The Lyrics of Gray display the superior qualities of fancy and tenderness. These qualities are very happily displayed in some of the stanzas of this Ode, especially in the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and tenth stanzas.

The Welsh and Norwegian Odes, viz., "The Fatal Sisters," "The Descent of Odin," "The Death of Hoel," and "The Triumphs of Owen," are all translated in a bold and original manner; but, although grand and picturesque, they do not touch any passion, as his other poems do.

The most popular and admired work of Gray is his "Elegy," which probably owes its popularity to the affecting and pensive cast of the subject, and
to the exquisite manner in which it expresses feelings and thoughts that are universal. It is written in the heroic measure, with alternate rhymes.

On similarities between the poems of Gray and those of Milton. Mr. Mason says, that Gray admired Dryden almost beyond bounds. We think he must have admired Milton in a similar degree,—not only admired him but studied his works carefully; for if we examine his (Gray’s) works attentively, we shall find a great number of similar expressions, some of which we give:—

(1). **Milton**: Comus. 916:—

> The Graces, and the rosy-bosom’d Hours,”

**Gray**: “Spring,” 1:—

> Lo! where the rosy-bosom’d Hours,”

(2). **Milton**: Il Pen. 142: “Honey’d thigh,” Lycid 142:—

> Honey’d showers,” Sam. Ag. 1066. “Honey’d words.”

**Gray**: “Spring,” 26:—

> Honied Spring.”

(3). **Milton**: Par. L. 7, 410:—

> Or sporting with quick glance Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold.”

**Gray**: Ode to Spring, 29 and 30:—

> Some show their gayly-gilded trim Quick-glancing to the sun”

(4). **Milton**: Com. 232:—

> By slow Meander’s margent green.”

**Gray**: “Eton,” 23:—

> Full many a sprightly race Disporting on thy margent green, The paths of pleasure trace.”

(5). **Milton**: Com, :—

> “On the glassy wave”

**Gray**: “Eton,” 26:—

> Who foremost now delight to cleave, With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?”

(6). **Milton**: Par. L. 2. 90:—

> “When the scourge Inexorably, and the torturing hour Calls us to penance.”

**Gray**: “Hymn to Advers.” 3:—

> Whose iron scourge and torturing hour,” &c.

(7). **Milton**: Par. L. 1. 48:—

> In adamantine chains and penal fire.”

**Gray**: “Hymn to Advers.” 5:—

> Bound in thy adamantine chain”

(8). **Milton**: Par L. 2. 703:—

> Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

**Gray**: “Hymn to Advers.” 8:—

> “And purple tyrants vainly groan With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.”
(9). MILTON: Il Pen. 43 and 44:

"Till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast"

GRAY: "Hymn to Advers." 28:

"With leaden eye that loves the ground"

(10). MILTON: Com. 555:

"At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound"

GRAY: "Poesy," 14:

"Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs"

(11). MILTON: Lycid. 33:

"Tempered to thy oaten flute"

GRAY: "Progress of Poesy," 26:

"Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay"

(12). MILTON: Par. L. 9. 1116:

"Girt
With feather'd cincture"

GRAY: "Poesy," 62:

"Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves"

(13). MILTON: Hymn to Nativ. stz. 19:

"With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving"

GRAY: "Poesy," 66:

"Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep"

(14). MILTON: Sonn. on May morn, 3:

"The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose"

GRAY: "Poesy," 84:

"In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid"

(15). MILTON: Par. L. 1. 535:

"Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind"

GRAY: "Bard," 20:

"Loose his beard, and hoary hair,
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air"

(16). MILTON: "Ode on the Passions," stz. 3:

"His starry front low roof beneath the skies"

GRAY: "Bard," 112:

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear"

(17). MILTON: Par. Lost. 6. 28:

"From whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard"

GRAY: "Ode for Music," 65:

"Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!"

(18). MILTON: Par. L. 8. 504:

"Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired"

GRAY: "Ode for Music," 78:

"Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal license flings"
(19.) MILTON: Par. Reg. 3. 324:—
“Sharp sleet of arrowy show’r.”
GRAY: “Fatal Sisters,” 3:—
“Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtle’s in the darken’d air.”

(20). L’Alleg. (Milton), 60:—
“Right against the eastern gate,”
GRAY: “Descent of Odin,” 17:—
“Right against the eastern gate.”

(21). MILTON: Sonn. to Mr. Lawrence:—
“And by the fire
Help waste a sullen day.”
GRAY: “Hymn to Viciss. 25:—
“Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;”

(22). MILTON: Lycid. 25:—
“Ere the high lawns appear’d
Under the opening eyelids of the morn.”
GRAY: “Elegy.” 100:—
“To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.”

These similarities are sufficient, we think to show, how closely Gray must
have studied Milton.

We observe that there are very few similarities in the “Elegy.”
The above quoted compose about one-third of the number of similarities we
have collected, and we doubt not but that many more may be found in his
works.

Of these similarities, by far the greatest number is found in Paradise Lost.
Relative number found in each of Milton’s Poems:—Paradise Lost, 47;
Comus, 13; Il Penseroso, 16; Lycidas, 8; other poems about 22.

Of similarities with Dryden, Pope, Spencer, and other writers, we find but
few; the whole number we think would not exceed twenty. Therefore, if we
take the similarities between the writings of Milton and Gray as a test, the
latter was evidently the poetical pupil of the former. Milton himself in his
youth was a follower of Spencer, especially in his famous L’Allegro and
Il Penseroso.

Perhaps it may not be improper to conclude this essay with A. Smith’s
opinion of Gray:—“Gray joins to the sublimity of Milton, the eloquence and
harmony of Pope; and nothing is wanting to render him, perhaps, the first
poet in the English language, but to have written a little more.”

IST MODERNS.

LAWN TENNIS.

This fascinating game has now been added to the list of recognised amuse­ments of the Grammar School. At Wimbledon Hall and Cleveland House
grounds have been made, nets and rackets procured, and the game seems
fairly started, with every prospect of its becoming a permanent institution.
There is some talk of a match between the best players of the two houses,
and possibly other players will come forward as the game becomes better known.
ALL ABOUT TIME.
AN ESSAY.

There are several varieties of time, but, as the Editor tells me his space is limited I can only write of a few. Time has been in existence from the earliest ages, and has been abused by everybody since the world began. Of all ill-treated things, from a lame omnibus horse to a street organ proprietor, it has the most of which to complain. It is said that King Alfred measured time, it is doubtful whether he did or not; at any rate we have no reliable information on the subject and its length is still unsettled. Though steam and electricity have been brought into play, they have not yet been able to catch up to time, indeed some people have gone so far as to say "time flies," but whether it does or not I cannot say, never having seen it do so. It seems to me impossible. Most school boys have a particular aversion to a certain kind of time, namely, school time, though—to show the diversity of human nature—it is well known that they are very fond of play-time (not to mention dinner-time). Shakespeare evidently had acquaintance with our subject for he has written:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

Persons who know nothing about the matter say this is a different sort of time; I don't believe it. Many business persons have said "time is money," others say it is not, between the two I do not know what to believe. I leave it to my readers to decide. The Government Astronomer keeps time, this is the mean variety; I don't know whereabouts. The town hall clock also keeps time, this is supposed to be the right sort of time, but nasty people say it isn't and that, besides, it only keeps day time—going to rest with darkness. "Once-upon-a-time" was when the fairies lived.

PETER POTS.

AUSTRALASIAN ASSOCIATION OF EDINBURGH.

Last night the annual dinner of the Australasian Association of Edinburgh was held in the Waterloo Hotel. The association consists of gentlemen connected with the Australian colonies, and a large proportion of them are students attending the University. Besides being the annual gathering of the association, the dinner is held as complimentary to the students who have taken their degrees during the session at the University. The following were those on whom the honour was conferred on this occasion:—Mr. W. F. P. Basset, M.B., C.M. (New South Wales); Mr. S. F. Brown, M.B., C.M. (New South Wales); Mr. E. W. Niesche, M.B., C.M. (South Australia); and Mr. R. E. Schlesinger, M.B., C.M., and M.R.C.S. (Victoria). Amongst others present were—Mr. B. Thompson (Victoria) Mr. C. Traill, Mr. A. S. Bowman, B.A.; Mr. W. Macansh, Mr. A. Moore, Mr. J. B. Nash, Mr. F. Pockley, Mr. E. Du Moulin, Mr. G. J. Renwick, B.A.; Mr. A. McIntyre, and Mr. T. J. Henry (all of New South Wales); Mr. S. W. Brierley (Victoria), Dr. J. Fraser Ewan, M.B., C.M. (N.S.W.), Mr. James Lamrock (N.S.W.), Mr. Ross (N.S.W.), Mr. Inglis (Victoria), Mr. G. F. Hoare (N.S.W.) Dr. Sly, Mr. W. A. Giles (South Australia), &c. The chair was occupied by Dr. James Foulis; the president; and Mr. Robert Richardson, B.A., vice-president, was croupier.
After an excellent dinner,

The Chairman proposed "The Queen and Royal Family"—a toast which was received with much enthusiasm.

The Chairman then proposed "The health of the Guests" (whose names are given above), and he expressed regret, in which he was sure all would join, at the absence from illness of Dr. Brown. He heartily congratulated the guests on the successful manner in which they had taken their degrees, and he wished them all prosperity in their future career. (Applause.) The object of this association was to promote good fellowship amongst Australians in Edinburgh. He hoped that those who had been connected with the association had derived some good from being members of it; and he had great pleasure in proposing the health of the guests. (Applause.)

Dr. Bassett, Dr. Niemshe, and Dr. Schlesinger respectively returned thanks.

Dr. J. Fraser Ewan proposed "The Old Country." (Applause.) He said that although they had one University in the new country which was able to give them a good, sound medical education, yet in this country they came across master minds in every branch of their profession. He was sure that every one who came to this country and joined the association must feel the beneficial effects of residence here, whether it was short or long. Although Australia was a great country, yet if it were not for Great Britain, Australia would not be what it is; and they as Australians ought to look on the home country, not as a stranger but as a foster mother. (Applause.)

Mr. Robert Richardson, B.A., proposed "The Colonies." He said that although he did not wish to speak in a vainglorious way, yet he thought they had some reason to congratulate themselves on the amount of material progress that had been made by the Australian Colonies. (Applause). Less than a hundred years ago, where the magnificent wharves and warehouses of the Circular Quay lined the strand of Sydney, the naked savage pushed his canoe up the reed-fringed waters of the little Tank stream. Less than a century ago, the same savage was spearing his fish on the beach of that harbour which now afforded shelter to the most magnificent craft in the world, and on whose waters floated the flags of every nation. (Applause.) Less than a century ago the kangaroo roamed by night and the native dog by day on the spot where the stately fabric of the Garden Palace now lifted its glittering towers in the radiant southern sunlight. Surely it was something to congratulate themselves upon, that on that spot where then waved the virgin forest they had raised an exhibition building in which the proudest Courts in Europe thought it worth while to take an interest, and to which they thought it not beneath them to send ambassadors. (Applause.) He spoke of New South Wales because it was his native colony, and because he knew it best. But material progress by all the colonies was not the only direction in which they had advanced. In regard to social, moral, and intellectual advancement he thought they were not behind the times. Why, before England had organised a system of education, New South Wales had its public schools systematised and in admirable working order; and years before the ballot was adopted in England it was in working order in New South Wales, to the great advantage of the country. (Applause.) He believed that if Australia's sons were only true and loyal to her, and if they used the advantages they had as possessors of a territory of almost boundless resources, temperately, wisely, and at the same time shrewdly, a bright and happy future was before them. (Applause.)

Amongst other toasts were, "The Edinburgh and other Universities," proposed by Mr. G. J. Renwick, B.A.; "The President," by Mr. A. S. Bowman, B.A.; "The Vice-President," by Mr. Wm. Macansh; "The Ladies," by Mr.
IN MEMORIAM.

"Have you heard that poor Sam Brown is dead, Sir?" were the words, that accosted me upon my return one afternoon to the Cadet encampment at Bowenfels. I was partly prepared for the news. I had a few days before received a letter from an old pupil, at present studying at the University of Edinburgh, and in this letter, I had grieved to read "Poor Brown—you will be very sorry to hear that he is dying—at least very faint hopes are held out of his recovery. It is very sad, just after he has passed his final examination too. Some months ago, the doctors told him that his lungs were in a bad state, and advised him to return to Australia at once, but as his final examination was so near, he begged hard to be allowed to remain a few months longer, and they at length yielded, on condition that he should return immediately afterwards. Poor fellow! those few months have just proved too much for him . . . . Sam Brown has been ordered to return to Sydney at once, as the only chance of prolonging his life." But even with this preparation for bad news, I felt it a cruel blow. Perhaps my surroundings at the time made me realize still more strongly, how cruel a blow it was. For I can picture him best of all in his old position as Colour Sergeant of the Cadets: the smartest, cleanest, cheeriest boy in the corps. We were all so proud of him! In writing of the dead one is tempted to indulge in untrue praise. I will not insult the memory of my dead friend by a word that is untruthful or exaggerated. Samuel Brown was one of the first of the race of public spirited boys, that were called into existence at the Grammar School by the enthusiasm of Mr. Bean, and the practical encouragement and sympathy of Mr. Francis. Whilst enthusiastic in all school sports, and keenly alive to the honour of the school, Brown was also a student of considerable promise. He would have won a scholarship at Matriculation, if he had elected to remain at the local University. His subsequent career at Edinburgh fully confirmed the opinion I had formed of his intellectual power. Of his inner life I knew but little—but one fact will show, how fully I trusted him. While he was Colour-Sergeant of the Corps, an apparently serious irregularity in connection with the Corps was brought under my notice. I reported the matter to Brown, and left him to deal with it, and, as I subsequently heard, all ground for complaint was promptly and effectually removed. Even now I can hardly bear to think of my last conversation with him—of his boyish anticipations of the life, that was before him—and of the pleasure, that would await him on his return home. Most of all he expressed his anxiety, that the school institutions, which he had helped to form, should not be allowed to deteriorate. And so I said, "Good-bye" little thinking that I should never again in this world see his bright and happy face. There are many of us who are still grieving for his young life sacrificed, as I firmly believe, to a sense of duty.

A. B. W.
The following extract from a letter lately received from an O.S. in Edinburgh may prove interesting to some of the old fellows:—"Theo. Barker, from whom I had a letter on our arrival in England, met me at the steamer, and piloted us off to an hotel. He is a right good fellow is Barker, and I like him very much. He 'digs' close to us, and I see a good deal of him. One of the first fellows I met in the streets was Macansh: he had to go out to the Colony a short time ago for the sake of his health, but, I am glad to say, he is quite well now. Dropped in at his 'diggings' that evening, and met Gus. M'Intyre, Traill, Bowman, and several other old friends. Since then I have seen any amount of old friends, most of them being old Grammar School boys. One of the best results of our School training is the good feeling and fellowship which exists amongst all old boys. Mention to any one who has been at the School that you are an old Grammar School boy, and you are immediately a bosom friend. It is a pass-word which smooths the way over many difficulties. Amongst the other Grammar School boys I have met are Richardson, Renwick, Mitchell, McLeod, and Jack Ewan, whom I had not seen for eleven years."

A STORY ABOUT THE COMMUNISTS IN NEW CALEDONIA.

The Communists in New Caledonia are, as everyone knows, political deportés, and not murderers, robbers, and so forth. The story which I am about to relate was furnished me by one of them, who had resided for eight years in New Caledonia as a political prisoner.

But "revenons a nos moutons," as our French friends would say.

About ten Communists had formed the plan of escaping from New Caledonia in a boat.

Then they asked the authorities for permission to burn charcoal as a means of obtaining their livelihood. Permission being obtained, they at once commenced to make a high heap of sticks about thirty-three yards in circumference, and under it they dug a cavern. As two men who resided near them were suspected of being spies, they engaged them as workmen, so that they might be very sleepy after their day's work, and to make them sleep all the sounder they used to give them a glass of wine before going to bed. Then, when these men were sound asleep the conspirators used to go into their cavern, and work at a boat which they were making to escape in.

They were about six months at work every evening after the five o'clock appel.

Then their boat got embedded in mud, but at last it was finished.

Somehow or other, though nobody said a word about the plan of escaping, the authorities found that something was the matter, so they sent a few gendarmes to these charcoal burners' huts, but they found nothing, although the boat, which was covered with pitch and was all ready to start, was lying within twenty or thirty yards of them, and those who had built her were trembling in their shoes lest she should be discovered (for which they would have got five years in gaol with forced labour.)

However, the authorities never found anything, and so the conspirators breathed freely once more. When their boat was furnished with stores
of different kinds, and they had a plentiful supply of biscuits (for one of them had been amusing himself by making biscuits for a fortnight before), they thought they might as well set about getting their liberty. They summoned nine more of their friends, and then they all worked at getting the boat out of the mud. But it took a tremendous time; and, as the tide was high at half-past nine at night, and they could not hope to be under weigh till two or three o'clock in the morning, they contented themselves with disembedding the boat out of the mud. A few days afterwards, after the five o'clock appel, they all went to the place of rendezvous by very bad tracks (often up to their knees in mud) in order that they might not be discovered. When they were all assembled they set about carrying the boat down to the river. It was fearful work.

The pitch was trickling down their faces and over their clothes, and the rain was galloping after; besides which they were up to their ankles in mud. They were not even allowed to smoke (a great hardship to them, for the French are great smokers) lest the patrols, which passed occasionally on the top of a small hill under which they were, should see them. However, after all this work, when they got down to the river they found that they could not get the boat into it, because it was too low, and they did not like risking their boat. Some of them then began to be afraid of what they had done, but others said that they would remain till five o'clock in the morning, and try to float her off. However, they afterwards thought that it would be better not to risk the chance of getting caught, and so some of them took the provisions and hid them in the woods. The plot was given up. and, as the tide would not be high enough till late, the conspirators returned to their abodes. The boat, which was left by the river, was not seen by the coast-guards, and the harbour-master of Noumea was the first to notice it. He immediately proceeded to it in his steam launch, and fastening a cable to it towed it in triumph into the harbour of Noumea. No one was found out, and my informant now lives in Sydney.

NARRATOR.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SIR,—As "Inquirer's" question (in the last issue but one of the Sydney) concerning the phenomena observed on dropping pieces of camphor into water, was not answered in the last number of your paper, I will now take the liberty of doing so to the best of my ability. The phenomena depend upon "surface tension" a term not so familiar to us as Simple Equations, and needing, no doubt, further explanation than mere mention. One of the principles which govern capillary phenomena is, that every liquid behaves as though it were encased in a skin, which is in a state of tension and constantly trying to contract, that is, if we imagine any straight line drawn on this film or skin, the contractile force pulls equally on each side of the line, and if we imagine an infinite number of such lines on each side of every such line, the contractile force pulls with equal vigour—so that it is perfectly uniform all over the surface of, and only depends upon the nature and temperature of the liquid. This tension or contractile force, is only active on the surface exposed to air—
in that which is in contact with a solid, it is masked by other molecular actions. Mensbrugghe, who has compiled a table of surface tensions, thinks that such a force really exists. But most scientists look upon it as an ingenious theory, which very cleverly represents the effects of the real cause, whatever that may be. This uniform surface tension causes a drop in falling through the air, either to assume a spherical form or oscillate about that form. Professor Plateau of Ghent, has devised a very simple experiment to illustrate this phenomenon of drops on a larger scale—the consideration of which, I think, will not be altogether irrelevant. Let a drop of oil (olive oil, whose density is between those of water and alcohol) be introduced into a mixture of those liquids in such proportion, that the density of the mixture is the same as that of the olive oil. The oil will assume a spherical form. Now force the oil out of this form, it will begin to oscillate very slowly, assuming the prolate and oblate spheroidal forms alternately, approaching each time, nearer to its former spherical form, until ultimately it comes to rest, friction acting as an impediment, and becomes a sphere again. Having now a pretty good idea of what is meant by “surface tensions,” we may consider “Inquirers” experiment. On putting a piece of camphor into warm water, it begins to rush about in a very excited manner, rotating on its own axis with great rapidity, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another. This behaviour is due to the fact, that the camphor diminishes the surface tension of water which takes it up. In the words of Deschanel (from whom I have derived most of this information) "superficial currents are created, radiating from the camphor in all directions, and as the camphor dissolves more quickly in some parts than in others, the currents which are formed are not equal in all directions, and those which are most powerful, prevail over the others and give motion to the fragment." This is what happens when the water is hot. The reason why the motions are slow in cold water is, I imagine, because the surface tension of cold water is greater than that of warm; so the camphor has a greater force to diminish. I do not understand, however, what the action of the oil is, in stopping the motions of the camphor. I have certainly a vague idea, but, as my knowledge of the subject is not at all profound, I shall refrain from hazarding an opinion, with the hope that someone else will kindly give us the requisite explanation.

Yours truly,

X.S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "The Sydneian."

Sir,—Some very severe criticism has at times appeared in these pages on the conduct of the Trustees, in not building a gymnasium and in not incurring a large expenditure in order to encourage athletic sports. Those of us who can call to mind the story of Jove and the Waggoner, will be more inclined to sympathise with the Trustees than with their unfriendly critics, for it is evident, that when expense is incurred by them, no corresponding effort is made by the boys themselves. For example some time ago, part of the play-ground was levelled, the bank sloped and turfed, and a fence erected to keep boys from running up and down the bank. For a short time
the ground was respected, and it was used only for a cricket pitch. Then some dry weather came, the grass perished from want of care and water, and now it is a sterile waste, a chasing ground for little boys. When cricket is resumed it is more than probable that a ball rising from the hard ground will inflict, as happened at Newington, a serious injury on one of the players.

A prefect on the ground during the intervals, if only to prevent boys destroying the bank by running up and down, a little care and time spent in planting and watering would show the Trustees that their past liberality had been appreciated by the school, and would encourage and justify them in going to further expense.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
F.

[The Prefects, we are sure, as soon as the Sports’ Committee are desirous, will keep the ground clear. At present no cricket is being played there, and it seems hard to exclude other boys from the ground. We sincerely hope that something will soon be done in the matter.—Ed.]

To the Editors of “The Sydneian.”

SIR,—For the sake of those who live at a distance from the School, and who in consequence, are unable to attend the meetings of the Debating Club, would it not be desirable to hold the debates earlier in the day, for instance, at 3.15? I am aware that Friday would not suit the Cadets, but if some other day were chosen, I think that the attendance would be considerably increased, and that the change would be quite acceptable to the majority of the present members. Regular attendance moreover could be the better secured, if the boys did not go home first, and thus expose themselves to other attractions. This plan would, perhaps, be more convenient for the ex-students who live near, and who have not their afternoons taken up. When the debates are renewed after the University Examinations, will, I think, be the best opportunity for making the change. Hoping this matter will be attended to as soon as possible,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
C.

ROWING CLUB REPORT.

During the past quarter, the number of members has been thirty-one, of whom the greater part have made use of the boats. The “Osprey” was put in good order at the beginning of the quarter, new canvas decks being supplied, and the boat varnished inside and out. The skiffs are in good order, but new sculls are wanted; the two new pairs recently bought being lost or broken. It is proposed to hold a Regatta towards the end of the present quarter, and it will devolve upon the present meeting to elect a Committee to carry out the necessary arrangements. If some of our members could be found with sufficient public spirit to give the necessary time, a four-oared match could be easily arranged with the Geelong crew at Xmas, for which match, the low fares and the opportunity of visiting the Melbourne Exhibition seem to offer special inducements. The funds of the Club are in a satisfactory condition; the balance in hand has increased from £8 1s. 6d. to £11 16s. 6d. The Treasurer’s account duly audited, will be laid before the meeting,
We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following journals:—

*Melburnian* (2).
*Cheltonian* (2).
*Cinque Port*.
*Cliftonian*.
*Mariburan* (2).
*Australiana*.
*Epsomian*.
*Ulula*.

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**SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL ROWING CLUB IN ACCOUNT WITH THE TREASURER, QUARTER ENDING SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1880.**

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Examined and found correct,

A. PRATT
J. FAIRFAX

C. J. FACHE, Hon. Treasurer.