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**SYDNEY:**

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1881.
EDITORIAL.

It is frequently the tendency of a democratic system, especially when imposed upon the inexperienced and foolish, to give rise to the belief that discipline of any sort is unworthy of the spirit of the freeman. This is an error which we should expect to find prevalent in this country, where the languor of the climate is an additional inducement to the passive rejection of unpleasant duties. But it is none the less a fact that, as in war disciplined regulars are superior to ten times their number of undrilled men, however brave and well armed, so in the battle-field of the world the disciplined combatant has it practically all his own way.

School discipline consists, or ought to consist, of a good many things. It is discipline to have to learn one's lessons; we are at least clear on the point that we all have to do that, so we need say no more about it. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this is all that can be expected from one, or that it is the only beneficial result of school life. We may at once mention one form of discipline which we do not practice here, and of which we have not therefore the benefit; namely, the system of enforcing attendance and participation in the games. It does not concern us at present to consider its practicability, but only to insist that it must rightly be regarded as an essential of a thoroughly successful school.

The principal benefits to be looked for from the system of compulsory games are visible in the increased sense of loyalty to the school, and of habitual obedience to rightful authority, which are especially obtained from this association of the feeling of duty with occupations which are naturally of a pleasing and attractive character to most of us. That these benefits do actually result from the system may be seen in the case of any English Public School, that under our own plan of leaving things to look after themselves, the games in question being under these circumstances wholly neglected by the majority, the advantages spoken of are in the main deficient, must be apparent to those who have an eye for such matters. In England the compulsion originates with the boys themselves, and is carried out by them with an unsparing hand. Their own opinion of its practical working appears to be eminently favourable. Recently, in the Sixth Form Debating Society of an English school, a motion was proposed, to the effect that "the system of compelling attendance at games was on the whole injurious to the school;" the report in the school paper does not give the arguments used, but the result was decisive, only two members voting for the motion, and thirty against it. On the same subject, a correspondent of the same paper, referring back to a period five-and-twenty years before, when the school was in its infancy, and compulsory attendance at games had not been introduced or
perhaps even dreamt of, speaks of "the lack of united energy in games," as
being at that time one of the main causes which in his opinion had pre-
vented the development of an esprit de corps, and produced the absence of
any binding spirit amongst the school, and he attributes the inefficiency of
the school in its earlier days principally to this cause. These opinions of
experienced persons should certainly be regarded with respect by those who
are wont to theorise on the matter without having made any practical
experiment.

Whether we shall ever be in a position to try this experiment for ourselves,
hampered as we now are by the absence of a convenient ground, it is not
possible to precisely determine, though we may reasonably hope, in view of
the efforts that have from time to time been made by those interested in the
welfare of the School, that, as civilization progresses, our necessities will some
day be recognised, and we shall obtain the facilities which we are justly
entitled to demand from the Government that called us into existence as a
corporate body. It is in the prospect of such a fortunate event that we desire
to keep before the minds of the School the proper course to be taken for the
development of our native powers, when it takes place.

It is not inconceivable that, if there were sufficient driving force in the School
to establish such a system of compulsory attendance even now, it might have
some effect in compelling the Government to attend to the requirements of so
energetic and struggling a community, but under present circumstances we
fear there is little chance of that. Perhaps, if we once adopted the scholastic
mode of forcing the Government's hand, we might presently find ourselves
by degrees drawn into the use of stump orators and mass meetings in Hyde
Park, requisitions to the Mayor for indignation meetings, and such other
resources as most readily suggest themselves to the outraged majesty of a
free people.

LONDON UNDER A NEW ASPECT.

(JANUARY, 1881.)

The great boast of our age is our civilization.

We English may be the bye-word of other countries for our national
exclusiveness, our over-bearing conceit, our mercantile ideas, our phlegmatic
coldness; we do not rebut all these accusations—some of them we admit,
and some we even, strangely, seem to glory in—but on one point, at least, we
are sure of ourselves; we are a civilized people, and the age we live in is
one of almost unparalleled civilization.

English comfort and luxury; the care and pains which we bestow in order
to realize our notions of a home—a home with every modern improvement,
and with all the appliances for convenience which science and invention can
give, and wealth and ingenuity assist into motion. This is the point on
which we stand alone, the question over which we reign supreme.

But alas! for human vanity. Recent experience has shown us, somewhat
convincingly, that, as far as contending with a great power of nature is con-
cerned, our capabilities and resources are far more limited than those of
certain savage tribes, we fall beneath the level of the ingenuity of the
Esquimeaux.

London has lately presented something of the appearance of a beleaguered
or partially deserted city. The roll and roar of traffic, and the bustle of
occupation have temporarily ceased; the shops are emptied, foot passengers
are few and far between, and are chiefly confined to the milk-man and the
butchers' boy, who pursue their daily round with a depressed and gloomy
aspect, with heads bent down, and fur flaps tied over their ears, and without
even the energy to whistle. Carriages are a sight almost unknown; omni-
buses drive slowly, and heavily, with three and sometimes four horses; and
cabs have ceased to ply, or can be procured only for charges so exorbitant
that the heart, even of the most reckless spendthrift, fails him at the price,
and he prefers to walk or stay at home.

To walk abroad or stay at home,—these are our choice of evils. If we elect
to leave the house we face our enemy—the snow—which meets us every­
where, and will not be evaded or over-looked. It stands in heaps, many feet high, along the streets; it impedes our way and
clogs our feet; it falls in avalanches on our head, from the roofs of houses
above us. The railroads are blocked with it, and we get no news from the
country, where drifts nine feet high and many miles in length, divide our
friends from any communication with the outer world.

The condition of things is unexampled; we all write on saying that we have
"never known such weather"; and we endure the extreme cold (not with­
out grumbling), but seem entirely unable to cope with the snow. Exertion
appears paralyzed; we wonder, and exclaim—but we do . . . nothing,
and the snow continues to master us. It is here—at our doors—on our
houses—on our areas—everywhere. London is a great snow city, but we
neither remove what we suffer from nor make use of it; and we never think
of sledding till the frost is beginning to break!

There is no comfort for us indoors, for the enemy is upon us there also; and
there he is worst of all, for he attacks us on our weakest and tenderest points.
We could do without our luxuries, we think—but when it comes to the
common necessaries of life . . . When all the pipes in the house are
frozen, and our daily water-supply is limited to penny buckets-full sold us
on the street—which must be used sparingly, and can only be heated by the
gradual and limited process of boiling a kettle on a small fire (for the boiler
has burst of course) and the kitchen grate is unusable . . . When the
gas-meter has frozen also, and the atmosphere, being thick with fog, we sit
all day in Egyptian darkness . . . It is some days since our vegetables
became frost-bitten, milk (so-called) rose to eight-pence a quart, and a rumour
spread widely through the town that butchers' meat would shortly become
unattainable—and we bore these afflictions with patience, but the depe­
ration of the matutinal tub, and the absence of light in our dwellings, seem to
us to form a climax of misfortune before which fortitude fails, and silent
endurance becomes impossible.

The plague might be reigning in London—so silent is the street outside; a
silence which is only broken by the sound of the scraping of snow from the
area, and the hoarse cries of "Water, water!" from a seedy looking individual, carrying buckets, who— to judge by his gait and accent— has been far from confining himself to that liquid, as his only beverage, during the last few hours.

In the general scarcity of water in any large quantities, the laundress is obviously unable to fulfil her ordinary functions with her accustomed regularity; and when after a prolonged sojourn at her abode, the domestic lover does at length return home with a sporting-looking tandem, the unwonted spectacle excites nothing but a faint smile— so much is our sense of humour mitigated by unusual circumstances.

In the same way, ladies of fashion may be seen venturing into the streets, curiously muffled up, with woollen shawls arranged over their heads, and other quaint devices for keeping off the cold— presenting an appearance which, in calmer (and warmer) moments, they will shudder to recall; but to notice which no passer-by will even turn his head just now— for all are alike united in a brother- and sister- hood of misery.

Matters are reaching a climax: the daily papers teem with gloomy prognostications; and some hoary-headed impostor professes to remember a similar season, more than seventy years ago, when the frost and cold lasted for three months. We try to brace our minds to the worst (our bodies we have long given up as hopeless!) and return to bed in a state of irritable despondency, which we are pleased to call resignation... and awake the next morning to the sound of a gentle "drip, drip" outside...

Is it really so? We rush to the window... Everything in the street looks dirty, and sticky, and sloppy; and gangs of men are shoveling up the snow, and piling it on wagons to be taken away. Even official supineness is roused to exertion at last; and all haste is being made, or the streets will become so many rivers, and London itself be submerged in a modern deluge.

We turn from the window, almost bewildered by the sudden unlooked-for change; and have time to notice that the house seems to be in a state of commotion, with hurrying steps, excited voices, and other unusual sounds.

Is anything the matter...?

Oh! merely that the frozen pipes have all burst; and water is flowing freely through the bedroom ceilings, and into the back drawing-room— where the carpet is soaked, and the books and furniture are in a state past description.

What would you have? It is the long-wished-for thaw; and the resources of our modern English civilization are not altogether boundless!

F. C.

PULCHRUM EST MONSTRARI.

We often hear it remarked, that in the present day schoolboys are crammed and not taught; that the modern schoolmaster regards his pupils as so many examination machines with greater or less capacity for imbibing facts, and with a faculty for reproducing those facts in such a way as to get the maximum
of marks. And it must be admitted, that the tendency of competitive examina-
tions is to attach undue value to such knowledge as will pay best, irrespective
of its intrinsic importance. Unfortunately there are some schoolmasters, who
aggravate the mischief by utilising the successes of their pupils as a means
for advertising their schools. Such a course not only degrades the profession
of a schoolmaster to the level of a tradesman's advertisement, but also panders
to the vanity and precocious self-esteem of those, whose names figure in the
advertisement, as "the successful candidates." It is to be feared that school-
boys as well as schoolmasters are only too fond of seeing their names in the
columns of the daily press, and this prevalent desire for notoriety, which is
often of a most paltry description, tends to lower public appreciation of
distinctions, which are really worthy of respect. The intelligent pedagogue,
who has succeeded in "educating" a youth down to the standard of a Civil
Service examination publishes the news of his achievements, as if his pupil had
really obtained a valuable academical honour. *Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*
It is of course superfluous to point out how injurious such a system is not only
to the individuals concerned, but, what is more important, to the cause of
higher education. For it is evident that higher education will not command
the respect of the masses, until those who profess to be its exponents, vindicate
the dignity of their calling, by teaching others from their example to honour
only what is worthy of honour. Before the time of Dr. Arnold, the ordinary
schoolmaster was looked upon as an antiquated pedant; since the era of school
advertisements the title has become in the estimation of many persons synony-
mous with that of charlatan and humbug. We can hardly be surprised, that
under these circumstances the schoolmaster's professions of disinterested love
for his work are generally met with incredulous contempt, and that any
aspirations beyond such practical success, as may conduce to money-making
or popular applause, are scouted as visionary or hypocritical. If schoolmasters
would only be true to themselves, and loyal to their calling, the public would
ultimately realise—for public opinion in the long run is a true one—that those
who are fitted to be entrusted with the education of others must first have
educated themselves to a higher ideal than the claims of self-interest can
supply, and (to quote the words of George Eliot) "the supreme worth of the
teacher's vocation" would then be duly recognised.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS.

We think that the following abstract of the progress in material circumstances
achieved by an English Public School in the course of a single year may be of
general interest, as a standard of comparison with our own; it is gathered
in the main from a review of the year in the school paper. The school in
question is hardly older than ourselves; it is larger, containing 560 boys, and
has two other main advantages over us, firstly, that it is a boarding-school,
and secondly, that it is not supported or controlled by the Government. It is
not, however, wealthy, having been for many years encumbered with a large
debt, which was only cleared off with difficulty, and impeded its early
advance.
A Chemical Laboratory and new Science Class-room were added to the school buildings, as well as another class-room. The Gymnasium received a number of new fittings and improvements. An old member of the school, who desired that his name should not be made known, presented the school with the funds necessary to build a new Racquet-court on the best models (in addition to the one already possessed); the value of this gift is probably about £2000; such an act of munificence needs no comment, but is worth reflecting on. The school and old fellows undertook to provide by subscription amongst themselves a sum of £150 a year to maintain a "mission" under a former member of the school amongst the poor of London; (we may perhaps be permitted to observe that they seem here to have wandered somewhat out of their province, and might have found a more suitable vent for their energies, though the scheme is doubtless well-meant). The decoration of the College Chapel by means of paintings was completed, the heavy expense having been raised by subscriptions, and a fresh subscription was started to cover the cost of erecting seats in carved oak. A Classical Art Museum was established, and a fine collection of casts of statues and busts already amassed. The Natural History Museum also received various donations.

The Rifle Corps received an increase of 60 members, and reached a larger total than at any previous period. The Natural History Society also flourished greatly, and from the accession of new members became larger than ever before. The Art Society was increasing in popularity, and generally successful. The Debating Society greatly increased in numbers, and the debates were of a good order. Entertainments of considerable merit were given by members of the school under the management of a committee, admission being by payment, and the proceeds devoted to public purposes. A Brass Band and a Drum and Fife Band were vigorously supported, having more members than ever previously, and distinguishing themselves greatly at the annual concert, and in connection with the Rifle Corps, cricket, football, racquets, the races, the gymnasium, hockey,—and learning—all met with the usual amount of attention and success.

This is a goodly show of activity, and of the overflow of superfluous energy into many channels. What have we to set against it? It is not worth the putting down in comparison; each may compare for himself. Let us rather learn hence what sort of things may justly be expected of us, and try if we cannot make up our minds to begin carrying some of them into effect.

NOVA CASTRA.

Est locus Australi—dicunt Nova Castra Coloni—
Litore, quasitae modo mercatoribus orae.
Continue rupe spectanti litus ab alto
Ni foret objectu lapidum bene fida carinis
Defessis station : hinc illine cumulantur in altum
Inque unum modo non tendunt—brevia ostia—moles,
Latius inque sinus fluit unda recepta reductos.
Olim, quanta videbatis pejoribus annis,
Fanda infanda pati miserors, Nova Castra, colonos
Qua solvant scelera, hand memores solvenda per annos.
Hic Sceleris genus omne olim gliscebat: ibidem
Gens infesta hominum, patriaque expulsa catenis
Mille laborabant: fratrem cum fratre videres
Consortem sceleris, vincli consorte; superbe
Aera concutient voces: hinc jurgia, rixae
Ora hominum fecendant: hinc vota precesque Deorum
Infandis commixta sonis turbare dierum
Delicias, celi et venerem, proh dederus, almi:
Quique auro patriam, quique ob promissa pudorem
Premia vendiderat, sacra qui penetralia sedat
Sanguine nocturno veteris securus amici,
Qui patrem occidit, bona si modo cerneret haeres,
Qui tractare nefas quidque et mentirier audax.
Hee loca bacchantur Furiae, bacchantur et Irae,
Sanguinolenta manu Caedes furtiva, conesque
Insani Rabies animi: Furor omnis in uno
Collectus fremit, et vires capit usque fremendo.
Pars montem, manicis implexa, ligonibus altum
Effodiunt, servanteque vices noctemque diemque:
Sudet opus, misera et medius Sol bracchia torret,
Pars tamen effossis, muros et tecta domorum
Ædificant, nee sape carent suar terga flagello
Sacrilegeque manus ipsa instruxere Supremi
Templa Dei: sic tu celi terrene Creator
In laudem nomenque Tui, velut igne, nefandas
Ter sacre gentis dextras, Deus Optime, reddis.

At nunc in melius volvendis flectitur annis
Tota loci species: stant jam nova tecta: tabernae
Exercerunt proprium hinc illinc per strata laborem.
Stat mare versicolor varia de gente carinis
Undique directis: ludique operumque solutos
Cernere erat pueros: juvat hos et membra palestra
Exercere, pilaqueolum petisset profundum.
Quorum olim pars ipsa fui—miserabile dictu—
Qui tentarem animos omni formare magister
Doctrina, nulla formandos arte magistri.
Rex sedet omnipotens solio—Boss ille vocatur—
Antequam ad mensam senio jam jamque cadacam
(Ne mirare, precor, lector, namque omnia circum
Sordida matura mox deperitura ruina)
Terribilis vultum, ferus, incomptusque capillos,
Rufaque laetificat, veluti focus ignibus ardet,
Barba sinum: pueri metuunt, odere vicissim,
Saepe exciperet celeres qui pronus in iras
In studio intentos juvenes, nullamque merentes
AN EASTER MONDAY TRIP.

SYDNEY Station on a holiday is always in a state of bustle and fuss, and last Easter Monday was no exception to the rule. There were men running about and dragging children all in the utmost confusion, yet they all seemed to shake down into their proper places, and as is generally the case there were no mistakes of any consequence.

I got into an American car on the Western train, and amused myself till its start by observing the people. In the seat in front of me were two persons who seemed totally engrossed with one another, and an object of interest to the other occupants of the carriage, they were a bride and bridegroom. Behind there was a large party possessed of a humourous individual who kept them in roars of laughter. There was plenty to see as we went on, and a little amusement was caused by a gentleman going to sleep, who in making a vigorous nod backwards tilted his hat out of the window; he stood up and looked angry but refrained from expressing his feelings.

I left the Western train at the charming hamlet of Blacktown, and exchanged into the dreary creep-along which goes to Richmond. I arrived here after an hour of slow travelling, and joined the party with whom I was going on up the Kurrajong to pic-nic for the day on the top of the hill. The weather had been fine all the way up, but now there was a smart shower of rain; however, it soon cleared off, and we had no more rain till we reached our journey's end. Soon after leaving Richmond you cross the Hawkesbury, or Nepean, for above the bridge is the Nepean, and below it the Hawkesbury, and looking up the stream you can see the island at the junction of the Grose with the Nepean. The sudden gap in the hills which forms the valley of the Grose can be seen for miles round.

Soon after crossing the river the road begins to ascend, and you go up a hill with farms and cultivation on both sides. The glimpses to be seen through the trees at this part of the journey are very pretty. A few miles farther on, after passing a small stream called Wheeny Creek, you go up a very steep ascent and seem to have left the preliminary hills, and got into the real mountains. There are a number of houses about here, and orangeries for which the
soil is very suitable. The last hill is soon reached, which used to be remark-
able for the steepness of the road, but now a new way has been made winding
round the mountain. When you come out of the trees on the top a glorious
view bursts upon you. You see in the far distance the long blue line of the
horizon, over which on a clear day the smoke of steamers is visible, and I
have also seen the revolving light on the South Head at night; Sydney is not
visible without a telescope; you see a large plain as far as you can follow it
round, and on the edge of this plain under the mountains Richmond, a little
further to the left Windsor, with the Hawkesbury winding round it, are dis-
inctly seen, the old Church of Windsor built by Governor Macquarie is
especially prominent; away far to the right is Penrith. Then you find that
the hill which you have just passed over, is one of a series which extends in
regular waves, away to the left until they seem to merge into the extreme end
of the mountains. Soon after reaching the top of the hill it began to rain,
and our view below us was obscured. We obtained shelter for dinner and
shortly made preparations for descending. Although it was raining on the
mountain the rain below us had stopped, and we could see the patches of sun-
light resting here and there on the plain, this produced a very striking effect
of varied light and shade.

The roads down were very slippery, but the travelling soon got pleasanter,
for in descending we passed out of the rain and no more fell.

We reached Richmond without accident, after a thoroughly enjoyable day.
There is another and even more interesting journey I think, from Rich-
mond to the Vale of Avoka. It is so called from the junction of the Grose
with a mountain torrent as yet unnamed. On the journey there the road at
the last part is through thick trees, and you see nothing till suddenly you
come on to a clear patch, and directly in front, the ground breaks off, you go
to the edge and look sheer down thousands of feet on to the meeting of the
two rivers. You may look straight along the Grose valley for miles from this
point, seeing the mountains Hay and King George in the far distance.

I may add, coaches and good horses may be obtained from Richmond, and
there are comfortable hotels there.

I should advise all who can to visit this part of the Blue Mountains, as
it is well worth seeing.

WANDERER.

THE ADVENTURES OF EMIL APIS IN SEARCH OF THE
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Emil, as his name would show, was a Frenchman, born in a mountainous
district, where books were scarce. Though passionately fond of reading he
could obtain but few of these, to his young and eager mind, fascinating
means of spending his time; yet in his father's lonely cabin he found a few
volumes, the most interesting of which to him was the thrilling tale of
Alphonse Dubesq's almost successful labours in search of the stone which he
hoped was to enable him to transmute at will the baser metals into gold. It was
by poring long and earnestly over this fascinating volume that he imbibed the enthusiasm which, while life remained, never left him.

Throughout his youth and early manhood he was always aiming at the means by which he might prosecute his search, and at the age of 24 he had saved enough, either to marry or to go to Paris—he chose the second of the two—when his aunt suddenly died and left her whole property to him, thus enabling him to prosecute his search without being hampered by the need for daily toil.

He went to Paris, and on arriving there set to work in real earnest. He had first to consider the proper way to set about his labours—by fire, by water, or by neither. He thought that, taking into consideration all the previous attempts by fire, water was the safest speculation. He also considered that, as it would, if found, raise many people to affluence, it was probably light enough to float. So he went about in boats looking for it, and many a time he was nearly drowned; in fact once he saw something coming towards him on the water (he was under a bridge at the time) and tried to grasp it but instead of that it grasped him, nearly pulling him into the water, and would have done so had it not been for the boatmen; as it was, his hand was badly wounded. This he considered a judgment and determined to try fire. (But it may be mentioned that, though it was rather dark, the boatmen had their private opinions that it was a large dog and not the philosopher's stone.)

And then he thought there was nothing left but to try fire and therefore he did so. Remembering all the previous failures he determined to strike out in a new direction, he did as will be seen. As is needless to tell he only met with disappointments, of which one is given as an example. As he lived at a time when the science of chemistry was yet in its infancy, it is not to be wondered that he was unfortunate enough to stumble upon what is commonly known as fulminating silver, whereupon his pain and astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, for though at first it did no harm he soon found out the contrary; for, to test it, he put it in his mouth and bit it, but still the only effect was to blow out a few of his front teeth.

As fire and water had succeeded so badly he determined to try freezing, but the only result was however, that he discovered how to make ice cream. (although there are some who deny it) And unsuccessful in all these methods, he, strange to say, found the philosopher's stone in his own name.

P. V. G.

A CAMP ON THE LANE COVE RIVER.

PART FIRST.

On a Tuesday morning during the latter part of April, a long white boat might have been seen being propelled along the Lane Cove River by two human beings, named Mat and Pat, while in the stern sat a younger being named Nat.

It was easily seen by the assorted luggage in the boat, that these three intended to camp somewhere along the banks of the river.
The two former pulled along for about 10 miles, enjoying the bracing air which is only to be found around Hunters' Hill, till Pat at Mat's orders ships his oars and Mat skillfully guides the boat alongside the bank of the river, composed chiefly of red clay, from which the place derives its name.

The first thing to be done was to unload the boat, which act was performed with considerable care, as the boat would not stand so much knocking about as Mat and Pat would have subjected her to, had not Nat repeatedly warned them as to the frailty of the boat.

Then having beached the boat, the luggage was carried up to the top of the bank on to a splendid grassy flat, which had every convenience for camping.

The next thing to be done, was to get the tent up, so at Mat's suggestion all the neighbouring bushes were seached, and soon Pat had the extreme gratification of finding a complete set of tent poles, which had evidently been planted by some people, who had camped there before and who expected to use them next time.

Having secured these, no time was lost in pinning them up, and as Mat superintended the construction of the tent, it was put up in a remarkably neat manner, which would have rivalled, no doubt, the military tents at the barracks.

After a short rest, for which Nat and Pat were especially eager, Nat set about making a composition of flour and water combined, with a small (?) amount of sandstone from the extempore plate upon which it was mixed. This he called damper, and, considering they went without their dinner because the mixture was not cooked, it proved a considerable damper to their spirits instead of their appetites.

At ten o'clock, after some songs, in which the choruses came out with considerable brilliancy, and some selections on the military-speaking trumpet, one by one, that is two, fell asleep; and Nat was left deeply absorbed in the contents of a penny dreadful, reading, as it were, by the light of a "lantern dimly burning," but soon he, too, succumbed to Morpheus, so that the neighbourhood of the camp, which had before resounded with harsh yells and whoops, was now wrapped in profound slumber.

But who is able to sleep on an empty stomach? The very thought is enough; at any rate the reality was enough for Nat and Pat, so they got up and went outside, but found the cold too much for them, and retreated into the tent, not, however, without treading on Mat, who slept in the front part of the tent. Mat awoke with a yell which echoed along the banks of the river, causing numerous bandicoots to tear away for their lives, and a horse that was grazing near the tent to put his feet among the ropes. The poor animal struggled a little bit and succeeded in placing a disentangled hoof on the tent itself, and they all thought that the next hoof that got free would come through, but this was not to be, however, for the trio rushed out armed with a lantern, tomahawk, and a pointed piece of wood which Nat called a "nullah." These instruments were not wanted, for with a sudden plunge that threatened to tear up all the pegs, the horse got free and disappeared into the bush.
Sleep was out of the question, and at five o'clock Mat and Pat started for Hunter's Hill, leaving Pat in sole charge of the camp.

About twelve o'clock Mat and Nat returned laden with the staff of life, still hot and steaming, and it was a sight for sore eyes to see Pat's mouth water in the way it did; soon, however, knives flashed in the sun, and slice after slice disappeared between the jaws of the half-famished campers.

(End of Part First.)

SYDNEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

It has been decided to hold our Annual Athletic Meeting on Saturday, May 21st, at the Association Cricket Ground, Moore Park.

The following is a list of the events:

1. 100 yards .. .. .. Flat Race
2. 220 yards .. .. .. Boys under 15 .. .. Handicap
*3. Half-mile .. .. .. House Cup .. .. Handicap
4. One mile .. .. .. Bicycle race .. .. Handicap
5. 220 yards .. .. .. Flat race .. .. All schools
6. 300 yards .. .. .. Maiden race .. .. Handicap
7. 150 yards .. .. .. Flat race .. .. Boys under 14
8. Three-quarter mile .. .. .. Flat race .. .. Handicap
9. 220 yards .. .. .. School Cup .. .. Handicap
10. Kicking the Football (place kick)
11. 80 yards .. .. .. Flat race .. .. Boys under 12
+12. 300 yards .. .. .. Strangers' race .. .. Handicap
13. Hop, Step, and Jump
14. One mile .. .. .. Champion race
15. 120 yards .. .. .. Hurdle race .. .. Handicap
16. 440 yards .. .. .. Boys under 15 .. .. Handicap
17. 150 yards .. .. .. Flat race .. .. Ex-students
18. High Jump
19. One mile .. .. .. Walking race .. .. Handicap
20. Bicycle race .. .. .. (Members of S. B. S. Club)
21. 440 yards .. .. .. Flat race .. .. Handicap

The entries for handicaps close on Wednesday, May 4th; and for other events on Wednesday, May 11th, at 3.15.

No boys will be allowed to train on the Association Ground.

* Open to Members of the S.G.S. who reside at Mr. Farrar's or Mr. Goldie's House.
Open to Members of any Amateur Athletic Club under S.A.A.C. Rules.
SPORTING.

The cricket season is now practically over, and football is soon to be commenced. Let us hope there will be more interest taken in the football than there has been in the cricket. The first eleven only played about ten matches during the whole season, and this, too, when they had every facility offered them—a half-holiday being given whenever required: under these circumstances they ought to have played twenty matches at least. The second eleven fared still worse, as they only played five or six matches, in fact they seem to have been quite forgotten until the last month of the season. During the football season we might have a match once a month between the first fifteen and twenty of the School, this would be good practice. and would also bring any promising young player into notice, whose merits might otherwise be passed over. I think caps or badges or medals should be given, or some recognition, however slight, should be shewn to the three who play best during the season; by this means a friendly rivalry could be established among the players. In conclusion, I would like to remind you that our sports come off shortly, and that it behoves every boy to co-operate with the Committee in making them a success. Every boy cannot run, but every boy can attend, and by his behaviour can contribute as much to the success of the sports as if he ran.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The Committee appointed at a recent Masters' Meeting, for the organization of the School Sports, have been in communication with the Trustees in reference to the possibility of securing a Practice pitch for the Eleven and the Twenty-two—and though they have not yet received any definite answer, they have every reason to hope, that active steps are being taken in the matter. The following regulations are hereby published:—Boys, who wish to play Football will, with the consent of their Form or Division Master, be allowed the last hour on Wednesday afternoon. The list of boys selected to play must be entered by the Secretary of the Sports' Committee in a book kept for the purpose, and this book must be handed to the School Sergeant on Wednesday morning, who will then take it round to the various Masters, in order to obtain their signature. The Sports' Committee must appoint a permanent Captain for Big side and also for Little side, and the Captain will be responsible for calling the roll upon the ground at the commencement of the game, and again at its conclusion. He will rebuke all absentees (unless they have obtained special leave from himself) or idlers to the Committee, and such boys will not be allowed to go out again for the rest of the quarter.

Mr. Hodge has failed in securing the assent of the Trustees to teach music at the School. In consequence, the Committee of the Debating Club (perhaps the School may remember there was once such an institution) have determined to sell the Piano, unless a more advantageous way of its disposal should in the meantime present itself. "Proh curia inversique mores"!
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—I hear with deep regret the determination of the committee to suspend the operations of the Debating Society for "having no visible means of support." My regretful feelings are even mixed with those of shame and contempt for the boys of the school, who, (with some exceptions)—seem totally devoid of Public Spirit. Yet, I believe the committee had done about the only thing which lay in its power. It is of no use trying to force a lot of indolent, "don't care" fellows to attend the meetings; in fact, they are not the sort we want. Surely the whole school is not of this description, but, if not, where are the energetic boys? This is the question that puzzles me.

Just imagine what other schools will think of us—this, the premier public school of the colony, establishes a debating society and it dies for want of the interest which should be taken in it by the schoolboys.

Perhaps, as the Secretary remarked in your last, when the society commences active operations next year the boys will take more interest in it, or, very likely, "a more appreciative race" will occupy the scene. I hope that such will be the case.

I am, &c.,

PETER POTTS.

April 29, 1881.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—Is it not strange that in a large school like the Sydney Grammar School, the Debating Society is not supported? Surely twenty or thirty boys might attend the debates on Friday nights. Some of the Vth Form perhaps live too far away to attend the debates, but most of the Vth Form could easily come. I suppose they never go to theatres or places of amusements on account of the distance they have to go. Some of the "gentlemen" who did come used to amuse themselves by stamping on the floor when any one used to speak, and by throwing things about the room. The Society would not miss them if they did not come. It would be an interesting thing to know that they generally belong to the modern side of the Upper School and to the Lower School.

Hoping the VIth and Vth Forms will not let the Debating Society perish.

I remain, &c.,

VTH FORM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

SIRS,—In reference to the letter of your correspondent "P. S.,” enquiring as to the method of multiplication employed by the Romans in their system of notation, I beg to suggest the following as a probable theory, since it does not appear that any actual record of the mode employed has been preserved to us.
The case suggested by way of example is the multiplication of CLXIX by LXXVII. I conceive that the Roman calculator would have proceeded as follows, multiplying C by LXX, product IOOMM; C by VII, product DCC; LX by LXX, product MMMMCC; LX by VII, product CCCXXX; IX by LXX, product DCXXX: IX by VII, product LXIII. Adding the products, beginning from the units, we have firstly, III; secondly, XX + XXX + LX = CX, put down X and carry C; thirdly, C + DCC + CC + CCCC + DC = MM, which is therefore carried on; fourthly, MM + IOOMM + MMM = CCIOMMM; total sum CCIOMMMXIII.

This amounts, in fact, to the plan adopted by ourselves, but the system of notation does not allow of the numbers being placed in corresponding lines; yet to one familiar with the use of the numerals I do not think it would be a much more laborious task than the same sum in our numerals, the clumsiness of the written characters not being inherent in the conception of the numbers. No harder mental calculation is involved than the multiplication of two units.

I do not, however, recommend "P. S." to adopt the system in doing his own arithmetical computations. I have the honour to be, CAELICOLA.

To the Editors of the Sydneian.

DEAR SIRS,—In your last issue "P. S." asks to be informed of the way in which the Romans kept accounts, &c.; in "Chambers's Encyclopaedia" under "Notation" and in the article on the Roman system, I find the following:—

"To found a system of arithmetic upon this notation would be well-nigh impossible; and so little inventive were the Romans, that the attempt seems never to have been made. They performed what few calculations they required by the aid of the Abacus." The abacus is composed of a frame of the shape of an oblong across which wires strung with beads, or counters, are stretched. They may be seen in any Chinese shop at the present day.

I remain, &c.,

PETER POTTS.

April 29, 1881.

ENIGMA.

My first is in pig but not in hog;
My second in toad but not in frog;
My third is in damp but not in wet;
My fourth is in sulk but not in fret;
My fifth is in tooth but not in jaw;
My sixth is in foot but not in paw;
My seventh in large but not in small;
My eighth in hedge but not in wall;
My ninth is in run but not in fly;
My tenth is in modest but not in shy;
My next is in red but not in green;
My whole is a thing which has never been seen.
SQUARE WORDS.

1. The name of a rare flower.
2. Improper.
3. Not great.
4. Expurgated.
5. A place in India.

II.

1. A historian of the 19th century.
2. A well-known philosopher.
3. A kind of artichoke.
4. A celebrated piano manufacturer.
5. Confectionery.

III.

1. A Moorish conqueror.
2. A botanical term.
3. A sinew.
4. Bottle glass.
5. Part of an undertaker’s business.
6. An epic poem.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, PUZZLES, &c., IN LAST ISSUE.

Charade: Zero. Answer by L.S.

Double Acrostic: 1. J. U.
2. Asp
3. Varna
4. Ass.

Answer by C. and Q.

Enigma: Draft
Raft
Aft
Ft
T

Answers by P.T., C., and Q.
We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following journals:—

The Marlburian.
The Rossalian.
The Durham University Journal.
Geelong Grammar School Quarterly.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

May 21.—Meeting of the Grammar School Athletic Club.
,, 24.—Queen's Birthday—Whole Holiday.
,, 27.—Monthly Half-holiday.
June 3.—Sydneian Box closes.
,, 7.—Matriculation Examinations Begin.
,, 13.—Sydneian, No. XXXIV., published.